Krauser PUA

ARCHIVE

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ABOUT THIS ARCHIVE

An archive of the blog **Krauser PUA**, as held by TheRedArchive: 1,086 posts published between September 2009 and February 2021.

About Krauser PUA. The blog of Nick Krauser, a British pickup artist and daygame coach. It documents his experiences with "daygame" (meeting women during the day), international seduction travel, and his development as a pickup artist, and covers self-improvement, health, and lifestyle. He is the author of instructional books such as Daygame Mastery.

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Best regards,

/u/dream-hunter

Founder of TheRedArchive
July 28, 2026

What's this all about?

krauserpua · 8 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

[UPDATE: I've left this post as originally written, because it captures my mood and vibe at the time I first got into Game and started blogging. K.]

I got divorced early 2009, very much against my wishes. We'd been together for nine years, married for three and despite troubles surfacing throughout 2008 I'd assumed that the absolute bliss of the preceding eight years meant we were gonna get through it.

But no. The worthless skank decided her "feelings" had changed, and therefore that's that. Fuck her vows, fuck her promises, and fuck our marriage. She walked out and my life nearly fell apart.

My response bothered me. Most of my life I've been hovering between lower alpha / higher beta behaviours. At some imperceptible point in our marriage, probably about a year after the wedding itself, I slipped into real chode-ish betaness. I became boring, home-centred, and a provider. When she started acting up, instead of just kicking the bitch onto the street like a real man, I became clingy, needy and lame. That just wasn't me.

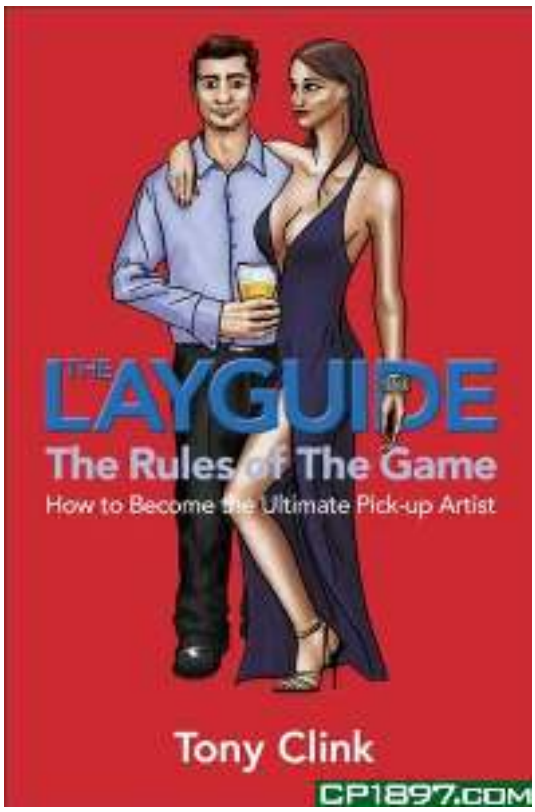
For three months I tumbled into the depths. Objectively, I handled it all well. My work didn't suffer, my health didn't suffer, and I didn't follow any self-destructive impulses. But for weeks on end I'd struggle to hold back fits of tears. Anything could trigger it – a love song on the radio, an off-hand comment from a colleague. The divorce wasnt' even a difficult one – no kids, no house, no shared assets, no divorce-theft legal claims. Just a clean break. Yet I was absolutely crushed by seeing my whole future collapse.

Three months of hurt. Then I hit bottom and started figuring things out. I had two choices:

(i) I can wail and gnash my teeth, shout "why, cruel world!" and sink into a woman-less refuge of video games and porn, hoping somehow I'll be introduced to some girl through my social circle. I've got a friend who did just this seven years ago. Since then he's gotten very good at Scuba and darts.

(ii) Take control. Learn to be the agent of my own success with women. Fucking man-up and rediscover my balls.

I chose the latter. A few years ago I'd read "The Lay Guide" by Tony Clink. Just some paperback in HMV offering the (as I thought then) ridiculous promise of teaching you to sleep with a different hottie every night of the week. I bought it as a diversion, expecting my still-beta romantic mind to rip it apart. But no. It was great. I filtered it's teachings through my own successes and failures and thought *this shit is the goods*

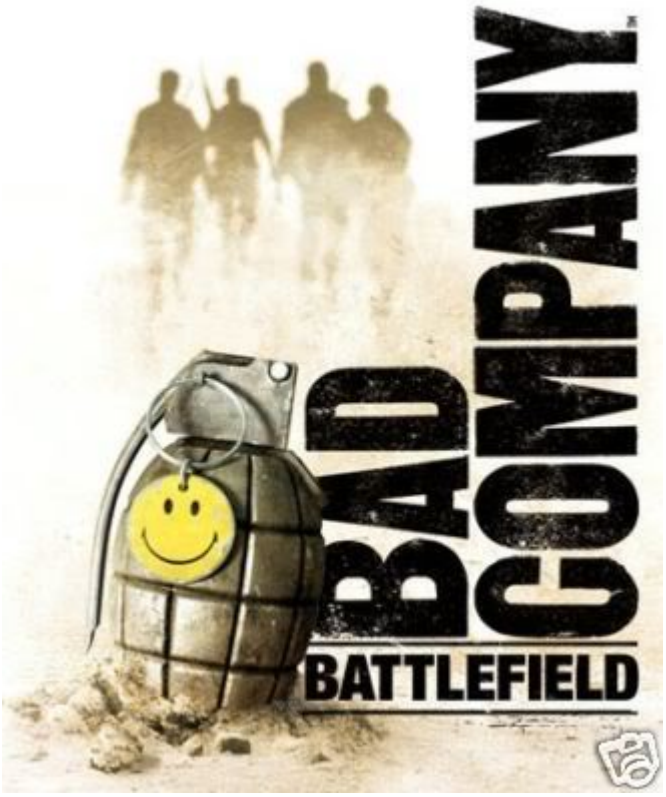


A pivotal moment in my life

I didn't need it back then, so it stayed on my shelf gathering dust till I finally loaned it out. One night in April 2009 as I lay alone on my sofa, wondering why I couldn't enjoy Bad Company on my Playstation 3 I had that gestalt moment.

I'm gonna be a pick up artist.

This is gonna be my new hobby. I shall dedicate the next six months to learning. If it's the goods, I'll continue. Thus was born Krauser's PUA adventure.



Do I want my future to be this....



.... or this?

Why I believe in pick up

krauserpua · 8 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I'd never believed any of this shit.

Not consciously anyway. I figured women were equal, they like nice guys, they want to be respected, they want you to ask their opinions. I figured romantic gestures make their hearts melt.

Of course I'd never actually *done* any of that lame beta-boy shit. I met my wife in a bar in Old Street while drunk. She'd wandered in with two friends, I'd wandered over and just started spouting inane gibberish at her. But I was super confident, not even vaguely interested in pulling her, and I was surrounded by friends trying to get me to follow them to the next bar.

State. Outcome independence. Social proof.

She listened, she giggled, I busted on her. And finally I allowed her to give me her number. I said I might call but I was pretty busy this week. When we finally met up I took her to a pub for a few hours until my friends arrived, then gave her a kiss and left with them. For the second date I home cooked her some cheap sushi and then fucked her.

Cocky-funny. None-neediness. Escalation.

She semi-flaked on the next date. Some bullshit about her dance class overrunning and not being able to call me till it finished. I told her I'm not taking that shit and she can either come to me on my terms tomorrow or we are done. She came, and I fucked her.

Dominance. Willingness to walk away.

A couple of months later I get my first big shit test. We are getting ready for bed and I'm tired and need to get up early. She says some bullshit, I tell her to shut up. She throws the contents of her Volvic water bottle over me. I go fucking apeshit. I roar upwards, grab the bottle, push her of the bed and shout "Get the fuck out of my house now, you fucking bitch!". I grab her clothers (she's bra and panties), thrust them into her arms and push her out the bedroom.

Shock and awe from the woman. She floods the room with tears, apologies, and begs to stay. Her eyes light up with horniness. I magnanamously allow her to stay, putting a towel over the wet sheets and telling her to sleep on the wet side. After twenty minutes I grab her and allow her to cuddle me. No more shit tests for seven years.

Aggression. Wildness. Enforcing boundaries.

I'm reading "The Lay Guide" (which I had to re-order on Amazon) and I'm starting to slot the pieces together. For eight years I had a perfect 10 (she was a model and professional dancer, star athlete in high school, and damn smart too) absolutely blissfully madly in love with me. And is it a coincidence that from the very beginning I'd inadvertently followed all the guiding principles of Game?

I think not.

I heard an analogy recently. A guy gives you a shovel, points to the ground and says "There be diamonds down there". How deep would you dig? If you think he's full of shit I'd wager you'd give up after the first few minutes. Contrarily, if you believe him you'd dig for weeks. So long as you have the certainty that the digging will eventually result in diamonds, you'll dig.

That there is me and pick-up. I *know* it's the mother lode. I just have to keep digging.

[UPDATE: I've left this post as originally written because it captures the type of anger and bitterness I was holding when I first got into Game. I see the same process all the time with students – the start off angry and gradually mellow out as they make progress on their inner game and start getting good responses from good women. K]

FR: My first day game sarge

krauserpua · 8 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

20th May 2009, around Covent Garden. It's a glorious day and I am shitting myself. I've just been sitting in a Cafe Nero reading Mystery Method that arrived from Amazon the day before. I'm reading about survival and replication value, indirect openers, and the three second rule.

I'm definitely shitting myself. I stay in the comfy sofa-chair way longer than I need to but finally I rouse myself and put on the PUA Wizard hat. I walk through the market towards Neal Street. Several hot girls go past and I chode out. No way do I have the balls to open a *moving* target.

HB7 Japanese
I walk into a retro clothes shop. I really like Japanese girls, more so than any others. I've also got this lingering chode-mind that tells me I should focus on Japanese because I speak Japanese (used to live there) and thus she'd be impressed. Gonna need a prop…. I pick up a shirt, take a deep breath and walk over to her.

Krauser: Hey. Do you think this shirt suits me?
HB7: *smiles, looks* It's nice

I keep talking. Can't remember what but my heart is pounding and my hands seem to shake. *I'm actually talking to a hot girl I just opened!* I manage to talk a few minutes and she's not running away. I do some clumsy kino by using her hand to draw a map of Kichijoji (a sub-region of Tokyo) when it turns out we both know the area. Uh-oh chode alert – I try way too hard for report. I'm totally uncalibrated and ask her to go for coffee. She politely refuses. I eject.

I am so fucking happy! Totally stoked. I just approached a random girl and didn't get destroyed.

So obviously I have to find another retro shop. I wander into Rockit. There's an English HB6 so I blunder in with the same opener. I get a polite answer, brief small talk but she doesn't hook. Whatever, I'm on a roll!

Now I'm really excited. Hey, do you think I could approach a girl in a *different type of shop*? Come on Dixons, let's see what you have. I see an **American HB7** looking at some cameras over the counter. I walk up from behind.

Krauser: What you thinking of buying?
HB7: *total surprise* Um, that one.

Total failure. At first she looked at me like I'm a mugger, and then as some low-value uncalibrated tool. And she was right. So I exit and walk down towards Embankment. An **HB8 Malaysian** is coming up the street towards me. I step across a bit and gesture.

Krauser: Are you someone I should get to know?
HB8: *total shock* Uh *keeps walking*

Yes, I write this several months later and I'm cringing at the chode-ishness of the openers. Quick debrief on the HB8 is I came over threatening by the full-on body language, didn't smile, didn't say hi, and gave her no reason to invest enough to answer such a qualifier. But whatever, I managed to solo sarge and do four openers.

I've started.

FR: Night game begins in Poland

krauserpua · 8 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Night game intimidates me. It's not really the flashing lights / loud music / lots of people thing. It's not really the risk of public humiliation in front of drunken revellers. It's definitely not the distant risk of violence (such as from a pissed off boyfriend). Fuck all that.

It's my reality. In my chode-mind I've got myself figured as an "intelligent guy" who only wants "intelligent women". Nightclubs are full of thick pissheads and shallow tarts, *ergo*, I don't like night game. It's funny how embroiled the human mind is in self-deceit. This mental construct is just a way for me to dodge the challenge of pulling in clubs while maintaining my fragile aura of self-confidence.

So I decide I have to break down that barrier and as luck has it one of my poor friends has been beaten down into marriage submission and has a stag do in Poland. There's fifteen of us going, of whom I know twelve well and have briefly met the others. A nice big pack to hold my state up if I start choding out.

Krakow, 29th May 2009
Great atmosphere from the off. We check in to three apartment rentals in the same old city-centre building. There's a strip club opposite, which we subsequently find is dripping in hot stripper cunt. But the first order of business is to drink through the afternoon. Our chubbiest friend barfs in the one part of the bar that can't be walked around and we get turfed out.

We end up in a small basement club that I really like. It's gradually filling up with a student / mid-20s crowd, about 60/40 men to women. Most of my friends are beta AFCs and having a great time amongst themselves but wouldn't ever approach. I discuss the need to sarge with the one alpha guy there so we wing up.

HB7 / HB6 seated two set
There's a blonde and brunette sitting by the wall sipping cocktails. I open with the tourist "Where's good to visit?" and they hook easily. Wing comes over, we stay in set a good 20 min or so. I don't really know how to escalate and I find myself pecking, but overall this set is fine. We eject for reasons that elude me. Within five minutes some random Polish chodes are bothering them and they are giving us "help us" eye signals. Which we ignore.

My wing opens some HB5 sitting by herself, the only other girl not either dancing or in a mixed set. I briefly join and as I do her HB6 friend turns up. They are 20yr old Chemistry students. As the HB6 goes to the cloakroom I go to the bar. On her way back I grab her, pull her in, lower-back lead to the bar.

Krauser: Help me with the drinks
HB6: Tee hee
she kiss my cheeks
HB6: Free kiss
Krauser: No. I only do kisses on the mouth
make out within two minutes of open!

We take the drinks back. Girl's hand is on my lap. Random dude comes over and leaning in to girl, bothering her.

Krauser: Is that your boyfriend?
HB6: No. My ex-boyfriend
Krauser: I'm claiming my second free kiss
make out infront of chode
Chode: **trying to be threatening** You… have… a… problem…?
I look him up and down, hold eye contact
Krauser: Maybe
Wing laughs, chode ejects

The set doesn't go anywhere and after we eject I notice about an hour later that HB6 is in deep conversation with aforementioned chode. Looks like I was a cat's paw. We go on to the strip club.

Krakow, 30th May 2009
We're in a much bigger club and it's also got a great atmosphere. Except for one isolated room with a dancefloor, it's easily quiet enough to speak. While the betas have fun with themselves and eventually move on to the same strip club, the wing and I sarge every set we find. I open six sets, only crashing'n'burning one. Is it state, or are Polish girls just so much friendlier and willing to enjoy the male-female dynamic?

I get a thirty second make out that still confuses me. Basically I was jumped, but it goes nowhere and the girl doesn't want a second try. We get the runaround a bit from two young'uns who get us to take a photo (chode alert!) and then lead us on to the dancefloor before dismissing us half an hour in. Mental note: don't let the girl lead you around

My best opener is "Do you mind if I sit here? Those girls told me to get lost."

When we have finally sarged out the whole club we head to a different strip club called Casablanca which is in fact a brothel. Fucking awful it is too. Looks like the hotel bar of a Holiday Inn, there's only three women of whom two are middle-aged munters and the other is a jaded disinterested mid-20s who was probably once very hot. It's rammed with middle-aged Alan Partridge types. Not only do none of the whores try to drum up business but when I ask the pretty one a few things she fobs me off with "I'm busy" and plays on a slot machine.

Mystery Method

krauserpua · 8 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

This is obviously the CocaCola / Microsoft / McDonalds of the pick up community. Unsurprisingly it was also my first real learning aid (as mentioned below The Lay Guide was my introduction, but that's just a shameless rip-off of the Gunwitch ebook and is more like a journalist's cut'n'paste job than a unified theory of pick up artistry).

I loved the VH1 show. There's something about seeing total dweebs plugging away and handling horrid rejections, then gradually improving, it just gives that same feeling as Royce Gracie beating the ninjas in the Octagon – the little guy can win! Ok, so it's a constructed narrative and the first few episodes are shamelessly point'n'laugh TV but there's a real demonstrative effect. Remember, I hadn't been to any boot camps at this stage, nor did I have any mentors. Just what cowboys might call "book larnin'"

Pros

- Indirect method is a great way to open big sets when you're a beginner
- Routines give a crutch to get some air-time in set
- Theoretical underpinning always gives a sense of where to go next. The A1-S3 model is analagous to the Brazilian Ju-Jitsu position progression
- Peacocking gives confidence
- MM is fun to do

Cons

- It's clearly tailored to help *tall magicians* get the hottest girl in the room
- It's way more advanced than necessary to pick up a girl around your level
- Going indirect creates new roadblocks, such as how to escalate
- You can learn to be a social robot that has some success without ever reconstructing the chode heart that beats within

So I try Mystery Method one night **– Cargo nightclub, Old Street, 19th June 2009**

First thing I see is a massive queue outside with literally hundreds of people in. I'm with a wing and his girlfriend who has agreed to pivot. I walk up to a pair of young guys near the front of the queue:

Krauser: Hey lads. Quick question. If you could have any superpower, you know like you'd just been invited to join the X-Men, what would it be?

Guys: blah blah blah
** Krauser locks into queue. 2 min later wing and pivot join. 1 hour queueing avoided. Thanks Mystery**

Early on my wing opens a 2-set of Italians standing against a wall in the beer garden. I join in and he lets me run the set. I run some routines, tell some DHV stories. Girls coo and say "you are really good at telling stories, you should write a book" etc. Some random chodes start tapping the targets shoulder from behind to get her attention. She turns around, so I say "Hey, the show is this way", she laughs and the chodes disappear. Later two Portuguese interrupt, who she knows, and she practices her Portuguese with them. I'm stumped. I roll off rather than chode out. Five minutes later the guy from the queue says hello to me. Great, instant pawn. I pull him to the set, interrupt with "Hey, you're Italian right. Where did you say your holiday way in Italy *to the dude*" and the Portuguese chodes are blown out. I run the set again.

I email close and its a flake. But I'm extremely friggin' happy because I just ran a thirty minute 2-set using MM dealing with interrupts, pawns and got a close. She was an **HB8**.

I also encountered a noob problem with MM – I was the **entertainer guy**. The dancing monkey. I didn't escalate, didn't peel them off the wall, didn't do anything except hold their attention and make 'em laugh.

FR: My first day game number close

krauserpua · 8 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's still not in my reality to stop random girls in the street, interest them, and then get a phone number. Nah, not me at all……

1st June 2009, St James Park
I'm very nervous for my first two sets. I'm wandering around the park looking for any girls sitting by themselves. I flounder for a while and sit in a deck chair reading a book. Pretty tempting to stay there but I force myself to open.

HB8 sitting with her little dog. I walk over and stroke him, going to my haunches so I'm not towering over the girl. I say I like her dog, what breed is her etc. She responds but I'm not hooking. Really I'm trying too hard to find an IOI but I'm nervous and subconciously looking for an excuse to eject before my ego gets battered by rejection. Time in set: 2 min. She doesn't dismiss me, I just bail.

HB7 Frenchie reading the Economist. I open with "Hi. What's that you're reading?" She opens up well and we chat but I am so nervous I'm just wittering on about the magazine, France, and doing the 20 questions routine. Way too nervous, seeking too much rapport, trying too hard to fill the space. I sit down and she doesn't flinch. Yet I still contrive to eject at the earliest opportunity. This set could've gone on much longer.

2nd June, Soho.
I'm off work and I start strong. I get on the train and there's an **HB8 Asian** sitting listening to her iPod and doing sudoku. I chode out initially because there's a random guy next to her and I don't want to risk being rejected in front of him (I still haven't internalised the "I don't give a fuck what anyone thinks of me" mantra). Luckily she changes train at the same station as me. I plan my exit so I'm ahead of her on the escalator. I turn over my shoulder:

Krauser: Hey, I've always wanted to know, is sudoku really Japanese?
HB8: Um, I'm Korean
Krauser: Pangapsumnida
HB8 *smile*
Krauser: Yeah, it's just I used to live in Japan and I never saw them play sudoku. I think it's probably one of those things they say is "big in Japan" because they know nobody is gonna prove them wrong

We chat, she gets the same train as me. She sits down and indicates for me to sit with her. Mystery is speaking in my mind that I should affect disinterest so I stay standing but next to her, not giving her my full body language. I'm struggling a bit for conversation and I know I have to get off in two stops.

Krauser: Hey. I'm getting off in a minute. If I wanna see you again what do I do?
HB8: Um, take my number
Krauser: OK *gets out phone*

We swap about thirty texts but I can't get a day 2. Re-reading the texts now with the benefit of hindisght I realise my text game was awful, but that's for another post.

For now it's a victory story – my *first ever* day game close. A reference experience for changing my reality into the kind of guy who picks up girls in the street.

Flush with the rush of success, in true noob fashion I proceeded to kill the opener by doing it on another four Japanese sets that afternoon. One 2-set hooked really well but I was lacking direction.

Methodological notes

krauserpua · 8 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

This blog is basically a memoir to myself, but in the interests of methodological rigour I ought to clarify my terms, ratings, and purpose.

Purpose: This is a chronological record of my development from latent-alpha / betatised divorced chode (April 2009) to master pick up artist (the future). When read from oldest-to-newest posts it should show clear progression. I've made a lot of progress so reading the blog this way should inspire fellow travellers taking their first steps. In the beginning I was so bad that if I fell into a bucket of tits I'd come out sucking my thumb. Now I've been banging catwalk models, strippers and virgins. Use this blog to motivate yourself, if it helps. Also, I believe in openess and full disclosure. This blog includes my fuck-ups and my uninspired moments too. I'm not an omnipotent guru, so don't set me up as one.

Stats: I stopped tracking my stats after about my 500th open. I'd recommend beginners keep a spreadsheet / blog / notebook but eventually you'll grow out of it. Excessive stat-tracking hurts your frame and gets you away from the main goals of game. If you want to know my lays, click on lay reports. I don't count my approaches anymore. I'd guess that as of May 2011 I'd done over 2,000.

Girl Ratings: I go for young, slim, medium height, fairly curvy girls. Preferably of exotic looks (relative to white Brits). While no class of girl is truly ruled out I will generally avoid Muslims (to avoid their cross-eyed inbred cousins throwing acid on me) and 1st-generation African immigrants (so my cock doesn't fall off from Ebola or HIV). I will happily bang girls who have Pakistani / Somali / Kenyan etc ancestry. So long as they aren't Burqa-veiled HIV factories.

I don't use the 1-10 scale much anymore, especially HB-this HB-that. That's just a training wheels thing for beginners. One important thing I learned is I'd rather date a "7" who is my type than a "10" who isn't.

Krauser does a boot camp

krauserpua · 9 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I believe in mentoring. Any skill I've learned in my life I've always found that having a skilled guy leading me through it reaps much better rewards than mere hard work and persistence alone. So at some point I was gonna put down the books and get some instruction but two things were holding me back:

1. I don't like going into lessons cold. I feel like I'll get much more out of classroom time if I've done my homework and read up. In this case, I figured I needed to try approaching to give myself a baseline.
2. All the boot camps I've seen advertised are a grand a pop and it's not clear which are good.

Eventually I got recommended the Sarge School which were doing two day boot camps in London for £99. At that number it's worth the risk so I go for it.

July 2009
We meet up at a tube station and are walked to a pub where they have the run of the place. The instructors all ooze charisma and make us feel comfortable. There's four other students of whom two are desperately chode and the other seems a bit like me – a history of decent success but rebounded off a chilly break-up. There's a few hours of seminar presentation and they take us out to Piccadilly for an in-field. My state is pretty good but lots of AA.

We spend an hour outside the club with the instructors pushing us into sets just to ask directions and other small talk. I do a few, then my assigned wing opens a cute 2-set by Boots. I get pushed into his set and he hangs around long enough to see me hook then rolls off. Two nice French girls, and I email close the cutest. State rises.

Inside the club (Jewel) I feel great. These guys are excellent at social proof and maintaining state. They push me into a seated 2-set – **HB6 Egyptian HB8 Algerian**. I opinion open ("How can I tell, upon first meeting a girl, if she has a dangerous love hate relationship…. with chocolate?"). HB8 squeals that she loves chocolate, pulls a Dairy Milk out her bag and hand feeds it to me. I sit down and hook for half an hour. I've got DHV stories ready that hit well. My wing helps, then I roll off and reopen later getting a numberclose. We text over a week and add to Facebook but ultimately no Day 2.

http://img41.imageshack.us/img41/7445/hb8algeria.jpg

Doesn't matter. I rock! I realise later that I didn't get her properly invested and I was too much the entertainer. I should've stood her up and led her somewhere.

I open a few more including a very flirty **HB6 Japan** who I think is using me for validation so I don't go with it. I also help my fellow student number close. It's a really fun night. The positives I took were:

– Watching experienced guys run game, so I've got a model to aspire to
– Seeing social proof in action, both on girls and my own state
– Immediate feedback on my technique
– Meeting lots of guys into this stuff made me feel less like a loner weirdo for doing game

We go out to Old Street the next night. I open and hook more sets. One of the guys keeps coming up to me in set with high energy and patting me on the back saying stuff like "Krauser! You were awesome last night, I gotta buy you a drink" etc, which got the girls asking for the DHV story. My highlight is an email close of **HB9 Latvia barmaid**, but she flakes.

Following the bootcamp I swap emails with the best student so we can wing at a later date. I also add some of the instructors to Facebook. These are guys I want to learn from.

Day game's magic bullet

krauserpua · 9 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

July 2009, it's the second day of boot camp. Two of the instructors take us around Borough Market for a few hours of day game instruction. I really want to ace day game because in my chode-mid that's how I'm gonna find all the intelligent girls.

We are taught the basic approach, which goes thus:

1. Let hot girl walk past you
2. Chase her with a playful jog until you are alongside her and slightly ahead, so she catches you in her peripheral vision
3. Jump right into her path, smiling
4. As she stops say "Hi. I just saw you walk by and I knew I'd be kicking myself if I didn't come over and talk to you. You're gorgeous"
5. Lean back, look a little inscrutable, and say "So. Who *are* you?"

Yeah, yeah, yeah. That shit won't work we think. So the instructors gets us to point out a girl and he goes an number closes her in three minutes doing exactly that. We are believers!

I'm still choding out. I say to him "I find it difficult to open a moving target. It feels like they have their stuff to do and I'm just interupting, getting in their way". His response has really stuck with me: "That's tough to answer because it's not even in my reality. I'm offering them the value, the opportunity to know me."

He goes on to say that much of day game is about just creating the opportunity for the interaction. Some girls are gonna like you, but if you don't open then you don't close.

They push me into six sets over the next hour. I don't close any, but only crash'n'burn one. There's all kinds of errors, principally from my lack of confidence and clumsiness of the execution. I find myself interogating with questions so much that one girl asks if its an interview. The last two girls show me engagement rings (mental note: I also walk on the right hand side of the path so I can see the girl's left hand before I approach).

The main thing is that by the end of the session I feel like I can do this. I can jump in front of moving targets and open. That's massive. It's the magic bullet I was looking for. My next 70 day game approaches are built upon this base.

FR: Krauser's new opener is unleashed

krauserpua · 9 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Armed with my new day game magic bullet I start some fairly consistent sarging. I open the same each time. Here's how it works out.

July 12th, Covent Garden
I'm wandering round the indoor market when **HB9 Italian** goes by. I open, she stops. She's really smiley and nice – a pleasure to talk to. I lock in to the railings and lean back. Five minutes or so in set and I try the number close. No, on her way to meet the BF.

Next I'm walking down Longacre towards Leicester Square. **HB9 Italian** (different girl) is meandering the other way. Not that I know it then, but a slow aimlessly walking girl is a far better bet for an instant date and f-close. I run across the road to her and open. Hooks easy, I lock in to the Next shop window. Ten minutes chat, I get to run my Milan DHV story etc. I number close but she mentions a BF.

Just as I'm walking off some guy approaches: "Excuse mate. This might sound a bit weird, but are you day gaming?" So we end up doing winging for an hour. I open three more sets but can't hook.

July 13th, St Pauls
I'm having lunch with a friend, telling him about my new opener. He's asking what it is, I see a **HB7 French** and say "watch". Bamn! Email close.

July 14th, St Pauls
Same friend, same place. **HB8 Hong Kong** walks across my kill zone. Number close in the middle of Paternoster Square. She's super hot and a lovely manner, very much taken aback by the approach. We swap texts for a couple of days before she mentions a BF and an intention to LJBF me. I sign off with

"So you've got a BF? Hey, I don't need to know about your problems OK, stay in touch and I'll let you know when I've got stuff going on that you'll like."

http://img196.imageshack.us/img196/9117/hb8hongkong.jpg

That turns out to be a wise move, as I find out six weeks later. I also try sarging an **HB8 Greek** who turns out to be married.

July 15th, St Pauls
I'm getting rather carried away with this lunchtime sarging and I see a fit looking HB8. As I rush off to open my friend says "I think I've seen her before". Indeed he had. She's the HB8 married girl from yesterday and she's not impressed with hearing the same opener two days in a row. Pretty embarassing to do that in front of a hundred people eating lunch. To her credit she doesn't make a scene.

July 16th, Liverpool Street
I've met a wing through a forum and I open six sets after work as everyone is milling around the station. The first three hook and I get number closes from **HB6 Indian** and **HB7 Spaniard.** The latter is 20yr old, which I like. I really mess up the close with the Indian though cos I close by putting my number in her phone and then ringing it, to pick up her number through caller ID. Except she's got privacy settings so I don't get it. Not deliberate either, because she definitely wanted to see me again.

FR: Play time in Edinburgh

krauserpua · 9 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Sarging is about freedom. As Milton Friedman would put it, the freedom to choose. I don't want to be the guy who relies on social circle. I don't want to be the guy who relies on being in that one club where he tips the barmen and orders enough champagne that they DHV you.

I want to be able to go to any place in the world, alone, and close.

A lofty goal and it begins in Edinburgh as I'm on a business trip with two colleagues. We don't really get out much at night but we are based dead central by Princes Street and the hotel is just round the corner. So sarging is for lunch time and immediately after work. The following happen from 22nd to 29th July

Walking back from dinner I see **HB7 Scot** as she crosses the street by Pizza Hut. Normal open and leads to number close as a workmate looks on. Most notable is I add some identity to the vibing, telling her my identity statement (i.e. not just "I am *my job*") and embellish it with a story on how I wanted to be a swordfighter as a kid.

Lunchtime the next day I see **HB8 Lithuanian** ambling past Debenhams. I number close and she let's slip this little nugget:

Krauser: How do you like to spend your time?
HB8: I'm running a small business right now, selling soap in a market stall
Krauser: Your English is excellent seeing as you've only been here eight months.
HB8: Actually when I first came I worked in a club where I had to talk to customers in English all night.

Adding this to her height, nationality, mannerism, and curves it means ding! dong! ***I number closed my first stripper!!!!!*** Sweet. A few texts follow but she has a BF and it fizzles to nothing.

Last memorable sarge is in my second week there. I've been given advice that the way to reduce flakes is to go for the instant date. Heading back from work on Wednesday evening my two colleagues are goading me with chants of "day game day game" whenever any girl appears. Finally an **HB 8 Brazilian** materialises walking towards me. She's 20. And curvy. I open.

She's very pleasant and it's an easy hook. I lock in to the wall and after ten minutes bounce her to the All Bar One round the corner. It's mostly vibing but I work in a few DHV stories and try an NLP routine (the rollercoaster) to raise her buying temperature. It's going great. My colleagues are camped out at a table behind us, watching.

She mentions needing to go home for dinner but bounces easily to the hotel bar. My colleagues are blown away, thinking she's headed for my room. Another drink in the bar and I'm escalating kino and do the Cube. She rates it 8/10 for accuracy. I'm wanting to k-close but there's tonnes of people around and I chode out. Nonetheless I think this has eventual f-close written all over it.

Then her mum rings and tells her to come home from dinner. Cock blocked. Bah!
We exchange numbers but its a flake after that and I return to London two days later.

As an aside, I'm starting to note something Tyler Durden mentioned in a DVD – I've reached a level where my friends think I'm awesome cos I can walk up to girls, entertain them, number close and instant date. But I'm not getting laid so its frustrating as hell.

While in Edinburgh I Facebook chat the HB7 Spaniard from Liverpool street and arrange a Day 2

Sticking point #1 – Can't avoid LJBF

krauserpua · 9 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Here's how I wrote it for a forum to get help:

I'd appreciate help in this because I'm puzzled. Does…not….compute…..

FACTS
Day 1: I e-mail close a 20yr old HB7 Spaniard with direct day game in the City (London). Just stop her on the street and chat. Takes about 5 minutes. She's physically keeping unusually long distance but is smiling, chatting, giving other IOIs. She's just come to the UK about three weeks earlier.

http://img188.imageshack.us/img188/664/hb7spain.jpg

Then I have to go on a two week work trip out of London. We swap a couple of short mails, add to Facebook, and then over the two weeks we have approximately daily online game through the email function and commenting on each other's status. Flirty and C&F. We also have two one-hour Facebook chats. I keep a sexual and C&F frame.

The first weekend I'm back, she sends a mail saying she'd like to get out the house more. I take it as a non-too-subtle Day 2 request and so on Facebook email:

HB7: U_U I wish I could go real partying to somewhere without my flat companions… quiet and nice and not drinking and with loud music… is it true that I do complain a lot
Krauser: You need some time out, having fun. I'm busy tomorrow, but I have some time on Sunday. I'm gonna be in Covent Garden, doing some shopping. Come join me and I'll take you somewhere special. I'm not telling you where. It'll be a surprise.
HB7: blah blah….. By the way, you must be really funny going on shoppings like a girl hahaha, and if you where not kidding me I would like to go out on sunday for a walk… blah blah [BTW, she was recovering from flu]
Krauser: blah blah….Right then, we'll walk. I was thinking of walking along the Camden canal and up to Primrose Hill. You cook us a small picnic and we can have that when we get to the top of the Hill. We can see all of London from there, it's really beautiful. I'm gonna be out most of today, so text me xxx xxx xxxx. But keep it short. I don't need to learn all of Spanish history in a text

She texts me her number.

While I'm clubbing on Saturday we exchange texts including:

HB7: blah blah…. Are u having fun… because is odd you texting me if you are clubbing
Krauser: You don't believe me? I'll have to find a girl who does [I attach a photo I've just taken of me with a HB8 Malaysian in the club]

Day 2 is six hours, as described. She's looking a bit ill, coughing alot and sweating a bit. I decide not to try a k-close on health grounds. She's playful and simply never stops talking. I don't know whether to try to impose my frame + run routines or to just lean back, dole out approval in small doses, and hope she talks herself into my bed. I do the latter. She remains skittish on proximity, but doesn't resist hand holding, arm touching, hand on thigh, and playfighting. In each case I keep it short and do takeaways because I'm conscious I'm doing all the initiating.

I get her to my house for **Day 3** (yesterday) with a challenge. Turns out she's a bit of a gamer nerd so I Facebook her with:

Krauser: I challenge you to an XBox360 duel! I will beat you so bad you'll never play games again. Gears of War 2. Ridge Race 6. Sega Rally. I am the champion. You will be my little dog
HB7: you wish… I accept the challange at Gears of War. Never played the other two. But I have to practice first!
Krauser: You: bang! bang! Me: chug-a-chug-a-chug-a! You: Aaaaaargh * dies * Me: Ha Ha Ha etc

Day 3: She's at my place for 6 hours. We go back, pop out to the supermarket so she can carry my shopping, then back in for the gaming (which I win brutally). She's constantly qualifying, giving IOIs, stretching out on my sofa, excitedly showing me lots of her photos and favourite youtube etc. Total energiser bunny. But every time I try to get her close for a kiss she's running off. She keeps saying "I hate you", "You're mean" and throwing cushions at me with a smile. We playfight, I spank her, more light kino etc. Finally at 1am I put her on a bus home.

So what's the deal? I think I've made a clear sexual frame to avoid LJBF, and she's very enthusiatically spending six hours at my place and asking to meet again. But no kiss.

My thoughts:
– She's still recovering from flu and might have the idea to hold off till it's over
– She's only 20. I'm 30+. She's somehow overawed by that
– She's got some intimacy issues that she doesn't want but hasn't overcome
– She's wanting to LJBF me but figures she has to play act the kino to keep me around
– She's angling for a LTR
– She really wants to be chased

Help appreciated. Oh, I find her adorable, pretty, and I'm certain she'll be a tiger in the sack. I appreciate the abundance mentality, but I'm rather keen to close this girl.

I get some feedback then post this

I think I'm getting LJBF'd here. We'd arranged a **day 4** for Sunday, to meet in a Cafe Nero at 4:30pm. By 5:15pm she hadn't turned up (and she'd already said she'd left her phone at a friends) so I left. When I get home she Facebook chats me saying she's been in Cafe Nero since 4:30pm (but the wrong one, around the corner). Apologises, asks to see me, said she's had some kind of drama.

At this point I've just loaded up Bionic Commando on my PS3 and am settling in to an evening of gaming.

So I give her fairly short shrift, saying I'm not putting up with shit like that. She keeps asking and wants to come to see me. So I say ok, come here if you want. I'm pretty pissed off but interested to see what plays out, and figure I've got nothing to lose. So she comes round and I decide to be the bossy arsehole. As soon as she arrives I throw her the PS3 controller and tell her to advance me a level while I shower then I come back when I'm done and snatch the controller to play myself for 20 min while she's sitting on the sofa trying to get my attention. I get her to cook my dinner, then I tell her I'm watching Scarface, and by the end of it she's snuggled up on the sofa next to me.

She wants to stay the night, so I let her. I have to go to the bedroom to iron my shirts so I tell her to sit on the bed and entertain me for the 1 hour that I'm ironing. [yes, I know it would've been even cooler if I'd got her to do the ironing]. Finally she asks to stay the night so I let her sleep on the sofa.

But still no kiss close. I tried once early on then just pulled right back into a freezeout that lasted most of the night. Kinda funny how I was so angry at her lateness, and then just sorta switched off, that she was competing for my attention all night. But no k-close. I think I'll draw a line under this one and move on. If she keeps inviting herself back to my place, I might humour it but I'll use it as a chance to practice being an arsehole.

I tried being more physically dominant but again I got into that weird space where it seemed she was genuinely resisting, not just token resistance. Tried sex talk too, but she didn't go along with it.

Thanks for the help chaps.

FR: Meeting up for a Sunday toast

krauserpua · 10 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

August 9, 2009. A couple of experienced guys from the LSS have started a weekly day game in-field round Oxford Street. The idea is that noobs like me turn up and the guys get to practice their teaching skills by taking us around. Win-win. I do it.

It starts a bit funny. We are to meet on Argyll Street opposite Top Man at 1pm. I'm there a bit early and don't really know who is who. I don't want to just talk to random dudes waiting around so I figure I'll hang back until I think I can spot a PUA.

As I'm doing this, **HB8 Teen** walks past. Dyed-red hair, slim, youthful and great curves wrapped in a tight black t-shirt and cut off blue denium shorts. I approach, she stops, easy hook. As I'm midway through the sarge she mentions she's 16. That totally throws me cos I can't remember the age of consent in the UK. I'm also getting visions of an angry dad chasing me with a hammer. I stammer something, but still get the number close. As I exit the set I realise a group of PUAs has now gathered, and they're watching me. Nice way to be introduced to the LSS.

http://img222.imageshack.us/img222/1815/hb8teen.jpg

The main dude is cool. A bit older than me and a textbook example of how to look smart, confident and lively while approaching middle age. It's easy to imagine him closing young chicks. He's got a helper with him who I later find out has deliberately dressed in lounge gear to prove a point that it can be done without dressing up. We start prowling Oxford Street.

I do another ten or so sets with middling success and no closes. It's fun and I get lots of pointers. These include:

- Coming out of a failed set I'm visibly disappointed. I need to remember that a girl's response should never dictate my state;
- I get blown out of one set immediately. Feedback is that I had outcome dependency written all over my face. Control this in future;
- I fail to stop a fast walking girl. When I jumped across I had subtely defensive body language saying "please don't hit me" rather than "hey, stop";
- One girl literally screams in surprise when I open, causing everyone in earshot to look at me. I calm her easily and spend a couple of minutes in set. Fun. I learn both to ensure I'm in her peripheral vision before jumping next time, and that its possible to recover after such a shocking start;
- I watch one guy open and the girl side steps him. So he steps across and cuts her off. She stops. He closes. Nice dominance show with the step across. This is now incorporated.

I also meet a few guys who I figure I can wing with. Two of 'em I end up day gaming with alot over the following weeks. A great day out. Most of the feedback was micro-adjustments, which I'm using to subtley tweak my basic opener.

FR: First kiss close

krauserpua · 10 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

August 7th, night game at Cargo in Old Street. I've always liked this bar because it's got a beer garden, normal bar, and a dance floor room. Three good environments and it also gets the early-20s slightly alternative chicks I like. I head off with two friends.

I start with **HB 8 Brunette** and **HB6 Sister** standing in the bar. I do my superpower indirect opener and hook easy. I give them Style's best friend test and generally banter for five minutes. I eject expecting to reopen later. Bad idea, as they have left by then.

Next there's **HB 7 Petite** sitting on the garden wall with friend and a beta male. It's a more challenging open because they are seated low down and I don't want to peck. The target is furthest away and it's logistically tough to get close. I find a pretext to sit next to her (moving her bag and pushing her along in a minor dominance show) and hold for ten minutes before the Ugly Best Friend takes them off to see the band playing in the dance room. Should've befriended the obstacle more, but I figure I can reopen.

I try to find the first set but they have been replaced by two young Somalis **HB7 Wild** and **HB6 Sensible**. They look young enough that I wonder if they are legal. I superpower open and hook easy, taking care to befriend the obstacle. I eject, then reopen twenty minutes later. I sit at a table outside as my wing does a great job of handling the obstacle. There's a comfortable vibe and all my DHVs and routines are sticking. I escalate but slower than I ought to. About two hours in I realise I should bounce so I take them across the road to another bar.

My wing gets HB6 Sensible playing pool. Earlier she'd said "Krauser, you're a cool guy" so I figure there'll be no cockblocking. I isolate HB7 Wild and start raising her buying temperature. Then I go for a kiss close, asking her to rate herself as a kisser. Easy close and I neg a bit saying it's a five, so she tries harder and I score her a seven, and the third one is a tempestous snog with her climbing all over me. Nice. As the pubs chuck out I number close.

The next night is so-so in Jewel. I open four sets, the first of which is an **HB6 Chinese** who gives me a smiling approach invitation and I number close. Struggling to keep state though.

FR: I email close my first 10

krauserpua · 10 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

This is actually more about the power of beauty to unseat you. August 12, 2009

The sarge
I was having a coffee with a colleague this lunch time up near St Pauls. A girl walks past with a guy, hard to tell if they are together or just workmates. Both dressed casual business, laughing a bit, around the same age (he looks 23 or so, her 19) but no touching and a polite "friend" distance between them. She is absolutely my perfect image of a 10. Even guys who don't like her style would put her an objective 9 I think.

About 5'8″, dark brown wavy hair, Italian-looking features, hourglass figure, mid-size breasts, long legs, and total air of elegance.

Ten minutes later she comes back the same way, alone. So I think "f*** it, I'm going" and off I run. I didn't really have time to think of limiting beliefs [ah, bless the 3-second rule!] but subconsciously I must've been thinking "no way will this girl even stop". I jump in front of her and open, with a big cheesy grin. She kind of stops but keeps a little momentum to walk past, like she's 50/50 on what to do. I step to the side and cut her off [thanks to Snakeskin for that refinement on the Sunday toast]. She stops, smiles, we talk.

She locks us in to a nearby pillar, stepping out of the middle of the pavement. She's not giving any textbook IOIs but I hear 10s rarely do. She's not giving any IODs and is not bodyrocking. We chat. She's in law, going back to Uni soon. I try something D.Cipher told me on the Sunday toast:

Krauser: I like your coordination. That dress is funny. It's got the whole grey formal business thing going on, but it's also got some casual elegance about it. *[it really was a distinctive dress]*
HB10: **smiles**
Krauser: And it's all coordinating with the shoes and your hair. Why'd you choose it?
HB10: Blah blah blah agreeing.


Top drawer

She asks what I do (IOI, yes?) so I give her my identity statement which includes oblique reference to lots of international travel, which draws her question of where I've been.

Krauser: In March I was in Tokyo
HB10: I'm hoping to go to Singapore later this year. It's not confirmed yet *[is she qualifying herself here?]*
Krauser: I'll tell you something about going to Asia. Strange things happen to you, just because you're foreign. I

lived in Japan five years…
HB10: **interrupts** You speak Japanese?
Krauser: Hai, demo honno sukoshi desu. Ato de, ninhongo shabete mite ne?
HB10: **smile**
Krauser: You've seen Lost in Translation? ** launches into Tokyo DHV story **

At the end of the story, about 8 minutes into set, she looks at her phone and apologies, saying she really has to go. I do a weak close:

Krauser: You on Facebook?
HB10: Yeah, but it's not very good is it? Have you got a card?
Krauser: Ok, gimme your number then
HB10: I can't. I'm with someone.
Krauser: ** gets out phone ** Email then

She spells it out, I make a couple of input errors which she corrects, we shake hands and bye.

The analysis
The biggest thing through this whole sarge was how completely thrown off I was by her beauty. I was looking at her thinking "This can't possibly be happening. Why on earth has she stopped? How come she's not trying to escape?". I've never had that before when sarging 7s, 8s and the occasional 9.

I had to really force myself to hold strong eye contact because my natural inclination was to look down and mutter "I'm not worthy". I was aware I was speaking quickly and had to slow down. I had to restrain myself from rapport laughter. When I gave my identity statement I had some ums and ahs in it even though it's a learned statement. I swear if at any point I'd had to do some real thinking my brain would've just exploded.

Fortunately I think I avoided saying anything dumb, my body language and eye contact were fine, and it was all just "ducking syndrome" (like when a duck moves gracefull along the pond but under water you can't see it's feet thrashing around).

But my biggest takeaway is the wildly disorienting effect of talking to an abnormally beautiful women and how easy it is to just bow down and be a chode. I sent her an email half an hour later. No response yet, but no delivery failure error message either. Wait and see. I suspect I DLV'd my way out of a Day 2 but I'm still chalking this as a victory in my onward march to PUA glory.

FR: Learning to bounce and lead

krauserpua · 10 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

August 18th, 2009. Day game on Oxford Street leads to three nice number closes as I was trying to work on my leading.

HB8 Italian model
My standard opener, I jump in front of her and go direct saying she's gorgeous and asking about something on her outfit (she had a purple hairband, purple laces in her converse, and a purple belt in her hot pants). We are standing by the traffic lights just fluffing but it's a burning hot day and we are right in the sun. So I move her across the road into the shade and lock in to a lampost. She gets out her water bottle to sip:

Krauser: Here, gimmee a drink of that
** she hands it over, I take a gulp **
Krauser: That's warm. C'mon we're going to Boots. I wanna get some juice
** elbow lead her away **

She's given me a time constraint of meeting some old friend in 20 minutes to go get her tongue pierced. She tells me she's in London for 3 days for a photo shoot and travels alot around Europe for her shoots. I work some light kino, move her around a bit, and get an easy number close and a hug. 20 minutes in set. I later find her on google:

http://img7.imageshack.us/img7/3113/hb8italianmodel.jpg

HB7 SanFran Media Girl
Normal opener, in a quiet square behind Piccadilly. Two minutes in I lock in against a telephone box and her body language follows me. Lots of mirroring and questions about me. She gives a time constraint:

Krauser: What brings you out today?
HB7: I'm meeting a few friends in Carnaby Street
Krauser: Soon?
HB7: Yeah, I'm already late.

We chat another couple of minutes and I try to pre-empt her by saying "C'mon let's go this way" and lead her where she was gonna go anyway. She more or less thrusts her business card onto me (with her mobile on it) and says she'll be in Sweden a couple of days for work but back later in the week. 15 minutes in set. I find her on Facebook:

http://img134.imageshack.us/img134/5663/hb7sanfran.jpg

HB7 Japanese student
I'm sitting in Pret at Covent Garden twenty minutes later with my two wings. I see an Asian girl at the traffic island outside, looking like she's trying to figure out where to go. Standard opener, softened a bit cos she looks a little timid. A couple of minutes fluffing standing in the traffic island. She likes kickboxing and we talk about our favourite fighters, I get to DHV about my training and the fight shows I saw, and speak some Japanese.

http://img43.imageshack.us/img43/7510/hb7japan.jpg

Krauser: I'm thirsty. We're getting coffee **points to Cafe Nero across the road and elbow leads**
HB7: Un. *[yeah]*

I take her order and send her upstairs to score a seat. 20 minutes chatting, making her qualify. Then I take her to the market to help me gift-shop for my nephew, then down to Embankment to lie in the park. I keep moving her around, like when we get to the end of the street I grab both shoulders to point her in the right direction and then give a playful shove in her back, when she's walking on the traffic side of the pavement I put my hand on her hip and push her across to the "safe" side saying [Tarzan style] "That side dangerous. This side safe". Stuff like that.

Krauser: Are you a good cook?
HB7: Yes
Krauser: Good. I like a girl who can cook. It shows creativity.
HB7: I used to cook for my family alot
Krauser: If we have that picnic at Primrose Hill, what are you gonna cook me?
HB7: *[thinks and lists some possible dishes]*

Its a two-hour instant date but she's meeting friends for dinner so I send her on her way.

Lessons learned
First time I've actively tried dumbass leading [i.e. little things with no real purpose], moving girls around even if it's just across the road, and trying to bounce several locations to get the time-distortion. I'm quite amazed how compliant they are. Not a single lead failed.

Follow-up
Ok, my big sticking point is endgame and day 2s. Italian HB8: I wonder what's happened here. I'd seeded the idea of getting ice cream at 31s and she seemed agreeable. I call her the next day on her business mobile (she also gave her private number):

HB8: **unintelligible Italian – maybe hello, maybe not**
Krauser: Hey, it's Krauser. What you up to?
** click **

What's that about? Shit-test / brush-off / working & can't take call ?Seemed fairly solid yesterday so I wasn't expecting it. I wait ten minutes in case it was something dumb, but she doesn't call back so I text "Hey, it's rude to hang up like that"Assuming I hear nothing back, and she's only here 3 days, I think that's it. Next.

FR: One more set.....

krauserpua · 11 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

20th August 2009 finds me meeting a couple of guys over at Nandos on the South Bank. DiCipher is there and two others I've never met. We amble along towards Embankment.

I get off to a good start by stopping a fast-charging **HB7 Brit** with iPod on. I indicate her to pull out the headphones and we chat a few minutes. I end up with the BF defense and don't close. Next is another difficult stop – a fast-charging **HB7 Tall Blonde**. She doesn't stop and I realise my body language was too defensive. Next an **HB7 Brunette** saunters past texting on her iPhone. She reacts well but shows me her wedding ring, which had been hidden due to her hand positioning.

I'm a bit deflated. I've been asking DiChiper what I should do to turn instant dates into day 2s. Sagely he notes that I have been raising the girls' buying temperatures ok but not giving them any of my identity. They are waking up the next day without any reason to distinguish me from the other 100 men who want to fuck them. Ok, next instant date I shall offer identity…..

As we get to Embankment footbridge I think, ok one more set. A cute **HB8 Russian** ambles past. I like her reddish dyed hair and something about her manner. She seems smiley and happy in the world. She opens easy and I try to pull her in a bit:

Krauser: What's that you're listening to **indicating iPod**
HB8: blah blah…. some dance shite
Krauser: Gimmee a listen **grab headphone, pull her in so I can fit it to my ear**
Krauser: Oh, that's crap **gives back headphone** Come on, let's get some ice cream

I lead her along the riverside and we stop to eat ice cream from a van. She's mildy shit testing me now, mainly by appearing unresponsive. After about fifteen minutes I walk her to a pub and we get a drink. Instant date. Ok, remember identity….

I give her my Tokyo DHV story about the fashion party, an identity response to her asking about my job, and adapt the rollercoaster NLP routine to be about boxing so I can raise her buying temp while also talking passionately about my hobby. It all works a treat. Two hours after the meet it's getting dark and we separate. Minor shit test on the number close

HB8: Do you remember my name?
Krauser: No, it was the third thing you told me. I was still looking at your smile
HB8: It's xxxxxx
Krauser: You remember mine?
HB8: No **laughs**
Krauser: It's Krauser. OK, how do I spell xxxxxx **pulls out phone**
midway through her surname spelling she says….
HB8: I'm not giving you my number. You can give me yours.
Krauser: Oh! You're one of those girls aren't you. One of those who collects men's numbers so they feel good about themselves.
HB8: **embarassed**
Krauser: Here, gimmee your phone **types in own number, rings it, and gets her number that way**

A hug but no k-close. This is a Thursday. On Saturday I call and we set up a day 2 for Sunday lunch time. I strongly lead the whole thing. We meet at Trafalgar square and I introduce sex talk in the National Gallery by commenting on the more suggestive pictures. She's laughing and skipping and having a great time.

I walk her down to Embankment park to sit on the grass with a coffee. She looks at me and says:

HB8: Those stories you were telling me on Thursday. Do you tell them alot? They seemed so smooth.
Krauser: Of course I do. They're great stories. I must've told that one about the kickboxing match to everybody in my work and family.
HB8: Krauser, I feel like I've known you for years
Krauser: Sometimes it happens. You meet someone and there's an instant connection.

K-closing is a major sticking point for me and I still fail to do it on this date. After two hours or so we seperate and I head off to meet my wings for more day game. I'm really getting this rapport thing going.

Krauser's boxing NLP routine

krauserpua · 11 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Any time I've talked about boxing (pre-game) girls tend to dwell on the violence. I never understood why they seemed against it, but I think it was just social conditioning. My routine on Thursday went approx like this:

DHV story about Japan which ends with me being a last minute substitute in a kickboxing bout when my training partner gets sick. She asks me why I like kickboxing. I mention I'm actually more into boxing and have a fight coming up in October (true). I'll loosely paraphrase what I said……

NLP routine
You know how men love competition. They love developing a skill and then going out there and using it. To me boxing is like the purest form of competition. When you box you are using everything nature gave you: your fitness, strength, reactions, speed, heart. Eveything. There's nothing between you and the opponent **gesture between me and her**. There's no tennis racket, no ball, no net. It's just a pure competition between you and the other guy. No teammates to help you or to blame. It's you, making your own decisions. You don't care what other people think.

When I step into the ring, it's like leaving the world behind. The adrenalin hits and it's like suddenly your vision tunnels

gesture peripheral vision disappearing, staring hard into her eyes.

You can't see anything around you. You just see what's directly in front of you, in clear vivid colour. You are absolutely focused on the person directly in front of you. Your heart starts to beat fast **gesture** and your breath quickens **imitate it**. You feel really excited. It's just you and him in a bubble now **gesture me and her**. You can't even hear the sounds around you.You're really excited and not sure what's going to happen. You are totally in the moment and enjoying the sensation. You just want to get it on, and let loose. It's an intensely physical experience. **a bit of touching to emphasise**

Then, when the fight is finished **pull back, break rapport** you feel amazing **gesture with relief, exhale out**. Win or lose, you've just manned up and achieved something. There's no anger in the ring, just honest competition. But best of all, is the shower afterwards.

You know endorphins? Think back to the last time you really exercised to exhaustion. You're lying on your back afterwards, breathing hard, sweating, and totally satisfied. You feel great. Then your body rewards you with a rush of endorphins and you just glow. That shower after a fight is better than sex. I mean, I love sex, but fighting is even better. I'll be in the shower, letting the hot water stream down **run fingers down her arm** and wash away all the bumps and scrapes and feeling totally awesome……

If that doesn't get her squirming in her love juices nothing will.

The Blueprint Decoded

krauserpua · 11 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

There's a history to the pick-up community, as Tyler so eloquently outlines in the first of this 19 DVD set. Yes, *nineteen* DVDs – at over an hour a piece. This is not a throwaway piece of work.

In the beginning
Around the late 80s Ross Jeffries wrote his Speed Seduction book. The attitude was "We are guys! We're pissed off! We're gonna get revenge on these bitches. We're gonna fuck 'em. Yeah!". The routines were entirely outer game and based on manipulation. Essentially it comes down to sneaky NLP / state-changing ploys to create an excitable response in a woman and then anchor it to you. It works, but it's just the first bumbling steps towards mPUA status.

Social Dynamics
Then Mystery comes along. He wants to build a firm evolutionary psych foundation for game and craft a system that takes you through every stage of the human courtship ritual from approach to sex. Game is now linear programming and alpha mimickry. The high value girls want guys with high survival and replication value so you have to demonstrate value, through peacocking, stories, routines.

You are always hanging on the edge of being blown out of set. The approach buys you ten seconds, that ten buys the next minute, which buys the next ten. You are constantly escalating, constantly button pushing. At any moment you might fuck up and the girl realises you're a chode. Game is performance art, singing for your supper.

Learned Natural
In the last few years inner game and natural mimickry has been the buzz. Game is about deep identity level change so you become a sexworthy guy. The girls wants you because you really are high value and you exude these traits without consciously gaming. You don't need routines. You're opener can be simply "Hi, I'm Krauser"

This is where the **Blueprint** excels. For twenty hours Tyler pulls you ever deeper down the rabbit hole to reconstruct your whole identity. And it works. I'm blown away by the dozens of concepts. To pick just one:

Most people (the 'sheeple') look to the outside world for their values. They are constantly pinging everyone else – Do I look cool? Am I popular? Will this girl like me? – so their self-esteem rises when rewarded (buying a new pair of shoes, getting a smile from a girl etc) and plummets when punished. Life is a constant jog up a down-escalator to feel good. This is a natural function of our hardwired compulsion to avoid exclusion from the tribe and to learn socially.

But by accepting society's values you are killing your own. You are a ship buffeted on the storms of social whim. This is the essence of the chode – a regular guy with no sense of his own values or his own internal confidence. This does not attract women. It's a game you can never win. So long as you accept society's values the **19-yr old hottie in a minskirt** will always be higher value. You'll always have to neg her and DHV to equalise your relative value long enough to put your cock in her mouth. It doesn't matter how much you earn, what car you drive, or how many sick kids you cure – she's getting in that nightclub ahead of you.

But what if you have your *own* values? What if you decide what matters to you is being:

- a value giver, not a value taker
- an inspiration to the people around you
- a responsible adult
- funny
- reliable
- or whatever else matters to you, independent of what society says is good

Then you meet that 19-yr old hottie in the club. Sure, she's beautiful. But what else does she have going for her? What has she achieved? Suddenly it's not a Mystery neg anymore – you **really sincerely believe** beauty is common and she'd better have something else to impress you or you're moving on.

Think how that changes your game.

- Do you still feel approach anxiety when you feel like a 10 and you wonder if this girl is more than a pretty face?
- Do you need to fight a desire to supplicate when she's no longer on a pedestal?
- When she shit tests you will you be trawling your brain for a canned response or just naturally replying like the higher value guy?
- Do you worry about frame control?

Nineteen DVDs of brilliance, Tyler. I do wonder if its too early in my development to absorb this. It almost seems like *cheating* – like I need to pay my dues in Mystery Method before I'm ready for the Blueprint. I see the picture of my future artistry. I know what it will look like.

FR: A brush with celebrity

krauserpua · 11 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Between the **Russian HB8** open and this one I do 11 approaches, number closing **HB7 Aussie** and instant dating / number closing **HB7 Biotech Italian** after she gives me an approach invitation through eye contact. But best of the weekend is my instant dating of a girl voted one of the top ten beauties of sport (per my google search when I got home). I'm afraid I have to hold back on the photo simply because she's way too easy to identify.

Preamble
August 23rd, 2009. I have a lunchtime Day 2 with a Russian HB8 (see earlier post). After I release her I join two wings to day game Covent Garden. My mobile is almost out of battery. On my very first approach I hook strong with an **HB7 Italian tourist** and spend ten minutes in set, number-closing but failing to instadate. I have to close on pen and paper cos my phone is dead now. My wings have wandered off to await my call, which never comes. I follow their proposed route but can't catch up. So I decide to go solo. My state is excellent – a good day 2 followed by a number close on the first approach.

The Sarge
I spot a young-looking brunette in sporty gear wandering through the market. I give chase and open direct. She hooks easily and I lock in against the wall. After about five minutes I bounce her to the ice-cream van for a lolly then start walking her around. Easy compliance but I forget to start kino until about fifteen minutes in. Turns out she's a member of a women's under-20 World Cup team *[not saying which one]* – which I learn about an hour in and IOI her for (i.e. Mystery A3). I'll call her **HB8**.

I pull her into a retro clothes shop and we roleplay dressing up for a party. As I walk her up through Soho she tells me she's in the UK for a month before returning home for university. I do lots of leading, such as grabbing her shoulders, pointing her in a new direction then giving her a shove in the back. I drag her around and so on. She's fully compliant but passive.

We have a drink on Carnaby Street. I'm mostly vibing but throw in a few routines like Murder/Marry/Shag and some DHV stories. I give strong eye contact but she's across the table from me and I feel like this messes with my kino. I seed the idea of lunch next week. About an hour there then I let her go. Don't try hard for a kiss close but get a hug / cheek kiss at her bus stop. Total time in set: 2 hours.

I call two days later at lunchtime. It rings off then goes dead. Try again in the evening. About a minute later I get this text:

HB8:Hello you tryed to call me i don't know this cell number. I just can't respond because of my *[foreign]* cell, just text. Sorry
Krauser: Hey it's Krauser. Put the number in your contacts!
HB8: Ok. No problem. I hope you are fine. See you later.

The next morning I send:
Krauser: HB8. I promised you lunch at St Pauls Cathedral. Tomorrow 12:30 is best for me. Krauser.
HB8: Ok. I will be on the st paul cathedral's steps at 12h30. Have a good day.
Krauser: Cool.

Day 2
She's early. I walk up there with two (fairly cool) workmates until she sees me. I gesture "come here" and she comes, by which point my workmates have walked on. I start with a hug, we get a sandwich from Pret (she buys her own), eat in the cathedral garden where I start up light kino. We walk down to and along the South Bank and I do more of my leading and pulling her in.

We meet again after work the same day and I take her to a pub in Blackfriars and start more kino, DHV stories,

cube routine, and mostly vibing. Walk along South Bank to Embankment and to another pub where I introduce sex talk, e.g. we play the question game:

Krauser: Where's the strangest place you've had sex?
HB8: In a park in *[hometown]*. How about you?
Krauser: Hmmmm, not easy to rank them. **thinks**. Probably in a lecture theatre at university. It was empty at the time. How many men have you kissed, with tongues?
HB8: Eight. And you?
Krauser: No men. For girls, I'd estimate about a hundred. *[bear in mind I'm 30+ and she's 20]*

I try the odd bit of C&F, like when she's telling me a fairly dull story….

HB8: Blah Blah….
Krauser: That's boring. Let's talk about something interesting. What's your favourite colour?
HB8: Red
Krauser: No it's not. It's blue. What've your favourite number?
HB8: I don't have one
Krauser: Yes you do. It's 26. etc……
get her to answer questions again, giving "my" answers as hers

I try a kiss close at the bus stop but get rejected. Just a hug. That's the Thursday after our Sunday instadate.

Day 3
Meet her again on Sunday for the Notting Hill Carnival. We are there seven hours and wind up in a bar. Three pints in, I chat to a middle-aged black couple sitting next to us. It's decent polite chat (not even vaguely AMOGing) until we do introductions, then this happens:

Dude: Is this your woman? **asked earnestly**
Krauser: **not ready for such a question** Too early to say. I've only known her a week.
Dude: Oh. So not your girlfriend
Krauser: **really off my flow** Um, not really something to talk about
HB8: *[to me]* We are friends. Right.

I end up giving her a piggy back to the station cos that was the forfeit in a game we were playing all day (a spot-the-Starbucks with an under/over of 7 for the day – I lost, deliberately).

Day 4
She comes down to my work again and we have lunch, spending a while in a cafe. I decide to back-off and try aloofness and one-word game. I throw in a few light negs and do more C&F. She's laughing, turned towards me, filling in all the conversation pauses, but no kino. A few days later she returns to her country. I get this text:

HB8: Hi Krauser. Just to say you that i go back to *[country]* on this afternoon. Earlier than I thought at the beginning. I'm happy to have met you, i had a great time with you. I hope we will see each other soon either in *[country]* if you come or in london if i come back. See you soon
Krauser: Yeah, I had fun with you. Good luck with your course. It's probably easiest to stay in touch on Facebook. Watch for the friends invite.
HB8: No problem. We keep in touch on facebook. Have a nice week. Bye

I wait a few days, send the invite and she adds me within a couple of hours.

OK then. I think this one's probably LJBF. That's not such a big deal cos my number-generation machine is still humming nicely. But where did I go wrong? I suspect it is:

– Should've kino'd immediately after hooking
– Should've sat next to her in the pub on the instadate
– Should've showed much more sexual intent on the instadate and after

– Should've isolated to a dark corner of a pub and tried a kiss close

It seems I get too much into rapport building (which I'm good at) without showing intent. So I intend to use this one mostly for social proof / social circle. I figure if I'm in her vicinity it'll be cool to get taken around her Uni with a gaggle of 21 yr old hotties ("Girls, this is my friend Krauser. He's a great guy"). Or next time she's here I'll take her out clubbing and show pre-selection.

That all sounds very "game". Fact is, I ***really*** like this girl. Even if I don't get to bang her I'm gonna value the friendship (while avoiding orbiter status, naturally). She's just a pleasure to be around.

FR: A hair's breadth away from my first f-close

krauserpua · 11 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

August 29th, 2009. I'm on South Bank again with a couple of wings and I've lost my voice. Really, it's a barely audible whisper. We'd tried Borough Market first but not many sets and things weren't improving much along the river. I'm well over an hour in and haven't approached. I don't even think I'm choding much, the sets just aren't there.

I can't take much more and finally **HB7 Kazhak** walks by. I get five minutes or so out of her before she mentions she's just come away from her boyfriend who is in the busker band under the bridge. Next is a petite **HB7 Italian** and **HB7 Chinese** who both give me the no-speaky-English rountine. Now I'm thinking I need to take on a real challenge and boost my state.

The God of Pick Up delivers. I spot a tall **HB8 Russian** striding purposefully along the promenade. You'll no this type of intimidator – leggy, tight clothes, sunglasses, iPod, powerful "don't you fucking dare talk to me" body language. I open.

It's tough at first. I have to step across her to get the stop and she looks at me with a withering "Well, out with it!" look. For about a minute and then she softens. There's nowhere to lock in and I'm staring into the sun behind her head so I just move her into the shade. She's from St Petersburg and is down for the day from Norwich and will return to USSR in a few days. Ok, f-close or nothing. I do my DHV boxing story and she talks about how her brother is really into fight sports. My voice is struggling but she doesn't seem to care.

Within ten minutes I bounce her to walk towards Embankment. She soon asks where we're going (interesting – she agreed to bounce before knowing where or why) and I say I want to find an ice cream van. I get her to qualify about her home town and she describes the White Palace and stuff. I can't really remember much of it, though I remember dropping in some DHV stories.

She seems a bit frosty to work alot of kino but I do a bit of push-pull and leading. I walk us up to the National Gallery. At first I think she'll like it, but the whole time we are inside she's showing no interest in the paintings. So, she's only doing it to be with me. Cool.

Outside she sparks up and we do the question game. She's still keeping up a vaguely bitchy persona but isn't directly shit testing me at all. I decide to stay quiet for stretches, partly just because it's so tough to talk cos of my voice, and she doesn't wander off.

Krauser: Do you like Sherlock Holmes?
HB8: Yeah
Krauser: Great. I'm going to show you something.

We walk to the Sherlock Holmes pub. I figure this is a smooth way to get a girl to a pub so I'll reuse it when I'm in that end of town. It's busy and we can't get a table sitting together so I take her up to the beer garden for isolation. I load up the kino. I turn her to face me so we are sitting with her knees together inside my knees and I'm holding both hands. From here I do the Cube routine. It sticks well. I do another NLP and I see her cheeks pinken and the eyes dilate. She's smiling alot more now and generally looks like the buying temperature is bubbling. Just as I'm about the try a k-close some tourists bumble in and sit behind me, in her vision. I get thrown off and bottle it. A *second* chance arises but another set of tourists get in the way.

I decide to try to get her to my place but am struggling for an Anti Slut Defense-preventing pretext. I tell her there's a nice park (true). We get the train a few stops. I'm giving her rape eyes on the train and really upping the push-pull. She notices and pinkens. I get handholding on the way out the station but she breaks it off after a minute or so when she gets a text message. She says she's only got half an hour before the train to Norwich.

Hmmmm. Is this an invite to ramp it up? A shit test? Or just solid truth?

I say there's probably not enough time for the park but I want to drop some stuff off in my house. She follows. She ***has to know*** where this is leading. She's coming with me. We turn onto my street. I'm starting to wonder if I made the bed this morning and where the condoms are.

Then her phone rings. Some commie-speak. She has to stay outside the flat cos I don't get reception inside. I potter around inside with the door open, trying to look busy till she finishes.

It's her commie pinko boyfriend. She's looking a bit edgy now.

I lead her to my front door and go for the kiss close. She recoils. Major ASD. While she doesn't quite run off, she only hangs around long enough to explain herself a bit. She declines my offer to walk her back to the station. It's not worth number closing cos she'll be back in the gulags within the week.

Bah!

FR: Outrageous escalation in a bar

krauserpua · 15 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Friday 4th September 2009. I'm at Cargo again, this time with Paddy, Dutch and an old friend Smooth. I open strong with a Spanish 2-set sitting in the beer garden, get IOIs, then roll off five minutes in planning to reopen later. It's only 9pm. Bad move, as they've disappeared later. I open more sets and generally happy with things. I get myself into the dance area to raise my state, doing stupid self-amused shit like the box dance. It's gradually working and by the time I'm finished I'm feeling pretty good and in the mood for douchebag game.

The idea came from watching Ace in a model party I was at the week before. He's absolutely mastered the wildman/arsehole/charmer persona to the point he can do things reminiscent of when Neo bends the matrix to his will. I was sitting on a sofa with the two HB8 Asians I'd brought along. [see early day game post for the initial sarge]

Ace: Hey Krauser! Great to see you again **sits down opposite, ignores girls**
Krauser: Glad you could make it. How's things? [bear in mind I'd only met him twice before, briefly, and only because he's friends with a couple of instructors I know]
Ace: So, who's these two bitches? **indicates dismissively at HB8 Asians**
HB Asians: Uh???? **look of outraged shock**

Within thirty seconds they've softened and chatting to him. Another two minutes and my target's friend is climbing all over him. He tolerates her for a while, then ignores her to talk to me, then walks off.

I'm astounded. He's just massively DHV'd me in front of the target both explicitly through treating me like an old friend and an equal, and also implicitly by him being so fucking cool that I must be cool to be getting DHV'd off a guy like that. Classic wing work. Better still, a reference experience has just clicked into place in my mind – I have just witnessed a cameo of douchebag game perfection. I wanna learn that.

Seeing as I'm naturally a total cunt, I figure I can do it.

Fast forward to Cargo and me and Dutch walk over to a standing 3-set. Time to try douchebag game.

Krauser: Hey girls **aggressively**. Spiderman or Hulk?
3-set: Uh? **I have their attention**
Krauser: Spiderman or Hulk. Quickly, first thing that comes to your mind. **points at HB5 obstacle**
HB5a: Uh, Spiderman
I'm bodyrocking, showing impatience
HB5b: Hulk
HB6: Spiderman
Krauser: You girls are hopeless **make like walking off, turn back** Ok. This is why. I've got an important meeting at work on Monday and have got to present to the execs, so I figure if I have a superhero on my boxer shorts I'll be taking their power into the meeting.
3-set: **laughs – start blabbing on about Hulk and Spiderman. I've hooked good**

Unfortunately I'm dominating the set so hard that my wing is kinda silent. There's no gap in my leading for anyone to even dream of doing anything other than bending to my will. I start to neg the target by ignoring her and engaging the obstacles:

Krauser: So what brings you girls out **to obstacles, half turned away from target**
HB6: Actually….
Krauser: Hey, wait your turn. **back to obstacles**
HB5a: Blah blah
HB6: Yeah, cos…

Krauser: Hey! **finger wag**. Ok, who brought their little sister to the bar **to obstacles, who laugh**
HB6: But…
Krauser: Look **addressing her directly for the first time**. If you want to join the adult conversation you have to think of something interesting to say* *thirty seconds of chat with obstacles pass**
HB6: I've thought of something.
Krauser: **resigned look of tolerance** Let's hear it
HB6: Two days ago I was…
Krauser: Boring. **grab her and pull her in** Let's talk about something interesting. What's your favourite colour? [follow routine explained in my brush with celebrity post]

This is going swimmingly for about six or seven minutes and I pat her on the head, kiss her forehead and start bringing her in. I sense it's time to roll off before I lose momentum. I turn to Dutch and say "This is boring. Let's go"

I immediately do something similar on another 3-set but don't hook quite so strong. They don't dismiss us but I feel that although this is turning out way better than I hoped (I was expecting horrible crash'n'burns up the learning curve) I'm still just taking fumbling steps. We walk back to rejoin Paddy and Smooth in the beer garden.

Krauser: Paddy. Douchebag game, come on!
Paddy: Let's do it!

We walk around the corner and then I see them – the two Somali sisters from last month. The HB7 I k-closed. The one who cut me off on the phone when I called back, then 2 weeks later sent me a text saying "wana fuck?" but then nothing more. And her HB6 sister who is a really sweet girl I befriended first time.

I recognise them. I stare – mock threatening and lots of sexual energy. They see me and hold eye contact. HB7 is smiling nervously and electricty crackles between us. I'm in probably the highest state I've had since beginning my PUA adventure. I just stare at her for twenty seconds. Yes girl, I'm looking at you. You stuck up slut, I'm not letting you get away with that flaky shit. I storm over.

I can't remember this word for word but it's something like this:

Krauser: Hey **dismissively**. What are you doing in my bar? **sits down, pulls up stool for Paddy**[We are sitting round the corner of a big table. It's me-Paddy-HB7-HB6]
HB7: Hi. Blah blah **smiling**
Krauser: **totally ignoring HB7, addresses sister** It's great to see you again. Woah, I like the new glasses. That check pattern on the frames is cool
HB6: Thanks **demure smile** I just got them. Blah blah
Krauser: HB6, I really like you. I forgot how cool you were etc etc

HB7 keeps trying to get in to the conversation but I ignore her. Finally after about three minutes she says something and I cut her off by leaning her back and kissing her. She's instantly up for it. Now it's all about going for the f-close.

Paddy sees what's happening and moves his stool to the other side to give us isolation and to take on the obstacle. From this point on I kinda let him down by more or less ignoring him and failing to DHV him etc. From talking about it later I don't think he minds cos he's entertained by my outrageous douchebag game.

I tell HB7 to sit on my lap and she is ultra-compliant, absolutely loving being bossed around. I engage her sister every now and then but mainly I'm doing sexual escalation talk. Stuff like:

Krauser: I think I will fuck you after all
HB7: Oh yeah?
Krauser: Yeah. 'course I'll punish you. First thing I'll do when I get you back home is give you a slap. You'll need a slapping you filthy whore. To show who's boss.

HB7: Yeah **wriggling and smiling**
Krauser: Then I'll just bend you over the kitchen table. Slap you again. Then do you from behind.
HB7: Ummmmmm **biting her lip**
Krauser: There'll be some hair pulling. And maybe biting. But you'll fucking love it.
HB7: Damn right I will

This stuff goes on for a while. I later find out from Paddy that both he and the sister could hear the whole thing and he's trying to talk over it to her about anything at all to drown me out. Choice lines like:

Krauser: You're kinda pretty
HB7: Thanks
Krauser: But your face would look much prettier with my cock in your mouth
HB7: I agree

My douchebag meter is about to blow. What can I possibly do to top this?

I start to finger fuck her in the middle of the beer garden, in front of her sister. It's a bit subtle because her arse is overhanging my lap on the far side so it looks like I'm just feeling her arse. She's squirming and loving it, panting in my ear and stuff. So I drag her into a hallway, throw her against the wall and start making out. She's bumping and grinding and fully into the sex talk. I start getting messages from the HB7 Italian Biotech girl I instant dated a couple of weeks earlier.

HB7: Who's that?
Krauser: A girl
HB7: What girl?
Krauser: She's my primary [bullshit, I haven't even k-closed her]
HB7: I could be your primary **rubs my cock with her thigh**
Krauser: No, you're too young. You wouldn't know what to do.
HB7: Oh, I would. [long description of a lewd act]
Krauser: Nah. I'm already getting that.
HB7: Well then, we could be fuck buddies
Krauser: Woah, hold it there tiger! You haven't even passed the audition

I'll not go into too much detail but this kind of thing goes on for an hour. I realise the f-close will have to wait cos she's going home with her sister and has to pick up her nephews early in the morning. So now I'm just thinking of getting what I can here and then lock in the f-close for later. So I future project the day 2

Krauser: I'll tell you how it'll happen when you get back to my place
HB7: Tell me
Krauser: First I'll slap you. Obviously. Then I'll drag you into the bedroom and throw you on the bed
HB7: Uh-huh
Krauser: Then I'll order you to take your clothes off
HB7: Yeah **more grinding**
Krauser: Then I'll go and make a cup of tea
HB7: **speechless**
Krauser: And when I come back I expect you to be frigging yourself etc etc

I take her into the inside bar and we sit on the sofa. This has to be the highlight. We are sitting as me-HB7-sister and she's laid her cardigan over our knees as a crude disguise. She's got her hand down my trousers and I'm finger fucking her while discussing the weather with her sister. I think her sister is oblivious to the under-cardigan action cos she's not stealing glances and is genuinely and easily talking. HB7 has her face buried into my shoulder to hide the tell-tale expressions.

HB6: I think she's really drunk

Krauser: Yeah, probably. You should probably get her some water

Sister goes off. I tell HB7 I'm gonna make her orgasm right here right now. She wants to go for it. I up the pace and at the precise moment she comes she lifts her head up and squeals – and locks eye contact with her sister coming back from the bar!

Douchebag glory! Let this sink in: I have just finger fucked a girl to orgasm in the middle of a crowded bar with her sister watching. Fair to say that wasn't in my reality four months ago.

Krauser: Right. Now you suck my cock
HB7: Ok*drag her to the entrance*
Krauser: You can suck me off in an alley
HB7: Ok

Unfortunately there's still a massive queue outside. I ask the bouncer if we can pop out then back in but he says no, we'll have to join the queue. Cock-blocked! We neck on the rest of the night and swap some texts on the way home:

Krauser: I'm definitely gonna do you. Hard
HB7: I guess u like me now then
HB7: *an hour later, about 4am* Nite nite Krausey

She's off to the midlands to visit family for the next two weeks. The next evening I get:

HB7: I think some1 bit ma neck last nite :-l :-l :-l
Krauser: Probably a wolf
HB7: But I dont recall seein any. Do ya?
Krauser: I hear there's one in [my area]
HB7: Oh yh?
Krauser: Yup. And you'll be Red Riding Hood
HB7: Then i hate them cuz am in pain :-l
Krauser: You going to [midlands] tomorrow?
HB7: Not 2mo but on mon. U were payin attension then
Krauser: Aye. I might have a bit of free time tomorrow afternoon
HB7: Da offer is 2 temptin but things r a bit wild around here
Krauser: Sure, but I'll need a bit of notice to keep a slot free
Hb7: Will do

The next weekend I figure I should keep myself in her thoughts so I text:

Krauser: You know what you should be doing right now.
HB7: Wat?
Krauser: I said…. You know what you should be doing right now
HB7: I think I might have an idea But would prefer u tellin me
Krauser: It's sexual. I'm too shy to say it
HB7: Not with me Krausey
Krauser: You should be bouncing up and down on my cock
HB7: Hell yh only if i was in Lon
Krauser: Still not decided where to unload the first spunk. Any requests?
HB7: I dont know :-0 maybe…. am 2 shy
Krauser: Ok. I choose. Back home now. Bedtime
HB7: Nite
HB7: Am a good girl. Rite?

So if I don't manage to f-close this I might as well kill myself.

FR: I shoot myself in the foot

krauserpua · 15 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's Thursday 3rd September and I'm walking home after work, to change my clothes and head out for night game with DiCipher. I'm looking damn good in my grey sharkskin suit. Walking past an underground station I see **HB8 Colombian** walking my direction. We briefly catch eye contact. A little longer than necessary but she doesn't smile. We pass and I wonder "is that an approach invitation?" I'm not mentally in sarge mood but I decide to find out.

I give chase, jump in front of her, and its an easy stop. Yup, it was an AI. She's a bit shy and weird, holding her hand over her face and sucking her little finger.

Krauser: Hey, put your hand down **gestures**
HB8: No, I can't
Krauser: What?
HB8: I just cut my finger coming out of the station. It's bleeding

We swap numbers. She's going to meet a friend, as am I, so I don't try the instadate. I get a hug. It's at this point I notice she has an absolutely fucking cracking pair of tits. I elevate her from HB7 to HB8. Later that evening I text:

Krauser: Nice meeting you, Miss Bloodsucker I'll call you later, Krauser

On call her from work on Friday and keep it short. She's got to go work in a night club as a door check so we set up the Day 2 for Sunday.

Day 2
We meet at 1pm outside Embankment station. It's a glorious day. I hug her and lead her into the park so we can get coffee and sit out on the grass. I play a push-pull game between fairly disinterested (like, when she's waiting for her coffee to be made I wander off to look at the pictures on the wall) and strong kino (like, pulling her in tight when I say something then shoving her away). She's enjoying it all. We vibe on the grass and I DHV a bit but try not to make it too canned.

I always aim for time distortion now, so I lead her across the footbridge and we get a sandwich in Eat on the south bank. I tease her a bit and we play Marry/Murder/Shag. That goes awesome and the second time she tells me the shag guy I make out like I'm gonna walk over and tell him. Then when she points out a girl outside I run out to her "to get a better look" and open (situational, I ask where she got the ice cream then eject). HB8 Colombian is loving the spontaneity.

I take her to the beer garden in a pub (same one as the previous week's Russian) and this time we have isolation. She loves the cube and rates it 10/10 then spends five minutes recounting things in her life that match my reading. I'm getting lots of texts and calls as social proof and while talking to my brother I start poking her legs and generally fucking around.

I integrate a trick from DiCipher – when I told him about the difficulty of kino-ing the HB8 Sports Star from opposite sides of the table he suggested footsie. I do that and its a hit.

Everything is going swimmingly and I'm really liking this girl too. I try a kiss close but get rebuffed with "I'm too shy" which I read as "slow down". Escalating with light sex talk I ask how many boys she's kissed (she's 22). Three, apparently. I neg her and disbelieve saying its over a hundred for me, then it turns out she'd misunderstood the question thinking I'd asked how many she'd slept with. Sweet.

Now I fuck up.

As we are in a tight hug with her awesome rack pushed up against my chest we decide to Day 3 the following Thursday. I call on the Tuesday to confirm. I send a text on Thursday morning and get nothing back. I call on the Thursday evening to see where she is (we hadn't arranged a time or place) and she doesn't pick up or return the call.

Very odd, considering how well the Day 2 went and all the crazy IOIs.

Now for a disgression.

After Sunday's day 2 I meet Paddy and Sai in Trafalgar Square and decide to go for the Apocalypse opener. The very first one, HB6 Petite Estonian, stays around for ten minutes chatting, giving mild IOIs, and I number close. A few hours later I text

Krauser: It was nice meeting you today. A bit weird. Krauser

Nothing comes back. On Wednesday I call, get voicemail and leave this message:

Krauser: HB6, it's Krauser. Call me.

Nothing. After HB8 Colombian doesn't respond on the Thursday I send another text to HB6.
You can see where this is leading…… A few days later I'm checking out my phone numbers and received calls, kinda wondering how the Colombian blew me off so unexpectedly, and how the Estonian doesn't reply at all.

Then I see it.

When I was number closing HB6 Estonian I saved HB8 Colombian's number under her name. Thus every single message and call to HB6 *in fact went to* HB8, as well as all the calls intended for HB8 also going to HB8.

HB8 Colombian was thus hearing me tell her how much I enjoyed meeting her, then hearing my tell some other girl exactly the same thing a few hours later.

FUCK.

FR: I get LJBF'd off the Apocalypse opener

krauserpua · 15 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

That's how bad this sticking point is. I open a girl telling her I want to fuck her and I end up her friend. Here is the sorry tale.

September 5th, 2009. Saturday afternoon and my mother is visiting London so I do the honourable thing and meet her for lunch and coffee. I'm totally open with her about my sarging which she's obliquely supportive of. She's rather contemptous of my skank ex-wife and see's me as the aggreived party. She's also a psychologist and a realist so she wants her son to get himself together and get himself together with girls. Nonetheless I can squeeze in an hour of daygame with Sai.

One thing I've noticed recently – my very first daygame sarge of the day is usually my best. I think it's because I haven't really put on my PUA wizard hat so I come across more authentic and relaxed. I wish I could bottle and sell that state.

Walking down Charing Cross road I see **HB8 Greek**. I open:

http://img188.imageshack.us/img188/821/hb8greek1.jpg

Krauser: Hi
HB8: Hi **stops**
Krauser: I had to stop you. You're gorgeous.
HB8: **smiles** Thanks
Krauser: Would you like to come home with me?
HB8: **shock awe, quickly recovers poise** No.
Krauser: OK. Is that coffee from Pret?
HB8: Yes
Krauser: Cool. I normally go to Starbucks myself. I like the coffee of the day though to be honest if I'm gonna spend a long time in a cafe I normally do Cafe Nero because they have those lovely distressed leather sofas… blah blah… bullshit
HB8: Come walk with me

We walk down to Trafalgar Square and she's really pleasant, asking me about the opener and do I do this much. I'm hyper-honest in what I say (though I withhold the sheer scale of my approaching), as I calibrate her to be very open on these things and I think honesty will DHV me:

Krauser: I'm a fairly direct guy. When a man approaches a woman it's always based on a sexual dynamic. I see no reason to try to sneak in under her radar.
HB8: You could be a little more roundabout, like ask her something normal
Krauser: Yeah I suppose but that's not me. Give me some feedback then. How did you feel when I said that
HB8: It was kinda shocking…. but cool.
Krauser: It looked simple but there's alot going there. When a man stops a woman he's got to demonstrate value without scaring her or being creepy. It could've sounded really weird but instead I was just putting the option out there. I wasn't trying to persuade you to have sex. I put it out there as non-needy. I like sex, but I don't need it.
HB8: Yeah, I caught that. **smiling**

After ten minutes I number close by typing my number into her phone and then ringing to mine. She walks off then calls me two minutes later to check she's got the right number stored. I take that as an IOI. She'd briefly mentioned a boyfriend in passing, and that she lives in Covent Garden. She suggested I join her in a bar later after I'm done in Tiger Tiger. I know I'm not going to because it's pulling me into her reality. Later that night we swap texts:

Krauser: You're still thinking about it □

HB8: A little! doesn't happen often in london!
Krauser: But all the time in Greece? I'm at Tiger Tiger
HB8: Yea greece is a little bit different. I've just hopped into the bath…
Krauser: Bath texting? You're weird
HB8: Thanks…. multi tasking? lol. ur in a bar with ur mate and ur texting… that's equally weird. lol
Krauser: Make sure you soap yourself properly
HB8: Thanks for the tip, couldn't have done it without u. lol
Krauser: I'm helpful like that

I leave it for the week and then on the Thursday that the Colombian blows me out I call. She picks up right away and after a five minute chat she invites to to Bar Salsa. Says her male friend is teaching there but she's not dancing so why don't I join her. I figure turning up alone to her base is gonna chode me out so I decline.

Next, while out Friday 11th I restart, late on while I'm in Cargo. The whole time I'm trying to follow Roissy's text game maxim – Send only those texts which you'd be comfortable having appear on a jumbotron in front of the whole world. Meaning, if you aren't comfortable with your text game being public, it must be beta.

Krauser: Old Street tonight
HB8: I'm off to the cinema tonight but could meet up later if ur around
Krauser: Yeah, that's a plan. Text me when you're done
HB8: OK
HB8: *later* Would you like to meet in coven garden or is it too late for you?

This is 11pm. I call. I say I'll be finished with my friends at midnight and then I'll call to arrange to come over to her place (she's at home now). Midnight comes, I call and no answer. Twice. I text "hey" to no response. Fuck.

Next morning at about 11am I get this:

HB8: Hey Krauser – I'm so sorry about last night! I fell asleep in front of the tv, didn't realise how tired I was.

We arrange an early afternoon Day 2 for Saturday.

Day 2
I'm sitting in Cafe Nero off Covent Garden reading Ayn Rand's Fountainhead. I want to be in a state where I'm self-amused and not anxious for her to come. Works out well. She arrives and we sit outside in the sun. I'm leaning back, alpha language and we connect instantly. I really like this girl. She's smart, self-assured and much prettier than I first realised. Turns out she's a model and recently has been posing naked for artists. She's also a dancer. We chat alot and I keep with the authentic honesty. She likes the book I have on speedreading people and really lights up when I outline her character.

She suggests moving on to St James' Park so off we go. I initiate kino with upper arm touching, pulling her in (arm around shoulders) and arm around waist. She's pleasantly staying comfortably close but not responding by putting her arms around me. I end up talking about my interest in social dynamics and talk about alpha/beta/omega and sexual chemistry. She's going along with it all. I neg a bit, we joke. It's just very very pleasant. I feel totally relaxed like there's no judging between us and I'm not trying to impress.

Three hours in and we are sitting outside another cafe while she eats. I try to escalate a bit more. Suddenly:

HB8: You know I have a boyfriend
Krauser: **looks into her eyes** I don't care
HB8: Well I do. It's his flat I live in. I just don't want to mislead you
Krauser: OK.

Then we continue as before and for about thirty seconds I risk choding out but I recover and continue the kino but at the earlier levels and don't escalate. She gets a couple of calls for arranging her night out so we head back to Covent Garden, I take her Facebook, we hug and separate.

LJBF'd. Off the apocalypse opener. Just let that sink in for a moment.

Going forwards the idea is this:
– I genuinely like the girl. She is beautiful and has real depth. While I'd much rather fuck her, I would still value her as a friend.
– But I shall never be an orbiter. We keep it mutually beneficial or nothing at all.
– Worst case is I keep her in my social circle, as social proof, and we enjoy each other's company
– Best case is at some time in the future she has a fight with her boyfriend, gets bored, or somehow falls off the cock carousel and decides the guy she needs to call to get back on it is me.

FR: Day game 100% batting streak

krauserpua · 15 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

This weekend I go five for five. While I'm keenly aware of the pitfalls of obsessing over my hit rate (it will lead to opening less sets for fear of reducing the ratio) I'm still gonna boast on this one.

Friday. I'm having lunch near work with a wing. We are in Starbucks just talking about random stuff when I spot a young 2-set walk by outside. I've never opened a 2-set in daygame. Suddenly I decide this is the set and I go running out.

Krauser: Hi. I just saw you walk past **addressing the obstacle** and I knew I should come out and talk to you. I'm sure you'd agree, your friend is gorgeous **eye-fucking target**
HB6 / HB7: **smile, a bit shock and awe**
Krauser: So, who are you?
HB7: We are from Latvia.

We talk for five minutes or so and I number close both. They are competing to give IOIs and so no sign of wanting to leave. If it hasn't been for it being the end of my lunch break I'd have tried an instadate. They are only here till Sunday so I figure it's f-close tonight or nothing. They head off to London Eye. A few hours later I text

Krauser: Hey girls its Krauser. We just met at St Pauls. I hope the London Eye queue wasn't too long
HB7: Hey! Yes we remember you, London Eye was great and how was your day?
Krauser: I'm good. You girls nightclubbing?
HB7: Yes u wanna go clubing 2nite?
Krauser: We'll be in Old Street. You'll like the clubs there

I call them at about 10pm. They pick up and we chat. They are going to Liverpool Street to Fabric. Then the phone goes dead mid-sentence

Krauser: Bad reception here
HB7: Yes, it was cause we was in underground!
Krauser: Yeah
HB7: Where r u now?
Krauser: Old Street. Northern Line. Having fun

Nothing happens. The next day I text to get them out in the afternoon but nothing doing. So I sign off with:

Krauser: It looks like we won't meet this time. Have a safe trip home
HB7: No, it's not! just not so much time and we wanted to see so many places, so we losted in time! but we can meet in next time!
Krauser: Sure, I look forward to it. Have fun.

I have that Day 2 with the Greek then decide I ought to open at least once today (Saturday). I spot a very cute busty **HB8 French** wandering slowly through Covent Garden with bronze legs showing out her cut-off shorts and a *cracking pair of tits*. I open. She stops easily and smiles a lot. Shows no desire to walk off, yet there's a crippling problem. She can barely speak English.

HB8: I don't speak English
Krauser: I don't speak English too. Where are you from?
HB8: **confused**
Krauser: Where… are… you… from?
HB8: **smiles in recognition** I from Nice.

http://img6.imageshack.us/img6/299/hb8frenchie.jpg

It's all tortuous but I find out she's here with a couple of friends for the weekend, she's ethnically Tunisian, she likes adventure, and she can't have an ice cream with me because she's on her way back to the hostel to see her boyfriend. We take a social proof photo (see link) and I number close plus get her full name for Facebook. I have to let her go.

I assume that's a dead end but text anyway the next day:

Krauser: Nice to meet you HB8. Here's my number. Krauser

About an hour later as I'm in an LSS seminar my phone rings and it's her. I can't answer so I disconnect it then rush out and call back. She picks up immediately. We have a surreal conversation for about three minutes where I speak English, she speaks French and no information at all is successfully exchanged. Finally she hangs up. I figure what the hell, maybe she's up for it and writing it down is easier so I text:

Krauser: That was SO weird! ? *no reply*
Krauser: HB8. Come meet me. I'll be in Covent Garden from 5pm. Text me when you arrive. Krauser.

I plan to daygame up there anyway so nothing to lose. But no response. Damn.

The same Sunday I close three out of three approaches on by way to and from the seminar. I figure the success is because I was late and purposefully going somewhere, stopping only to briefly sarge. It goes like this. Walking past London Bridge station I see **HB8 French student**. Normal opener, good IOIs, she's late for work in a shop but doesn't seem to care and talks for ten minutes. I close but when I call her French cell it disconnects immediately. I call my phone from hers and it rings with precisely the same number she gave me. Weird.

Next I'm rushing up to Covent Garden and as I past London Bridge again I see a hot **HB9 Model** pulling a wheely case. I open and she's genuinely surprised to get daygamed. I ask for her Facebook but she says no it'll upset her boyfriend. So I get her number instead. I text a follow up and she asks me not to call cos of the boyfriend. Dead end, but still a #close.

Lastly I'm rushing along South Bank and stop **HB7 French Dancer**. We talk ten minutes and I feel like I'm too needy but she still gives me her Facebook and accepts me as a friend within a few hours of my invite.

http://img132.imageshack.us/img132/4669/hb8frenchdancer2.jpg

Sargethon Day 1: Poor state but do it anyway

krauserpua · 15 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Monday 14th September, central London. I've got a week off from work and took the decision that I'm gonna day game every single day. No excuses, I'm gonna turbocharge my stats on approaches. It doesn't matter how I feel, or if my wings are busy, I'm gonna go solo and just plough through.

I spend the first hour in Cafe Nero reading. It's still not quite lunch time and Covent Garden is deserted so I don't feel like it's sarge-avoidance. Finally I step outside and straight into **HB8 Belgian Dancer**. I open weakly but she stops and chats. She's in a hurry to get to the Pineapple for a dance class. I know something about that stuff so I ramble on about dance, contemporary dance, how my dancer-ex had a careless grace in her movements from all the dancing. Blah blah blah. I'm not really hooking and the number close attempt is a disaster.

It only takes a few minutes to shrug that off and I see **HB7 Dusky** walking through the market. I stops briefly but either doesn't speak English or is seriously unimpressed. She smiles, waves her hand dismissively and disappears without a word.

Next is **HB6 English** carrying boxes of shopping. She doesn't stop but smiles, thanks me and says she's late getting back to work. One more open gets me a stop but nothing doing.

Damn. After a run of awesome form the last few days I'm suddenly 0/4 and really getting inside my head. My forehead actually feels tight, such is my poor state.

OK, I'm on Shaftesbury Avenue now just past Forbidden Planet and **HB7 Asian** comes towards me. My chode-mind is telling me not to bother. But I bother. She stops. Whoah, she's young. Just started her first day as an intern in a fashion magazine. We chat a bit. I'm too talky and too outcome dependent but she doesn't seem to care. She checks the text she was writing as I approached so I tell her off for not paying attention. She giggles and hair twirl IOIs.

Note to self – Set arbitrary boundaries and tell a girl off for breaching them.

I number close easy and let her get back to work. An hour later I text "Your first day and now I probably wrecked your concentration. Oops. Krauser". Nothing back. I'll follow up with a call tomorrow evening.

I get myself blown out a few more times on Oxford Street before **HB8 Brit** gives me here Facebook. It's weird cos the whole time I'm thinking she's wanting to get away and I'm struggling and just talking into the space, yet it's five minutes or more in set and after getting her Facebook I keep her another few minutes talking about her Geography uni course she's about to start her second year in. 90% odds its a flake.

The last sarge of the day is a pleasant failure. I open **HB8 Lithuanian** in Carnaby Street. She's ambling around aimlessly which I take as a generalised approach invitation. I'm so chode now that it's written into every fibre of my being but she still stops, smiles, hair twirls and indulges me for ten minutes. I can almost visualise a hologram of a graph between us showing a downward slant as I continue to DLV through the whole thing. I try to close and she's "I don't want to exchange details". Fair enough, on that performance she really shouldn't have.

So what happened today? Raw numbers is 10 approaches, 1 number, 1 Facebook. In itself not too shabby though way below my usual hit rate. Learning points?

– I felt crap but took right action anyway. Good work
– Even with shit state I still had good enough fundamentals to get one decent number
– I didn't worry too much opening sets. The poor state was once in-set. Only a few months ago I wouldn't even open five sets when in good state
– While in set I knew consciously all the mistakes I was making, even as I couldn't stop making them. The biggest one was outcome dependence. I really wanted to get numbers and was worried the girls would walk away and leave

me feeling shit. I think it's cos I'd had that 100% run and got too enamoured with my own faux-greatness.

Lesson learned. Back out tomorrow.

Sargethon Day 2: Rain stops play

krauserpua · 16 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

It's pissing down with rain and not only did I neglect to bring my umbrella but I've got a hole in my boots too. I really can't be bothered to go sarging so I buy a new netbook and spend a few hours in Cafe Nero setting it up and writing blog posts. Finally Sai rings me and we decide we have to do at least one approach today.

Walking through Trafalgar Square the rain has stopped. I spot HB7 Italian walking past the National Gallery. I open, she stops easy. Mentions she's on the way home. I'm not especially good at the vibing:

http://img7.imageshack.us/img7/286/hb7italian.jpg

Krauser: Where are you from?
HB7: Italy
Krauser: Don't say Milan. I went there last year and nearly got murdered
HB7: I'm from Milan
Krauser: I hope you're more friendly

Not exactly blasting this set with the attraction gun. I try to work my cold reading / calibration a bit. I don't do any routines in day game now, or at least not in the first ten minutes, so I'm trying to get good at just picking up on anything she gives me and have a few fallback observations. For example:

Krauser: *looking her up and down quizzically* You seem quite relaxed, like you are comfortable here. I'm guessing you're not a tourist. You actually live here.
HB7: Yes, I'm studying here for a year. I came a few weeks ago
Krauser: Yeah, I could tell you still have some of that look about you, like things are still new and exciting

I also try to comment on their clothes and invite an explanation. Not good at it yet. This girl was dressed in sombre casual greys and blacks but also had on some colourful wellies:

Krauser: I quite like your coordination. The hat is cute, and as it works down *gesturing from her head towards her legs* it all matches in a nice understated way. It's like you didn't want to dress up, but you still wanted to look stylish
HB7: *agrees*
Krauser: But the wellies! What were you thinking? It totally destroys the stylish vibe.

I get her Facebook but really ought to have gotten the number. Lately I've been struggling to push towards the instant date and here I let myself get choded out of it by taking her at face value on her having to be somewhere.

We move on to Covent Garden. The sets just aren't there. It's deserted cos of the rain. Finally I see a cute leggy HB8 Brit walk by. She's delivering packages for her company. It's an easy stop. She's working and mentions it but seems comfortable just talking. I try the calibration and cold reading again.

http://img17.imageshack.us/img17/9242/hb8brit.jpg

Krauser: The way you've put your outfit together, I'm guessing you work in fashion
HB8: Actually I work for a fashion magazine
Krauser: I thought so. What inspired this outfit
HB8: Actually I just threw it together in a hurry. The coat is a friend's.

I get her name and number. I try to find her on Facebook but its a very common name and there are literally hundreds. I'm pretty sure the link above is her profile pic but I'm only about 80%sure. Close didn't feel very solid.

Sargethon Day 3: Hordes of PUAs

krauserpua · 16 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Wednesday 17th September. I'm supposed to wing with Sai today from noon but he has to beg off and hooks me up with a wing of his who I meet for the first time. He seems fine, and subsequently shows himself to be around my level. My state was fantastic as I walked into town but I'd set my mind to have a coffee and play on my netbook first, and by the time I'm done I'm at risk of choding. 1pm and I rouse myself and head outside.

First set is HB8 Dusky who I don't get a proper look at. I jump in front, say Hi then I notice her big wedding ring. I mumbled "Ah, I didn't notice the ring. Never mind" and eject leaving her very confused about what the hell happened. Next set I don't remember but I didn't hook. Third set is outside the Nags Head. A petite HB7 Dancer. I open right in front of a punter having a pint outside so within a minute I pull her across the street a bit to reduce the social pressure (nice leading).

Krauser: Where you off to?
HB7: To school
Krauser: Uh? How old are you?
HB7: 17
Krauser: Dance school, right. You look like a dancer
HB7: Yes *smiles, thinks I'm clever*

She's shy so I put in a new tweak where I put my hand on my heart, lean back non-threateningly and say "Oh, you're a bit nervous aren't you. This is a bit weird". She nods and by explicitly acknowledging it improves her sense of my social calibration. We chat for about six or seven minutes but she won't give out her number. She actually says "I don't give out my number" rather than "I won't give you my number"

The pub punter comes and talks to me. Turns out he's writing a book on the game and shadowing a two-month PUA immersion course thats just started and Covent Garden is about to be invaded by a dozen PUAs for the first in-field of the course. Crikey. We chat and I introduce myself to the guys as they show up. I want to put names to faces and just vibe a bit. Then for the rest of the afternoon they are mostly in their big group by the station while my new wing and I wander further afield and occasionally stop back to chat with them.

I'm an approach machine but not hooking so well. I Facebook close HB6 Russian dancer and again find it very easy to cold read dancers and to DHV / vibe about the industry. This one has just come back from swimming so is without makeup. She's better than this photo looks

http://img41.imageshack.us/img41/5294/hb6russianu.jpg

I work my new timidity tweak into two different sets, both British-born Indian girls. First one chats with me five minutes or so even though she's late coming back from her lunch break. I try an experiment I'd set aside for today – to talk in a really relaxed matter of fact way about something totally boring that happens to interest me – just to see if they'll play along. It's about projecting non-neediness and being comfortable in your own reality. So I talk about how I'm trying to find the right coffee for my machine at home. I spin it out a minute or too and she's actually listening. Don't close though.

The second one is very nervous but again not trying to escape. I get ten minutes with her but she mentions her boyfriend and won't give me her number. I do get he expanded timidity tweak in, literally ten minutes after hearing about it from one of the PUA instructors earlier:

Krauser: I'm making you nervous aren't I? Sorry, that really wasn't my intention etc
HB7: *relaxes a bit, notes my social calibration*

All together I open about 15 sets and only close that one Russian. The most memorable set however is a 6-set German 18yr olds. My wing situational opens a girl almost dozing against a lamppost in the market. It's a 2-set. I

give him a minute then walk back to occupy the obstacle. As I walk the four girls on the bench in front lean over their shoulders and engage the 2-set. Ok, it's a 6-set. A wing is needed.

I start with the nearest obstacle:

Krauser: Hey wing! Who are your new friends? *shakes hand, turns to obstacle*

I find out they are German and ask where is good to visit in Dusseldorf cos I will be visiting soon. The four girls on the bench are turning their heads trying to be in the conversation. After thirty seconds or so:

Krauser: OK, I'll come round *stands in front of them* Let's be introduced. I'm Krauser *goes to shake hands from left to right*
HB5: I'm blah blah *sounds like "onion"*
Krauser: Onion? Like the vegetable. Nice to meet you Onion *all the girls laugh*
HB7: I'm blah blah *sounds like "casino"*
Krauser: Casino? What's with you girls. Nice to meet you Casino *all the girls laugh*

The next two girls have normal names. I suddenly hit perfect state. I start negging the shit out of them and every time I neg one the other three laugh, so I keep switching targets. The two prettiest are both IOIing me big time with hair twirls, necklace fiddling and doggy dinner bowl eyes. I have absolutely captured the set.

Turns out it's actually a 45-set on a school trip and the teacher has left them for a while. I keep disqualifying like:

Krauser: Tell me something interesting
HB7: Uh…..uh…..
Krauser: You're boring *all girls laugh. Start talking to other girl*

Krauser: How's wing doing *looks* Oh he's still chatting. I suppose I have to keep talking to you girls.

HB7: How old are you?
Krauser: Too old for you *smile*
HB7: No, really
Krauser: 30+
HB7: Oh, I thought you were about 25
Krauser: It's my young heart

We're in set about fifteen minutes. I get the girls to squeeze up so I can sit down and mini-isolate this HB7.

http://img42.imageshack.us/img42/2927/hb7german1.jpg

Then when the other HB7 wants to play I stand her up and get other HB7 to take a picture

http://img42.imageshack.us/img42/5089/hb7german2.jpg

I really ought to number close, or at least Facebook, with a line like "Gimmee your number so that when you escape from teacher we can go play" but I just don't quite do it. I'm not sure what holds me back. It's not nerves. Probably just some weird limiting belief that they are too young – even though they are all 18. I think it was the phrase "school trip" that ruined it for me. Great set though and a real reference experience for how easy it is to dominate sets with strong alpha state and liberal negging.

Sargethon Day 4: London Fashion Week

krauserpua · 17 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Thursday 17th September 2009. I'm in town early, quaffing a Starbucks and playing with my netbook. At about 1pm I decide to get going and spot HB6 Madrid ambling past Tottenham Court Road station. I open nice and smiley, fairly disarmingly, because she's a bit small and timid looking.

http://img17.imageshack.us/img17/6093/hb6madrid.jpg

Her English is weak and a few weeks ago I'd have ejected but this time I perserve. She likes talking but mentions a boyfriend back home. She's in London for two weeks, studying English. I vibe a bit, really speaking slowly and do light kino. I'm probably too loud. She says she's looking at museums today so I take the opportunity to bounce her to the British Museum with an elbow lead.

We look around, I get her to take a few pictures of me as a compliance test and lead in to getting a picture of her for the blog. We swap Facebook names on the pretext of me sending the photo of her, then numbers. She mentions her boyfriend again. I decide the combination of BF, her poor English, the 2-week number, and her mere 6-rating to just eject. I do it politely, like I have to meet a friend. I send her a Facebook invite anyway when I get home.

Next are two sets in rapid succession on Carnaby Street. First is HB7 English who I stop well and she chats but I'm not really hooking. Then right after I stop HB7 Canada who is very cheerful and nice. I open normally then do the introduction:

Krauser: Hi, I'm Krauser
HB7: I'm HB7 Canada
Krauser: You're awfully posh
HB7: *smiles* Well, I'm Canadian

http://img41.imageshack.us/img41/9514/hb7canada.jpg

We vibe about ten minutes but she says she's come to England cos her boyfriend lives here, who she met travelling in Belize. So I keep it light, get a photo for the blog and let her go. Nice chat.

Then I'm up by Great Portland Street to meet Sai at Itsu for lunch. Just as I sit down outside with a coffee. HB6 Brit wanders past holding her takeaway lunch. I get up and open. She hooks well despite being on her way back to work. I get her Facebook but she won't give her number.

Just as I sit back down with Sai a 2-set of HB9s goes past, walking fast with an A-Z map. I decide to do my second ever 2-set. Sai says it looks like a tough set. They are tall too. I run around and open.

Krauser: Hi. *pause. turns to address obstacle* I was just sitting having coffee with my friend there *points* when you walked past. I knew I had to come talk to you. I'm sure you'd agree. *turn to target* Your friend is gorgeous.
2-set: *smiles*
[it's a strong stop cos they are clearly in a hurry but show no problem staying to talk. It's kind of arbitrary to say one is a target and one is the obstacle because both are stunning]
Krauser: I'm Krauser *shakes hands*

I try to guess they are from Portugal. No, Poland. Why are they in London – they're models here for a casting call, which they are late for.

Krauser: Modelling's a bit hit and miss isn't it. One of my ex-girlfriends was a model and she'd often go a week or two with no work and then suddenly be booked solid Monday to Friday
2-set: Um, kinda.

I feel I'm DLV'ing a little but my opener was strong enough that I get a Facebook and photo with the target:

http://img17.imageshack.us/img17/9940/hb9model1.jpg

On the way back to Itsu 2 guys sitting outside Eat stop me and ask if I'm a pick-up artist. We chat and they mention there's a model studio nearby and that its London Fashion Week. Suddenly I notice a few models walking around with A-Zs. I've barely sat back down with Sai when another HB9 Model goes past. I give chase.

This one doesn't stop for long and though she's really nice and polite it's clearly not going anywhere. Nonetheless I push her into giving me a photo:

http://img268.imageshack.us/img268/2159/hb9model2.jpg

Finally I sit down. Sai is "fucking hell mate, can you not just drink your coffee with me." We soon go off and try to track down this studio. Sai opens a hot black model but it doesn't stick. We stop by a Starbucks so I can drain my spuds and Sai opens a seated HB6 Fashion Student and we double team her, including me doing a brief photo routine with my two new photos, as if I'm friends with these models.

Headed to Trafalgar Square I get blown out by an HB6 Braces, then get a good stop with HB6 Morocco PhD Student. We chat for about half an hour. She's really smart and we are talking academics, something I don't get much chance for. She's IOIing and really keen to progress the chat. I forget to kino for ages but start it up. She's nothing spectacular but one of those cases where the brain and manner start to work on you. I number and Facebook close and eject. There was an instantdate waiting to happen but she's only a 6 and she's also got braces. Good set.

On the way to catch up with Sai I spot HB9 French. Initially I think she's the same Polish model I just got the photo with. She's that pretty, and dressed similar. I actually have to check my camera to confirm it's not the same person. So I chase across the road and open. She stops well. Her English is a bit weak but so long as I'm slow it's fine.

Remembering I'm supposed to practice things, I start talking about coffee in tortuous detail, telling her I just found out mocha coffee is named after a city in Africa where they invented it. Just boring shit, as a test. She gets two phone calls while I'm there and both times she forgoes the excuse to walk away, and she seems to actually cut the calls short for me. I lock in to a phone box and try to look disinterestedly alpha while she's on the calls. We walk together for a while and I allow silences to see what happens. She doesn't fill them, though it's not clear if it's her English, her nerves, or a lack of interest. I still get an easy number close when she takes a third call and says she has to turn off at a junction.

Finally I catch up with Sai and two wings in Leicester Square. I point out a HB6 Scouse for Sai to apocalypse but he dithers so I do it. She takes it well, especially cos Sai jokingly tries to AMOG me but I tune him out so well he gives up. Fair enough, it was his set. I get five minutes with her but no close. I don't try when I find out she's only here for the day. I'm not really taking any sets seriously now.

More wandering and the streets are dry now with precious few sets. I open a couple in Trafalgar Square and Covent Garden but just flaky-looking Facebook closes. I'm pleased that I neg a girl for her Inspector Gadget coat. I go for one last set, another HB9 Model, this time from Mongolia. I have fun this time. She's texting when I open, and a minute in she's looking at the phone:

Krauser: Hey, pay attention!
HB9: *laughs, puts phone away*

Krauser: Uncross your arms!
HB9: *laughs, uncrosses arms*

I'm definitely integrating the arbitrary boundaries. We chat ten minutes or more and she's not in a hurry to leave. Another instantdate waiting to happen but I'm just too sarged out to bother. I regret it now, but at the time I was just thinking "for fucks sake, this is my fourth model of the day".

I go for the number but she refuses and offers to take mine, handing me a pen and paper. I do the "you are one of

those number collector girls" routine which softens my jumping through her hoop. As I'm writing it down:

Krauser: Is it even worth me writing this? Are you actually gonna call?
HB9: You'll have to see

So is this weak cos it's not a real close, or strong because I've kept a HB9 model in set over ten minutes despite (or perhaps because of) barely giving a shit. She gives me some excellent feedback. I'm talking about how I'm reading a book on speedreading. She says "Yeah, you talk fast too" and suddenly I realise why I've felt the attraction draining away the longer I've been in sets today.

So I end the day with 14 approaches, 3 numbers, 3 additional facebooks and a couple of great social proof photos. And yet I feel mildly disappointed. But isn't that a sign of my progress that I can be disappointed with this kind of day?

Sargethon Day 5: Non stop

krauserpua · 18 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I figure if there were lots of models up in Great Portland Street yesterday maybe they are around today, so I start off in a Starbucks there, watching the Blueprint and drinking coffee. Eventually I rouse myself. It's a lovely day.

I spot **HB7 Brit** in the coffee queue earlier and when I run into her in the street I decide to open. She really likes it, smiling broadly and continuing the conversation even though she says she's late getting back to work. It's not gonna work out though when she mentions living with her boyfriend.

HB7 Petite is wandering around on the next street. She stop's on my open but then asks me directions and wanders off. Things improve down Regent Street when **HB6 Italy** stops. Her English is appalling and she wants to walk on but I insist and within a few minutes she's softened and I bounce her for an instant date. She's pretty freaked out by kino, yelping when I touch her upper arm and later when I pull her in. It's funny because I just follow the rule of returning to the earlier stage of kino then upping it again later. She texts me to meet up later and by the end I've got hand on thigh and a big hug. It takes a lot of persistence to get that far she's so twitchy but I feel the resistance breaking. She invites me out with her friend to Fulham but I pass. The next evening at about 10pm I get these texts:

HB6: Hi! what do you doing now?
Krauser: I'm at home, watching tv. You?
HB6:I want go out! do you want meetme…
unfortunately that last one arrives an hour after she sent it, so my response has missed the boat
Krauser: You're excited ;-P I'm staying home tonight but you can come here. Drinks and dvd

Nothing doing, but it was past 11pm by then. Didn't mind pushing it with her only being a HB6. I walk on up to Covent Garden to meet two wings, one of whom has been out of the game for a while and doesn't open.

HB8 Blonde walks past. It looks like a tough stop but she's fine. I can't close but I do badger her for a social proof photo for my Facebook. Nice girl.

http://img10.imageshack.us/img10/1283/firstphoto.jpg

HB6 Taiwan is standing smoking at the station while her friend is on the phone. I open low energy and she responds well. She gives a Facebook. Seems to be a flake, will try email . I find I'm choding out a little bit by going for the FB rather than the number. My routine is:

Krauser: So are you on Facebook
HBwhatever: Yeah
Krauser: Ok, how do I spell your name **pulls out phone**

Lame. I should have a new rule where I only go for the FB if it's *clearly* not going anywhere (e.g. waiting for her boyfriend and not IOIing me) or if I don't want the number anyway. Or if say its a tourist about to leave the next day. Apart from that, I should insist on the number.

I open a **HB7 2-set** of ditzy-looking teenagers who are dressed weird. They chat briefly but wander off after joking around. Next is **HB6 Blonde** is meeting her mum but loves the compliment and gives me a beeming smile. She's not fit enough to persist with. **HB9 Spain** smiles on the compliment but rushes on. Poor English. **HB9 Engl**ish does a similar thing.

I decide to pause and collect my thoughts. I'm opening without any AA but not hooking so some kind of debrief is necessary. I'm just churning opens without any real effort.

Wandering around the back of Neal Street we go past **HB9 Romania 2-set** sitting on the promenade outside a cafe. I never open seated sets and for some reason I decide this will be my first. I do the usual direct 2-set opener. It felt very relaxed. Should've gone for number because the target was enjoying the chat. I think the fact she was due to

return to Sweden the next day put a spanner in my works, as it were. Instead I got her Facebook and she accepted the invite the same night. You can see I'm overly reliant on FB, right?

http://img269.imageshack.us/img269/9595/hb9romanian.jpg

Towards Trafalgar Square I run across the road to stop **HB9 Swiss** model. It requires a dominant step-across to halt her but then she relaxes, and chats. She doesn't wanna give me details. I think I was gradually DLVing as I stayed in set. About 10 minutes I think.

Just as I finish I spot **HB8 Polish** back on the other side of the road. She looks tough. Sunglasses, iPod and fast purposeful walk. I run over and jump in front. She responds well and I tell her to raise her sunglasses. She gives me number but is in a rush for the bank which shuts in ten minutes. I give a quick call the next day which she picks up. Finally, I dispense with by bullshit FC close and just go authentic:

Krauser: Look, I'd like to see you again. Can I take our number?

Last set of the day is **HB6 Asian** who is sort of dancing down the street with headphones on. She's fun but doesn't hang around more than a minute after my stop. I'm knackered by now and really not feeling it for night game but Subzero, Prize and Smooth drag me out.

As a warm up I open **HB7 Asian 3-set** with my Spiderman/Hulk opinion opener and it hooks. I eject to rejoin my friends then on the way out to Jewel I decide to rush a number close just in case. Fail.

I spend a while chatting to a HB6 Geordie that Prize opened then opinion open HB7 Blonde 2-set. They don't hook and I don't plough. I'm not feeling it at all. I pull myself together a bit when I see a seated four set of Indians. None better than a HB5 but I want some practice.

Krauser: Girls, quick question. My friends were just talking about Bollywood and the dancing.
HB5s: eeeeeeehhhh, interrupt…. blah…blah **set is blown wide open. I sit down**
Krauser: Quiet a minute. I want the answer to this. When the men dance, is that cool or just a stupid movie thing?
HB5s: blah…blah

We spend a long time in set because they are fun, and they teach us the Bollywood dance but eventually the club chucks out early and we had on to Cafe de Paris. I wish we hadn't. It's awful. The epitomy of what's wrong with Piccadilly clubs. It's chode-hell and although we stride into the VIP section it's teeming with minging HB5s acting like HB10s.

We set up camp on a large sofa and just sit, practicing alpha body language and watching the chodes and dancing monkeys bounce off the various girls. I figure I ought to open something but it's well over half an hour till anything about a HB6 goes by.

I four set comes over and is dancing aimlessly. Clearly tourists but all are quite nice looking. I apocalypse **HB8 Spain 2-set.** I'm not sure they understood what I said but it doesn't hook and I really can't be bothered to talk, hence the ultra-direct open.
Ten minutes later an **HB7 Russian 2-set** appears in tight mini-skirts and dance provocatively (but not at anyone in particular). I apocalyse them:

Krauser: Girls. Hi. What are you doing later?
HB7: We dancing
Krauser: What's the chances of you two coming home with me tonight for a threesome?

I have to repeat it twice for the blonde to understand, and she smiles and makes a zero sign with her hand. Her friends asks what I said and after a translation into commie-speak she too makes the zero sign. I sit down. Prize gets up and re-apocalypses them.

Finally we leave this shitty club. Outside I apocalypse a **HB7 blonde & black 2-set** and don't hook. Home time.

Sargethon day 6: More PUAs than HBs

krauserpua · 19 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I start off solo and am really not feeling it. Non-stop sarging is hard work. It's fun, and once you're in state it's really fun but getting those first few sets out of the way can be a pain. I've been walking the streets for hours at a time day after day. Good exercise I'm sure but combined with the mental fatigue from trying to keep state and motivate approach after approach, it's leaving me drained by the time I get home.
That's not to say I'm complaining. This has been an awesome week and I've really pushed through some barriers. In particular, approaching is now just part of me. It's in my reality.

My first effort is HB5 Foreign on the stairway out of Charing Cross station. She looks good from behind but the face is a disappointment and she can't speak English. I just make an excuse and walk off. Next is HB6 Brit who would've been an HB8 except for minor flaws, especially her skin. Not that it matters cos she just thanks me and keeps walking.

I head up to Covent Garden station and immediately notice 3 PUA apprentices just starting work. It takes me about three seconds to spot them, and they haven't even done an approach yet. There's just something about their clothes, manner, and scanning of the crowd. Sure enough, within thirty seconds the little one has run off and approached. He does another two more, totally fearless and totally indiscriminate – he goes from an HB5 to an HB9. They stop and then dismiss him but the little guy's got the right attitude. His mates are choding out but perhaps just taking a little time to warm up. I consider introducing myself but decide there's not much point as they seem a good bit below my level.

How pompous is that, me of under 200 approaches. But that's how I feel, so hey.

I realise I have to move fast if I'm to get into sets before mini-PUA queers them first. I approach HB9 Model. She stops, she talks. Early on she says she's waiting for her boyfriend who is an actor with a house out in LA. She says she's modelling commerical stuff, pointing to the photo displays at H&M of the girls in H&M clothes. That kind of thing. I realise this is unlikely to go anywhere but all time in-set with HB9 models is good experience of dealing with beauty. I naturally act confident and relaxed now that I've mentally written off this sarge so I get ten minutes and a Facebook close. I see her a half hour later with said boyfriend – and to give him credit he's a cool guy who looks like an actor.

http://img196.imageshack.us/img196/1908/sathb9model.jpg

Subzero shows up and we team up, though he's not really a daygamer so I do all the opening. I stop HB7 Swede on her ciggie break from her shop but its just a few minutes chat and a failed close. I get an extremely smiley response from HB5 Brit who is about to meet her mum but no close. I'm dismissed quick by HB8 Blonde then recover with a Facebook close of 2-set HB8 French who are shopping with mum and dad for the weekend. We continue down Covent Garden.

The PUAs are out in force today. I bump into Dr Yen, London Playboy and a couple others before going off to do more sets down Trafalgar Square. I get blown out by HB6 Brit so quick that 2 other PUAs who catch me in action barely get a chance to raise their video camera. More chatting and I feel like I'm spending more time in set with PUAs than HBs.

Finally I get a good set. HB8 Tall French storms past and I figure it's a nice tough set. She stops but I have to cut her off with a sidestep and when she tries to wander off after the handshake I keep hold. Resistance is broken and she lights up a cigarette. Ten minutes in set and she's doing crazy IOIs with her hair. I lead her a few feet and think I'm gonna get a solid number but she quakes a little and insists on taking mine only. I decide I'm gonna do my "forget the community dogma" close routine:

Krauser: I have to catch up to my friend now. Look, I'd like to meet you again. Can I take your number?

We're by the market now and I get a possible AI from HB6 SanFran. Possible is enough, so I give chase. Again it needs a side-step to stop her momentum and I get a good ten minutes and a solid number using the same "authentic" number gambit. By now Subzero really needs to get himself a set so I throw him at HB7 Filipino. He hooks good and is in set so long that I get three closes in the same time.

HB7 Thai gives her number after two minutes and rushes to meet friends. A likely flake but she accepts my Facebook invite.

http://img15.imageshack.us/img15/5186/sathbthai.jpg

HB8 Brit is cradle snatching. She's exactly what I go for – skin like milk coffee, buxom curves, fresh faced and dressed to show it all. I've got an ice cream and I realise it's an excellent prop. It makes me seem relaxed, out doing normal things, and I can eat it while my brain ticks over. She's loving the attention and kino. As I close:

Krauser: I think I'm gonna like you. I'd like to meet you again. Can I take your number?
HB8: *smiles, says nervously* I might be too young for you
Krauser: How old are you?
HB8: 16
Krauser: Really *genuinely surprised* I thought you were 18 or something
HB8: *cute smile*
Krauser: When's your next birthday?
HB8: November
Krauser: Ok, let's do Facebook till then. Is your father an angry man? I've got visions of him chasing me with a hammer.
HB8: *smiles* No, he's nice.

http://img15.imageshack.us/img15/7581/sathb16.jpg

I don't think I'll proceed with this one. She adds me later that night, as does HB9 Model from earlier. Last set here is HB7 Thai who is really petite and cute. She's been left behind by some friends as she's shopping. They call while I'm sarging and she laughs, telling them she'll be late cos something weird just happened. An easy number close but feels flaky.

Finally Subzero extracts himself from the set and we go off for coffee and debriefing. My state is great, I feel like I could open anybody. Heading back out to walk home I get an AI from HB7 Czech. I follow her in to a shop and she see's me coming, turning to face me with a beaming smile. That's such an easy close but I stay on point and follow the steps, leading her outside the shop and locking in against the window, doing light kino etc. She's got to pick up "her" kids (she's an au pair) so I don't try to instant date. The number looks solid.

Sargethon Day 7: Supposed to be my day off

krauserpua · 20 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I really don't want to game today so I head in to Covent Garden for 3pm and settle in at a cafe, playing on my Nintendo DS and playing with the new netbook. I'm getting lots of messages from HB7 Spain (her of the LJBF'd post months ago) and I consider going to Chinatown on her invite but decide against it.

I'm not getting laid, but my abundance mentality is such that I can't be bothered following up any leads that don't seem promising. Plus I'm gonna be out of the country for two weeks so I'd lose whatever momentum I build. Perhaps I'm rationalising avoiding making the calls and having the Day 2s. Whatever, it's been a long week.

I get a call from a random dude that Sai put me in touch with. It's the push I need to get going but I tell myself "Just one set and I'm done". The guy is new and very nervous but to his credit he does open. After an hour of failing to find any sets (it really is dry) I spot a few in succession.

HB7 Spain is a tall rushing brunette who stops but seems to freak a little and rushes off saying she's in a hurry. I say ok and turn back to cross the road. My wing informs me that she had walked on a couple of yards then turned back to me with a big smile and a "glow" like it had just sunk in and she wanted me to reopen. Unfortunately I missed all of this and by the time I'd crossed the road back to my wing for him to tell me, she was lost in the crowd. Damn.

Learning point: Don't immediately walk off if a girl dismisses you. Wait a little while to see if she reconsiders.

Next is a miserable **HB6 2-set** who just say "We're stressed" and keep walking. It's very rare I feel like a girl dismissing me is a bitch, but I think these two were. I spot what appears to be a HB8 across the road and give chase. As I jump in front I realise she's more like an **HB5 Hot pants**. I compliment her clothes, shake her hand, then eject quick.

I'm warmed up and in good state but it's getting late. Finally I get a good set. HB7 Greek stops for me and we talk ten minutes. Unfortunately she's going back to Greece before I get back to the UK so I say:

Krauser: Look, I'd like to meet you again but I don't think it'll work. Let's stay in touch on Facebook
HB7: Ok, my name is……

http://img10.imageshack.us/img10/4747/hb7greek.jpg

I think this is a case where going straight to Facebook is justified. I do one more set, **HB6 Saffa**, and she looks like she'd have hooked but I revise her down to HB5 on a closer look.

Working on my inner game

krauserpua · 27 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I've been reading up on Tony Robbins lately, the tall smiley motivational speaker guy. Like most people, I've felt tremendous resistance to the power-of-positive-thought bunch. Being a realist and scientifically minded, it seems ludicrous that chanting a few mantras and plastering a smile on your face is gonna somehow result in a bigger car, a successful business and whatever else quick fix you're looking for.

It's easy to caricature things you don't like and don't really understand. I do it all the time because I'm a pretty judgemental person. Since talking to people about Game I've been astonished at how badly some people misunderstand it because they want to misunderstand it. It threatens their reality so they must find a way to dismiss it. Perhaps I need to look at the things that mess with my reality and figure out if I too am being overly dismissive.

Beginning game four months ago there was a break in the clouds. I've usually been locked in to my world view and confident that I'm right. With an airtight belief system new ideas were going to struggle to find a place. Then when I made the decision to game, I opened myself to new ideas. I was prepared to try things first, and judge them later.

On my first boot camp one of the classes was about creating your own state and we went out to a park to practice our "power move". Sounds funny. A year ago if some nubbin in a pub had told me they have a power move I'd have ripped them apart for it. But now I'm standing in a park with five strangers, imagining a ball of positive state and anchoring it to a move.

[FWIW, my move is based on Kano's victory pose from Mortal Kombat – I do a King Kong chest slap, look up to the sky and then growl like a motorbike revving up. Very animalistic]

Tony Robbins popularised the power move. I got hold of his speeches and gave them a shot. He's big on NLP. His process is:

Beliefs -> State -> Actions -> Results

Look to successful people and model their behaviours. The mind can be reprogrammed to gradually change beliefs by reframing experiences and obtaining reference points. From that you can create state (that's what the power move is for) so that you bring positivity to your actions. Constant repetition and right action will eventually form habits, and if these are success habits you'll get the results you want.

Is this a magic bullet? No. It requires persistence and difficult introspection. Much of your success relies on other people's actions which you cannot fully control. But if you know these people's decision strategies, you can identify the actions that will resonate with them.

So how is this integrated into game:

Reference experiences modify your beliefs. You can't just repeat "I'm a sexworthy guy" and expect your mind to accept it. You have to go out and sarge. After 250 approaches it is now integrated into my reality that I'm a guy that goes out and talks to women. I'm number-closing models, opening 2-sets, entertaining girls on day 2s. So by belief system is gradually settling into the "I'm a guy that number closes models". My mind is accepting it.

When I see the model walking down the street, my mind allows me to be positive in my expectation of opening her. I've done it so many times I don't get weirded out during the approach. She senses that. She feels I'm a guy who number closes models, so she's not lowering her social value by giving me her number. So I get air-time to attract her. My actions are consistent with the sexworthy guy, so she perceives me as the sexworthy guy.

The self is always coming through, so this inner game work needs to be done. Pick-up isn't about tactics and gambits. Those are just training wheels, to fill the space while you pick up the reference experiences. Think of it this way:

Outer game guy:
Indirect opener, sneak in under the radar with a female opinion opener
Run some DHV stories and routines to press her buttons
Hope this has generated some attraction
Play a number close gambit to get her number while pretending you don't especially want it

Inner game guy:
Direct opener, introduce yourself and say you like her
Vibe about whatever is going on, getting to know each other
Be a high value guy and let the value attract her
Tell her you'd like to see her again so can you have her number

I'm not saying outer game won't work, or that it's not a good supplement. The way I've written the inner game approach sounds awfully close to AFC chump technique but its not. The chump is supplicating, outcome dependent, and shaking in his boots. The PUA has soft dominance, masculine polarity, and is just calmly putting the offer out there for her consideration.

I'm still approaching because that's just a given. Where I've definitely made a change is I'm trying to do it all "natural". I barely use routines in day game now. I just open strong and try to subcommunicate value. The content of the conversation is just whatever I feel and whatever she gives me.

I'm not there yet. I often struggle for things to say, or fall back on twenty questions. I'm not always communicating value so the girl gets bored. But I'm getting there. I'm plodding on with the skill set I want. As the inner game solidifies, this natural approach improves.

Resistance is futile

krauserpua · 27 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Most people I know are supportive of my PUA adventure, and not just because they are entertained – like the way you encourage a clown to act stupid so you can laugh at the outcome. A few have directly and earnestly stated they think it's exactly the right thing for me to do. They know my history, my recent problem, and my targets.

Strangely, two people I'd have most expected unqualified support from have been slipping between tacit support and outright hostility.

I've known "JP" about fifteen years mostly as a friend-of-a-friend. During the odd period or two we got closer for a while so he's legitimately a good friend while having his primary social circle outside mine. He's had the most success with women of anyone I know (likely triple figures) and he's clearly a natural. When I started game I wanted him as a wing as I figured I've got plenty to learn from him and he's probably the only friend I had who would actively sarge.

We did a bit of night game together (see my first Night Game FR post) and it was great fun. But snippets of conversation here and there since have made me wonder. He keeps saying stuff like "What's the point of all this pick up theory? You aren't getting laid" or "How can you call it a success if you're not getting laid". While at times winging with me, at other times he's actively trying to belittle my efforts and dissuade me of the value of game.

At first I mirrored his hostility. I thought to myself: this guy knows I just went through a traumatic divorce that crushed me. He knows how hard I've tried to pick myself up again. He knows how difficult pick up is and how much dedication it takes to stay on track. So why the fuck is he trying to put me down and disillusion me till I give up? Does he actually *want* me to be a failure with women? Does he *want* me to live the rest of my life alone? What kind of friend is that?

Time passes, I learn different things and then I seem to hit on the reasons. It's resistance. He does care about me, but he has his own issues and my gaming is forcing him to recognise them. Specifically:

He's a natural, now in his early 30s and not having the same success he used to. His current girlfriend is charming and pretty but also 35 and hitting the wall.

His previous LTR was a fantastic girl but they didn't quite get on and he's been wondering if he made a big mistake breaking up with her and now it's totally over because she's moved in with someone else. Added to a few other big changes in his life recently, he's reaching an existential crisis. He's wondering what he's going to get out of life now and when he has to settle down.

Being an ageing natural, now that he's not able to replicate his earlier success it is worrying him. Having never consciously learned game he doesn't have the road map to recapture the glory. So he's wondering if he'll have to settle for a lower quality girl rather than the hotties he used to bang in his twenties.

He's naturally competitive. The thought that I could make rapid progress to the point where I surpass him hurts his professional pride at having always been the player of our social circle.

The other lad, "Kane", I've known even longer. He was also a "natural" in his youth, though to a much lesser extent. He's also absolutely of the beta-mangina mind set: respectful of women even when they don't deserve it, believes game is dishonest, that shared interests and experiences are the source of attraction etc. Basically all of the stuff that game rebels against. He too genuinely wants me to be happy but finds game shaking his reality. Unlike JP, Kane worries that game is self-destructive and that I'm overcompensating from one bad experience with women to suddenly become a shallow misogynist who will just drift through life from one meaningless encounter to the next.

So while he is supportive of me trying to pull women, he thinks game is the wrong thing to do. Instead he recommends beta-chump strategy of basically doing nothing and hoping that at some point in the next fifty years

some girl gets introduced to me and gives the right signals. If I'm to break it down I'd say he's thinking like this:

He never had game so he misunderstands it. He thinks it's about lying, manipulation and tricking a girl into bed so you take all the value and offer nothing back. In our discussions he's literally failed to understand basic concepts that are transparently obvious for the simple reason that he doesn't want to believe them.

He projects motives onto me which I don't have. He projects that I'm just trying to get revenge on womankind by fucking loads of sluts from now till I'm 70.

He cut his player days short aged about twenty by settling with one girl who he's now married with kids. This forces him to be strongly invested in the ideas of fidelity, monogamy and everlasting love. He's never suffered the evil side of womankind and would rather deny it exists than acknowledge he could be at risk too.

They are welcome to their reality. I've learned not to worry about what they think. I've also learned that their resistance doesn't betray a lack of friendly concern for my wellbeing.

Conan helps your game

krauserpua · 27 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Several years ago I got into reading Robert E Howard's old Conan stories. They instantly struck a chord. This was a hero I wanted to be. He strode with ease through the world like everyone else was his guest. He had control of his destiny, and wandered wherever he felt like, enjoying the moment and rarely thinking further ahead than the next wench or the next flagon of ale. He didn't start fights but he'd not back down from a challenge. He let nobody knowingly take him for a ride but if he was outsmarted he gave grudging respect and cheerfully got back on with his life.

To the modern girly-man, Conan is a savage. An anachronism. Where are his issues, his depth, his supplication to women, his *social awareness*? He's a brute.

I loved these stories and sometimes wondered if I'd been born 800 years too late, like I'd be better suited in an era of swordfighters and swashbucklers. I decided to implement subtle Conan-esque behaviours into my life. Subtle, mind. Things like:

I started to communicate with my wife through grunts and shoves. She'd say something and I'd respond "unnnnn", or I'd walk past and shoulder-nudge her so she fell onto the bed
We'd be in a shop. I'd grab the back of her neck declaring "We're finished here" then lead her out, giving her a shove in the back.
While walking hand in hand I'd suddenly tug her closer to me, nearly pulling her off her feet.
Sometimes for no reason at all I'd pick her up and carry her across my shoulders.

Conan began to infect my body language. I'd stride rather than walk. I'd sit in an alpha position in cafes, my back to the wall and all exits in sight. I'd carelessly slop food around and not really bother wiping my mouth. I'd subcommunicate a barely suppressed wildness in everything I did, like at any moment I could suddenly pick up an axe and cleave a skull – though the victim would have to be deserving. I wanted to be an uncouth barbarian.

And I quickly noticed something. My wife absolutely fucking loved it.

Time passed and I forgot about it, got interested in other things. Now I'm doing game I've been casting around for how to shape my identity. Inner game requires a strong personal position. You have to know your values and be the man. I'd kinda lost that over the past couple of years and allowed myself to be pushed off what used to be a very clear path of what I wanted and why.
So now I'm re-reading the Conan stories and remembering that this is what real manhood is. Conan is part of my core. I have barbarian values. I've always had them. Now I'm proud of them.

An intermediate assessment of my progress

krauserpua · 27 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

When setting out on this journey I committed myself for six months. I figured it would take that long to read the books, watch the DVDs, and do enough approaches to decide if this stuff is for real and I have the ability and cojones to acquire the skill set.

Four months in, I already have my answer. It's a resounding yes. The questions now are more like:

(i) How far have I come?
(ii) How far can I go?
(iii) What needs to be done to get there?

Ok, let's tackle them in order. My stats at the time of writing are: Daygame 183 opens / 56 closes, Nightgame 98 opens / 17 closes.

How far have I come?
I have approached over 250 women, taken over 70 numbers and had eight Day 2s. Skills I now possess with some competence are:

– When I see a girl I like I'll approach her if she's in a 1-set or 2-set, whether she's seated, standing or walking (daygame), or in any kinds of set (nightgame).
– My daygame open is strong enough that over half the sets stop and listen to what I have to say.
– I can hook about half of those sets and get conversation going, without the need for routines, and the girl will usually IOI me.
– I routinely lock-in and bounce like it's second nature. I get lots of compliance and where logistics allow often instadate.
– I number close about 2/3 of the girls who I hook for over a couple of minutes.
– I have an abundance mentality for opening.

That skill set in and of itself is a *massive* improvement on my pre-game abilities. I have the freedom to pick nearly any girl and have a reasonable chance of engaging her in conversation and maybe getting a number. Additional progress:

– I can hook about 1/3 of night game sets with an opinion opener.
– If my state is good (still reliant upon positive feedback) I can run a set with extremely dominant body language and routines.
– Once in-set, I have no concern for what other people think of me.
– I can Apocalypse open without getting a bad response.
– I can day game solo without much loss of state. I'll still open after a run of rejections.

But I still have some pretty serious sticking points that need work. Specifically:

– I'm still showing too much outcome dependence in set, manifested in facial expression, filling silences with babble, asking too many questions, trying to number close instead of k-close, and generally worrying about losing the girl.
– I am way too tentative with my kino escalation.
– I'm not kiss closing often.
– I get LJBF'd easily, probably because I don't open with much sexual intent. Probably because I don't want to scare off the girl.
-It takes a long time to get into state for night game and I'm easily thrown off. I still have approach anxiety and a difficulty in transitioning from the opener to hooking.
– I don't isolate well.

– I get many, many flakes.

How far can I go?
It's fair to say I see no hard limit to my progress. My sticking points are all in my head and I have enough reference experiences to know I can get the hottest girls. I doubt I'll ever get to the Mystery level of lording an entire club, or the outrageous adventures of a Tim or Jeffy. But then again I've had a few initial experiences of running large sets, douchebag gaming, and pushing the limits. So maybe that stuff is in my future.

For now I want to lock down the basics of one-on-one SNLs and LTRs. The rockstar success can wait.

What needs to be done to get there?
I'm basically on track. I see the path laid out ahead of me. I am mostly following RSD method with the emphasis on authenticity, inner game, and projecting value through sub-communication. I have all the materials I need to keep the intellectual side going.

I have a small nucleus of able wings to sarge with, and a route to getting more as needed. I don't have any mentors yet but I'm getting my face known with the more experienced guys so that should come eventually. I'm doing an advanced bootcamp this weekend to get another look at top guys and direct coaching.

So I think the main strategy is to just trundle along as before. Keep approaching. Keep reading. Keep pushing myself out of the comfort zone. Then just see what happens. My motivation is as high as ever.

The biggest single leap will be when I've put together a couple of fuck buddies. Then the thin veneer of neediness will just melt off. I've come so close a couple of times so it won't be long now.

Worship Ross Jeffries

krauserpua · 27 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I'm mulling ways to blast through the sticking point of getting LJBF'd / failing to k-close. I think the main cause is my lack of sexual intent. The reason I don't project it is a subconscious fear of losing the girl by pushing things. I'll be in a set and chatting well and just not move it on. So my first goal is this:

Visualise fucking the girl before I approach her, and then as I look her in the eyes continue thinking about fucking her.

So far, so Gunwitch. What I also learned from my verbal escalation with HB7 Somali, and the doggy dinner bowl looks I got with my NLP on some Day 2s is the power of creating sexual state in the woman.

So if I combine a projection of my own sexual state with direct NLP leading her state – WHAM BAM – a pincer claw trap of seduction. And in all things speed seduction, Ross Jeffries is king.

I've got his 1994 ebook and I'm learning about weasel phrases, embedded commands and anchoring. He's also put some set routines into the Make Women Hot video I watched recently. So far I've just been dipping my toe in the waters. It's time to make a splash. Here's my favourites:

Softener + weasel phrase + command verb + state

"When I get to know someone, I like to ask questions so I can find out what they find important. I hope you don't mind me asking this. When you meet someone and you feel an immediate intense connection…"

"Would you mind if I asked you, just for the sake of helping me understand you better. A person can often think about fantastic sex while just having normal conversation in a normal place…."

"I just want to say, and I hope you don't find this too intrusive, what's it like when you are sitting comfortably and totally relaxed with a man you find totally fascinating…."

I blundered into some of these before but I need to integrate it so it's second nature. I figure I have to be safely past the hook point and in isolation. A few times I've thrown these in early to no effect. It's probably also best to start with a generic NLP routine (like my boxing one) before digging deep with these personal ones.

Have you ever…
This is the super weasel phrase. The purpose is to get the girl to recall a pleasurable state and then anchor it to you.

"Let me ask you a question. Have you ever been totally fascinated with someone? Like maybe as you were there, looking at him, and you started to listen carefully, it was like his voice just seemed to wrap itself around you, and the rest of the world just disappeared. Your entire world, everything you see, is what is right in front of you. And anything he describes, you can just picture it clearly. So, you know, if he talks about a romantic walk on a moonlit beach, the waves lapping at your feet in the sand, with your perfect partner, you can see yourself there with him, just enjoying the feeling of what it would be like?"

This is meant to create fascination and put the conversation into the emotional world. From there you've got her captivated and she's ready for whichever states you elicit next.

FR: Advanced Boot Camp

krauserpua · 28 September 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I decide I've had a couple of months to consolidate the lessons of my first boot camp. I'd done eighteen day game approaches by the end of the camp, whereas I'm up to almost 200 now. Night game I'd done 22, now I'm up to over 80. So I've been bedding it in, not rushing to get more tuition until I'm ready.

I go back to Sarge School cos of the positive experience from the last one, the low price, and my plan to get closer to the guys involved to get more mentoring from them. Pretty much every one of the guys has something excellent to offer in advice and role modelling.

Nightgame
Walking out after the seminars with my assigned coach I tell him I want to work on dominating big sets. He pushes me into a **mixed 10-set** outside a pub. No target, just warm up. I do the superhero opener and it's fine but one guy breaks off the group to talk to me and I've basically lost the set. I talk to him a few minutes then pull the ripcord.

Then I ask directions from **HB2 lady** walking down street. Not counting that as a set. It all gets disorganised as I end up getting some chips while the coach drops stuff off at this house and we get a lift in to Jewel.

Subzero and Prize are there and have been giving me a long accomplishment introduction with **HB7 Japan**. As I'm introduced (with strong social proof) she figuratively jumps me. I handhold lead her into isolation within a couple of minutes and lock in against the wall. Looking over her shoulder I see the SargeSchool guys giving me the thumbs up on my progress. Soon after Ace comes over to DHV me and whisper "kino" into my ear. I follow instructions then sit her down for more leaning back alpha language. Sure enough she's leaning in and chasing me. I find it easy to work the alpha stuff when I know I have attraction.

http://img8.imageshack.us/img8/7510/hb7japan.jpg

She takes me the rest of the night and we have a Day 2 on Sunday which goes quite well. She's actually prettier than I thought once I see her in the daylight.

Saturday we are back in Jewel and I do more sets but really don't feel it. There's **HB4 seated 2-set** that blow me out immediately. **HB7 Amercian 3-set** hooks and I neg them hard and run the set well. I eject strong but seem to lose my mojo when I reopen. Don't bother going for the close. I also open **HB5 Black 2-set** with Ace and that's good for 10 minutes then I make a big mistake in talking too long and too logicially about something and I see her eyes glaze over.

I spend most of the night just picking the brains of the coaches, particularly Ace and John who have the types of persona I want to model.

Daygame
John takes us out in a small group and it's good to get feedback from him. He's the closest thing to a daygame master that I've met and I like his attitude. It's interesting how much I've progressed since that first tutorial he gave me on the Basic boot camp three months ago. I can't remember all the sets but was about ten. I was opening well but really stale and failing to close. Ace subsequently gives great feedback about how my kino was non-existant and needs to be timed to create NLP anchors.

German blonde 4-set starts me off and as soon as John points them out I run over and open. Don't hook, but I just approached a moving 4-set with no AA. That's progress. While we wait for a couple of people to turn up I open **HB7 Irish brunette** who stops to chat for ten minutes but no kino and no close. I stop **HB8 European** outside the market with a direct opener and get another ten minute chat with no close, then run right after **HB8 French waitress** for another short chat. I'm really happy with the ease of my opening but the lack of closing is toying with my mind.

I have ten minutes with **HB8 Irish Actress** and am quite surprised I can't close. But it's still productive because of the feedback from the coaches.

FR: More night game

krauserpua · 5 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Friday 11th September, just noticed a few notes about it on my laptop. I started at Zigfrid with Subzero and Instinct. Can't remember a great deal except that I wasn't in a very good state.

First off I number close that **Latvian 2-set** in my lunch hour and swap some texts during the evening trying to get them out for the nightclub (they are only in the UK for the weekend). It doesn't work out but I get a double Facebook add.

Having overdone Cargo lately, we start at Zigfrid – I warm up on a **2-set of blonde brit HB5s** with the superhero opener. Can't be bothered. It's pretty dry in there so we head to Cargo

These are in no particular order, it's all a blur.

Blond HB6 in biker jacket is occasionally wandering around the beer garden losing her friends. Prize opens her but can't hook. Next time she passes through I go direct, handhold and sit with her about five minutes. She's pretty dull and probably pissed. Prize reopens her later.

I apocalypse an **Indian 2-set.** One smiles and seems to like it, but the mother hen next to her bitched. With the benefit of hindsight, I shouldn't have apoclypsed so loudly in front of my two wings. It probably came across rude and forced her to defend her honour publicly.

I apocalypse a **Brit seated 3-set.** Quite a fun little banter:

Krauser: Hi. What are you girls doing right now?
3-set: Blah blah
Krauser: What's the odds of you coming home with me for a *[points to each in turn]* for one… two… three…. foursome?
3-set: *[shocked pause]*

Mother hen: How many shots will you buy us?
Krauser: I don't need any shots. I'm ready to go.
Mother hen: No, how many shots will you buy *us*?
Krauser: Dunno. How many of my shirts will you iron?

I couldn't be bothered to plough. They'd hooked, but were only HB5s and I wasn't in the mood.

I apocalypse another **2-set HB6s** but didn't hang around then a **2-set HB6** frenchies with normal direct game but didn't hang around. **Jap HB5** and **Canadian HB6** are opened with superhero but I ejected when I couldn't transition and couldn't be bothered to wait them out.

I apocalypse a **Brit HB5** dancing and she gives me my only bad response of the night. **2-set HB5** waiting outside toilet take the apocalypse well and try to banter but I can't be bothered so I politely eject. Seated **3-set lawyers HB6** respond well to the superpower opener and I get a number close and Facebook, which I add a few days later. I initially opened with "lend me your jacket, I'm cold" and sat at their table and ignored them, but reopened a few minutes later

I spot **2-set americans** where the UBF is suffering a poor AFC game attempt so I apocalypse her friend. Decent response but again I don't plough. Really not in the mood tonight.

FR: Dusseldorf

krauserpua · 5 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I spend two weeks in Germany for work and I decide that's a good opportunity to lock into my reality the idea that I can go to any country and solo sarge. I don't try too hard and there's not much time or opportunity but I get in seven sets and a number close. In rapid order:

I check into the hotel and go for lunch. I immediately open **HB7 German 18-year old.** She's pretty surprised but stops and smiles a bit. Definitely a ploughing opportunity but it's the end of my lunch break and I'm not too enthused with her short answers. I eject.

A couple of days later I'm eating dinner with the team and **HB6 Petite** walks past our table. I hum and har (my starter is coming) before giving chase. Good 15 minutes chat about movies and stuff, with a number close. I take the rest of the week off but again as I check in on the Monday lunch time I open **HB7 Portugal** who is really nice. I lock in and transition very well, picking up on the Portugal link to talk about my holiday there, about cork, and the Napoleonic wars (she seems academic). But I didn't see her engagement ring cos of the books she's holding. Damn.

Other sets include running out of a first floor Starbucks to chase **HB8 Tall Blonde** but she's in a hurry to catch up with her mum. **HB6 College** opens at the pedestrian crossing but we are suddenly joined by six other girls keenly watching the interaction in a huddle around us so she clams up. I get a good ten minutes with **HB8 Poli**sh but I've only got one day left so I don't try closing. She gives plenty of IOIs.

The Jeffy Show

krauserpua · 5 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

New sports go through a rapid evolutionary process. Mixed martial arts (or “ultimate fighting” for the casual fan) is a textbook case. For decades there’d been an uneasy co-existence of narrowly circumscribed combat sports (boxing, judo, wrestling) and lightly restricted but never-tested eastern martial arts. So there soon developed a cadre of guys extremely skilled in an unrealistic sports environment, and a phalanx of paper dragons incompetent and unpracticed in no-holds-barred combat.

In 1993 the UFC decided to combine the two. Since then MMA has advanced rapidly in all areas. The rule set allowed for almost-no-holds-barred, frequent, competitive testing of new theories and techniques. The crucible of the Octagon forged an ever evolving sport. Natural selection in action.

Game has gone the same way. Early though it is in my PUA adventure I’m constantly on the lookout for the next big thing. What is the future of Game, because that’s what I want to learn firstest and mostest. Right now I believe RSD is at the cutting edge – the future is inner game, via the Blueprint, expressed through vibing sprinkled with occasional routines and button pushing.

And then there’s Roissy / Douchbag game.

So I’m watching RSDs The Jeffy Show and it’s like he’s already combined RSD and Roissy. It’s a sweet sweet DVD set and funny as fuck too. I’m now thinking of following through the set as a homework project and giving myself exercises to work through. A few pointers I picked up, unsystematically:

– “Do you like douchebags? I’m a douchebag, will you be my friend?” opener
– “I’m stupid as fuck. Will you be my friend?” opener
– First message: “Hi, it’s me. I’m kinda in and out right now. Try and catch me. Talk to you later. Bye”
– The my-cat-got-laid story
– Extreme unreactiveness to shit tests, and the “your mom” generic comeback.
– Open a set like you’re trying to tip a cow. Shoulder charge it (figuratively) don’t just pitty pat
– Extreme persistence on call two to set up the date. “Irrelevant”, “what the fuck”, “doesn’t matter” let’s meet, let’s meet, let’s meet
– You have to hit on them at some point, so start the kino early
– An attitude that it’s all fun and let’s do some crazy shit just for the hell of it.

Stale

krauserpua · 5 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I'm tired of sarging. I've been at it about four months now and pretty much non-stop. I wouldn't go so far as to say it's taking over my life but it's been my primary focus for so long that other things are being neglected. You know you are sarging too much when:

– The dining room is still covered in a thick dust from when the builders were in six weeks ago
– You haven't opened the oven in four months
– There's a two-month pile of unopened letters on the table
– You have 25 shirts hanging on the "to be ironed" rail
– You've been meaning to buy new work shoes since spring and still haven't got as far as trying a pair on
– GTAIV has been sitting in it's box under the TV and still not completed
– You've got a few dozen pages through six different books and finished none of them
– Despite all the well intentioned plans to work out and go jogging, you're not doing it
– You have a boxing match in less than three weeks time and have barely trained.

Fact is I'm getting burned out. Over 300 sets in four months and I've gotten stale. I'm at the point where I can barely be bothered to run a routine on a set I've hooked. Worse, I'm lazy in set and not using any of the skills I've been learning. I'm making backward steps.

I know how humans learn. Do the work, practice, practice, practice and then take a bit of time to chill out and let it sink in. So that's what I'll do.

Krauser is taking a week off from sarging. He may even extend it to a fortnight

FR: I'm really fucking stupid....

krauserpua · 5 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

No I haven't broken my fast. This is a field report of the last straw before I started the fast. **Friday 2nd October** and I'm in Cargo again. I didn't want to go out. My flight home was cancelled and the next one (two hours later) rerouted through Heathrow. So I barely have time to drop off my stuff and shower before Subzero badgers me into coming out.

I tell myself I should take "right action" even when I'm not motivated. So I stumble out and get there for about 9:30pm. No queue, and it starts quiet. We are just sitting drinking and I make a decision to just enjoy that and not open. It's a weight off my mind. I relax and enjoy just normal masculine company.

And then a **HB5 English** sitting next to me in the beer garden opens me:

HB5: Excuse me, are you Polish?
Krauser: Da
HB5: Where are you from?
Krauser: Krakow. It's a small town near [my obvious English hometown, cos of my accent]
HB5: Oh.. blah blah

That's not word for word, I forget, but it turns out she's into the UFC and so I negged her about her poor choice of favourite fighters. Her two friends were HB7s but totally uninterested. Nonetheless the touch paper was lit and I forced myself to open.

Looking around it seemed awfully cliquey. University is back in season and the whole beer garden was composed of large mixed sets ignoring all other sets. No interaction between sets at all. Subzero is urging me to open but blatantly bottling put his money where his mouth is.

I need a plan to motivate me and I hit on one. I shall use Jeffy's stupid opener and try to burn the whole bar. Ten sets in half an hour go some variation on this:

Krauser: Hi. *[stands full-on, legs wide, staring]*
HBs: Hi
Krauser: I'm really fucking stupid. Will you be my friend?
HBs: **laugh, snort, sneer, whatever**
Krauser: Uh, okay that's fair. *[turns away dejected].* Three years of therapy… wasted
HBs: **giggle**
Krauser: *[turns back]* Anyway…… blah blah

Only one or two sets dismiss me but I'm way too bored to stack so I end up ejecting early. The few times I stack it's just stupid shit like asking if pandas should be allowed to die out because they are gay bears. It's vaguely fun.

I've got five numbers to follow up on so at midnight I text the recent **HB7 Italian** and **HB7 Japan** telling them I'm back in the UK and we should meet. The Italian texts right back with "now?!!?" so I decide yeah and taxi to Piccadilly. It's a weird meet cos her body language mostly accepts the escalation but her verbals don't. I'm bored so after an hour I put her on a bus to Camden and go home.

Next day I meet Instinct for daygame and it's pitiful. I just don't want to open, and there's no shortage of sets. We've tried Spitalfields market in the rain and it just seems so twatish. I know I'm projecting, but I also know I won't open if I think all the girls are bitchy princesses. The one 2-set I do open, **HB6 Brit HB6 Japan**, actually confirms it, being the bitchiest I've ever opened. We just have coffee instead.

HB6 Spanish picks up a call and is chatty till I cut it short. HB8 Polish returns texts to say she's going to Poland for a while because her mother is sick. HB7 Somali doesn't reply to my booty call.

I just can’t be bothered.

FR: Now I'm an instructor!

krauserpua · 12 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Sunday 11th October and I'm sitting in Cafe Nero in Covent Garden *again*. I still fully intend to take the day off from sarging and the cold I came down with on Thursday night has still got me sniffling a little. I settle into a chair and start reading Dr Aubrey Andelin's **Man of Steel and Velvet**. It inspires me. I start to notice the pretty girls walking past outside. One comes in for a coffee and I find myself straining at the leash.

I text Instinct and Prize. Busy. I think I'll sublimate the urge so I text Subzero and suggest we just have coffee. On a whim I also text Suave, a noob I once daygamed with after he say me number close an HB9 Russian Ice Bitch. He says he's on the Sarge School bootcamp this weekend and is loving it. They are doing the daygame session in Covent Garden in an hour's time.

Things click into place.

I text John, just intending to bounce off their group every hour or so to maintain state. Instead he asks if I'll help out with the instruction. *Baddabing!* I become an instructor. Sort of.

We meet. There's five students plus John, Jimmy and Ace. I'm looking pretty damn cool so the students just assume I'm doing this all the time. I'm determined not to disappoint. John takes us into a quite alley and gives his group talk on the basic approach. Then we pair off with students and I take an Aussie lad through the specifics, drilling it into him with about thirty practice approaches with me as the HB. He makes quick improvement.

Then we pair up again and I'm taking a Teenage Tim out for his first approaches. He's really nervous and can't even memorise the three sentences. I put on my PUA instructor hat and try to figure out the best way to proceed. He's clearly going to need lots of work but his attitude is good – he is clearly prepared to put the work in. So I think let's keep it simple and just push him into set.

HB6 walks by. I point her out and say "go". He wavers. I grab him, point him towards her and shove his back. GO!!!! He goes, he opens, she stops, smiles, she walks on. Well done lad, you've broken your duck. I keep up the momentum and push him into two more sets quick-time. The lad is giving it his best shot.

He's doing everything wrong but I figure it's a mistake to point these things out. What he needs is a half-dozen approaches under his belt then we can start on the refinements. So in the 45 minutes we are together I get him into six sets, two of which go pretty well and the girls give him beaming smiles and stop to chat for a couple of minutes. Tim is getting some nice early reference experiences – they didn't kick him in the balls, tell him to fuck off, or call the police. He's pleased. And lest you think I'm just spectating, I give him encouragement and also open a set as a demo.

The team regroups and next I take two lads out, Asian and Aussie. These two are mid-20s and more assured as men but still pretty nervous as aspiring PUAs. It's raining so not many sets around but they open and I give feedback. We chat about 2-sets and they want to know how its done. I explain, then get them to point out a set. I facebook close **HB6 Israeli 2-set** as they look on. It's a beautiful sarge too, one that deserves an audience. I'm stoked, and they think I'm the Man. [She adds me to FB and messaging ensures]

http://img80.imageshack.us/img80/7472/hb6israel.jpg

Later they want to know how to open an **HB6 Canadian** who is idly browsing at a food stall. I show 'em. No close, but nice open and a few minutes chat. It's a tough set too because it's so crowded.

It's a very pleasant experience. I feel good instructing, and by thoughtfully watching my charges I learn things too. They have confidence in me which greatly elevates my state. It's only a short session and the SS guys invite me out for the night game in Old Street.

Subzero has shown up by now so we have a coffee, eat and then regroup for the evening at 10pm at the Electric

Ballroom. I've dusted off my snakeskin jacket and snakeskin shoes, experimenting with a new look. Unfortunately there's a dearth of sets. We all end up in Zigfrid and Asian opens the one good set. He does really well too. Lots of mistakes, but getting alot right too. Aussie wings for a while but runs out of steam and ejects.

I'm looking at the set seeing the obstacle falling further out of the conversation and see a cockblock coming. I'm enjoying chatting to the lads but figure it's time to wing. I walk over.

Krauser: Hey Asian! You were awesome last night. I gotta get you a drink.
Asian: Krauser. Cool man, thanks. blah blah
Krauser: So, who are your new friends?
** introductions **
Krauser: *[to target]* Play nice. He's a good friend of mine. *[turns to obstacle]* So, that accent…..

I'm totally outcome-neutral (she's HB3, unlike her HB8 friend) and knowing I have to demonstrate wingwork to the students I'm more conscious and more diligent in implementing technical game. I entertain her with DHV stories, reward and punish with body language, high five, neg, sprinkle in higher learning etc. She's really enjoying it. Importantly, the two things I pointed out to the other students pre-winging are implemented – I keep strong upright body language (no pecking) and I mini-isolate by turning her away from the target. Asian does a good job at his end and number closes a genuinely feminine HB8. I'd have liked her myself. Good work my young jedi knight.

FR: Coffee shop game

krauserpua · 16 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Friday 16th October, at Starbucks. The boss is away so the staff are at play. Three of us go out to Pizza Express for a long lunch. We're chatting about pick-up amongst other things. I'm into MRA these days (Mens Rights Activism) and enjoying the Spearhead site. I go for coffee and a nap.

Waking up I notice **HB8 Indian** 18 yr old walk in. She has that headturning female polarity where it's all about her manner and carriage rather than bouncy tits and curvy arse. Slim, elegant, perfectly graceful movement. She's got one of the 1930s beige raincoats on that I love. She joins the queue.

http://img208.imageshack.us/img208/9070/hb8indian.jpg

I sit on the sofa at the other end of the cafe. We catch brief eye contact, which I don't break, but it's far away and there's a good chance she's not even focused on me. Nearly the end of my lunch. I think. I haven't done a proper coffee shop sarge. How am I going to do this?

I get up and walk to her. She's looking at the pastries. I do the light three-finger arm turn and indicate her to remove the headphones. She does and smiles expectantly. I do my usual opener, low energy. She smiles and gives the BF defense. I ignore it, introduce myself and she starts opening up. A few IOI questions. She absentmindedly picks up a sandwich and puts it down again.

My conversation is sparse and uninvolving. I'm concentrating on energy levels (low) and good body language. She seems very comfortable, like I'm not triggering any of her safety alarms. At the till I go for the Facebook close with:

Krauser: I'm headed back now. It was really nice to meet you. Are you on Facebook?
HB8: Yes
Krauser: OK. Let's trade details and I'll add you
HB8: I'm not sure I should. I've got a boyfriend.
Krauser: Don't worry. I'm not gonna pick you up. **opens phone**
HB8: OK
Krauser: How do I spell your name?
HB8: blah blah…… **at front of queue, orders drink, I wait** …. blah blah
Krauser: Is that right **shows phone**
HB8: Yes
Krauser: I'm guessing there's not many of you on Facebook, a name like that
HB8: Just the one
Krauser: OK. It was very nice meeting you. You have a good day **shakes hand for third time**

Back at the office I add her immediately and send a message. She accepts quickly and replies:

Krauser: Hey. I probably surprised you a bit there. It was nice to talk to a girl with such impeccable manners. Have fun in Fiji.
HB8: That was quick
Krauser: Slow work day. Gearing up for the weekend

So why the detail on this one sarge? Things I've been trying / learning:

– It's time to expand the range of sets I can open. Coffee shops are the obvious next step
– Calibration requires low energy and strong oak-tree body language because you can't make a big DHV from jumping out in front of them
– Everybody can hear you, so keep it quiet and don't force her to defend against social shaming
– The three-finger arm turn is nice. Non-threatening but quietly dominant. It forces them to give you their full

attention
– She doesn't have any momentum to arrest and it's harder for her to walk away. This is a double-edged sword because you have to be more alert for IODs.

FR: People insist on demonstrations

krauserpua · 19 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I'm having a quiet drink with friends on **Friday 16th October 2009**, trying to keep my social life balanced. Nonetheless as we end up in Digress at Moorgate my friend can't help introducing me to his group of six buddies as "Krauser, the pick up artist" and telling them I'm some kind of miracle worker. Them being chodes they are intrigued to this new shiny thing and bombard me with questions. I try to talk it down, but can't resist showing them some photos on my phone to prove I'm not full of shit.

They want a demo. Naturally.

Standing behind us is **2-set HB5 Blondes**. I open over the shoulder with my usual Spiderman/Hulk opinion. Easy hook, I turn and run the set. I bring in one of the chodes for fun. They think they've witnessed a miracle. Instead of being allowed to relax and go back to talking about football and stuff, a friend puts his arm around my shoulder and confides:

Friend: Can you help out Wes? He's not had a girlfriend for 2 years. I'd really appreciate it if you can set him up
Krauser: Right, shall I just assign him a girl from my harem?
Friend: You know what I mean. Just get him talking to some girls.

Evidently with great power comes great responsibility. I take him around and open **2-set HB5 Blondes** (different one). After a few minutes I bring him in but he totally drops the ball:

Krauser: Ok, what would you like to do? I mean, if there were no limits on your time, money, danger, skills. A dream could come true. What would it be?
HB5: Cycling. I love cycling.
Krauser: You mean out in the countryside, going up and down the hills, seeing nature all around you?
HB5: Yes!
Krauser: Hang on. *[turns around]*. Wes! Wes! Come here a minute. *[he comes]*. HB5 here was just saying how she loves cycling out in the countryside. Going up and down the hills, seeing nature all around. You're into that aren't you?
Wes: Uh…… where are you from?
HB5: Essex
Wes: Me too!

I leave them to it, knowing it's already dead. I reopen her later to practice rock star body language and she's well into it. But I'm not.

We go to the dance floor. I have *zero* dance floor game but I'm feeling pretty good so I start bumping girls and saying dumb shit. There's no good sets though. I bump **HB5 Nigerian** and she hooks strong. I dance with her a bit, do the secret handshake routine and then as I leave she's saying "take my number! we have to meet so we can practice the secret handshake". Fun night, but no quality sets.

Next night I try to have a quiet drink with different friends. Again I'm introduced as a "pick up artist" and again I am interogated. Not that I mind. It strokes my ego somewhat. We try a few bars and in one I see a **Turkish 2-set** I like. I opinion open and do a good job with negs, bodyrocking, rewards etc. I bring a friend in for the obstacle and end up numberclosing the HB7 target. Definitely a number I'll call.

On the tube to Old Street I open a seated **HB6 Red Hair** with "Hi. Can I have your hat?" and she hooks but I have to get off the train. On the way up the escalator I bump into **HB6 Bolivian** who hasn't called since last week's day 2. She looks more like HB7 now and apologises profusely. I pretend to give her a hard time and she texts me the next day.

At Hoxton Square I open a three set of HB5s behind us in the queue just to pawn them to get us past the bouncers

as a mixed group (opener is to a girl with a tiara: “Excuse me. When you take the tiara off does the wig come off with it?”). Inside I open **HB5 Spanish** and her HB5 Married Russian friend. It’s dark and she’s my type so I initially over-rate her as a HB7. I spend most of the time talking to the commie cos the target has to keep going out the bar to collect friends (it’s a birthday party). Towards the end of the night I isolate her, kino and number close but I doubt I’ll call.

I do some day game on the Saturday and Sunday, but not very motivated. My first set is a twenty-minute number close of **HB6 Taiwan student**, then I hook but can’t close **HB7 Brit** (She’s insistent on the BF defense). I make her laugh a lot but it’s just not happening. I apocalypse a **Russian 2-set** then instant date **HB7 Polish** at Foyles cafe. She actually suggests the coffee, and later suggests a Day 2. Despite this, she seems a little flighty and I sense a high LJBF danger.

The next day I only do two sets cos I’m trying shop for a new mobile phone. **HB7 Brit** stops but doesn’t hook. I lose it when at the beginning I indicate for her to take out her earphones. She doesn’t so I indicate again. After looking at me strangely she says its not turned on and she can hear me fine. Weird, but I’ve essentially DLV’d. Later I run out of Starbucks to catch **HB8 Brit student** and she gives me an early BF defense but still hooks and gives IOIs. For some reason I can’t get my word-flow going so I eject after five minutes. Should’ve ploughed.

FR: Beginning Entourage Game

krauserpua · 23 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I like challenges. I like pushing boundaries and exploring new things. In the past week I came across three different PUA materials pushing what could be called “entourage game”. Namely:

1. AFCAdam’s speech at the 2007 Global PUA Summit outlining the basic concept of turning up to clubs with ten hot girls in tow and how that triggers pre-selection and social proof attraction switches. He recruits through day game, then promises the girls a night out during which they get to see him at his most attractive.
2. LSS forum member Uncle B’s series of posts detailing how to social proof exclusive clubs to guarantee free entry, free drinks, and free tables
3. Gambler’s natural game talk about how to network the club patrons.

Seeing all these things one after another actually made me feel inadequate with my level (which I’d still class as lower-intermediate) and put me in a pissy mood. A mood so bad I ended up tooling some poor sod in sparring when I went to boxing in said mood.

But on **Thursday 23rd October** I suddenly decide over lunch that tonight’s the night to actually try it. Uncle B is pretty specific in his rules and I follow em.

Pre-club
Suave recently met a fellow Brazilian promoter in a club and has been texted an invite to the guest list for a high-end club. We decide that’s the venue. I try to rustle up some girls. Easier said than done with four hours’ notice but HB7 Spanish agrees. I’ve no idea if it’ll work out and fear disaster (like, what happens if we get refused entry? I’ll be badly DLV’d) so I only text girls who have gone cold. I get an interesting learning point right away

Of the eleven girls I text, only four ignore it. Seven reply pretty soon, and all make excuses designed to procure a later invite. These leads have been warmed up. Cool.

Suave get’s Subzero and I on the guest list along with HB7. We want to get in early so we can chat to the doormen, door whore, and bar staff while it’s quiet and they are not busy. Before we’ve even arrived I’ve opened two doormen at a bar/restaurant across the road and then gone inside and done the same to the female maitre’d. More of the same at the pub we meet in. So I’m feeling pretty social as we enter the club.

Early-club
I immediately open the barmaid over the shoulder as she gives us free drinks. I have HB7 next to me. I’m not pushy but clearly engage her. She IOIs and gives us all a second free drink. I transfer attention to the barman and more of the same banter. They’ll remember me. Suave and I go round the corner and social proof the two barmen there. The idea is to slowly (over the course of several nights) get your face known and approved.

The promoter comes over and he looks like a PUA. We chat and I clearly convey I’ve brought HB7 and could bring more girls if I had more notice. To DHV to the promoter I need to bring the currency of the club – hot girls. Again, it’s just light chat and not pushy. I never ask for anything.

As the club fills up I sit back on a sofa and game HB7, letting her IOI madly to the view of all onlookers. When a bevy of HBs come in (all linked to the promoter) I show pre-selection by walking through them leading HB7 by the hand. I do similar things around the venue. Before long the promoter introduces us to the HB bevy and we are soon locked into that set.

It’s still early days. I haven’t hooked the set, and most of them are ignoring me. Suave does a better job of talking. Mostly I sit down at the promoter’s table and let HB7 game me. More free drinks. At one point one of the HBs takes HB7 to the VIP area for a dance, though she’s soon coming back to me.

Late-club

We don't hang around late. By midnight the place is pretty busy and it's still about 3-1 girls/men ratio and very high quality of average tottie. Night One's job is done – we've brought a little value to the promoter, got face-to-face time with him and the staff, and practised some techniques. Best not to overstay our welcome. So we leave with an invite to come back again.

We're all pretty pumped. It probably sounds like nothing, but we really got an insight into what's possible. On a basic level, this is what we had:

– Free entry to a hot club
– Free drinks
– A seat at the promoter's table, surrounded by HBs
– An invite to the next one
– A great time

The plan is to do a better job of it next time, preferably turning up with five or six girls. Continue to get my face known.

On the way to the bus stop Suave opens a **2-set of Czech HB6s**. I DHV him with HB7 as a pivot and he number closes. I get the number of an **Italian HB7** promoter near Piccadilly, but that's a social networking link, not a game close. HB7 Spaniard comes back to my house, IOIing me the whole way but I put her on the sofa and go to bed.

I intend to classify my closes between "harem" and "entourage". She's the latter. The general rule is if I feel the close isn't strong I'll put them in the entourage so that it'll raise my value to them. If I get LJBF'd, the entourage is the back-up plan to still get value out of them.

FR: Instant date in Westfield

krauserpua · 26 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Sunday 26th October and I'm well-rested after two consecutive nights of good sleep, having foregone nightgame. Chris suggested Westfield shopping mall and while initially hesitant (for no good reason other than unfamiliarity) I agree. I'm there by noon, reading "The Power of Now" in Starbucks. I do two situational openers to warm up, first asking a **Brit HB6** about coffee, then the **HB6 Pakistani** seated beside me about her Blackberry. The latter is a decent conversation but I don't try to transition it into a pick up.

Chris shows up with his usual enthusiasm and we go right to it. I like his attitude. He's raring to get into his first set and opens the first girl he sees, a seated HB4. He's done a few before I get started for real. I see **HB7 Brit** walking down the mall and open as usual. She hooks and is nice but for some reason I'm at a loss for words fairly quickly. She's not discouraging me, it's all in my head. I'm just a bit stifled. I eject and Chris immediately asks why. I can't give a good answer.

Next set is a tall **HB8 Canadian**. She really enjoys the experience but shows her engagement ring. It's a rule that I'll steal girlfriends but I'll never steal fiancees or wives. I chat a little more and let her go. I'm pretty pleased cos all four sets were pleasant and polite, in stark contrast to the clutch of rude girls yesterday.

Chris gets a good open and while he's in set I spot **HB8 Tall Romanian** go past. She has all the ingredients I need: Hot, tall, eastern European, walking slowly, inviting. I just *know* this'll be an easy stop and lots of fun. The chase takes a while because she's weaving through a crowd but as soon as there's daylight in front of her I pounce. My standard opener.

She hooks good. I'm nailing all the alpha behaviours so it's an easy bounce. I seed it first, talking about an ice cream stand I saw earlier (painting an emotional picture of it) then lead her to it, engaging her mind with questions about her favourite ice cream. It's the first bounce I've done in a while. I get her to sit on the stools while I pay and we chat. She's gradually relaxing and opening up, starting to have the confidence to joke around with me.



On the Day 2

I try the rollercoaster NLP routine but it's only a mild hit. She's a bit negative on London life and I find out later that she's recently broken up with her ex. I put in pre-selection triggers talking about my dancer ex and so on. She's so clearly happy to hang around that I lead her to Starbucks and throw in a cube routine that she rates 9/10 for accuracy. She wants me to do the cube on myself so I take that IOI as an opportunity to go of to the toilet and telling her to watch my bag, before I return to do the routine.

Chris pops by to observe my conversation then ejects himself after ten minutes or so. I'm practicing a few things

like telling her off (“Don’t distract me. Can you be quiet for 20 seconds, until I finish?”) and inadvertently spit my food onto her (I recover while an unconcerned alpha “I really ought to stop doing that”). I’m trying to do footsie under the table but it’s not quite coming off.

I suggest shopping and try to hand lead her out the cafe but it doesn’t stick. I think she just didn’t realise what I was doing so it’s no loss. I’m really thinking I have to escalate kino or it’ll peter out. Finally I get excited by a shop and just grab her hand, lightly, to lead her in. She goes with it. Excellent. I alternated push-pull on the handholding for the next ten minutes until we are ready to just walk around arm-in-arm constantly. I learned a good handholding gambit there.

I get her to dress up in long leather boots and trenchcoat, continue playful teasing (e.g. asking shop staff which of us is tallest) and she’s being very girlish. She’s laughing the whole time, eyes sparkling, and trying to keep up with jokes of her own. It’s a wonder to behold because it ramps up my alphaness massively and she responds with even more girlishness. This chick is 5’9″, hot, curvy and would probably scare the hell out of most guys – but she’s acting like a 12yr old girl around me and I even manage to get away with kicking her up the arse on the escalator in Zara.

After three hours in set I decide I should break. I’ve been future-projecting alot (e.g. in a shoe shop: “Ok, imagine we’re going to a cocktail party. It’s really posh and I’m wearing a tuxedo. You’ve got a beautiful dress on. We walk in holding hands and everyone looks at us. What shoes are you wearing?”) and seeding the idea of a Day 2 in Camden and Primrose Hill.

I’ve been pathetic at getting kiss closes. This girl is clearly ready for one. So I try a new gambit I picked up on an AFCAdam dvd. We’ve just swapped numbers and I’m standing in front of her holding hands. I indicate her to kiss my cheeks. I lean in and kiss on the left, then the right. I hold eye contact then lean in and kiss on the lips. Sorted.

FR: Day game in Covent Garden

krauserpua · 26 October 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Saturday 24th October and I'm feeling good. I sit in Cafe Nero. I'm there so often the charming gay dude behind the bar knows my drink and starts it before I reach the front of the queue. As I continue with "Power of Now" (which while I'm open to the message it seems to be awfully esoteric and full of mumbo jumbo) I situationally open a 2-set beside me of HB3 Black and **HB9 Black**. Unfortunately only one of them hooks and you can guess which.

Outside I meet up with Suave and Chris. The latter is on a tear, apparently having opened 10 sets before I've turned up and he rattles off another five before I get started. He's undergone a major transformation since I last saw him – and all for the better. I start getting competitive.

My first two sets are horrible. I open 2-set HB5 German and **HB7 Aussie** but they are fairly dismissive if not actually outright rude. Then I follow 2-set **HB7 Young Brits** into a shop and get rudely dismissed by the target with a "It's none of your business". Funny thing is, her friend was smiling and IOIing me. I just wasn't ready for such hostility otherwise I might've recovered it with a dominance show. Two rude sets in a row – that's rare. Fortunately it improves.

I number close **HB7 Asian** right away. She's on her lunch break from a shop (she actually has the shop ID round her neck) and is rushing to meet someone. My hand is forced so it's most likely a flake cos I was in set less than five minutes. My state is up and I hit a hotter streak.

I get the Facebook of HB7 Thai as I open her right in front of my wings so they actually hear the whole thing.

Krauser: Hi. I saw you walk past and knew I had to talk to you. Are you a dancer?
HB7: Yeah. Well, sort of.
Krauser: I can tell. You have the dancer walk. It's like an easy feline grace.
HB7: *smiles*
Krauser: Some of my friends dance at the Pineapple over there **points** and they all have that walk



HB7 Thai

I lock in to a fence post and we vibe for ten minutes or so. I'm very relaxed and she's going with it. On the close I try my new Entourage gambit:

Krauser: Do you like clubs? Good clubs, I mean. Not the noisy Piccadilly ones.
HB7: Yeah…. blah blah….
Krauser: Cool. I do some promoting for some of the high end clubs. Like Movida and Jalouse. I often fill up part of the guest list. They like me to bring cool guys and pretty girls. The sort of people who will be fun in the club. You're fun aren't you?
HB7: Yeah
Krauser: Cool. I'll let you know next time I'm organising something and I'll put you on the guest list. Here **takes out phone** give me your Facebook.

She accepts the invite the next day. Unfortunately she's married. One for the entourage, then. I facebook close **HB7 Young Brit** with a similar routine after ten minutes of vibing then follow **HB6 Estonian** into Urban Outfitters to number close her. That's a nice open:

Krauser: Hi. I was just looking at shirts down there when I saw you walk past. I knew I had to come talk to you.
HB6: **nods, listens**
Krauser: I think the way you're dressed…… that fur coat, the nice jeans, it's really stylish and works well…… except the backpack. God, what were you thinking. It destroys the image. **smile**

She had an awful luminous "street" backpack, you see. She laughed and hooked. After the number close she lets me know she has a 3 year old child. Ok, no go. Next up is a good ten minute set with **HB6 Korean**. She's petite and cute, smiling coyly and clearly enjoying the experience. I number close. She's a bit ill so I don't instant date. I add her to Facebook and nothing happens for a while. A few weeks later warm things up:

Krauser: You have funny pictures on your Facebook

HB6: Hey – Isit too late for reply? hehe Sorry, I've been sooo busy since school started, woking either. Thank u for sending invite text last time. really wanted to go there but it was closed to deadline, I cldn't afford it. I hope cld make it next time n see u! J

Krauser: No problem. Talk soon



HB6 Korea

By this point Suave has gone home and Chris is on an instant date. I get horribly blown out by **HB8 Slim Blonde** and decide I'm done for the day. As I walk back to the station I do one last set with **HB6 Turkish**. She's saying she's in a rush to catch a shop before it closes so I do well to hold her with chat about Turkey then get a Facebook. Surprisingly she accepts the invite the next day.



HB6 Turk

We chat a few times too so it looks like another for the entourage.

FR: House Party

krauserpua · 2 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Friday 27th November and I'm at a house party in central London thrown by a group of Eastern European student girls. We are invited but its a weak connection – Wisdom number closed the host ten months ago and hasn't really seen her since but she asked him to bring some guys. Everyone has to wear a wig.

First thing I do is walk up to a four set of girls and introduce myself. Girl number 2 (**Latvian HB7**) is my target for the night. I can't think of any funny thing to say on the spot so I neg Girl 4 (English HB6)

Krauser: Hi, I'm Krauser. And you are?
HB6: Hi, I'm HB6
Krauser: You are awfully posh **stands back, cocks head, looks quizzically, still holding her hand** I'll bet you're from the South-East. And you've got private school manners.
HB6: Heeheeheee. No! How did you guess **starts qualifying**

Within a minute I accomplishment-intro my wing:

Krauser: Burto, come here a second. I've got some people who should meet you
Burto: Hey girls!
Krauser: This is a good friend of mine Burto. He's the only person I know to run naked through Red Square.
Girls: Heeheehee wow etc
** introduce girls, and he shakes hands in turn**
Krauser: This is HB8. This is HB7. This is HB7. And this is…..erm……erm….. Posh Girl
HB6: Heehee. No! **playful punch**

The party is mostly in the lounge area. About 25 people, 15 of them girls, half of them sarge-worthy but no stunners. I do an extended run with the target, alternating between C&F and comfort building. She hooks good and qualifies like crazy.



HB7 Latvia

Krauser: This wig works for you [it's a pink bob]
HB7: Thank you
Krauser: Come here, I'll show you **isolates her in hallway in front of mirror, sits her down and sits behind**
HB7: Teehee
Krauser: You've got distinction eyes. Having the fringe come down low like this **brushes her fringe** really brings that out. It was the first thing that caught my attention.
HB7: **flirty eyes, smiling, enjoying the kino**
Krauser: Then the bottom curls in like this, right at the end of your smile. You've got a good smile.
HB7: **beaming smile**
Krauser: But unfortunately it brings out your Bugs Bunny cheeks. They're kinda cute though.

Plenty of fun. Other things like I'm talking to the target and her friend in the kitchen:

Krauser: So if you were both lesbians, would you be cool lesbians like in pornos, or manly bull dykes like in real life?
Girls: Oh, we'd be the cool lesbians **look at each other and pout**
** Big tall girl overhears and comes over, stands in front of me looking serious**
Butch: I'm a lesbian. That's offensive.
Krauser: **state control, decides she's fucking with me** But are you a cool lesbian? I only like cool lesbians.
Butch: **grins** I'm soooo cool **laughs**

I do a few AMOGs on the other guys. One young lad is on the sofa with three girls around him. I go over, shake his hand, pull him up, turn him around and steal his seat. He wanders off and the girls stay.

I number close the target about an hour in. Burto tells me I should do more comfort because the attraction is locked in but unfortunately the opportunity never quite comes up and we leave soon after. Other interesting parts to the night:

Hot girl was supposed to come this party with me (had already accepted). The **HB8 Indian** from the earlier Starbucks post. On the night before, at precisely the time I know she's meeting friends in a bar before going to a club, she texts me:

HB8: Hi krauser, I can't make it on fri, family duties
Krauser: (10pm the next night, at the party) Ok
HB8: (one hour later) Lol did u only just get that? And we should def meet up soon!

That follows the Roissy rule on flakes. If a girl flakes, don't respond until five minutes before you were due to meet. It shows alpha indifference and gives her a trigger to make up with you.

Wisdom and I were walking through the pouring rain at 3am to get a late night bus home when three french girls open us, asking for a good club. We bounce them immediately but one is cockblocking so I number close **HB7 French**. We've swapped a couple texts since.

Following Tuesday I decide to reopen the HB7 Latvian with text game:

Krauser: [Name]. Just looked you up on Facebook. Didn't find you. [Surname], right? Krauser
HB7 (2min later): Salut! =) you got the surname right, just my name is spelled with an "s" [name]
** three hours pass**
Krauser: Ok. I'll look again. Help me out – make your FB profile that silly pink wig, then I'll recognise you
HB7 (10min later): Haha, this is a huge drawback of meeting people in wig/costume, it's impossible to recognise them after. =)

Looks solid right? That night I search and get zero matches in Facebook. So I text:

Krauser: No matches. Hmmmmmm. Search [my email] and add me.

Two days later she adds me.

FR: Comfort building

krauserpua · 2 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Saturday 28th November. I am woken from drunken sleep at 9am by **HB8 Romanian**, the girl from the recent "Instant Date in Westfield" post. We've been out a few times since, so perhaps I should recap……



HB8 Romania

After that instant date, we swap a few texts and then meet on a Sunday afternoon in central London for a **Day 2**. First thing I do is kiss her, wanting to set the tone. I'm sick of being LJBF'd by delaying kino. I lead her towards Carnaby Street and we go past Ann Summers. I pull her in and future project the kind of lingerie she'll be wearing for me. It's slightly awkward but works. Then we get to The Diner for a milkshake. It's the perfect venue cos we're settled into a dark booth sitting side by side. She loves the milkshake. Then we go to a nearby pizza restaurant. It's all normal comfort building with a few attraction spikes. Only thing of note is when the bill comes:

HB8: **gets out purse** I'll pay my share
Krauser: Yeah, I agree.

We walk hand in hand through Soho looking for a pub but it's a wierd night. Lots of them are closed and the few open onces are rammed. I lead her through a back alley, throw her against the wall and get a makeout. First time. She enthusiastically falls into it and the nagging LJBF danger disappates. I find a good pub. As we sit together she relaxes entirely, leaning into me and stretching her feet out, playing with my fingers and generally accepting the feminine role. I remind myself that this girl is tall, hot and leads a team of 19 people in a bank. And here she is playing besotted schoolgirl to me.

Six hours in she has to drive home. Logistics are horrible cos she lives way out West and works their too. No chance of her staying the night, not with my current level of game. I throw her into a phone box and makeout. My phone vibrates with an incoming text, so I take it out my pocket and hold it against her chuff. She responds with a mixed pleasure and shocked honour. The latter carries the day.

Day 3 is a major DHV. We run a successful entourage night at a top club. Fifteen girls and five guys, including a

HB9 Playboy model that Burto brings. I take HB8 to the pub and we are first there, so get the best corner seats. Gradually over the next half hour everyone turns up, all greeting me like the tribal leader, until we have absolutely taken over the bar. Last of all comes **HB8 Indian** for the first time I've seen her since the Starbucks number close. Imagine what she thinks as she walks in! We bounce to the club, all on the guest list for free, and the remainder of the night I have HB8 Romanian, HB8 Indian and **HB7 Spaniard** competing for me.



HB8 Indian


HB7 Spaniard

I take HB8 Romanian back to her car and she drops me off at Trafalgar Square for my late night bus. It's a Thursday night. Getting off the bus at 3am I text HB7 Spaniard, who has a habit of getting the wrong bus and generally being led astray:

Krauser: Don't get murdered
HB7: Ok, justin my way to get murdered…. At least im sober!
Krauser: Cool. I'm nearly home
HB7: Ur a bastard, i was assuming i would crash at ur place! This and the retarded [I kept calling her a retard]….. Im not ur friend anymore!
Krauser: You can. Get the [bus number] from [bus stop]. Call me.

She calls and is keen to come to my place. I've majorly DHV'd this night, remember.

HB7: Ok, im getting to [bus stop]
Krauser: Cool

Various texts follow over the next hour where basically the bus doesn't come, she lets her own bus go by three times, and then figures out she's at the wrong bus stop. I tell her to get a taxi. She arrives, jumps into my bed. Then it gets wierd.

She cuddles up to me, I go for the makeout (never even kiss closed her so far). She resists. I caveman, she relents. Heavy makeout. She resists every step of the way but every now and then when she thinks I can't see she has a beaming smile. When I go to touch her chuff the LMR seems real not token, so I don't push it. Next morning is more of the same but this time she dress up in three different costumes I have in my wardrobe (Japanese school uniform, the red one from Evangelion, and the french maid – in case you're interested). I call in sick for work.

Day 4 with HB8 Romanian is the following Sunday. It's crappy weather. She is ten minutes late so I go to a nearby Starbucks and she meets me there. As soon as she can, she's stretching out and leaning into me, playing with my fingers again. She doesn't want to leave. I take her along the South Bank by the river and it's dark so the lights are awesome. I stop her a couple of times for a makeout but don't go all horny-teenager on her. Then to a pub by the river. I escalate the sex talk and do The Stone.

What's The Stone?

Krauser: Blah blah blah
grabs her hand, puts it on my cock and..
Krauser: This is how you make me feel
puts her hand back
Krauser: Blah blah blah

She giggles, calls me a pervert, and for the rest of the night keeps saying things like "You're such a pervert. I should be careful". We walk back to my house on the pretext of a nice Chinese restaurant nearby. As I get her to the door I try the Mystery comfort routine – invite her in just for a minute then go out again. She won't even come to the door. Bizarre.

So we go to the restaurant. After food, we are a bit sleepy from digestion. I hold her hand over the table, footsie underneath, and just stare intensly at her. My voices deepends and slows, and I start pacing her reality.

Krauser: You can feel the heavieness of the warm food in your belly. The heat is spreading out, up through your chest, down your arms to your fingers. It's a pleasant sleepy feeling. You feel safe and content etc etc

She's totally in a trance. As we go to leave I sense some change in the atmosphere. I suddenly feel like I'm being judged. Like she's weighing up an important decision on my worthiness. It's subtle and I can't explain it. I walk her past my house again because that's the way to the station. I make no attempt to bring her in – I just point it out as we walk by. She's talking about how she has to get up early tomorrow and she's not sure where to change trains and blah blah blah.

At the station we kiss goodnight at the barriers. She seems tense.

Krauser: Fuck it, I'll come down to the platform and make sure you get the right train.
HB8: **smiles, hugs** Thank you!

Down at the platform she's being tense again and reconfirming where to change trains.

Krauser: **checks watch**. OK, I'll come as far as [interchange station, 3 stops away]. You'll just get lost.

And fuckin' hell was I surprised by the response. All of the tenseness dissolves, she breaks out into a *huge* beaming grin, and jumps me. She's hugging, dotting kisses all over my face, and just oblivious to everyone else there. I know I just passed a major test. Once we get to the interchange I decide to lock down this impression

Krauser: Right-ho. Text me when you're home so I don't have to send the police looking for you
(text) **HB8**: I enjoyed this day/evening, safely in my warm and cosy room now.

FR: Malaga

krauserpua · 2 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

We're on the first day of the holiday, touching down in Malaga late morning and finally getting all our stuff together by early afternoon. We are totally shagged from the clubbing in London the night before so we have a "quick" nap. I collapse and barely stir until 7pm. We rustle ourselves into a group and head into the centre of town.

In front of the train station I open my first set, 2 seated HB6s. Very young looking but even I'm shocked when they say they are 14. Not that I was trying to close, it was just a warm up. Goes ok. Open another set as we alight in the main station and then a third outside. It's just easy indirect stuff. We have local sherry in a traditional wine cellar and then I do my first proper set – 3 set of 18 yr olds. I open simple asking for directions, DHV a bit and then start to reward their IOIs. Tony T and Shameem have joined to wing and it really heats up.

The language is quite an obstacle but we make do. Tony is salsa spinning his target while Shameem is doing his usual intense eye contact thing. I've got the prettiest, a petite HB8 with a big cheesy smile.

HB8: How old are you?
Krauser: Too old for you
HB8: No, really. How old?
Krauser: Guess.
HB8: Thirty
Krauser: Very close.
HB8: How old do you think I am?
Krauser: Dunno. Stand up and give me a proper look at you
she stands. I check her out head to toe
Krauser: Turn around
she turns around. Waits expectantly
Krauser: 12

Just routine stuff like that. I lower-back lead her off a back street and the set follows. It's really high energy and lots of smiling and laughing but there's some underlying resistance. Tony T's girl keeps asking for 5 euros fee for giving directions so I give her my Zimbabwean $100billion note. She puts it down her bra and tries to get Tony to take it. He's not taking the bait.

About fifteen minutes in we sense it's not going much further. Tony's target shit tests us pretending to steal my money so he deliberately kills the mood by telling her off and showing paternal disapproval. She's deflated and meekly gives back the money. We move on.



One of many sets that weekend

Now we are on the main shopping street which is lit up bright. I get a quick instant date (see other report). Coming back from that I see a 7-set of 18 yr olds giving what may be a promixity IOI to our group. So I open them. I think it was random shit. It hooks easy and I bring Wisdom into set on the pretext that he's an awesome dancer and we need to find a club worthy of his new moves. Two of the girls really show interest, HB7s, and pretty much take us on the instadate.

We end up in a teeny-bopper club and things are interesting when the girls are waiting for drinks that we refuse to buy (I go to the bar and return with a JD&coke for me and one for Wisdom). We practice a few compliance tests and lock-ins. The girls start shit testing. Given their youth it has to be subconscious. They start dancing together just behind us – beta bait. Wisdom and I just talk about men stuff and give them barely a glance. So the girls try harder and hand me their camera to take pictures.

More beta bait. I take a few pictures of me and Wisdom, holding up a finger and admonishing them to wait. Then he jumps between them for a photo and I do the next one. Didn't quite have the nerve to do my "zoom up onto the girls breasts" photo routine.

I decide to do a mild punishment / DHV and walk off and open a 3-set of Greeks who are further along the bar. Nice girls but I don't hang around. It's just to see the effect on the target set. We happen to bump into them a few hours later so its a warm set then.

They are doing the typical young-girl indecisive stuff and try to shit test us again – this time saying they're going to meet their sister and come back in half an hour and can we look after their coats. I say no. Obviously. So I just take my target's number and let them go.

Our crew has split into a few bars now so we meet up in a cougarish bar next door. Wisdom and Lee do a good set and then Jambone and I head back to the shopping street to do some day game. It's still target-rich. I stop an absolute stunner. Quite likely a 10. But she can't speak English at all. Her manner is lovely and she shows interest but there's no way to take it forward and she moves on. Virtually right after Jambone opens another 10. He does it right in front of a seated 3-set of young HB7s who watch with intense interest. I use that as my opener: "Watch this, it'll be really interesting".

Jambone has the same langage barrier but the girl's sub communication shows it would've been on if they'd been able to understand each other. He comes to wing my set – playing up the "She's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen" love struck angle. And it's half true too. This set is ok but they are clearly waiting for someone – boyfriends we find out but by then we are already in the next set.

FR: Malaga 2

krauserpua · 2 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

We are pumped from all the state control we ran on the main shopping drag and take ourselves to a small square flanked by about six bars. It's rammed with the cool crowd but our energy soon has us lording the whole place. A six set comes in. Tony T recognises one as the girl from the ice cream stall yesterday. As they go past I open a straggler, HB8 Georgia, with something indirect and we chat. Immediately I set the tone with some quick fire negs then compliments, a tone I'll keep most of the interaction.

Krauser: What are you good at?
HB8: I can cook.
Krauser: Proper food? Like, from original ingredients and everything. Don't tell me you just reheat stuff in the microwave.
HB8: No no no! Real food. We girls from Georgia are great cooks.
Krauser. Cool. I like a girl who can cook. It shows creativity and patience.



I tell her to hold my drink and then skuttle around the low barrier that is between us saying "You seem nice. I don't like to have any barriers between us" with a smirk. Then I give her my coat to hold too and continue chatting. It's quite a long set so these excerpts are just a flavour of what goes on.

HB8: You know what's really cool *pointing at me*
Krauser: Don't point. That's rude *slaps down finger*
HB8: *giggles*

I get a hug. It's okay but she's not really pulling her weight. I push her off, look into her eyes and admonish "No no no. Boobie-to-boobie hug. Do it properly". I get a proper embrace with her juggling her breasts against me. Later I nudge her and say "Arse bump" and go for a side-on bump. She misunderstands and starts slapping my arse.

Krauser: Hey, stop that! We've only known each other five minutes and you're going crazy. I need love, trust and connection before I do arse slapping. Come on, do the arse bump properly"

HB8: *has arms crossed*
Krauser: Hey, uncross your arms *slaps down arms* That's so judgemental
HB8: *giggles* But I'm so cold. Aren't you cold?
Krauser: No. I'm rock.
HB8: Yeah, you white guys don't get cold so easily
Krauser: *exaggerated open-mouthed stare* You…you… you're so racist. Hey, Tony! This girl just racially insulted me
HB8: No no no! That's not what I meant…
Krauser: Honestly! Black girls are so racist!

She tells me she's from Georgia so I keep refering to stuff like "Lee, this chick is from Hicksville, Georgia. Just outside Deliverance" etc. She tells me she's half African and half Native American:

Krauser: Oh, fucking hell *reaches into wallet*. Ok then, how much do I owe you? For reparations. *pulls out Zimbabwean $100billion note*. Will $100 billion cover it? Here, buy your family a casino.

It's really on and she's laughing constantly. Check out the photos for how big her smile is. Her cheeks are lovely so I keep IOIing her for her nice smile but negging on her Bugs Bunny cheeks. After a while I decide it's time to play with takeaways, just walking back to the crew without saying anything to her. She hangs around on the edge of her friend's group waiting for me to return and we do this about five times. By then Tony T and Burto are tougue-deep in her two friend's mouths. Just as I'm going back to kiss close she spontanteously says "I feel like American girls are so slutty now. I'm so embarrased".

She's already told me she's coming to London in two weeks time and wants me to show her around, so I decide to change gears and play for the Day 2. I start future projecting:

Krauser: What makes you think you can come to London?
HB8: What do you mean?
Krauser: It's my town. You can't come in unless I sign your entry visa. My guards will stab you with a spear *pokes her stomach*
HB8: Let me in. Please
Krauser: OK, but only if you're nice. If you misbehave I'm having you thrown into the Thames.

I pull her in and start talking about our date.

Krauser: First I'll take you to the Tower of London and introduce you to the Queen. Me and Lizzie are tight. Then we'll walk along the South Bank, next to the river. It'll be dark and all the coloured lights will be reflecting off the high tide. We'll be holding hands and whispering sweet nothings into each other's ears. We'll get to the London Eye. It's a big ferris wheel with amazing views over London. You know ferris wheels? Maybe you don't have them in Shitsville, Georgia. We'll go straight to the front of the queue and get into the VIP capsule. At the top I'll hit the intercom and my mate in the operating booth will stop us at the top. I'll reach under the seat and bring out the champagne…. etc etc

She's pushing her breasts up against me now as I've got my arm round her shoulder and we are looking out over the rest of the square. Then I push her off and do another takeaway. More kino follows including picking her up and spinning her around. I go off and open two sets in front of her and flirt lightly with them.



Bonus pic. She's hot.

It’s all very solid so I take the Facebook, she asks me again to show her around London, and after another five minutes or so I leave it at that. She adds me the next day.

Text Game Troubles

krauserpua · 4 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

My text game used to be awful. Truly awful. I saved all my texts with girls into folders on my phone as part of my generally overzealous cataloguing of this PUA transformation. It's a valuable learning point. Looking back on early exchanges makes me cringe.

I declare my text game is now…….. intermediate. Here's some good and bad from the past week or so. Beginning with a *long* self-amusing example of one-word game. This is with the **Romanian HB8** from the recent posts. The first set is all in one afternoon, her texting me immediately after I text.



Just in case you forgot

Krauser: We're going to see Breakfast at Tiffany's tomorrow. Want to come?
HB8: Yes, I would love to! But i have a meeting in Bank with [blah] management until about 9:30 in the evening tmrw. Can we go on friday?
Krauser: Maybe
HB8: Pretty please ;))
Krauser: Depends
HB8: Hmm, on?
Krauser: Stuff
HB8: Like?
Krauser: Choices
HB8: Hmm, i wonder how i can influence this….
Krauser: Lingerie
HB8: Yours :d ? Hmm…
Krauser: Fail!
HB8: Ok ok, not yours. I get it :). Maybe mine?
Krauser: Bingo
HB8: Ok so far, i am listening. Carry on….

Krauser: Pervert
HB8: Yeah, that's you
Krauser: Agreed
HB8: We have some great cool pictures from this weekend

I figure I've pushed it to breaking point so I go over to cocky/funny.

Krauser: Yeah, I look good. You look silly.
HB8: I am fun and sexy, you are ok
Krauser: Sexy? So which new lingerie are you wearing for me?
HB8: Pervert!

It's evening now, so I let her sleep on it. Hopefully she'll even wonder if I took that last one as an insult and worry she upset me. The next day she reinitiates and I overdo the douchebag game:

HB8: At what time is the movie tmrw? I'll come from [outside London]. How do i get there?
Krauser: I already told everyone Thursday and sent [friend] to get the tickets, so too late now. Our Friday night is usually men only. I might meet you instead, depends on Saturday's plan.
HB8: You are not cool. Don't bother with saturday, i have plans.

Ouch!

Benefit of hindsight that last one from me was too much of a "hey look at me, I'm the cool guy". Still, I'm pissed off at her curt response but can't really blame her because I'd been ragging her so long with the one-word stuff. What to do? Initially I just ignore it and decide radio silence till she reinitiates. We've had about five dates and she's well into me. Plus I'm not impressed with her witholding sex routine and I'm unwilling to be placed into the beta role.

At the same time I think I probably ought to have more velvet over the steel. What I actually end up doing is at 11pm that night [her last mail was lunch time] I send "Good night".

Probably I should've maintained the silence. So on the weekend I show Jambone and Tony T the exchange and ask for advice. Jambone thinks she's overreacted and there wasn't any obvious mistake. Tony T says "this girl needs comfort".

Saturday night I call her, she picked up in a few rings. I go straight into comfort building and trance-talk. I describe the bar I'm in, pace her reality as she's lying on her bed after a long hot bath. Within five minutes she's loving it. I give her 20 minutes then DHV myself and ring off. We exchange texts all night and she invites herself to my house on the Sunday.

I finally get her through the door and soon have her bare-chested on my sofa but still getting ASD. I figure she just needs more comfort and time than most girls.

Cracking tits, BTW.

FR: Boot Camp

krauserpua · 7 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Friday 4th December 2009 and it's another boot camp. I'm only booked in for the Saturday but I'm hungry as I leave work so I decide to stop by the host pub for food and a hello. Inevitably I end up winging for a student. Jambone has my entourage game business cards which look awesome. We head to Piccadilly.

My student doesn't need too much pushing into sets. Sometimes he makes ridiculous excuses to avoid opening, but other times he just goes right in there. I demo a few times, starting with when it's a tight squeeze to get through a channel:

Krauser: **taps obstacles's shoulder** Hmmm, not sure how I'm gonna get past
Obstacle: **moves out the way** blah blah
Krauser: Ok, I'm gonna have to give you the crotch or the arse. Which do you prefer?
Obstacle: **laughs** The arse.
** I squeeze past and then as if as an afterthought I turn back and engage the target**
Krauser: I have to ask. Those earings. Are they a family heirloom? My granny has some just like them.

Set opens, I bring in the student. Later in the night he has a good bit of isolation with one of the friends. I do a high energy opener on a 3-set of Australians at the bar. It's the usual opinion opener but what's notable is I maintain high energy, dominate the interaction, neg plenty, push them into bratty kid sister roles etc. Fun set. I try to bring the student in but he's quiet. He tells me later he just wanted to observe how I do it. Fair enough.

We debrief that set outside in the smoking area and when we come back in the girls are putting their coats on to leave. I walk over and hug them all, doing my usual "No, boobie-to-boobie hug" getting a good laugh. I haven't really done any comfort and haven't isolated the one fit girl. But I do give her one of my new cards:

Krauser: Are you fun?
HB7: Yeah, of course
Krauser: Ok, I believe you. Listen. I put on parties in this venue every month or so. We're starting the new season next month. It's fashion blah blah [seed / DHV].
HB7: **interested**
Krauser: Here's my card. Check out the website.
HB5: Hey, can I have one
Krauser: No. You'll just cause trouble. **to target** Don't bring her, ok? I've got a reputation to maintain here and she'll just be dancing topless on the bar all night.

Seeing as I've totally excluded the obstacle, I'm a little surprised how well she takes it. The other interesting set of the night was opened by the student. A two set of Essex girls. I give him a minute then come in to wing. The obstacle is actually really hot, a slim 20yr old blonde. I neg her, DHV etc and hook pretty well but my head isn't in the close (hasn't been for a few weeks now) so I let it stall out after about ten minutes. A mistake. She was really hot.

Mercy fucking

krauserpua · 14 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

I'm wondering if I should escalate on the **HB5 Eastern Europe** who works at a nearby food shop. I go in there once a week or so for lunch and she always takes my order. I didn't give her much thought but after I told her my slightly quirky preferences (I hate onions, mushrooms and peppers) remembered and we joked about it a few times.

I started to get that strange stirring of the loins. Not a proper "Whoa! I want to fuck her" stirring. This was more like if you're thinking of a hot girl and suddenly turn the corner and see a car crash – you've got a boner but it feels inappropriate to the situation. She's a nice size, *very* feminine, cute smile, and even cuter braces.

Braces! They should have me running a mile but instead I wonder whether I'd feel the cold steel on my teeth as we kiss. She's got a few extra pounds, especially on the arse, but I wonder what type of metal-mouthed smile she'd come up with if I gave it a firm smack. I think for a while and I realise why I want to fuck this girl.

She is so bashfully demure and feminine.

It doesn't matter that she's got a mouth full of steel, or a chubby arse, or slightly beady eyes. She smiles, she defers, she remembers stuff, she shakes it as she walks. In a City full of ball-busting lawyer cunts, she's a breath of fresh air. I reckon she'd let me do her up the arse on the first asking. So today I make my first stab at gaming her proper

I catch her eye as I come in. She smiles, I do a "whassup" nod and wink. At the order counter, a dude takes the order while she stands by smiling.

Dude: Hi sir. May I take your order?

Krauser: Your colleague here can tell you. She's got a good memory.

HB5 : **enjoying the opportunity** He would like a [order] but with no mushrooms **smiles at me**

Krauser: Well done, but last time you left on in. **smirk** I was very disappointed with you. **sits down**

Dude brings me my food and I catch HB5 looking at me across the other diners. She walks all the way across to a nearby table to collect an empty Coke can. Proximity IOI, I think so. As she turns towards me I open:

Krauser: Do I look like a bear?

HB5: Wha…. excuse me? **gleaming smile – the braces not the tooth enamel**

Krauser: I want to look like a bear, so I'm growing a beard. I'm all furry now, see.

HB5: **laughs, glances back to the building queue, comes and stands next to me**

Krauser: I have a lot of meetings at work and I've noticed nobody in the City has a moustache. Look **gesture to other diners**. So I was in a meeting and I suddenly realised I had the best moustache in the room. No matter how I'm dressed or what I'm presenting, I know I'll always have the best moustache.

HB5 **smiling, wondering what the hell I'm saying, ignoring her waitress duties**

Krauser: So I start thinking why not grow a beard. There's too much professionalism around here. It needs more wildness. I want to be a bear. Rrrrrrrrrrr!

HB5 **giggles, steps closer**

After that we just chat, with me doing a generic neg of her home country ("Oh you're not one of those girls are you? I knew two girls from [country] and they were bitches. You seen nice though") and asking bio info like I'm screening her, e.g:

Krauser: So what do you like about London?

HB5: Uh, I don't know. It's nice

Krauser: That's not an answer. Are you a party girl, or a serious girl? Haha! Caught you! There was that flash in your eye, a sparkle, when I said party girl. You were thinking of your favourite nightclub weren't you.

HB5 **yet more giggling** Yes, there's a club I like (blah blah).

I didn't want to go to far in the first interaction. Partly because she'll always be there, and partly I still can't quite shake the idea that I'm slumming it by even trying. It's not like she's "my 10". She's my HB5. But I just know that next time I knock one out, I'll be thinking of her….. I've got a semi on just writing this.

Am I becoming a heartless bastard?

krauserpua · 17 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Saturday November 28, 2009 and I have a great Day 2 (well more like Day 8 or 9 – but let's stick with convention) with my current primary target **HB8 Romania**. She's a lovely girl and I'm having lots of fun with her but not getting the f-close. I'll theorise and post on that story once I've gotten a firm conclusion.



Think she's worth the runaround to the f-close?

We go to Leeds Castle, a refurbished old castle on the outskirts of London set in acres of woodland and surrounded by a moat. Lovely place.



Awww..... I'm a romantic at heart

After she's dropped me off at my house it's about 9:30pm. I get a text out the blue from **HB6 Japan**, a 24yr old wannabe party girl who has been chasing my (disinterested) wing Subzero. Since then she's been loosely added to the entourage:

HB6: Hi krauser how was home party? I want to go to [club] with may friends tonight. Is it available to add gest list? Could you ask [promoter]? Sorry.

Krauser: HB6. [Promoter] only does [club] on Thursdays. He's doing [other club, address] tonight. Guest list will be closed now but text me how many girls / guys and I'll call him. You might get lucky.

HB6: Thanks we are going 4 girls and another 1 girl coming 1.30am x

HB6: Sorry total 6people 5 and 1 is coming 1.30

I don't want to go out tonight. The promoter in question has been unreliable and has shown a tendency to try to steal our girls. We haven't known him long and haven't had a proper sit-down with him to explain the pitch. For now, the last thing I want to do is hand a ready-made entourage over to him for free while also setting myself up as the provider guy to HB6. Hmmmmm.

I call around the boys to see if anyone is out and wants to take the entourage. Moran and Suave accept. I call HB6 and bullshit her that the promoter is now in the club and his mobile isn't connecting, but that some friends (she's met both before) are going out so they'll take her somewhere. She accepts. I coordinate them and sit back to enjoy a night in front of my PS3.

Moran and Suave tag-team me into going out. It's *pissing* down with rain. Soaking through the hole in my shoe, seeping down the back of my neck. Obviously I don't carry an umbrella because I'd rather be wet than homo. Suave has brought along three girls and a guy. He gets us in to Verve for free. Moran wastes no time hooking **HB5 Westerner** and is dancing tight with her. I go down the road to Tiger Tiger to meet HB6 by the outdoor smoking area (don't want to pay to get in, too loud for a phone call). We agree she's gonna bring her friends out, but they are mostly friends-of-friends so she doesn't have a lot of pull. Five minutes pass, she comes back out and say they are in the cloakroom queue but it's long.



The girl with the flowers

Rather than DLV standing in the rain, I tell her where we are going and go. Fifteen minutes later HB6 arrives alone. Her friends just went home. So much for the entourage. Suave gets her in free (but DHVs me by making it look like I did it). I've never sarged this girl but did with her HB7 Japan friend. Subzero has already let her go. So I handhold her through the club to join on the dancefloor. She grinds me a lot, and then plays silly-buggers.

HB6: I'm going to get a drink

Krauser: Ok

HB6: **waits expectantly**

Krauser: **dancing**

HB6: **wanders off**

I'm expecting her back soon but rather than DLV waiting, I go upstairs to talk to Suave. Thirty minutes pass. I've been back to the dancefloor with Moran, who has since k-closed and still dancing with his girl. No HB6. I wonder if she's already left. I'm in no mood to sarge tonight.

Krauser: You still here? I'm upstairs

HB6: Yes im squares

Krauser: ???

HB6: Hehe im upstairs mistake

I see her standing with a chode, drinking the drink he bought her. I walk over and completely ignore his existence, not even a nod or acknowledgement.

Krauser: Ok, cool. I just wondered if you'd already gone home

HB6: **giving full attention to me, as if the chode has just vaporised** Hehe.

Krauser: I'm going back down to dance

HB6: I'm staying here

Krauser: Have fun

About an hour later she's dancing sort of with the chode on the edge of our group. Suave amogs him by a body

block and he's excluded. HB6 comes over an grinds me plenty. I go with it but don't chase. After five minutes she grabs the chode and marches him to the bar for another drink then goes upstairs. I keep dancing.

Upstairs I talk to Suave and a Brazilian couple he's brought out. In my peripheral vision I see HB6 + Chode ten yards away. She's sitting on a high stool and he's standing over her, leaning in. No kino, though he's trying to escalate. Her body language is "I'll tolerate this for the drink." He sees me and is suddenly threatened. I stands her up (with resistance) and places her hands on his shoulders. She gradually lowers her hands and sits back down, turning her body away from him. He leans in and puts his arm awkwardly around her. I'm chuckling. I'm sure she knows I can see, though to all intents and purposes I'm pointed towards the Brazilians and chatting to them, laughing and having fun. It's 1am and I want to go home. I get my coat then walk over to them. Again I ignore the chode.

Krauser: Ok, I'm off home.

HB6: Thank you very much for bringing me here.

Krauser: **wink** Have a great party [something she has planned tomorrow].

HB6: I will, thank you!!! Give me a hug

Hug

Krauser: No. Boobie-to-boobie hug

Big hug. Walk off.

So what's this all about? Here is my analysis:

- HB6 likes me, is into me, but the attraction isn't very strong. So she wants to be in my social circle to get advantages of it rather than simply to get closer to me.
- As a newcomer foreign student, she values having a local guide to the nightlife and getting into places free.
- I'm not so fussed with her. If it falls into my lap, I'll take it but I'm not chasing. Passive game all the way. I would like her in the entourage.
- Being a [broke] party girl she will mercilessly hunt down chodes for free drinks then use them to play jealously games with me.
- Being 24, she's old enough to know that actions have consequences and therefore continues going through me to get into clubs, rather than trying to cut me out and going direct to the promoter (like a dumb 18yr old brit girl recently did – leading to total exclusion from the entourage).
- Entourage game is very unpredictable right now. Tonight went from five girls to one in the bat of an eye.

All of this is a very longwinded intro to the incident that triggered the title of this post. My mood is slightly soured at the games girls play. Not really judgement – just disatisfaction that the world is this way. As I'm standing at the bus stop by Leicester Square, in the rain, surrounded by drunken chodes I notice a hot 19yr **HB9 Brit** girl next to me in some kind of distress. At first I think she's shivering from the cold (she's in clubbing attire of high heels, short skirt, flimsy blouse) but actually she's been crying and is holding back more tears. She doesn't appear drunk.

I don't give a flying fuck. No white knight instincts at all. I ignore her.

But I'm the only normal-looking non-drunk dude around. Ten minutes later, she opens me in a timid voice:

HB9: Excuse me. Could you help me?

Krauser: **turns head to look at her**

HB9: Someone just stole my phone and I need to make a call or I can't get home.

Pause. What would AFC Krauser have done? He'd have comforted her verbally, offered his phone, and harboured

some lingering idea that by being nice there's an outside chance he can jump her bones. I'm not AFC now, but still not the total cunt I'd like to be, so what actually happens is:

Krauser: **gets out phone but keeps hold of it** Do you know the number?

HB9: **relaxes a bit, steps a little closer** Yes, its [number]

I'm still not turned towards her and my manner is reserved. Not dismissive but not particularly engaged – as if I'm doing it simply as an expectation from social politeness. The number rings but no pickup or answer phone. She's perplexed.

HB9: That's my housemate. I don't have my keys so I can't get in.

Krauser: Is there another number you can call?

HB9: No, just that one

Krauser: What about your parents?

HB9: No! I can't call them, they'd be mad at me!

That tiny seed of sympathy in me dies. This worthless skank would rather risk herself alone at 2am in a rowdy part of town, finding a white knight to get her out of trouble, than just face the music with her parents. ***Why the fuck*** should I do a single thing for this bitch when she is actively avoiding seeking help from the two people who would immediately offer it.

The fucking cheek of it.

If a normal AFC guy tries talking to her in a club he'll get a dismissive brush off, perhaps even a disdainful insult, while she chases the alphas. But put her in the slightest tiniest trouble and she's a laser-guided to find the same guy to bail her out.



English girl in her natural habitat

HB9: **wittering on** I'm so shocked. I was just talking on the phone in Leicester Square and some guy runs past and grabs my phone. Who would do that to a girl?

Krauser: Un.

I don't tell her who (i) the type of bad boy that gets her wet or (ii) an extremely frustrated sexless beta resentful of being ignored by your type. I call the number one more time and then my bus has come. Note she hasn't shown any sexual interest in me, I'm just a pack horse to be worked. Despite the polite language, she's clearly expecting me to jump through hoops for her till the problem is solved. I step onto the bus, look over my shoulder and:

Krauser: Be careful who you talk to. It's a scrum this time of night.

As I head home I think about my instinctual reactions. It's surprised me. It's almost pivotal. I realised I absolutely did not give a flying fuck about this silly bitches problems. I felt zero pull towards white knighting. Even though she was physically stunning and done up to the nines, I felt no sexual attraction for her. She just struck me as an uncultured, pitiful creature. This is the dark side of seeing the matrix.

Postscript: On the way home, I wonder if perhaps I'm too harsh. So I send this text to the number she gave me:

Krauser: Hi. HB9 asked me to call you. Tall, slim brunette. She's had her phone stolen and is locked out. She's at the bus stop on Charing Cross road (by Leicester Square) right now – 2:15am. Expect a call from a random number.

Did I get a text back the next day – something like "Thanks. She got home ok."- what do you think? ***Exactly***. Fucking whore.

Work Christmas Party

krauserpua · 18 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Thursday 18 December, 2009. It's been a long time since I've had an entire table of Righteous fuckwits gang up on me, take them on, and win. I'd forgot how much I used to enjoy it. One of my old latent alpha traits was an absolute certainty that I am right and my willingness to defend my position till (metaphorical) death. Combine that with a ruthless razor-sharp ability to hunt and kill my opponents and few people would debate me twice. Stupidly, I came to see this as a negative character trait and worked to become more agreeable. I suppose for generally getting on with people that's sensible. These days, I tend to hold the opinion that I shouldn't have to suffer fools and I shouldn't have to bite my tongue when a cackle of women is talking shit.

So, it's 10pm and my work team has finished the Xmas dinner and decamped to a pub in Covent Garden. I've been half-heartedly gaming all the women to generally good effect, and as I drink more I've been progressively increasing the arseholery. The women start dropping in occasional man-hate comments. They are western, professional "strong" women after all.



The Righteous are watching you

Note none of this is too serious. It's a bit a drunken fun that has a serious edge, but mostly that faux-sincerity of drunks talking. And while I usually avoid getting into these kinds of discussions with fuckwits (I mean, what is there to win?) I was in the mood for it tonight. Some exchanges (paraphrasing) within longer debates:

Krauser: It was monogamy that created the base for Western civilisation. It's the breakdown of monogamy that will destroy our civilisation.

A boss (not mine): What's so good about Western civilisation? *[he's white, upper middle class, private school educated English – what a fucking traitor]*

Krauser: Its the reason we are better than all the other cultures. We invented writing, science, democracy, engineering, vaccination, blood typing, sterilization…..

Boss: What's so good about science? That led to eugenics

Me: Eugenics is just a policy implementation based loosely on science. A political decision. Anyway, I support eugenics.

** shocked faces **

Fat woman [after asking me about my Romanian girlfriend]: Why chase after Romanians? Aren't you confident enough to get an English woman?

Krauser: I don't want an English woman

Other woman: Romanians are all gypsies. Is that it? Has she stolen your wallet **some laughs**

Krauser: She's from a religious culture that isn't very Westernised. So she probably hasn't been on the cock carousel. She's feminine and respectful.

Fat woman: What's wrong with English women?

Krauser: I find them boorish, uncultured and vulgar. Not for me.



Boorish, uncultivated and vulgar

Fat woman: You'll never get married with that attitude

Krauser: Great. I don't want to get married. I'm not gonna put a ring on a finger that's been wrapped around two dozen cocks. Call me traditional, but I can't commit to another man's leftovers.

Fat woman: That's such a double standard!

Krauser: No its not. A woman knows a child is hers, a man doesn't. It's hardwired into a man's mind to value chastity as a proxy for paternity certainty. **the Boss quitely nods agreement**

Other woman: That's sexist

Krauser: I notice woman will bitch and moan about how promiscuous men are valued and promiscuous women are shamed. Those same women are quiet on the flip side – how female virgins are valued and male virgins are ridiculed.

Fat woman: No that's different because…..um……. you sound like a bigot

Krauser: If that's your label for my views, I'm happy to be a bigot.

Fat Woman: I'm so close to tipping this pint onto your head.

Krauser: If you do that I'll tip this pint over yours.

This isn't a pick-up report, so why have it in my blog you ask? Every man needs to find is own path to alpha. Being alpha is not just something you switch on as you approach a set. It's how you live and who you are in your everyday interactions. A snivelling beta mangina fears attack more than anything else, so his default reaction to conflict is supplication. If you make supplication a regular feature of your life, you reinforce the inner beta. Fuck that. I'm alpha and that means if someone tries to browbeat me into something I'm gonna dig my heels in then come out fighting. If it's worth the trouble, that is.

I've noticed these situations take on a pattern, which I propose below. Let's call it the **Krauser Ladder of Righteous Fuckwittery**:

Phase 1: They talk progressivist drivel and assume you agree. You quietly avoid giving either assent or dissent because you know doing so commits you to either all seven stages, or a humiliating climb-down en-route.

Phase 2: Suspecting you're not "with the program", they try to solicit your opinion. You politely avoid doing so.

Phase 3: The chief commisar directly and aggressively questions you. You state some of your opinions, making it clear that you don't intend to foist them upon the world

everyone gangs up on you

Phase 4: They all show shock, contempt, and immediately assume the moral high ground is theirs rather than a position to be earned. Shaming language ensues. You are compared to Hitler. You don't back down.

Phase 5: They try to nitpick and bully you. The group cheers on the chief commissar, who becomes progressively emboldened. The group is looking to chip in with drive-by insults. You defend your position and challenge theirs.

Phase 6: They backpedal frantically, try to find one area of agreement so they can declare the debate resolved. You refuse to give it to them.

Phase 7: Either they accept you are right, or they go off in the huff.

The social dynamics are interesting. I literally had all five people at the table (this was late on in the pub after most people had gone home) ganging up on me trying to verbally beat me down – and they thought ***I*** was the one being unreasonable. It's funny to see Righteous fervour stirred up because these normal people suddenly become jackals.

I bump into a lukewarm lead

krauserpua · 22 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

There's always been something getting in the way of my game this past month. Illness, work parties, boot camps or something. The few times I've been approaching it's been to demo for students so even when I've had a strong hook and an instadate waiting to happen I've had to just take the number and run – leading to inevitable flakes. Fortunately my Romanian project has been keeping me entertained so I'm not entirely frustrated.

Friday 18th December and I'm on a lunch break from work. I walk into Starbucks and who should I see hunched over on a sofa calling her friend but HB8 Indian. She of the flaked house party. She is engrossed in the call and doesn't notice the world around her. I queue, get my coffee and walk over to the milk jugs which she's sitting next to. I snap my fingers under her nose and when she looks up I wink. It takes her a moment to recognise me cos I'm wearing a russian fur hat, fur-lined fighter pilot jacket and have three weeks of beard growth. Wildman schtick. She smiles.

I put milk in the coffee, slowly to see if she hangs up, and as I go to walk past her to a different seat I hear "I have to go. A friend just walked in". I spend a while talking over my shoulder deliberately not rewarding her with my full attention until she's properly engaged and then I sit down. In some respects it's like a normal indirect opener cos I even give a false time constraint. My goal is to warm up the set and (for amusement) to infuse as many DHVs as I can without break.:



Flaky, but lovely

Krauser: The dude behind the counter just asked to buy my hat. Not as in "where can I buy your hat?" but actually can I buy *your* hat. Must be cooler than I thought.

HB8: Hehe. blah blah

Krauser: I thought you'd be on holiday today. This is my last day. Going home for Christmas. I can't wait to see my nephews again. One of them is this tall **hand motion** and he's really into furry animals now. He's got so much love to give so he's hugging everything. I'm gonna get him a panda.

HB8: I love pandas. blah blah.

Krauser: At Christmas my whole family gets together at my Aunt's house. She's got a place on top of a hill surrounded by forest. It's an old mining village. I'm so hoping it snows because you can imagine the scene sitting

around the fire – she's got a proper open fire with logs, I'm the one who goes out into the yard to chop the wood – a belly full of hot roasted food, and then you look out the window down the vale to see the snow blanketing the grass and trees… etc [paints emotionally evocative picture]

HB8: **trance state**

Krauser: Then I'll take my nephews out to walk the dogs, playing fetch as we walk deep into the forest. After the boys finish fetching the stick I'll start playing it with the dogs.

HB8: Blah blah, **eyes sparkle, beaming smile**

Krauser: You got any plans this weekend?

HB8: Not really. Maybe going out with [the girls].

Krauser: I'm taking my friends to Winter Wonderland tomorrow in Hyde Park. We're gonna do ice salsa. Not really sure how but you know Tony, from that [entourage] night? He's great at salsa so he's gonna teach us. Then on Sunday we're going hiking. Burto's going to hire a couple of cars and drive us all out. I haven't decided where, probably Kent…etc…etc

After about fifteen minutes she says she has to go back to work. Believable from the already-eaten panini and already-drunk coffee. As she stands up:

HB8: I really do have to get back, I've been here an hour. Can you send me the details of the Winter Wonderland. It sounds like great fun. We should definitely meet up.

Krauser: I'll put something on my facebook.

Lukewarm ——> Warm

Models, Actresses, Shop girls.... [Part One]

krauserpua · 24 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Saturday 19th December 2009 and London is full of Christmas cheer. I get a call from Mark, the DC lawyer who I met while day gaming in summer. He's in London this weekend and wants to wing. Great. We meet at Covent Garden at 2pm and get started. The usual first-approach AA is with me big time and I'm cockblocking myself. Then I see **HB7 Brit** and give chase. Normal direct opener and she gives me the boyfriend defense. I plough and she's IOIing and being a very pleasant posh girl. After five minutes I fail the number close but don't care. I feel like I've just stepped into a pair of very comfortable shoes.
I apocalypse a **HB6 Brunette** in the open plaza. She doesn't stop but she can't help smiling, laughing and dawdling. Mark is stoked at seeing how the apocalypse works. I do it again on **HB6 Teen**, but then her mum, dad, sister, and baby in the buggy catch up. It strikes me as hilarious – propositioning an 18 yr old girl in front of her whole family by accident.
Krauser: **to group** Oh, are you all together?
Dad: **not really sure what's going on** Yes.
Krauser: **smiles** Okay then, I don't want to intrude.
smiles to target, grabs her shoulders, turns her away and gives playful shove in the back
***Krauser**: Enjoy your day.*

I guess the learning points from that are:
– Apocalypsing a young woman in front of her family is close to the toughest set imaginable. And I got away without any negative responses at all, not even from the dad.
– A smiling playful manner forgives all sins.
Mark wants to sit down for coffee so we head to Cafe Nero and sit looking out the window, chatting. Mid-sentence he runs out and opens but can't hook. I see **HB9 Polish Model** across the road, reading what turns out to be a google map printout. I run over and open with a slight tweak:
Krauser: Hi. I was just across the road there when I saw you…. you walk like you should be in a movie. What's that about?
HB9: **smiles, laughs** umm, I don't know. umm
Krauser: Yeah, you seemed so relaxed and had a graceful ease of movement. Anyway, you are? **extends hand**
HB9: I'm HB9. You?
Krauser: **keeps hold of hand** Krauser. You're not from round here.
HB9: No, I'm not.
Krauser: **looks her up and down, still holding hand** Eastern Europe. **she nods**. Poland.
HB9: **smiles** Yeah, how could you tell?
Krauser: Statistical probability.
We vibe for a while and I tell her she's nowhere near where she's trying to get to. Standing side by side now, conspiratorilly. I decide that's the easiest bounce because she has a meeting at this place in fifteen minutes.
HB9: So why did you come and talk to me?
Krauser: You seemed nice. Like you are comfortable here. You are nice aren't you?
HB9: I'm nice. But really, why did you talk to me?
Krauser: I just told you. Doesn't this happen much?
HB9: Well, guys do sometimes talk to me, but this seems different.
Krauser: Yeah. Girls sometimes come talk to me in bars and clubs but not so much in the street.
HB9: You'll never guess what I do, or where I'm going.
Krauser: Sure I can. You are client facing **she nods**, in retail **she nods**
HB9: Wow. I work in [sport] shop.
Krauser: Uh-huh.

HB9: But I'm going somewhere totally different for this meeting.
Krauser: Sure, I've got no idea.
HB9: I've got an audition with a modelling agency.
Krauser: What, like a hand model, or a foot model? [I like dropping in cheesy Mystery lines every now and then]
HB9: **mock outrage, smiles** No, a tooth model.
When we arrive at the agency I'm certain there's no instadate possible and I'll need to eject before she dismisses me. Time to get the number, seed a date, and she what happens. I've already been doing some DHVing about buying a panda for my nephew, and painted an emotionally evocative picture of my Christmas in the countryside.
HB9: Do you think I'll get the job?
Krauser: Dunno. My last girlfriend was a model but she was more like an action pose model. She was petite **hand motion** and a dancer. It's not really comparing like with like, so I'm not the expert on this. Let me see.
I lean back and check her out, she smiles and does a little pose
Krauser: Hmmmmm
I twirl my finger to indicate her to spin around. She does
Krauser: I wouldn't hire you. **she laughes**. But keep smiling that nice smile and you might get lucky.
I number close. She shit tests again:
HB9: What makes you think I don't have a boyfriend?
Krauser: I don't care. You could've been with him five years or one week. That's your business.
HB9: I could be married.
Krauser: No. You're too happy.
HB9: **laughs**
Krauser: Anyway, I have to go. I'm taking my friends to the ice skating at Winter Wonderland now. Give me a text when you're out of the audition.
HB9: I love ice skating.
Krauser: Yeah, you communists are good at that stuff.
HB9: **laughs**

About an hour later I text:
Krauser: [Jambone]. I just met a girl. She's really cute but works in a [sports] shop. I'm not sure if I should date her. She might be one of those [sports] perverts you told me about.
HB9: Yeah mate, i'm one of'em But don't worry, i can't date you anyway. I've got a boyfriend, but your cute too Take care.
Normally I'd take that as a brush off but having heard Burto recount his long long road to f-closing a Playboy model and all the IODs she tested him with first, I'm inclined to think there's something in this because:
– She replied at all. She actually replied within half an hour too.
– She played along with the frame
– The smileys and the "your cute" IOI
I discuss this with Burto who thinks it's a simple shit test. Tony T suggests I wait a few days then build rapport through texts without trying to invite her out. That's what I'll do. See what happens. Mark and I get to Winter Wonderland as darkness is closing in. The SS guys have a couple of students with them so I end up helping out, demoing approaches.

Models, Actresses, Shop Girls... [Part Two]

krauserpua · 27 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Saturday night and I'm at Winter Wonderland in Hyde Park. There's a long strip of franknfurter stalls, bierkellers, fudge shops and even an ice rink. Very German. You'd think the squareheads had won the war or something. Best of all, in amongst the festivities are dozens of sets. Tony T has a couple of students with him so before long I end up watching over one of them. He's asking about two sets so I demo with **2-set HB6 Italian**. Doesn't hook. I go again with **2-set HB6 Dutch**. Nice hook, I bring in Mark and we bounce them. Unfortunately he can't deflect the cockblock and she pulls her friend away. No loss.

In a makeshift beer tent I open mixed **2-set HB6 Australian Blonde**. She hooks good and the guy fades into the wallpaper. Knows her from back home, apparently. She's well into the conversation but I'm not much fussed and eject after ten minutes or so demoing for the student. They are picking our brains on all kinds of things because last night with Tony was literally their first night gaming. Good enthusiasm and they try to implement everything we tell them. I'm hungry and go to the pizza stand for a £3 slice of margharita. I notice **HB8 Actress** come over and look at the pizza next to me. She seems to be looking at me a bit too, curious. I suppose my Russian fur hat, the fur-lined aviator jacket, and wildman beard make me stand out. I open casually, still pointed towards the serving staff.



HB8 Actress

Krauser: What pizza do you recommend?

HB8: Hmmmn. Let's see **runs her eyes across the display window**. The ham and pineapple looks nice.

Krauser: True. I'm vegetarian though, so that's no good for me.

HB8: How about this one **points at some vegetable monstrosity**

Krauser: I don't like mushroom. It's an evil food. I think I'll try this one **points at margharita**

It's very low key and casual. I've barely looked at her, much less turned towards her. I forget exactly how I transitioned but it was something really basic like:

Krauser: Anyhoo. **puts out hand** You are?

HB8: I'm HB8.

Krauser: Ooooh. HB8 is awfully posh. Private school I'd say.

HB8: **giggle** No. Well sort of.

Krauser: You must have middle class parents. You manner is very proper.

HB8: **giggle** blah blah.

I see my student loitering behind her, eavesdropping. I do relatively AFC resume-exchange questions but frame it as statements not questions, and add some spice to it. I qualify her on every bit of information she gives, like:

HB8: I'm an actress.

Krauser: Uh-huh. Have you been in anything I might have seen?

HB8: I'm in The Wolfman. [lists a couple more movies I've forgotten].

Krauser: Nah, haven't seen that.

HB8: Oh no, it's not out yet. It's released early next year.

Krauser: What brings you out tonight?

HB8: I'm working on the [food] stall. **sigh**. I've been doing twelve hour shifts all week. It's tiring.

Krauser: [snips thread] That explains the mess all over your jacket. I didn't want to say anything because I thought you just had bad fashion sense. It's all icky.

HB8: **self conscious, smiling**

The main point of interest in this sarge is how low-key and indifferent I am. My student commented later that it didn't even look like I was hitting on her. Burto and Tony T both come in to DHV me:

Burto: Krauser. The boys are asking what we're doing next.

Krauser: Right. Can you round them all up over by that stall. I'll just be a minute then I'll take you over to the bar.

My vocal tone was relaxed, slow and deep. I only occasionally turned my body to give her full attention, and I was constantly qualifying her in subtle ways, even when number closing:

Krauser: I've gotta go now. Look, you seem fun. You are fun aren't you?

HB8: I'm fun

Krauser: I thought so. I'm headed back to Newcastle to see my family [lead into short "loves children and animals" DHV about nephews]. But you're fun so I'd like to see you again. Can I take your number?

HB8: **excuse, but offers Facebook**

I leave it two days then add her. She accepts right away. From browsing her photos it seems like she has a boyfriend but it's not obvious. No pictures of them being a couple, no "HB8 is in a relationship with*, but the same guy keeps popping up. Maybe an orbiter. Whatever, I decide the way forward is to build a non-dating vibe through Facebook, DHV, and wait for the moment to escalate. I send a message at midnight, and she replies six hours later:

Krauser: Hey! I took my little nephews to the cinema today. We saw a big lobby display for The Wolfman. Are you really in that, or were you just pretending to be cool to impress me? They were totally thrilled when I said I

knew the Wolf Woman, and I'd feel bad if you tricked me into lying to two innocent little boys. I told them you were really hairy in real life too….

HB8: haha yes i really was in the [scene] where the wolfman comes in and [describes scene], but i doubt you'll see me there was a huge crown of us, it looks like an amazing film though, have a merry christmas. HB9.

Krauser [three days later]: Aye, I'll be watching it. Trailer looked good. I've been stuffed full with four consecutive days of homecooking washed down with flaggons of red wine. It's been a great Christmas. I started a snowball fight yesterday with the local kids and that quickly degenerated into a melee and then we all built a huge snowman. Did you get up to much?

That was yesterday. If anything comes of it, expect further posts. Overall, it was nice to close a model and an actress on the same day.

The Panda Stack

krauserpua · 30 December 2009 · Archived copy · Original

Self amusement is a core principle of Game. You are talking to the girl because it amuses you to do so. I thought I'd run with that a little bit over the past few days while field testing a potential chick crack recipe – Panda bears. If you wanna know why pandas are so adorable, search "baby pandas playing" in Youtube and you'll soon learn. I've now started combining all my routines into one long Panda Stack, in which every single DHV / attraction trigger is connected together by the adorable black and white creatures. It goes something like this, ***commentary in bold italics***:



D...H.....V.....

open, swap a few sentences

Krauser: Did you have a good Christmas?

HB: Yes. I did blah blah…… how about you?

Krauser: Brilliant. I went up Newcastle to see all my family. **steps back** You did figure out from my accent that I'm from up North, right? I'm the only one of my family who has travelled around, living in London, Tokyo and stuff ***[hook for worldly-wise DHV stories].*** For Christmas we all get together at my aunties house and she cooks up a big traditional lunch. You can just imagine how it was this year with the snow! **stands shoulder to shoulder, gestures painting a scene in front of us**. She lives in an old mining village on top of a hill surrounded by forest. You know how the snow lies on fir trees, like it steps where you can see the green underneath? So we're sitting in the lounge by the fire with a belly full of roast and wine – she's go a proper open fire with logs. I had to chop them.

HB: You had to chop the logs?

Krauser: Yeah. Not actually chop the trees, that would be stupid. But the smallest size she can get the firewood locally is too big for her fire, so I have to split them in the yard. ***[Protector of loved ones].*** So we look out the windows over the vale and the forest and it's like a blanket of pure white snow. The air is really crisp and fresh. You know the feeling of freshness when a cool chill blows against your cheeks? ***[painting an emotionally evocative***

picture]. Then my little nephew is playing with his new panda.

HB: A panda?

Krauser: Not a real one, obviously **pulls her in for a side-on-side hug** If we're gonna be friends you have to think before you speak. **pushes her off*[kino].* He's only this tall **gesture** and he's full of love for fluffy animals and just wants to hug them, like this **hug, push off**. So I got him a panda ***[loves children and animals]***

HB: Awwww, sweet.

Krauser: It's really hard to get a good panda though. I started in Hamleys but quickly realised I wanted to get him something more individual. There's alot of variance between pandas. I'll bet you think they all look the same, but no. Actually I've got a confession to make. Keep this a secret but I know alot about them. My ex was Japanese and they are crazy for them over there ***[pre-selection].*** She used to have panda-everything: panda toys, panda pyjamas, panda calendars. I had to watch pandas on youtube. Actually, you should youtube search "baby pandas playing". It's so cute, because they sort of wrestle each other but keep squeaking and falling over. Because essentially pandas are just crap bears.

HB: Huh?

Krauser: Well, yeah, sort of like how dolphins are just gay sharks. Pandas sit on their arse all day eating bamboo, but they are evolved to eat meat so they don't get the right nutrients and it messes with their bearness. Out in the forest they get bullied by the proper bears, that's why they have two black eyes.

HB: **ironic laughs at the bad joke, hug and push**

Krauser: Pandas don't even have sex. No, really. The WWF has spent millions over the years trying to get pandas to fuck ***[oblique sex talk].*** They even tried panda porn cos when girl panda meets boy panda nothing happens. They just eat bamboo when they should be having hot panda sex with girl panda bent over the treestump and boy panda giving it to her. So they install one of these huge tvs into the panda pen and show panda porn, hoping that'll inspire a little loving.

HB: Did it work?

Krauser: No. But the Chinese scientists figured something out because now they've got a load of baby pandas – what's the collective noun for pandas? pride? pack? Anyway, there's tonnes of them. They had one on loan at the Panda Museum in Tokyo when I was there.



I'm stylin' and profilin'... yeah baby

I just keep spinning this with new ridiculous panda material until I figure it’s time to number close. Only field-tested it four times so far, but went 4-for-4 in number closes.

I bang my first black chick

krauserpua · 5 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Tuesday 29th December 2009 and I knock off work early to help Wisdom with his daygame 1-on-1 tutorials. The weather is shitty but not too much rain. His first student is a slightly goofy dude (as in persona, not teeth – but he's a nice enough guy) who has been reading some material but not approached much. We get him to do a few sets. Wisdom is gone off to a nearby Starbucks to do a talk with the next student so I take Goofy around a bit. As we cross the Covent Garden piazza I hear a girl's voice behind me singing along to her ipod for a couple of seconds. I turn around reflexively then carry on walking. Then I realise she's fairly hot, so I stop and open **HB6 Black**:

Krauser: **indicates pull out headphones, she does** Did you ***really*** just start singing in the street?

HB6: **laughs, great response and I know I've hooked already** Yeah, um, I like this song.

We continue chatting for about ten minutes in the plaza there while Goofy observes. I try to bring him into the conversation a couple of times but mostly I'm ignoring him so he can just observe how I talk in set. HB6 totally ignores him like he's invisible – her RAS is entirely on me. I'm running my usual routines including the panda stack and some evocative descriptions of winter. I watch for the pussy tingle leg crossing and sure enough I see it. Eventually I let her give me her number, do a boobie-to-boobie hug and walk off. Goofy observes how relaxed and natural it all seemed. It's very rare for me to open indirect in daygame, so I was doing Mystery Method in waiting for IOIs before IOIing her. My follow up text an hour later is the "Jambone text":

Krauser: Adam. I just met a girl. She's really cute but she's a street singer. I'm not sure if I should date her. She might be one of those X-factor perverts you told me about….

HB6: Is that from a song or something?! This reminds me of why I don't give my number out to strangers on the street!

Two days later at work (yes Christmas eve) I send the "Assanova text":

Krauser: I heard Enfield girls eat their own boogers

HB6: What craziness u doing today?

HB6: Don't forget to wear your shell suits!

I figure the hook is strong and I can follow up on the weekend. I've number closed eight girls in three days so I'm not exactly chomping at the bit with this one. But then at 9pm as I'm getting dressed to go out to our New Year's Eve party she texts asking what I'm up to tonight and when I tell her she sends: "Where / what is that? Hav vaguely heard of it. In [area] for random house gathering. Open to other offers ;)"


after touching my boner

That's a green light to move into SNL mode so I frantically call round the guys to see if there's a spare ticket. It's 50-50 so I decide to wing it and tell her to meet me en-route to Jambone's house where he has his target (who will be getting us in to a music biz after party later that night). Right from the beginning of this **Day 2** I start kino – initially arm in arm walking and then as we drive to the venue she takes her shoes off and puts her feet across my thighs in the back seat. Things get a little wild after that.

Burto, Tony T and Jambone are there DHVing the shit out of me so before long HB6 is grinding me while I stand talking to the boys. When Burto goes to the bar both HB6 and HBmusic wrap themselves around him (jokingly) which lights up a whole bunch of girls around Burto who start IOIing him. Downstairs at the bar he comes up to say he's opened a HB7 Brit and wants a DHV. I go over and on his introduction say to her "How do you know Burto? This guy gets laid like a rock star". It sticks, because an hour later she comes up to me saying "where's your friend, I want to see him".

I start the sex talk and do The Stone with my target:

Krauser: You should stop grinding me

HB6: Why? **keeps grinding**

Krauser: Look what you are causing **puts her hand on my boner**. It's too early to be having a boner, there's still a long night ahead for me.

HB6: **pushes right up against me, lips almost touching** blah blah sex talk

Krauser: You can stop that seductive stuff. I'm not gonna fuck you tonight. I hardly know you **with a smirk on my face**

After the New Year countdown Burto's target approaches me to find him. I tell her he went off to answer a business call ("It's a ridiculous time to call, but it's a really big contract so he had to take it") and look for him downstairs. He's right at the foot of the stairs necking on with **HB6 Brunette**. As I walk past to tell him he pushes the girl onto me and she starts making out with me rather aggressively – biting my ears and neck, groping my cock and stuff. Burto is just laughing. Then my HB6 comes down the stairs and see's me. While Brunette is licking my ears I look

at her with a helpless expression and say “Rescue me, these girls are too much!”

I take my target upstairs

Krauser: OK, this is the plan. I need you to be my bodyguard. You have to fight off all the girls who try to drag me to the toilets for a fuck. Can you do that

HB6: Yes **holds me tight, very jealous**

I go back to HB7 Brit and say Burto is downstairs. She follows me down. He’s gone. I take her hand and lead her round the whole dancefloor, ostensibly to find Burto but really to social proof the place. I leave her in a spot and walk to the toilets. Just as I enter I see Burto coming out of a cubicle with HB6 Brunette after she’s just blown him.

Krauser: Burto! Come here, HB7 is looking for you

Burto: Later darling **disengages from HB6 Brunette and follows my lead into makeout with HB7**

About twenty minutes later Ace and Becky turn up and we take two cars to the next party. While in the back seat I’m talking to Tony T while finger-fucking HB6 senseless. She’s totally into it. Takes ages to get parked and on the way to Chancery Lane tube I throw her against a bus shelter for more makeout and sex talk. Once in the venue I go for isolation in a hallway and there’s more of the same. The doorman tells us to move on so I go right to extraction.

Krauser: C’mon. Let’s go.

HB6: Where?

Krauser: My place. I’ve got a great bottle of whiskey. We’ll finish that.

HB6: I’m not drinking any more whiskey.

Krauser: OK, decaf coffee for you.

Her buying temperature is off the scale and now she has her pretext there’s no more argument. I just keep the logical mind engaged as we leave. There’s one more shit test: One station before my place she gets off the tube and says she’s going home.

Krauser: Come on. Nothing is gonna happen, I’m too tired. **drags her back onto the train**

HB6: OK.

After a couple of minutes taking off jackets, shoes and getting her a water I just lead her into the bedroom and throw her onto the bed. She’s offering really weak token resistance and mainly she’s trying not to be dominated sexually. So I dominate her sexually, and the resistance breaks entirely until I’m doing things to her that even I feel squeamish relating here. Afterwards, at about 6am, she goes home.

I think I'm turning Japanese, I think I'm.....

krauserpua · 6 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Wednesday 30th December and I'm helping Wisdom with his daygame tutorials again. He was my first mentor and remains a legendary daygame practictioner so I've enjoyed milking him for nuggets of….um…. wisdom. The rain is pretty severe and the streets around Covent Garden don't have many sets. It's not helping that the first student has crippling approach anxiety – he's been reading material for a year and is still not approaching. Plenty of times we push him after sets and he just walks behind them for five minutes before giving up. Fortunately for him Wisdom is a more patient teacher than I and gently cajoles him till he finally opens a girl – and gets a good response. One hour, one approach. When I have him chasing a girl up by the station and not opening I just get exasperated and open her myself. **HB6 Student** is down for the New Year from Nottingham uni. She's very shy and after a ten minute conversation I can't close. Outside M&S I see **HB9 Fur Hat** go by and spend thirty seconds watching her walk by, wondering if I should approach. For the first time in months I actually wonder if she's too good for me.

I've been working on an NLP approach anchor today. The idea is to put yourself into a desired state (in my case the feeling of excitement as a child when you've just gotten your week's pocket money and are entering the sweet shop) and then anchor it to a kino, visual and verbal action. Mine is to place my hand on my heart, whisper "boom-boom, boom-boom" and in rhythm visualise a girl's arse swinging from side to side. I do this and run after the girl. Normal direct opener.

I qualify her right away on her graceful walk and friendly manner, then neg her on the fur hat and coat she's wearing. She responds brilliantly and is laughing alot. I run the panda stack and we are talking about ten minutes. She does some kind of PR work and is on her way back to work. I think the close is there but she says, spontanteously before I try for it, "I'd love to give you my number but I have a boyfriend". Phase shift into entourage game and I seed the fashion parties and give her a card. Wisdom and his student are watching.

The next student comes out and after a long chat in Starbucks we get him approaching. On about his third attempt he number closes a little blonde and is totally stoked. Before long its time over and I follow Wisdom over to Regent Street where he's looking to buy a new coat. I see HB9 Fur Hat coming towards me so as she passes:

Krauser: Hey!

HB9: **looks up surprised, smiles**

Krauser: Are you stalking me?

HB9: **smiles nervously, stops, dithers**

Krauser: I'm going this way **points**. Later **winks, walks off**

I'm discussing with Wisdom whether that was the right way to handle the chance re-meet, by re-opening but moving on right away while she's expecting me to try to keep talking to her, when **HB8 Japan** walks past and the eye contact is long enough to suggest an approach invitation. I immediately give chase and open direct. Great response and she's laughing right away. I do light kino, light negs, and drop a few Japan-related DHVs but without overdoing it. For example:

Krauser: So who are you?

HB8: I'm HB8

Krauser: Nihonjin desu you ne? [You're Japanese aren't you]

HB8: **delighted surprise** You know Japanese?!

Krauser: Hai, demo honno sukoshi desu. Mo zembu wasurechatta. [Yes, but only a little. I've forgotten most of it

unfortunately]

She declines the instant date cos she's on her way to meet friends. It's looking really solid but then she drops the bombshell – she's only got a week or so left in England before she heads home for good. Damn, she had tonnes of promise too – pretty, tall, slender, nicely dressed, smiley, feminine manner. Damn. I number close, boobie-to-boobie hug and then eject. I find Wisdom in GAP and then while he's paying for a coat in River Island I open **HB6 Korea** indirect and Facebook close. I forgo the Jambone/Assanova text game on HB8 Japan because her language ability isn't up to it. Instead:



HB6 Korea

Krauser: Hey HB8. It was nice to meet you. What date do you kikoku? [return home]

HB8: Hi krauser! My kikoku day 10th Jan

Krauser: Wakatta [understood]. I'm busy tomorrow but we can meet soon

HB8: Ok c u soon :))

The next night we swap New Year greetings and I invite her out with a text on the Friday with "HB8. I will show you the best milkshake bar in London. Tomorrow 4pm ok for you?". She accepts and then on **Saturday 2nd December** we have our **Day 2**. I meet her outside a pub with my shopping bags then walk her to the milkshake bar with her on my arm. I'm gonna always do this, as it's like an immediate bounce and beginnings of kino / leading. We get a little booth and she's loving the milkshakes. I flirt with the waitresses and do alpha body language. I run the usual stories. After an hour I bounce her to a pub and we sit side by side at the bar drinking beer. She's totally relaxed now and laughing lots, pinging me on kino. I've texted the boys so I start getting DHV wing calls:

Jambone: Hey, DHV call. Boss me around [out of HB's earshot]

Krauser: Thanks for calling. Tell me, did you take notes at the meeting?…… uh huh….. OK. Will you type them up and put them in a Powerpoint presentation and email it to me…… I know but it's important so you need to do it tonight…… thanks. I'll have a look at it in the morning and let you know what changes to make……etc

Just as I get off that call Burto calls for another DHV.

Krauser: Did you book the cars like I said?…… I think two should be enough. The girls want to come but I decided it's gonna be boys only. It'll be quite a challenging hike and we dont' want the girls slowing us down…… Just get the best ones, the money doesn't matter….

Burto: Why don't you tell me to order the food too?

Krauser: I've got a better idea. Why don't you order the food too…… try Percy. I gave you his number didn't I?…… he's excellent for catering…. Look, I've got to go. I'm with someone right now. Just sort it out, I trust you.

I continue push-pull kino and we are both having a great time. I bounce her to a private members bar that is a fantastic DHV – the receptionist is super respectful and we are led to our reserved sofa in the lounge room. HB8 is loving it and before long is massaging my thighs while I take another DHV call from Tony T. I really go into self amusement on this one:

Tony T: Ok Krauser. DHV call.

Krauser: Is that Tony? How's things……. yeah…….. me too. Of course, put him on…… Jay!!!! How you doin' mate [pretending it's my nephew. Tony is just chuckling]…… yeah…… uh huh…… really? a snowman? Was it a big one? Big boys have to build big snowmen you know…… The bullies did what?……. and took his carrot nose too?…… Jay, tell you what. Next time I come up I'm going to have a talk with those boys……. the army coat?…… yeah I think it's cool too……. we'll both wear them when we go down to judo…..etc



HB8 Japan

We move to the sofa infront of the roaring fireplace and she's leaning into me, playing with my fingers and so on. It feels like a can't miss and I'm cursing the fact she won't be around much longer. Moran shows up with his new Mexican target and after briefly DHVing each other I take HB8 back to my place, but just to drop off my shopping and change my shirt. I'm trying that old Mystery trick of getting her comfortable seeing your place and showing restraint by not coming on to her there. She's relaxed. I do the photo routine on my Facebook then we head out to Old Street.

At first it's just Burto and Tony T in a pizza restaurant and they DHV me some more. We order pizza and gradually the rest of the guys show up, including Moran and his Mexican. Massive social proof and I can see the reaction in

HB8's eyes. We are five hours in to the date now and she's absolutely in deep comfort, joking around with my friends. I am also really liking this girl. Finally she has to had off home, claiming some early meeting tomorrow morning. I DLV myself trying to organise the next date when she resists on account of packing and other excuses. Not horrible DLVs but I push harder than I usually would because of the time pressure. I also fail the kiss close. In the normal scheme of things that would be no big deal, but there's so little time to work with.

Then we go off and have a normal night of sarging with a few interesting sets.

I bang my first curvy Romanian office girl

krauserpua · 18 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Saturday 16th January, 2010. Oh lordy, this was a long and convoluted sarge…

Flush though I am with the success of banging a fresh new girl this really can't go down in the memoirs as a textbook case of effective seduction. Quite the opposite. I think it's taken me a little over the three-date rule to get it done – so thank fuck I wasn't paying for them. Like all good stories, this one begins at the beginning, which for a day time sarge is the approach. To recap:

Day 1 – Open in Westfields shopping mall, direct. Bounce to ice cream stall, turn into instant date. Escalation: kiss on mouth, no tongues

Day 2 – Milkshakes in The Diner, pizza in Soho, drink in a pub. Escalation: make out, kop a feel of breasts

Day 3 – Entourage game at nightclub. Escalation: make out, send her back, take the Spaniard home.

Day 4 – Walk along South Bank, drink in pub, Chinese restaurant. Escalation: none

Day 5 – She comes round the house, a drink in a private member's club. Escalation: barebreasted at my place, some rubbing of pussy

Day 6 – She drives me to Leeds Castle, then sunday roast in a pub, back to my place: Escalation: none

Day 7 – Meet after work, drinks in a different private members club. Escalation: none

Day 8 – Burlesque bar/club 'till late. Escalation: none

Day 9 – Private members club, she stays the night. Escalation: bingo – full close. **audience round of applause**



Biffed

This sarge had been maddeningly slow and I just couldn't figure out how much was me lacking escalation skills, how much was the shitty shitty logistics, and how much is just her as a difficult-to-close girl. Here's my thoughts:

Escalation skills: I have been nice-guy far too long and it's tended to get me LJBF'd. I'd hold back from sexualising encounters because subconsciously I was enjoying the validation of bouncing the girls and taking their numbers and raising the stakes would risk losing the girl, and hence the validation. Took me a while to realise that was happening and RSD's Foundations DVDs helped identify the cause. Losing a girl through sexualisation in no way undermines the value of your original approach and thus doesn't retract the validation. With HB8 Romania she was obviously into me and the dating frame was bringing out the nice guy again. I was caught between knowing it would eventually happen if I kept ploughing, while knowing equally that she was judging me on not being a desparate horny-dog jumping her at every opportunity. So I settled for the slow gradual escalation, with frequent takeaways / one step forward two steps back.

I was trying hard to calibrate to the girl. Advice from Tony T was to spend more time in comfort and take the pressure off her on escalation. By projecting the attitude that sex is no big deal, if it happens it happens, then she'll get the comfort she needs to let me go forward.

Shitty logistics: This girl lives and works waaaay out of London. Every time we meet it has to be arranged, in a dating frame. There's no casual 9pm call of "me and the guys are out at Club XYZ, why don't you pop by." She hates public transport, irrationally so, and loves her car. That means she drives in to meet me and won't drink alcohol. It wasn't till Day 9 that I finally got her to drink more than a single glass of wine. Achieving that required giving her a pretext to avoid the Anti Slut Defense kicking in. It came in the following text exchange, after she's initiated by sending me a picture of her car covered in snow:

Krauser: You doing ok?

HB8: Sure, in bed watching a girlie movie. You?

Krauser: I might watch a girlie movie too. Different kind

HB8: :)) Enjoy

Krauser: Heh

HB8: Pervert!

Krauser: Double heh!

[next day] **Krauser**: Keep Saturday free. We're doing cool stuff. – *[various texts follow on random fluff]*

[Saturday] **HB8**: Mmmh, morning

Krauser: Aye. I'm in a friend's NLP seminar. Can you get in for 5pm?

HB8: What's NLP? I can try. I'll drive.

Krauser: Neuro Linguistic Programming. Bring your overnight bag. We'll go to the fruit market early tomorrow, finally.

So now she's got her pretext because we'd twice aimed to go to that market on a Sunday and twice she'd gotten out of bed too late to make it worth the while. Throughout the evening on Day 9 she's sipping wine in moderation and asking the waiters to go easy on the alcohol in her cocktails. I sense she's keeping her options open. She doesn't mention having the overnight bag, or staying overnight, until ten minutes before the f-close. Lesson learned – give her a pretext to assuage the ASD.

She's tough to close: She's a bit nerdy, and looks a little out of place in the club environment with party girls around her. At one point I was seriously considering the possibility that no other man had ploughed this furrow.

Benefit of hindsight I think this is her playing an instinctive girl game to angle for the LTR. She's protecting her relationship value by not jumping into bed on the first pussy tingle. It has been successful in maintaining her value in my eyes and making me like her alot. I *shall not be performing a pump'n'dump on her*, *she has proved herself better than that*. So she's played coy but allowed me to push things slightly closer to F-Close City each time. The eventual close began at about 1am in the private members bar. We are sitting across a tiny table after chatting for a long time. We spend lots of time locking eyes and not saying anything. Each time I turn on progressively more sexual energy until I'm giving her full-on rape eyes. No words, just solid contact with me visualising exactly what I intend to do to her when we get back to my place. Her physiology changes – pupils dilate, cheeks pinken, lips get fuller. Early on I'm doing standard triangular gazing from eyes to lips. Late on I'm adding in looking at her breasts and legs.

We get back to my place and she's protesting about being tired and not looking forward to the drive home. I light candles and go set up my bedroom. I've left the heating on low while we're out so the place is warm. I boil the kettle and put a hot water bottle in my bed and turn the low wattage lamp on. Back in the lounge she is stretched out on my sofa. We make out. I do lots of teasing and build sexual tension. As she starts squirming, I rip off her trousers. This is the make or break where I got LMR last time I tried. She goes with it. I'm about to pull off her knickers when she says "we should go to the bedroom, I'm not comfortable here".

More makeout and I go to pull down her knickers. This time she says "I need to get something from my car". I suspect it's her overnight bag (or condoms) but I don't want her putting her trousers or shoes back on, so I loan her my outdoor slippers and a long coat. I play protector saying I'll watch over her from the doorway so she doesn't get murdered – but I'm at least as interested in watching what she's doing. She gets the overnight bag and comes back. It's on. The rest is x-rated.

Some rare night game

krauserpua · 20 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Friday January 8, 2010 and I get dragged out by Burto and Tony T to Old Street. It's cold, wet and dead but there's some signs of life in Zigfrid so that's where we go. Right away at the bar Burto opens **HB6 Tall** and her little Bulgarian friend. His attraction game is tight so she's hooked quick but we slightly mess up the wing work. First he brings in Tony T to DHV him and she wants to learn salsa, but Tony is so funny making her do stupid childish dancing that it leaves Mick frozen out, losing value by the second. We realise the mistake and chat animatedly amongst ourselves so it looks like we have our own stuff going on. HB6 then comes up to me and tries to imitate my accent. Turns out she's from some shithole English town:

HB6: Whey aye man! hahahaha

Krauser: Yes. Quite.

HB6: You are from Newcastle aren't you?

Krauser: Yes. And you?

HB6: [shithole town]

Krauser: Oh, I've been to [shithole town]. **she leans in, interested** Worst five minutes of my life.

HB6: **genuinely offended** Wha….

Krauser: Yeah, I went to [nightclub name]. **smirk**

HB6: **laughs, smiles, attraction** Yeah!! I virtually grew up there…. **launches into story**

So I've accidently fucked up here, because I wasn't trying to neg her so hard and wasn't trying to build attraction. I was just trying to hold the line against her mocking my accent, which she was doing in a good-natured manner. So I bail as quickly as possible to leave Burto with the set. As Tony T comments later, girls only have so many "attraction points" to give out, so if we take some it leaves less for Burto. We move back along the bar. I open a pair of black chicks with an extremely disinterested over the shoulder posture and they hook, but they a fives at best. I try to make it up to Burto with the next round of drinks – I take his over while he's in set with the HB6 and her tall blonde friend and say "Burto, here's your drink mate. Do you want ice with that?" Ice is code for "isolation". He says yes, meaning he wants me to fuck off out of the set so I go. Not before HB6 tries to rope me back in:

HB6: Whey aye man! Listen, how is this one? Byker Groooooove!! [kids TV show based in my hometown]

Krauser: Cool. Look, I'd love to judge your crappy impressions but I really have to get back to my friend

HB6: **grabbing me when I try to leave** Byker groooooooooove.

I eject, trying not to be rude. Honestly, it's a no-win situation. If I stay, I steal some of Burto's attraction. Even though there's no danger of me getting the girl, there is a danger of me preventing him from getting her. If I go, I've just negged her and projected higher value and thus undermined him that way too. No-win situation.

Burto finally does a takeaway and comes to join is. I position us next to a three set of Polish girls and start asking Tony about his salsa. Mid-way through I lean over my shoulder and open the girls:

Krauser: Girls, just quick. Which is best – sexy salsa or professional salsa?

HB8 [target]: Sexy salsa! **smiles alot**

HB5 [her sister]: Professional salsa

HB5 [third girl]: Sexy salsa


Should have a better pic soon

I say thanks and go right back to talking to Tony, ignoring them completely. I can see them discussing us in my peripheral vision and within a minute the target re-opens me, asking why I asked. I root my opener saying Tony is a salsa teacher and he used to do a really smouldering sexy style when he's leading the girl but now he's trying something new and keeping things almost formal and technical, so I wondered which a girl prefers. I was phrasing it in NLP terms with sentences like "imagine you're on the salsa dancefloor and we are partnered….. how do you feel when….." Yes, I'm a horrible manipulative cunt.

HB8 is totally hooked and has this beautiful free and easy laugh. Her sister is more sour faced so I do the classic cold read routine of: "Oh, I see it now! You **points to target** are the naughty girl. You're the one who likes to go out and meet people, do crazy things and have a great time. You **points to older sister** have to watch over her and make sure she doesn't do something really dumb. I bet you've had to pull her out of all kinds of scrapes…."

This wins over the sister. By now my wings have moved in and I can mini-isolate the target by turning her back to the group, I'm running playful kino and adopting her as my kid sister. Classic stuff. We do a few takeaways too so as not to project too much interest. One nice piece is when a blonde HB6 walks past in a revealing toga-style top Tony just grabs her and escalates within about ten seconds. I make the same mistake with her as I did with Burto's target:

Tony T: You're a writer? Krauser here has written a few books

HB6: Really? **interested, leans in**

Krauser: Yeah, I used to [background] and I ended up doing a short story collection and a novel. Are you a proper writer, or just some weird blogger?

HB6: **likes the neg, starts qualifying**

This is turning out wrong so I'm looking at Tony hoping he's going to come back in and save me, but he's just watching. I find a way out and re-open the Polish girls. Then some gay dude comes over and rudely AMOGs Tony. It's a hit and run which really can't be defended because they are obviously good friends with the blonde. He just gets between them and pulls the toga girl away. She doesn't want to go. Burto is our AMOG machine so he gives it ten minutes then brutally AMOGs the homo, and then again later. Tony gets the phone number. Of the girl, not the homo.

My Polish set drinks up by 11pm and heads off, but not before I easily number close my target and do the routine boobie-to-boobie hug. We soon try a new bar. I forget the name but we are in a normal lounge bar with wide open spaces and not many people in them. The only worthy set is three Aussie girls sitting inaccessibly in a booth. I

approach, and damn I wish the cameras were rolling:

Krauser: Hey girls. What you doing right now?

3-set: We're drinking wine… blah blah **a "who the fuck are you" look**

Krauser: **brazens ahead** So what is the chances of you, you, and you **pointing** coming home with me **pointing** for a one…two….three…. foursome **holds up fingers**

3-set: **attraction, laughs** blah blah blah. **they've hooked, I sit down**

After five minutes I DHV Burto and Tony then bring them into set. We chat about half an hour then bounce them to a members club to a private room. I'm holding court with my DHV stories but for some reason I don't work kino and the attraction seems to fade. Later on, Tony comments that I stayed in attraction too long and they got frazzled by the endless DHVs and cocky funny. I should've taken my target into comfort. She was really cute too. We exchange numbers and Facebook but the girls are only here for the weekend, being at Uni in Paris.


Aussie target

Humourously they try to contend that if I tried that opener in Sydney it wouldn't work, and how it wouldn't normally work on them. Girls, I've done it about 30 times and it's only failed to open about three times. The next morning I start up the text game with the Polish girl. This is the banter over the course of a week, generally with a few hours between texts:

Krauser: You laugh weird!

HB8: Oh thanks, it's good? x

Krauser: Yeah it's good.

HB8: And you r very cool, you now???x

Krauser: We are at Last Days of Decadence now. It's burlesque night. I think you'd like it.

HB8: Yes sound good :)))) Enjoy!x

Krauser: Hey! I'm gonna show you the best milkshake bar in London. Is 5pm ok for you?

HB8: Hey Krausie! That's so sweet. and I need to work at 4 Hope you good x

OK, so I put the Day 2 invite out and get knocked back without a counter-offer. That's bad. I have to neg to recover the frame:

Krauser: I'm "Krausie" now?

HB8: Oh sorry in English Krauser??? it's ok? x

Krauser: I'm just messing with you, [HB nickname]

HB8: You messing with me Krausie???x

Krauser: I enjoy it HB nickname! Don't work too hard [OK, I admit it, this message was beta]

HB8: Krausie yo r so nouty :)))) Have a nice evening x

Krauser: I had a snowball fight outside work. I love winter!

HB8: Krausie I now a lot of fun :)))) So cold as well.. Xxx

Krauser: I thought you ex-communists liked the cold… Have you been taking photos in the snow {she's a photography student]

Krauser: We are going to [cool club] tomorrow. Great bar/club. Come join us. Free before 11pm on guest list. Shall I add you?

HB8: Hi Krausie! How is your day?? Thank you for invitation but I'm working until midnight and later maby shrodich on my way home.. xxxxxxxx

HB8 [3am on Saturday night]: We r in 54, you. X

Krauser [two days later]: Still clubbing at 3am? Naughty girl. And I thought you were a nice girl….

Krauser: I'll add you to Facebook. What's the best way to search it – email?

HB8: Hi Krausie! Ok so that's my email *[redacted]*.com :)))))) Have a good day x

Burto reckons the 3am text was probably a booty call but I didn't pick it up till lunchtime the next day so I figured I might as well leave it longer still to reply. On the plus side, while she was out partying at least I had a good night's sleep after finally completing Codemaster's FUEL game on my PS3……

**** QUALITY CONTROL UPDATE **** This post was written while I was waiting for HB8 Polish to accept the Facebook invite and thus the only pic I had was from her profile. I assumed this was a bad photo because she looked so much hotter in the bar. Alas, no. It has now come to my attention that what I thought was a mid-twenties HB8 is actually a 30 year old girl of somewhat lesser beauty. Consultation of my methodology requires this girl to remain an HB8 in the description (as this is what I thought upon initially gaming her) but she's more like a HB6, perhaps a HB7 if you factor in her lovely feminine manner.

This is why I prefer day game. What I viewed as an LTR contender is now a fuck buddy at best. Bah.

A short comment on my misogyny

krauserpua · 20 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm a cheerful misogynist. I suspect this causes some consternation amongst my fellows be it my AFC friends shackling themselves up to ageing western women for a life of indentured servitude and the misery of banging the same worn-out old vagina once a month, or my PUA friends who genuinely like women. For the latter, douchebag game is a strategy. For me, I am a douchebag. And proud of it.



There. I've said it.

The main reason I dislike women as a collective (despite liking many individual women who have earned my respect) is this: *Women deserve it.*

The main reason I think men are better than women is this: Men *are* better than women. Everything of value that was ever created in society was created by a man. More specifically, by a **white straight beta man**. There's reasons for this, as the Krauserology links on my sidebar go into more detail.

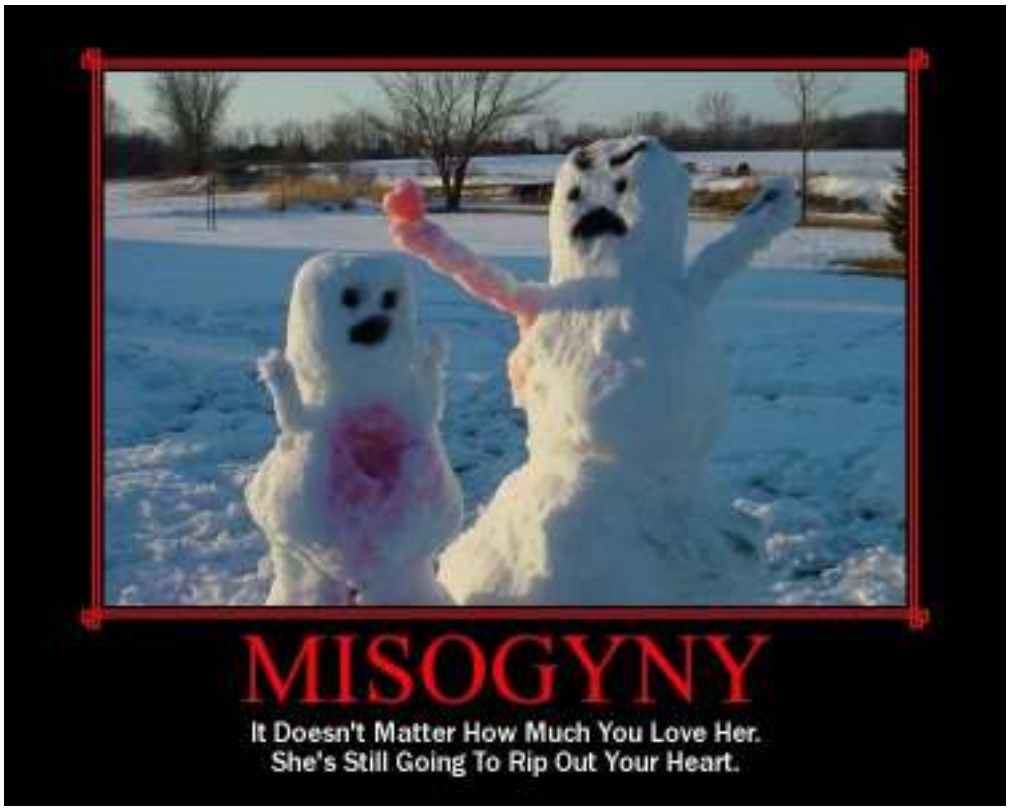
Quite bold statements, no? I have personal experience of the immoral self-righteous capricous nature of women – to wit, my skank ex-wife. After eight years of an intense, rewarding, constructive, passionate relationship things fell apart *within a year*. I became beta, boring, home centred and lazy relative to the prior eight years. But I was still a good guy – I'd set the alarm every morning to go to work, do a hard 50-60 hour week in a job I didn't care for, work the corporate ladder, and come home every night to kiss my wife, pay attention to her, treat her right and provide her with a standard of living equal to my own. I stayed in good shape (*great* shape for my age). I was polite and respectful to her family and genuinely interested in building relations with them. I continued to develop as a well-rounded person, continued to read books and provide interesting conversation. Even at the very lowest ebb of my value as a husband I was working harder than her in all areas of life and still a top-decile high value man. Fuck, I even spent a few years learning her language until I was fluent.

She changed from being a perfect wife to a miserable harpy. In short, she westernised to the point that I'd rather have a wank than have to fuck her again. This is a girl who was a model until her late 20s and a fucking *terrific* lay.

I went from being in love and totally committed for the rest of my life to feeling uncomfortable near her.

It began when she decided she wanted a job. So I helped her get one including writing her CV and arranging references that would get her what she wanted. She then decided her 35 hours a week earning £15k was a huge deal, whereas my 60 hours a week earning five times that was just background noise. Naturally, *her* money was a personal stash for shoes and cocktails while *my* money was hers too. She decided she didn't need to do housework, or cooking despite working 20+ hours less than me every single week. She became a miserable, stressed, entitled pain in the arse. She failed her primary duty – of making our home somewhere I enjoyed coming back to.

But worst of all, after one year of me *slightly* underperforming as a husband and her *massively* underperforming as a wife, she just walked out. No attempts at fixing the problems. No attempt to tell me the gravity of the problem. Just went. Society cheered her on.



Snowwimmin are bitches too

That is the **personal** reason why I think women are cunts. However, generalisations are possible and there are intellectual reasons too. The Fifth Horseman says it best, so follow the link if you want the details. This is a pick up blog so rather than go into detail here, let's keep to why I am a misogynist and why it's good for Game.

The nature of women is to mis-identify arseholes and thugs as Alpha. They crave the men who project high value. If, as a man, you sincerely believe you are better than *all* women – even the "perfect tens" – then you subcommunicate high value. Guys like RSD tell you to treat the woman like your bratty kid sister. This is a nice way to frame it, but I say cut the shit and just accept the basic truth:

If you are a smart, healthy, fit, solvent, personable man then YOU REALLY ARE A BETTER HUMAN BEING THAN HER.

Women simply are not as good as men. We own the right-side of the bell curve on everything.

Even if you don't accept that proposition, here's another one: **You must be a misogynist as a defensive mechanism to defend yourself from the predations of women**. Now I'll agree not *every* woman is a libidinous, treacherous free-loading skank. Like they say with lawyers, the scumbags create a bad reputation for the 5% of lawyers who aren't scumbags. I've met plenty of nice girls who really do have high value as human beings. But it is

so hard to identify them. Much of the time you can't know until you've already invested massive amounts of time and emotional energy in them.

Think of it like a risk assessment: If only 20% of girls are treacherous skanks (a conservative estimate) then it is far safer to assume all are until proven otherwise. Trust but verify. Do not leave yourself vulnerable. It gets worse though. As my marriage showed, even a girl who you've screened for years and really is one of the nice girls can be quickly corrupted by the she-devils around her and the perverse incentives offered by western society. And once that happens they become cold, pitiless snakes – as cold as if they'd never met you.

The social contract between the sexes has completely broken down. You never know if you've found the girl that isn't a bitch, and by the time it's tested it's too late, as I found out to my cost. The responsibility for putting this right is with women as a group – until then I'm not playing ball.



Femtards

So I am a misogynist. I wasn't born that way – it was made. Perhaps sometime in the future society will reorganise itself in such a way that I will respect women again. But until such a time comes I will respect only those women who earn it on an individual level, to the degree that they've earned it, and I shall never ever leave myself vulnerable to them. Browsing these archives should show you I have respected plenty of women since learning game.

Now, back to the regular programming…….

The horror of modern dating advice

krauserpua · 26 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes I forget what it's like for those lost souls who have refused the red pill. Men who still think girls are pure, innocent and tired of being pumped and dumped by alphas. If only a Nice Guy would come along and rescue them, buy them dinner at a posh restaurant, listen to their emotional problems, and patiently wait for the occasional passion-free sex….

The advice to women is no better. Whereas advice to men can all be boiled down to the statement "Do everything she tells you to, unless she doesn't want you to, and then she might throw you a few scraps for which you should be grateful", the advice to women is just "deny reality, do whatever makes you feel good, and when it all goes tits up go get some cats." I offer today's Relationships section of the **Times** online newspaper. Pretty awful.



You can do better than this

Lead story: **How long should you wait for Mr Right**

The metropolitan trendy-leftism is strong here as the article kicks off with cred-building references to bankers greed (the Approved explanation for the financial crisis) and Brad-and-fucking-Angelina. This shrew hack writer is attempting a take-down of the emininently sensible book by Lori Gottleib that points out the simple fact that most women who hold out for a hero end up sipping Chardonnay on their sofa, surrounded by cats, nursing the bitter loneliness of a wasted life. Be practical – settle. Oh god forbid a woman can't actually have it all, so Becky Pugh flies into action with an impassioned argument for why fabulous women should net their Mr Big, replete with the mountains of evidence to prove her case.

Let's look at that mountain. *Exhibit #1*: A book of fiction, Jane Eyre. *Exhibit #2*: The fictional Carrie-fucking-Bradshaw. *Exhibit #3*: An unidentified friend who tries to reframe spinsterhood as independence. *Exhibits #4-6* are random fuckwits. Even the IPCC require better evidence than this.

My comment is unlikely to survive moderation: "There's a small number of 28-32 yr old women who will read this and take your advice. You have just consigned them to the scrapheap. If a woman has any regard for her own

future, she will husband hunt while near her prime sexual market value (aged 18-24), as this is when she can best score a top quality man. As she ages, her choices reduce. By 34 she hits her "Wile E Coyote" moment when her SMV is close to zero. There's no chance of scoring Mr Big then. That's why you had to draw your counter examples from fiction. Because reality isn't Sex & the City where self-important cougars can slut their way through their 20s and then find a cool Captain Save-a-Soul to overlook their sordid past and treat them like the Lady they aren't. Terrible, terrible advice. You are in the business of making a career out of telling used-up old women what they want to hear. I really hope the younger female readers aren't taken in."

Story 2: **Women feel more guilt than men**

Let's just tick this off against the list of female shaming language.

1. The byline is "Women feel guilt much more strongly than men as the latter tend to be **insensitive**, according to a psychologists' study" – code black, the charge of misogyny – The target is accused of displaying some form of unwarranted malice to a particular woman or to women in general.

2. "Researchers discovered that not only do women feel the emotion more intensely but that men feel **'too little' guilt** when they **behave badly**." I'm pretty willing to bet that those cases of behaving badly are defined by women and the men don't think they did anything wrong, whereas women get a free pass for all their disgaceful behaviour, but I digress. This sounds alot like code silver – the charge of selfishness – It is a common charge hurled at men who do not want to be bothered with romantic pursuits.

3. "Ms Etxebarria suggested that women felt more guilt because they were **socially conditioned** to do so, rather than there being a physiological or evolutionary reason for the difference." This is a implicit code brown – the charge of fanaticism – against men in general – The target is accused of subscribing to an intolerant, extremist ideology or of being devoted to an ignorant viewpoint. In this case, oppressing women with thought control. The next section goes code orange – the charge of endangerment – The target is accused of being a menace in some undefined manner.

I'd also suggest the undertone to the piece is a code green – the charge of puerility – The target is accused of being immature and/or irresponsible in some manner that reflects badly on his status as an adult male. This piece is presenting men as being somehow childish and under-developed. Am I reading too much into it? Perhaps.



Aim high

Story 3 – **How to secure a first date: Top ten tips for men**

It's a mangina writing this one and he gets straight off on the shaming language front, ridiculing the straw man of "hunter gatherers", like being masculine is an out-dated relic. He then points the poor reader to the cougar-hell of the newpaper's online dating site. I'll take the tips in turn:

Tip 1 – Don't learn Game. Hahahahaha. His very first piece of advice is to ignore the only body of knowledge that can actually help. Apparently all it will give you is the ability to nail dozens of hot girls, and that will ruin your life. Ok. Next.

Tip 2 – Be presentable. Fair enough, though hardly a surprise. Assanova says it better, and doesn't rely on a bunch of female family to identikit dress you. He misses the most important part of presenting well – pick an "avatar" (and no, I don't mean traitorous liberal blue cat people terrorists) and look different.

Tip 3 – Ask questions. Done properly, I'd agree. And that means make statements about the girl that invite an explanation from her, and make it about interesting things. Mangina-boy recommends the resume-exchange interview and an overt display of too much interest. Fail.

Tip 4 – Hide you obsessions. If the obsession is World of Warcraft, yes. If it is skydiving, kickboxing, writing, chess, your business, travelling, rock climbing, photography, whatever – then HELL NO! Be passionate, talk passionately, pull her into your world.

Tip 5 – Start taking exercise. Spot on, this is good advice. More correctly though is start taking exercise as a natural concommitent to a sporting activity you love. A Fitness First gym body is homo and try-hard (though better than lard-arse). A functionally fit body sculpted from boxing, surfing or some other genuine pursuit is alpha. I'll bet this mangina only ever uses the treadmill while he waits for the sauna to fill up with hairy cock.

Tip 6 – Decide your goals. Partially true. It's more productive to screen the girl for how she fits into your goals. And by that I mean where on the hierarchy will she fit from serious LTR, through fuck buddy, down to entourage.

Tip 7 – Pick a venue. Well, duh! I'll let his homo herb slight against kickboxing pass and just mention that better advice is to set up lots of venues to take advantage of time distortion. Also, DO NOT take up hobbies just to

impress women. Learn something YOU want and then draw her in with your passion for it.

Tip 8 – Learn to dance. I'd put this #4 on a list after learn to lead, learn to fight, and learn to fuck. Dancing has only two places in a pick-up (i) during attraction stage on the intial meet, such as a dancefloor opener, or an isolation gambit to the dancefloor and (ii) in a serious commited LTR when you want to have interesting nights out together. Dancing on a day 2 is try-hard and homo. Why on earth would you take a girl to a dance venue in Comfort?

Tip 9 – Be patient: "Don't be pushy, don't expect sex, don't try anything too quickly. Be a gentleman. You'll be fine." A huge **but** is in order (and I don't mean how her butt will grow huge over time if you follow this twats advice in a LTR). But this is only applicable in two cases: (i) she is one of that 5% of girls who isn't a slut or (ii) you are already able to project sexual abundance such that you want her to sense it's no big deal. Otherwise you are failing the girl by failing to move the transaction along. As a male you are prime mover. You are the sexually aggressive male. You are dating her specifically because you saw her and thought "I'll tap that ass". The reason you are screening her and qualifying her is because you haven't yet decided if she's worth any level of commitment. Remember that in the dating frame (as opposed to SNL thug-fucking frame) it is an open secret that the woman is using sex to secure commitment and the man is using commitment to secure sex. Turning off your sexuality makes you the wishy washy nice guy.

OK, that's all the dregs of modern dating that I can wade through in one go. Thank god I discovered Game.

The two rules of LTR game

krauserpua · 26 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Rule #1 – Keep the ho in line

Rule #2 – Keep a line of ho's in waiting

That's it. Public service announcement over.

Economic freedom and Game

krauserpua · 27 January 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Since I got into an LTR I haven't been sarging much lately, just a couple of approaches a week – including recruiting some strippers for the entourage. This allows me to devote more time to ruminating on theoretical concerns. Recently I've been organising my ideas on the theme of unity between lifestyle and pick up. Consider these tentative hypotheses:

1. Masculine men tend to be politically right wing. Manginas and women tend to be left wing. Given the total corruption of political terminology, allow me to define it. Right wing has nothing, zero, to do with fascism, racism, the British National Party and skinheads. It is about the principle that freedom of thought and action are paramount and you must suffer the consequences of your failures *and* the bounty of your successes. Left wing, to the extent it has any redeeming features at all, is the belief that the collective overrules the individual and equality of outcome is more important than justice. The natural conclusion of the Right is to shrink the state to a small "night watchman" role and leave people alone to get on with their lives. The natural conclusion of the Left is to tax the hell out of the productive classes to pay for their social engineering and armies of prodnoses. Thus ALL THREE of the major UK political parties are left wing, and the BNP is an extreme left wing party.

Masculine values include self-reliance, iron will, perserverance, creative problem solving, taking responsibility for your actions, acting as prime mover. These are also the values of a successful entrepreneur. Feminine values are mothering, cheerleading, reaction, support. These are the values of a follower. It's no surprise that PUAs who take an interest in the societal place of Game tend to read Austrian economics and support low tax / low spend government. The very fact we have manned-up and learned to game through hundreds of approaches and the identity overhaul it requires drives us to throw off the shackles of government, ideology and the constant beta whine of wanting a big brother to solve all our problems.

2. The "field" is a free market and PUAs are entrepreneurs. An approach is a sales pitch in which the man offers a presentation of his product to a valued potential customer. The woman is essentially a window display to lure consumers into her shop. The woman works hard to present the most alluring display possibly while the man hones his product and sales pitch. If buyer and seller meet on the price the transaction occurs. AFCs are poorly run businesses that don't know how to market to clients and can't make effective sales calls.

AFCs are always whining about how te market is rigged against them. They want things served up on a plate. They would rather use online dating, speed dating or wangle an introduction at a dinner party. Anything that reeks of being a consumer rather than a producer. They won't cold approach because that means showing pro-activity. An AFC is the dating equivalent of the corporate drone, setting his alarm, sitting in the cubicle and waiting for his supervisor to spoonfeed today's tasks and this month's salary.

3. Game is to dating what scientific method is to the natural world. The PUA formulates a theory, develops a tactic, and then goes into his laboratory to test it against the real world. Evidence is accumulated and the tactic is either kept, honed, or thrown out. It is Deductivism in action. Likewise, when something seems to keep working in the field, the PUA theorises why – inductivism in action.

Blue pill dating advice is the astrology and religion of the dating world. Fantastical complex theories unaffected by evidence or logic. Constant rumination on the surface level symptoms and artefacts rather than drilling down to the drving mechanisms. They survive because they tell the sheeple what they want to hear, they don't require any lifestyle change, and you can just consume the product place in front of you.

I'm still fleshing out these ideas. I think its no surprise that the destruction of sexual relations occured in tandem with the destruction of free market capitalism.

Comment Policy

krauserpua · 2 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Those of you who know me are aware I'm a libertarian. I believe in maximising freedom of thought and action in the **public** sphere, but like the classic liberal dilemma, my right to throw a punch ends where your nose begins. As a free market capitalist I also believe that in the **private** sphere the management has the right to refuse admission. I believe proprietors can do whatever the hell they want with their own business concerns and punters who object can go elsewhere. The only right the punter has is to hold the proprietor to the terms of the contract.

This blog is a private concern, and until two months ago was locked down entirely. That it is now publicly accessible is my gift to you the dear reader, but don't get ideas that you are a stakeholder. I value comments and have been fortunate so far that nearly all commentors have been fellow bloggers who I respect and admire. Invariably, over time, this blog's comment section will become home to blithering idiots and resident cunts. I'm telling you all right now that I will indulge them only when it pleases me, and boot them when it doesn't. Simple guidelines:

1. **Spam** is deleted and the spammer banned. This includes tedious cut'n'pastes or repostings of comments from other blogs.

2. **Sockpuppeting** likewise will not be tolerated. Once I figure out how to recognise it.

3. **No personal information** is to be exchanged by anybody about anything. Although I'm rare amongst Game bloggers in that I post detailed field reports and include photos, I still take steps to prevent the girls from being identified. Any attempt to "out" the girls will result in instant banning and start up the engine of relentless revenge. Same goes for people posting info about me. My identity isn't a secret but I don't want to make it easy for my enemies.

4. I have **no problem at all** with racism, sexism, homophobia, anti-islam or whatever the current -ism de jour is. Unfortunately WordPress does have a problem with it. Keep it subtle and intellectual (e.g. HBD, MRA) rather than slinging slanderous phrases.

The above policy is subject to change at any time, may or may not be enforced depending on my mood, and will be happily inconsistent. If you've got a problem with that, invest your time in a different blog.

UPDATE: I will ignore all questions that relate to issues I've already discussed on my blog. Use the search function, do some work.

Game changes lives

krauserpua · 2 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Allow me to offer a juxtaposition between my weekend and my AFC friend's weekend. The guy in question is 34, earns £150k, works out an hour a day, watches his diet, is honest, loyal, considerate. So a classic beta. I've known him since university and genuinely value him as a close friend. Thus it pains me to see him shacked up with an older career woman who dominates him completely while providing very little value in housewifery or her fast-fossilising fallopian tubes.

Thursday – We have an AFC get together in a City bar cos we haven't all met up for over a month due to various commitments like kids, car servicing, in-law visits, overtime and all the other obstacles between an AFC and his happiness. The bar is typical of the area being a beta hell. Besuited Renfields and corporate drones drink pissy lager at £4 a pop as they try to wash away the banal emptiness of their lives and anaesthetise themselves for the trudge home to a nagging wife or an empty "bachelor pad" that has never seen the light tread of a hottie's feet. Cackling yentas camp out on the comfortable sofa seats sucking attention and energy from the room, the flabby flesh of their bingo wings spilling out of their sleeveless low cut dresses. My friends chat about their problems and shattered dreams. They are actually quite happy because this is a rare release from the crushing commitments in their lives. They organise a darts game for an upcoming night. It's tough because schedules fill up weeks in advance and permission from the boss women is required.

I take a call from my hot Romanian girlfriend, who is leaving work to drive for an hour just to lie on my sofa to watch a movie. She wants to know when I'm leaving the pub. I reply "Get there for eight. If I'm not home, just wait longer". She laughs. I get a call from a nightclub promoter asking which tables I want comped at an event I'm attending. Johnny Wisdom calls to see if I can deputise Saturday's day game seminar for him. My AFC chums are receiving nagging texts recalling them home.

I head home slightly inebriated. I fire up the PS3 and play Baja Edge of Control. The woman arrives and I send her in to the kitchen to make coffee while I finish the race. We order a pizza. Then I throw her in the bedroom and begin giving her one hell of a rogering. The doorbell rings so I pull out and pay the man, eat a slice of pizza, then resume fucking. We watch *The Hangover*, then she excuses herself and drives home. I finish Baja.

Friday – AFC chum is working late and then takes the long Underground commute to his expensive suburban nest for a quiet night in. I knock off work half an hour early because I don't give a fuck what the boss thinks. I turn up to the pub where we hold the boot camp seminars. There's eight students and we have eight instructors. We chill out watching TV and chatting to the bar staff. Then we pair up and take students out into the field. Perry and I have two Polish dudes who are a lot of fun to work with. We push them into sets on the streets around Soho and they get good responses.

I demo a few opens. Pole #1 opens a two set smoking outside a bar. I give him a few minutes then wing. I run normal DHV stories, cock funny, and so on. After we eject he is stoked, really liking to see game in action. I open an **HB9 Lithuanian** direct and hook, then at midnight Apocalypse an **HB6 fashion buyer** for a number close. Lots of fun and both students get numbers. The next day Pole #1 tells me he couldn't sleep he was so pumped.

Saturday: AFC chum drives to Sainsbury's for the weekly shopping, cleans the house, then drives the woman to the in-laws for a tortuous afternoon with bratty kids, slutty entitled extended family and other horrors. Like being back at work for an exceptionally stressful and unrewarding company. This is the life of beta obligation – no time at all to relax and do what *you* like.

I knock back a tequila while I dress then head into Covent Garden to meet the students at 1pm. We all go to a function room in a pub and I given them a one-hour presentation on day game. They are still buzzing from last night and ask lots of thoughtful questions. Most have seen my insta-date videos on youtube so I've got credibility and the Polish dudes are talking enthusiastically about their previous night out. My vanity is thoroughly satiated.

I take them into the field and we hit sets like gangbusters. My two guys are very motivated and throw themselves into set after set, hooking plenty. Literally not a single girl fails to stop. Polish dude gets an excellent long set with a **French HB7 tourist**. English dude gets two numbers including one Lebanese chick who says "I'd love to meet you but I'm going to get my hair done now. Let's meet afterwards" to which he has a brain fart and ejects without a close. Upon hearing this five minutes later I send him back in – she's gone so we find the nearest hairdresser and she's in a waiting chair. He implements my instructions perfectly, which are:

Player: **walks in to salon** Hi. I was thinking about our conversation and I realised I was dumb for walking off like that. I like you and I'd like to see you again. Can I take your number?

HB Lebanon: **smiles, but a bit nervous**

Player: OK, look into my eyes for ten seconds **holds strong eye contact**. If you feel any nervousness, anything weird at all, I'll just walk away. Its fine. No problem. But just look into my eyes for ten seconds *commence eye-fuck

HB Lebanon: **meets eyes, looks down after 4 seconds, giggles, gives number**

That's broken down a barrier in his mind. He's stoked, I'm stoked, everyone is stoked. We all meet up again and debrief in a pub over a beer. Everyone is reporting great experiences and pumping me for advice. Pole #2 has number-closed a Peruvian and we help him with text game. She wants a date later that night. I tell him to go for the date and he can come finish the boot camp another day no problem. He goes.

More seminars then we head into Old Street. One student requests me as his wing and he is a demon. He looks like a skinny nerdy dude but his inner game is surprisingly strong. He opens every set I lead him to and hooks every single time. He's holding 3-sets, then a 5-set, then wearing the hat of the vodka shot girl, then stealing a girl's seat – he's absolutely on fire. His last set of the night he's locked in to the bar while a **HB7 Party Girl** games him for half an hour. This guy is a rough diamond.

By 1am I get a text from Pole #2: "I'm taking her back home…. Thanx :))" High fives around the team and as we leave to go home all the students are swapping numbers and setting up wing opportunities.

Sunday: AFC chum is sleeping in, taking care of the cat, and working on a side project for work. I wake at noon, have a wank, shower, then catch up on *House of the Dead Overkill* on my Wii. Go into town to do all my errands, read a book, call my family.

Monday: AFC chum is up early and at work. He comes home to some TV. I have the day off because I'm setting up a fashion show at a night club. I spend all afternoon chatting with designers, stylists, photographers and models – solving problems and liasing with the venue staff. At the evening I return and walk in like its my house. I network with everyone, introducing stylists to models to photographers to make up artists. Five of my targets show up and the team DHV the shit out of me.

We aren't gaming. This is a legit social circle event so there's no kino, no closing. We are offering genuine value. I spend all night in the company of cool men and beautiful women, coming home with a wallet bulging with business cards. I go to bed a happy man.

Pre-game the AFC chum would've been me. My weekend wasn't just game game game. It was social activity with interesting high value people. It was getting out and about and making things happen – not sitting on the sofa watching Eastenders and X-Factor. Every single thing I did I did because I wanted to do it. **That's what game gives – the freedom to live life the way you want to.**

I spy with my little eye.... an alpha, a beta, an omega

krauserpua · 4 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a little game I play when I'm out and about. It's fun and it develops your eye for social dynamics / viewing the matrix. It's also good to do with a target on a Day 3 or 4.

Try to spot an alpha.



Become this

It's much harder than it looks because there are so few of them in the world. You'll find nearly everyone carries the stink of beta. It's an eye-opener to identify a man as beta and then watch how he projects it through his posture, his voice tone, his rapport laughter, his qualifying and even the facial muscles as they hold his face in the "please don't hit me" ingratiating smile. Keep watching, and see how the betas fit into the social hierarchy and how the women walk all over them. Probably 90% of the random dudes you watch will fit this mold.

Then notice the omegas. Look at the fear in their eyes as they constantly find ways to avoid getting into any situation where they might fuck up and be painfully reminded of their low social status. Look at all the self-inflicted loser-ness that their low self-esteem has driven them to – the needless weight gain, the bad greasy hair, the hunched shoulders. Look at their sexual invisibility to girls.

In the beginning you'll get some false positives as paper alphas and higher betas walk by. You'll see the corporate big shot who commands his team and exudes leadership, but its all situational and the moment he steps into a bar he's just another chode. There's the good looking guy with the gym body, the Ted Baker suit and the Audi TT. He's not getting the girls because he's try-hard, looking to society to provide him with his values.

Finally, one of those rare alphas will appear. Watch him. Learn from him. See how he walks with unaffected ease, how his face is sometimes a carefree smile and sometimes a piercing frown. Watch how betas literally step out of his way to let him past and how the girls spontaneously qualify themselves to him. See how in every interaction with strangers he receives the full attention of the group.

Watch and learn, my friends. After a few hours of this you will become very quick at slotting every guy you see into one of the three categories. So quick that you'll have to sub-divide the categories to keep the game fun.

Now imagine if you'd spent your whole life learning to do this, and your whole future happiness depended upon it. Yes, you'd be as good at this as a woman.

I take my video camera in field

krauserpua · 7 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Saturday 6th February and I'm meeting up with Wisdom and Suave in Covent Garden to shoot a few in field videos. I'm full of cold and stayed home all of friday cos of it but when I want to sarge these things have a habit of receeding. We have high-faluting ambitions of recording audio on our mobile phones and then synching it up to the video later. That doesn't work. Stupid Nokia files aren't compatible with stupid Vista. Wisdom has a 1-to-1 tutorial student out too.

My first open is an apocalypse of a petite **HB6 Brit Dancer**. The open itself works out fine but I stack terribly and ask too many questions. It's been too long since my last full-on day game session. Nonetheless she's entertained and happy to chat. Next I apocalypse a **2-set of french tourists**. Doesn't stick at all. But I always enjoy the ludicrousness of this opener. My state is rising and the fun vibe is kicking in. We replay the audio and laugh. Third bite of the cherry comes with **HB7 Brit Designer**. She hooks good. Check out the video. She's laughing right away and I move her around lots, get a close and eject.

Wisdom takes his student off cos he's now ready to go, having seen three sets in action. Suave takes the camera and we head down to the piazza. I open a really cute, fresh-faced **HB8 blonde**. Really fresh-faced, because she's got a secret:

Krauser: So it's a saturday job [she's on her way to] or is it your main thing? I'd have said you're a student.

HB8: I'm still at school.

Krauser: School? What, like normal school?

HB8: Yeah, I'm 16.

Krauser: Woah! I'd have said you look at least sixteen and a half **she giggles, I look around mock-nervous** Where's your dad? Is he watching? **more giggles**



Damn those age of consent laws

I decide to take the Facebook. Doesn't feel right, or at least not till she's had one more birthday. She's less than half my age. But damn she's hot and she's giving me super strong eye contact. The girl is turned on. I let her go to work and then Suave opens his first set – number closing a cute brunette. I video it but a technical fault wipes out the file. I open a **2-set of Germans** but can't hook. We head to Trafalgar Square.

Not much happening down there. On the way back up Suave stops another 2-set but can't hook. I stop **HB7 Chilean** but she's in a rush to meet someone and I don't project enough value to make her late. She gives me two

minutes and she takes my card. I'm not counting that as a close. Then I fail to hook HB6 Brit – she's just fucking miserable from the beginning.

Back at Covent Garden things improve. I get a long ten minute set with **HB7 Welsh**. She hooks good and I think I'm well in but she just won't give her number. It really puzzles me because she was invested. See for yourself. And yes, I apologise for the mincing run. Gonna fix that.

There's no failure, only feedback. Alert readers will compare this set to my succesful number close above and notice some striking differences in the vibe and body language. Comments welcome on a compare and contrast. We finish up the day with a few more sets each. Suave gets another number by chasing down an Italian 2-set that gave him an eye contact approach invitation. I stop another two girls but get early boyfriend defences so don't bother ploughing. Then the four of us meet up in my favourite Caffe Nero to debrief. Initially I view the day as a bad one, going on my gut feel. But as we debrief I realise my bad days now are better than my good days used to be. On this ***bad*** day I achieved:

– Ten approaches in two hours after a two-month lay off.

– Number close HB7 22 yr old, facebook close HB8 16 yr old (could've taken number). In set five minutes with each.

– Every single girl I approached stopped and gave me her full attention for long enough to get out the opener. Of those ten, eight stuck around to let me stack.

– Some excellent third-person video footage to review to improve my game.

– Ten minutes in set with difficult girl who eventually opened up and invested. Got both video and audio of this so I can see why I didn't close her.

– Great fun with good friends.

So I'll be back out on Sunday. And just so you know I'm not only posting my successes, here's a montage of every set I botched today. Crappy camera work, but hey.

What I want in a man

krauserpua · 11 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My mother is in the habit for forwarding me office joke emails, especially on the nature of male/female relations. Being a close-to-retirement "progressive" she is dripping in misandry without even realising it. I've told her to stop sending me these things and every time I get some of this misandrist bullshit in my mailbox I send her a brutal rejoinder. But she won't fucking stop doing it. Today's mail was the usual shopping list bullshit of what a woman wants in a man.

I'll not bother fisking it. It's not especially anti-male, just lame and supportive of a misandrist frame. Just read it. Here's my rejoinder – posted here because it is game related and I think summarises what you are looking to trigger in a target:

What I want in a man (pre-hitting the wall, so about <30 yrs old)
1. Makes my pussy tingle
2. That's it.
3. OK, I should define that only criminals, bartenders, bikers, gang members and arseholes actually trigger the tingle.
4. Every other man should FUCK RIGHT OFF before I call the cops/HR/white knights and accuse you of sexual harrassment or rape. Nobody gets between me and my bad-boys!

What I want in a man (about to hit the wall, so 30-34 yrd old)
1. Good job, nice house
2. Will be my doormat and suffer my vanity
3. No balls. Preferably literally so I don't have to have sex with this loser. I want to cuckhold him with a bad-boy's child, if I can find any of them who'll still fuck my aging old ass.
4. Extreme naivete from having been involuntarily celebate since he left university

What I want in a man (hit the wall, 34+)
1. Please please will somebody look at me. I'm intelligent, I'm witty, I'm independent, I have a successful career. I'm confident!!!!
2. No really…. hello…… somebody?????
3. This never happened to Carrie Bradshaw. Oh fuck, that was fiction wasn't it.

4. Where do I buy a cat?

This is day game!

krauserpua · 14 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Friday 12th February, 2010 in Covent Garden.

Eight months ago I did my first ever day game approach. I was shitting myself. I didn't know what to say and I had no idea how to move the interaction forwards. The subtle arts of body language, hooking, NLP, stacking were all mysteries to me. Over the past eight months and 400 approaches I've hit the streets day after day.

I grinded this shit out. I've had moments of inspiration in the glorious sunshine of a summer afternoon. I've also trudged shambolically through wind, rain and snow to make sure I got my approaches in no matter what. Never once did I doubt that every flaw is fixable. Never once did I let the seeds of doubt stop me taking right action. Even when I was really struggling. Even when I couldn't hook sets much less close them.

Sometimes you run an approach and you surprise even yourself. You look back at all the progress made, all of the distance covered and you realise **you are getting good**. You feel the tremendous satisfaction of claming a hard earned reward.

I had such a set on Friday. And I caught it on video with simulataneous audio. Heh!

Everybody has this inside them. It took me eight months and 400 approaches to find it. **This** is why I do daygame.

Wolfman game

krauserpua · 16 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Valentines day was same old, same old for me. I'd forgotten all about it but arranged to meet the LTR on Saturday night anyway to go to some weird S&M club. I don't like all that gimp latex shit but the website showed people just dressing up in non-gimp extravagance so I thought I'd finally gotten an excuse to wear my new coat.



Only one in London I'll bet

Massive queue to collect our tickets and then the half-male battleaxe on the door won't let me in. Jeans not allowed she says. I watch others get let in wearing jeans. Not sure what's up cos the jeans is obviously a pretext and seeing as I have a hot girl on my arm it's not a boy/girl ratio issue. Hmmmmm. Guess I should've bought a gimp suit after all. Having just been DLV'd in front of the LTR I know what will follow, mechanically. 10….. 9….. 8….. 7….. 6….. 5….. 4….

3…..

2…..

1…..

Shit test.

HB Romania: You're not cool enough to get in. Hahaha.

Krauser: Bunch of fat gimpy cunts.

HB Romania: I'm cool. I could get in. You're soooo not cool.

Krauser: **silence**

HB Romania: Look, they are getting in with jeans.

Krauser: ** offloads tickets on Jambone, whose friends are coming without tickets. Gets money back. Grabs LTR and walks off ** I don't want to go in now. I'm fucked if I'm begging to give a club my patronage. Come on, we're going

to [private members club] * *grab LTR, start walking* *

I should probably add I'd banged her just before we left for the club. I hadn't particularly enjoyed it and something about her manner had annoyed me. Can't quite say what. It seems too early to be tiring of a girl of this quality. She starts hitting me with her handbag (not hard) and whining that I'd said something rude about her as I said goodbye to Jambone. Bullshit, I didn't say anything of the sort.

HB Romania: You were so rude.

Krauser: When?

HB Romania: You know. Just there, when we left. You said you were going to do something. It was offensive.

Krauser: No it wasn't.

HB Romania: It was.

Krauser: What did I say?

HB Romania: You know.

Krauser: No I don't. What did I say?

HB Romania: **won't say [because she can't]. changes subject**

We get a taxi. We are barely a hundred yards away when she does a variation of the "you're not cool enough to get in" line for about the fifteenth time. Without looking at her, I say "Say that again and I'm leaving you here and going home". There's a sharp intake of breath and she tries to challenge me: "Are you serious?". I slowly turn to look at her and hold eye contact: "Yes". I turn back. She shuts the fuck up and not another peep out of her. Silence in the cab for ten minutes till we get to our destination. Then as we exit I grab her hand and continue conversation like the whole episode never happened. She plays along. End of shit test. She's crawling all over me in the bar and later at my place.

This was the first shit test she'd thrown out where I had to clearly communicate a willingness to walk away and move on to the next girl. It reinforces an iron rule of LTRs: ***DLV infront of your woman and a shit test follows with mechanical predictability.***

The next morning we sleep in till noon and then I fuck her. We go into town for milkshakes and then I decide to watch The Wolfman with her. There is no Valentines frame at all. No cards, no chocolate, no dinner date and absolutely no supplication. A few times she tries to rally and shit test me again. Nominally it's because when I was fucking her I looked into her eyes and asked "How does it feel to be fucked by an arsehole?"

HB Romania: You made me feel uncomfortable earlier

Krauser: **non-committal grunt**

She tries it a few more times but the grunt kills the thread and the rest of the time she is her usual self, holding onto my arm and enjoying being led around. The movie is fun and I come away having learned alot about body language from Benecio Del Toro. He starts out pretty alpha but with a nice-guy strength frame. After the werewolf bites him he makes a host of subtle changes that subcommunicate a bestial dominance. My two favourite scenes are:



Grieving but determined - Early in movie

(i) Sitting slouched in a leather chair with a glass of whiskey he fends off the investigating policeman, while his attack dog sits loyally at his side. His posture and particularly his facial expression project an inner wildness.

(ii) Late at night before his first transformation he walks into the leading lady's room. It's a slow powerful walk that commands the entire room. His presence is at once dominant and barely controlled primal urges.

Coming out the cinema I tell the LTR I'm gonna become a wolfman and the rest of the day I slow my movements right down, every action is carried out like I'm on the verge of ripping bystanders limb from limb, and I move the girl around lots while I remain centred. The next day at work it's raining so I have on my Van Helsing jacket to walk to work. I decide to play Wolfman again. My mind fills with imagery of a savage world and I hold that state as I walk around. The experiment is to see if by holding this state internally then the external subcommunication follows.

It's funny. People start getting out of my way. Twice beta guys hold doors open for me at a far greater distance than is conventionally necessary. A few girls turn heads. These are not outlandish changes, just small subtle things that suggest I might be on to something.

It's just playful stuff, but I hatch an idea. I will collect a range of alpha movie scenes congruent with the wildman image and study them. Find out *how* Del Toro projects how he does.

Two days in a row

krauserpua · 17 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's amazing how taking even a short time out from regular sarging can blunt your game. I suppose it's like playing sport and coming back from the off season. Yesterday was an ok day but so many things felt unnatural. I'm back out again on **Sunday 7th February** with Wisdom and Suave.

Initially my plan is to blow every set by just pushing outrageous sexual escalation until I get dismissed – a social experiment to push boundaries of what my mind believes is possible. I'm fairly amped up so when I see **HB7 Teen** ambling down the street I open. She's got the harajuku girl vibe with black'n'white hooped tights, Hello Kitty bag and other Japanese teen fashion though she's obviously English. She stops well and quickly acquires a *deer in the headlights* startled stare. She's tingling and IOIing but totally overwhelmed. My opener:

Krauser: Your tights are really striking. You've got a whole harajuku vibe here

HB7: Thank you

Krauser: My ex was Japanese. I used to love fucking her in the park near Harajuku.

HB7: Umm…. **pussy tingle leg cross**

Krauser: I'm out shopping for a panda right now, for my little nephew. He loves animals and wants to hug everything. I think it's Disney that's caused it. What's that movie, the one where the cartoon zoo animals get lost and end up in the jungle?…. the one with the mafia penguins and cultist meerkats….

HB7: Um…. **hair twirl**

Krauser: Madagascar! I knew it **pull her in side on, hug, push her away. Her feet are rooted to the spot like she can't move and doesn't know what to do** You know pandas don't fuck, right? [run panda stack]. Anyway, how old are you?

HB7: Eighteen

Krauser: Really? I haven't fucked an eighteen year old for a while now. Cool.

HB7: Umm…..

It's a weird set, like *really weird*, because her logical mind has got to be freaking out but her feet don't move, there's no body-rocking or motioning away, and she is just locked into my rape eyes like the eye contact itself has her chained to the spot. Very educational on my side. I probably could've got something out of this but I start to lose my nerve towards the end and let her go. Benefit of hindsight I never should've asked for her number cause that totally broke the sexual frame – should've just frogmarched her to a pub and see what happens [because of her age I wouldn't feel right getting genuine isolation, it would feel like bullying, but a dark pub would be fine cos she would always know she can eject]. As I walk back to the boys I realise that my audio cut out ten seconds in so I'm gutted this one isn't recorded for posterity. We have video but its far off and shitty quality.

Next I open a **HB6 Czech** and she gives me the "I'm meeting a friend in a minute" FTC which I parry and end up in set for about 7 minutes. She's nice and chatty and I definitely hook good but then blow it with a number close gambit that reeks of beta. What the hell was I thinking? I see the attraction in her eyes die out immediately. I recover by immediately apocalypsing **HB6 Thai** but she's not talkative and I'm stacking poorly. I think she's just shit testing me to see if I can follow up the opener, but I can't. She's polite about it.

I decide to try a new opener. It's meant for alpha girls – those tall bitchy Russians who storm along the pavement with mega bitch shields. I see a girl who fits the bill reasonably close, HB8 Brit. I jump in front with strongly insistent body language and no smile:

Krauser: Hey, hey. HEY! **point** Stop.

HB8: **stops**

Krauser: I think you owe me and apology.

HB8: **looks at me like I'm mad, but some doubt creeps in like maybe she's done something wrong**

Krauser: I was just standing there, telling my friend a story. **points** Thenyou come right past, and you're so hot I completely forget what I was saying to him. **smirk**

HB8: **gets it, smiles**

Krauser: So, you owe me an apology. For being hot.

It doesn't hook, but she does walk off smiling. I immediately try it on another girl but it's totally miscalibrated because she's just an HB7 and is ambling along aimlessly with a light smile. This one is only gonna work on the tough girls. I'll field test it a bit more before I buy into it. Took some balls to do it.

A bit later I see **HB7 Brazil** go past with a face like a smacked arse. She looks really sour and pissed off. I open direct but immediately reference her mood, then break her state and lead her to a fun vibe. She hooks good and laughs alot but I miss a few opportunities and after two minutes I'm losing the attraction. I get her Facebook (and she accepts the add later that evening) but it's an uphill plow and I've probably lost the set. I did get good audio to analyse and some interesting learning points – its a social experiment first and foremost.

My LTR calls to say she's back in England, and then I open two more sets. A **Brit 2-set** fails to hook. I get some back luck when just as I open they were splitting into two different directions so I'm standing in between them and they are five feet apart with momentum going opposite directions. The bigger mistake was I opened them on a street that's full of chuggers and Big Issue sellers and I didn't distinguish myself from them – their immediate impression would've been I'm trying to sell something.

Last set of the day is fun. **HB6 Brazil** is wandering out of the indoor market and I open direct. We chat about five minutes and she's laughing and IOIing. Sauve is the other side of the market doing his own video and with my phone for audio so I don't capture this. Good set but again I DLV like a beta when I go for the number. It was right there for the taking.

A couple of days later I'm round at Jambone's house and we analyse the audio. His advice is:

– I'm too smooth and energetic so the sub-communication is that I'm a guy that's done this hundreds of times before, or a TV guy doing a show. I need to inject some nervousness and awkward pauses / undirected comments.

– I'm too explicit in the number close. I should qualify her and take Facebook details, then transition it to a number almost off-hand while I chat as I imput the Facebook.

– I don't pick up on leads the girl gives on topics she wants to talk about. I tend to steamroller through with what I want to talk about. Several times girls gave me strong hook points for topics I could've explored and get a connection with her and I let them pass.

– Tease more. I am teasing, but it needs to be more fun and more of it.

– Slow down. I talk too fast. Whereas I used to talk too fast because I was nervous, now it's because I'm excitable and full of energy. Either way, I shold slow down.

I should've had three more numbers today. Hook point was reached, attraction was there, but I DLV'd myself out of it. Live and learn.

Gamers game, players interact

krauserpua · 18 February 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Perhaps 99% of the population misunderstands boxing. It can drive me mad because there are few things as annoying as belligerent ignorance. Fighting is right up there with pulling chicks and politics as a subject where every Tom, Dick and Harry is convinced they "get it" yet they are painfully and demonstrably wrong. About everything. Allow me to offer some of the more retarded boxing *expertise* I've suffered lately:

"Mike Tyson was the greatest heavyweight ever, in his prime. If he hadn't gone to prison he'd have been champ for years."

"Muhammad Ali was the greatest."

"Roy Jones was tremendously skilled."

Allow me to demolish these retarded statements and then I'll get to the point. Tyson was an expert ***can opener*** – meaning he looked sensational against third-rate guys ("tomato cans") who were terrified of him. But boxing is not about your record or how many wins you have – it's about **who you beat**. Tyson didn't beat top level fighters. Partly this was bad luck through entering his prime in the late 1980s when everyone was shit. So he beat Pinklon Thomas, Trevor Berbick, Tony Tucker and other low quality heavies. The only two top guys he beat in his initial run were a washed up Larry Holmes and a terrified, injured, outsized Michael Spinks. Whoopee. He ducked George Foreman because he knew stylistically Big George would *murder* him. He got sent down before Evander Holyfield could do him. The harsh reality is this: **every guy who hit Iron Mike back, knocked him out**. History will show he was a busy, short-armed fighter who had a short prime but could only fight while "on top" and only against guys who didn't interupt his combinations.



A regular occurence

Ali was a prick. He was so tremendously gifted with his chin, speed, co-ordination, and reflexes that he never had to learn to box properly. In his pre-Vietnam career he just outslicked the lesser opposition, and beat Sonny Liston cos he was old, slow and his primary two weapons (freaky power, intimidating person) were ineffective against a cocky

iron-chinned Ali. So it was easy for the fast Ali to dance around the plodding Liston. Post-Vietnam Ali was much better but relied extensively on soaking up punishment, flicking jabs, and gift decisions. But to give him credit – judged by who he beat, he beat the best crop of heavyweights there's ever been. Still, he was no Joe Louis or Jack Dempsey, or even Rocky Marciano.

RJJ was nature's sick joke. The guy had *unbelievable* natural gifts. Lightning hand speed, laser-guided coordination, Neo-like reflexes. So he coasted through his entire career and never learned the skills. Go dig up copies of Ring magazine (or Boxing News) from the mid-90s and you'll see the same thing repeated time after time: "Roy is so talented but when is he going to stop handpicking safe opponents and actually fight someone for real?" The pre-Tarver version of Jones only had three significant opponents: (1) An undersized and inexperienced Bernard Hopkins who fought competitively but couldn't overcome the speed difference (2) A severely weight-drained James Toney who was never troubled but couldn't catch up to Jones (3) A pitiful John Ruiz at heavyweight – Roy's only brilliant performance.

So what happens when Roy gets old and loses the reflexes? **He gets tooled by absolutely everyone**. Because he never had world-class boxing skill.



Tooled

Where does this link in to game?

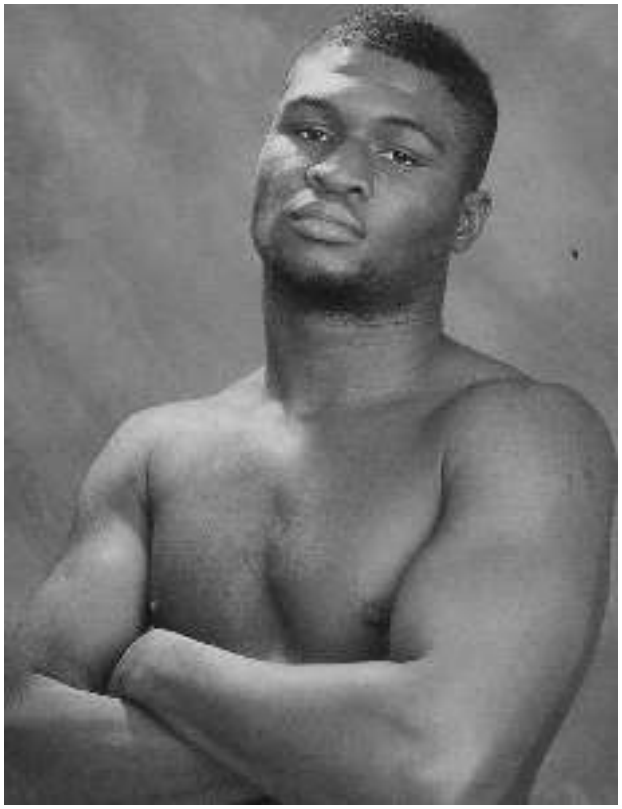
Tyson is the classic no-game plower. He tramples into a club and hits on all the girls always the same way and keeps on them until they relent. Always the lower quality girls, always ones who are vulnerable in some way (lonely, 30+, drunk, slutty etc). A can-opener. He gets laid plenty but never with hot girls. He has one-dimension that he gradually refines and it works for him within the limitations he has unconsciously set himself. Not an all-time great.

Ali is the cocky natural. He's born with advantages and his strength of character was there before he starting hitting on girls. He's come up the normal way, getting girls through school and university – gradually upgrading the quality of girl as his skills improve. He does lots of things wrong (or more accurately *sub-optimally*) but he's biffing quality girls and draws people to him. His style works for him but he wouldn't know how to teach it. As he ages his gifts decline and he starts missing where he used to hit. His raw character continues to keep him in with a shot at a fairly high level. It's a slow decline over many years and he still retires (marries) at a decent level.

RJJ is the poseur. He's born with incredible gifts such as a handsome face, athletic body and a nice smile. So long as he puts a little effort in at the gym and spends a bit of cash on clothes he attracts women right through his prime. He never has to learn game. He never has to cold approach and then develop interesting conversation and methodical kino. He's so damn good-looking that a high proportion of girls will jump on his cock regardless. But this is still only a proportion. If a girl doesn't respond well initially he doesn't know what to do. So he can never choose the girl he wants, he can only choose from the pool of girls who have IOI'd him. In his 20s this is still a world of abundance. As he ages and life sucks his mojo away, he gets less IOIs and he stalls. He starts suffering the metaphorical knockouts.

So if these guys are all successful but limited, what is the boxing analogy for the **successful and unlimited guy**?

Gentleman, I present James “Lights Out” Toney.



Old School Personified

This guy came up the hard way. He had talent of course, but his pure boxing skills were learned in the gym through blood, sweat and tears. He learned to slip, to bob, to shoulder roll. He learned what is the correct position to stand in and where to hold your hands no matter what was happening. He learned to defend with foot movement **and** when feet are planted. He learned everything there is to learn about boxing and then he took tough fights on the way up to master it.

Watch Toney fight. He is always in full command. His ring generalship is second to none. He isn’t blinding the opponents with handspeed or flurries that mostly miss (RJJ, I’m looking at you), he isn’t soaking up punishment (Ali) or relying on overwhelming one-shot power (Tyson). He is standing there in the pocket and using superior timing, distance, body position and punch selection. It is mental superiority expressed physically. This is why even as a fat, 37-yr old middleweight he absolutely mullered that same John Ruiz for the heavyweight title. It’s why he could stand in front of the Samuel Peter behemoth twice when Toney’s natural division is 168lbs and Peter’s is 240lbs.



How you like them apples?

To boil the difference down to a single point: There are two types of boxer. **Boxer One** has his thing and he is going to do that thing, no matter what the opponent is doing. If he is good at the left jab-straight right-left hook combo he is gonna keep throwing it and seeing what sticks. **Boxer Two** is constantly reacting to his opponent, learning how he moves, and creating the openings to score. He is *interacting*.

Boxer One fights like it is two bulls running headfirst into each other. Boxer Two is like a dancer spinning his partner around.

Boxer One is like the 100m sprinter where every race is simply “run as fast as I can till its finished” whereas Boxer Two is like the tennis player whose every shot is based on how best to move the guy on the other side of the net.

Gamers game, players interact.

A gamer has his opener, his routine stack, and his close. He will run this shit mechanically on every girl he meets. When it sticks, he gets laid and pats himself on the back. When it fails, he moves on. He ***will*** get laid, but not as much as he could. Most of the time he’s firing his peashooter against a tank.

A player knows the principles of game and tailors the interaction to the girl. He processes her feedback and amends his game on the fly. He knows how to move her around and generate the desired responses. It is a two-way process, a delicate dance in which he leads and she follows.

It’s easiest to start as a gamer. It’s fun and it works. But if you are serious about transforming yourself into a high value man, keep your eyes on the goal **– become a player.**

Another day out with my video camera

krauserpua · 1 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Sunday February 28th and I'm out in Covent Garden yet again. Moran is really keen to get some in-field footage now that we've figured out an easy way to mic up so he drags me and Suave along for the ride. Not that I mind. We have a coffee and test the equipment but before long Moran is chomping at the bit. He's walking down the street punching the air and jumping around, building state. It brings our state up with it. It's not long till he's launching into set and number closes a 2-set of blondes sheltering from the rain under umbrellas.

I'm mic'd up too so we are swapping the one video camera between us. I only do three sets but I get them all recorded. I get an excellent 15-minute set with **HB8 Bengali**. Actually to me she's a 9 – exactly what I look for: 20 yrs old, dark colouring, slim, smiley. I hook big so I have fun trying a few things. Ten minutes before that I facebook close **HB6 Chinese** at the food count of M&S – not my usual location for opening. Sandwiched inbetween (pardon the pun) is a really cute **HB8 Brit** but that doesn't hit at all. I catch eye contact with her outside M&S and by the time we've got the video running we've lost sight of her inside. I scour the ground floor and when I finally see her upstairs everything is wrong – she's in the women's underwear section (perv alert!), I've clearly been stalking her (perv confirmation!) and by then my energy is right down again. She humours me and sends me packing.

Don't care. When the three of us pause for coffee I'm claiming victory on my Bengali set. Suave soon hits his stride. We are chatting about game and there's a nice Brit girl seated in one of the sofa chairs behind us, reading. Suave is talking about some Argentinian girl he day-2ed back in Brazil over Christmas who he's got on a Facebook maintenance holding pattern. She's a romantic type and Suave reckons she's falling in love. Naturally, I comment that means she'll probably let Suave be the first to do her up the arse.

The girl behind hears. Not ten minutes later Suave opens her with the smoothest of situational openers, joins her, and walks away with her number soon after we've finished our coffees. He then rattles off another close on a cute Eastern European outside. To round off the day, my text game with the Mexican from Monday is hitting off and we set up a day 2.

Vajazzled

krauserpua · 5 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I just heard this term from Jennifer Love Hewitt's recent TV appearance? You know the chick – the one who didn't get slashed up in I Know What You Did Last Summer. A girl gets a "vajazzle" to pimp up her she-pocket? I'd imagine girls with vajazzling needs would include Beyonce, Shakira, Lady Gaga, Angelina Jolie and other trashy types.

Vajazzle ideas, vajazzle pictures, vajazzle patterns, even home vajazzling kits, can all be found at TheVajazzlist.com

OK, time-out. What the hell am I talking about? It's actually a cunning plan to help out a brutha. Check the link. I'll be removing this post sometime soon.

Daily Alpha Practice

krauserpua · 11 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've been ruminating alot of late on how to be alpha in the routine daily grind of a middle-class English male existence. Unlike ghetto thugs or Somali child soldiers, people living in normal Western societies aren't put to the alpha test much. This is a good thing. You'd have to be a lunatic to think scrapping for survival in the polygamous war of all against all (e.g. black urban ghettoes, white chav sink estates, Pakistani hill tribes, Liberian slums etc) is a life-enhancing experience. Beta civilisation is the greatest blessing men ever bestowed on their fellows and we should be grateful for it but there's no getting away from the fact it represents a slow emasculation of life – what sociologists call the "sequestration of experience" – and, as an aside, what I took as the principal message of Fight Club.

So, how does a guy practice and drill alphaness into his core fibre? Not easy, but you can make a daily game of it. Let's think of the basics.

What is the fundamental characteristic of an alpha? Social Dominance.

What is the fundamental characteristic of a beta? Conflict Avoidance.

Ok, we're getting somewhere. If you want to build up the inner alpha you need to **stop snivelling and supplicating**. You want to go out and actively seek conflict (or to positively reframe it, you want to seek competition). The beta doesnt' like an open playing field where winning and losing is conclusive – because they have no confidence in winning. That's the driver behind all their passive-aggressive sniping. **YOU**, as a trainee-alpha, require a clear win/loss outcome. How can we get that in real life? Here's a few easy games to play:

1. Hold The Line – Regular big-city commuters are well aware of the multiple daily stand-offs that can occur on your commute to work. The pushy woman trying to force her way onto the Underground carriage before everyone has got off, the passive-aggressive beta who looks down at his Blackberry while he walks down the street so you'll get out of his way because you can see him coming and he can't, the deli queue jumper who tries to use the bustling confusion to get her order in first, and my personal favourite is the shopper who wants to straddle two or more checkout queues rather than just pick a line.

How can you use this to up your alpha quotient for the day? Simple – choose your line and **hold onto it at all costs**. Push that woman back off the train or just plain walk through her. Shoulder charge that beta with his Blackberry. Ask the woman which queue she's in and if she won't say then just pick one for yourself. The principle is always the same – you have a right of way and no fucker is going to push you off it. Do not back down. Before long you'll find you subcommunicate such dominance that people start getting out of your way long before you reach them.

2. Don't apologise. See how long you can get through the day without reflexively saying sorry. A guy turns around negligently from the deli counter and bumps his sandwich into you, who are stationary. He might say sorry, you shouldn't but *I'll bet you do*. Some idiot tourist is dithering at the Underground ticket barrier and getting in the way. Don't wait or apologise, just ease them out the way and go through. Some woman is spending a half hour at the milk/sugar counter in Starbucks? Reach across and get your skimmed milk but do not apologise. Just do it. Remove all apologies out of your life. Unless you just raped your boss's kid daughter – then *just maybe* you should grunt a non-committal "uh, sorry mate".

3. Rapport laughter. Eliminate it. When the boss tells a shit joke in the meeting – do not laugh at it. Shake your head ruefully and look out of the window. When you are shaking hands with a client and commenting on the weather do not put an ingratiating laugh on the end of it. Rapport laughter is for approval-seeking betas who hope that smiling at everyone will help them avoid a kicking.

4. Mental state games. Before you enter a room, or get out of your chair, or whatever change of venue put

yourself into the state of a predatory alpha. Make it ridiculous – visualise yourself as king of the jungle, a wolfman, Hulk about to go hulk-smash, a hitman about to whack a witness. Whatever. Just make sure that when you enter that new location you are walking slowly, purposefully and subcommunicating that you're about to tear everyone to pieces if they fuck with you, but hey, you're cool if they are.

5. Confront all passive-aggressiveness: The standard jostling for status between women and beta males is the unconventional warfare of sniping. It's the dark art of subtly insulting others while maintaining plausible deniability that it was an innocent comment. Your goal is to shine the light of directness onto the snipe and force the sniper to either openly aggress or to perform an emasculating dick-tuck as they slink back into their cesspool. The Rawness has a great series of posts on what he calls the Reardon gambit. It defines and names something I've always done – reframe their comment as an innocent question on whether it's an insult. Follow up with a statement of recognition, like a barrister ensuring an exhibit is documented in the court record to refer to later. Quick example:

Ugly Old Shrew: Men can be such bastards when they do that

Krauser: Are you calling me personally a bastard?

UOS: Well….um…..no…. but it's really not appropriate to…. well

Krauser: OK, you're calling me a bastard. Noted.

Remember what all these little games have in common. You are consciously and deliberately standing up for yourself in all the subtle areas of life where your snidey fellows try to get one over on you. By accepting the inevitability of conflict, you are steeled against it. You don't fall into the beta-trap of "It's not worth it". Initially you might feel like a cunt, like a troublemaker, but remember you are not creating these situations you are merely forcing the value-taker to face the consequences of their attempt.

It is not your responsibility to protect harmony when others seek to disturb it.

“You make a great tree” part one

krauserpua · 12 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I’ve taken a break from trying to set up an entourage as I figured I needed more work on the fundamentals. Plus, banging the Romanian has taken away some of my motivation. Then Wisdom calls me up and says one of the models he number closed last summer is putting on a launch party in a top club and wants us at her VIP table. Ok, time to rustle up an entourage.

I go with my recent leads, ones I’m not especially fussed over which are the following…… *[romantic “meet” stories coming right up]*

HB6 Black – I’m coming out of Meddlers bar at midnight on Thursday. Its a singles night so the RSG boys make an appearance to see how easy it is. Very easy. Only one genuinely hot girl there and Jambone closes her. Tony T has two of his tutorial students out and corals me into demoing sets. I notice I’m getting lots of attention on my shoes so I just open indirect with that – all the girls are here because they want to be opened, so it’s not hard work. I run through about five sets, hooking all but I’m not interested, when I finally lock in with **HB5 Black**. She’s loving it but says she’s not gonna bang me tonight and how I must be a “pro” because she saw me working the room. She had been tucked in a corner the whole time so I don’t know how she say it but there’s a valuable lesson in social proof. Later that night her chode boyfriend turns up so I reopen and do some heavy verbal escalation culminating in:



Nice legs too

Krauser: *[to BF]* Fella, you know what the last thing she said to me was when we were chatting earlier? “I’m not fucking you tonight” then she takes a call on her mobile. I’m left sitting there with a great rejoinder on my lips but can’t get it out cos she’s yapping away.

HB5 and Chode: *[laughs]*. **HB5**: So what was the rejoinder?

Krauser: Dunno, forgot.

HB5: *[laughs]* So you do want to fuck me don’t you *[playfully, infront of BF who seems totally unconcerned]*

Krauser: Not especially. Turn around and give me a look **she turns around, smiling, shakes her arse and kinos me**

Krauser: OK, shall I give you my honest, unvarnished opinion?

HB5: Yeah, please do.

Krauser: *[to chode]* You okay with this? **he nods and smiles**

Krauser: Mouth, pussy, arse, mouth, arse again.

HB5 & Chode: **shocked silence, then break out laughing**

Another set has an unintentionally harsh neg. I'm chatting to **HB5 Brit** and she's blathering on about how she loves her job as a union legal rep because she gets to stand up to big companies. I say "you're not even standing up to me" (she's much lower down on her seat). She gives me a shocked look and says "I am". I look down and realise she is in fact standing, she's just *really really* short. Like a leprechaun. Oops. I apologise but am careful not to beg forgiveness. She can't stay away from me all night after that. Anyway, the long and short of it is there weren't any girls worth closing.

On the way home me and Jambone are walking down Charing Cross road when I get what may be an approach invitation from **HB6 Black**. I run back and find out. Easy hook and facebook close. I tease her on her wall a few days later and then she accepts the invite to this launch party.

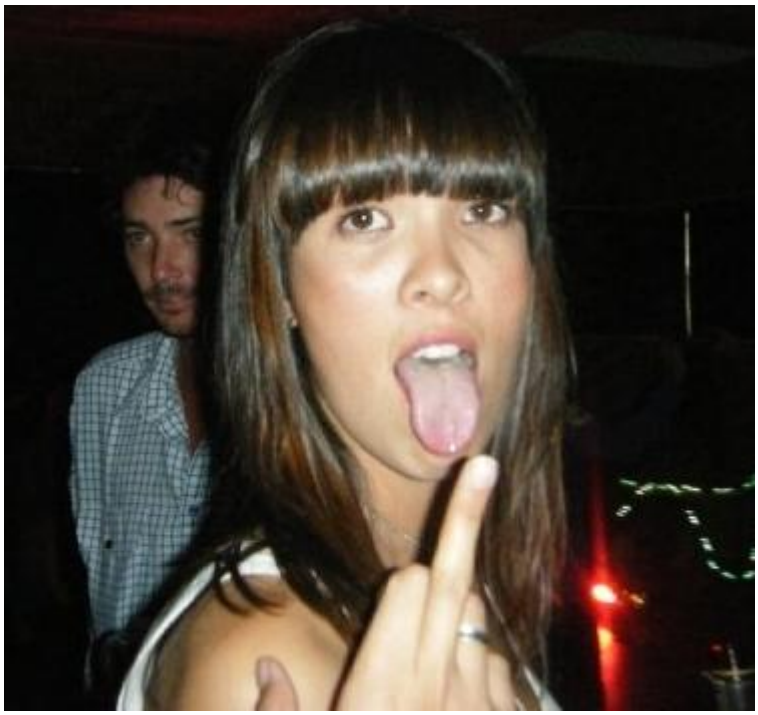
HB6 & 7 Koreans: I met one cute little throwabout girl in Covent Garden in summer. Seemed like a strong hook but couldn't get a day 2, though to be honest I didn't really try. When I was at the fashion party in February she's supposed to come but at midnight when we are packing up she hasn't showed. Walking across Piccadilly Circus with a clutch of model's outfits over my shoulder I see **HB7 Korean**. I open and she says she's going to a fashion party that her sister got onto the guest list of. Apparently some guy approached her in the middle of the street one day and he's organising it. Doesn't take long to figure out who that guy is. **HB6** accepts my entourage invite and says she'll bring her hotter sister.



I'm praying to the god of threesomes right now

HB7 Aussie: I'm in a pub on Monday evening with 2 AFC mates discussing some drama a different AFC mate got

himself into. I'm explaining how he did what he did because of a scarcity mindset (he's hopeless with women) and how what you need is an abundance mentality. I say "For example, I know I can go out any time day or night and get some new phone numbers from hot girls". At the precise moment I say it, HB7 Aussie walks past with her friend. She's really tall and slim, almost six foot, with a lovely Kill Bill-esque fringe (the Japanese assassion girl). I say to AFC chums "like this" and run after her. Five minutes in and I number close, then walk back to the table with a big grin. I tease her a little on facebook and she comes along to my entourage night by herself.



I take this to mean "stick your cock in my mouth"

Lastly, after I did that coffee-shop sarge with **HB8 Indian** and an entourage night I met one of her friends **HB6 Singer**. She's a fun girl so I've been working some light social circle game. She came out a second time but I never directly ran any game on her – no comfort, no attraction. But she's 18, got good tits, and is generally agreeable. She's been showing interest in coming out to stuff but flaked on one party and I flaked on another. The response I get off her this time suggests she's really up for the night out.



Social circle so far

So, I head out thinking I've put together an entourage of six rustled up in under 24 hours. Opportunity for jealousy plotlines…..

I announce to all that I am unplugging from the matrix

krauserpua · 16 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

"Intermediate Game is worth $2 million in the bank."

I have begun a process of re-ordering my affairs so I can live the life that makes me happy, rather than the one that society expects of me. There is only one person in the whole of this world who has my personal wellbeing as their single over-riding objective. That's me.

Over the past ten years I've been willing to take ballsy decisions to live how I want. I studied a degree I liked purely because I liked it then gutted out my professional qualification period in London before quitting on the first available day to live on a tropical island for a year. I spent three years doing an essentially part-time job so I could enjoy living in Tokyo and pursue my kickboxing and writing. Life was good back then. Liberated, satisfied, always cheerful. Only when I became serious about marriage did I plug back into the matrix: full time career, accumulate savings, be respectable.

I bought into the picket-fence image of respectability. I really wanted a good wife, a nice house, clean linen, two kids, and to be a pillar of the community. ***I really did***. No more. I simply don't want that – it was a trained response inculcated into me over thirty years of socialisation. Feminism destroyed it.



This is what I want. It's the **Krauser Manifesto**.

1. My free time is my own. I want as much of it as possible.
2. My money is my own. No person or organisation has any claim to it.
3. I will pursue those things that interest me, and those alone.
4. I will allow no-one to bleed value from me.
5. I will feel pride in living the manifesto. No person can shame me for it.

So what does this mean? How can it be operationally defined? This is what I plan to do as I make my first leap:

Starve the beast

I will reduce my work week from five days / 45 hours to three days / 24 hours. **This gives me four days a week to live my life**. Time is my most precious resource and I'll never be granted more than this one life. I've calculated I need to work about 1.5 days to cover my bills as they currently stand, another half day to buy beer and entertainment. The third day is to continue to accrue savings. We are truly a blessed cohort of human history that beta male civilisation has engineered so much capital accumulation that three days of moderate labour provides for all material needs.

An added benefit of my partial-John Galt is to minimise my financial support to the state complex that lives parasitically from the value I create, the femo-marxist beast that *steals* what I earned with the sweat from my brow and *funnels* it to a horde of mooching and looting enemies – the public sector layabouts, Diversity Outreach Coordinators, civil servants, welfare queens etc.

As a strong, resourceful, self-concerned man I don't need much money. I'd live in a tent if I could keep the Playstation 3 dry. **Modern society has become a sophisticated mechanism for putting straight white men to work and then transferring the wealth they create to everyone else who is not straight white and male**. I'm withdrawing as much of that economic surplus as I can without compromising my own quality of life. It's going

Galt – one step at a time.

Against Cultural Marxism

The carrot and stick that keeps law-abiding tax-paying men in line cannot control me. I do not want a promotion. I do not want a Ferrari. I do not want membership to an exclusive golf club.

I do not seek the approval of my neighbours, nor the quasi-approval of the opinion leaders in the media. I am deaf to the shaming of the office feminists and unmoved by the veiled contempt of the manginas who worship them. While I remain fervently pro-capitalist, I do not care to accumulate the accoutrements of a consumer society *except where they please me.*

I will submit to only those negative sanctions to which society will not permit me to escape. Thus I'll still have to pay taxes, I'll still have to turn up to work at 9am, and I'll still refrain from kicking feminists in the cunt when there are witnesses around. What I will not do is cooperate in society's soft oppression because I refuse to weave the ropes that bind me.

What does this mean in my day to day life?

- I don't fear unemployment and thus the ultimate threat a company can hold over me. Through a careful understanding of global economics and a sound frugal lifestyle, I have amassed sufficient cash that I can easily live the next ten years without earning a penny more. It's not an extravagant sum but I have no extravagant tastes. My boss holds no sway over me – there is no mortgage payment to meet, no wife to keep. Thus I will work the way I want as a free individual. I think my professional standards are high enough to keep the boss happy, but if not we simply go our separate ways.
- No work stress. I don't identify with my job. An unreasonable deadline will not be met. An unreasonably early business flight will not be caught. Office politics will pass me by. I seek to impress no-one but my inner alpha.
- I'll confront misandry and cultural Marxism everywhere I find it. If some femtard in the bar / café / office pulls out an offensively misandrist comment I'll identify it as such and challenge them. The pussy cartel doesn't scare me and their typical levers of power don't move me.
- I won't be frittering away my cash on nonsense and status goods. Initially I'll have to downshift to keep costs down but I'll soon learn where to pick up value.

Oh yeah, **I'm going to actively seek out feminists and ruin their day**. These people are the enemy of all I hold dear about Western civilisation and a personal enemy to me. I feel liberated from all social censure. The only limits on my behaviour are those that I set myself, to live by my own code.

Don't get me wrong – I am not an egoist. I do not wish to become a cunt. Quite the opposite – I seek to strip away the rotten façade of social nicety that one must adopt to glide smoothly through the matrix. I seek authenticity.



This is how I envision my life five years from now

This is still a work in progress. Not all my ducks are in a row and I might need to rejig things. Not everything has been agreed. Here's the current plan:

Monday to Wednesday: Go to work, earn my keep, maintain marketable job skills.

Thursday: A day of leisure. Sleep late, then pursue my hobbies with no guilt and no urge to move my life forwards

Friday: Attend to my side businesses, move forwards in my projects and life goals.

Saturday: Social circle, shopping, chilling.

Sunday: Dating the LTR, keep the approach numbers up.

Most people walk the treadmill till they're sixty then wonder where their life went. I initially planned to retire by forty. Now I don't even need the *concept* of retirement because my whole life will be tailored to my own personal satisfaction.

Wish me luck fellas.

“You make a great tree” Part Two

krauserpua · 17 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Wednesday night and I meet Wisdom and Suave near Piccadilly in an old school pub. Elvis is on the jukebox and the floor is packed with various strains of office beta unwinding with a flaggon of ale. We get a quiet table in the corner with battered leather sofas. We just know it’s going to be a fun night. We are a tight crew with unified goals and mutual respect.

My first entourage member shows up alone, the fashion store Aussie girl I sarged a week or so earlier. She’s tall, leggy and likes to banter. We meet outside and as I lead her through the throng she slipstreams behind me, grabbing my arm with some early kino. She’s soon at ease with these three new guys and my wings give off subtle DHVs in their deferential manner towards me. We head on to the club.

Inside it’s a classic guest-list only deal – not a single fattie. I quickly estimate about 50% of the girls to be HB7s or better and even the dregs are still passable. A throng of male model clones sit at one VIP table, an assortment of fashion insider men at another. Lots of party girls are flitting to and fro, some in the classic Essex-girl warpaint and fake tits. Wisdom goes off to find his girl.

A few free drinks later and I’m working awkward kino with my target. I say awkward because she’s into the kino and allowing some escalation but I can’t quite pull the trigger. My calibration is telling me that she’s not comfortable kissing in front of everyone here. Nonetheless she’s qualifying to me by trying to tell interesting stories (they aren’t – just Western girl stories about drinking and vomiting) and is easily isolated. I notice that throughout the night she stays within my protective orbit and shakes off the attentions of other men.

One hour in my two Koreans show up while I’m still in isolation with the Aussie. Not-quite coincidently Suave and Wisdom pick them out the crowd, get them comp drinks and put them at ease – DHVing me until I walk back with the Aussie on my arm. I’m thinking she’s fantastic social proof for a club because of her height, slim frame, and striking features. Her flaws are things you’d only notice in daylight (slightly worn skin) or in conversation (typical Aussie empowered woman bullshit masking a feminine heart). I then begin some mild jealousy plotlines.

I lead the Koreans for a while and we’re soon on the dancefloor with me picking them up and throwing them around, inducing much giggling. For ten minutes I’ll be with them then just walk off and engage the Aussie, then back again. It’s hitting – you can see the girls bristle with competition. Wisdom is working the room because when the club photographer snaps us, Wisdom befriends him and takes him round the club opening sets – thus DHVing as a socialite leader and also getting himself a ton of photos with hot girls. We spend time at the host’s table drinking her champagne and I’m feeling in good state.

I see two pretty Indian chicks dancing by the bar, looking around. Clearly attention seeking but they have a nice vibe. I’m in such good state that I open without any game:

Krauser: Hi. I’m Krauser

HB6: Hi.

HB8: Hi.

Krauser: Are you girls here with *[host]* too?

That’s all it takes. They’ve seen me at the host’s table, and with three different girls so the preselection and social proof is strong. Suave comes in to wing but I forget to indicate my target until five minutes in but upon doing do (I say to him “I’ll have to show you my new t-shirt” while I put my hand on the target’s shoulder) he engages the obstacle and pulls her away to give me isolation.

HB8 Indian is lovely. She’s qualifying like crazy from the beginning, leaning in, trying to impress. I’m sitting back on a stool and every now and then I say “Come closer, I can’t hear you” and pull her in with both hands on her hips.

She comes closer. I start fooling with her. Describing my Christmas up in the North, I'm painting a picture of the snowy hills and the crackling log fire:

Krauser: You can imagine the view from the top of the hill, looking down over the valley and the forest. All covered with a blanket of soft white snow

HB8: **coos appreciatively**

Krauser: You know how trees are when the snow lies? C'mon on – stand there. Arms out. OK, you be the tree.

HB8: **giggles, stands in front of me with arms out wide**

Krauser: The snow rests on the top **touches her head** and then as you work your way down **drags fingers down her neck, shoulders and along arms to the tips** the snow is resting on the branches but you can see the green leaves underneath

HB8: **giggling**

Krauser: No, your arms are too horizontal. This is a fir tree. Put them down a bit.

HB8: **more giggling and adjusts arms**

Later she's talking about how as a little girl she used to make costumes for her Barbie dolls.

Krauser: I'll bet you played out romantic scenes with them.

HB8: nooooooo!

Krauser: I can see it now. You'll have Barbie here, in your silly costume **indicates doll** and then you'll have the Ken doll **indicates second doll in conversation with first**

HB8: **laughing, knows I've busted her**

Krauser: So you'll act out the scene. You'll imagine the guy doll is this really cool good looking man of your dreams. We'll call him Krauser. And Barbie we'll call HB8

HB8: **laughing**

Krauser: Then you'll be all **stupid voice** "Oh Krauser, this is so romantic" and then "Yes, HB8, you are beautiful, like a princess"

After number closing and setting up a day 2 I run a childhood DHV story involving the old Masters of the Universe action figures. As I'm explaining the power punch feature I have her standing up pretending to be Skeletor as I adjust her arms, spin her upper body and make her snap back with the power punch.

The two black girls don't show, or so I think. Four days later I'm checking my messages and I have two voicemails from her along the lines of "We're outside but can't get in. Can you come get us"

Oops. I see her on Facebook chat and apologise. I've projected enough douchebag already so I need to soften her up. She soon starts putting smileys in the chat and we arrange to have milkshakes later in the week.

We are giving dynamite to children

krauserpua · 17 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The pick-up community is all about getting laid. Sure there's various adjuncts and build-outs which go into lifestyle design, alpha mentality, self improvement and whatnot but at it's core they are teaching guys to get laid regularly.

Be careful what you wish for.

Seduction students are adversely selected for the simple reason that guys who are already swimming in the pool of luxury pussy do not shell out £800 for a bootcamp. We get guys who have a problem to fix. Sometimes they are like me: pretty experienced with women but suffering from a serious setback and taking it as the trigger to fix all the other issues I'd never addressed because I'd had girls. Others are a more serious proposition: nerds and virgins who have shitty social skills and have always been like the poor kid with his face pressed up against the sweet shop window but never allowed in to eat. The easiest students are the young guys who are doing kind of okay with women but have set themselves loftier goals.

Generally, we are getting students who are seriously vulnerable to the predations of women. Like a dog who chases a car down the street and then doesn't know what to do when it catches up, like the fool who grabs a tiger by the tail, we in the seduction community are teaching guys to walk into a trap. What trap?

- False paternity claims and ensuing child support that will cripple them financially
- Emotional abuse from passive aggressive bitches who try to destroy your self esteem and your faith in humanity
- STDs, some of which can ruin your fertility or harm your future wife
- False rape claims that will see your reputation ruined, your career ended, and likely a long stint in jail just because some whore gets buyers remorse

Now I'm not going into the topic of whether the PUA life is a shallow one. That's an oversold meme and I care little for it. I'm talking about this:

By encouraging naïve men to sleep with many women, we are exposing them to risks they don't even know exist.

We are handing dynamite to children. I think the seduction community needs to take responsibility and teach the other half of the picture. The other half isn't mere "LTR game", it's about grounding our students in the realities of the sexual marketplace and the realities of a misandric society. But is anyone going to do that? Guys like Roissy or Ferdinand Bardamu – yes. But actual commercial "I'll teach you to bang supermodels for $1999" outfits. Ahem.

Beer companies don't advertise hangovers any more than tobacco companies advertise cancer. We aren't likely to see pickup companies take responsibility for this. They'd much rather take the money, hand the guy his machete and push him into the jungle.

This isn't because pick up instructors are evil geniuses. They are blind to the risks. Really, how many guys are out there who have (i) legit game (ii) manosphere social awareness and (iii) chosen the instructor lifestyle. A handful? If that.

Most pick up instructors I've met do not have life experience with women and they lack the sociological imagination. For the most part they actively reject the manosphere because "it's not a positive frame, dude". Many of them are, intellectually, little boys in peacocking costumes. They've done 2,000 approaches, they've fucked a fistful of hot girls, they ***really do*** have legit teachable pick up skills. But they are also usually under thirty years old, focused entirely on small-scale social dynamics, and by flitting from lay to lay they've never really lived with women and gone through the *date-love-marriage-beta-divorce* cycle.

Lots of technical knowledge. Not much wisdom.

So here's my blueprint for teaching Game so the students get laid but don't get raped:

- Learn to recognise damaged women in sets and tread very carefully;
- If your spider sense is tingling, eject. Do not let that woman into your life;
- Be as anonymous as you can. Number close on a pre-pay phone if necessary;
- Get video evidence whenever you can. Failing that, audio. Keep a recorder near your bed and start it recording before you dip your wick;
- If you are getting LMR, you must have the episode recorded;
- Always use your own condoms and flush them personally;

I'd appreciate more ideas. I intend to include this in what I teach.

First date with the new black chick

krauserpua · 30 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This was a spur of the moment street pickup and then after some Facebook teasing I got her out to an entourage night – though due to a mix up she couldn't get in. As a general rule I don't apologise to women because being the bloodsucking harpies that they are, the typical woman will treat your first apology as an open sore to be picked and scraped until it's a large festering wound. My calibration told me otherwise in this case – I had, after all, persuaded her to get all dressed up, to bring a friend, and then she'd been standing outside in the cold unable to get into the club. So I apologised on FB chat but made sure not to beg forgiveness. My reframe went like this:

Krauser: I'm so sorry. I just checked my messages and realised you'd called on Thursday
HB Black: *[immediate response]*. Yes. We were really cold.
Krauser: I couldn't get any reception downstairs. If I'd known you were there I would've come out to get you.
HB Black: It was awful. We talked to the doormen but they didn't have a Krauser on the guest list.
Krauser: Yeah, we were there on *[model girl]*'s list.
HB Black: I didn't know that.
Krauser: Look, I feel like I've been a prize arsehole. I'm thinking of how to make it up to you.
HB Black: I am thinking.
Krauser: OK, I've got a plan. I'll take you out for milkshake. I know the best milkshake bar in London. Proper stuff from ice cream and served in big metal flasks. It's like warping back to the 1950s.
HB Black: Sounds nice

So we meet outside a bar in Oxford Circus and I immediately bounce her to the milkshake place, walking arm in arm to begin the kino. She's done herself up very nice in an understate non-slutty manner. We sit across the table in a booth.



Deceptively big funbags

The conversation goes well and she's actively contributing to it and asking me lots of questions so I'm thinking she's screening hard for a potential LTR. I have decided to put on a relaxed nice-guy alpha pose (rather than, say, douchebag game) because she seems quite educated and most of what she says has the subtext of "I'm not a ghetto whore". I heard educated black chicks have a real chip on their shoulder about their slutty sistas but it's the first time I've seen it.

I bounce her to my favourite members bar and we have soft leather sofa chairs in the upstairs lounge. It's quite busy so we can't choose seats – I'd have gone for side by side on the sofa – so kino would be awkward. To compensate for lack of touching I work more on strong eye contact, soft slow voice tone and an alpha slouch. She comments favourably several times on how relaxed (and relaxing) I am. She's qualifying to me a lot but subconsciously. It's clear that in her forebrain she thinks she's controlling the frame but I can see the IOIs and her emotional

engagement beginning.

My calibration tells me this is a slow burner. She's so determined not to look like a ghetto whore that I think fast escalation would provoke defensive reactions. I lean more towards the intellectual side that usual and I rely on NLP routines to build some heat. It's going well and I progress to handholding towards the end when I lead her around the venue and then walk her out. She's meeting friends later (after midnight) so I get her to wait with me for my late night bus. I want to pull her in as we wait but it's not quite there and forcing it feels wrong. Already the look in her eyes is the classic forebrain/hindbrain conflict where her rationalisation hamster is saying "slow down" but the pussy tingle is saying "let's get it on!"

I continue on the next day (Sunday) with texts

Krauser [12:29pm]: Mornin'. I hope you found your friends ok
HB Black [3:00pm]: Hi Krauser, I did find my friends thanks, we had a good night. Hope your enjoying to sunshine.
Krauser [Monday 8:45pm]: I'm keen on Japanese next. Can you handle sashimi and agedashidofu?
HB Black [9:51pm]: Imm… is this your way of asking me out on a real date Krauser?
Krauser [10:16pm]: So what's the technical term for Saturday?
HB Black [10:39pm]: Well for me Krauser it was very different to what I call a date. I guess I saw Saturday as two people meeting properly getting equated on friend level. Hand holding happened at the end, but its not something I normally agree to do! And your views r?
Krauser [10:44pm]: Then let's get acquainted more on a date. How is Wednesday for you?
HB Black [11:14pm]: I tell you what Krauser lets get acquainted over a drink as friends and I will tell you if you have made it to the next round (date).
Krauser [11:21pm] I do drinks. I don't do auditions.
HB Black [11:38pm]: Darling, you've already auditioned last week. And this week is your second audition, I'll let u know if u get the part lol Wednesday will be fine. What time?
Krauser [Tuesday 10:15am]: I reckon 8pm. Central London. Good for you?
HB Black [4:54pm]: 8pm sounds good. How about outside [venue]?
Krauser [7:11pm]. Ok

Fuck me that was hard work. See how she's trying to control the frame with her as the prize and me presenting myself for her approval. Fuck that. My instinctive reply to her 11:14pm text was "Nah, I don't do auditions" so I typed that in but left it for five minutes while I had a piss and then decided she needed more velvet over the steel. As a general rule I'd recommend this text game strategy:

Always type your instinctive reply to a text message immediately, but don't send it. Allow you're rational mind to mull over that instinct. The message you do send will be 80% instinctive and 20% refined by strategic thinking.

As you become alpha, your instincts are usually to be trusted. They've kept millions of generations of your genese alive after all. An instinctive text is a pure authentic response and usually vibrates with the bottled power of your character. In contrast, I long thought-out text is stale and usually "gamey". My strategy straddles both.

The second date approaches. I'm standing outside Angus Steak in Leicester Square and she texts to say she'll be ten minutes late so I open a young French girl who is reading a book next to me. Very cute. I tease a bit and get her Facebook, then I see my date approaching so I wait till she sees us then say goodbye to Frenchie. We go to a nearby pub.

The vibe this time is really playful. I'm teasing and negging the shit out fo her and before long the educated pretense drops and she's giving it the head roll, finger circle and "whateva" ghetto talk – and hating that I can rile her up into doing it. It's lots of fun. We have a few drinks, then it's done. I'll probably see her again.

Dating the Taiwanese hairdresser

krauserpua · 30 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I did two dates in a row this week. The day before my second date with the black girl, I was out dating my new Taiwanese acquisition. It started in Covent Garden on the sunday afternoon, like it usually does. Suave and I are playing with the video camera when I see a cute little pixie girl walking past with a sad expression. She stops to look at a street vendor's cart and I go over. I use the "three-finger turn" to get her attention then open:

Krauser: Hey. I was over there with my friend when you walked past and caught my eye. I decided to come talk to you and as I walked over I tried thinking of something really cool and impressive to say. But my mind is blank.

That did the trick. She laughed, introduced herself and away I go. Most memorable bit was when she said she was a hairdresser and I teased her on her haircut. That's the bit where I'm circling her and examining her on this video *[warning: some commercial branding]*

We get interrupted by the vendor when she overhears me seeding the instantdate at a nearby retro sweet shop. She asks us if we know some other shop and gives directions. I take the cue and lead the way. I don't realise at this point but Suave is following me with the camera (I thought he'd gone off to his 3pm date). Finally coming out the sweet shop I see him locked in at a lampost so I stop my girl in front of him for a better camera angle.

I lead her off to a nearby Caffe Nero and get into the business of DHVing, taking her Facebook and so on. Suave shows up with his new girl soon after so we double date.



Not had a "throwabout" for a while

A few days later I pull the girl out onto a Day 2 with these texts:

Krauser: HB Pixie. We're gonna have that milkshake. What's your favourite flavour
HB Pixie: I would like to have chocolate under, strawberry in the middle and valala on top please. When?
Krauser: Tonight or Thursday. You pick.
HB Pixie: Emmm, I finish work at 9pm, would be too late I think, and I am not available until Monday. What then?

Krauser: Depends where you work. I was thinking 8pm, but 9 is ok if you're close
HB Pixie: I'm far, I'm *[zone 4]*
Krauser: How long does it take to Central London? Can't do milkshake that late but there's a great retro members club that's open late. Very 1930s jazz and art deco.
HB Pixie: Sounds fab, but take me about 35 mins get to the [station], if I can be there 10, too late no?
Krauser: 10pm is fine HB Pixie. We'll have a couple of hours in London's most relaxing bar. So the next question is – are you impulsive (tonight) or methodical (thursday)
HB Pixie: Tonight would be better, do you mind that I have leave at 12:00 because of last train?

Date goes well but she says a few biographical details that make me screen her out. It's a shame, because she's kinda cute. She also recognises me as a "player" within ten minutes. I just reframe:

Krauser: I'm not sure I get you. Do you mean *[indicates left hand]* I'm a guy who is successful with lots of women or *[indicates with right]* I've made a lifestyle decision to surround myself with pretty girls?
HB Pixie: I'm not sure which. I'll think about it.

My spy-cam is a go!

krauserpua · 30 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've been buying all kinds of James Bond shit on ebay lately. On Saturday morning a clip-on cam drops through my letter box while Suave and Wisdom come round for some House of the Dead Overkill action. And yes, I have the Hand Cannon and a pump action shotgun. Who needs girls when you have Sega.



"What does a man have to do to pacify a bitch?"

That day is a washout but on Sunday me and Suave are back on the prowl. I only do a few sets. There's three that don't hook and then I get some decent play from a Singaporean air hostess and right after that a Georgian dancer. Both nice girls. The hostess takes a while to soften up but I plough and she starts smiling and investing. The Georgian is into the conversation from the beginning.

A couple of recent Facebook closes

krauserpua · 4 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In the spirit of videoing most of my sets these days, here's a couple that went to Facebook. I'm field-testing the following pattern:

1. Indirect-direct opener: Run up to the girl and stop her direct but make the statement of interest oblique. So rather than say "you're gorgeous/hot/cute" say "you're interesting" or it's equivalent. It still roots the opener and gives you a reason to be running up to her (which an indirect female opinion opener doesn't)

2. Disqualify as a suitor and make your qualification of her on the close something that doesn't seem very sexual e.g. "You seem like fun". Do not seed a date and do not set a dating frame. Get the Facebook (lower investment for her than a number)

3. Rely upon Facebook to DHV you by having photos that hit the attraction triggers, a lively wall, lots of interesting friends etc. Facebook can be used as a passive shotgun Attraction / Comfort tool as the same material DHVs to all girls you added.

4. Post a tease on the girl's wall to bait her into a playful exchange or two, reminding her of the original interaction and getting her comfortable talking to you again.

5. When she's online, open up a chat. A bit more teasing, some comfort, mild seeding of a date but NO INVITE. Chat again a bit later, invite her out for the date.

I've only done this a few times so far (e.g. with the Black chick and the Taiwanese) so the jury is out on whether it's a profitable avenue for game. We'll see. Here's two videos of girls I'm gonna try it out on. I wasn't miked up for the black dancer so you are treated to a little music.

Easter Sunday daygame

krauserpua · 4 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I ambled into town today and couldn't get any wings out. It suddenly occured to me that I'm so used to having the RSG guys around that I haven't done a full solo daygame session in months. Hmmmmm. After reading for a while in Starbucks on Oxford Street I walk downstairs and do my first set on the way out, figuring I might as well get some variety to my usual Covent Garden street game.



Very pretty and very smart. A rare gem of a girl.

She doesn't really hook but laughs and smiles a bit. I'm working on AFC game today – decided I'll not really DHV and I'll talk about some nerdy stuff. Kind of break a few rules. This girl has just come from church and is pretty religious. OK, that won't go anywhere, especially in front of her fellow church-goers. I try for the close and don't get it.

Walking along Oxford Street I see a half-decent girl and give chase. Once I stop her I realise she's super cute. Again I'm low energy and not trying to run DHVs. She has lots of residual momentum so she's quite a tough stop. First I have to put both my arms out to block her. She stops for a moment then walks on so I have to glue my feet to the pavement as I turn and rely on the handshake to bring her to a halt (it's a patterned response that girls find hard to refuse because it would seem so rude not to). She *still* tries to walk off but I can see the front/hindbrain conflict so I just call her back. I guess I've DHVed three times with the soft dominance and she softens a bit. With the benefit of hindsight I probably should've kept this set going alot longer but I'd let her impose the frame of being in a rush and once I'd stopped her momentum I didn't switch gears and make it a full length set. Still, I get the Facebook and its real.

I only do three sets, because the last one turns into a 90 minute instant date. She's one of those girls that didn't impress me much initially and only just creeped above my approach threshold, but then once we chatted her feminine manner took over and I found lots that I liked about her. She seemed to ease into talking Russian history so I just went with it. She complemented me on my own knowledge so I thought fuck it – it's AFC day – so I start lecturing her on Austrian economics and the credit theory of money supply. She's listening really intently and starts IOIing me when I explain how FAS 157B gives investment banks the ability to lie about the liabilities on their balance sheets to pretend they are solvent. Hmmmm. Thanks Mish.

Here’s the three approaches edited down to a ten minute package.

Sets that didn't go according to plan

krauserpua · 7 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Since I got my in-field tech sorted out it's been really easy to put up vids with synched sound, thus I've been recording nearly every approach from the past few weeks. I guess peeps could be getting the idea that I'm cherrypicking the best ones to try and make myself out to be hot shit. Not true. Every approach is getting a mention whether it's a full vid or just a throwaway "did another three sets that didn't hook" comment.

But I guess it's fun to see people fucking up, so for your viewing edification here's a compilation of sets from the past three weeks where I completely failed to hook. Some of them were quite painful to endure – in a humorous sort of way, as I stand ploughing and thinking "why do I even bother sometimes".

Point and laugh…..

and just to remind you I'm not *totally* shit, here's one I closed earlier….

A waitress, a tequila shots girl, and a 20yr old student

krauserpua · 10 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Moran calls me up with an invite to his birthday celebrations at a local student night. Apparently the beer is genuinely discounted (£1.50 a bottle) and the girls young and willing. So off I trek and meet him and Burto in a nearby fast food pizza shop. They've already warmed up with some light street game. After shovelling a quattro formaggi down my next I go back to the counter to get a fruit juice. There's a delightfully smiley **HB7 Italian** serving. While fumbling for change we get into conversation and she's either IOIing me or just extremely cheerful.

Krauser: If you don't mind me asking, where are you from. I'd say…
HB: *[cuts me off]* I'm Italian *[head tilt, big smile]*
Krauser: Please don't say Milan. I nearly got murdered there so I don't trust them
HB: Really? Milan's nice. What happened?
Krauser: [Milan DHV story]



Perfectly feminine (on the right)

We chat a few minutes then another customer joins the line and I head back to my table. I've done perhaps a handful of close attempts on register staff so it's not really in my reality to just go for it. I'm sitting back with Moran and thinking "how can I close this girl?" A couple of minutes later she comes out to clean some tables within view and whether it's a proximity IOI or not, I treat it as such and go direct. Facebook close, in keeping with my current field testing.

We walk on to a bar where Moran is meeting a PUA friend he's been winging lately then we head into the venue. Before long Tony T rolls in too. Looking around I'd say about half the girls are worth banging, though mostly it's because of their youth (estimated average age = 20) and thus they haven't had the opportunities for self-ruin that a 30 yr old has. The guys are mostly nervous young AFCs and what mixed sets there are seem to be "we are in the same hall of residence / on the same course" social circles rather than couples. A bountiful playing field. Unlike most clubs, the music is perfectly pitched at loud-enough-to-dance-quiet-enough-to-talk.

My first set flops and then near the bar a 2-set of **HB8 Petite** and **UB Who-Cares** joins the queue. I'm talking to Tony and instinctively come up with a new indirect opener:

Krauser: Girls. Sausages and mash.
2-set: Uh, yeah
Krauser: Really. We were just talking *[indicated to Tony]* and we realised that England's greatest gift to the world is not railways, or electricity, or football. It's sausages, mash and gravy.

They are definitely interested in seeing where I'm going with it so I start painting a picture of the perfect Sunday roast with it's sights and smells. I ask if they can cook, and how I'm gonna prepare a roast for my Grandmother next time I'm in Newcastle and so on. Some light kino and teasing then I turn my back and talk to Tony.

Five minutes pass and they are leaning on the bar having got to the front of the queue. It's my round so I squeeze in next to them and reopen the obstacle with "I don't mean to be inappropriate with the touching but it's a tight fit here". The barman accidently DHVs me by immediately serving me and I pass the drinks back to the boys. The 2-set is a little narked so I tease them and I notice the target is responding well. Once she has her drinks I pull her to one side and start some stronger attraction game. Her friend doesn't interfere and leaves me to progressively isolate the target and within a minute I've walked her to a lock-in position at a wall ten metres away.

The kino is going great and she's got her tits pressed up against me, head tipped back to look into my eyes, and my arm is around her. I'm in set about twenty minutes here and I notice we're next to the queue for the lady's toilets. Yes, I'm showing pre-selection in front of nearly every woman in the club, while they are waiting bored and have nothing better to look at – need to remember that for future isolation.

I take a long time teasing the kiss, by running an NLP sexual escalation DHV story about me fucking a girl in a parked car in the middle of a street party in Spain, and our lips are almost touching, her pupils are dilating but I keep pulling back. After a while of this I just lean in and kiss close. Some of her friends end up trying to get her attention and she wanders off to them, saying she'll come find me later. Doesn't happen, though I thought she would. Live and learn.



She's a live one

Every one of us is on form. Burto kiss closes some brunette on the dancefloor and Moran is doing his usual dancefloor / eye-fucking game. Tony is goading me into apocalypse opening a set and at that moment the tequila shots girl comes up to us so I do it. She hooks and ends up chatting for ten minutes before she remembers she's supposed to be selling shots. I refuse and take her Facebook saying "look, I don't want your number because I don't know you well enough." I'm actually surprised I get it because she's the first shot girl I've gamed – and it's a legit email / FB too.

Tony comments that my body language was spot on and I showed lots of boldness in the set, so I guess I shouldn't be surprised.

Later on we are standing on the corner of a thoroughfare and just grabbing girls as they go past. Literally, I grab a girl by the elbow, pull her in, look in her eyes and say "Kiss. Now." While pointing to my lips. Doesn't actually stick, but it's fun and the girls don't respond badly even though they don't kiss.

I rarely do night game and usually need quite a warm-up before I hit state so it was fun to do a variety of sets in a completely different context and manner to my usual daygame.

Russian model and Colombian student

krauserpua · 11 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's a glorious day. The first warm rays of summer begin to break through the dull clouds of spring. The squirrels scramble up trees as the birds tweet and the bright blue sky stretches across a sleepy London. I get up, have a wank, and head into town.

Suave and I are getting a little tired of Covent Garden street game and want to try something different. A day like this is likely to bring all the fair-weather PUAs out in force so we'd rather not compete for scraps in the usual areas. We head off towards St James Park. As we pass through Leicester Square I'm just chatting with no intention of opening when my favourite type of set goes by – a **tall bitchy Russian**. God how I love these girls. Suave fumbles with his spycam and I beat him to it, giving chase. He gratitiously falls back and starts up the long distance camcorder. I turn the girl and open indirect.

Standard leggy Russian M.O. – she looks at me like I'm crazy, eyeballs me and shows no smile or positive feedback. I know from experience that tall Commies give a really strong bitch shield in the first minute but if their feet aren't taking them away from you it's just a shit test they hope you pass. I plough and almost to the second she relents and opens up. I'm in.

I'm working on body language and engaging conversation and she's soon investing. She's a model – but I knew that the moment she caught my eye. I'm in set for twenty minutes and twice try a bounce. First time it's to a cafe but she says she's just finished a mug, then to the National Portrait Gallery but she says she's going to the Tate Modern. I start walking her there but she wants to get a tube. Fuck that, I number close and I'm out. Good solid set and a better than evens chance I get the Day 2.

There's nothing to see in Green Park but as we get by the palace and into St James' I spot two nice girls on a bench. Both are hot but the one with reddish-brown hair is more my type. Technically I have to figure a way to hold myself so I'm not leering over them and then get sat down as quickly as possible without freaking them out. I pull it off in about a minute and they get well into the conversation. They are shit-testing *really* hard, test after test. I keep passing them but it's wearing on me and eventually after about ten minutes I feel my frame crumbling. I go for an uncalibrated close, knowing full well my timing is off, but I know I'm running out of ideas. They ask for my email, which I take to be a "we're done with you, please leave."

I'm still pleased because it was a really tough set. They were slamming me hard and tag-teaming, and I nearly pulled it off. Over the other side of the pond I see a girl lying down reading Harry Potter. She's got a nice red crocodile skin bag so I open indirect about that, saying I'm looking to get a jacket from a similar material. The main technical challenge is to get comfortably sat on the grass – not so early I pre-empt the welcome but not so late that I DLV by enduring discomfort in my neediness to talk to her. Again, I think I pull it off easily. After ten minutes she's into it and moving her feet around in a suppressed pussy tingle so I take her for coffee.



She's my new project

The instant date goes well. I bounce her to a pub, then walk her over Embankment bridge and along the South Bank. We stop at another pub then I take her to a station and after three hours send her packing. In that time I've run some NLP (the boxing and rollercoaster routines) which hit big time, frame our interaction as her being the hot girl chasing the alpha (me), and we agree that although she's a shy girl my new project is to bring out her adventurous side – nothing about her before she met me matters, when we meet she's going to be a new wild girl just for me. If that works, I'll put it in my Day 2 arsenal. A good day.

The elephant in the room...

krauserpua · 13 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

… is quality. I was over at puahate.com (a fucking hilariously negative site) yesterday and enjoyed it immensely. These guys are pretty fucking far from the "have a positive frame, dude" attitude of most PUAs and it's refreshing to see people liberated from the chains of repercussions for PUAthoughtcrime.

Don't get me wrong – you won't learn *any* game from this site. If you focus on it you'll really miss all of the tremendous value that the good sites can give you. What puahate does well is provide a little counterbalance, a little tug back in the direction of honesty for the charlatans of the seduction community. They overdo it, but here's what I like about it:

- Members post photos of PUA gurus with their girlfriends, including candid shots that haven't been cherry-picked and airbrushed for promotional purposes. I was rather alarmed at how skanky some of the "HB9s" some major community names are cavorting with. Girls I wouldn't even waste an apocalypse opener on.
- Product reviews from dissatisfied customers. We all get to see the hyperbole in the advertising copy but negative reviews are rare because the sellers usually control the gatekeeping and the independent forums are too easily hijacked by both haters and stooges.
- Open discussion of charlatanry and fakes. Opinions vary but there's real money at stake and as a customer you should expect quality control.

Here's my rough back-of-the-envelope estimate of the marketplace: In any major Western city there are six or so competing pick up companies. There'll be three international brands or affiliates (a LoveSystems, RSD, Venusian Arts etc) at sky-high prices, one local dominant player (in London that's PUATraining) at a discount to the big brands but still a **cough** premium product, a couple of cheaper independents (in London that's PUAMethod, RockSolidGame etc) and maybe some tiny one-man bands.

A couple of those six companies will be half-arsed local affiliates that fly in coaches based elsewhere and thus the quality varies greatly on when you do it and who is available. There's certainly no crew vibe. A couple of the others will offer a consistent product from one month to the next but wild inconsistency between instructors (who mostly freelance) – there's usually one (maybe two) "star" instructors that provide all the value and then a bunch of make-weights and pretenders. If you get winged by the star, lucky you. No, I'm not naming names. Though I'm gradually learning the London scene I'll keep it to myself who I think are fakes and who I have enormous respect for.

I'll give you a hint: The guys who shout loud about being hot shit while also completely failing to post infield evidence – these are the frauds.

Anyway, I digress. My main take-away from puahate is this: **There are very very few genuine players in the community, guys who are banging consistently hot girls on a consistent basis.** The corollary is: Most of these guys aren't charging £1,000 a pop to show you how. Some are entirely non-commerical.

There's a reason most PUAs don't post videos or photos. It would explode the credibility they've spent months and months building and shatter their egos. Students would think "what the fuck can this guy teach me?". It's not difficult – I mean, how hard is it to put a little camera in your pocket for daygame, or to snap a photo of your SNL the next morning after she's slapped her make up on?

Insist on the evidence, folks. The truth will set you free.

Full disclosure: I am ***not*** one of that select few legit players. You can see exactly where I'm at from the videos on here.

Lithuania Day 2

krauserpua · 14 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Keen readers will be aware I'm field-testing a way to integrate Facebook into my game. A case in point is Sunday's Lithuanian. It was a quick 3 minute close on Oxford Street the previous weekend and I didn't really think it would lead anywhere so when she immediately accepted the Facebook add and messaged me I was gratified. I checked out her photos and started to get the first twinges of one-itis.



This is what I go for

HB: I was a little bit lost yesterday.. but nice to meet you too
Krauser: Yeah, you seemed a bit distracted. I sometimes have that effect on people I just had a quick look at your profile. Where did you go in Gran Canaria? I went there with my girlfriend in 1999 and loved the countryside – especially the cave houses.
HB: I was in Las Palmas, just for 4 days.. Mostly all my time I spent in the beach, but I was in mountains also, I liked too So, do you like to travel?
Krauser: Yeah that's where I was. We took a tour up through the mountains to have lunch and wine at the top of some cliffs. We could see for miles down into the valley, with all the trees and fields. Happy days. I love travelling. I was in Chile and Brazil last year for work. Santiago is beautiful – it's like an old European city, but with the sea on one side and the Andes on the other. What's your favourite milkshake? and don't say "McDonalds"…..
HB: Nice and I would like to go to USA this year, I have never been there, I will see how is going.. And about milkshakes.. Actually I prefer coffee :)) My most favorite is latte And what about you? Are you addicted to mikshakes?
Krauser: I'd like to go back to the US. I liked San Francisco, especially the tram and Fisherman's Wharf. So you're a coffee person? My favourite right now is a Caffe Nero in Covent Garden. They have those soft distressed-leather sofas where you can relax and nearly fall asleep. Nice. But I recently found a better place – there's a lovely quiet cafe nearby in a colourful little courtyard. So that's where we'll go. How is your schedule this week? If you're nice, I might show you my secret milkshake bar later. The best in London
HB: I am in London just 1 month, so I dont know lots of good places would be nice if you want to show me :)) Actually this weekend I don't have any plans. I just have to write my thesis… but a little break would be great So you can write me to this number [redacted]

Note how I completely turned off the douchebaggery for this one. I've calibrated her as a shy nice girl (my favourite) and thus more likely to respond to mild DHVs and strong comfort, rather than banter and hellraising. The

follow up texts were just logistical:

Krauser *1:54pm*: HB. Here's my number. Let's meet tomorrow about 4pm. Study hard! ? Krauser *keeping it a little vague so I have an excuse to call to prevent getting stood up.*
HB *2:05pm*: Tomorrow sounds perfect (Have a nice day and will try to study hard (
Krauser *5:17pm*: Brilliant. I'll call you tomorrow about noon. *Nice guy frame but still leading and soft dominance. Remember, it was three soft dominance displays on the initial approach that built the attraction.*

I call her at half twelve as I'm walking into town. It's a glorious day and I'm feeling great so that comes across on the phone. I wanted to leave her hanging half an hour just to take her attention away from being the selector and suddenly thinking "is he gonna call? Am I really hot enough". She answers with a beautifully musical voice and some shy giggles. I adore this girl already so I'm pretty much guaranteed to fuck it up. Later she texts:

HB *3:57pm*: I am here and what about you? *A bit keen aren't we?*
Krauser *3:58pm*: Almost. *A bit vague, concise. Alphaness in a nice guy frame.*

We meet outside the station and she's dressed almost the same as the approach, which happens to be nice. She looks slightly like a biker so I tease "where did you park the Harley?" then walk her off to a quiet café in a closed-in courtyard. The things I'm practicing on this date are:

- Alpha body language, exemplified by lounging comfortably, slow movements and strong eye contact.
- Nice guy who is social and friendly to all around, but from a position of dominance.
- Providing compelling conversation including listening to her.
- Patience. Not railroading her through a kino-escalation ladder or somesuch.

Her English is raw so we can't flow so well but I'm used to this and moderate my diction and grammar accordingly. I find girls appreciate the effort while falling into almost a teacher-student power relationship, which is good. She's shy and demure. After the coffee I walk her down to my favourite retro sweet shop while telling the DHV story about my Grandad giving me pocket money as a child and me blowing it all on sweets then giving space dust to the dog (a great excuse for kino):

Krauser: It sounds cruel but it totally depended on how I talked to my dog [pulls her in to side-on hug]. I'd give her the space dust [had already given HB Lithuania some] and then slowly and softy whisper in… her… ear… like… this. I'd stroke her head, scratch a little bit behind her ears because dogs love that [I'm stroking and scratching her now] and just continue talking in a smooth… comforting… voice… that… everything… is… ok, it's a nice feeling, you feel safe with me.

She's never been to Covent Garden so I walk her round there a bit, taking in a magic show, the church courtyard and the market. Then we go to a pub on the Strand. It's round about this time that the energy falls a little flat. I'm not sure why or how but I feel like I'm telegraphing too much interest and forcing the conversation, and she seems to withdraw a little. The whole time she's been accepting my light kino and putting herself in position for side-on hugs (i.e. walking right up next to me shoulder to shoulder) and hand on thigh, but that's all. I do a handhold that she accepts but seems uncomfortable – perhaps because her hands are really cold (they feel like ice) but just as likely I've done something to dampen attraction. I throw the hand back and say "you should put that in your pocket, you're freezing."

I cut the date short after two hours before I can fuck it up any worse. There's no chance of a kiss close at any point – too bright, too early in the afternoon, too many people, she's too shy, and none of her body language is putting her into a position for it. I'm wondering which tack to take, should I (i) plough, lead and force the kiss knowing that it was strong leading that won her over initially and she's the type of girl who wants to rationalise sex by saying she was pushed into it so she can maintain her good girl self image or (ii) hold back, build strong comfort and rapport then make her chase and give off IOIs, knowing that at no point in the sarge did I give a direct statement of intent and thus she's still in the A3 phase of having to make me like her.

I went for the latter. We'll see. The fundamental problem with this set is she so perfectly exemplifies my ideal woman (well, her tits could be bigger but apart from that) that I was too outcome dependent.



One for the stash

Then she FB messages me to send her the photo (see above). I prefer texts so I reply that way.

Krauser *8:11pm*: Yeah. Shall I just tag them on Facebook? *Because I want them on there as a pre-selection DHV for the other targets but also want to nominally take her feelings into consideration.*
HB *8:14pm*: If I am look good, then you can
Krauser *8:14pm*: hahaha (*Vague. Am I agreeing she looks good, saying she doesn't, or just teasing her vanity? Doesn't matter – I just want her to think and invest.*
HB *8:16pm*: Ok… better send me by email
Krauser: *8:17pm*: I look good in my photo. Yours is kinda cute – a little bit *I'm the prize, but a light statement of interest to please her. I want her to enjoy interacting with me.*
HB *8:19pm*: Send me both by phone, I would like to see, I don't have internet in my house. *Oh, she wants to see the photo of me too?*
Krauser *8:24pm*: I'll try. New phone, so not sure how. Gonna exercise now….. *All true.*

I'm pleased that I haven't burned the set and the speed she replies to my texts, so I capitalise on the energy by calling up two other targets that have stalled out and get into two very productive conversations. I post the photos and then the next day:

Krauser *9:33am*: Mornin'. Couldn't send the photos by sms so I've put them on Facebook. Tag yourself if you like them. C*an she not tag them and thus betray insecurity that she doesn't look good, or will she tag them and pass the compliance test? Doesn't matter so long as she has to think about it and react to me.*

Credibility

krauserpua · 15 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's a paradox of life that when you have the ability to distinguish between experts and charlatans on a topic you probably already know as much as the experts and therefore no longer need to consult them.

Exhibit A is economics. At least 90% of economists are retarded. Totally spectacularly wrong about everything. If you doubt me then conduct the same experiment I did in 2007/8 – write down their predictions and track the results. It's no joke to say monkeys have greater predictive powers. But where does the average person turn for financial advice? There is a carefully constructed edifice of serious economics that takes considerable time to master before you have the confidence to dismiss it all as worthless bullshit. Not everyone is lucky enough to stumble into Ludwig Von Mises in the first few months of study like I was. Instead, they have to listen to those same self-serving book-talking fuckwits who are constantly surprised every time an economic indicator turns to the downside.

Exhibit B is martial arts. At least 90% of martial arts styles are retarded. Kung fu, karate, tae kwon do, Nin ten do, No can do, aikido, wushu, wing chun, wing ding, krav maga, ninjitsu. Total rubbish the lot of them. Before the UFC came along and clowned those clowns, how many people were lucky enough to stumble into brazilian ju-jitsu and muay thai?



Fear him

Exhibit C brings us to Game. At least 90% of pick up materials are retarded and at least 90% of PUAs are retarded. Actually, I exaggerate just to fit into the same pattern as the prior exhibits but you know what I mean. Success with women is such a strong determinant of your personal happiness that it's easy for a procession of charlatans to pick your pockets with false promises. The most difficult task for the would-be aspiring PUA is to sift through the sea of overpriced overhyped snake oil to uncover the legit instructors selling legit material. How do you do that?

It's not until you've internalised the basic principles of game and started to bang hot girls that you can

distinguish between the charlatans and the players.

Before you get there you could've wasted £'000s and years of your life. Or you could've gotten lucky and found a great mentor who isn't coveting your wallet. I haven't been in the community long enough to have all the answers. Some of the *ahem* "less useful" material and "lesser skilled" gurus are obvious, others are legit but horribly overpriced. But there's a whole sea of product out there that makes wild promises and may or may not deliver.

What to do?

Just to get it out of the way, here's the low-budget resource guide that I personally recommend to the noob:

The Mystery Method: The most thorough and dense textbook out there and available on Amazon at a normal book price. Read this first. Absorb the theoretical framework and everything else you learn in game, reflect back on this framework to know why it works. £10.
Assanova's blog: A content rich discussion on natural game with hundreds of insightful theme-driven posts, much of which can be lifted out and applied infield. Free. On the rare occasion he releases an ebook, it's worth snapping up despite a relatively steep price of £20.
Roissy's blog: His nihilism will turn off most new readers but this guy is at the absolute cutting edge of merging sexual realism with classic game theory. He will ground you in the whys of game. Free. As you absorb more, start following all the other blogs.
Roosh's blog (free) a**nd his book Bang** (£15). Simple direct advice with a strong focus on small-scale tactics and step by step processes. No theoretical advances, just a workmanlike distillation of existing knowledge in a cheap package.
Community bootcamp: Find the forum of your local lair and keep an eye on the events section. My local is the LSS and they are always doing "approach days" or "non-profit bootcamps". Often the guys running them are better than commercial instructors. Read the forums till you figure out who is who.
Free 1-on-1s: Many of the experienced but not especially commercial guys will offer free tuition to build their rep before going commercial, or just because they enjoy mentoring. Again, take advantage of this because they are often better than the full-timers. But be respectful – they are giving you a ton of value so don't be a dick. You'd be surprised how many socially inept fuckwits ask for tutorials, turn up late, don't apologise, then act sullen the whole time. Wankers. Don't be one of them.
The Royal Court: a fitness routine that requires only a pair of shorts, bottle of water, towel, and small amount of space. Do 500 hindu squats, 100 hindu pushups and a 5 minute wrestlers bridge. Do this three times a week. For all that inner game is king, don't be a fat sweaty fuck. Free.
Ebay: The best place for cheap but decent clothing. Get the photo of a movie star / pop star you think is cool and not too far from your body type, then search ebay for similar stuff. Get a leather jacket, two shirts (one plain, one patterned), two t-shirts and a pendant. Don't bother with the furry hat, aviation goggles or retard spiked hair. Should cost you £150 tops. Then go into Next and drop £30 on simple blue jeans and another £40 on leather boots.

And if money (or bittorrent) is no object?

RSD Blueprint Decoded: Still the high watermark of inner game and natural vibing. Horrendously overpriced but there's nothing else to match.
RSD Flawless Natural: You need something that has the mechanics of running a set and this is my favourite.
How To Become an Alpha Male (John Alexander) £30.
Pro Bootcamp: You should still do at least one commercial bootcamp but do your due diligence. This means (i) research the company on google and the forums (ii) get it in writing which instructors will be there and then search youtube and google for infield footage – if you can't find it ask them to provide it. If they won't THEY ARE A FRAUD. I've only been doing this stuff less than a year and already I got 30+ infield videos from the last three months alone and I don't charge £1000 for a bootcamp. What's an mPUA's excuse for not having some? If some guy is telling you he can teach you to sleep with five supermodels in a weekend, get the cheeky fucker to at least show you videos of him sleeping with one. Watch it and if your spidersense tingles "fake" then move on to the next

company. (iii) do not fall for the up-sell deluxe super VIP package. Just buy the cheap basic seminar/infield weekend package. All the bells and whistles will still be there if you wanna come back – it's a buyer's market.
1-on-1: After you've done all of the above and started to get your wits about you, find an instructor who fits your idea of how your game will be. Research his reputation. Then contact him and book a few hours personal time. There's very few guys making a good living out of game. Even a guy who is legendary in the local lair for his skills will probably really appreciate £100-£200 cold hard cash for a few hour's work on a Saturday morning. I stress again – it's a buyer's market. Remember that and don't be bullshitted into signing blank cheques.

Some Product Reviews

krauserpua · 15 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Months ago I envisioned this blog would be papered with product reviews and all my insights gleaned from them. It never really happened because I tend to pull useful ideas from many sources and then roll them all up together into a system I've made my own. Thus I tend towards think pieces and synthesis when not just doing the usual field reports. To correct this omission, here's a quick rundown of the products I've used in the twelve months since I first started reading. Purely personal, so if I trash something that has worked well for you don't be sore. In no particular order

Good (i.e. useful knowledge to retain and integrate)

Undercover Sex Signals (Leila Lowdnes): A mainstream US dating coach goes through a series of 40 or so posed photographs of women explaining how to recognise each signal as an IOI. Her principle is to identify the women that show a subtle interest in you and then sarge them. Theoretically sound signals and I do watch for them.

Blueprint Decoded / Jeffy Show (RSD): While I'm wary of the cult-like RSD organisation and their insane price structure, I still think they have the very best DVD material out there. More than anything else this has driven me away from the *trickster-gamer* towards the *natural-player*.

Man Transformation (David DeAngelo): This dude really needs to learn concision because this series could be shrunk to a quarter of the size without losing an ounce of insight, but it's still very good stuff. My approach is all about making the Beta2Alpha transition and this series is loaded with inner game concepts and direct activities that facilitate it.

How to become an Alpha Male (John Alexander): As a literary piece its raw and disorganised but it gets a lot of clear direct advice into a single volume. It doesn't fully explore the alpha concepts like DD or Roissy, nor does it nail down the theoretical underpinnings that orient you, but as a first foray into B2A it does the job nicely.

Alpha Immersion (Carlos Xuma): I have no idea about the guy's personal credibility, having never seen in-field footage. He somehow manages to be alpha and herb at the same time. The series is good for patiently and systematically treading over the nature of alphaness without all the disconnected rambling and too-clever-by-half aphorisms of DD.

Carpe Diem (Bad Boy): I haven't finished this but I like it a lot. The dude is a hardcore alpha in a loser's body and shows just how it's the former that overshadows the latter. It's also the most visually interesting lecture series because of the varied locations for his piece-de-camera.

How to Speed Read People: Sometimes you read things and find yourself nodding your head in agreement, other times your bullshit detector is flashing. This book did the former. Once I'd done the exercises to find out my personality type (INTJ per their jargon) I read the personality description and thought "that really is me". I then did the "cold read" test of reading some descriptions of other types and thought "that isn't me". So I'm convinced. Some direct practical advice too. I really ought to go back to this book and integrate it.

Atlas Shrugged (Ayn Rand): What's this doing here? If Tyler can get away with banging on about Tolle, then I can get away with banging on about a far far superior book that constructs a shining model of the perfect human mind (John Galt). This book is long, turgid and crawls along at a glacial pace but it's never dull and the periodic character rants are exquisite.

Make Women Hot (Ross Jeffries): Eye-opening stuff to see Ross sitting on his stool talking in a relaxed manner, barely kinoing, and the girl is going red, squirming, and breaking out into a hot flush. I've done this stuff in-field (both direct application of his routines and my own inspired by this DVD) and it definitely works. It's pure verbal escalation. It won't work unless you're already doing some decent attraction work.

Deeper Than Game (Assanova): This was only on sale for about a month and is gone now. Assanova is funny like

that. When I loaned it to Jambone he said “this is the book I tried to write”. It’s a slim concise merging of natural with mechanical game carried off with an anti-game flair. Not much “do this, then do that” but gives a good frame and principles.

Bad (or more correctly, of limited use but perhaps worth a read)
The Game (Neil Strauss): Not actually a bad book and was great to introduce me to the various ideas of game but it’s just a shameless self-promotion exercise and the high points of elite game are entirely unremarkable – number close a Playboy model and get nowhere later? I’ve done that (and Burto actually fucked one), number close an HB10 in a club that ultimately goes nowhere? Done that. Live with a drugged up attention-whoring cougar slut? Wouldn’t stoop so low. The methods are all outer game and Strauss seems to finish the book as the same beta mangina he started – just more successful with club skanks. Still worth a read.

The Lay Guide (Tony Clink): A pivotal book for my own progression because it was the first Game material I saw and thus the “gateway drug” to where I am now. It does give a broad overview of the community as it was in 2005 and there’s plenty to work with. But theoretically it’s all over the place and it’s mostly shamelessly ripped off the work of others. Definitely worth a read at the fiver or so it’ll cost you.

The Power of Now (Excart Tolle): What a fucked up warped crazy loopster. I actually enjoyed the book so far but it’s a slog with all the new age mystic nonsense. Cut through that and there’s some penetrating insights on how to be at peace with yourself, but fucking hell pal – lay off the crack pipe.

Paul Janka: Haven’t finished it so the jury is still out. However his daygame ebook is basically a logistics manual masquerading as pick up advice. His “game” seems to be talk to lots of girls, ask for numbers, call numbers, meet girls, fuck girls. With a massive drop-out rate at each step and no control exercised over the process. The only game here is a numbers game. There’s no attraction, comfort or seduction going on. She’s either into you or she’s not – in which case what is there to actually learn?

Hypnotica: Not yet sure about this dvd set. He looks uncomfortable speaking, talks too fast, and qualifies too much. It’s easy to assume whatever success he’s having is more due to his buff look and stripclub ownership than any actual game. I’ll give it more time – it’s certainly got a good USP.

Body Language (David DeAngelo): Far too long-winded. It’s an endurance test to get to the value within. If you know nothing about body language, give it a go. Not bad per se, just your typical DD padding.

Global PUA Summit 2007 (various): I haven’t watched all of this but I really liked the long haired Asian dude who deconstructed daygame. It’s as good a daygame talk as I’ve ever seen. Thundercat was meh, trying to reframe AA out of existence and only getting halfway there. Johnny Soporno was extremely interesting but lacking credibility – I just don’t buy it. A couple of the other guys had little to offer. A mixed bag.

Sexualised Daygame (Sinn): I really enjoyed this and took a lot from it but I am as yet unconvinced it works. Let me define “works”. Sinn basically says you have to do hundreds of high-risk sexualised approaches to get a handful of lays, and without any quality benchmark. That’s just too much work for too little reward, a glorified numbers game. I learn game because I want to get the girl I want, not just whatever girl will have me. I refuse to fuck ugly girls, no matter how easy. In this sense Sinn’s method doesn’t work by definition. However, I think lots of his concepts and attitude can be extracted, refined and used to turbo-charge a normal daygame set. That’s what I’ll experiment with.

Ugly (just totally worthless)
How to Pull Women (Ed West): Some hack writer for Nuts magazine (an AFC weekly supplication magazine) got the assignment to teach fat loser “new lads” how to score tottie. He fails miserably. I accidently bought this book twice. Ouch. Totally worthless.

Get the Girl (Mehow): This is the epitome of worthless overpriced overhyped bullshit from a guy with no game whatsoever. If a teenage virgin started his own pickup company he would look like Mehow and release this snake

oil. Basically it's Mystery Method in new clothes but having lost all of the insight. The infield "successes" Mehow deconstructs are totally non-sexual go-nowhere sets with low quality girls. Why anyone would want to model the dorky, uncalibrated, excruciatingly boring and fake, camp, faggy Mehow is completely beyond me

Daygame Motivational

krauserpua · 17 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a little weekend present for those of you just getting into the idea of approaching girls during the day time. The most important thing to remember is this: **Day game is fun –** for both you *and* the girl. Knock 'em out.

This is what entitlement looks like

krauserpua · 18 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Readers may be aware of this girl I've been gaming. She was a night-time street game close and followed up with two dates. I found her difficult and unimpressive except that when the banter got going I found it was lots of fun and made the interaction worthwhile. The subtext was her demanding she be the prize and that I supplicate to her. Not only do I refuse out of general principle, but she just isn't all that. Too old, and pretty but not especially hot and not especially my type.

A practice set.

We'd had a couple of phone calls in the past week and then I get this mail over Facebook. I'll try not to pre-frame it. Just read for yourself and think what it shows about me, her, and her perception of reality and her place within it. Extrapolate that attitude into the likely trajectory of her life. Consider the assumptions she makes about the relative value I do or *should* place upon her, and the position she expects me to occupy.

To make it easy, I've underlined all insults. Not banter – plain mean-spirited insults. I've also *italicised* shaming language and **bolded** historical revisionism. Take it away darlin'……..

Hi thanks for the invitation it looks good Krauser but I won't be there on Saturday.
Krauser I'm going to be completely honest with you….. after our conversation on Thursday night towards the end mostly, I *found very uncomfortable* and the way you responded towards me when I mentioned the way I see myself and the kind of guy I like to date, I found your comments thought provoking I was disappointed.

What I would say on a good note would be that the other times we have chatted by email, text and the first time on the phone I found you engaging and fun to talk too, but you also appeared to *lack gentleman qualities* (I have been meaning to have this chat with you I guess now seems to be the right time)

When we meet in Oxford ST, for the first time you took me to get something to eat, the first thing you said to me was not how was your day! or you at least trying to make me feel comfortable, instead the first thing you said was IM ONLY PAYING FOR THE MILKSHAKE AND THE REST YOUR ON YOUR OWN that was scatty and undignified … and if you thought that was bad **you did not exercise any courtesy when I was choosing from the menu you told the waiter that I'm indecisive**. **At that point I was about to leave in 10min**. Never in my life have I experience something quite like that. However I was meeting up with friends later s**o I decided to stay and if it got worst I was going to leave**. Lucky for me I was in a good mood that day and I did not leave my house thinking this was a date **so I was shocked** when you told me a few days later that it was. When we went to [members club] you some how unexpectedly redeemed yourself a little, the conversations was better and you came across as some one who has depth to him and the cube thing I found quite interesting. (But know doubt I am sure you use it all the time) if I'm completely honest that was t**he only reason why I agreed to meet up again** but on my terms as friends.
However between that time until Thursdays conversation I felt we kind of got along conversation wise as friends, we shared some good banter and I found you in some way a little fascinating, so its disappointing how you represented yourself in our talk that night you came across like a Jerk once again. Krauser *I don't wish to spend my time with a guy who views pretty women as scoring boards*, as opportunities to getting laid. *But someone who respect and even likes women* and who values relationships and friendships.
Base on all I have said, I think its best we don't meet again.
I wish you all the best and hope the next time you meet some one nice you treat her respectfully because if she is special, then the first few things you show her counts in her eyes and if it works out, believe me you would not regret it because you would of found something precious.

Take care

HB Entitled

Ok, now stop for a moment and reflect upon what she just said. Consider how she feels as she clicks the Send button to let me have a piece of her mind. What was motivating her to write these words? Why didn't she just ignore me and move on, or politely disengaged? What made her feel compelled to reframe our interactions and what made her feel justified in telling me how I should feel and in stitching together a tapestry of insults and put-downs hung onto a skeleton of disarming politeness?

What is it she wants from me to validate her? I believe she wants the sanction of the victim. She wishes to position herself as the prize, as the chooser, and the empowered woman who can do everything she wants like an urban goddess. Knowing that I have added 25+ hotter girls to my Facebook since I met her she wishes to recover the special snowflake position so she can then dismiss me. She wishes to get under my skin, hurt my self-esteem and hopefully trigger a long impassioned response in which I defend myself against her charges and perhaps prostrate myself in rebuilding rapport. She certainly wants a response. So I reply:

ok. Thanks for the note.

Full disclosure: As I typed my response I was sitting in a nightclub with my date, surrounded by five beautiful women. I had just closed ten girls that afternoon (post and video coming soon) and four the night before (likewise).

Taiwan Day 3

krauserpua · 19 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'd written off this target because while she'd accepted all the kino up to handholding on the way back to the station on Day 2, she had refused the kiss. Actually, she'd stood there with lips pressed tightly together and accepted a weird 4th Grader peck. DLV.

There were also some other things that meant I really didn't feel the reward justified the costs. I'd go into them, but they are kinda private for her – she really opened up to me about the details of her life so I guess I should respect that privacy. As I bid farewell at the tube station at the end of Day 2 (about midnight) I told her to send me a text that she got home safe. I always do this – shows a protective spirit.



Starting to grow on me

HB 12:57am: I'm home safe Krauser. Thanks took me to the relax place, made me want to be a member too! Night x
Krauser 7:50am: Cool. I had fun too. *Some detachment after failing kiss close.*

I decide I should probably at least try to progress so I wait a couple of days and pick up the ball again:

Krauser 1:28pm: I reckon a bit of food next time. *Implicit invite.*
HB 2:02pm: Lots food even better.
Krauser 7:19pm: Just don't go stealing food off my plate, ok? I'm free Monday evening
HB 10:36am: I'm only free on 13th April the Tuesday afternoon *[over 2 weeks away] She'd said how busy she is but is this just a shit test?*
Krauser 11:49am: I'll be at work in the afternoon. Till six. *Just the facts ma'am.*
HB 9:18pm: Hi Krauser, maybe we can have dinner after you finish work, without try lip kiss and hold hands, just like a normal friend so you can relax and no need to try anything on me, if that is ok for you. I'm fully booked before I go back home, so this will be the only time I can offer so far. I hope you well. God bless you.

Sounds like quite a brush off. I wait three days then respond:

Krauser 11:15pm: Yeah, could be fun.
HB 11:21pm next day: Your reply was on the apple fool day. So yeah means yes or no really?
Krauser 11:41pm: Oh, I didn't realise. Yes. *If the connection is still there, no reason to break it.*
HB 11:42pm: Where are we going to meet up? I will arrive Waterloo in the afternoon.
HB 11:43pm: How are you? Saw your Facebook about you handed the notice, anything that I can pray for you?
Krauser 11:44pm: No rush, not meeting for another 10 days. I'm great. Very happy to be quitting. *Positive and unconcerned frame. She's already decided I'm a player so I should act congruently with that.*
HB 11:45pm: Keep happy. Night x

What the hell do I make of this? She's an ex-party girl with a finely tuned player radar and thus strongly responsive to alphaness, yet she's also tried (and failed) to settle down and then turned to god and thus wants a stable nice guy. The classic front brain / hind brain conflict. So I figure my overt stance should play to the nice guy while the body language and subtext is bad boy. She seems a nice girl but probably too much hassle, so I'm thinking I'll treat her like a crash test dummy – meaning I will try a higher risk strategy because I don't care if I fuck up.

Don't get me wrong – this girl has a lovely tight ass and will be a fucking raging demon in the sack – I **do** want to fuck her. There's just only so much I'm prepared to invest so I leave it at that. She deletes me from Facebook – only the third time it's ever happened. And then, April 13th rolls around and as I'm walking to work my phone vibrates:

HB 8:31am: Morning stranger! Are we still doing the dinner thing or milkshake thing today then? Have a good day *She's investing and bringing the energy. Qualification.*
Krauser 8:35pm: Yeah, I'm in. *Nice words, bad boy subtext.*
HB 8:36am: Haha so how we going to meet?
Krauser 8:37am: What time can you get to Piccadilly? *Direct. Don't waste words.*
HB 8:38am: 2ish
Krauser 8:38am: pm?
HB 8:38am: Ya
Krauser 8:39am: I finish work at 5. How about we meet at St Paul's Cathedral then? *Meet me on my terms.*
HB 8:40am: OK have fun at work!
Krauser 8:40am: Ok. See you soon *Reward her good behaviour.*

A normal exchange but what's the subtext? Why delete me from Facebook, see me show no attempt to rebuild the connection, and then suddenly show strong commitment to seeing me again? Is there a time-delay pussy tingle detonating? Later that day:

HB 1:05pm: Which is the station near by the cathedral?
Krauser 1:06pm: Haha. Guess. *It was a retarded question so I'm being nice here.*
HB 1:06pm: Liverpool station. *Retard.*
Krauser 1:07pm: St pauls
HB 1:10pm: I know but there are few same name when I serch it, just tell me please. Such player! *Oh, sounds like a little banter is being struck up. Shift to attraction game…*
Krauser 1:12pm: Central Line. Shall I send a limousine to pick up the princess?
HB 1:15pm: Hahaha, I don't like them, old English mini will do central line which station?
Krauser 1:20pm: Ok – St Pauls station, central line. Do you need GPS coordinates too? *Subtext = she's a retard and I'm just about tolerating it. Playful.*
Krauser 1:21pm: Btw, wear something nice. I'm dressed like a tramp and one of us needs to look good. P*ull her into my leading frame, make her qualify to impress me, underline that I don't give a fuck about stuff.*
HB 1:26pm: I think I look nice hahaha
HB 1:36pm: I wear something like Spartan, hope is nice to you. *Yeah, interesting.*
Krauser 1:37pm: Cool. I'll wear red Speedoes. *Worked for Gerard Butler.*
HB 1:38pm: Check you out, I will kiss you if you do! *Nice one Interesting that she brings that up. What's the maxim in Game – "If she's talking about sex, that means she's thinking about having sex with YOU"?*

Krauser 1:41pm: Heh. That depends how sexy YOU look. I look AWESOME in Speedoes. Like Borat *Run with it, force her to think of my in underwear but release the tension with a push/joke*
HB 1:48pm: Awesome! I love borat. I'm not sexy type btw, more like Taiwanese type. *"I'm not a party girl anymore, even though I obviously am"*
Krauser 1:52pm: Yeah, Taiwanese are not sexy. A nation of librarians and lawyers. *Push her away, screening frame – but playful*
HB 2:03pm: Shame, can't do kiss then. *Beta bait.*
Krauser 2:05pm: Maybe just some light touching and shy smiles. *I'll call you and raise you.*
HB 2:09pm: The weather is awesome. *Not sure about this. Is she banking that little bit of escalation (a good thing) or snipping the thread to avoid it (a bad thing)?*
Krauser 2:13pm: Like summer. Squirrels running up trees, geese wandering around the lake. I love it. P*ositive imagery. No questions.*
HB 2:14pm: Hmmm, such a waste because you work and I am going to enjoy it! *Tease to regain her superiority*
Krauser 2:20pm: Take a few photos to show me. Try to catch a squirrel. *Put her into her place as trying to impress me.*

I meet this girl and she's dressed nice. For the first hour or so things are slightly awkward because I'm trying not to show interest and she's being a little sassy and guarded. We walk down to the South Bank and to an old school pub. I'm having to carry the conversation and gradually she loosens up and invests until by the end of the pint she's really into it. Before showing up I'd already made the decision that either she chases me or nothing happens – I'm not gonna kino escalate – so I settle into a strong alpha frame and the DHVs are all subtle. I'm not even sure what my goal is (obviously I'd like to fuck her, I just don't want to jump through any hoops to do so) but I sort of settle on befriending, entouraging, and then letting her come to me over the course of the next couple of months.

We walk on to Pizza Express and things really change. She's IOIing like crazy including an almost comical wanking of her glass of water – over and over again for about ten minutes. She pinkens a little, changes her posture to be more alluring, suddenly gets itchy around her neck. All of the classic non verbal signs. It helps that I keep dropping in casual conversation about fucking.

As we walk out she's grabbing onto my arms and doing the whole doe-eyed please-protect-me little girl stuff (which I love) and as we say goodbye at the tube station she's in a deep hug with me, face tilted up to me, lips almost touching. The kiss close was there for the taking but I'm thinking "no, you rebuffed me last time, this time I rebuff you". She wants to come out again on Saturday.

When I get home she re-adds me to Facebook and messages. I accept and we have a one-hour chat session (while I'm also chatting with the Aussie and Italian). That gets more overtly sexual and it's clear that she's seriously turned on while trying to hold herself back. The classic forebrain-hindbrain conflict. The whole time I've made it clear I'm a player and pick up girls. Much of the Day 3 conversation was about technical aspects of game and me telling stories from actual sets. It kinda solidifies that central tenet of game – it's the hindbrain that determines the lay, and preselection helps trigger it. Doesn't much matter if her forebrain thinks you're a womaniser, its pussy tingle uber alles. I'm kinda pleased to get this girl back in play.

What does gaming greatness look like?

krauserpua · 20 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Successful game fundamentally comes down to a simple equation:

Alphaness + Experience + Courtship Navigation = Game

Let's break it down.

Alphaness.
Most men are sackless losers. It's an unpleasant reality we are anaesthetised against through massive social conditioning that both programs us to become sackless losers and coos placating noises to us that this is a natural desirable state of affairs. It is the male side of the universal law of gender parity, namely, across every epoch the men and women of a given culture deserve each other. Western men are sackless losers, western women are vile animals. I'm talking trends, not absolutes.

To achieve success with that rapidly–thinning herd of pleasant, pretty, feminine women a man needs to be worthy of her. This isn't supplication, because a woman so described is also working hard to be worthy of such a man. You must be able to answer the question "why should she like you?"

Classically taught outer game is avoiding this question by teaching routines and fakery as a shortcut to a woman's bed. There's some success to be had there. In fact if you really excel in such trickery you can bang a bevy of skanks and even the occasional hottie. Unfortunately you'll remain the same sackless loser you always were, and thus always be pissing into the wind every single set unless somewhere along the way you start working on the alphaness. Most aspiring PUAs do eventually tumble to this truth. It would be a lot easier if it was commonly accepted and thus we could just start from that point and get on with the grunt work of the Beta2Alpha transition.

Incidentally, I think that's why most naturals are hostile to and dismissive of "gamers". They see the latter avoiding the question entirely and building up the shell of fakery. Because many naturals already have alphaness they also know they are above gamers in the male domination hierarchy.

Experience
Kevin Rooney (Leg-Iron Mike Tyson's first trainer) said it takes a fighter ten years before he truly learns to relax in the ring. There's an analogous process in game in which it takes 1,000 approaches to truly relax in set. No amount of alphaness will score you consistent girls in and of itself, nor protect you from their predations. You still have to get the airtime, hit the roadblocks, fail a lot, try new things, get yourself calibrated. You can't learn to swim without getting wet. Until you get the comfort born from experience, the natural alpha will be inhibited through unfamiliarity and your brain will be spinning wildly so you mix up your courtship navigation.

Naturals and alphas (not quite synonyms) have usually accrued lots of experience since sexual maturity and thus it's easy to conflate them but experience must still be sought through dedicating time and energy to approaching. You can spend as long as you want in your Power of Now cave dialling in your nimbus but you'll stumble like a new-born foal for the first few hundred approaches regardless. Book learning and introspection aren't enough. Cool clothes and a fighter's body aren't either.

Courtship Navigation
This is the principle advance of the Mystery Method. A girl might really like you, you might be extremely relaxed and confident, but you must still proceed through the linear stages of the human courtship ritual to get her legs at quarter-to-three. Therefore you must develop strong pre-approach and opening, stack and transition well, engage in interesting conversation that invests her and demonstrate higher value. Recognising some IOIs you can progress to comfort, close, then proceed to further comfort and seduction. Classic game. For historical reasons there is an inordinate focus on this element at the expense of the others. Thus the common site of PUA buzzing beta bees doing the dancing monkey routine on girls and just looking plain weird.

Alphaness + *Experience* = Natural game but little control over the process so lots of girls who seem strongly into you seem to flake out and go nowhere while others jump on your cock. It's never clear why the same behaviours lead to divergent outcomes.
Alphaness + *Courtship Navigation* = Girls hook and give you the airtime and IOIs but you feel like a social robot. The connection is not comfortably made and the girls sense some weirdness. You have to railroad the girls through the stages and anytime the contact is broken, so is the spell.
Experience + *Courtship Navigation* = Lots of hookups with low quality women and a constant uphill struggle to work work work every set. The girls never seem to come to you and you're constantly in a chasing frame (while projecting practiced aloofness).
Alphaness + *Experience* + *Courtship Navigation* = Wham bamn. Girls hook easily and you slide consistently through the stages to regular sex with women worthy of your time.

The above is talking about standard vanilla game from cold approach to an LTR, which is the skill set I most covet. There are other ways to skin the cat that are more attuned to difficult to reproduce peculiarities of the guy in question. For example a big young good-looking guy can just eye-fuck and then escalate while cutting out all the other stuff (Moran, I'm talking about you fella!) but not many PUAs have that option on the menu. A stripclub owner could work his employees like a band member can work his groupies, but what use is that to most guys?

Further options open up if you are willing to fuck club skanks, fatties and cougars. Each to his own. I am talking about a skill set that a genetically average (and perhaps older) guy can use to obtain regular sober sex with the highest quality women (7s to 10s who don't ride the cock carousel) in the prime of their sexual market value (18 to 24 years old). That's a tall order and requires an extensive skill set that brooks no short cuts.

I'm on a roll!

krauserpua · 20 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Last Friday I did five sets and number-closed / facebooked four including a hired gun. Nice work when I only meant to go out to see a friend and not do any approaches. I might do a post on that. I wake up on Saturday to more glorious weather and I'm feeling good. I stop by the corner shop to buy a packet of Tootie Frooties (my weekend treat) and sit down on the Underground train to eat them. I notice the hot Persian girl next to me varnishing her nails. She shakes them dry.

Krauser: You know it looks like you're trying to talk to deaf people.



I hear they prefer anal

She laughs, hooks immediately and starts shaking my hands in the air. Good indirect set and I take her Facebook. I walk into town to meet Suave and Shammers. After a quick coffee we head into Covent Garden for some daygame. My state is fantastic and I start tearing it up. The following videos show every set I did that day, except one (a thirty second 1-set that went nowhere).

Wimminz be deluded

krauserpua · 25 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I remember being in a statistics class at university. The lecturer stood there in front of us he demolished our self-images as special snowflakes. Quoting figures with actuarial precision he looked around the room and said x% of you will marry a work colleague, x% will emigrate, x% will die of a self-inflicted ailment and many other aggregate predictions. I put my hand up and said "If 4% of men are gay and there's fifty men in this room, which two are they?" He responded that any individual life is difficult to predict but aggregation imposes a predictable pattern onto social groups. Whatever, I was just trying to be the smart-arse.

The point is this: There's a limited range of common life trajectories, and most people conform more or less to pattern. This is inevitable. We have hard-wired biological impulses that drive us in certain directions, we have social institutions that make a narrow range of paths the easy option and all others difficult, and then we have a limited range of cultural archetypes to aspire to. People just aren't very different.

While reading this attention-whoring wail of toe I was reminded of a specific case.



The Enemy of Man and Woman

Feminism has created it's own female archetype, which I call the **Bitter Twisted Harpy**, the pioneers of whom are now entering their dotage. The trajectory is thus:

The Pure
Age 0 to 15: Progressively absorb the cultural Marxism and vagina-entitlement of Western society without realising it, but be forbidden by society from acting out upon it.

The Trainee Slut
Age 15-18: Experiment with boys, who you still like, test the limits of your freedom and have a great time while being held back a little by natural impulses against bad behaviour and a poorly-formed self esteem.

The Useful Idiot
Age 19-23: Acquire a conscious intellectual sense of entitlement (feminism), manufacture a resentment against teh patreearchee, live a soft life parasitical upon parents and taxpayers, and build an enormous edifice of haughty arrogance to hide the fragile ego within. Obtain considerable validation from men and begin to overcome the instinctive constraints on slutty behaviour.

The Whore

Age 24-29: Full-on alpha-chasing and sport fucking while holding down a worthless paper-shuffling non-job in the public sector or a joke industry (HR, advertising, non-profits etc). Increased divergence between perceived and actual sexual market value based upon conflation of sexual value with relationship value. Growing resentment at being pumped and dumped, decreased ability to pair bond, gnawing fear grows towards terror at the vacuity of such a worthless existence.

The Sobering Drunk
Age 30: Baby rabies hits hard. Last gasp attempt to snag an alpha.

The Femo-Cultist
Age 31-34: Suspension of reality and retreat into denial via Sex and the City, Bridget Jones Diary, Cosmo and internet dating. Various rationalisations of having a successful career, having high standards and liking the person that experience has made them. A renewed dedication to go out partying and find a man. Much desperation and making a fool of oneself ensures.


Female. Aged 34.

The Cornered Animal
Age 35: High speed collision into The Wall. Absolute panic. Choices now reduced to (i) a skin-crawling beta and his wallet (ii) IVF intentional single-motherhood (iii) paternity trapping a careless player or worst of all (iv) buying cats and writing a feminist blog.

The Condemned
Age 36-40: A sustained period of regret, despair and hollowness. Compulsive sharing of one's story while abjectly failing to learn the lessons thereof.

The Witch
Age 41+: Gradual withdrawal from social life and resignation to occupying a similar social rung as the Omega male.

None of this is inevitable but at each stage the woman is acting upon delusions of her own self-worth and with a painful lack of awareness about the ensuing stages she is commiting herself to. As my gift to the young women of our decadent collapsing society, allow me to offer the following advice.

The Pure – Follow your creative and positive impulses to like those around you, to listen to daddy, and to be wary of the bad girls.
The Trainee Slut – Remember you feel dirty and guilty after sex for a reason. Don't let your friends bullshit you

that you a stuck up loser if you don't co-sign their bullshit. Boys will like you more if you don't have sex.
The Useful Idiot – Recognise that life never gets easier than this and it will never be this easy again. You are riding the crest of a wave and should look to lock-in the best man you find. It's downhill from here.
The Whore – Don't come near me you disgusting skank. Ok, if I must offer advice here it is: accept you are nowhere near as fabulous as you think and these guys are just sport fucking you and that's why your relationships don't last. Each passing year you lose more of your eggs and the quality of man you can retain reduces. Learn to settle – you might still get a good guy. And learn some fucking wife skills so he has a reason to spend time with you that doesn't involve fucking.
The Sobering Drunk – Stay off the bottle. You are in the last chance saloon. Grasp the moment.
The Femo-Cultist – You have now become my enemy. Fuck off. If you want to step off the juggernaught before it hits the wall you need to reconcile yourself to settling for a beta and popping that first kid out as soon as possible. Remove other Femo-Cultists from your life – they do not want you to be happy.
The Cornered Animal – You are officially fucked. You will never achieve the happiness and contentment of a passionate pair-bond with a high quality man who loves you, nor will you raise happy well-adjusted children. The best you can get is a guy ten years older than you who is equally desperate for kids.
The Condemned – You primary goal is to avoid disgracing yourself in public and driving all of your friends away from you. You are already a leper, so try to be a polite one. Develop life skills such as intriguing conversation, cooking and dependability. If you are useful and agreeable to those around you then you'll not suffer ostracization. Avoid at all costs the various panic plays: a round-the-world cruise, a Spanish waiter, mistressing to an old businessman, cougardom.
The Witch – There's no way back. Nothing you can do.

Lest this seem harsh readers should remember there is a far better, far easier life trajectory available to 95% of women which up until forty years ago was called "normal". It still exists in the mythical fantasia called Nonanglosphereland:

Grow up, be nice. Have tentative relationships with boys you like. When you're about 22 declare your fact-finding period over and start evaluating all future boyfriends for their marriage potential. Junk the careerist bullshit and focus upon getting a ring through a process of (i) being a woman a man would want to marry and (ii) screening out men who aren't marriageable. Commit early and ease into the housewife / mother role without a fuss. Enjoy the fruits of a long stable relationship with the most important man in your life.

Seeing as most Western women seem incapable of comprehending such a plan, much less actioning it. Here's a bullet point list in simple language

- Don't get fat
- Try to look pretty
- Be nice
- Don't put out until at least the fifth date
- Develop wife skills
- Avoid bad boys
- Avoid bad girls
- Don't fuck more than one man a year
- Never ever fuck on the same day you met the guy under any circumstance
- Don't pursue a career

Chimpanzee game with the Japanese

krauserpua · 26 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm convinced I'm a fucking chimpanzee. I'll explain. It's a commonly quoted statistic, true or not, that we humans share 95% of our DNA with our long-armed hairy tea-making brethren (and no, i don't mean Johnny Wisdom). So why is it that humans built civilisation, landed on the moon and have tiny plastic devices that send words and images around the world whereas chimps are sitting in cages flinging their shit at each other. Or wearing suits and making cups of tea?



Krauser on an instadate

Clearly the 5% of DNA we don't share is of paramount importance.

I think that's where I am with my game. The fundamentals are there, the behaviours are there and I'm doing essentially the same thing as the top day gamers when I'm in set. However, I'm not banging anywhere near as many girls as I ought to be. I'm metaphorically just flinging my shit around. So I have to figure out that remaining critical 5% and integrate it. Thus I've booked in a 1-on-1 with a guy who is touted as London's best pick up artist. We'll see how that goes.

The missing 5% really smarted on my day 2 with the Japanese 2 set. I did a ten minute pick up last Saturday but more or less wrote it off when they said they were going home a day later. I get lucky and a volcano erupts in Iceland covering Europe in a blanket of dust. I swear there wasn't this much dust over Europe since the Jews were hiding under floorboards. So the girls' flight is delayed. On Tuesday at midnight I get a call from Sakae saying she wants to meet (that's the one on the left in the video with the hair tied back and no fringe). Hmmmm. They are doing a day trip to Bath on Wednesday but we make a date for Thursday evening. She asks if she can bring her friend Midori and I say I'll bring along Suave. They will fly home on Friday so this is looking 50/50 for a lay.

I put on my best clobber and meet them on Oxford Street at half six, with Suave turning up later. Language is strained because they barely speak English. Fortunately my Japanese carries it and I lead them off to the milkshake bar. Things progress nicely as I DHV, tease and put them at ease. We move on to a nearby pub and I give some statements of interest to Sakae and get them to spin around while I rate their fashion out of ten. Like the delightful Japanese girls they are, they are giggling, batting eyelids and doing a show of demure girlish femininity that far outpaces anything an English-speaking girl can manage. I'm reminded why I went through a ten-year stretch of

banging nothing but Japanese during my twenties. As much as I've been discovering the delights of Eastern Europeans and Mediterraneans I've definitely still got the Japs at number one on the world bangability rankings.

We move on to a nearby pub and by now I've clearly shown different eye contact and vocal tone with the target. Suave shows up and within five minutes he's sitting hand in hand with Midori and she's touching him and giggling with that heady exuberance of a girl in the presence of a man she believes is her superior. Despite sitting next to them, Sakae and I are in isolation. We're also hand in hand, her leg is thrown over mine and the eye contact is crackling with sexuality. I'm thinking this is close to a done deal. We bounce to a members bar (where the staff must be really wondering about me, cos I show up a couple of times a week with a different hot girl every time). I have Sakae on my sofa and Suave has Midori on his. We might as well be in different venues. I kino escalate on Sakae while across from me Suave and Midori are overcoming the language barrier with childish magic tricks and other body language. It's cute to watch because Midori is loving it, desperate to fuck, and turning on all the girlish charm she can muster. I get Sakae out into the lobby and try the kiss close.



Krauser, recently

Rebuffed! She apologies, says she's got a boyfriend in Japan (true – I saw photos of them as she was skipping through her digital camera). I try to defuse it and try again. Still rebuffed. The forebrain/hindbrain conflict is going on because she remains hugging me, shows no sign of wanting to disengage, pupils dilating, but she just won't kiss. I walk her back into the lounge and Suave has kissed Midori and they are now oh-so-subtley rubbing each other's crotches underneath a cushion placed over their laps. We stay there another hour and I get rebuffed on another two kiss attempts but its all good natured. Finally at 10pm they leave cos they are getting an early flight. We walk them back to the station and that's that.

I think if my game had been a little tighter, or if I'd had one more date, then this would've been an f-close regardless of the boyfriend. Her forebrain was only just barely holding back the roar of her pussy tingle and her self resolve was fading minute by minute. Oh well, live and learn. I've got a Day 2 with a different Jap tomorrow evening.

Definitely not sarging tonight

krauserpua · 27 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I get a call from Subzero cos he's back from Tokyo and wants to go out. I tell him I'm in no mood for sarging – we'll just go to a bar in Old Street and have a drink. Chat, catch up – be like normal people. My mood is good and we're sitting back in the beer garden when a fairly cute waitress comes over to take our drinks order. Hmmmmm. Reflexively I start teasing her about her accent and then do a few interesting rapport exchanges. She forgets about her job and chats to us for ten minutes. I file away the interaction and remind myself I'm not sarging. An hour later the sun goes down and we head inside to sit on some sofas. I open a pair of unremarkable Aussies next to me.

Krauser: 'cuse me ladies. Just a quick question. When I say to you the word "hazing" what images does it conjure up?
Girls: Ummm. Hazing? Er, I'm not sure.
Krauser: You see me and my friend were discussing it and it makes us think of initiation parties and broom handles.

They laugh, chat for a minute then I say thanks and turn away. I'm not sarging, remember.



Fun girl

The waitress comes over and Subzero orders a round while I'm having a piss. As I sit down to my new beer she comes back with the change. I tease her again and she's IOIing me. I let her go but there's a crowd of people in the way and as she asks two chodes to move they start hitting on her. Really needy embarassing stuff. It's happening about four feet in front of us and she looks uncomfortable. They give up after a minute but she's still standing there trying to plot a route through the crush. Fuck it I think. I lean over and whack her on the back of the thighs

Krauser: C'm ere!
Waitress: **smiles, comes over, bends over to get eye-to-eye, brushes hair behind ear**

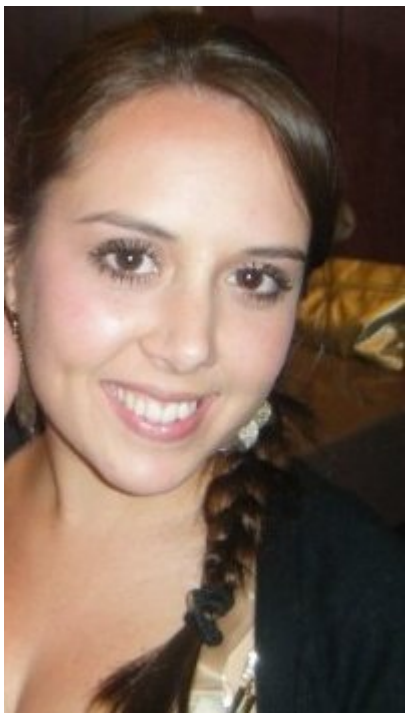
Krauser: This road trip I'm planning. Where was it you said I should go?
Waitress: [her hometown]
Krauser: Thanks. Mind, if I don't enjoy it I'm gonna hold you personally responsible. What's there to see?

Another few minutes and I add her to Facebook. A few days later we have a follow up chat. We are getting bored sitting down so me and Subzero stand in the middle of the bar. Four asian girls walk past a chode crystal and the bravest chode taps a straggler and says hello. The girl pauses awkwardly then keeps walking. Fail. As the girls walk past us I whisper to Subzero "this is how its done". I grab the straggler by the elbow and yank her over to me. Her friends look back, shrug and leave her to me. My opener?

Krauser: C'm 'ere!


The boat she's fresh off, perhaps

That's a nice ten minute set with some kino escalation, DHVs and so on. A cute Japanese girl fresh off the boat. We swap Facebooks and I walk out, it being home time and I'm not sarging tonight. Once we get to the platform at Old Street station the noticeboard informs us it's over five minutes till the next train. I see a short English girl waiting next to us. Unremarkable but cute in her own way. I stare at her until she notices me and gets self-conscious.


Cute

Krauser: **shakes head ruefully** I don't like your dress.
Girl: **realises I'm hamming it up, giggles**
Krauser: Yeah, you're kinda cute but it's not helping you.

It's a beautifully orchestrated sarge with the right helpings of DHVs, teases, light kino, compliments and so on. There's a young couple behind us who watch the whole thing like live entertainment with the dude providing a running commentary to his girl. I take her Facebook and have a chat with her the next day but I won't pursue it because I'm not sarging. Me and Subzero get on the train and there's two girls standing in front of us chatting animatedly about their night. The unremarkable blonde is doing most of the talking and her much cuter Indian friend is holding a kebab in a polystyrene box. I'm just chatting with Subzero about the last UFC until finally after five minutes I feel compelled to open:

Krauser: Excuse me ladies. If you're not going to eat that kebab can I have it?
Girls: **laughs** It's rude to cadge people's food.
Krauser: **to blonde** You're a yank aren't you
Yank: **faux-outrage** That's so rude.

I take the Facebooks of both girls then go home and sleep. Sometimes I really enjoy a normal night out with no pressure to open sets.

Evolution 1: Frustrated

krauserpua · 28 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Part One of Four: The Plateau I've Reached And How I'm Tackling It

There's a progression to a man's formal acquisition of game that goes something like this: First you don't have the balls to approach, but eventually you start barrelling in and mostly can't hook. Next you start getting conversations but the girls won't give out real numbers. Then you get numbers but no dates, then a bunch of Day 2s but no kisses and the girls don't call you back, and often when they do you're LJBF'd. Eventually you hit the stage where you can proceed all the way through from approach to sex with a reasonable consistency.

The point is that it's a linear process. You get good at A1, and that gets you the opportunity to start learning A2 and so on. In the background is your ongoing inner game work which raises the tide for all stages. I'm trying to break out of the "day 2s that lead nowhere" problem. I'm banging some girls but nowhere near as many as I should. To give an example by summarising my past ten days:

Saturday: Two approaches as a demo to student on a bootcamp. The apocalypse doesn't stick but the normal indirect-direct does and I get a Facebook. Good interaction but goes nowhere on the follow up.

Sunday: Three approaches. One Facebook (turns into a Day 2 a week later) and one instant date with consequent number close and Facebook add. This latter girl then deletes me without comment (and before I did any follow up) and it's a dead end.

Wednesday: Five approaches. One Facebook where I'm currently doing light comfort and attraction over the chat function. One Facebook where she added me but no reply to my first teaser mail. One kiss close that I never saw again. Two conversations that went nowhere.

Saturday: Three approaches. One instant date and one number but neither girl returned my two follow up calls. One conversation with no close.

Sunday: Day 2 with the Lithuanian. Two long phone conversations with two targets I'd Day 2'd a few weeks earlier.

Tuesday: Day 3 with a girl who had done the instant date and Day 2, then deleted me from Facebook, then called me up unexpectedly and asked for the date. I get an unexpected series of texts from another girl who I'd assumed was a dead end as she'd never agreed a day 2.

So the total sarge score from this period is: Seventeen approaches, twelve number/FB/kiss closes, six insta-dates/day 2s, **no sex**. Or to tabulate it:

1. Lithuanian barmaid: Facebook, follow up, day 2, seems to be going cold.
2. Russian model: Number, dead end.
3. Russian student: Number, insta-date, Facebook, dead end.
4. English girl: Facebook but not accepted the add, dead end.
5. Italian waitress: Facebook, follow up, potential day 2
6. Jordanian shots girl: Facebook, gone cold
7. English student: Kiss, dead end
8. Colombian student: Insta-date, number, seems to be going cold
9. Black girl: Number, Facebook, day 2 and 3, dead end
10. Aussie fashion girl: Number, Facebook, day 2 and 3, still in play *[update – just kiss closed. Hot lead]*
11. Taiwanese hairdresser: Number, insta-date, Facebook, day 2 and 3, still in play *[50/50 I'd guess]*
12. Polish student: Number, Facebook, many texts. Warmed up a little

Lest I convey the wrong impression, I'm not *unhappy* with my progress. Every single one of these girls is hot (four

of them smoking hot) and I've essentially been able to create twelve prospects from seventeen opens which is an extremely high hit rate for such quality stock. The problem is I'm then fucking up / failing to capitalise. Anyone who's read this blog from the beginning will have a good idea what these success barriers / inner game issues / skill gaps are.

It's frustrating as hell. I know it's a plateau and I know that when I look backwards I see a long hard trail that I've already walked and needs not be walked again. That's all behind me, the progress is locked in. Just one year ago, even in my wildest dreams never would I have thought I could go and rack up a prospect list like that in less than two weeks / twenty approaches.

But damn, shouldn't I be fucking at least one of these girls?

NB – This was written three weeks ago. Follow up posts coming soon

Evolution 2: Stasis

krauserpua · 1 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Part Two of Four: The Current Structure of My Game

Each time I go out I have something new I want to work on – a little tweak in technique or attitude, perhaps a different opener or DHV story. While my conscious mind is focused on that, there'll be a whole bunch of other internalised behaviours (good and bad) which are expressing themselves without much conscious direction from me. So I thought I'd try and step back and analyse what factors I'm employing in one of my standard daygame pick ups.

Pre Approach

-Babble endlessly with my wing about whatever is interesting me, which is usually about 50% game related and 50% whatever. Poor Suave is usually on the receiving end of this prattle. The purpose is to get outside of my head, socially lubricated, and not allow AA to fester.

-Constantly scanning the horizon to sort girls into the three categories of approach, maybe approach, and invisible. Usually I'm looking for single girls ambling aimlessly and displaying strongly feminine presence. I also keep an eye out for other demographic niches such as tall bitchy Russians, timid colourful Japanese and dusky brown Mediterraneans. I always avoid the blonde Essex types.

-When a target gets close, I tell my wing I'm going in, click the spycam on then will either (i) run my two-second NLP state building routine or (ii) mutter "fuck it, let's get blown out". Both are pre-frames to minimise the emotional impact of rejection.

-As I jog after the girl I'm more likely to be laughing at the ludicrousness of dodging through traffic to get to her, or thinking where is the best spot to open where there's a lock-in post near.

Opening and Stack

-I've got a few basic opening types and usually don't make my mind up which I'll use till I'm a second or two away. I go through phases where I'll use one type for several sessions in a row. It used to be direct, now it's more indirect-direct. Apocalypse openers are usually for when I'm in a funny mood, the girl has barely beaten my approach quality threshold, or there's just something about her that is far from my usual type.

-I always without exception command her attention in a strongly dominant manner, so much so that six months ago it would've felt extremely intrusive. It's taken hundreds of approaches to build this basic confidence. It's the single biggest reason why nearly all my sets hook.

-My eye contact is very strong now. I try to mesmerise the girl and use my eyes to glue her feet to the ground. My frame is usually "this woman will hear what I have to say."

-The stack is usually a comment about her appearance that immediately becomes a colourful story showing imagination and confidence. For example I'll describe the fantastical world where she'd fit in. It'll contain a tease that is partly flattering and partly makes her self conscious.

-When then thread is about half done I'll switch to a question on what she's doing today and be ready to pick up the conversational slack with a story on what I'm doing, which will contain a mild DHV. That will be the jumping off point to ask mild screening questions and go off onto whatever tangent she provides.

-Every single set is different. Even when I'm working on integrating a particular story, things get juggled and personalised to the girl. I'm trying to project naturalness and making it a real conversation tailored to the girl.

Consolidation

-After a minute or so I look to lock in. First I'll turn her by sidestepping around her while I keep eye contact and talking. I don't do it during a gap in conversation – always when I'm in midflow of an interesting sentence. If she doesn't follow I nudge her round.

-Then I do the "shameless Suave lock in". I lean back and work on steadfast alpha body language. By this point I'm pausing more and letting her carry the conversation. This is the momentum shift into her qualifying for me.

-I'll be kinoing and laughing more by now, having implicitly agreed that she was worth the effort of approaching, even if I'm not sold on whether she's worth seeing again (this is just the frame – obviously I only approach girls I do want to bang).
-I'll now be working rapport and comfort, throwing only light hit and run DHVs of a sentence here and there. Usually it'll be a cultural / geographical observation prefaced with "When I lived in Japan…" or a "My girlfriend at the time used to…."
-I'll really amp up the emotionally evocative language and use my words like paint on the canvas of life. The love bubble is building and I'm taking her out of the humdrum of mediocre life and into the fantasy world of pleasant emotion. All anchored with kino, of course.
-I'll be seeding the bounce. My favourite is the childhood sweetshop story.

Close
-I should've gotten a good feel for her mood and logistics by now so if neither of us is time constrained I'll start to work the bounce. It'll normally involve a leading gesture and then start walking with the implicit assumption that she'll follow. If it fails, I'll immediately go off onto another story as if it never happened – I want to obliterate the memory of her refusal before it's had a chance to enter the historical record.
-Lately I'll begin the close with Facebook. I'll throw a mild qualifier ("I was right, you really are fun") then go for the add usually assuming the sale ("Ok, I'll add you" then get out the phone).
-While taking the Facebook I soften and distract by starting a new thread even if it's AFC stuff about the nice weather today.
-I transition to the number with a "There must be hundreds of you with that name. If I can't find you I'll text, here" and hand the phone. Not convinced yet how effective this is.
-Talk some more so it doesn't frame the entire action as being about me trying to get her number. If she's still relaxed and enjoying the interaction I'll try for an instant date again.
-When we do say goodbyes I'll give an oblique statement of intent along the lines of "You know, I think I'm going to like you."
-As I walk away, turn off the camera, grin widely, then say something positive to my wing about what I enjoyed about the set so I lock in a positive reference experience.

Now that I've written it out it seemed awfully mechanical for "natural game". Hmmmm.

Evolution 3: Expert Help

krauserpua · 2 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Part Three of Four: I take a one-on-one tutorial

I've been frustrated with the recent plateau in my game. Any time I go out daygaming I'll come home with a fistful of numbers / facebooks / instant dates but I'm just not converting. In addition my state is still too variable and some days I struggle to hook sets. Hours of DVDs have been studied, blogs read, and introspection performed. I'm well over 500 sets into my daygame career. Time for some outside help.

There's not many good daygamers out there. I'm fully prepared to drop a few hundred pounds on high quality instruction – this is a part of my life that consumes hours and hours of every single week – but I need to find a guy who is not just better than me but who also has a style that fits. Having been in the London scene since last summer I whittle the short list down to five names. One name stands above all others so I email this guy. A week goes by then he accepts the proposition and quotes a price that is high but justified if he lives up to his rep.

Readers know I constantly admonish aspiring PUAs to mistrust snake oil sellers and to insist on in-field evidence. I sought out this guy because (i) I've seen legit in field vids of him (ii) a number of people I know and respect spoke highly of him and (iii) his haters fail to find any credible argument against him. What didn't interest me in the slightest was whether he worked for a famous pick up company. Ahead of time I send him youtube links to my previous sarging session and refrain from adding my own comments because I don't want to preframe it. I spend an hour thinking through my objectives for the session and write them down thus…..

Today's goal: To learn what he considers the best way to run day game (not necessarily best for me personally) and the key stages / structure to go through. To get a feel for the realities of daygame as experienced by competent daygamers (e.g. useful attitudes, %hit rates, calibration) or "what does effective daygame look like?"

Mid-term goal: To integrate the best of his technique into my own personal form of day game that suits my character and motivations.

Main skill set I want: To cold approach the hottest girls (7s to 10s) in the prime of their sexual value (18 to 24yrs old) and make them my girlfriend.

Secondary skills sets I'd like:
(i) To choose whether I get the SDL, LTR or social circle with any given girl
(ii) To befriend any girl I want even if she's off limits (e.g. married, not sexually attracted to me)

Specific things I struggle with / questions

- Is it better to display interest initially and if it's not returned then to back off a little and befriend the girl, then put her into a holding pattern until she grows to like you OR keep escalating until she either complies or tells you to fuck off and you never see her again?
- What is a "good" hit ratio of approaches to numbers, and approaches to lays?
- How many approaches does it take to get good?
- How much is it reliant on finding the right girl (matches you, is into you, is up for a fuck) compared to how much is about you attracting a girl who wasn't really up for it in the beginning?
- What % of girls are likely to be up for it and are there ways to recognised them or screen them early?
- Logistically what is the best way to get a girl into bed from daygame?
- What are good habits to acquire to help learning daygame (e.g. approach volumes, changes of location, principles to think about, self-testing)

But most of all I just want him to look at my game and decide what he thinks I need to do. We meet and go to his

house to watch my videos. For over an hour he is playing them, pausing and commenting on what I do well, do badly, fail to do, and related theory behind the observations. He's a technically astute and observant guy. About 90% of what he says I'm nodding my head in immediate agreement and there's a few things in particular where I'm thinking "woah, that's spot on. I totally didn't realise that". Before we've even left his house I feel I've gotten my money's worth. The main insights:

– I'm failing to build rapport quickly
– I'm not talking enough about her
– I'm not personalising the conversation.

We head out to Oxford Street and he demos the first set, a leggy Austrian girl in short shorts. He hooks easily and its ten minutes much along the lines of what's in the above linked video. I'm standing a few feet behind her so I can hear the conversation. I'm intently studying him – the eye contact, posture, gestures, vocal tone and how he transitions each thread. It confirms my chimpanzee theory. My game is 95% his in its superficial elements but he's got that extra 5% that catapults his success rate. He gets me to open a cute little Asian and we tag-team her and interestingly his observations on the set are similar to mine. We do a seated two set of a Russian and a German that doesn't go anywhere but provides twenty minutes of useful practice so I can observe him and he observe me. I'm consciously implementing the advice he gave and when I open a cute buxom Moroccan 17yr old and number close he's watching the whole thing and says it was an excellent set. The vibe is brilliant and we are opening with no AA at all. We do a few more sets on the way to Trafalgar, stopping for coffee and juice – and more theory talk.

I've come to the end of my four paid hours but he seems determined to keep going until the session reaches a natural end so we are out for six hours in all. In Covent Garden he opens a three set of young English girls that we run for twenty minutes and number close, I crash and burn spectacularly with a mother-daughter set (not my fault – just a really cunty mother) and right at the end I instant date a cute little Jap who I date a few days later. That's the end of the session. I'm very happy.

My thoughts?

He's definitely the real deal. Although in raw performance I out-gamed him (closed hotter girls, got the instant date) I think that's just because he wasn't in his top gear and was spending more energy watching me than gaming for himself – which is exactly what he should be doing as a paid instructor. There's no doubt in my mind that the famous "10 minute kiss close" video linked above is legit.
There is absolutely nothing about him or his game that I can't do…. eventually. He's not relying on his looks, money or position. Every part of his success is behaviour, words and vibe and he showed me how he got those skills. I simply have to keep working until I get them too.
His game is essentially the same as mine, just better. I trend more towards the alpha / masculine side but beneath his gentle yeti exterior he subcommunicates strong masculine polarity and the girls pick up on it.
His apprenticeship relied upon the same nerdish laser focus as my own: diarising the time, approaching girl after girl, day after day, committing fully to the skill set.

It's great to see someone who is good enough to make it worth modelling their behaviours, and yet close enough that it feels attainable. This guy is a proof of concept – you can bang the hottest of girls in the prime of their lives using nothing but learned game and with no physical or situational advantages. This is the very embodiment of game.

Evolution 4: Transformation

krauserpua · 4 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Part Four of Four: Key Changes To My Game

Here's a summary of the advice I received during my one-on-one when we were reviewing my in-field videos:

– Make 90% of the conversation about her, 10% about me.
– While it's fine to beginning with jokes, I have to move past that into rapport within a few minutes.
– Don't try to close every girl. It's bad for my inner game over time.
– Don't pay any attention to her good/bad response in the first minute. Just plough.
– Stand still to create magnetism. Don't follow the girl or try to keep her. If she wants to leave it shouldn't affect me so don't pander to her whims.
– Put a statement of interest on the end of every personal observation about her.
– Don't force her to carry the conversation in the early parts.
– It's good to comment on her nationality but find ways to personalise it so I'm different to all the other guys.
– Be careful about showing disinterest in my body language. The vibe is I am interested but if she leaves – so what? This is more authentic
– Crossing her legs while standing is her way of settling into the interaction.
– Within a few minutes of the instadate I should sit her down and build rapport. Once she starts giving away her real self I'm in.
– Try not to fall into her loops. Reframe and put the interaction on my terms.
– Be creative in my phrasing and make it about her, even if I'm doing all the talking.
– Within ten minutes I can directly suggest the instadate. No need to overcomplicate it.
– Number closes / instadates normally fail to happen because there's not enough rapport before the ask
– The instadate should be 80% rapport, 15% fun and 5% sexual
– If there's no sexual undercurrent then verbalise it to create sexual tension.
– If there is a sexual undercurrent then don't verbalise it or I'll destroy it.
– Figure out three physical attributes I like in a girl and write them down in a way that is interesting to talk about, conveys sexual interest, and shows appreciation for the effort a girl put in to have those attributes.

Here's some of the interesting things he said or did in set / in field:

– If you don't have a good vibe with the girl, try to create one. If it doesn't stick just move on. No need to try a close.
– If the vibe is good but she resists giving her number just argue the toss – "Why wouldn't you give me your number? We're having a fun conversation and we've got a good vibe"
– Open with a specific compliment with relatively timid body language. The strength and masculinity is expressed very subtly.
– 2 sets open with "[to obstacle] Hi, is it okay to say something to your friend [to target – normal compliment opener], [turn back to obstacle] I'm so glad I said that. I was quite nervous"
– On the instadate verbally escalate with a sexual comment followed by "I'm a man. I just have to say things like that when I see a beautiful woman"
– Forget bad sets almost immediately. Barely allow the memory to register.
– It's fine to open under pretty much any circumstance, including girls walking towards you, if the opener is superficially gentle / implicitly strong.
– A good opener doesn't look like a big deal. It's almost like saying hello to an old friend.

Body language advice:

– Be directly in front of her so you occupy her whole vision. If you're there, don't move off to the side or away because it'll weaken the vibe.

– You should show direct engagement and interest. No need to play it cool with the leaning back and cock pointing. Your vibe shows the alphaness.
– Don't put hands / thumb in pockets. Keep your hands free so you can gesticulate naturally. It's more authentic
– Don't lean in. Stand straight up like "if I can't hear you, no big deal"

Advice on the frame:

– You are not the cool guy trying to impress her with your coolness. You are being authentic.
– The street refreshes with new girls every minute. Don't be fussed about any one set.
– Gaming hot girls you are genuinely attracted to is easiest because its so authentic and the sexual tension is real.
– Plain girls may reject a sincere compliment because of their low self esteem and may also feel overwhelmed by the attention.
– So girls are just cold and mean, or nice girls that you caught in a bad mood. Don't take ownership of it.
– Most girls by themselves on a weekend are single. That's the time taken girls are with boyfriends.
– Even the hottest girls are rarely hit on in the street, especially by someone competent. You really stand out and are much rarer than she is.

The three physical things I like:

– I love your flat stomach. Your silhouette has that nice slender curve from the width of the hips in to your narrow stomach. It's such a pleasing curve, and then there's the springiness in the muscle tone, like how you can prod it with your finger and the muscle springs back like a rubber ball. When a girl moves I can see the ripple of the stomach muscles underneath. It's so hard for a girl to get a flat stomach. You have to be careful what you eat and exercise. But its worth it because I think it's so sexy. It's so satisfying just to hold my hand there. Its a similar feeling to holding my palm against a girl's hip. It just feels so natural and pleasant, like you are doing what you are born to do.
– I really love the colour and texture of your skin. Young fresh skin has a special shine and smell. I can tell you've been outdoors alot. You probably eat lots of fruit too. As a man I find it really sexy to look at the soft puppy fat under a young girls skin – in your cheeks, your arms, and of course your legs. There's something about that softness, it's so different to a men – the masculine muscle and rough skin. Girls skin is so much smoother and just nice. Your skin is lovely to look at and to touch. I imagine if we were in bed one afternoon, with the sun streaming in through the open windows, and the light bouncing off your skin. I could just lie there for hours, admiring you. I think it's really sexy.
– I love your eyes. I think you can see a person's character in their eyes and yours are so bright and open. They look really big and you have these lovely long eye lashes, and the colour matches your eyebrows and hair so well. I don't know why so many girls pluck their eyebrows and then paint them back on with a pen. I find it so sexy when a girl has deep natural eyebrows, the perfect colour for their eyes. Your colouring reminds me of coffee. You have these sexy dark eyes and dark eyebrows but then a ligher coffee coloured skin. When I look in your eyes it's addictive. You can only have eyes like this if you are a nice person.

Herb Sighting

krauserpua · 4 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out on bank holiday Monday with Suave doing the usual daygame. It goes pretty well and after getting a few facebooks and the number of a really hot Italian we are messing around taking photographs of elephant statues when a pair of Russian tourists walk by. I open extremely indirect by asking them to take a photo of us. Then its a simple transition and they are soon chatting and laughing. About ten minutes in I bounce them for an instant date.



Must... start... closing...

This goes on for a few hours and we both think the SDL is on, but no. Doesn't work out. I'm still a bit confused as to why. Anyway, on the way home this herb gets on the train with his asian girlfriend. Yes, it's an iron rule of herbdom that when they have girlfriends it's a 50/50 bet she'll be oriental. Right away he's clinging to her, leaning in, and flashing his ingratiating smile. He paws at her in forced rapport and you can see the disgust in her eyes. Several times she looks across at Suave and I and she seems almost embarassed. Just look at the fucker. Try not to throw up your lunch



Oh god no

Okay, let's just real off the herb identifiers. These are things to avoid:

- Small girly satchel
- Intellectual glasses
- A haircut I call the "Dickinson". Spikey in an awkward geeky manner
- Leaning into to the girl. Note she has her back straight and is reflexively leaning away from, rather than into, him
- Both arms around the girl. At the most he should have one arm carelessly draped over her shoulder. Better yet his arms are in his own space and she is clinging to them with both her hands
- As an aside, if you are sitting holding hands with a girl then only two positions are acceptable (i) you grab her hand and pull it into you space, resting you hand on your own thigh or (ii) she grabs your hand and pulls it in to her space, in which case you tolerate it but hold loosely like you're ready to take it back at any moment
- His knees touch each other
- You can't see it here but his toes were pointing in towards each other like some little aristocratic Chinese doll
- Pasty skin that has seen neither sun nor sweat-inducing traumatic exercise

Horrible.

Mine is not the only adventure

krauserpua · 9 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Blogging is a wonderful thing. While I trundle onwards along my path to pick up mastery I keep meeting fellow travellers. Here's a selection of their blogs. If you keep a pick-up journal and I missed you out, post in the comments and I'll have a look. If I start reading you regularly I'll post up your link.

Jake Turner: The Quiet Earth

Bhodisatta: One Man's Adventure in PUA Land

Willy Wonka: Willy Wonka's Adventures

Johnny Wisdom: Wisdom's Game

Karlos the Marmoset: My PUA Training Journal

Anonymous: Green Droppings

Rake: Rake in Seattle

Great Giana Sisters

krauserpua · 16 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's bootcamp weekend and I'm running the daygame session with Suave and Wisdom. We've got five students out so it's a busy card – Moran and Burto are also on wing duties. For the first hour I've got a young asian lad who is new to the sport but he's approaching well. There's the usual technical mistakes but I'm not having any trouble getting him into sets. While we are going through one such mistake (he moves his feet to follow the girl – I tell him to stand his ground and just turn his body as he talks if she's still walking) he demands a demo and points to this girl hurrying past.



She had red-eye

I open. She keeps walking. I plant my feet and turn my body. She stops, hooks and gives me the Facebook. So having talked the talk I walk the walk and the student absorbs the point.

For the second hour we swap students and I'm with an English guy who wants to do shop game. We immediately head into H&M where I open a girl from Wisconsin. She's got a BF but its a nice chat. I move on to a two set of girls from Guyana. My opener is indirect-direct – they happen to be laughing as we walk past so I use that

Krauser: Girls. I was just walking past and I had to say you've got such a nice laugh.

Or words to that effect – I forget exactly. Immediate strong hook and the vibe is great. The student comes in to occupy the obstacle and watch me work. The Wisconsin girl walks past shooting daggers at me now that her Hollywood moment is cheapened and we bounce the girls to a retro clothes store to help them with an 80s party they are going to that night. Turns out my target is living in London and the cousin is visiting from Holland for the weekend. Rather than hang around in their frame I close after ten minutes outside the shop with

Krauser: This is as far as we go because we've got some stuff to do. Look, you're weird but I like you. Give me your number and I'll give you a call when I've got some time.

Number close and we move on into Urban Outfitters where I hook a three set of Korean girls. I bail when they say they are on a school trip. It's a great session. I run text game the next couple of days with the Guyanan. The vibe is playful and teasing so I continue in that frame.

Krauser 4:39pm – Good fun meeting you today. I hope you got some nutty 80s gear for the party.

HB Guyana 6:44pm – Indeed it was. Hope you have a smashing night.

Krauser Sunday 11:32pm – Wedding party was today right? Hope you girls didn't cause trouble….

HB Guyana 11:35pm – Oh dear! Close. It was last night and it was a smashing evening. I guess you're done with the more important things in life to grace me with a text?

Krauser 11:39pm – Hold it there tiger! I'm clearing my diary later this week just for you. I'd feel bad about pulling you away from your nice friend when you're supposed to be showing her around.

HB Guyana 11:42pm – That may have awfully mean. Its my cheekiness. she actually headed back home today. how is your mate [student]?

Krauser 11:50pm – Cool. Get some sleep and we'll continue this foolishness later…. Night night

HB Guyana 11:51pm – Bonne nuit!

Krauser Monday 6:52pm – Konbanwa! Wednesday evening is good for me. Are you fun on Wednesdays?

HB Guyana 8:08pm – Hola! On sundays and wednesdays I am awfully cheeky

Krauser 9:49pm – Guten abend! Ok, Wednesday it is. Don't get too cheeky. I don't know you well enough to spank you.

HB Guyana 10:44pm – Bonjour! You are quite right. I'll be on my best behaviour if you are. A bientot!

Krauser Wednesday 9:47am – Ohayo! We'll meet 8pm in front of [location]. That good for you?

HB Guyana: Aloha! See you there. Enjoy the sunshine today. Cheers!

I've been out daygaming with Suave for an hour before hand. I only do a few sets including hooking an incredibly feminine and buxom persian but she tells me she's in a committed relationship so I don't bother trying to close. There's also a nice vietnamese girl who gives me a Facebook but says she's on her way to meet her boyfriend. Good experience but nothing memorable.



Will be drinking my kool aid

HB Guyana is early and Suave DHVs me on the meet before heading off. Immediately I start a routine Burto taught me. I offer her my arm (she takes) and we go towards the first bar.

Krauser: Now I realise this is a date but that doesn't mean you can just kiss me. I need trust and connection first. I'm not just a piece of meat

HB Guyana: **looks me up and down approvingly** You're a prime slice of surloin.

Krauser: I'll take that as a compliment, but I'll be watching you.

The vibe is fantastic and it's totally on. We are soon in my favourite members bar for the fifth time in a week (and fifth girl – the receptionist certainly has an opinion about my pre-selection). My first escalation is to pull her in to read the menu and she's totally going with it. I wait an hour to kiss her and that's the dam breaking. She's climbing all over me and horny as hell. I keep thinking "what's the alpha thing to do" so I do strong body language like I'm sitting on a throne while she wraps herself all over me, snuggling her face into my neck like a cat and squeezing my nearest leg between her thighs. I do The Stone and she's purring like a cat.

For whatever reason she tells me she's not coming back to my place. I don't mind cos the hook is strong. I'm happy to give her a fig leaf to pretend she's a lady. I'll definitely be fucking her next time I see her and I like her alot so I'll happily turn her into an LTR. So I just do verbal escalation. Things like:

Krauser: **while kissing** This is the part where you put your hand on my cock.

HB Guyana: **giggles. Puts hand on cock** I'm a lady, you know.

Krauser: Next time we meet we are fucking. I'm gonna bring you into my house, pick you up and carry you over my shoulder. I'll slap your arse, obviously **gives arse a slap**. That's a nice arse, I think I'm gonna like it. Then I'll throw you onto my bed and rip your clothes off. Then…. while you're naked… on my bed…. I'll go and make a cup of tea.

HB Guyana: **squirming, moaning, grabbing my cock**

Krauser: I'm gonna feel your tits in a minute

HB Guyana: **giggles**

Krauser: No. I changed my mind. In five seconds.

Krauser: 5…4…3…2…1…

HB Guyana: **pushes breasts towards me, I grab**

Krauser: Sorted. I'll be doing that again soon.

I don't want to physically escalate too far because its still an open lounge. I pull her outside and we make out really heavy in some alleyways. While I'm fingering her near Carnaby Street I wonder if I should go for the open-air fuck but hold back. It's 50/50 whether I'll get it and missing it could queer the chances of another date by making her feel too slutty and my seeming too horny. So instead I pull my hand out, wipe it on her coat and tell her that's all she's getting and don't be greedy.

As we kiss at the tube station I tell her to send me a text when she's home so I know she got back safe. She does. She's going abroad on holiday for the next week so lets see how it goes. The odds are extremely high that she'll become my proper LTR.

Oh, while I was rubbing her fanny I was in a text exchange with the Romanian with my free hand. MLTR management here we come.

22 yr old German Student

krauserpua · 16 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I don't normally go for squareheads but I'll make exceptions for cute 22 yr olds. It's Sunday afternoon and I'm meeting Wisdom to talk a little business. We decide to get in some cheeky day game before it gets dark. First girl I try is a Romanian on her way to work near the Strand. She's in a big rush but the planted feet and solid stare do for her and she chats for five minutes. I feel like I can't hold her long enough to get the rapport for a number so I settle for the Facebook.



I like the gypo look

Before long I'm back in Covent Garden. I do the "Can you take a picture of me with this elephant" opener with a nearby tourist and then stack into a proper conversation. The vibe is great and I'm doing all the things I learned on my recent one-on-one. It becomes clear this girl is on a long weekend by herself and itching for excitement. I bounce her to take more photos and then to a French cafe I recently found. Wisdom comes along and helps out. After an hour or so of comfort and rapport in the cafe Wisdom makes himself scarce and I take the girl for a drink. I'm going for the SDL – something I've only recently been trying. It's a no-brainer because she's going back to Hunland on Monday night. We have a drink in the Sherlock Holmes pub nearby standing up so I can test her comfort (it's good) and she's telling me she just split up with her boyfriend and he's moved out her flat. She clearly wants excitement but isn't intellectually quite right with the idea. I talk a little about how society judges women too much and other things that give her the moral go-ahead. She seems to think I'm super smart but I don't want to fall into the trap of getting all intellectual, or worse, dad-like with her.


Achtung Panzer!

We have another drink at a new pub and we're arm in arm by now but she's hanging on quite loose. More talk and I do a little NLP to raise her state and then kiss close. Easy. She's all over me know but refuses the extraction. I guess she's been out since 8am so can't blame her. She's keen to meet tomorrow so I don't push past the kiss and hand holding. There's not much coming at me vis-a-vis shit tests. We kiss goodbye at the station and then the next evening we meet.

There's a quick kiss on the hello to re-establish the frame. She throws her arm around my neck but I shrug it off and walk her arm in arm to the pub. She's hanging on tight now. The fact she came out at all means its on. I want to make her wait for the proper kiss and play around a bit – leaning back and making her lean in to me, getting her to qualify etc. She's well into me now. We move on to the member's club and sit on a sofa in a quiet corner. We start kissing and I work on strong alpha posture and let her climb all over me. She's loving it and really breathing deep and pushing herself into me passionately. So much so I'm almost embarrased everytime the waiters go past.

I go for the extraction and she resists, saying we won't be fucking.I make a joke of that, saying we have agreed not to fuck tonight and have to promise to stick to it no matter how tempting it gets. That completely frees me to verbally escalate and for most of the next hour we are talking about all of the sexual things we won't be doing tonight. Her buying temperature is crazy-hot and her eyes are sparkling. She can't keep her hands off my cock. I go for the extraction again.

Krauser: C'mon I'll make you those cocktails. Nothing is gonna happen because we've already agreed we're not fucking.

HB Squarehead: No. Not tonight.

Krauser: Look at me. Don't you trust me?

HB Squarehead: I don't trust myself **throws herself onto me again**

I'm now thinking only a back-alley fuck is possible if anything. I take her outside and before long we are in some dark doorway making out big time. She's so horny but simply will not escalate to skin-on-skin. I'm still enjoying myself and really having fun with the verbal escalation. I figure I might as well seed the possibility of her coming

back for a fuck holiday. You never know. I also frame all my verbal escalation around how young girls can easily fuck boys but they are surprised how different it is to be fucked by a man. She's properly wet and I'm flummoxed on the inability to extract, or to rip her trousers down right there. I do try. I figure it's better to be a pushy arsehole than a wimpy beta. When I try unzipping her she refuses:

HB Squarehead: You're just trying to get me hot so I change my mind

Krauser: No. I'm giving you are preview of what you'll get next time we meet

HB Squarehead: You sound sure we'll be fucking.

Krauser: Because we will and you know it.

HB Squarehead: **squirms, grabs cock, pushes fanny into it [through jeans]**

Krauser: I'm showing you that I go after what I want.

HB Squarehead: That's for sure!

After about an hour of this I put her on the train home. While I didn't get the lay, it's a nice reference experience. I'm a mid-thirties guy and I just met a 22yr old in the street and came within a whisker of fucking her. Nice.

Night game in Newcastle

krauserpua · 17 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I take a trip to Newcastle for a stag do. My intention is just to have a good time with the boys as we take a train to York for the daytime drinking and then progress on to Newcastle for the night and eventually strip club. The usual. I'm aghast at the horrendous quality of the local girls. Truly central London is an oasis within the dryest of deserts. York is also a contender for mong-town of the British Isles. So many fatties and retards its quite scary, not that Newcastle is that much better. We have fun.

After a brief diversion into a gay bay (where most of our group are frighteningly congruent, whereas I spend the whole time sitting next to the exit projecting as much hetero as possible) we end up in some 80s bar called Retro. I open a two set with a standard opinion opener ("Who is more feminine – Kate Bush on the telly there, or Beyonce?"). I hook but don't care cos they aren't hot and we have to move on soon.

On the platform I open a cute little English girl by complimenting her shoes. It's progressing nicely till on of the lads comes over and tries AMOGing me. He fails miserably but kills the vibe. I'd forgotten what its like to be out with people who don't know wing rules and who try to kill your sets.

Shortly after arriving back in Newcastle I open a three set of Hungarians, two of whom are beautiful. It hooks strong and within a few minutes I realise this is going somewhere because they are on a trip from London. But the same friend comes in and kills the set again. The girls scurry off quicker than a French soldier in a warzone. Thanks fella.

An hour later and we are about eight hours into the drinking. I'm pissed in the way that I feel fully in control but wouldn't want to be operating heavy machinery. This next bar has a couple of prospects and then a 3-set of gorgeous Italians walks in. Two of them are solid 8s and the third is a clear 9. Tall, 19 years old, flat stomach, cracking pair. Once they are sat down I opinion open with my "bangers and mash" line. It's so easy, like shooting fish in a barrel, compared to London. I haven't seen a single guy all night who looks like he might have even the slightest game. They hook strong and are soon giggling and IOIing me. For a change, my friend decides not to fuck with the set but my group moves on to the next bar.



19 Years Old

Fair enough, it's a stag do. So I take the girl's Facebook and run. She accepts the add the next day and I'm gratified to see she's just as hot sober as when I had beer googles. What a pair of tits! I'll try some long-distance sarging so that she hooks up with me on her inevitable visit to London. She's only been in the UK two weeks. Maybe it'll come to something.



OK, here's another

So I've just massively DHV'd to the boys by hooking every single set I open and all hot girls except the first set. We end up in some godawful charver bar near the Bigg Market with pounding music, a crush of bodies, and legions of charver chodes. The girls are everything from 15yr olds done up to look old and 50yr olds dressed like 15 yr olds. Truly awful in a our-country-is-so-fucked kind of way. If NATO saw this we'd have to give up our seat on the Security Council. All of us hate it except the omega who suggested it. He leans over and shouts in my ear "There's

loads of fanny in here!" and chinks my bottle. Ugh.

Perhaps deciding not to be outdone by me, he opens the nearest set. A hen party of fat ugly 50 yr old hags. Really. They would've been ugly at 20 but now its just cruel and unusual punishment to be near them. He's a huge fella and soon puts the claw on the stag and tries to drag him into the set. The hags are well up for it, obviously. A tug of war ensues as I try to keep the stag out of it but finally the hag runs up and plants a kiss on the unsuspecting fella. Just imagine if a creepy 50 yr old man had done that to an unwilling woman 15 years his junior. There'd be violence.

We escape to a strip club and the omega dude shuffles of quietly. There's one extremely hot stripper – about as hot as the 19 yr old Italian I'd already closed – but the rest are 7s at best. I ignore them. The betas drop £20 a dance several times. I game one stripper and she talks to me like a normal person but I can't get past the initial hook. One of the other boys gets a good long set with a fairly nice one much to my surprise. The boy did well and she was IOIing him – genuine sub conscious IOIs. Looks like my stripper game is behind the curve.

A good night. The next day it takes three long dumps to clear my system.

Some Facebook chat

krauserpua · 18 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I didn't do any sets today and the three numbers I took yesterday I told the girls I'll call in a few days. So nothing to do and I turn my attention to other things. While checking in to Facebook I see the Italian 19 yr old is online. Ok, let's give that a shot:



On the right

23:35 **Me:** Hey, did you have a good weekend?
23:36 **Her:** of course….and you? Have you already back in London?
23:37 **Me:** Yeah. Still a bit fragile. Saturday was a VERY long day for us
23:39 **Her:** I can imagine ;);) …..my sister say you hallo :):)
23:42 **Her:** says
23:42 **Me:** cool. Where did you girls go later?
23:44 **Her:**we stayed in that pub until midnight I think… then we went home .. short but nice evening :):)
23:45 **Me:** we went to a strip club. Very naughty :):)
23:49 **Her:** ahahah.. did you enjoy?
23:51 **Me:** Yeah, but I spent all my money buying dances for my brother. It was his last day of freedom….
23:53 **Her:** you are a good brother! :):)
23:54 **Me:** Haha. I try. Have you got plans to travel around England yet?
23:55: **Her:** ….On monday I go back in Italy unfortunately… and this time I don't come back in England :(:(
23:56 **Her:** Are you going to travel in Italy?
23:57 **Me:** I want to, especially around Florence and Rome. Probably later this year
23:59 **Her:** Florence and Rome??…. noooo .. You have to come in my city… the lake is beautiful and you can enjoy, I can show you my places ..
23:59 **Me:** Your city sounds boring
00:00 **Me:**Yeah, that would be nice. Are you visiting London before you go back?
00:02 **Her:** No this time I can't …but I would like to come another time just to visit London.. Everyone says that it is beautiful… so I want to discover if it's true ;);)
(I'm sorry for my awful english)
00:04 **Me:** Yeah, I know lots of great places. I'll show you when you come here
00:05 **Her:** I hope so :):) …
00:07 **Her:** Now I go to sleep… Tomorrow I'll go to college :):) Have a good night…
00:07 **Me:** ok. Good night

I get my washing hung up between typing, so a productive little sortie.

8 days, 7 dates

krauserpua · 24 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've been getting let out at 4pm or earlier last week so I thought I coudl squeeze in some solid day game. I ended up dating a whole host of women.

Monday – Romanian volleyball player
It's a day off and I trundle into Covent Garden. Scorching weather and I'm loving it. I'm over on Neal Street and I see a tall girl looking at a google maps printout while standing next to one of the charity elephant statues that are all over London. Cue situational opener: "Hey, I have to ask. Is that a map of elephants?" She laughs, tells me it's actually for her new barmaid job she starts tomorrow. I comment that her accent sounds like one of the female assassins the KGB send after James Bond. I run rapport and then on the ten minute mark bounce her to a nearby cafe. She's not especially hot but she's tall, leggy and curvy. The instant date lasts about 90 minutes and it's ok but too solid – I struggle to feel any sexual tension. I take her number and move on to other sets.



Bump. Set. Spike.

Tuesday – nothing
I'm out solo and for some reason I just can't get going. Can't remember the last time I failed to open a single set. I just didn't feel like it and there were no girls hot enought to inspire me.

Wednesday – Finnish horserider
I'm walking along South Bank when a cute Polish girl goes by. I open and hook but she's on her way to meet her boyfriend. As soon as she goes I see a leggy girl go by dressed like she's come out the stables. It's not actual equestrian dress but rather fashionable clothes that look remarkably like them. I open with "Hi. Where did you park your horse?" For the first five minutes she's very flighty but then settles and I bounce her across Embankment bridge then a takeout coffee while we sit on the grass by Trafalgar Square. The rapport is excellent and she fully opens up to me but I can't get the sexual tension going. I walk her along St James' Park to feed the ducks, take her number and let her go.

Thursday – German artist
I've already done my sets for the day when I meet Suave as he is just starting. We're chatting near Covent Garden when I see a cute little squarehead sitting on some steps drawing a picture of a building. I open asking what she's drawing and she's super friendly. I tease her for a while then bounce her to a nearby pub. After a pint we go on to a member's bar. The conversation is great and she's trying hard but she rebuffs all escalation, claming a boyfriend. I enjoy the date but its going nowhere.

Friday – nothing
I do some sets but nothing sticks until the last two, a cute Italian and a hipster Brazilian, but both have logistical problems.

Saturday – Romanian LTR
I haven't seen my LTR for a few weeks since she came round to pick up her cardigan (that she's left when she stormed out the house because she wanted to go to the park but I was busy fighting a three-headed hydra end of level boss in Ninja Blade and there's no in-game save function). An AFC friend was having a BBQ so I thought I'd take her along. She drives across London to collect me then across the other side to the BBQ. It's a fun afternoon and I take her to Epping Forrest for some jollies.

Sunday – Chinese maths student / Guyana sister
Suave and Wisdom are teaching a student so I roll up to help out. It's a glorious day and I'm on fire. Just a fantastic vibe everywhere we go. About my fourth set I hook a timid little Chinese throwabout and I'm actually surprised when I successfully bounce her. These timid little kittens normally bolt. We sit in the piazza eating ice creams. She carelessly mentions a boyfriend but doesn't seem to care much about him. After half an hour I take her number and send her packing.

On the evening I have my Day 3 with the little Guyanan minx. That goes great and I think I'm f-closing when we get the tube back to my place and buy a bottle of wine but she suddenly gets LMR outside my house. I'm not that fussed to push it so we go to a nearby pub where I verbally escalate on her then literally pick her up over my shoulder, spank her arse, and carry her to the local park for some making out. I finger fuck her to orgasm then send her on her way.



From Day 2

Monday – Aussie fashion girl

I'm headed along the South Bank expecting to do normal daygame when an old target rings up and invites me to a park. We meet up early afternoon in Camden and I walk her to Primrose Hill via a pub. There's kino and banter from the off. I'd thought it was a dead end a month ago when suddenly I got the k-close. Then she got busy with a family trip and the attraction momentum died. Or so I thought. We have a great time and she is the absolute best arm candy I've ever had. She's almost six foot, catwalk-leggy, and was wearing immodest short shorts and a flimsy top. As we walked through Camden with her clutching my arm literally every man was staring at her and suppressing envy of me. We spend a while chilling in the park and she's stripped down to her bikini by now. There's lots of flirting and I k-close her again. It's a funny one for calibration. At no point did I feel I could push it further than where we were. A slow burn, I reckon.



Arm candy

Approach Log

krauserpua · 27 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a while since I kept my spreadsheet of approaches. Most of the time now I don't bother logging everything – just the memorable sets and not even all of those. But I've been freed up to do lots of consistent day game in the last ten days or so and this is how it looked (all instant dates have / will have write up elsewhere). If I don't mention the close / failed close it means I ejected without trying, either because I decided I didn't want them or the vibe just wasn't there. Sets still in play are underlined.

Monday 17th May
HB6 Dutch backpacker. 10 minute chat, failed close
HB6 Romania volleyballer. See last post
HB7 Chinese tourist. Number close, cancelled date
HB8 Bulgarian. Number close

Tueday 18th May
No approaches

Wednesday 19th May
HB7 Polish. 5 minute chat, boyfriend
HB7 Finland. See last post
HB7 American black girl. 10 minute chat, married
HB7 Bengal. Didn't hook
HB7 Turkish 2-set. Five minute chat
HB8 French actress. 10 minute chat, number close. Some texting
HB6 British 2-set. 10 minute chat, failed close
HB9 Brazilian. Didn't hook

Thursday 20th May
HB6 British in summer dress, 5 minute chat
HB6 British burlesque, 10 minute chat
HB7 German student, 10 minute chat, failed close
HB9 Hungarian waitress, 5 minute chat, failed close
HB7 British 17 yr old, 10 minute chat
HB6 German artist. See last post
HB8 Dark haired Brit. Didn't hook

Friday 21st May
HB7 Brazilian photographer. 10 minute chat, failed close
HB9 Italian tourist. 10 minute chat, meeting boyfriend
+ 5 more sets that didn't go anywhere

Saturday 22nd May
No apporaches

Sunday 23rd May
HB6 Venezuelan big tits. Bounce, number close. Day 2 on Monday
HB6 Chinese student. See last post
HB5 Brit long legs. Re-opened student's set. Ejected
HB8 Pony tail. Didn't stop
HB7 Lancaster student. 10 minute chat, failed close
HB4 China. Hooked but ran a mile when I saw her teeth

HB5 Japan. 5 minute chat
HB7 French student. 5 minute chat.
HB6 Italian barrista. 10 minute chat.
HB7 Dark hair. Didn't stop

Monday 24th May
No approaches

Tuesday 25th May
HB9 Persia 2-set. 10 minute chat, number close
HB9 Greek synchronised swimmer. 10 minute chat, failed close
HB9 French hired gun. 5 minute chat, failed close.

Wednesday 26th May
HB8 Indian big tits. Instant date, number close. Report to follow.

Inspirational

krauserpua · 31 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Alphaness is a way of life. It's something that begins the moment you roll out of bed and doesn't stop till you've fallen asleep at the end of a long day of bad-assery. A central tenet of the book of alpha is you have a mission. For me it used to be muay thai. I'm only a month away from beginning my life of leisure, and that means muay thai is back on the menu.

Here is a guy who really motivates me. 80kg and he'll fight anyone. Look at the expression on his face when he touches gloves with super heavyweights. Look at how he aggressively follows up an off-balance opponent. And look at that beautifully thai type of pure contempt that is expressed in his body language and punch selection.

That's alpha. Enjoy.

For some reason, I like the music too.

A cute little Muslim

krauserpua · 6 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out with Suave and Subzero on a Sunday afternoon in town. The sets are going fine and we're having fun. We decide to walk into HMV for some shop game. Browsing through the DVD rack I spot a cute petite **HB7 Arab**. She's wearing a daft flat cap, so that gives me my opener.

Krauser: Hi. I just noticed you while I was looking at DVDs. I had to come over and tell you I love your style.
HB Arab: **beaming smile** thank you
Krauser: Except the silly hat. It looks like something my grandad wore to the greyhound racing.
HB Arab: **gasp. laughs**

It's an easy hook and she's so demure and maidenly. Muslim too, so doubly fun to think of a possible deflowering. We chat about five minutes when her big fat friend comes over. I immediately include her and she's on my side quickly and is actually a pleasant girl too. There's about ten minutes in all and then I take the Facebook. We'd already figured out she was going back to Libya in a day or two and I didn't fancy my chances of extracting her with the bodyguard around.

I assume the set is finished, but she adds me to Facebook and I decide to give things a try.

Krauser – 19 May at 00:13
HB. I just had a quick look through your photos. Is that really you? They look like you cut them out of a fashion magazine.
HB Arab – 19 May at 10:09
Hiiiiiiiii, those r not my pics hehehe
Krauser – 19 May at 13:03
That's very naughty. And I thought you were such a nice girl….
HB Arab – 19 May at 13:27
lol I am nice girl, u think putting other pics then mine would be naughty of me?
Krauser – 19 May at 15:00
Yes.
HB Arab – 19 May at 15:18
but am not
Krauser – 19 May at 16:28
haha ok I'll believe you this time. So can you upload a real picture so I feel like I'm talking to the real HB Arab? maybe with your old-man flat cap from the greyhound racing…..

The next day I check in to FB and almost immediately a chat window pops up. Here it is in full tedious detail:

11:35 Her: hi ;);)
11:37 Me: hey!
11:38 Her: how r u? hope still remember me :D:D
11:39 Me: Ha ha, I remember. You're the pretty girl with the silly hat
11:39 Her: hahahaha u think that was a silly hat lool
11:39 Me: Yeah, but it looked cute on you
11:40 Her: thanx i just liked that hat
11:40 Me: It's a bank holiday today, so no work!
11:40 Her: wow lucky u
11:41 Me: Gonna feed the ducks in Hamstead Heath with some friends
11:41 Her: enjoy am stuck at work :(:(
11:41 Me: boo
11:41 Her: :P:P

11:41 Me: So you're back in [arab town] now?
11:42 Her: Its [arab town] not [other arab town]
11:42 Me: Oops They are nearby tight?
11:42 Her: [town] is in Asia but [town] in north Africa
11:42 Me: [other town]?
11:42 Her: near to tunis, Egypt, moroco & Algeria
11:43 Me: Yeah, my bad. [local joke]. I know.
11:43 Her: yep exactly hehehe
11:43 Me: When are you next coming to London?
11:44 Her: dont know maybe in july or August but not sure
11:44 Me: It'll be good weather then. I'll show you around. If you promise not to be naughty and cause trouble
11:45 Her: lol hahaha am a good girl am not a trouble girl but sometimes ppl get me involved ;);)
11:46 Me: I'll have to watch you carefully then…..
11:46 Her: hahaha
11:46 Me: I have to jump in the shower now. I'm leaving at 12.
11:46 Her: ok
11:46 Me: later
11:46 Her: talk to u soon
11:47 Me: one last thing put up a real picture!
11:47 Her: yes hope so

Looking good. She "likes" a few posts on my wall and then posts herself. I post back onto hers. Then next time she's online the same as me I reopen. I forgot to save the full chat but it starts with her saying she's had a great week, then I tell her to send me a photo. She does, of her in London the day before we met where she's not smiling. I tease that she looks miserable and she should send one from right after we met, cos she'll have a huge grin then. The rest is as follows:



Likes anal. Probably.

23:56 Her: cuz havent met u

23:56 Me: Have you got one of your smiling/ ?
23:56 Her: let me check
23:58 Me: cool
00:01 Her: here i got 2
00:02 Me: waiting…..
00:03 Her: soon did u get it
00:03 Me: still waiting…..
00:05 Her: got them
00:06 Me: Not yet. Are they worth the wait?
00:06 Her: lol i dont know
00:06 Me: Or are you pulling a stupid face and sticking your tongue out?
00:07 Her: its my internet to slow
00:07 Me: Anyway, how's your week been?
00:07 Her: so great
00:07 Me how so?
00:08 Her:
had dinner with friends in chinese resturant :D:D
00:09 Me: nice. Mixed vegetables fried noodle. That's my favourite
00:10 Her: its was nice is the weather there getting better
00:12 Me: It's burning hot here in London. My head looks like a tomato
00:12 Her: loool really its burning in here too
00:12 Me: I bought an old man's flat cap similar to yours. We can wear them when we go to greyhound racing together. We'll be like a cute old-age couple
00:13 Her: wow that will be coool. who knows maybe in july
00:13 Me: Hopefully not between 1st and 11th
00:13 Her: no maybe at the end
00:14 Me: Cool. What else will you wear at the dog racing. Think carefully – we have to look REALLY old, or they might not let us in. Like, 60 years old
00:14 Her: hahahha. oh my god. i guess u got my pic
00:15 Me: First one, in your room. No smile.
00:16 Her: how comes
00:18 Her: u did not like it
00:18 Me: Oh, it's a nice photo. but I asked for one where you're smiling. I remember you had a cute shy smile
00:19 Her: oh havent got much pics smiling in them. but will tag one and send it to u. soon. tomorrow
00:19 Me: Too cool to smile?
00:19 Her: yeah
00:20 Me: hahaha. Yeah, send me one.
00:20 Her: :P:P. but not today tomorrow i will
00:20 Me: What's your favourite photo on my FB?
00:20 Her: u have alot of nice pics. i was wondering why u r not putting them
00:21 Me: putting where?
00:21 Her: on fb
00:22 Me:
***** ERROR *******
***** GIRL LOGIC ******
***** MAKES NO SENSE ******
00:22 Her: i mean the profile pic. hahahaha
00:22 Me: ah, I don't change that much. I like the squirrel
00:23 Her: but u got much nice ones

00:23 Me: Thank you. A favourite?
00:24 Her: there is one. u r in an old city. but u r too far away
00:25 Me: hmmmmmmmmm, not sure which. Which album?
00:26 Her: tag one of th elephant pics
00:28 Me: I tagged one with you. just now. Hope you like it
00:30 Her: with me
00:30 Me: not sure what you meant
00:30 Her: thats anice one. its a nice pic. there is in an album called
00:31 Me: called what?
00:31 Her: beautiful long weekend. i like the pic u r sitting in it
00:32 Me: Ah, Seville! Beautiful city. I went with my ex-girlfriend
00:33 Her: yep. thats cool
00:33 Me: Didn't put her in them
00:33 Her: but no pics of her. hahaha. i love the pics
00:34 Me: thanks
00:35 Her: now am going off to sleep. had enough for today
00:35 Me: good night
00:35 Her: and i got to wake up early. good nite
00:35 Me:
00:35 Her: and sweet dreams
00:35 Me: you too
00:36 Her: ;0



And probably oral too

So what do you reckon the odds are of her coming to visit and there being one less virgin for the suicide bombers to claim in Allah-land?

UPDATE: Confirmed both the anal and oral. Heh!

Georgian in short shorts

krauserpua · 6 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've got another one-itis, this time it's the Georgian dancer I opened waaaay back. The set went great but she put up a convincing boyfriend defense, telling me she met the guy five years earlier and he's the only guy to put his he-rocket into her she-pocket (while teasingly complaining how Georgian girls really miss out on the excitement of sex with different guys because they are so traditional). She took my card with my number but never called and I just wrote it off. Beautiful girl, but nothing doing.

I'm out today with Suave and Wisdom for a bootcamp. The students go back at the end of the daygame session to get changed for nightgame. I see the dancer walk past again, but this time it's crazy-hot summer weather and she's wearing crazy-hot short shorts. Oh damn, I love dancers legs. Nice thick thighs. I give chase and call her name. She turns around. I stare, smirk and then she recognises me.

I wasn't mic'd up but the conversation was great and she was entrancing me with those wide brown eyes (and tits, pressed up against a too-tight shirt). Should I describe it, or would you rather watch the video? Okay then. Keep a note of how much pussy tingling goes on.

And yeah, my shorts are cool too.

BONUS POINTS: Can you guess the music? Both were from Japanese arcade games. The credits from one with a big peripheral. The main music from Sega.

Another Angry Unemployed Irishman

krauserpua · 7 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I hate the fucking Irish.

Ok, perhaps I should qualify that statement. I hate the following things about Irish culture: the victim complex, the plastic pubs, the pointless sectarianism, the retarded social values in the South, leprechauns, the whoring out of their thugs to any terrorist with a grudge against the English, the continuous murder of bystanders, the total incompetence, and lastly the way they spent 1,000 years attacking England and then the moment we kicked their arse they go into a perpetual hard-done-by mode.

Rant over. For the 90% of Irish who don't embody these traits – I don't hate you.

The context is this. I was out with Wisdom yesterday when he relayed a story. He was in set demoing for a student (day game) when some skinny Irish guy comes over and starts AMOGing him, saying right to the girl "there's another five guys down there who'll hit on you too." This is almost unheard of in daygame. It's literally never happened to me or anyone I know before this. Wisdom AMOGs back but the set is lost. Like the old adage "never fight a pig – you both end up covered in shit but the pig likes it" you can't really win an AMOG battle in a freshly opened set. It totally sours the mood of a daytime pick up.

Wisdom was left thinking WTF? I have been ruminating on a new approach to dealing with AMOGs which basically comes down to the following:

1. Establish they really are AMOGing
2. Threaten violence.

That probably requires further explanation. AMOGing is mis-named because its a beta activity. Alphas like to have honest open competition under the harsh glare of sunlight and resulting in a decisive win-loss. Betas shrink from all decisive outcomes, fearful of losing, and thus conduct their conflicts in the passive-aggressive grey area. It's the same reason they try to sneak under the radar when hitting on girls, why they hate sport, and I suppose why they like Apple products. AMOGing is essentially insulting the other guy within a grey area so it doesn't quite sound like an insult and you can backtrack if called out: "Hey pal, I wasn't causing offence. Can't you take a joke?"

Defensive AMOGing is worth knowing to defend a set that you want to keep. Outright displays of violence don't go down well with many girls, and can get you in trouble with the law. But allow me to propose an alternative:

Step 1 – Ascertain it's an actual AMOGing
If you are in set in day time and a guy goes out of his way to approach you to deliver a put down, then it's almost certain he's AMOGing. If your gut feels it, it probably is. However, if you're in a charitable mood and also don't want to immediately lose the set by appearing unreasonable you may want to do a normal AMOG verbal response (people unaware of social dynamics usually don't read the subtext well – something I've noticed in streetfights when the onlooking pussies completely miss the way an aggressor was trying to line you up before you decked him so because you hit first they think *you're* the unreasonable one). If he doesn't soften, and instead continues, you know for sure you've got yourself an AMOG rather than a merely uncalibrated interloper.

Step 2 – Bring him out of the grey area
This is essentially the "Reardon gambit". AMOGing can only exist when you both dance nimbly in the shadows of passive-aggression. Just call the guy out.

AMOG: Haha. Yeah, where are you going in those shorts – 1970?
Krauser: Come again?
AMOG: The shorts, pal. My old man had a pair when he used to go to Blackpool pier
Krauser: Did you just insult me?
AMOG: Haha, nah man, why are you so touchy?

Krauser: No really. That sounded like an insult. You just took the piss out of my shorts. Why did you do that?
AMOG: Yeah, well they are shit. Haha.
Krauser: Woah. Hold up. You just insulted me again, after I told you I don't like it.
Krauser: * *to girl* * Hang on a minute.
Krauser: * *to AMOG* * Who the fuck do you think you are. I don't know you from a fucking vagrant in the street and you just come over to two people having a conversation and start fucking insulting them.

Step 3 – Clearly imply violence
Make it clear that this is no longer a conversation. He is an unwelcome aggressor and he has to fuck off. Personally I'd suggest you *don't* actually verbalise the "…or I'll lamp you" because that invites him to say "go on then" and thus witnesses consider you the aggressor. Better to give him the death stare, push him back, and tell him to get fucked. But not raising your voice or losing control.

So this is what I've been thinking lately, without ever expecting to need it. Then I'm out with Jambone this afternoon and we see exactly the same Irish guy (he's often in Covent Garden – I knew who Wisdom meant immediately upon hearing the story). We are propping up a lampost outside M&S and this guy tries opening a girl right in front of us. She doesn't stop. It's a blowout but nothing unusual for daygame. As the guy turns back away from her he notices us watching him. We aren't sniggering or anything, just a vaguely interested gaze at something happening right in front of us. The guy clearly has mad-Irish-inferiority issues because he comes up to us and this happens [paraphrasing]:

Paddie: * *challenging but not aggressive tone** I saw you boys eyeballing that. Was that good enough for ya?
Jambone: * *returning the tone* * We saw you following that girl, your tongue hanging out your mouth.
Paddie: * *English accent immediately brings out 400 years of inferiority complex* * Well you're about to see an Irish guy knock an English guy's head off. [yes, he was that quick to unprovoked aggression]
Jambone: * *doesn't move from his slouch or bat an eyelid* * Just try it
Paddie: I fucking will you know
Jambone: I'll give you £100 if you try.
Paddie: I fucking will. I've got a bunch of 50 provo boyos round the corner in the pub who'll back me up.
Jambone: * *laughs* * Krauser, I've never met an Irishman who didn't claim to have fifty provos in the pub to back him up * *laughs* *
Paddie: * *to me, seeking agreement* * He's a laugh a minute this guy. What a dick.
Krauser: I'm his friend. Not yours.

This goes on a little more and then a car nearly drives in to him so he has to cross the road away from us. He stands seething for a while as Jambone heckles him. He approaches another girl who blows him out then he walks off in the huff. We debrief the event and it dawns on us just how weird it was. I can only imagine his pride was so sore at having us see him get blown out (and he's seen me approaching, so perhaps he feels competitive pride) that if flicked the mad-Irishman trigger. Seeing as I share my pitch with him, I suspect he'll try to AMOG me again when I'm out solo because it was Jambone who put up 90% of the resistance this time round so he doesn't know I'm itching to try out my new violence-based anti-AMOG. I'll try to get it on video.

My date shows up (Guyana girl) and I head off. While in Habitat buying a frying pan I actually see the Irish guy through the shop window, gaming a 40 yr old woman on the street outside. Hmmmmmm.

Before all this happened, I did three sets. First one I closed – see video. Second was interrupted in less than two minutes by a cockblock, and the third was a nice two set sitting drinking Pimms that hooked well but couldn't close.

UPDATE: A front view



Pole Dancer Day 2

krauserpua · 9 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out with Suave on Oxford Street bothering women as usual. A cute little asian walks past and she has a beautiful graceful walk. I give chase and open:

Krauser: Hi. Do you mind if I give you a compliment. I was just over there with my friend when you caught my eye. You walk like a dancer. It's so graceful.
HB Dancer: teehee etc.

It's only a five minute set because she's about to get the bus home and is hungry. Turns out English is actually her native language. I get the Facebook and head on to the next set. I assume the set won't go anywhere because it was so rushed. She accepts the Facebook add and when I go through her pictures I become impressed. She's a pole dancer and has an absolutely perfect body – proper slim curvy aerobics shape. None of that diet skinny bullshit. I throw out a feeler to see if she bites and we have the following FB mail exchange.



oh yesssssss

20 May at 23:09 **Me**: Have you tried the English (Pirate) language selection at the bottom of the page yet? ridiculous…. [*light and non-sexual, but more involving than "hi, whassup". Might get her to look at my profile. Remember I thought this was an extremely uninvested set]*
23 May at 22:59 **Her**: Perhaps I just have a boring system, mine says English (US). What happens with the Pirate version? All your friends are listed as 'matey' (Aaaarrrr)?
25 May at 21:05 **Me:** Precisely. It had me laughing for ages. *[no hurry to reply. I'm a guy with stuff to do]*
I had a look at your photos. You never mentioned you were a pole dancer. That's surprising, cos you look so innocent, but also kinda cool. *[tease and mild SOI, trying to bait her]*
28 May at 19:25 **Her**: Nope, I checked, and I still only have the default English settings.
I find it very difficult to slip 'Yes, I'm a poledancer' into random conversations on the street. And you are…something in the financial sector as well a practitioner of ju-jitsu and kickboxing? *[cool, she checked me out – there's some attraction]*
30 May at 21:42 **Me:** Sort of. I love fighting. *[terse and manly]*
How's your week looking. I wanna take you out. Wednesday good? *[go direct, she's either into me or she's not but this thread could run out of steam quickly]*

31 May at 19:07 **Her:** That was extremely direct. So, I too will be direct. *[bang! directness is a DHV in itself – I've pushed her off the fence]* Wednesday is in fact very bad, as I have two exams this week. However, on the premise that:
1) You are not a serial killer;
2) 'Taking out' is not construed as a 'date';
3) You are free next week;
I would suggest next Monday. Unfortunately I have class on Tuesdays-Thursdays. *[qualifying me hard and baiting me for the chump with her as the prize. A strong frame]*
01 June at 16:35
1) innocent till proven guilty
2) no expectations
3) yes
Monday it is. Text me your number and I'll give you details nearer the time. 07x xxxx xxxx. Let's plan for about 6pm in the West End. *[Didn't want to challenge her frame too hard until I see her in person, just reframe enough to avoid being a chump and then regain the lead]*
05 June at 20:14 **Her:** Would it be possible to push it up to 5pm? Or will you not be able to get off from work in time? In which case a late drink around 10pm? I was supposed to be free all night but unfortunately have to [blah blah]. Otherwise we could also reschedule for 6pm next Monday? *[more beta bait but she's also being polite and might have a legit clash]*

A minute after this last message, the text game begins:

05 June 8:16pm **Her:** Hi, I'm available on this number from 2pm-2am, which is when I'm awake. Please don't ever call before noon unless it's a matter of life & death * HB Dancer *[Strong frame, beta bait]*
06 June 11:44am **Me:** Definitely not before noon…. *[Note the time. I had to show some balls but not too rude]*
06 June 2:03pm **Her:** That's strike one *[50/50 if this is bitchy or playful. On meeting her it turned out to be the latter]*
06 June 9:55pm **Me:** 10pm-12 is good for me. Let's go to [blues bar]. Meet [location] 10pm
06 June 10:43pm **Her:** Ok, I finish at 9:30pm at [place], so I might be slightly late, but will let you know if I am delayed.

That night is a friends birthday in Soho House and also a different friend DJing just off Oxford Street. She calls just before 10pm to say she's running a bit late and then I eventually meet her near the station. I find out quite quickly that the bitchy frame in her texts is just soft irony and she's actually really chatty and friendly. That's a good thing. I take her into the club and I get DHVed off Jambone and his girl then we sit around a table chatting.

Lately I've been practising rapport and vibing so much that I've neglect some of the more classic game tactics, so I pay more attention to my friends than usual (i.e. not abandoning the guys for some new girl) and also tease and neg her quite hard. I judged her character right because she responds well and starts qualifying herself. As the music gets loud I bounce her to my friend's birthday drinks. We get there just in time to catch Burto and his Spaniard on the way out so I get DHVed there (guy with high value girl says nice things about me) and move into rapport with HB Dancer. After a drink I take her back to the club for dancing.

She's a sensual mover and really shakes the arse well. I respond by more or less ignoring her, letting her dance next to me but focusing all my attention on my friends and just having fun. I figure she's used to guys trying to dry hump her. Then I pull Jambone off the dancefloor and we prop up the bar talking. Before long she comes to join us and as it gets towards 2am I put her on her bus home. Finally I start some kino – light touching, push aways and end on a boobie-to-boobie hug. I'm acting like she's finally started to win me over. I do the usual "send me a message when you're home so I know you're ok" which results in:

08 June 2:16am **Her:** I am un-murdered and home and had a very enjoyable evening. Thank you
08 June 2:19am **Me:** Ok thanks, I'll recall the helicopter. Sleep well

08 June 2:19am **Her:** Total over reaction, I can fend for myself. I disarm them with my charm Goodnight!

I'm feeling pretty chuffed. Unliked my usual sets, where text / FB game is just logistics, this one relied on it for getting the attraction high enough to secure the date. I then changed things up a little based on my intuition about her character and it worked. I leave it a day and then:



It would be wrong not to

2:04pm **Me:** You really wake up so late? *[reopening but more challenging than "hi"]*
2:04pm **Her:** 3 mins ago exactly
2:06pm **Me:** Shameful! I've had cats who sleep less than you do. *[immediately playful judger, give her a thread to expand]*
2:07pm **Her:** Can I counter by stating that my dogs sleep the same amount? *[playing along]*
2:08pm **Me:** HB Dancer = doglike *[judging, teasing]*
2:08pm **Her:** As in cute and good natured. Minus the fur. *[qualifying]*
2:09pm **Me:** Ok, I'll buy that. *[Reward. She's winning me over]*
2:13pm **Her:** And let us not forget the bitchy aspect *[qualifying, showing me she's fun]*
2:15pm **Me:** How about the acceptance of and loyalty to her master? *[screening frame, but playful]*
2:16pm **Her:** I bow to no man. Or woman. Or ideology for that matter. *[she's referring to something I told her on the date – a great sign]*
2:17pm **Me:** Oh man, you're gonna be trouble….. *[Future projecting and validating her playfulness]*
2:18pm **Her:** Gonna be is a future prospect. I prefer to work in the present tense. *[playing along]*
2:20pm **Me:** Trouble AND a would-be philosopher. Is there any limit to your talents? *[patronising her, positioning myself above]*
2:21pm **Her:** One strives for perfection after all *[accepting it]*
2:22pm **Me:** Aye *[one word game – putting onus on her]*
2:23pm **Her:** But one can settle for marvellous *[More qualifying, stretching out thread]*
2:25pm **Me:** Steady on :O ! I'm going to a birthday party on Saturday night. Wanna come with? *[Finally, I have to get to the point. continue the frame of me as having a full social life]*
2:25pm **Her:** I'm going to the circus on Sat, but thanks for the invite *[Refused! At least she justifies it]*

2:27pm **Me:** Ok. Which days are you usually free at a normal time? Like, from 7 or 8pm. [*Reframe to put onus on her as being weird and me requiring her to meet my standards – of meeting at a normal time]*
2:29pm **Her:** Haha, normally Mondays. Unless [constraint]. Or Fridays generally. *[Good. This is implicitly accepting a Day 3]*
2:31pm **Me:** Hmmm. Would you be offended if I show up ever-so-slightly drunk? A pint or two "to the good" as it were. [*Don't jump directly to the ask. Imply I'm gonna do my own things and am just seeing if I can fit her in to my schedule]*
2:33pm **Her:** Are you habitually minorly drunk on Mondays? That's a very weird day to select. Short answer: no. But I will go home if you start doing the macarena. *[Accepted the Day 3 for Monday but I actually prefer Friday]*
2:36pm **Me:** Actually I was thinking Friday – I've got a work drink 5 till 7 near [City]
2:41pm **Her:** Friday's the World Cup. I'll be getting lessons on soccer from flat mates to better appreciate [her team]'s efforts. *[Another legit excuse. I made an error in not reading her prior text as discounting Friday]*
2:47pm **Me:** Oh, I see. [her team] will be eliminated by Monday, so we'll go out then and drown your sorrows. 7pm good? *[Tease to deflect that I'm falling into her frame, imply drinking, assume the sale]*
2:49pm **Her:** I would like to see the triumph of hope over experience, but Monday looks good at present. Let me know details closer to the time then.
2:54pm **Me:** Ok

There's a few things notable about the exchange. First, the rapidity of responses over the course of an hour. I was sitting in a cafe relaxing over coffee whereas she's just gotten out of bed and was presumably checking her phone every minute or so as she got ready for her day. Second, the whole first half of the exchange was me teasingly qualifying her. Third, I was fighting to avoid a DLV in the second half because dragging it on without securing the date looks bad, but giving up after a refusal equally so. My attempt was to qualify her as I did it and assume the eventual sale. I think it worked. Not sure.

Note also that I have not edited her messages to make them grammatically correct. She really does write in full sentences with correct spelling. More than any other thing this is making me want to tap that ass. I love a girl who writes properly.

Anyway, she sent me a link to her doing a pole dance demo and it has absolutely confirmed my intention to bang her. Hard.

3 hours, 3 dates

krauserpua · 24 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out day-stalking with Shammers today and it's burning hot. I do a few warm up approaches that go ok – I compliment a stunner on her dress and get into a ten minute conversation with some young chick who has written top-10 hits and has recently signed to a major to sing solo. That one is going well but she gets a call from her parents before I've got good rapport and it ends in a facebook when she claims she *can't* give out her number. She has her own wikipedia page and wasn't bullshitting – this girl is a genuine hot property and I think she is on the verge of stardom.

I'm trying a new frame today, based on the Gunwitch audio set I've been listening to. I think my technique and calibration are totally fine now so I don't have to think about anything in set – I trust my faculties to sort it out. The major missing link is inner game, specifically that I take a long slow route after the opener when I ought to be showing far more sexual intent once I'm a couple of minutes in. I decide today's theme is:

1. Strong sexual intent through subcommunication (NOT verbalised)
2. Keep plowing all the way through to the same day lay. Only take a phone number if the SDL is ruled out (e.g. by her time constraint or more than one rejected extraction)

With this in mind I decide to focus more on target selection rather than in-set skills. All targets must pass these logistical filters:

1. Alone
2. Dressed in a sexually provocative manner (as opposed to merely pretty)
3. Showing some leg and/or cleavage
4. Not in any apparent rush
5. Get my blood tingling in a "oh man I'd love to fuck her" compatibility

My third set hits well. She's a half English / half Indonesian ambling along Neal Street wearing a tight revealing black top and tight black leggings. Her large-ish breasts are nearly falling out of it. This is a girl who left the house at least *intuitively* wishing to be noticed by men. She's also wearing beige suede boots.

Krauser: Hi. I just have to ask. What's with the silly boots?
HB Cleavage: **smiles, taken aback**
Krauser: Yeah, I was just back there when I noticed you ambling along – you had a very feminine manner, by the way, I like that – and you caught my eye. Then I noticed those boots!

She hooks easy and quickly takes up the conversation. Utilising the **ten-minute-rule** (in daygame if she's still there after ten minutes she's ready to be bounced) I insta-date her in a quaint cafe nearby. I start to turn on the sexual projection and eye contact, tell her to wear her hair down, light kino and so on. These are thrown into a conversation that is otherwise mostly rapport and some attraction material. She's responding well, IOIing plenty and I'm starting to think the SDL is on but she refuses the extraction. I pick up the earlier vibe and further light probing suggests she's got a legit time constraint. I take the number. Seems solid but she's only in the UK another 2 weeks.

I never do find Shammers again because while I'm walking up from Trafalgar Square to find him a 23-year old Korean tourist walks past and I have my next insta-date. She had lovely short-shorts, tight top and the general manner that screams "please open me, I'm receptive". She wasn't especially hot – perhaps a 6 on the universally agreed scale – but she got the blood a-tingling. I opened asking about her shoes which were ludicrously bright Converse trainers. I bounced her to a grassy knoll then to a pub. She was IOIing but refused the extraction. She's here for five days and like most Asian tourists has a full schedule. Travelling alone, so I might be able to drag her out. A long shot.

I make my way to Covent Garden again and there's a few forgettable sets. I open a black girl and she's initially

frosty but starts to get into it. As I'm gearing up to bounce, her friend arrives to cockblock. No big deal, the vibe wasn't strong. I immediately stop a lovely Asian in a summer dress and she hooks nicely but claims a boyfriend on the number close (she's on the way to work, so I don't try the bounce). There's also a tired dancer that chats for a little while.



The asian

Outside the station I see **Clouseau**, one of the two French PUAs recently arrived on these fair shores (I made up that name). We are only chatting a couple of minutes when **HB10 Lithuanian** strolls by. Long legs, hot pants, sunglasses. Absolute stunner. I give chase. My opener is shit. As I'm closing in on her I can't think of anything about her that interest me except that she's super hot. So I insult her bag. Surprisingly she likes it and after a tough sixty-second plough she's laughing and into it. I bounce her to the Starbucks across the road for a takeout and then we sit outside chatting for nearly an hour. She's real nice but seems to be going through some sort of angst over what to do with her life – can't be older than about 23. I try to walk the line so that I build rapport without being an emotional tampon. She's a waitress and soon starting work so I again have to take the number rather than go for the SDL. While she's asking me about my hobbies I dust off the old NLP boxing routine that has her panting. Don't have a photo but she's *very* similar to this chick and equally hot….



Imagine this with black hair

As I walk her back down Neal Street who should I see but Soup Man. He's coming the other way and I'm ready for the AMOG attempt but he doesn't try it. As he sees me and notices the super hot girl with me she happens to grab my arm and hang on to it. She's actually demonstrating how some bolshy customer grabbed her in the story she's telling, but to any onlooker it looks like she's my girl trying to cop a cheap feel of my muscles. Soup Man is crestfallen.

Leaving this chick at her work, I walk along the piazza and catch sight of a hot Bengal-looker with dyed red hair sitting on the kerb. My blood is a-tingling and she's showing cleavage and thigh. I immediately walk directly up to her (she sees me coming five seconds away) and open:

Krauser: C'mon, I have to know about the hair. It's brilliant.

Strong strong hook and we chat about twenty minutes. She's a stylist and her next client calls, some rock star she says, so I get her number and she practically thrusts it onto me. My state is so good that I can do no wrong. Finally I decide I have to pop by the office, so I just do a couple of light sets on the way. I give a few compliments, get decent responses but my intent is gone now. Great day and nice to be back on form. Photos to follow if the number turn out solid.

Saturday afternoon

krauserpua · 26 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My oh my I've been doing some sets lately. Here's a quick rundown from today, with lots of missing girls when the sets blurred into one.

HB Korea on the underground. Opened asking if she'd painted her nails to match her t-shirt or the other way around. She was leaning in, smiling and qualifying right from the beginning but she had to get off the next station. **HB English Actress** was a 2-set walking across a town square. Deep brown skin like an Indian and lovely calves. I open by addressing her fugly friend who amazingly just excuses herself in under a minute and leaves me with the target. We chat about ten minutes and I take her number with "Ok, this is the bit where I'm hitting on you. If you hadn't already figured it out." Some text game follows:

Krauser 6:12pm: Hey Miss Actress, are we text buddies now?
Her 6:22pm: Haha!! Yeah
Krauser 6:28pm: Cool. Just don't blow through all your best material right away
Her 6:45pm: Well we are still in recession so I'll wait a while
Krauser 6:57pm: Have you figured out where you're watching tomorrow's momentof international glory yet?
Her 7:49pm: Not yet but I'm at class tomorrow but def wanna watch us beat the Germans!!

That was half an hour ago. I've got high hopes of this because she's super hot and I was very direct.

HB Moscow was a tall scary-looking ice queen so I used that in my open: "Hi, I wanted to come over and give you a compliment but you look like one of those scary girls who is really mean to guys." She liked that and we chatted five minutes but it wasn't going anywhere.

HB Cute was a buxom English chick who I ran across the road to open. She had a cute little pink dress showing curvy legs and a nice black bob. After ten minutes I took her number. Seems 50/50 on whether its solid but she's absoutely well worth banging.

HB English I chatted to in the doorway of a clothes shop for ten minutes. Halfway through she seemed ready to leave even though she was having fun so I said "Hang on another few minutes so I can start hitting on you" and she laughed and did, but turns out she's living with her boyfriend.

I approached **HB French Photographer** not sure if she was legal because she was so petite. She's 19. Fantastically stylish dress and apparently she travels internationally for her photos. That was a ten minute or so chat and she gave me her card. Probably flaky which sucks because she's a 9 in my books.

HB Persia chatted for about 20 minutes and seemed to be warming to it but refused the close and then it turns out the student who was out with Moran had just opened her a few minutes before me. Some HB Foreign didn't like me at all at a bus stop while **HB America** did but I couldn't get enough rapport before her bus came – I felt I was getting close and would've done the job given another five minutes.

HB Portugal nearly shit herself when I opened her so I didn't bother ploughing. I made light conversation with a few seated sets where I didn't have any intent so it doesn't really count. I stopped one stunning leggy **HB Bengali** girl with this opener: "Hi. Do you mind if I give you a compliment? I saw you striding down the street with your long legs – which are nice by the way – but what really caught my attention was your shoes. That leopard skin on them. You know what it makes me think of? Prostitutes."

She cracks up laughing at that and hooks but I lose momentum and with that she loses interest. A solid 9 and scary looking too so I'm pleased I had the balls to open like that with her. I spend five minutes talking to a lovely **HB Nigerian Public School** who doesn't seem better than a 6 at first but she absolutely enchants me with her eyes, smile and manner. Shame she wouldn't give me her number.

On the way home I open **HB Bulgaria** because her name is written on her art portfolio and it's an odd one. I ask her about it. She's the nicest girl of the day and really responding well, IOIing with her hair twirling and smiling girlishly but again the Underground cockblocks me because she gets off the very next stop. Can't create enough rapport in sixty seconds to justify her staying past her stop or me getting off to follow her.

I reckon I did another five or so sets on top of this that I've forgotten about. It was a great day because pretty much every girl I spoke to hooked and chatted. For about half an hour I hit the social state where you can open literally anything.

Take that Fritz!

krauserpua · 27 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Not long after finishing my daygame I've showered off, redressed, recharged and then go out with Jambone for a quiet pint. We aren't fussed about sarging but we'll keep an eye out for any decent venues. On the way up to London Bridge I see a f**uckin' smoking black girl** walk past. Facially she's only a 6 or 7 but she has an unbelievably voluptuous figure and it's all natural – narrow waist, huge curvy arse, and rounded breasts. I give chase and do my normal streetgame. She's loving it and her manner is charming. She's Ugandan and unfortunately says she's got a boyfriend of 3 years who she is happy with. There was clear attraction though – I ran the set perfectly but she was simply unavailable.

Jambone and I get a pint and make our way into the beer garden of a nearby pub. It's fairly student-y but not especially busy for a saturday night. There's only one set that is approachable – 2 girls sitting at a wooden table. It's convenient too because the other end of the table has the only free seats in the place. We sit. There's a drained puch of Caprisun juice there so I open matter of factly asking if it's their's and how it's rude to bring your own drinks into a pub. Then I talk with Jambone for a while and we gradually pull them in.



Achtung! Schnell!

This set is now run using mechanical half-arsed Mystery Method. It's quiet, relaxed and totally suits our talkative low-key game. Perfect conditions really and no rush. It's like we are robots running through the motions:

- Periodic takeaways to talk amongst ourselves
- Opinion questions thrown out to reopen
- DHV stories
- Teasing with cocky funny

When I come back from getting Jambone and my drinks I catch one sentence from him of “she’s like a different woman now” and I immediately think “oh, Jambone’s bed & breakfast DHV story”. And the funny thing is it all hits home with the girls and they are loving it.

The SNL was a 50/50 if we’d been prepared to stay out clubbing with them because they were drinking solidly and definitely up for something. Both 19 yr old Germans. I’m afraid that means my 22 yr old German squeeze is now undercut and needs to up her game. We number close, facebook add and have an early night. I’ll probably call her.

England vs Germany: Warm up

krauserpua · 2 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out in London Bridge with Jambone and Moran to see us stomp the huns. It's an absolute scorcher so I'm in my new daygame uniform that neglects a blazer and thus has nowhere to clip my spycam. Not to be outfoxed by nature I do have a back up – sunglasses with a spy cam hidden between the lenses. Before the match we do some approaches. My first is a Bulgarian (see video). She stops well and is IOIing good, adding plenty to the conversation. I keep the set going while Jambone is a few metres away with the shady spy shades gabbing on the phone for cover. Easy number close and we fall into texting.

Walking back towards the station I see HB Thai coming around the corner in short shorts. I neglect to set up the camera but run a good fifteen minute set. I'd have bounced her but she's on her way to see friends for the game. She's been here seven weeks, to study English. I move her from the pavement into a shop doorway and run light kino related to muay thai. Strong hook and an easy number. More texts follow and I date her two days later.

Coming out of that Jambone is in set with a tall Portuguese girl so I put the shades on and video him number closing. Barely is he out of set when the hottest girl of the day walks past. She's a Londoner but has a Moroccan / North African look about her. My opener?

Krauser: Hi. I had to come over and say something. You were striding down the street, really feminine and I thought to myself – I'm not sure how to say this – but you walked like a whore

HB London: **amused** I'm not.

Krauser: Yeah, that sorta came out wrong didn't it **solid eye contact, not remotely backing down**

She hooked strong, as you can see from her pussy-tingling leg movement in the video. Yes, she's the one in the green dress. What a fantastic arse.

I bang my first Thai

krauserpua · 2 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Krauser: Hey Jambone, you should see the girl I fucked last night. She's 22 and an astronaut.

Jambone: Wow! 22!

Not quite but she's 23 yr old and looks several years younger still. She's the second set from Sunday. I meet her 6pm on the South Bank and things get off to an awkward start when she shows up gabbing on her phone and remains on the call for five minutes after seeing me before finally hanging up and beginning the date. She then either misunderstands or just plain rejects the two-cheek kiss. It's all very clumsy. Nontheless I came out onto the date with a strong frame: I will fuck this girl or piss her off in trying. I will NOT become her friend.

I lead her to a nearby pub and we drink a pint standing up outside. That's something I want to make a habit of – the kino is so much more natural than if you're sitting down. I put her onto the points system right away ("You can cook properly! That's +10 points" etc) and she's qualifying. Kino begins when I'm pushing her around for being silly and I'm soon giving her noogies and thumb wrestling (flagrantly copying Burto's tag-team Mexican thumb wrestler gambit). She's clearly shy about public displays of affection but is accepting her submissive role. I DHV a bit including my new little boy at the church story, show photos of my nephews ("I'm teaching him judo. He's gonna be the best judo player in the world") and so on. All of my cold reading hits and deep rapport is easy to get. I walk her off to the next bar right on the riverside and she's arm in arm now, and we arrive with a soft hand-in-hand.

Sitting by the river she mutually escalates kino to thigh touching, side hugs and she's laying her head on my shoulder while I scratch her head. I like to treat girls like cats for kino. She's drinking fast for a girl and I tell her to slow down ("I don't want you getting drunk and causing trouble"). We go inside and as we walk through an empty room I do a light kiss close. We sit together in a small pub room with noone else there. I run my boxing NLP routine and her eyes spazz out all dilated and her buying temperature is really rising. We have a proper makeout and subconsciously I just know she's horny for a fuck. I'd already seeded my home cocktail bar.

Krauser: What was your favourite cocktail again?

HB Thai: Gin and tonic

Krauser: OK, I'm gonna make you one. Come on.

HB Thai: Now?

Krauser: Yeah. I have to send you home early so we'll do it now.

HB Thai: OK **goes to toilet, comes back and I extract**

I engage her logical mind talking about my favourite muay thai fighters and why I like watching them as I hail a cab. It's only five minutes drive. Once inside I show her to the lounge then go to the toilet (builds comfort if she can sit by herself for a little while – freedom to leave). Then I pour our drinks and kiss her. She just jumps me, climbing all over and pushing her tits into my face. I decide she's so horny that foreplay is gonna kill momentum – she's groaning when my hand merely approaches her woo-hoo. She's sitting on me so I just stand up holding her and walk into the bedroom with her wrapped around me and throw her onto the bed.

I've been wondering about a new theory on sex namely that a woman's enjoyment of sex is far more about how alpha she thinks you are rather than any technical ability. She's unbelievebly up for it so I do things to her that would normally take weeks of breaking in. There's something very special about knobbing a 23 yr old – the smooth tight skin with subcutous fat, the flat stomach, the naive spontaneity. She says "I'm not good at oral" and really means it, qualifying for me and hoping I'm not disappointed by her enthusiastic attempts. All girls need an alpha to turn them out and I think I made a good job tonight.

There's that old biblical story about the walls of Jericho and I thought my house was gonna fall down she was screaming and moaning so loud. Oh, and to improve my sexual intent I hadn't had a wank for a week. This girl reaped the full benefit of / brunt of when I finished off. Heh, I left her semi-blinded on my bed when I went to get the tissues and decided I might as well give her another minute like that. Heh.

I do her again, even better than first time, then send her home. She texts to say she forgot her watch and can I look after it. Forgot? Of course. I probably own her soul now. Lovely girl.

Day 2 with Lithuanian Perfect Ten

krauserpua · 3 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I surprised myself when I got the instant date with this stunner. There's precious few of these girls around so to pull one is a treat. She was one of the textees during the England match and fortunately I had Jambone at my side giving advice – without it I would've lost the frame and supplicated before her incredible beauty. Texts go like this:

Krauser 3:50pm: Are you watching the England game? Controversial.

Her 4:44pm: Yeah, i do

Her 4:45pm: Yeah, i do

Krauser 4:51pm: That was painful. I blame you

Her 4:52pm: Why me?

Krauser 4:55pm: If you'd bought me a milkshake like you promised, there'd be happy vibes throughout England and we'd have won 6-0

Her 4:59pm: Did i? Dont remember!

Krauser 5:01pm: Now she's trying to get out of it!…. I cannot believe it! You owe me a milkshake. Meet me on Tuesday.

Her 7:25pm: On tuesday i'm busy from 9am till 12pm [shit test!]

Krauser 7:42pm: Wow, Little Miss Busy. I'm impressed!

Her 8:41pm: I'm goin to future teller Then for haircut, and THEN i'm working. Gonna be funny. *[qualifying]*

Jambone recommends I leave it there then call her after a day or two and before I do I get these late at night on the Monday. Evidently her fortune teller rescheduled:

Her 11:25pm: Hey. That woman told me and somethin about u!

Krauser 11:46pm: That I like coffee and action movies?

Her 11:47pm: Hah. No. She just said that you are good boy.

Krauser 11:48pm: "good boy"? Hmmm, maybe you should ask for a refund

I call at noon on Tuesday and she picks up after a few rings, evidently having just been woken up. We chat for a short while and she agrees to meet but can only make a two-hour window on Wednesday afternoon. I have to accept because I can't let the attraction momentum die by putting it off ten days till I come back from Lithuania. In all of this my primary concern to to maintain frame control – a girl this hot must have everyone supplicating to her all the time.

The day arrives and we text to confirm. I'm actually thinking she's only 50/50 to accept so gratified at this:

Her 2:30pm: I hope you are still coming….

She's early and as we walk towards each other in Covent Garden I'm just thinking "be alpha, keep the frame". It's hard because she's instinctively testing from the off. She's slightly taller than me, got her makeup on, tight top and tight half-cut jeans. **Absolutely stunning**. Without labouring the point, she is easily Hollywood Actress / Megan Fox quality. She tells me she wants to eat (I don't) so I walk her off to Neals Yard and she's striding ahead of me and off to the side but I keep my pace and line until she lows down and joins me. She's quite a talker and is immediately launched into a story about her visit to the fortune teller – and she passionately believes the woman despite the obvious cold reading. I don't want to neg or discredit the scammer because of this:

HB Lithuania: So she was amazing in telling me so many facts that were right. Then she talked about you.

Krauser: **leaning back, semi-interested** Yeah?

HB Lithuania: She suddenly said “Who is Krauser?” Really, she used your full name straight away. I said it was a guy I’d met four days ago. Then she is communicating with my father’s spirit and says my father thinks you’re a good boy

You read that right. I have already met the (dead) parents and they like me. I wasn’t really sure what to do with such a DHV.

She witters on for another ten minutes about it all before I can get her to actually order. I make light of it but she’s actually a very sweet girl and interesting to talk to. She can’t be more than about 22, possibly even 20. I want to escalate but it’s tough because its broad daylight, she can’t drink (going to work after the date) and we are sat at a cafe. I hold very strong eye contact and she puts up quite a fight and only slightly supplicates in looking away first but I think it’s triggering some nice submissive behaviours in her. I also look distracted when her conversation is boring and she tries hard to win back my attention.

After food we move on to a nearby bar and sit on stools in a corner. Our proximity is better now and we already have deep rapport with her sharing lots about her life and anxieties but never making me an emotional tampon. I tell my little-boy-at-church DHV that makes her heart melt and she’s touching me plenty as she talks and her pupils are nicely dilated. But at no point is she in a position to make a kiss possible.

My thoughts are because of her boyfriend back in Lithuania (who she mentions five times, and seemed to have been living with him before coming here). Her talk is like a young girl rady to leave her first serious relationship but not aware of it yet. So I hold back on the kino escalation. I think it’ll need us drinking, and standing up together. After two hours I take her outside and we head our separate ways. I think I’m 50/50 on kiss closing her next time – but if I don’t get it then it’s LJBF territory. Today should’ve been the day but there were too many barriers.

There’s a ton of positives to take out of this primarily that a *super* hot (did I mention she was hot?) young girl is sexually attracted to me and that I held good frame throughout. I’ll mostly ignore her while I’m in Lithuania, just an odd text. Make her chase.

I’m not dead

krauserpua · 15 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Just been on a ten day jaunt to Lithuania with the RSG boys for a bootcamp / holiday. Many many good stories. I’m working on the posts and videos while recovering from a cold brought about by 10 days consecutive drinking.

Lithuania 1: Brazil vs Holland

krauserpua · 16 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This is the first in a series of posts from my 10-day jaunt in Lithuania. We went to teach a bootcamp for a few days then have a team-building sargeathon. Way too much happened to cover everything, so this is just highlights.

I will *NOT* be writing a post on when I had to pretend to be asleep while my roommate Suave was fucking a 19 yr old girl he'd just picked up that night. **shiver** . No post about Shammers fucking a girl on the beach in Nida. Nor of Moran coming gloriously close to a same night threesome. Anyway….

I'm out on Friday afternoon with Suave and a few more of the RSG crew for the Brazil match. Just round the back of the town hall is an open air bar showing the game on a big screen. It's rammed. From a distance Suave spots a 2-set of blonde and brunette, saying he might've gotten an approach invitation. I suggest we open at half time. Dr Becks actually does the grunt work for us and does a nice pivot job. I've already decided I want the brunette so it's an easy division of targets. Textbook game is run and the girls respond great. We bounce them up to our table and isolate. I'm running normal comfort and establish deep rapport quickly. Dr Becks DHVs me a few times and it's all very easy. This girl, HB Long Hair, is exactly my type – petite, olive-skinner, flowing dark hair, cute shy smile, oozing feminine class. Suave has to take a different line because his team are playing an important World Cup match so he mostly ignores his girl in favour of the football but she's looking at him alot and the other guys are keeping her from getting bored.



Half Cheryl Cole, Half Borat

By the time Brazil are eliminated we've both got hand-holding and it's a done deal for the number. We swap a few texts and arrange a double date for the Sunday. This is where it gets technical.

First thing that happens is the girls are twenty minutes late. Rather than DLV on the town hall steps Suave and I go to the nearest bar and watch the game, making the girls come to us. For some reason Suave's girl has brought a spare wheel – a crazy Russian girl. As we walk off to the next bar I'm in immediate isolation with HB Long Hair walking arm in arm. I tease and neg her, run more rapport. Suave has a weaker isolation with his girl because he

couldn't run all the rapport during the game like I could. The Russian is starting to get angry with being excluded.

I suggest a burlesque-style bar that is virtually empty and we have the full downstairs to ourselves including the soft sofas. We talk more and when I feel my girl is ready I take her upstairs "to have a look around". At the first moment of true isolation I kiss close her. She's really happy about it and we make out for about ten minutes before I lead her back to the group. She's soon sitting on my lap like a purring cat. She has to work at 3am the next morning so I know there's not enough time to try an extraction, though I do anyway. Now attention turns towards getting Suave the k-close. I take my girl out for her taxi, makeout again, then back.

Suave and his girl want to go to a famous lookout point but the Russian is in full-on cockblock mode and keeps screeching "No! I don't go there. I want to dance!" We are exasperated with her and Suave's girl (who wants isolation) argues with her. I decide its time to take one for the team and lead the Russian to a dance club, with Suave and his target to meet us there an hour later. For the first ten minutes the Russian is testy but I don't take any shit while also giving her attention and she calms down and turns out to be a sweet girl. We are way too early for the club so we have the dancefloor to ourselves. We do stupid dancing and I make her work for my attention, which she does. Soon after the RSG guys begin to show up and we are soon lording it.



Seriously motivated cockblock

Suave texts to say he's on his way and needs DHVs, so I pass the message around the group. He shows up having k-closed but stalled in his escalation and we great him like a king. He locks in to the power position of the group and I get him a whiskey (Burto does so too later). We all treat him as the conversational anchor and the girl is melting. I leave the club about 2am cos I'm knackered but it's a very successful sarge.

My girl is working crazy shifts, has a business trip to Riga, and is visiting a friend in Warsaw so it's really tough trying to find time together. I get her out one-on-one on Tuesday and events render my plans unnecessary. It's 11pm and my group is gonna head back to the hotel for some cocktails before we go clubbing. My girl shows up alone and Dr Becks extracts her for me – this being a group of seven people (including 2 girls) going back for a hotel party. We pour drinks and it's soon just me and the girl in my hotel room. She's dressed in short shorts with a tight plunging top. I think it's absolutely on despite her strongly nice-girl-not-a-slut vibe. I run my caveman kissing routine (picking her up over my shoulder, slapping her arse, ragdolling her around etc) which she loves and I'm

soon lying on the bed with her legs wrapped around me. I start to grab at her top when Suave blunders in. He realises the error and leaves immediately, but that's triggered her ASD and suddenly she's not gonna be getting naked anymore. We still makeout bigtime and she's properly wet, but her logical front brain is back in control of her decisions. I don't push too hard. After a couple of hours I put her in a taxi (early shift again) and go to bed.

Girl: I woke up having a nest in my hair thanks to you! You're definitely going to pay for that!
Me: What's my punishment?
Girl: Still thinking…. but i warn you, i'll be pitiless!
Me: :O I knew you had a ruthless side!
Girl: Too late now, who breaks, pays…
Last time I see her for the trip I just bully her out with this text exchange:
Me: The plan is 2 nights in Palanga then Saturday in Kaunas
Girl: You might not like Kaunas [image] ah seems like we're not gonna meet for goodbye….
Me: Yeah we will. I want to see you tonight.We'll have a date.
Girl: I'm afraid we won't i'm starting work 3am and had very little sleep tonight, will go to bed early..
Me: Call in sick tomorrow. We'll meet early so you can go home early.
Girl: Krauser i'm going to bed at 8pm and dentist is at 6pm, how do you imagine our date?
Me: Break the rules girl. I want to see you. Cancel the dentist. I'll check your teeth.
Girl: That's very nice of you can't cancel, no other day left before my trip to UK, my agenda's full, that's my usual biggest problem [image] you break the rules, come to Vilnius after Palanga and we'll meet on saturday!
Me: I might, but won't know for sure until later. If I do, you have to clear your plans on Saturday so we have a looooong date. My friends will all be in Kaunas
Girl: I'll call and ask if it's possible to make an appointment for sunday, the only option for me.
Me: Yeah, do that
** few more texts**

Me: Ok, good try. Meet me tonight after the dentist for an hour.
Girl: You want me to die tomorrow at work..
Me: You'll die happy 7pm? Same steps
Girl: I'm gonna kill you! 7 is impossible, won't manage, you do realise it will be a very very short date, don't you?
We have a real girlfriend-boyfriend vibe and I very much like the girl. She's said she'll be visiting London at the end of the month (for one day!) and because I already know I'll be back in Lituania soon I decide to play for the long term. We meet for an hour, have drinks, some light kissing and she gets the bus home. A lovely girl. Definitely LTR material if the logistics work out.

Lithuania 2: Finnish blonde

krauserpua · 16 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm teaching the daygame session on Sunday and we take the students out. Towards the end I see a really cute blonde striding purposefully down the street with her headphones in – my favourite type of set. I run over and open by complimenting her walk. She cracks a beautiful smile and I'm hooked. Turns out she's half Finnish and half Lithuanian. We chat for ten minutes and I'm conscious that the students are hanging around for me to finish. I take the number and some easy text game ensures:

Me: Hey Miss Fashionable *[I gave her my standard neg of "let me guess where you work. Not fashion, obviously"].* I guess we're text buddies now Krauser.

Girl: =D my big smile. how is your evening? I don't like the rain =/

Me: We're all having a hotel party, listening to the thunder, drinking White Russian. You?

Girl: In which hotel? =) i'm at home. still relax.

Me: *[Hotel name].* If the rain stops we'll go out. Wanna come join me?

Girl: I would likem to meet with you tomorrow for a coffee =)



One-itis risk

We meet at the town hall and I walk her to a bar, via a restaurant to get DHV'd off Burto. The playful vibe is excellent, with us both teasing, prodding, poking and shoving each other. We walk into Shooters bar arm in arm. It's early evening and we can't even see a waitress never mind customers. I take her downstairs to the big sofa. I start to realise how challenging it is to kiss close a sober Lithuanian – especially the good girls that I always attract. Her buying temperature is good, she's fully invested in the conversation and qualifiying, reciprocating kino, hand in hand – but there's just an invisible barrier between us. She's hyper-sensitive to PDA and even though she obviously wants to kiss, she won't. There's no LJBF bullshit – I literally push her up against the wall and spend ten minutes trying to caveman her for the kiss. She keeps head-turning away and yet makes no attempt to leave – just giggling

and refusing. Finally I tire of this and it's almost time for my next date. Later, we get into texting and Facebook mail:

Me: Was fun today. You're weird, but I like you.

Girl: =))) i think you are drunk… I just not like others

Girl *[next day]*: Hello =) how are you? today again club? I wait for fuball.

We don't get to meet on the Saturday as planned because I end up 400km away at the beach. So it goes to Facebook:

Me: 12 July at 12:29: I'm back in London now. Palanga / Nida were amazing, but I'm so burned now I look like a tomato. It's unlucky we couldn't meet on Saturday but we had to decide as a group where to go and we agreed on Nida.

Girl: 12 July at 12:38: Hello Krauser, you are lucky tomato =))), because i spend my Saturday at office… I'm happy, because Spain won! =) I wish to see you one day… Maybe you'll come again to Vln? =*

Me: 12 July at 13:43: Yeah, I'm glad Spain won. Before the match I didn't care, but when I saw how the Dutch team were fouling I wanted Spain to beat them. I'll be returning to Lithuania. Possibly October – we might have a long seminar then. We'll definitely meet. Let's stay in touch on Facebook for now – keep your chat window open.

I'm sitting having coffee on Tuesday when my phone vibrates with this:

Girl: Hey Krauser =) how are you? I saw your pictures from Palanga – a lot of girls today is to rainy, i'm almost sleeping

Me: Sleeping at work or in your bed?

Girl: At work =D i wish to sleep at my bed (not alone)

WOAH! Stop the press. Hold the phone. What the fuck did she just say? Phase shift…..

Me: I know the feeling!

Me: When are you coming to London? I want to show you around.

Girl: -=) are you invite me? Actually i'll have 1 week in August free, so… who knows =) i wish to see London and… you

Me: Great, let's do it! I look forward to seeing you.

Girl: That is nice =) you are very kind

Me: We're gonna have fun. I'll show you my favourite places – give you a dream holiday

Girl: OK =) when i will know the dates, i will inform you. thank you

Me: Cool

That's pre-selection in action. I'd run tight game on her in the solo approach and again on the date, but she'd basically seen nothing of my life except what I showed her there. Suddenly when she adds me to Facebook and gets to scroll through the long scripted DHV that is my profile – including 50 photos of me having a great time in Lithuania with cool friends and hot girls – baddabing! Attraction trigger overload. Must… have… sex… with…. alpha….

Close

krauserpua · 19 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Right-ho, this is a trial balloon.

You're all well aware of my "no in-field = no game" approach to internet scammers pua gurus. I suppose I ought to live by my own code. I was browsing Youtube trying to find infields of the RSD instructors, a thankless task, when I came across a vid of Ozzie having a threesome with two hot girls. Not an actually pornographic vid – just him kissing them in his hotel room and then fade to black just as they were unzipping him. Looked legit to me. So Ozzie has moved up my list of gurus.

So here's one of mine.

Still not entirely sure about this. There's a niggling feeling in the back of my skull. Not sure if it's a hangover or my conscience. Comments appreciated.

UPDATE – Lest I confuse anyone, this is NOT a pick-up video. The post about the initial approach is here. This vid begins when I met her for the fourth date, long after the initial f-close.

Lithuania 3 – We hit the streets mob-handed

krauserpua · 20 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

We'd just arrived in Lithuania the night before and were itching to see if it really is the fabled land of beautiful women. After a quick spot of lunch we hit the streets on Friday afternoon. Suave opens a 4-set of jailbait which hooks but we kinda slink off when we realise their age then as I'm walking past a pavement cafe I see a perfect 10 sitting down. I open and she's all smiley but doesn't speak English. She's not dismissing me at all and the body language is fine but her eyes have that vacant look of someone who has no idea what I'm trying to say. I eject.

In the town centre I see a nice seated set and hook until her boyfriend shows up. I plough anyway and then the set is invaded again – this time by the 4 jailbait girls. Seems everybody knows everybody in Vilnius. I eject out of that and when the rest of the gang show up for the Brazil game we get a nice double number close. Note how the motorcyclist turns his head to watch my set before he hits into the back of a car.

On the way home Suave and I open a few sets in the supermarket but none are very hot and then it's time for nightgame. There's a nice bar with a beer garden and as we walk in Shammers opens a 2-set of underage catwalk models on the stairs to the basement lounge. We manage to royally fuck up this set. I get him a drink and wing the obstacle. Plenty of IOIs and we bounce them across the room. Shammers then just wanders off. I decide to hold the set for him and then Suave comes in. He does too much attraction so I signal him and he backs off. I'm looking for Shammers to come back in but he doesn't – it's miscommunication – he thinks I've jacked his set and maybe I have. The slimmer girl is showing me lots of IOIs so I decide to just game her rather than wing (she was the obstacle). Then Moran comes in and jacks the set going after her.



Ended up with Moran

It's a clusterfuck but the girls are happy. Moran and I bounce them outside to the beer garden and now I'm gaming the other one and Moran is salsa dancing the 15 yr old. My new target is 16 so I know that when push comes to shove I won't try to close her. Moran ends up cavemanning his for a k-close outside and then they run away. We get their numbers but when Moran follows up his girl she says she's too scared to come on a date so it goes nowhere.

They add me to Facebook and that's that. There's a team inquest afterwards in which we are reminded that we completely fucked up Shammers' set – myself included.

Across the road is a great little club. We'd tried to get our jailbait in but the doorman carded them. Once inside I'm opened by a hen night that plies us with drinks and I get a flakey Facebook from the hottest girl in the club. She had big brushed metal discs for earrings so I opened with "Excuse me. Did you make those earrings from the hob on your cooker?"

Most random part of the night is I'm dancing with Suave when some girl pushes between us and starts grinding. I pull her off the dancefloor and she's ranting on in broken English:

Her: I not a slut

Me: Uh-huh

Her: You are nice guy. I can see

Me: Yeah

Her: I not girl who fuck guy in club

That sort of thing – within two minutes of meeting. I kiss close. She wanders back to friends and I figure I can find her later. Over the next hour she keeps dancing a few yards away from me and signalling for me to join her. I refuse, locked in to the wall, and occasionally beckon her over – about half the time she comes. It's one long attempted cock-tease by her. It's heating up and I figure there's a good chance of an extraction but then she suddenly grabs her friends and leaves the club, me mistaking it for them going out for a ciggie.

Lithuania 4: Belarus and Russia

krauserpua · 27 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Ace wants to have a quiet drink for us to talk business and theory – to catch up having not seen each other in a couple of months. Suave comes along too and we head into town. The heavens open en route and it's like a tropical thunderstorm. I see a **beautiful leggy girl** walk past from the supermarket. My perfect ten (no, not this one). I open her in the rain – direct. We are standing there getting soaked while I tell her how feminine she is. She's giggling at this **Love Actually** moment and I pull her under the cover of a tree long enough to get the number. 18 yr old Belarussan staying at our hotel, just arrived the day before. I rejoin my friends and we camp out in the nearest bar.



Love. Actually.

We are joined by **HB Red Dress**, who I'd daygamed two days earlier, and her fat gay best friend. He's not actually gay, but he's very protective and immediately tries amoging Ace who rebuffs him comfortably. The dude keeps trying it on all night but he's progressively less bolshy and Ace does a fantastic job over the next few hours to give me isolation. HB Red Dress looks much hotter than I thought now that she's dressed up. We chat plenty and while I like her energy she's got a bit of the night-club-princess vibe that I detest. But overall she's a good target.

I lead to Disco 311 and we dance. I'm three quick pints to the good so it's a bit of a blur now. While I'm dancing with HB Red Dress I get re-opened by the crazy 20 yr old gymnast from two days earlier. She's hunted me down and determined to tell me, in broken English, how I'm a good guy and she's a good girl and definitely not a slut but she drinks too much so her friends have to take her phone and blah blah crazy talk. If it was London I'd run a mile, but I know I'm not here long so I indulge her. And she's hot. A former medalist in some world games, she says.



My kind of librarian

That begins the jealousy plotline so I can easily bounce Red Dress into the chill-out sofa room. I run comfort and she's all over me – until I go for the kiss close that she rejects. More comfort, more kino, and another rejected kiss. Now she wants to dance and there's no keeping her seated. We go back in and Gymnast pushes herself into my space and I dance with her. Red Dress is doing the princess routine with her fat gay friend and encouraging other guys to flirt with her. Suave is in set with a hot girl that every other guy is trying to pick up. Ace and I help him out for a while, with me defusing and removing 2 amogs. When he's isolated I get him a whiskey to DHV (and his target has seen me already isolated with Red Dress).

Red Dress is still fannying around and I decide I don't care. I grab HB Gymnast and pull her downstairs. We make out big time and the SNL becomes likely. I take her back upstairs and now both targets are competing for my attention. I see a 2-set of 19yr old Russians standing bored by the wall, wanting to dance but not fitting in. I make eye contact and gesture her onto the dancefloor. She smiles but stays still. I jog over and do the Saturday Night Fever finger point and really cheesy dancing. I'm in such good state, and totally preselected, that she cracks up laughing and I drag her onto the dancefloor. I am now playing three targets off against each other, often ignoring them to dance with Ace – who is still dealing with the fat gay cockblock.

It's all great fun and at the end I'm dancing one-on-one smoochy style with Red Dress. Time goes by and we are outside the club. I kiss Gymnast, try to kiss Red Dress (rebuffed even though she's all over me with kino) and try to caveman HB Russian (very close – only ASD in front of her friend stops it). Suave is now gaming up the other Russian. I give it one last try to extract HB Gymnast and she's walking with me before her friends pull her back. I have the numbers of all girls and decide that's time to call it a night.

Two days later I have a lunch date with HB Belarus. We sit out at a pavement cafe in the sunshine. She's got a time constraint because her exams are this week but we have two hours chatting. It feels like there's no chance of escalating to a kiss because we're sober, it's sunny, and we are in a cafe. I do lots of rapport and some attraction game. The eye contact is good, she's investing, but she's not actually very interesting so I find it hard to build sexual tension. I do very light kino and it's not really reciprocated – she accepts it but doesn't really play ball. I decide to bail before it gets stale, and consider doing a proper date at night.

My week in game

krauserpua · 31 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Sunday – Thai girl comes round to cook me dinner, gives me a new shirt. I fuck her and introduce her to vibrators. All on video.

Monday – My favourite Lithuanian comes to visit London. Big make out. On video.

Tuesday – Go to Paris. Fuck the 18yr old I picked up a few days earlier in London, while her dad is at work. On video.

Wednesday – Pick up 19yr old Korean virgin in Paris Starbucks. Big make out.

Thursday – The 18yr old gives her first blowjob. The Korean touches her first cock. Both on video.

Friday – Back in London. Meet the young Muslim virgin. Big make out.

Saturday – Bang the Muslim virgin and Suave bangs her friend. On video.

Paris Coffee Shop Game

krauserpua · 31 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sitting in a Starbucks in Saint Michel, near the Notre Dame cathedral feeling pleased with myself. I'd just f-closed the 18yr old French girl last night and was gonna meet her again this afternoon. But I'm a greedy man and I noticed a cute 19yr old Korean virgin sitting a few seats away. My daygame radar was tripping out with her signals – sitting alone, bored looking, short shorts, breasts fighting to escape her t-shirt. Everything screamed "bored, looking for excitement". Probably at peak ovulation too. I'm reading my book and my sexual lust is fully satiated. So I dither.

Finally after about ten minutes I realise I'm gonna be really bothered if I don't at least open her. No idea if she speaks english. No idea if I've already creeped her out with my staring. Right at the beginning I'd noticed she had a strange small hardbacked book that looked like the old Readers Digest story compendiums from the inter-war era. I lean over:

Me: Hi. How's your English?

Her: Um, I speak a little bit *[obviously speaks well from her delivery]*

Me: OK. I've spent the last ten minutes trying to figure out what that book is and why you've got it.

Her: **smiles** It's my diary

Me: **stack into conversation about how my grandmother used to give me similar books to help with my reading when I was a little boy**

It's one of the easiest pick-ups I've ever done. My state was sky high and everything felt natural. Within a minute I'm sitting with her, feet stretched out over another chair, holding her book narrating a dorky Dear Diary that has her laughing. Then we're drawing Garfield pictures. When she tells me a good story I reward her with one question – about anything – where I have to tell the truth. She asks if I was lonely! Once I hit the ten minute mark I bounce her outside and we go for a walk. At a nearby church garden I climb up onto a low ledge and pull her up – that's how natural we get to handholding. I do the usual push-pull verbally and with kino. As we leave the gardens she asks my age:

Her: How old are you?

Me: Too old for you.

Her: Really, how old?

Me: I'll tell you, but you have to guess first

Her: **screws up her nose, looks hard, tries to guess** 27

Me: Higher

Her: 30

Me: Close. **gives real age**

Her: How old do you think I am?

Me:12

Her: **laughs, bats eyelashes**

Me: It's hard to tell with you asians. There's a whole range from 16 to 30 where you all look the same age. Let me have a look **blatantly checks her out from head to toe**

Me: Turn around

Her: **turns around, giggles self-consciously**

Me: 21

Her: No, I'm 19. **smiles proudly**

As we walk on towards a park I escalate verbally.

Me: What's the craziest sexual experience you had?

Her: Um….. that's a tough question. I once kissed a guy I didn't know in a nightclub *[yes, really, that's how naive she is!]* What's yours?

Me: You're not very original. All you do is repeat my questions.

Her: Yeah, but I want to know. What's your craziest sexual experience?

Me: Hang on, here's a church. It's better if I tell you inside the church, like a confessional **launch into DHV -NLP story about fucking my girl in a parked car on the streets of Seville**

Her: Wow!

We lie down in the park. Like the whole of this sarge it's me leading with strong dominance and her allowing herself to be swept away after token resistance. She tells me she's a virgin, has only ever kissed two guys, and hasn't kissed anyone since January. I believe it. At first she's sitting upright next to me while I have my hand on her thigh and eventually she lies down and puts her head on my chest while I stroke her hair. She tells me the type of guy she wants (strong, confident, able to dominate her).

Me: I should tell you. I like you, so I'm going to kiss you before we leave this park

Her: How are you going to do that?

Me: I'll dominate you

Her: **giggles**

So I kiss her and after five minutes resistance she gets into it. She's a hopeless kisser, which is fucking awesome. I feel like the first man who walked on the moon, like I'm corrupting something beautiful. I feel up her tits and tell her I'm gonna fuck her, even though I very much doubt I'll get that far before leaving Paris. She likes the idea but says it's not gonna happen. She talks about how this has never happened before, how she can't believe things can move so fast in one hour and so on. Obviously she's really enjoying it and when I explain the whole forebrain-hindbrain conflict she agrees enthusiastically. Finally she has to go meet her dad.

We meet for lunch the next day at Starbucks and right from the beginning I'm kissing her and touching her up. She's totally surrendered into her feminity now and letting me do almost anything. While talking to her I keep taking a peek down her t-shirt at her tits (she expresses half-arsed outrage and then clearly enjoys me doing it. her tits are great – really big for an asian but beautifully round), I mash her tits in full view of the other customers, and we make out sloppily. I move on to The Stone so she's rubbing my cock and then I start finger fucking her. I stop anytime a child walks by. I'm not an animal.

Again she's got a time constraint, having had to sneak out her apartment while her dad was sleeping. I future project us getting married going on a honeymoon and fucking on the beach, invite her to London and so on because I know that my game isn't tight enough to fuck a shy 19yr old virgin in the toilets of a Starbucks after only two hours of total meeting time. Plus I've got my main squeeze meeting me an hour later. So I shoot some video and send her back to papa.

Oh man, this was good for my inner game.

I bang my first Muslim virgin

krauserpua · 1 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Up the arse, naturally.

This was a slow burner. I'd picked her up in daygame one afternoon while she was a tourist in London and only took the facebook. Once she's back in her homeland we do lots of facebook chats – probably 12 times over three months. I'm concentrating on comfort building / rapport but throwing in some light attraction. For the first ten or so chats there's very little sexualisation. She talks of coming to visit again and I encourage her. Once the flights are booked the last two facebook chats amp up the sexual / dating frame. This girl is coming with a chaperone so I want my intentions to be clear.

Then I book that sudden trip to Paris so I don't meet the Muslim till she's halfway through her trip. On Friday they show up nearly two hours late in London Bridge where I'm out with Dr Becks, Suave and a couple of randoms. I'm relieved that the obstacle is reasonably good looking so Suave isn't sacrificing himself too much taking her out. I lead the group to one of the few pubs that's still open and we drink. My girl is drinking her first ever alcohol – vodka lemon – and this will be a weekend of firsts for her. I'm wearing my bright red Fight Club jacket and I keep getting opened by people complimenting it and asking where I bought it. Great social proof.

Sitting in a booth downstairs Dr Becks DHVs us both and I do a good photo routine. Targets ask me to take a photo of them so I do but completely cut my girl out of the frame. That gets a pussy-tingling laugh and then Dr Becks jumps into the frame so the next photo I zoom up onto her tits and when I hand back the camera say "I think I captured your personality there". More laughs.

We get mini isolation with Suave and I on opposite sides of the table with our targets. His girl is totally into him and he plays it well to also number close a Canadian on a jealousy plotline. Kino escalation is easy so we're soon holding hands. Seeing as this girl is from a non-gaming country I run the Cube and she scores it 9/10. It's all going great except logistics – the girls' hotel is miles away and they refuse to be separated. I suggest a walk along the South Bank riverside.

I'm leading hand in hand and Suave drops back 100m with his girl. When we turn the first corner I push my girl against the wall and kiss close. Easy – not even a moment's resistance. She suddenly disengages when we hear footsteps and throughout the weekend both girls refuse to kiss when their friend might see – there's a strange refusal to publically acknowledge what they both know is happening. It takes us an hour to walk back to Piccadilly because we stop to sit on benches, watch the river at night, and makeout. Before long I've got my girl rubbing my cock while I frig her. Then they get the bus home.

Next day they are dicking around again and show up two hours late. Suave nearly bails he's so angry and I would've too if I hadn't invested so much in the Facebook. He stays to help me and it works out well. We wait in my members bar and make the girls come to us – I don't even go outside to meet them. We then freeze them out for about ten minutes – no kino, just taking to each other – so we aren't rewarding their flakiness. Then I take my girl for "the tour".

On the top floor I push her into the toilets, lock it, and make out. I'm quite surprised how fast it's going. Within a minute I'm finger fucking her and another two minutes and she's sucking my cock. I've left my condoms in my wallet in the basement but it's moot because when I pull her trousers down she refuses. So I say "I want to come in your mouth" and push her head down. She does it, but then spends rather too long spitting it all out into the sink, cheapening the romance of the moment. Apparently it's another first for her.

I walk back down to Suave with a big grin plastered on my face. He's making out and soon extracts his girl to a nightclub (that turns out to be "Chateau Suave"). My girl is happy to stay and half an hour later when she's squirming on my lap I figure it's extraction time. Back at my house I take her into the bedroom and close the deal. She confirms she's a virgin.

Oh yeah – it was up her bum. I've never done that before and frankly I didn't really enjoy it. Well, it was ok – third girl I fucked in 7 days – and I suppose it's worth it for the memory but I was left feeling pity for Muslims and gays that they get such a poor substitute for proper sex. And for Muslim gays too, I guess.

Anyway, being well aware that I'm an infidel and she's my enemy in the Clash of Civilisations I finish by coming on her face. I aim for the eyes.

Lithuania 5: My girl comes to visit

krauserpua · 2 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My favourite of the Lithuanians I closed – HB Borat – had already planned a trip to the UK to visit friends so she wanted to squeeze in a date with me. She's one of these girls that keeps herself permanently busy with work, study, travel and socialising. So she had a window of three hours one afternoon, coming specially to London for the date. Normally I wouldn't accept fitting into a girl's diary like that but given the long distance and her making all the effor I figured it wasn't such a DLV. Plus I genuinely like her.

Before we get to that I have to run some comfort on Facebook to cover the intervening three weeks. We have about six chats. Here's a transcription of the first. Not the most explosive chat you'll see but should give an idea of how I run asshole game / social dominance while running rapport.

10:40 Her: g`mornin;) awake?
10:43 Me: hey!
10:44 Her: how`s life?
10:44 Me: I'm putting together a list of economics blogs for my friend Ace
10:45 Her: very interesting:))) i`m in the office, looking for some trips in august or september. watching pictures. so many beautiful places
10:46 Me: yup. I think I caught a cold
10:46 Her: poor you.. i usually get sick in summer
10:47 Me: yeah, I'll have to stay home and play video games
10:47 Her: all the conditioners..
10:48 Me: If you were here, would you be my nurse and make me feel better?
10:48 Her: oh phone.. 1 sec. i`ll give a new guy to answer. ;p ;p
10:49 Me: Good idea. Talking to me is more important
10:49 Her: would you trust me?
10:49 Me: probably
10:50 Her: i use folk methods
10:50 Me: like a witch?
10:50 Her: strange concoctions u know?
10:51 Me: So long as your treatment finishes with a massage, I'm good
10:51 Her: sometimes ;p ok, must go now
10:52 Me: ok
19:04 Her: how r u feelin` now?
19:04 Me: just got home. Much better
19:06 Her: you were out? nto really sick:) *not
19:06 Me: yeah, went to a cafe to read. I felt ok by noon
19:06 Her: so no fever?
19:06 Me: I'm too tough to get fever
19:06 Her: jst running nose or what?
19:06 Me: Hey are you my doctor now?
19:07 Her: false symptons :):) i`m obsesed on not getting sick actually
19:07 Me: You can still be my nurse
19:07 Her: always afraid to catch cold not all the methods to get better asap ;p yeah. we could play video games together ;D
19:08 Me: I'll beat you. But I'll play fair. at first
19:08 Her: no way! i wouldn`t give in so quickly
19:09 Me: Girls suck at video games

19:09 Her: i finished james bond!
19:09 Me: Especially long haired girls. on “easy” mode
19:09 Her: that`s the only game i suppose. but nevertheless ;p long haired. why so?!
19:10 Me: It’s science
19:10 Her: u think we can`t see screen because of our hair?:D
19:10 Me: girls with long dark hair and cute bottoms are never good at games
19:10 Her: so you`re good at science either
19:10 Me: especially if they work at [her office]
19:10 Her: must disappoint you. we used to play a lot of games during those long winter evenings. well not me. but most of us :]:] at the i mean
19:11 Me: Did they have Nintendo in your cold Siberian village?
19:12 Her: we have super mario :DDD
19:12 Me: You probably had communist games. Tractor Factory Manager 1986
19:12 Her: ;DDDD i was born a year after
19:12 Me: EA Women’s Weightlifting Challenge
19:12 Her: don`t know
19:12 Me: I’m not finished…. Gulag Tycoon
19:13 Her: may i ask you sir?
19:13 Me: uh?
19:14 Her: why do you know all these games?;pp looks like you`re the one who played them. or jst made them up. i played mortal combat
19:15 Me: Made then up. Obviously Duh!
19:16 Her: anyway, i could take lessons from eminent expert
!
would you teach me some tactics?



Stoned here

19:17 Me: Yeah. I have to go meet my friend now. One more thing…..
19:17 Her: yea?
19:17 Me: Send me a sexy photo of you. One you are too shy to put on Facebook
19:18 Her: you`ve got too many sexy girls in your albums. that should be enough ;p
19:18 Me: No

Not nude. Just a bikini or something
19:19 Her: haha, you wish ;p
19:19 Me: It's an order
19:19 Her: seriously i never make pictures of myself posing. only when travel or with my friends, some party. plus i don`t obey orders!
19:20 Me: Do one now. Put on your favourite underwear and take a photo. send it to…. [my email]
19:20 Her: don`t even expect:p go meet your friend, make a sexy photo and save it on your computer ;]
19:21 Me: I'll be waiting….
19:22 Her: wish you patience ;D
19:22 Me: Look forward to giving you a big sloppy kiss
19:22 Her: mmm, one day..;);)
19:32 Me: bye
19:23 Her: bye bye!

She shows up on time in the City and I kiss her immediately and walk her off to Tower Bridge. She's really happy and qualifying constantly with incessant jibber jabber. I take her into a marina and at various times throw her up against a wall to make out. I'd already decided not to go for the lay because her time constraint is so tight and I'm already a dead cert for visiting Lithuania again in September. I play the long game – she agrees to take time off work to take me around Vilnius.

The whole date is based around sauntering along the riverside. Outside London Dungeon I throw her in a red telephone box and finger fuck her while she grabs my cock. I like doing The Stone. It seems like the most natural thing in the world now and it's fun to see the girl's eyes spazz out. She overstays an hour but eventually has to get home. Lots of texts from her follow. She's fallen for me.

But I know my dear readers always expect video so here's an excerpt:

But will I get to bang her?

krauserpua · 2 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I had five simulatneous Facebook chats open with targets this evening. This one with the Korean was the most testing. Remember she's a virgin and I'd pushed pretty hard and fast in the grand total of two hours we were together. I'd added her to facebook the day after I get back to London. An hour later she accepts and I open the chat with this:

17:13 Me: cool
17:14 Korean: heyy =)=) back in hometown?
17:15 Me: Whassup :):) Back in London
17:16 Me: I need some help….
17:16 Korean: for what?
17:16 Me: you have lots of photos…. Where do I find the ones of you in a bikini?
17:17 Korean: looool. it wouldn't be funny if i told you XP
17:17 Me: C'mon! You've got hundreds of photos :(:(
17:18 Korean: hahaha
17:19 Korean: the hint: what's the name of a famous town in south of france?
17:19 Me: Milan?
17:19 Korean: that's Italy =_=
17:20 Me: Hang on, found a couple
17:23 Me: Nice, right?
17:23 Korean: bingo!
17:23 Me: Disappointing. Can't see your tits
17:24 Korean: ;P
17:24 Me: Send me a better one pls
17:25 Korean: ha! if you send me photos of you in bikini i'll think about it
17:26 Me: Your dad still there?
17:26 Korean: nope he left yesterday
17:27 Korean: i gotta go. good bye mr pervert! XD



Disappointingly tame

So far so good. Maintaining the sexual frame and playing with it. But seeing as she's in a different country and a rather tough close, I figure I might as well leap off at the deep end and continue field testing my "I was just thinking about you" chat routine. Two days later she pops up online:

19:52 Me: I was just thinking about you
19:53 Korean: =)=) how are you doing?
19:54 Me: Can I be rude?
19:54 Korean: it's not like if it was new lol. i'm all ears
19:54 Me: I suddenly thought about fucking you
19:56 Korean: ha… ecchi
19:56 Me: Sukebe. Really …. I'm having a facebook chat with a girl right now
19:56 Korean: sukebe?
19:56 Me: And she's telling me about her favourite sex. sukebe = pervert (in Japanese). Then you came online, and I suddenly thought. "Hmmmm. Didn't fuck Korean. I wonder if she's good"
19:57 Korean: looooooool. you'll never =p
19:58 Me: Yeah I will. It'll just take a little time. Have you got a good imagination?
19:58 Korean: it depends
19:59 Me: Tell me how you'd like your first sex to be
20:01 Korean: euhhh normal
20:01 Me: Start from the beginning. Where does it begin?
20:03 Korean: i didn't thought about details but i't like him to be experienced
20:03 Me: please continue…..
20:03 Korean: wait a sec
20:06 Korean: don't tell me your masturbating =_=
20:06 Me: No. Are you?
20:07 Korean: no. never did
20:07 Me: Really? :O You should
20:08 Korean: lool yeah i'll try some day

20:08 Me: It's good to learn how you get pleasure. Especially for girls. Men are simple for sex. Each girl is a little but different so I have to learn what they like
20:10 Korean: humm true but that's why i'd like to have a boyfriend who can teach me XP
20:12 Me: Yeah, every girl needs a man who can first teach her. It's much better than having rubbish sex for years through trial and error
20:13 Korean: it sounds like it comes from experience
20:14 Me: True. Ok, I'll describe how we'll fuck
20:15 Korean: how I will fuck with my future boyfriend =p
20:16 Me: Whatever. So you've arrived in London and we've had a date. We've walked along the river in the evening, and then had a drink in a blues bar
20:16 Korean: yes
20:18 Me: We've spent about four hours having fun, but we've started touching and holding strong serxual eye contact. So we go back to my place
20:20 Korean: yep
20:20 Me: Just before I open the door, I push you against it and kiss you. Kiss harder than you expect
20:21 Korean: like that part
20:21 Me: Yeah, but I won't feel your tits there. and you're not allowed to touch my cock yet
20:22 Korean: well i don't care XP
20:22 Me: Then I open the door and carry you inside. We are laughing. I carry you to the bedroom and throw you onto the bed
20:23 Me: I kiss you again, but very lightly. I don't touch you with anything except my lips. I tell you to take off your t-shirt and shorts. So you are in your underwear. I look at you. Enjoying the female shape of your body
Am I talking to myself here?
20:25 Korean: i'm listening. or reading
20:26 Me: Tell me when you like things. Or make a suggestion.
20:29 Korean: well honestly i have no idea for the fucking part i've never tried so i don't even know what i can suggest
20:30 Me: Just tell me what sounds like something you'd like, or suggest small changes
OK, so where are you in this…..
20:31 Korean: what do you mean by where am i in this?
20:32 Me: On my bed. So I'm looking at your body. I take off my t-shirt and jeans. and lie next to you. I kiss you harder now. And grab your tits. You are breathing very heavy, your heart beating fast
20:34 Me: You try to grab my cock but I don't let you
20:34 Korean: i don't think i'll do that =_=;;
20:36 Me: You'd be surprised what you do when you get really passionate. The animal comes out. It's ALOT of fun
20:36 Korean: haha
20:37 Me: Are we at the bit where you are allowed to grab my cock?
20:38 Korean: if i'm not mistaken yes
20:38 Me: Ok, so you're imagining the scene?
20:39 Korean: let's say that i'm trying
20:39 Me: So would you want to grab my cock now?
20:39 Korean: no
20:39 Me: What would you want?
20:40Korean: with you?
20:40 Me: Yes, at this moment in the fantasy
20:41 Korean: nothing…
20:42 Me: Passively waiting. Learning?
20:43 Korean: we're not at the same level sexually speaking, and i think i had a good time with you but i won't like to go further than that

20:43 Me: Haha, we're just doing a fantasy here
20:44 Korean: well fantasy means that you think about it. and i don't…
20:45 Me: No prob. Was just trying to have a little fun with you
20:46 Korean: =p
20:47 Me: I'm fine with being friends, even without the sex
20:47 Korean: hahaha something tells me that you're partially lying
20:48 Me: Let me be very clear. can I do that?
20:48 Korean: please
20:49 Me: 1) I find your manner very pleasing. You are very open and seem honest. 2) I find you sexually attractive. 3) Your sexual innocence makes you more attractive, not less. 4) I am seeing a few girls. It's no big deal if I don't fuck you. I'd like to, and we'd both enjoy it – but I get sex already without you
therefore
I can be friends with you but don't need to fuck you. But I'm a man, so I'll still try occasionally. ok?
20:53 Korean: good. my turn!
20:53 Me: ok
20:54 Korean: 1) i appreciate your honest and direct side that must be why i'm still staying in contact with you
20:57 Korean: 2) nevertheless even if i'm quite adventurous i don't think i'll fuck with you because i don't think it's necessary too appreciate your company and i just don't feel it
3) so friends would be perfect
20:59 Korean: oh and thanks for all the compliments i'm really flattered and quite surprised
21:00 Korean: you're handsome too i particularly like your blue eyes but without being rude you're too old for me XD
21:00 Me: No problem. Each one is speciific to you. I don't say them to every girl
For sure. We aren't getting married.
21:01 Korean: wow thank god haha
21:02 Me: Look,
I'm not looking to pressure you. I'm not looking to tie you into a relationship. I'm not looking for any commitment. I attract girls because they like me. I do things with girls because they like doing them with me. That's how it is. So you do what you like. I do what I like. When those are the same things, we do them together
That's all.
But I think you know that
21:05 Korean: yes. I just wanted to make it clear between us
21:06 Me; Cool. Can we stop being serious now?
21:07 Korean: lol i was waiting for that
21:07 Me: Tell me a joke
21:08 Korean: wow let me think about it ;;
21:08 Me: …
21:09 Korean: ahhh dammit sorry i don't know many jokes
21:09 Me: Here's one. Iron Man is a superhero. Iron Woman is a command.
21:10 Korean: yup
21:20 Me: Just booked a flight to Lithuania
21:20 Korean: that's fast! lol. going on another crazy trip with your friends?
21:21 Me: Yeah. You saw the photos on my Facebook of the last one?
21:21 Korean: nope wait. ahhhhhhh francee! XD



Define "innocence"

So what, my dear readers, is your considered opinion? I reckon optimum strategy is to back off for a week then run comfort game with just a light sprinking of sexualisation. Keep that going until we have deep rapport, and then let her come to me. It's a tough one but the fact she's still hanging around means she's available. I think it's her ASD and social conditioning holding her back and it's my job to navigate her through the minefield towards the fucking she so richly deserves.

A whirlwind romance

krauserpua · 3 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's Friday around noon and I've wandered into town. I'm thinking about day-creeping but not really feeling it. I open a **petite Portguese girl** who smiles but rushes off to meet a friend. So I wander to Trafalgar Square. I spot a slim 1**8yr old French girl** ambling aimlessly with her camera. The daygame radar trips out so I go direct:

Me: Hi. How's your English?
Her: I speak English. A little *[really well, actually]*
Me: Cool. I just noticed you there and I had to come over and talk to you. Because I find you very attractive.
Her: **tee hee etc**



I'm getting a chubby just looking at her

She hooks really easily and I find out later she's quite the Anglophile. After ten minutes I bounce her into the National Gallery and use the paintings to escalate kino (grabbing her in to look at a picture, ask a question, then push her away – rinse repeat) and verbally by playing a game where we take turns making up a silly background story to each painting. Obviously I pick sexual paintings. After ten minutes there I bounce again, deliberately breaking the rythym

Me: Ok, I'm bored. Let's go.
Her: Ok.
Me: Do you like Sherlock Holmes?
Her: Yes!
Me: Cool. I'll show you something.

We sit in the beer garden at the Sherlock Holmes pub and I run deep rapport for an hour and then she has to go for a pre-arranged lunch with her friend who is in London for 2 weeks and doing some job. We swap numbers and she agrees to text when she's done. I go up to Covent Garden to sit and read in a cafe. Halfway through coffee my girlfriend walks in with her friend. Fuck. I'd told her I was busy today. Fortunately she doesn't see me and leaves without incident. Frenchie texts and we meet again. Wisdom is in town so he DHVs me while we are watching a street orchestra and then I take the girl to Camden market. While we are standing on a crowded bus the kino is great – I'm leaning back against the side and shes pushed into me, arms around me. I kiss close – very lightly.

Our walk through the market is brief and then we walk along the canal. I throw her over a church wall and kiss her in the cemetary before we are interrupted by the gardner, who chats to us cheerfully for ten minutes. Then we lie down in Primrose Hill and make out big time. She later reveals that was her favourite part of the holiday. She's only in London for the weekend but I can tell she's falling for me big time. We arrange to meet up in the evening and her to bring the friend.

Friend turns out to be unattractive and the most persistent, miserable cockblock I've ever seen. It's bootcamp weekend so the RSG boys DHV me in front of the ladies and I take then into On Anon. Seated downstairs we are joined by Smooth who is dating a stripper. The five of us chat and have fun, while Suave and Moran come over occasionally to DHV us both (they are winging students in the club). Frenchie is dripping wet but can't leave her friend. Ms Cockblock is just sitting there grumpy as fuck but not actively getting in the way. She's a total spare wheel and knows it but won't leave and won't talk when we try to engage her. With my girl having known her since they were toddlers, and staying at her flat, there's no chance of separating them tonight.

After the club I take them to my member's bar where we are joined by Burto and his girl. DHVs are flying around. I try to fuck my girl in the toilets but she won't let me pull her shorts off. Next day I'm teaching bootcamp then on the way home **insta-date a Brazilian.** On the evening we're down in Clapham and I meet the two Frenchies at the station. Suave shows up with his Day 2, a Polish girl he pulled in salsa class, and we all jump in a minicab to the bar (my target sitting on my lap). I'm wearing my red Tyler Durden jacket and walk in with the Frenchi on my arm. Immediately an asian party girl opens me complimenting my jacket, so I let her build a nice jealousy plotline over the night as she eyeballs me and flirts from distance. I'm not interest in her but it works well on the target. Dr Becks shows up with an entourage and we all sit outside swapping DHVs. Suave's girl is massively into him now – how couldn't she be after all this – so he ends up banging her. I can't get the cockblock to leave so go home with blueballs.

Frenchie is desperate to meet again and saying she'll buy a ticket for next month to come alone. I agree, naturally. I see her off at the Eurostar on Sunday and then the next night we are chatting on Facebook to arrange the next visit. I decide I'll go see her a week later. I'm about to book when she says "Oh fuck! That's gonna the wrong part of the month. I won't be able to have sex with you." Hmmm. I think about the Libyan who is arriving soon and reply "This is really fucking crazy, but….. do you wanna meet tomorrow?" She messages back "YES!". I book my ticket at midnight, leaving 9am the next day.

I bang my first French teenager

krauserpua · 3 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I arrive in Gare du Nord at lunchtime and it's full of fucking Frenchmen. I endure long enough to reach my hotel so I can have a bath and a nap. Frenchie finishes work at 4pm and comes to my hotel. There's no messing around. After half an hour preamble I bang her. She's massively up for it. As lays go there's nothing unusual or technically proficient about it but it's a helluva lot of fun – cute shy feminine 18 yr old girls don't find their way to my bedroom often enough. We talk a little and she reveals I'm the fourth man she's ever kissed and only the second she's ever banged. Hmmm. We go out for the evening to eat and I play mindgames with her. We are sitting in an Indian restaurant and start a people watching game with the two couples near us, taking turns to comment on their body language.

I explain to her the pussy tingle leg cross, then I trigger it by eye fucking her and doing NLP to raise her buying temperature. When she realises I've just led her into it she blushes and laughes shyly. Then I triangle-gaze her and she licks her lips unconsciously. I say "you are thinking about kissing" and she's shocked that I knew. Then I explain the trick. She's loving my total mastery over her buying temperature and for trick three I eye-fuck her into another pussy tingle. She's got the full-on doggy dinner bowl look now.

Next day I pull the Korean and then meet Frenchie back at the hotel and bang her again. We go out for night sightseeing in Paris and it's just like a proper date. My last full day I see the Korean again then meet Frenchie for another date and this time get her to deliver her first ever blowjob back at my hotel. I'm trying to think of technical learning points from the close but there aren't any really – all of the hard work was done in London, after that I just had to not fuck up. A lovely girl.

I felt an unwelcome twinge of guilt in turning out such a nice young girl so I gave her a long lecture on the dangers of men like me and warned her not to fall in love, though she probably will anyway. As Suave would say: "I think I'm gonna break her heart….. oh well, that's what we do."

Insta-date a Brazilian

krauserpua · 10 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's Saturday daygame on the bootcamp and I take the students out. Suave, Burto and Moran are along and expecting to be a wing down I invite Jake Turner along to help. We'd met a couple of times and seeing him in set he has the same direct natural style as us and is pretty good. I had two really good demo sets and then met the two Frenchies for a couple of hours. Again the miserable cockblock did her thing so when we adjourned before the evening I rang up Suave to bitch and moan about her. I walk into HMV to get away from the street noise – still on the phone. I see a **really hot Brazilian**. Slim, tall, olive skinned. I open:

Me: Hey. You've got grass all over your back **brushes it off, kino from the off**
Her: Oh, thanks **beaming smile, turns towards me**
Me: I'm gonna guess, you look Brazilian
Her: Wow, yeah!
Me: **Suave can hear all this** Here, my friend on the phone is Brazilian too. Talk to him **hands the phone**

Suave DHVs me down the phone in Portuguese telling her I'm his best friend and to look after me. She's laughing and loving the moment. I tell Suave I'll call him back, hang up, and chat to the girl somemore. I move her out of the dvd aisle and after ten minutes bounce her to Starbucks for a coffee that we drink in the park. The set is going fantastic because my state is soaring and everything is coming out naturally. Kino is full of pinging, she's laughing at everything and within 15 minutes we're talking about fucking. Stuff like:

Me: Ok, let's imagine we get married tomorrow. We won't, obviously, you're not my type – but let's just imagine for fun. We are going on our honeymoon. Where would it be?
Her: Maurtius Islands
Me: Ok. We wake up in a beach hut. One of those on stilts. We haven't fucked yet because I'm making you wait. You're wearing a bikini. What colour is it?
Her: Red.
Me: Nice. I'm wearing my red speedos. Like in 300. **she laughs** We are playing in the clear blue sea. I'm splashing you, then I carry you around on my back. I keep ducking under water to get you wet. Then we walk along the beach. We write our names in the sand with our toes.
Her: **eyes closed, happy listening noises**
Me: Then I pick you up over my shoulder, slap your arse, throw you down on the sand. And fuck you hard.
Her: **crazy eyes, short of breath**

There's plenty of push pull. I tell my little-boy-in-church story that melts her heart as expected. I deliberately get diverted in a story then I'm "Hang on. What was I talking about. It definitely wasn't about us fucking. I don't talk about fucking – I'm English and shy" She's lapping it up. After an hour I really have to rush home for my date so I take her number with:

Me: Ok, you're weird but I like you. We'll do this properly when I've got time. A proper date. And if I like you I'll kiss you.
Her: Ok. My number is……

Later that night while I'm waiting for the Frenchies in Clapham I initiate text game. I go for assumed familiarity right off the bat:

Me 24/07 10:43pm: Oh man, if you could see the jacket I'm wearing tonight…. *[it's all true, want her visualising]*
Her 10:47pm: Hahaha… What would happen? What kind of jacket? *[interested]*
Me 10:52pm: A badass red leather one. You'd jump me immediately *[playful bad boy posture. Assuming the sale]*
Her 10:56pm: OMG! Are you really that humble? lol Have a good one. x *[anytime a girl says you're confident = it's*

on]
Me 25/07 10:53pm: Tomorrow evening is good for me. How about you? [*assume the sale but still phrase as question rather than command]*
Her 26/07 1:44pm: Hey Krauser! How are you? Sorry, I'm meeting some friends tonight. Can we take a rain chek? x [*rejection without counter offer, but she's qualified so not all bad]*
Me 8:32pm: No prob. *[the Roissy way to deal with a refused date – text just before the date was about to begin with an "ok" or other similar short response]*
Me 29/07 2:41pm: I'm in Paris now! Notre Dame, Eiffel Tower, cheese, wine… It's all good [*leave it a few days so I'm not the needy beta chaser. DHV and no invitiation]*
Her 5:56pm: That's great! Enjoy Paris then and we'll have a hot chocolate when you're back. x *[elicited the invitation. She's starting to chase and fit into my calendar – but only the beginnings of this]*

A new personal best – 6 dates in one afternoon

krauserpua · 10 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm coming off by best ever week for daygame, having instant-dated something like 7 girls in 7 days but then manage to top it in one day. Suave is off work and calls me up for a spot of day-stalking. Even though I'm pretty comfortable doing solo game I still maintain better state with a trusted wing. We have a quick preliminary coffee in Caffe Nero and then walk over to Trafalgar Square. I see a pretty **Persian Girl** walk by and give chase. I open direct and she hooks well. Right away I go into Roissy's love test and she's lapping it up – first time I've ever done it.

We chat about ten minutes and it's clear she's got nowhere to be any time soon so I bounce her over to the raised grass area (helping her up is the first handhold) and I really enjoy the chat. She's 20yrs old and a bit quirky in a nice girly way. I tease plenty then walk her down to Embankment park hand in hand where we lie down for an hour. I tell her I'm gonna have to head off and I'll kiss her at the Strand. Once we get there she gives me a big hug but refuses the kiss demurely. Already got her number.

I meet back up with Suave in Covent Garden and jump into set with a **Slim Italian** on her way into the transport museum. Good instinctive opener: "hey, wait. Don't go in there yet. I wanna talk to you." Easy hook and when I try to guess her nationality she gives me three guesses, so I pace around pensively like I'm on Who Wants To Be A Millionaire (I guess Japan, Nigeria and Taihiti – even though she's white European). My state is fantastic – when she tells me she's a waitress I make her put her hand up like she's carrying plates – but with my keys in her hand – then shake her around to try and make her drop them. I bounce her for coffee and we walk around a bit. Despite a legendary first ten minutes she seems to lose interest a bit and I let her go after a number close.

Walking back through the piazza with Suave I do my most technically satisfying set of the day. A girl, **HB Ribena**, is sitting at a pavement table outside a pub with her drink, an empty chair, and a pint of lager:

Me: Excuse me. Is that a man's drink? **pointing at the pint**

Her: Yes. Why? Is it important?

Me: Yeah, I'm deciding whether to hit on you

Her: Oh, it's a man's **laughs** It's not my boyfriend, it's my boss's

Me: OK, I'll hit on you **sits down**

The two 20-something guys at the next table are amazed and oggle at the scene, not surprisingly. It's so ballsy and my state is stratospheric. I tease her a bit, throw in a few SOIs and then the boss comes back out – an early thirties asian dude. I shake his hand, give him his seat back:

Him: Are you poaching my employees? **joking**

Me: No. I'm hitting on her

Him: **laughs** even better! **sits back to watch**

I have to hurry it up now so I ask a few questions then take her number. She wants to take mine instead so I put it in to her phone and ring to mine while he's holding mine to check it out. When it rings he says "I think I've just dialled by accident" and I reply "No, I'm just doing a sneaky dodge to get her number" and they both laugh. I walk away victorious to much admiring stares from the next table. Through Trafalgar Square I spot a s**tunning girl with a cheerleader top and huge perfect tits**. The shirt has a "chargers" logo. I catch her eye and walk up direct:

Me: OK, I have to ask. Does that chargers stand for Dodge?

Her: Tee hee. I don't know. It's just a retro cheerleader shirt.

Me: You're a dancer aren't you.

Her: Yes

Me: It's obvious, you have all the cheesy dancer clothes. The shiny trainers, the low cut jogging trousers, tied up hair.

She's hooked well and I really go at it ballsy. Stuff like:

Her: Blah blah
Me: I like your tits
Her: **laughs, smiles** Wow, you actually said that!
Me: Yeah, I'm a man, you're a woman. And you have great tits.
Her: Thanks **really pleased with the compliment**
Me: By the way, I'm hitting on you now. Just in case you hadn't noticed.
Turns out she's got a boyfriend of three years. I just self-amuse for a while and give her a good time. At the end I don't bother trying to close. I just say:
Me: Just for intellectual curiosity. If you weren't taken…
Her: Yeah, I'd definitely have a drink, a date, with you.
Me: I'd have loved to fuck you.
Her: Tee hee **beaming smile**
Me: Anyway, get going. Nice meeting you.
I get the facebook of some American girl outside the cinema just before Sylvestor Stallone turns up for the Expendables premiere and open a two set Kosovan/Dutch who hook but aren't so hot up close so I eject. Walking on to Piccadilly with Suave I spot a Cute Chinese across the street and give chase. The way I'm feeling I could open the Queen and fuck her.
Me: Hi, how's your English?
Her: Pretty good
Me: On a scale of one to ten, with one being shit and ten perfect
Her: About a seven **she's cracked out a big smile by now**
Me: Cool. I just saw you from across the road there and you looked so serious and unhappy **she laughs** but I could tell you're usually really cute. I wanted to come and talk to you.
Big strong hook all the way down to her vagina and we go sit in the Leicester Square park for ten minutes before her work starts. Easy number and she's well into me. Suave has to go so I wander into Covent Garden again. I compliment a Korean girl I'm not interested in on her hair (it's unusual and nice) then open a **Korean Fashion Student** I do like. She's really flighty at first but I hold my ground and draw her in. We go sit down for a while and swap numbers. She's giving me the "I've never done this before. I can't believe I'm giving my number to a guy I just met in the street". I consider trying to push for a SDL as a long shot but she's making noises about getting a bus home. Two minutes later I walk past a **tall Brunette Italian** who's wearing shades.
Me: Hi, how's your English…. blah blah….. I just saw you there and the look on your face. You seemed so scary.
Her: **laughing, smiling** no no no. I'm not scary, I'm nice!
She's loads of fun and I sit her down around the corner for ten minutes. I'd stay longer but my Japanese girl from Wednesday is meeting me really soon. I go fairly strong on the Italian:
Me: Do you dress up much for nightclubs? You know, putting on the warpaint and squeezing into a short skirt. Wearing fuck me boots.
Her: Yeah, sometimes. It's fun
Me: Do you look sexy? Hang on, stand up and let me check out your legs
Her: **laughs** You're making me blush!
I ask if she has nice tits (more laughs) and generally frame it sexually. She doesn't want to give the number but takes mine. That's a high chance of slipping away so I try these on the spur of the moment preventative measures:
Me: This is how it'll be. When you get home you'll make a cup of tea and run a hot bath. When you're lying in the bath, relaxing, you'll think about this. You'll be all like – He's really cool, and really confident. But he might be dangerous. But he's cool. Hmmm. I'm attracted to him. I don't know what to do – then you'll text me and say hi.
Her: Yes, that's how I like it. I like to take my time.
I have to let her go and join my Jap for the Day 2. Amazing day. Five instant dates, a Day 2, and another few numbers on top. It kinda underlines how abundant things will be when I get consistent at converting dates into lays – this still eludes me despite a hot run of recent form.

Krauser's Chick Crack

krauserpua · 11 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In homage to Assanova's great little ebook here are a couple of the routines I came up with in the last few months which can be sprinkled into a pick-up / day 2 to boost the assholery of your game.

1. Let's Play A Game of You Be Quiet

Description: A short routine to establish dominance over the girl, pushing her into the child role of waiting for the adult to finish speaking. You are essentially telling her to be quiet and let the important person finish, but in a playfully rogueish manner. Inspired by the scene of Dr Evil with his son.

Use: When you are telling a story, DHVing or otherwise in the middle of talking and she tries to interupt to add something. To be used when there's already some rapport. You give her a playfully admonishing serious stare, hold your index finger up and say "shhhh". When she giggles and resists, move your finger to her lips and shush her more dominantly. She'll then keep trying to say something and each time you shut her down the pussy tingle grows.

Example:

Me: So, blah blah blah….

Her: **interupts**

Me: **stare at her** Let's play a game of you be quiet. Can you do that?

Her: **tries to say something**

Me: Shhhhhh **raises finger** Shhhhhhh. Let the adult talk.

Her: **giggles, resists**

Me: Shhhhh. *[right infront of her face draw the letters with your fingers]* http://www.shhhhhhh dot com **smirk** blah blah blah

Variation: Watch the Austin Powers sketch. You'll get the idea. The point is to be deliberately annoying in a playful manner.

2. We're Finished Here

Description: A way of maintaining a dominant leading frame on a girl, leading her and kinoing. It shows you do what you want to do and she is tagging along for the ride. Best used on an instant date (daygame) or day 2 after you've already established good non-sexual kino but haven't kiss closed yet.

Use: When you are both in a shop or otherwise standing still, such as you have been looking at dvds in a record store, or just collected takeaway coffees in Starbucks. It's almost entirely about the kino – commanding, outrageous, yet playful and not hurting her.

Example:

Me: *[walking over to girl at a dvd rack].* Ok we're finished here. **grabs the dvd out of her hand and puts it back** Let's go **Grabs her with a light claw on the back of the neck and turns her to face the exits. Gives a playful shove on the back**

Variation: Can be used when she's finished putting the milk and sugar into her coffee. Reach over her, put the lid on, place it in her hand, say "We're done here. Let's go" and turn her to the exit.

3. I've Got A Better Idea

Description: This is a way of reframing her suggestion to make it sound like your idea, but doing it in such an obvious way that it's making fun of the act. Can be used any time in set, but is best to use either for something completely pointless or when dealing with her shit test / frame control attempt of suggesting what to do next

Use: Whatever she suggests doing, appear like you are considering it and then give her a condescending fatherly look (perhaps draw her in a side-on-side hug, or pat her shoulder) and then say "No. I've got a better idea. Let's….. [suggest exactly what she said]" The whole point is you're shamelessy pretending you had the idea first when you both know you didn't.

Example:

Her: **on a day 2** How about this place? We could have a coffee and sit outside.

Me: Hmmmmm. No. I've got a much better idea. **pause** Let's go in here and get a coffee. Then we'll sit outside.

Variation: This is general use. Any suggestion of what to do, what to drink, where to go. No matter how big or small. Just make sure it's something you'd want to do anyway. If she's suggesting something you genuinely object to – object, don't use this.

Roissy Gives Me The Rub

krauserpua · 12 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Everything in life is like pro wrestling. In this case:

"**Rub** – This is when a top performer tries to get a lower card performer over by associating with them, usually not by jobbing but working a competitive match with them or allowing them to cut a promo on them or look good in an angle."

I log into my WordPress dashboard and see my site hits have gone spastic. Turns out Roissy Chateau has discussed my 1-on-1 review of Yad and sent a shitload of his readers over to me. On the first day my page views are 400% above the norm. Next day it's 500%. As if that's not enough Assanova is saying nice things about me too.

Feeling pretty good about myself right now. Almost as good as when I did that Muslim virgin up the arse. Thanks fellas.

I add a fifth girl to my harem

krauserpua · 16 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Last week or so I'm sitting in Caffe Nero by Covent Garden reading The Fountainhead. It's a lovely day but I'm not especially in the mood for game. I get a little distracted watching girls walk by on the streets outside because my daygame is at a point now where I feel bad letting a hot girl walk past me unmolested. I need a piss and go find the toilet.

There's a cute **Turkish Girl** sitting in a sofa-chair reading her book just three feet from the toilet queue I'm standing in. I look at her, trying to figure out a situational opener. Her eyes droop a little then she lets out a sigh. Bingo.

Me: Hi. Is that book really so boring?
Her: **smile** Well, sort of.
Me: It's just that I was standing in the queue for the bathroom when I looked over just as your eyelids were drooping and you let out this massive sigh. What is it **knocks up the book with a finger to see the cover**
Her: **laughs, hooks** It's blah blah blah
Me: Yeah, boring. I sympathise **brief hand on shoulder**

I'm in set ten minutes and it's all indirect and comfort. The only two SOIs I give her are that I like her long black hair and also the red accessories she's matched over her mostly black outfit. No sexual intent displayed at all. I take the number and now the main technical goal is to transition to a man-woman frame. Text game ensues that evening:

Me 5:56pm – You're from Istanbul, right? *[assumed familiarity, dominant and direct but relevant]*
Her 6:10pm – Yep *[waiting to see what I do]*
Me: 6:43pm – Cool *[she didn't give back enough to justify a long mail so one-word-game]*

Nothing until two days later when I set up the date

Me 12:50pm – Hey Little Miss Mordor [*I'd had a thread about how JRR Tolkien wrote Lord of the Rings about protecting England from the Arabs and that's why her Turkish name sounds like an Orc leader in the book]* I'm gonna be in Covent Garden this afternoon. What are you doing?
Her 1:19pm – Hey i just left covent garden, had some plans with friends today… have a great day x *[no counter offer]*
Me 8:02pm – Aye *[one-word-game and the Roissy way to handle a refused invite]*
Her 10:37pm – Is it an irish way? *[hmmmm, she is interested]*
Me [next day] 2:00pm – Thats almost exactly…. the opposite *[playful tease]*

A few more texts and two of hers are fishing for me to invite her out again so I do. We meet near Soho and I take her for coffee. The first hour is full of good conversation but she's cagey about kino for example when I'm crossing my ankle over my knee I let the knee drop to touch her thigh and she waits a few seconds then moves her thigh away. I run my three main routines (i) boxing NLP (ii) kid in church and (iii) Beach walk in Okinawa. All three hit big and she flips into sexual state. Behind us on a sofa is a mid-twenties Italian guy with a petite Italian girl who has unbelievably outsized hooters.

Me: **eyes wandering when target is talking** Sorry. I just have to say… can you keep a secret?
Her: **leans in** yes?
Me: Don't look now but that Italian couple behind you. She's totally into him **she was IOIing big time, looked like maybe a third date** She's a really slim petite girl but she has absoutely massive tits.
Her: **laughs, waits a few seconds then turns around** Yes, she does. I used to know someone at school like that.

It's raining outside so when I walk her to M&S so I can get a sandwich we share her umbrella and that gets the arm-in-arm and the implicit agreement that this is turning sexual. Then I take her to a quiet pub for more rapport and

easy handholding.

Her: This is romantic
Me: What is?
Her: Sitting here, holding hands like this
Me: How about now? **leans in, kiss close**

By the time she goes to work after our two hour date she is completely sold on me. I fuck her a week later on the third date.

Another week in game

krauserpua · 16 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Monday – Daygaming with Suave. Five instant dates and a Day 2 with a little Japanese pixie girl I kiss closed last week

Tuesday – Day 2 and kiss-close the leggy turk

Wednesday – Solo daygame. Instant date / number close an 18yr old virgin who tells me about her first blowjob. Get a few more numbers

Thursday – No gaming. I'd bought Sonic & Sega All Star Racing

Friday – Second date with Turk. Finger fuck her in Caffe Nero mid-afternoon. Number close a model during bootcamp, bring my Thai over and fuck her.

Saturday – Five minute kiss close of black girl in Tube station on the way to teach daygame seminar. Date her that night and get coke-fuelled blowjob in the street. Also pick up new Jap girl in Starbucks during bootcamp infield and date her that evening before black girl turns up

Sunday – Lazy day. Facebook of Persian girl in M&S food court then f-close the Turk – on video.

Breaking the man-eater – Part one

krauserpua · 16 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's Saturday morning and I'm headed out early to begin the daygame session of our bootcamp. I'm feeling pretty good. I get on the underground as it's waiting at the platform for a signal. The carriage is about half full and I see an **extremely hot Black Girl** sitting down. There's no seats opposite her so I sit alongside and try to figure out the best opener. Takes a while and I start to wonder. She's looking very bitchy and unapproachable – which is bullshit but for some reason it makes me stall a bit. I maintain alpha posture and ignore her, not looking her way at all like I've got serious shit to ponder. I catch a glimpse of her boobies trying to push out her white too-tight t-shirt. Massive, and on a tall slim girl. Ok, I'm definitely opening. The train pulls out and the driver announces it'll terminate in a few stops.



This doesn't quite do her £4k charms justice

I look at her, scanning for anything at all about her that is comment-worthy. The only thing is her leopard print handbag.

Me: Excuse me **indicate for her to pull out her headphones, she does and leans in** Okay. There's no way to say this without it sounding weird so I'm just gonna say it.
Her: **intrigued** uh-huh
Me: That handbag of yours. Do women realise that when men see anything in leopard print – shoes, skirt, whatever – we think of prostitutes?
Her: **gasp** Did you just call me a prostitute?
Me: Um, I guess I did. I didn't mean to. **doesn't apologise**
Her: **laughs**

We get off at the last station chatting about stuff as we go up the escalators. The first two minutes she's reserved and testing my ability to plough. By the time we reach the ticket barriers she's laughing and having fun. She claims she needs help figuring out how to get the train to her bosses barbeque so I tell her we'll ask the staff. While we wait for him finish advising a tourist she says "Oh, I'm so tired" and puts her head on my shoulder.

STOP!!!!

ALARM

This girl is *too* into me to be doing this just two minutes into the interaction. I decide she's deliberately escalating because she's a dominant forceful woman and therefore the frame is at risk already. I decide to see her and raise her – something I'll do alot before the night is out.

I push her away and say "hang on, if you're gonna hug me I have to check you out first" and then cast a slow appraising glance over her while she giggles. I get her to spin then I say "Yeah, you're hot. Come here" and pull her back in. After another 20 seconds small talk I say "I like your tits" and she loves it.

We get directions then go through the barriers.

Me: I've got to meet some friends in five minutes, so this is where we say goodbye *[not asking for number yet]*
Her: **throws herself into a big hug on me, tits pushed into my chest**
Me: Woah, steady on. I'm getting a boner
Her: **laughs**
Me: **touches own cock** Yes, definitely a boner. Stop that, I don't want this when I show up to meet my friends.

I take her number and she suggests meeting tomorrow. I say I'm busy. Another big hug and I tilt her chin up with my finger and lightly kiss close. She's really jiggling her tits up against me trying to maintain my boner. I let her go.



If she's selling those puppies, I'll have the one with the brown nose

I'm walking away thinking "what the fuck just happened?" It was far too easy. I actually check my wallet is still there. Later on she tells me that she'd seen me get on the tube and thought "he's cute, I'd do him" and was trying to nudge me to attract attention, checking my hands to see if I was married, and apparently stared full on for ten seconds checking me out while I was looking the other way. Interesting. I've been getting way more approach invitations the past month than I ever used to.

This girl is scary hot. Her face is about a 7, but her body is straight out perfect ten. £4,000 worth of false tits performed masterfully by the surgeon, tight round arse that springs like a rubber ball to the touch, long shapely legs, and flat toned stomach. Perfect.

Text game ensues after the bootcamp:

Me 5:33pm – Woken up yet darlin' ?
Her 5:36pm – Yeah lol, where are you now? x
Me 5:40pm – Back home. Making myself beautiful for a night on the razz. You?
Her 5:45pm – At my boss's house in [zone 6] for a barbecue… where are you going tonight?? X
Me 5:49pm – Clubbing at *[West End Club]*. Might be able to squeeze you on the guest list for the birthday party I'm going to there.
Her 5:51pm – Really… only if you'd want me with you?
Me 5:52pm – Yeah, sure. I like you Full name needed. Is your surname *[joke based on her name]*?

She confirms and she's gonna show up about 11pm. Before that I have the new Japanese girl for a few hours and my plan is to get them competing for me in the club.

The Trololol Video Routine

krauserpua · 18 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This one was inspired by Burto one afternoon at an RSG team meeting. While the boys were being serious in one room, Burto was showing us his favourite dumb youtube videos on his laptop in the kitchen. So far I've done this twice immediately before (like, five minutes before) swooping the girl in my lounge for the final furlong before I tap the ass. I also tried it sending links over Facebook chat and it also worked well.

The scene – You've got the girl back at your place and she's sitting next to you on the sofa. You're both sipping white russians – an easy cocktail to make and pretty damn strong. She knows what comes next but you want to give her a laughing fit and a buying temperature spike. Play these videos in order.

Then swoop.

Over in Lithuania we found it's useful to download the videos onto your phone because then even without internet you've got something to fill an awkward pause – as Burto showed when we brought these lovely ladies to chill with us in the Palanga sand dunes.



Trolol-ed

I also use Beatbox Dog as a chick crack routine constantly. Whenever I'm restless, I just tap her under the chin with the back of my hand and make the bwabwabwabwa noises. Trolol is a good one to sing when you're walking, accompanied by all the gestures.

I bang my first Turk

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My second date with the Turk goes pretty well. I'm not planning on seeing her on Friday but when I text a variation of "whassup" in the morning she suggests meeting for coffee after her school so I think why not. We'd already set up Sunday evening so I figure if she's got a "no sex until third date" rule I wanna get the second out of the way.

Most of the date we're sat in Caffe Nero. She's a strangely cerebral sort and wracked with a crisis of meaning in her life – not in a loopy way but she's a lifelong leftie activist who has recently realised its all bullshit and can feel herself being drawn right wing. All her old friends are still on the barricades with their Obama badges and while their stupidity is disgusting her she feels guilt at becoming one of those evil capitalists.

So cue a long educational sermon from me. It brings out all my alpha positives:

- Strong frame
- Unshakeable sense of being right
- Worldy wise man of knowledge
- Demonstration of high intelligence
- Reality-shaking insight
- Placing her in the student role
- Witty intellectual one-liners

I'm so pleased to find a girl who is ripe for the sort of material I usually reserve for drunken bar arguments with male friends. She's listening in rapt attention and getting the pussy tingle from my exposition of Ludwig von Mises' "Socialism" magnum opus. I think I really have her when I explain the problem of economic calculation.

I'm simultaneously curing a leftie progressive fucktard AND seducing a hot chick. Two beautiful demonstrations of righteous power at the same time. Kinda like synching a triangle choke while catching a boomerang. Or getting a blowjob while playing Xbox360.

Once I determine her old reality is completely destroyed and I am her new lord and master, I sit her on my lap and finger fuck her. In the middle of the cafe, at 3pm. There's plenty of customers around. She's looking at me saying "stop it, I'll just melt" while making no effort to stop me. She has to go to work so I put her on the Underground and go for my next date.

Sunday rolls round and I tell her to meet me at the station by my house. It's 9pm and we're both starving. I walk her to Tescos and she's protesting about not knowing she was going to my house and how she can't believe my audacity. In the supermarket I hand her the basket and weigh it down with a week's shopping. She's giving me more of the "I can't believe you are getting me to do this" stare but still stumbling around after me. I cook pasta.

Back in my lounge I run the "trolol" youtube routine to raise her state, then the fighting pandas, and go for the swoop. There's plenty of token resistance. She doesn't wanna straddle me (fully clothed) but I just insist and she gets into it. Then I stand up and carry her to the door but she's pushing it closed, refusing to go to the bedroom. I pull back and drink my white russian. She drinks hers. I just stare at her. No touching, no kissing. Just giving her serious rape eyes over my glass. She's quivering and downs her drink. Without a word or a kiss I put my arm around her waist and walk her to the bedroom. No more LMR.

Breaking the man-eater – Part 2

krauserpua · 18 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Saturday night and I'm waiting in the queue to a high-end nightclub with today's Japanese girl, Suave, and three Brazilian girls he knows. It's been hard work with the Jap cos she's been with me the past three hours to a bar, eating pizza in a park, and briefly at my house but it's not really on. Kino is terrible due to her deliberately blocking it even though the conversation is good. The doormen don't let her in because she's wearing Converse and I'm almost pleased. I direct her to the station and the rest of us go in.

Right from the off the three girls are social proofing us and before long I get a strong proximity IOI from two girls in similar red dresses, one is a **tall 20yr old black chick** and the other a slightly porky whitey. They are trying to catch my eye but I refuse to give it as Suave and I talk like nothing else in the club matters but us and the three Brazilians dance next to us. As I walk past the black girl to go outside she makes a big effort to catch my eye and I blank her again.

Just before the doors I tell Suave to stop and sure enough the two girls are following us out. I open with "Hey girls, I see you used the same pair of curtains to make your dresses, Are you twins?" They hook immediately and we lead them outside for a smoking break. The first ten minutes is great with kino and deep eye contact with the black girl but Suave's girl is a typical pain the arse bolshy Northern English bitch who manages to kill the vibe and cockblock me. Before my target has lost interest entirely my date turns up. She's alone. I just walk away from the target without a word and collect my date.

Black girl 1 (red dress) goes inside to the bar so I position myself on the opposite side in full view of her, leaning back against the bar while **black girl 2 (my date)** throws herself over me. It's on. Both girls are similar in size and hotness so I figure this jealously plotline has a chance at tearing a hole in the time-space continuum. Both notice each other and it begins. Suave and I are massively preselected now and he uses it to number close a **cute little Colombian** and brings her into the set so it's five girls and two guys. Black Girl 2 grabs my cock and is generally escalating until Black Girl 1 comes round and grabs my arm and smiles, then dances six feet in front of me staring continuously. When Suave goes outside and she follows five minutes later I disentangle myself from Black Girl 2 and try a rapid number close.



Bloody hard work

Rebuffed. Although massively attracted her pride is piqued and she salves it by turning me down. I wish her a good night and focus on the main target. From now on I get quite an education in game from Black Girl 2. Really, I learned more in the following five hours with her than any other set. Too much to write about so I'll put chronological highlights in bullet points.

- She wants to get £100 out the cash machine to pay her friend who is coming to deliver coke. As I walk her there she's bitching about her high heels. I throw her against a wall and we make out. She keeps pushing me away, I blast through it.
- I call my member's bar to reserve a table. While on the phone I click my fingers and indicate my date to come over. She does. I grab her by the throat, push her up against a wall and inbetween talking to the receptionist we make out. She loves it.
- In the taxi to the bar she's all over me but keeps pulling away to tell me I'm a loser and probably shit in bed whereas she's awesome. I tell her I'm rubbish and that I come within a minute then just roll over and go to sleep. She starts grabbing my cock.
- In the bar it's really quiet and we have lots of privacy. When we talk about meeting tomorrow she remembers this morning when I said I was busy. I say just busy on the evening with my Turk who I'm gonna fuck. I suggest we meet in the afternoon so I can fuck her first and have a better story for my friends. She responds by pulling out her iphone and showing me text messages from the three ex-boyfriends she's fucked this week. She doesn't wanna fuck me this week because then *she'd feel like a slut*. I cross her off my LTR list. Fuck buddy is the limit of her potential now.
- She qualifies constantly about her sexual prowess – her £4k false tits (admittedly brilliantly installed), her too tight pussy which she claims gives men their best ever fuck, and so on. I counter by saying that stuff may be true but doesn't interest me – all I care about is the girl knows how to hold her body in visually appealing poses and is enthusiastic. She qualifies immediately saying she can do all that and will scream my name all night.
- After a line of coke she gets her breasts out in the bar. No-one can see – the other guests have gone home and the waiter is in the staff room. I say "those are going in my mouth right now" and drag her upstairs to a toilet so I can lock the door shut. While I'm sucking her tits she's fiddling with the lock and accidently opens it. Another

couple burst in and we all start laughing. My girl runs downstairs and says it made her even hornier.

- We get the bill early and she tries to make me pay. I refuse. After some histrionics she covers her share then invites me back to the toilets for a line of coke. I finger fuck her and slap her arse while she's cutting the lines. Shes telling me to fuck off and how I'll never get near her pussy again. As we both snort a line I push her up against the wall, hold her wrists firmly by her sides and just stare into her eyes, lips almost touching, for five minutes as we get the rush. Massive sexual energy.
- Downstairs she sits on my fingers and I finger fuck her some more, but it looks like she's just sitting next to me with my hand on her arse. The waiter comes to collect the bill and I engage him in low energy conversation for five minutes while continuing to frig my girl knuckle deep – who has her head in her hands trying to hold in the ecstasy. If the waiter notices, he's acting like he doesn't. When he goes away she hugs me and gushes about how sexy it was.
- Really late on, she stands in the corner with a leg up against the sofa and pulls up her skirt, pushes aside her panties and starts showing me this legendary pussy of glory. She's pulling the labia apart and telling me how it tastes like honey and men are addicted to going down on her. I tell her I'm mildly impressed but I don't go down – not unless it's my girl's birthday. As soon as she sits back down I point to the ceiling and say "that's a security camera". She is shocked and humiliated at first, then finds it hilarious and starts waving at it.
- She won't extract back to mine, claiming fatigue. As we head out to find a taxi she starts shit testing even harder, telling me I'm a loser and boring and I'll never get to fuck her. I tell her she's a whore and a pain in the arse. It's all a game though – but it seems very serious at times. Outside Revolution bar I push her into an alcove and we make out. She's telling me some more that I'll never fuck her then asks if I've ever come in a girls mouth. I whip out my phone and show her a video of me coming over my Thai girl's face. Her eyes sparkle and she asks if I like taking videos. Then I push her head down and she sucks me off enthusiastically. I tell her not to make me come because I'm saving it for the Turk tomorrow.

Finally she gets a cab home after I run some comfort. This ball-busting frame can't go on forever. She sends me a nice text to tell me she got home safe. Phew, what a night! Learning points?

- This girl was a self-confessed sex addict / ball-buster. The way she talked about her exes (and the texts she showed) it's obvious she completely dominates the men in her life. Not so with me – I told her I'll break her and every time she hit me with something I came back harder. She loved it.
- She's nearly six foot, slim, with massive hooters and a perfect arse. She has incredible sexual confidence and tried her best to alternate between intimidating me with her sexual power while also getting me to supplicate before her to get a piece. I refused and made her chase, or just took what I wanted
- I've never been shit tested so hard and in so many different ways. It was an education. Once I'd figured out what was going on (very early in the initial pick up) I never looked back. It was tremendous fun.
- Great for the inner game to go through this night, and with such an incredibly hot girl. As recently as two months ago I wouldn't have been able to handle her at all.

For all this, I'm not sure if I'll see her again. She's massively attracted but she's also got lots of options already set up and I have a nagging feeling that somewhere along the line I must've dropped the ball a little – though I can't think of anything. I just figure I should've fucked her and yet I didn't so ***ergo*** something went wrong.

We've swapped some texts and she invited me out to a club on Wednesday but it was a mass text so I didn't bother responding. She's already demonstrated she's totally into me so I think I have to maintain value, not chase, and see if she comes chasing.

The Expendables – The best and worst of action movies

krauserpua · 19 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Best

- The cast. It's like all of the best action movie stars of the past twenty years all in one movie. It can barely handle that much awesomeness in one place.
- Arnie, Sly and Willis in a scene together
- Violence that makes even the last Rambo movie seem tame
- Massively alpha Mickey Rourke and Dolph Lundgren performances.



White Knight Army

Worst

The plot: Stupid entitlement princess betrays her father in the worst possible way by hiring a gang of mercenaries to kill him and steal his country. Daddie finds out and tries to save her from the inevitable but she won't stop causing trouble until she's captured by the Evil White Man. The most awesome gang of white knights ever assembled then slaughters about 500 men to get the ingrate bitch out of her own mess. The end. About as misandrist as a movie can be.

I still fucking loved it. Still, a reminder that you can be the most badass alpha on the planet but if you refuse the red pill you'll get yourself into all kinds of needless grief over wimmin.

Oh, I finger-fucked my thai girl in the cinema during the harbour bombing run scene.

Ravishing Rick Rude = Alpha Douchebag

krauserpua · 25 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Ah, the glory days of 1980s professional wrestling. Cartoonishly huge men bashing each other around the ring and my friends and I too young and niave to doubt it's reality. This was long before the UFC came to town. The douchebag is strong in all the best heels of wrestling and the "edgy" babyfaces like The Rock, Chris Jericho and Stone Cold Steve Austin too. But the absolute king of cocky assholery is the one and only Ravishing Rick Rude. Watch and learn kiddies.

And here he is staying in character for a talk show hyping his title shot. Great body language, frame control, slow movements and just oozing with cocky arrogance. Great ending too.

Unfortunately a career-ending injury in Japan and the usual curse of professional wrestlers (combination of injuries painkillers, boozing, time-zone hopping and steroids) finally did him in age forty.

Facebook game to set up the f-close

krauserpua · 26 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I haven't banged this girl yet. Picked her up in Lithuania and kiss-closed easily enough but the gods were against me for the lay. I'm gonna be back in her neck of the woods within a fortnight so I've been playing the long game. Out of my entire harem, this girl will be number one if I can slide her into position. She's adorable.

It doesn't really need a commentary. This girl is hyper-innocent and really needs comfort, seeing as she knows I'm a player and knows I have a harem. So this chat is all about giving that comfort, snowflaking her, and getting the LMR now so that the wicket is clear for my trip.

Formatting note: long spaces like this mean a new line. Just removed the line breaks to reduce the post length. Timing is important.



Borat left. Suave's girl right

23:00 **Her:** trololo evening good evening good i`ve got schedule for september
23:02 **Me:** hey! my favourite Borat girl!
23:02 **Her:** auch, not Cheryl ;/
23:03 **Her:** good at least you like borat type girls
23:04 **Me:** Not borat girls. I like you
23:04 **Her:** even better;] sooo what i wanted to say is that i know when i`m free in september
23:05 **Me:** which is?
23:05 **Her:** not perfect situation but a bit better than i expected 9th
23:05 **Me:** so you are free all day everyday?
23:05 **Her:** then 3 days of work and 13-15 haha, u wish:)
23:05 **Me:** So let me get this straight….. I have you completely totally exclusively for one day then three days for you to cry with loneliness then I got you again for three days totally exclusively
23:06 **Her:** right and you gonna have some fun with non-borat girls while i`m crying nice but well there`s nothing i can do need to accept the fact
23:07 **Me:** Yeah You are my favouritist thugh
23:07 **Her:** will cry on somebody`s arm at work ;p lovely :*:*

23:08 **Me:** So we're kinda like boyfriend-girlfriend In a weird way
23:09 **Her:** in a very weird way `cause not aware what`s happening when we appart no i know actually
23:10 **Me:** If you lived in London we'd be proper boyfriend-girlfriend not weird
23:10 **Her:** you`re visiting France ;p but i don`t so..
23:10 **Me:** Yeah you're totally my type too…..
23:10 **Her:** half of Asia is your type:)))
23:11 **Me:** Just the Borat half
23:11 **Her:** what a relief;pp
23:12 **Her:** how is that my "boyfriend"`s at home today?
23:13 **Me:** Just been for work drinks. Darling….
23:14 **Her:** i see i`ve just came home from work need a cup of tea
23:15 **Me:** OK. I'll put the kettle on now that we're boyfriend-girlfriend, I have to be nice to you
23:17 **Her:** finally! it`s a miracle ;p
23:17 **Me:** Any other requests? shall I warm your slippers?
23:18 **Her:** a massage would be nice:)
23:18 **Me:** shoulders? legs? breasts?
23:19 **Her:** a bit everywhere:] i also see dust on the table would be good if you cleaned it honey ;p
23:20 **Me:** I'll clean your mouth out with soap, woman! I mean…… darling….
23:21 **Her:** ;D ok, your not a husband, just a boyfriend will keep such requests for the future ;p
23:21 **Me:** So are you gonna ride on the back of my motorbike?
23:22 **Her:** cool bu not romantic;/ *but how`s my tea? don`t forget no milk..
23:23 **Me:** Just boiled I could take you for a dinner date in a castle by the sea We'd drink the finest wine
23:24 **Her:** ooooh,i`m totally in love with you now ;D
23:24 **Me:** Then we'd walk down the steps. Stone steps, cut into the cliff
23:24 **Her:** hahaha
23:24 **Me:** We'd walk along the beach, with the wind whistling around us We'd hug tightly, to keep warm The waves would lap the shore by our feet We'd write our names in the sand with our toes
23:25 **Her:** and then we`d kissed under the rain
23:25 **Me:** It would say "[Borat] + [Krauser]"
23:25 **Her:** THE END ;DDD
23:25 **Me:** Or alternatively…. …. I'd just fuck you up the ass in the nightclub toilets
23:26 **Her:** 2nd option just amazing i`m fascinated!
23:27 **Me:**
23:27 **Her:** as there`s still no warm tea on my table gonna have to go and make it by myslef *myself ;/
23:28 **Me:** glad you have your priorities right
23:29 **Her:** we`ll deffinitely chet before you come *chat nice eve to you muah
23:29 **Me:** ok
23:29 **Her:** *
23:29 **Me:** try not to think too much about me
23:29 **Her:** not going to be easy..

MLTR-game is much maligned as impossible but right now I'm having a good go at it. I've got five girlfriends and e*very single one of them* knows I see other girls. So far, they don't seem to mind. There's a perfect mix of alphaness, honesty, and comfort. I haven't found it yet but it doesn't seem so tough. At least in the short term.

Anyone who noticed I shamelessly ripped off a Jeffy routine = +10 points. Respect the cock.

Krauser's Chick Crack 2: Relationship Edition

krauserpua · 29 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

** These routines are only for use after you've banged a girl and they are designed to help acquire and maintain hand in the relationship. The goal is not to have the girl crack up laughing but instead to have her accept her subordinated position. You do this while having fun **

4. This is my side
Description: Literally putting the girl in her place. You are the man who likes to do things a certain way and she is going to fit in with that.

Use: This is good for anytime you are walking down the street, lying in bed, watching tv or any other situation in which you can claim a preferred position out of the two available to you even if it's for no good reason. Without asking permission move her or tell her that she's got your place and you are taking it back.

Examples:

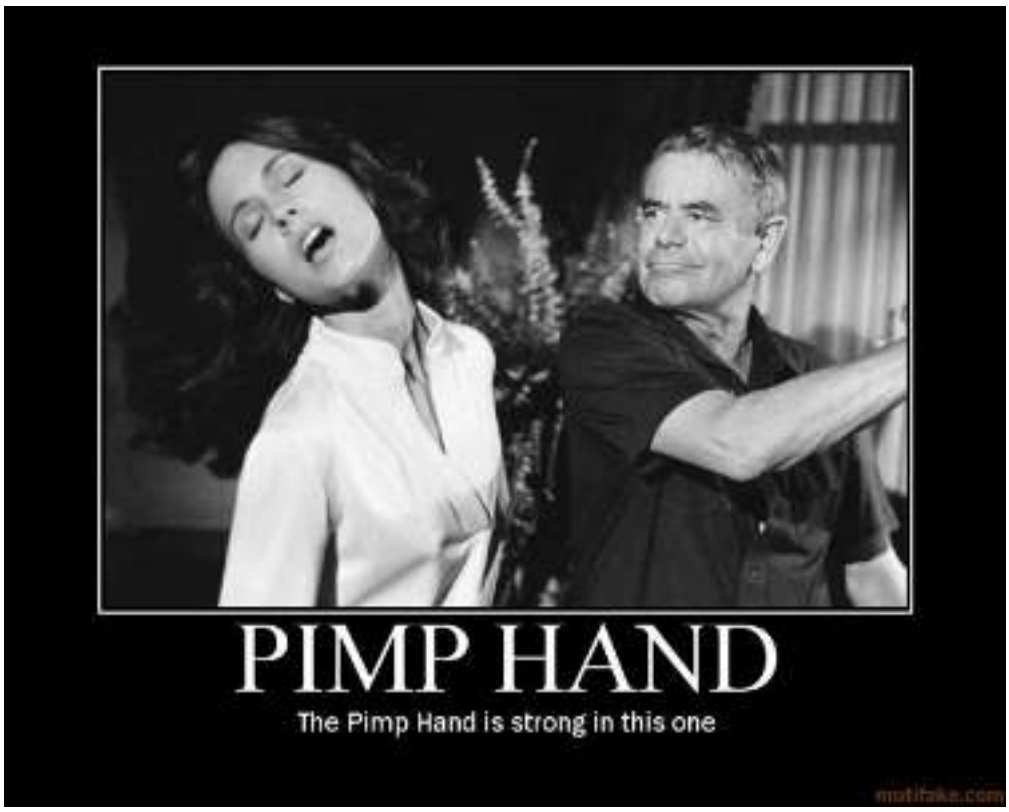
– You are both about to sit down in a Starbucks. "Wait. That's my chair. You sit here" and take the chair she was going to use.
– Walking down the street you just move her to the other side of you (e.g. if she's walking on your right, bodily move her to your left side while you maintain your line) then say "I prefer this side"

5. Don't worry
Description: Inspired by the SS prison guards in Sven Hassel novels who told prisoners not to worry about being executed because it would all be over quickly and the guards would still get home in time for dinner. You are telling the girl that she is expendable and what happens to you is far more important than what happens to her, but the joke is that you aren't supposed to tell her but do anyway.

Use: Exaggerate a situation which could potentially get out of control and hurt the girl then say "don't worry, if *[something goes wrong] ….. [pause where she expects you to finish with a white knighting statement]* I'll just find a new girl. It'll be fine"

Example:

– I did this one this morning while my girl was cooking breakfast and I could smell a bit of gas after she had trouble lighting the hob: "I smell gas. Don't worry. If it explodes and kills you I'll just get another girl. It'll be fine."
– Girl calls to say she might be late for the date cos the boss is keeping her back at the office: "Don't worry. If you're late I'll just get another girl. It'll be fine."



Acquire and maintain

6. Grunts and shoves
Description: This is how you caveman in a relationship. Just think "how would a caveman act" if language was yet to be invented. You are taking what you want.

Use: Ultimately you should be reducing all your communication to a series of grunts, pushes and shoves. When you are hanging out in your house doing nothing in particular, say you both just got out of bed on a Sunday morning.

Example:

– When you walk past her on the way to the shower give her a hip bump that knocks her over onto the bed
– When you want a cup of coffee, grab the coffee mug next to you, hold it out expectantly and grunt until she takes it and makes the coffee. When she comes back reward her with a happy grunt and smile.

7. Important person coming
Description: I first figured this out when my girl was cleaning her teeth at the kitchen sink and I wanted to fill up a glass of water using the same cold water tap. I moved her to one side, filled up my water, then moved her back and walked away without a word. The subcommunication is "I am the important person here. When we both want the same thing, I go first."

Use: You go first, she waits until you're done.

Example:

– In a shop queue, the staff are about to take her order, you step in front of her and say "I'm first. This girl is happy to wait" and then order. Remember it's playful and obvious you are both together.

8. It's okay to be wrong
Description: About 8 years ago I stumbled across this one. In Japanese TV panel shows the celebrity guests often have a table-tennis paddle type thing that has a green circle on one side ("yes") and a red cross on the other ("no") which they hold up to answer questions. I made one for my girlfriend to use when we were discussing things and I wrote a few words on each side:

Green Side: Yes, I AGREE. Please teach me more
Red Side: I know I'm probably wrong but I DISAGREE. Please correct me

She had a lot of fun using it because obviously it subcommunicates that I'm always right.

Use: A shorter form version of this routine is that whenever a girl disagrees with you give her a condescending look and say "That's okay. Really. It's okay for you to be wrong. I still like you." Don't rebut her point, don't get drawn into logic and evidence. Just smile reassuringly like she's a child who will eventually figure out why she's wrong and you will stand by her till she figures it out.

This last one is fine to use early on, before the f-close.

Chick Crack 1 is here. The inspiration comes from Assasnova's e-book of the same name. In all of these routines you have a playful vibe but a deadpan delivery – she knows you well enough now to know you are just messing around. Do not do these things seriously.

Instant Date a Model: Step-by-Step Analysis

krauserpua · 31 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's learnin' time chaps. Here's a video of a **Malaysian model** I picked up a few days ago near Trafalgar Square, with full audio from approach to instant date. Suave and I have been shooting a bunch of these for a new seminar we're working on but this is a freebie. The date itself was an hour so I've edited that bit down alot.

Before I kick off with a minute-by-minute analysis of the video, here's the first few general learning points:

1. She's a solid 9, in her early twenties. I'm an ugly fucker in his mid-thirties. That should tell you something about how limiting beliefs are *all in your head*.
2. Aside from her modelling, she's also a photographer, serious martial artist and a video game nerd. That's why she's listening with rapt attention when I talk about sparring, and later we had a discussion on the relative merits of Lost Planet 2 and Left 4 Dead co-op multiplayer.
3. It was raining the whole time. That shouldn't stop your daygame.

0:08 – Real photos from her portfolio.
0:18 – Middle of the road, waiting in a shop queue, lying in a park, whatever. You can open anywhere. Just adjust your calibration accordingly.
0:22 – This is what Yosha calls the **unconventional interruption /** pre-frame before the opener itself. An "excuse me" plus a short statement to build intrigure that separates you from the salesmen, chuggers and panhandlers that also approach girls.
0:24 – Every opener is different and should be tailored to the girl. My rule is to think **"what is it that made me notice and approach her, rather than any other attractive girl"**. That's harder than you think because there are so many barriers in your mind between you and your sincerity. This girl looked very serious so I used that. It paces her reality, intrigues her, makes her self conscious, encourages her to deny the seriousness (and thus be receptive), and shows balls all at the same time. The best openers are spontanteous because she isn't hearing the words, she's feeling the fresh playful vibe.
0:39 – Mildly challenging by questioning the type of work she does. Shows social intelligence, hence her laugh. I haven't yet told her she's attractive, so this is an indirect-direct opener.
0:48 – Having showed alot and poured energy in, I'm now going to shut up a little and make her talk. The conversational responsibility is still on me but at this early stage I have to begin her process of progressive investment.
1:01 – We are now in the ploughing bridge (term borrowed from Yosha) in which I have to hang in there and show I'm not a pussy who ejects at the first silence but nor am I the nervy guy who chatters incessantly. So I throw another playful challenge to get her qualifying.
1:25 – She's picking up her share of the conversation admirably so I can begin to reduce my energy and talk less. The initial high energy was necessary to carry the set and to show her the good vibe she can win back if she's prepared to earn it but I'm not gonna just give it away. This is the sub-communication subtext to her qualification and investment.
1:40 – Notice the leg movement. Laughing and smiling is the obvious IOI but in daygame the leg movement tells you alot. Crossed legs are her way of settling into the conversation, kicking and stepping legs show playfulness, and when she crosses/uncrosses or shifts weight of her hips she is pussy-tingling.
1:50 – **Hit and run DHV**. I like to keep my DHVs very short – maybe a sentence or two. Here I'm doing a pre-selection routine but it's actually relevant to the conversation and I am using it to qualify her as not being a whiner.
1:58 – Notice how close we are and how little I move. I'm holding strong eye contact too. She's comfortable with that.
2:17 – Qualifying her on the posh school and playfully disagreeing when she objects until she backs down. On paper it would sound like I'm qualifying too hard but it's playful, I'm smirking, and calibrating her reaction which is

still smiley and playful.
2:21 – "kiss all the boys" puts some light sexualisation into it.
2:28 – The estrogen question is showing social intelligence about girls in groups while also personalising the conversation to her, giving her an open-ended question she can use to invest in the conversation and convey her personality. This is not a canned question – it's the first time I used it. Most of the stuff I say is natural and just feeding off what she gives me and what I observe in this particular girl.
2:31 – You saw that leg cross, right?
2:37 – Nice situational excuse for the bounce and lead, also showing some protective qualities but I frame it as **I'll** get run over so there's light douche-baggery in this too.
2:58 – Pretttttttyyyyy!!!!


Beautiful in every way

3:09 – Compare her movement to my lack of reaction. I am listening non-reactively and in a judgemental mood so she can't figure me out. In the rare cases guys that hit on her haven't blown themselves out in the first thirty seconds, by now they would be jumping all over her energy and feeding it back to her. I'm just sucking it in like a black hole.
3:15 – I throw in a statement of interest. "I'm starting to like you". She's winning me over.
3:29 – See how she walks around me. That's a shit test to see if I pander to her whims. I stay rock solid.
3:54 – Time for the **instant date** as the rain suddenly gets heavier. I self-referentially mock my earlier "rain is a challenge to be confronted" macho talk and then lead. Usually I wait about ten minutes but the weather forced my hand and the vibe was brilliant anyway.
4:00 – False time constraint and indicate the cafe is only around the corner. This avoids the "big scary date" frame.
4:08 – More light conversational flow and we move further into rapport. We are finding connections and common interests.
4:38 – What an ***adorable*** girl. She's trying to make this interesting and adding her own value
4:45 – A light challenge / disapproval over her liking cats and she immediately qualifies to make me like her again.
5:22 – Another hit and run DHV, about living in Japan. It hits.
5:29 – I deliberately delay answering her question. I'm my own man, I don't just dance to her tune. But I'm not being a dick about it cos we really have just reached the Starbucks. Good novels are about posing a question and then slowly revealling the answer. Good conversation is the same.

The rest of the video is rapport and I can't be arsed to go into detail. She talked alot more than it looks from the edited snips but unfortunately there wasn't much video with her face in the frame so I had to cut most of it.

Anyways, this is how my daygame looks these days.

Krauser's Chick Crack 3

krauserpua · 3 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

More spice to add a sprinkle of douchebag onto your relations with women. Generally speaking these routines are best done 1-to-1 with a girl rather than infront of her friends, and during comfort. A deadpan and earnest delivery is usually best because you are pretending to be serious in order to bait her – if she knows from the beginning that you're joking then you won't get the satisfaction of catching her out. Also, after I've successfully nailed her with one of these I then soften it by pulling her in for a kiss / hug / smile and going back to comfort.

As ever, props to Assanova for giving me the format and thematic direction in his ebook – though all these routines are ones I came up with independently over the years.

9. No you can't
Description: You bait the girl into saying she wants something, then deny her over and over again. It gets her to invest and chase while setting you up as the guy who doles out rewards when it pleases him.

Use: When you open a bag of crisps, motion them towards her and say "Do you want one?" When she goes to put her hand in the packet pull it away and say "well you can't". A couple of seconds later do it again. Wait, make a conciliatory *ok-no-more-fooling-around-I'm-serious-now face* and do it again. Keep going until she refuses to take the bait. Then let her have the packet to get one herself.

Variation: Pull her in for a kiss, slowly and romantically. Make her push up on her toes to reach your lips. And just before your lips touch, turn away and say "Never mind" and start walking off. Nine times out of ten she'll chase and demand the kiss. Making her chase.

10. I can translate that
Description: For foreign girls or girls talking about girly subjects like shoes, fashion or chocolate. After they've said something that you can't understand (or think is beneath you, or too girly) you tell them confidently that you can translate it into English. Then just make jibber-jabber noises. Works best if you do the "lobster pincers" hand movements to mock their mouths moving, and do stupid voices. It winds girls up and positions them as silly little fools who have trivial concerns, while reframing any potential insecurity you have with not knowing their language.

Use: Girl just finishes a phone call in her language.
Me: I understood all that you know.
Her: Really? But it was in Russian
Me: No really. I can translate it. Not perfectly, but I can translate the jist of it
Her: Okay
Me: First, you said "blah blah blah blah….. blah blah…. blah blah blabla blah" Then she said "blah blah… blah blah blah"
*Her: *laughs, punches your arm**

Variation: Play around with different gestures and voices. Always make sure that your translation is devoid of meaning but you can throw in the odd real word like "blah blah blah chocolate blah blah shoes blah blah



Inspired by this

11. I have a plan
Description: Girls love a man with a mission in life, one he has a laser focus and determination to complete. So ridicule it by laying out your plan step-by-step with utmost seriousness, but the plan is to do *basically nothing*. Really sell the plan with a deadpan delivery like you are discussing a military raid.

Use: You are both lying in bed on a Sunday morning thinking about how to spend the day. You look thoughtfully at the ceiling, hands crossed over your chest and begin… "I've got a plan for today. *[look over to her, demanding attention]* First, I'm gonna get out of bed. Then I'm gonna walk in to the bathroom and have a shower. I might have a piss first. Not sure, I'll figure that out when I get there. *[pause]*. After my shower, I'll dry myself with my towel. Then I'll put some clothes on…" continue until she's laughing.

Variation: On a pre-f-close date you can do this when you're sitting in a bar deciding what to do next.

12. Oh, you mean that one?
Description: This is a childish way of reacting to her asking you a question until she's exasperated. When she asks "Do you know……?" you keep teasing like you know the answer and then denying it. You're investing her.

Use: You have to wait for her to ask the right type of question ["Do you know?"], and it has to be something she's invested in, such as telling you her favourite music, film or book.

Example
Me: What's your favourite book?
Her: I like The Da Vinci Code. Do you know it?
Me: What's it called again?
Her: The Da Vinci Code
Me: Oh, right. No. Never heard of it.
Her: It's the one they made a movie of
Me: Oh! ***That*** one! The one with that famous actor…. what's his name?
Her: Tom Hanks
Me: Yeah him. No. Never heard of it

Her: Bastard
Me: Oh hang on. You mean the Da ***Vinci*** Code?
Her: Yes!
Me: No. Never heard of it.

Variation: She how many times you can bait her into trying to jog your memory. Use a full repetoire of gestures, eureka moment eyes and so on.

13. I wasn't listening
Description: Girls really want you to listen to them and betas always try to remember every little thing a girl says so they can earn brownie points by trotting it out at a later date to prove how much they care. So make fun of this, pretending like you're an arsehole who doesn't listen to prattle.

Use: Wait till the conversation takes a turn towards recalling a past event or conversation then claim you don't remember because you didn't care

Example
Me: What are you doing tomorrow?
Her: I told you already. I'm going to visit my gran.
Me: Oh right. Did you tell me that? I probably wasn't listening
Her: Hey! You should listen to me!
Me: Uh? **looking away absent-mindedly**
Her: I said you should listen to me!
Me: Wha? Did you say something
[keep going until she realises your faking it, then smile and pull her in for a hug]

Daygame Allstars

krauserpua · 6 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Who are the best daygamers in the world? How can you find out?

To aid in the burgeoning growth of the daygame art I am now maintaining a public list of the best players. Over time it will expand and refine itself as I get more submissions and more evidence. Readers are welcome to comment and argue. I will happily rank rivals and unrank friends. All I really care about it that the list is widely considered to be legit. So here is my top ten ranking with explanations. The first thing you'll notice is there's only four names because I simply cannot justify filling out slots five to ten. There's only two guys on here who I'm dead-certain belong (Yad and Suave). The other two ***probably*** belong.

I have not ranked myself. There's no way I could be independent. If you want to place the level of my game, check my in-fields.

1. Yad
Why he's ranked: Yad has the tightest day game I've ever seen. He's calm, centred, masculine, natural and makes every set seem like it's a normal conversation without any game and yet ends with the girl giving her number, kissing, or following him for the instant date. There's no try-hard, no gimmicks and he never ever qualifies. That he can do all this without any surface markers of value (e.g. good looks, money, status) proves it can be learned.

Why he's not higher: Can't beat number one

The evidence: I have spent six hours with him on a one-on-one and personally witnessed him do about six sets, all consistently high quality game. He's got the famous ten-minute kiss close video publically available, and at a semniar I went to he showed another three excellent in-fields (including another ten minute kiss close). Other people who's opinion I respect rate him number one too.

Connections: We know each other but aren't friends. We have no business connection.

2. Paul Janka
Why he's ranked: He's the only US guy I know who has built a credible daygame system. From watching the Beyond The Digits dvd series he clearly gets it. But can he perform in-field consistently? I don't know. Everything about his body language, vibe and conversation suggests he's very good but it's an inference.

Why he's not higher: No in-fields. Seems to play a glorified numbers game.

The evidence: I'm going purely from what I read into his dvd materials and the lack of anyone having been able to expose him as a fake.

Connections: None at all

3. Suave
Why he's ranked: He closes lots of girls on the streets of London and gets them out on dates. He has an extremely laid back manner, great vocal tone, and the best body language I've seen in daygame. 100% natural game – learned the hard way

Why he's not higher: Inconsistent performance, no "magical" sets so far

The evidence: He's my main wing and I've seen him in set well over 100 times and also confirmed subsequent f-closes. There's also a dozen of his in-field videos floating around, though no recent ones.

Connections: Good friend and business partner. I am not independent on this one.

4. Yosha
Why he's ranked: He's really put his foot to the floor to systematise and popularise daygame within the London scene. He's always out gaming or teaching and has a real passion for the art. His tutorial videos show he "get's it"

and the daygame model he recently formalised is the best I've seen so far. I'm thinking he's more like a great teacher than a great daygamer, but willing to be proven wrong if I see it with my own eyes.

Why he's not higher: No good in-fields in the public domain.

The evidence: I've never seen a full in-field video with audio. I don't know if they exist. Thus he's on here through second-hand inference because his teaching shows vast knowledge and Yad is happy to be publically associated with him.

Connections: None. We'd recognised each other in the street but that's all.

There's a few guys who are "names" in the daygame community but I'm not ranking them yet. Here's why.

Jeremy Soul: If you are to believe his website fluff then he's the self-proclaimed "number one day game dating" guru. He's not. He does have some in-fields on youtube in which he shows some lower-intermediate skills. I'll grant these are very old and he might have gotten alot better since then. I have some pretty weak early in-fields too. But for Soul to earn a top ten place, he needs tighter publicly available in-fileds. Made-up testamonials don't earn credit here.

Dharam: In his favour, he has posted alot of in-fields over the past year and he's a hard worker. He's not on the list because I'm not impressed by those in-fields.

Assanova: While I absolutely believe this guy has tight day game I'm infering it from his website. He writes like someone who really gets it. However there's no in-field or even detailed field reports so I'm abstaining for now.

Sasha: He's the comedian guy. I've seen one in-field which is brilliant and awful at the same time, in that he's funny, ballsy and interesting but he also gets totally blown out and makes a ton of mistakes. He's probably got some good private in-fields. If I get to see them he might make the list.

Ratings Criteria
I want this list to have integrity – quite a rare thing in the internet marketing world that is the seduction community – so I have some criteria to avoid the main pitfalls of other lists. Namely:

1. In-field evidence: It is frighteningly easy to record in-field audio and video of a daygame pickup. If a guy is telling you his daygame is tight and he can't provide an in-field then assume he's a liar until proven otherwise. There are some reasons why guys might be coy so it's quite reasonable if a guy only puts up one or two vids in the public domain. Maybe they really respect privacy, maybe they want to hold the best stuff back for paying students etc. Eventually, this list will rank only those players who have publicly available videos. It's the single biggest filter between players and scammers.

2. Business connections: I will declare the business connections I know of. I rate some of the Rock Solid Game guys as top daygamers but I work with them so you ought to know that I'm not fully independent.

3. Bullshit: I don't give a fuck which company they work for, how many bootcamps they've taught, how many made-up testamonials they can spam their website with, what Mystery said about him, which TV shows they've been on, how long they've been in the community or any other irrelevant unverifiable bullshit. Just give me the in-field or personal experience seeing him in set.

Submissions
If you want to nominate yourself or someone else for this list, please do so in the comments and make a case. The best way is to post a publically available in-field video to youtube and link it. Next best is some photos that confirm f-closes. If you live in London, show me your game in-set in the real world. If you have privacy concerns email me at my rocksolidgame account – I will not share the evidence unless you specifically authorise it, and I'm happy to rank someone and say "I have seen private versions of the evidence and confirm the guy is legit".

Also, a guy doesn't have to be a self-defined PUA. Naturals are fine, as are macks. I'm trying to rank who has the best game where it matters on the streets.

*This list is a **work in progress** – it is not the definitive be-all-end-all. I'll make it a sticky page and update as the evidence / feedback rolls in*

Five Girls, Five Days, Five Finger Fucks

krauserpua · 11 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Didn't even realise I'd hit a personal record until I was singing in the shower this morning and it hit me: I am Tony Ferrino!

Monday: I'm with the **(1)** French girl on our last day of her visit to London. I fuck her when we wake up and then while out shopping I'm fingering her on the street. She's giving me the doggy dinner eyes so I take her home, dress her in a Neo Genesis Evangelion costume with knee-high leather boots and fuck her again. She's on the afternoon Eurostar so the **(2)** Thai comes over to fuck

Tuesday: I finally go on a Day 2 with **(3)** buxom black girl. Still can't close her but I finger her in O'Neil's bar in Chinatown and she gives me a blowjob in the taxi to her place. There's a separate post coming on this date.

Wednesday: Travelling to Lithuania. No girl.

Thursday: Evening date with **(4)** Borat girl ends with me fingering her at the bus stop while she furiously rubs my cock. Too much LMR for the f-close this time.

Friday: Second date with **(5)** Finnish girl who I couldn't even k-close on the Day 2. This date ends 4am in a dark alleyway with her wanking me off while I finger her. I f-close her the next night. Perhaps I'll do a post about this date.

Sunday: I read the news. Wash my hair. Polish my shoes.

Plenty of other stuff going on too so maybe I'll flesh out this post when I've got time. Got a couple more dates today so perhaps I'll go six for six.

Big-time Snapback

krauserpua · 13 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm in the mother of all bad moods and it has shown me my inner game is not all there yet. I'm sitting up in a tiny bed in the hallway of the apartment I share with **Suave** and **Jambone** in Lithuania. Suave is out at a nightclub with his girlfriend that he f-closed last time we came here and has been with for most of this past week. I can hear the gurning and grunting of Jambone down the hall in the master bedroom as he gets an f-close for a second consecutive night. I've just burned my **Borat** set and feel thoroughly upset about it. And this is after a day that, on paper, is perhaps my best ever. How did it end up like this?

Yesterday I went out on a Day 2 with **HB Squirrel**, a 17-year old girl I picked up in the street and instant-dated for an hour the day before. An extremely cute, fun girl who was into me right from the beginning. I'd took her to the cafe where I'd been sitting with Jambone for daygame and the pair of us created a great vibe until she was gagging to see me again. So yesterday she texts to ask if it's ok to bring a friend on the day 2 and I say ok I'll bring Jambone. You can probably guess how it turned out but I'll tell you anyway – my target gets pestered with texts all evening by her jealous boyfriend and she never really gets into the date whereas the "obstacle" is another cute 17-yr old who is well into Jambone. For the first half hour the set is going nowhere until I turn it around with a few good gambits (see upcoming video). My girl goes home about ten o'clock whereas Jambone extracts and f-closes his girl. There's no foul play – Jambone followed the wing rules and just got lucky – but I'm narked. I meet **HB Finnish** at midnight and fuck her again so it's not all bad. Nonetheless I'm more envious than I ought to have been. It's like going to the supermarket, spending all day cooking a roast, and then being the only person not allowed to eat.

So on to today. I have a lunch date with a **30-year old former newscaster** which goes really well but I'm just not much into her physically – too old. She's massively into me and if I'd been prepared to put the time in I'd have got the lay. She's kinoing me within five minutes and we are well along the way with handholding, hugging and tonnes of playful kino but after two hours I let her go. A good start to the day.

Then I join Jambone and Suave in a cafe and number close four consecutive girls, two of whom are truly beautiful. The **third set** in particular is magnificent and I wish I'd brought out my camera. The texts with her continue throughout the day and she's talking of moving to London next month for work. Suave's girl shows up on her lunch break so Jambone and I move to another cafe at the other end of the main drag. I get blown out on my fifth set but as I cross back over the road to sit down I see a **blonde teenager** looking intently at me, having witnessed it. Five minutes later she walks slowly past our table and keeps looking back at me. She must be no older than 18 and very shy, but something about her is tripping out my daygame-o-meter. I chase her down and she hooks intensely but can barely speak English. It's a weird weird vibe and I just think "fuck it, let's go full on" and I kiss close her within 2 minutes. She's petrified but loving it so I try to take her home and she's genuinely weighing up the prospect but finally refuses. I don't want to mack her too hard so I take the number and let her go. Wish I'd got my camera on, but at least Jambone sees it so *someone* will believe me.

HB Salsa texts to say she wants to have coffee for an hour (having blown me out on a kiss close a couple of days earlier, I'd written her off entirely so this is a surprise as I'd stopped contact). She is sitting with us as we daygame. I actually open a set in front of her without realising she's there at first. She's loving it so we are totally open. I push Jambone into two sets and the second one joins us for the instant date and Salsa helps with the DHVs. It must've turned her on because I end up kiss closing her. I think the lay was on but I k-close her literally five minutes before I'm due to meet **HB Borat** for the second time this trip. I tell Salsa this, and she doesn't mind at all. Radical honesty. Ahem.

The date with Borat is excellent and I'm convinced this is the night I f-close her. She's been my number one Lithuanian prospect the whole time. We have a beer, some food, then watch Inception. She's all over me and massively romantic. I get texts from yesterday's 17-year old inviting me out but I can't do both so I stick with Borat. I've also got two earlier daygame number closes texting to set up dates tomorrow. I'm feeling great but *then it*

nosedives.

Borat wants to call a cab after walking to my place and flat out refuses the escalation. It's not LMR – it's "I never intended to fuck right from the beginning". I get really fucking pissed off. My core is telling me "burn the set, hold your boundaries". Now I don't start yelling or getting het up, I just reach the decision that it's a hard "no" and tell her "this is bullshit" and do the mother of all takeaways leaving her stewing in the kitchen while I'm stewing in the bedroom for ten minutes. I'm geniunely emotionally invested in this girl and she's the single biggest reason I came to Lithuania. I've been honest with her from the beginning and the *only* secret I have from her is this blog. She knows all about the other girls and did before I came out to see her. She's really upset but there's no middle ground here so I take her to wait for her taxi. At the absolute height of the emotion – her shaking, clinging onto me and tears welling up, and me also really unexpectedly upset at the end of our relationship and just standing there cold to her – Jambone comes strolling back from the club with a smile on his face and today's instant date girl on his arm. Salt in the wounds.

Anyway, this really shouldn't have bothered me so much. I had three dates today, kissed three girls (two were new closes), got five new numbers, got my first ever street kiss close, and set up two new day 2s. I also got my wing laid twice in two days, one which was giftwrapped and served up on a plate. Yet all I can think about is "my game sucks" and "I really liked Borat". Also, if I'd had slightly tighter game, a little luck, and better logistics I might've gotten five new f-closes today.

There's still alot of work to be done. Having leaped up a few levels in my game in the past two months I'd kinda got ahead of myself. I feel humbled. There's still a few broken pieces of my inner game jangling around inside.

NB – *I'm just ranting right now. Lots of these sets deserve individual posts so I'll try to get around to it.*

Daygame Model

krauserpua · 16 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

In case you didn't notice, I've just added a new page on the top bar. I've finally gotten around to formalising my daygame model into a series of analytical steps that are teachable. It's version 1.0. Here's a few random thoughts about it:

- It's all my own work. By the very nature of dealing with a fixed human courtship ritual, and having learned this via the Community, you will recognise overlap with other models. However this one was based on my own insight of what works for me rather than cribbing from other people.
- I have characterised the stages by goals (e.g. *Invest Her* rather than something like *Light Conversation*). This is because at each stage there is an overriding objective you are aiming for before you can move on to the next.
- This model is designed for a particular ideal type situation: **a lone girl walking down the street who doesn't know you, isn't attracted to you, and is minding her own business.** Other situations require tweaking – for example if she is madly into you, or in a group, or sitting in a cafe etc. My model is about creating attraction out of nothing.

READER REQUEST – I can't do digital imagery. If any reader wants to help me put these stages into a diagram / visual guide I'd much appreciate it. I won't pay you and I keep the intellectual property as my own 100% but I will give you the credit for your input and post the diagrams in the page on my site with your name on it. If you're interested, leave a comment

Breaking the man-eater: Part 3

krauserpua · 17 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Since my last encounter with this crazy (and crazy-hot) girl I've had two failed attempts at a second date. She's playing hard to get, busy, and flaked on the two dates we set up. Frame control is a huge issue here as she's constantly trying to put me through her hoops. The crucial thing about this girl's psychology is that she has lots of rich chodes paying for her and supplicating to her raw sexual aggression. She desperately needs a guy who won't pay for shit and will just slap her down. That's me.

We finally get together on the Monday night before I go to Lithuania again. We're supposed to meet 8pm but it keeps getting pushed back at her behest. I don't have enough compliance to insist via text but nor do I want to lose the frame. Thus our texts are like this:

Her 8:41pm: Running behind, 9:30??? *[=dance to my tune, chump]*

Me 8:44pm: Ok, I've not left the house yet. I hope this extra time was spent on looking good… *[I'm not inconvenienced yet. Reframe]*

Her 8:50pm: Lmao, spend time on looking good?? Don't make me laugh! I have a baseball cap on, vest & ripped jeans lol… now why would I go to the bother of even trying to impress you?? lol!! Too funny x *[Loves the reframe, resists]*

Me 8:51pm: That's exactly what I wanted you to wear. Well done. *[Condescending reframe]*

I'm on time and she calls to say the tubes are off and she'll be late. It's not bullshit because there's a tube strike today and I can here station noise in the background of the call. I figure this isn't a test so I give some comfort and tell her I'll wait in a pub. She arrives on a replacement bus 10 min walk away and calls. I give more comfort and wait. Finally we meet on the street in Piccadilly and she gives me a beaming smile and huge hug. Despite all the hide'n'seek bullshit the vibe is excellent in person. We go to O'Neils pub just before a folk band starts playing.

I hold strong frame and she willingly submits. It starts with her trying to get me to buy her food and drinks so I refuse and she goes to the bar pouting. I slap her arse as she walks off. I wait till I think she's there (it's busy) and text to rub it in:

Me 11:09pm: If they've got Doom, I'll have that. Otherwise any pint of bitter. Thanks x

She comes back with only her own drink, telling me she left mine at the bar. I go over and am surprised that she did actually buy my drink and tell the barman for me to come collect it (it's amazing to see how easily she twists guys around her fingers). I hold strong "oak tree" body language and she wraps herself around me and starts fighting for my attention. It's a great vibe. There's loads of chodes on surrounding tables who's thought process is transparent. Something like this:

- Woah, she's hot!!! Look at those tits! And that arse! She's so sexual!
- Who is that guy she's with? He's just a normal dude. Eh?
- He must be rich and all over her…. but hang on… he's not. He's totally ignoring her. She's so gonna dump him. I'd treat her much better.
- Hang on, is she trying to wank him off in the middle of the bar?!
- Did he just tell her to stop it, turn away, fold his arms and start watching the band? She's gonna go mental…
- Hang on, she's pulling down her top and trying to show him her tits. Now she's licking his ear. What's going on?
- **brain explodes**

This girl loves chasing and loves a guy who isn't easily swayed by her charms. Don't get me wrong – I reward her and give comfort, but without supplicating. I also verbally escalate the shit out of her. After we finish the food I try to extract. We're in the taxi before she starts telling me she's never going to my place, how she has to wake up early, and that she's on the rag. So the taxi stops off at her place first. The driver is a normal nice-guy black dude, about late twenties. He's about to get an infield demo of douchebag game.

My girl is flipping between talking dirty and shit testing. As usual. I'm maintaining frame and enjoying it

immensely. She gets her tits out. Then rubs my cock. Then asks if I've ever had a blowjob in a taxi and starts unzipping me. The whole time she's looking into my eyes to see if I'll bottle it because of the taxi driver. I tell her to get on with it. She does. My first taxi blowjob. It's quick and she's looking into my eyes, smiling with the satisfaction of a child who has just won a gold star in the maths test, and seeing if I'm embarrassed. I'm not. I tell her to do it properly and push her head down.
Finally we get to hers and it's clear she really is on the rag (she was loving my finger fuck but insisted with was through the material of her panties) and there's no f-close. So I pull back and go home. Taxi dude is laughing saying she was a handful, so I give him the full field report from the initial open. He's blown away and asks for the RSG website address. I'm tired and wanna sleep, but I decide to try some follow-up via text:
Me 1:37am: Now I have to decide whether to have a wank or go straight to bed *[intriguing open, reframe the failure to f-close]*
Her 1:38am: Oh, choices choices huh, well if you're nice to me upon your return, I might wank you myself?? Then let you taste me?? *[trying to get me to supplicate to the golden pussy – yet again]*
Me 1:40am: So you're trying to get me to wank while thinking about you? Not very subtle. Sheeeesh! *[reframe her as wanting validation]*
Her 1:40am: Well treat me nice then you'll see ucker!! *[accepted – tells me she needs some comfort]*
Me 1:42am: Btw, the taxi driver said he expected to see a longer blowjob. I told him it was fairly enjoyable as is, but he disagreed. *[fun vibe and I'm not just lucky to be there]*
Her 1:44am: Lmao, yeah right!! Tell him I'm glad he enjoyed the show, I always aim to please!! *[playful]*
Me 1:46am: Ok, I'm gonna wank over you. Just this once. Gonna try and find a porno girl who looks like you on teh interwebs. This is me being romantic. *[reward her blowjob with an SOI, hint she's interchangeable, joke]*
Her 1:50am: Really? You're being romantic?? Now that's a major turn on!! Chicks don't dig brutes! Give me yr email address & I'll send some naughty pics! *[she loves it]*
Me 1:51am: Sweet. [email address]. Do it now, I haven't settled in *[bossy]*
Her 1:57am: Sent, check now x [*3 photos, all naked. There's one of her bending over and there's a christmas tree in the background]*
Me 1:59am: Nice christmas tree got any with your legs at quarter-to-three? *[might as well push harder]*
Her 2:07am: How about that one? Gosh nothing gets by you, & u certainly cannot say you're not demanding!!! Go on, where are pics for moi?? *[loves it – most guys would be exuding "I'm not worthy" gratitude at getting just one pic. I expect more]*
[the "2:45" pic arrives]
Me 2:08am: I like 'em. Good work! *[reward good behaviour without giving away my power]*
Her 2:09am: Merci beacoup!!
Me 2:10am: I've only got videos with me, not pics, and they are mostly of the girls with just a stunt-cock appearance by me…. *[oh, the pre-selection…. plus I'm normalising the exchange of pics and future video recordings]*
Me 2:10am: Btw, any of you sucking cock or with cum on your face? *[escalate, SOI]*
Her 2:15am: None of me like that. I've sent more though x [*I'm pleased she doesn't have such pics. For all her predatory act, I think there's lots of sweetness to her and she's actually acting out a role following a bad breakup]*
[the third mail arrives – funnily enough the file names are [blah blah]35.jpeg and [blah blah]75.jpeg so clearly she's done a portfolio]
Me 2:19am: Ok, I think I've got enough to get started. Gonna enjoy tapping your ass. Feel free to send the other 71 photos over the next week – if you wanna keep my mind off the Lithuanians *[reward her, show intent, assume the sale, pre-select]*
Her 2:20am: Lol!!! Have a safe trip!!
I have a wank and go to bed. The big question is: Should I post the pics?

I bang my first half-Finnish half-Kazhak Lithuanian

krauserpua · 20 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

When I went back to Lithuania I had three decent prospects – Borat, Salsa and Finland. The latter I'd tried to kiss on our Day 2 but she's stood there for ten minutes refusing the close. I played the **Long Game** over Facebook and it was all a bit tenuous so when headed back to Lithuania I didn't have great expectations.



When she came to visit

The first night we meet at a Mexican restaurant at the end of my street. I give her a beaming smile and a hug – which she later says was very important because it showed I really liked her. Inside we have a drink and I run classic comfort with a sprinkling of chick crack. She's just giggling at everything I say as if she's really nervous but I suspect she's just really having fun. About an hour in, Jambone joins us as planned so he can DHV me. She's then overwhelmed with a DHV pincer movement and really didn't have any chance at all.

Jambone has always been a big proponent of the **DHV overload** so it's educational to watch how naturally he works it. Finland finds out how I call my gran every sunday, how I checked out loads of old people's homes to find the right one for her, how I surprise her with DVD sets of her favourite 1960s and 1970s tv shows etc. I watch her eyes to see each DHV hit. It's not usually my style – I don't really DHV on dates. I just work the vibe and subcommunicate value but this classical Mystery Method *does* work.

We do the drive-by "I'll pop into my house to get something" so she can feel safe inside my house before we leave again, then go off clubbing at 311. Jambone is really working hard to get me laid and in return I'm letting Finland pre-select him at the club. We are getting lots of visual attention from the available girls there. Finland isn't drinking (she drove) so I pace myself and the vibe gets better and better. We've got deep rapport and lots of comfort. About midnight Jambone goes off to do a few sets. When he comes back I've reached the flipping point.

Flipping point – The moment in the date when the momentum has flipped from you gaming her, to her gaming you. Usually characterised by her doing all the leaning in, kino, and qualifying herself. Once reach you just have to Not Fuck Up.

I feel the flip and Jambone comments that when he came back to our sofa (in the chill area of the club) he could really see the difference. Incidentally, the day Jambone SDL'd the 17-year old I spotted the flip in real time too,

On the way out Jambone wanders off into a bar to give me isolation (and quickly number closes a model) while I pre-frame kissing Finland – remember I still haven't k-closed. I'm telling her how I'm gonna find a dark alley, push her roughly against the wall, and then passionately kiss her until her knees are trembling. Then I do it. She's ready to be led so I escalate until her hands are down my pants wanking me off while I finger fuck her so hard her feet barely touch the ground. All within five minutes of the first kiss, so I'm pleased with the momentum.

I could've probably fucked her right there but I'm playing **Harem Game** now and I don't want buyer's remorse. Everything so far has set her up as a perma-fuck and I don't want to relinquish that frame by cannibalising the set to get quickie sex. She's so keen to see me tomorrow I'm happy to postpone it.

We meet late the next evening and I take her to a pizza restaurant on the main street, five minutes walk from the apartment. Although I invite Suave and Jambone, they know it's for show and keep out of the way. She's on a diet and can't eat so I run douchbag game on her with lots of teasing, and then go for a buying temperature spike with eye-fucking and low vocal tone.

She's giddy, saying how she feels drunk. When her eyes spazz out and I have the **It's On Moment** I walk her back to my bedroom, run the Trololo routine then close. No LMR.

Dating the TV Girl

krauserpua · 20 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I had about nine dates during my week in Vilnius and loads of other sets on top of that so I can't really do them all justice here, hence I'm gonna be pretty quick on this one. The educational point is in the video – this is all from the first half hour of the Day 2, beginning from one minute after I sat down in the cafe where she was waiting.

I opened by complementing her walk and then teasing on the leather jacket ("where's the motorbike parked? I bet it's just a tiny little scooter"). Strong hook and I stood for ten minutes before number closing. It was easy to get her out on the date so we met for lunch. I just wasn't much into her even though she's a lovely woman. The texts to set up the date:

Me 10 Sept 3:01pm – Is this HB Biker? The slightly cute, slightly fun biker girl who owes Krauser a coffee (white americano, no sugar) *[Credit to Jambone for spontaneously coming up with this text. I've used it alot since]*
Her 3:09pm – Yes it is HB Biker. It was to meet you have a nice time *[fast response, smileys]*
Me 11 Sept 6:50pm – Hmmmm…. Basketball…… *[USA just beat them in the semi final – it's not clear what I mean and it invites a longer response]*
Her 6:55pm – Sad to say… but, i know, tomorrow we will win!
Me 12 Sept 11:55am – I'm gonna be looking for a girl to have a drink with soon. Maybe a brunette, with a black biker jacket, kinda cute. Do you know any? *[my new way to set up a date when the prior texting hasn't helped]*
Her 12:15pm – Yes, happen to know one, she is right in front of me so, I say smth to her?
Me 12:19pm – Yeah, tell her lunchtime tomorrow she'll be having coffee with a stranger

Her 12 Sept 12:20pm – Done she said ok

Watch the video for how quickly she starts showing interest and how her bodly language softens over the half hour and her eyes fix in on me. Note also how she initiates the kino.

After lunch I tried to extract her for the lay within an hour but she refused so we walked around another hour, hand in hand, while she showed me her favourite places. I tried the kiss close in the street before leaving and she gave me a "not here" refusal. It's on, but I'm not fussed. She doesn't do Facebook but I'm trying to talk her into setting up a page so I can Long Game her.

Aquiring hand – HB Finland

krauserpua · 21 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

"Hand" (the abbreviated form of Pimp Hand) is a sustainable relationship dynamic in which the woman willingly accepts her submissive position, thus allowing you to do pretty much whatever you want. Aside from being the best possible dynamic in a normal LTR – because the woman thoroughly enjoys submitting to a superior man – it's also absolutely crucial for harem maintenance. I'm writing a seminar on hand / harem game but for now an example should suffice.

It's **Tuesday morning** on my penultimate day in Lithuania. I'm about to leave for a lunch date with one girl and then got a 4pm coffee date with another. I'm also likely to get an evening date with a third girl and will try to squeeze a fourth in later still. HB Finland texts me:

Her 11:38am – I will be able to meet with you today at 21pm or 22pm.

Fuck! No way can I date *five* girls in one day. Something has to give and I'd rather put a fresher target in the coveted 9pm slot than a girl I've already banged two nights running. So I decide I'll cut my lunch date short, daygame a little with the boys, then merge my three evening sets into one almighty date (which ends disastrously – another post and video to follow). I text **Finland**:

Me 11:40am – Ok, sounds good.

Later in the day my 4pm date is going very well and the evening dates are confirmed so I have to push Finland back to the graveyard slot:

Me 7:45pm – Probably after midnight is best for me. How about you?
Her 7:51pm – Hey, why so late? You are meeting with someone before?
Her 7:55pm – If you have no time and no wish to meet with me, you need just to inform me earlier…. *[needs comfort]*
Me 8:15pm – No! I want to see you *[…though I can't actually tell you when….]*
Her 8:25pm – Then tell me exact time and place of our meeting…

I get this as I've just walked **HB High Esteem** back to her flat (but not to try an f-close) while **HB Low Esteem** is still in the bar with Jambone and **the two 17 yr olds**. That set has been going downhill but there's still a 50/50 shot at an f-close tonight. So I bring out the big guns and blast Finland with a MOAR (Mother of all Reframes):

Me 8:28pm – I want to show you I am not only about sex. That's why I feel uncomfortable meeting you late to fuck. I was thinking about coffee tomorrow morning. To prove I like meeting you even when there is no sex. Does that make sense to you? I want this to be real, not just fucking. *[I've already fucked her and need to snowflake her. I want this to be an ongoing harem membership so I was going to have to do a no-sex date soon anyway to give comfort and avoid it descending into mere fuck buddy relations. However I put her on the defensive by challenging her to understand it]*
Her 8:32pm – O.k.i understand… that is great… so when you would like to meet with me? *[accepted. You can almost sense her shrinknig into the submissive crouch]*
Her 8:33pm – Tomorrow i'm not working at all
Me 8:36pm – Early. Maybe 9am *[you'll see why further down – I'm always scheming]*
Her 8:37pm – So text me, then you'll know exact time. i'll sleep tonight. have a fun night in Vilnius!
Me 8:53pm – Sleep well darlin' *[comfort, reward]*

That frees me to go back to Paparazzi Bar to completely fuck up my remaining set but its all educational. None of us have figured out how to get to the airport the next morning but fortunately I planted the right seed with Finland – note the time:

Me 4:21am – Btw, this is a bit cheeky but… Could you drive us from our apartment to Hotel Panorama for the

bus? We have suitcases so it's tough to walk. And we don't know the way… *[it's not just laziness. I want to invest her even deeper and the investment momentum is good. I also want her becoming used to doing things for me]*
Her 4:24am – O.K. Krauser. I need to find out, there is the panorama hotel. i'll park niere your appartment. we could meet ther and take a walk to McDonald. *[she's coming right to me]*
Me 4:26am – Brilliant!!!!! Can you get to our apartment for 9am? *[reward, demand]*
Her 4:27am – Yes, you allready woke up me… %-)
Me 4:29am – Sorry thanks *[comfort]*

So she dutifully shows up after her nighttime date turned into a morning coffee which turned into her providing taxi services to the airport bus. A general rule of acquiring hand is **never refuse a woman's offer to do something for you** (assuming it's not merely a barter for her to get your to give something in return) and be shameless in asking for favours. After we have coffee in McDonalds and are safely on the bus I text:

Me 10:40am – Thanks for the help this morning *[reward]*
Her 10:49am – Thank you for the nice time in Vilnius. I hope we'll meet again one day. And thank you for the respect last night (you know what I'm talking about)…. *[MOAR fully accepted]*

Reframe success! And lest anyone think this is a short-term spell, next day I'm back in London and have this exchange:

Her 7:34pm – Hey Krauser =) how are you? How is London? I'm ready to sleep and i already miss you
Me 8:03pm – Miss you too darlin'
Her [two days later] 6:45pm – I wish to know you more… i like you a lot =)
Me 7:25pm – Come visit me and you'll know alot more
Her 7:41pm – I will =) we need to agree all details, next week (?)

So she's coming for a week in October. This should give an idea of how easily a girl will slot into a harem when your frame is strong.

Maintain hand through Facebook – Finland

krauserpua · 23 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My recent posts on Facebook chat / text game seem to have piqued the interest of readers. I guess most bloggers just don't put up full conversations so a reader is left grasping vainly for a true contextualisation. For example it's easy to overestimated how much douchebaggery to put into an interaction if the writer isn't showing you all the normal boring comfort that it was paired with. Anyhoo, here's another full chat from this morning. **Finland** has bought her tickets to come see me in a few week's time and I can tell you right now most of her week is gonna be spent with my cock in her mouth.

12:53 **Me** – boo! *[I like to open Facebook chats with a silly noise or assumed familiarity]*
12:54 **Her** – =) hey how are you? how is London without me…? *[she's seeking rapport and "our world"]*
12:55 **Me** – Rainy *[true. That's why I'm on Facebook and not in a cafe writing my new book]*
12:56 **Her** – what about your mood? =) i think in London always is rainy
12:56 **Me** – Weather has been good until today I went to a fashion party last night it was warm all evening *[drive-by DHV. Just because I got hand doesn't mean I can neglect the basics]*
12:59 **Her** – how is party? you have to know now everything about a fashion =)
12:59 **Me** – The main designer is a friend I organised a show for her in February *[DHV, all true]*
13:00 **Her** – at 09 a.m. i tried a full flight simulator Boeing 737 CL – that is amazing! the feeling is so so real *[She is clearly excited by this and wants to talk about it. It interests me so I'll run with it. Also, it's a good chance to build comfort and reframe her]*
13:01 **Me** – one of the pilot training machines?
13:01 **Her** – yes real pilot training mashine ! i love it i was a pilot today =)
13:02 **Me** – I'll bet you crashed it 300 computer passengers died in a ball of flame *[tease – it's good to create fantasy scenarios where if things were left up to her chaos would ensure and it needs the stern hand of a man to restore order – credit Jambone]*
13:02 **Her** – =DDD noooo really not i'm good pilot =) instructor helps me a little *[it hits, she qualifies]*
13:03 **Me** – I wouldn't let a woman fly me We'd hit a mountain *[running with the tease and letting her know I'm my own boss]*
13:03 **Her** – but if the woman is – superwoman? =))) *[enjoying the banter]*
13:03 **Me** – then I'd fuck her *[Me>Superwoman. Now that's high value!]*
13:03 **Her** – hahaha
13:03 **Me** – and tell her to let me drive
13:04 **Her** – o.k. i would like to fly with you for the next time
13:04 **Me** – I have flying games on my Playstation and the planes have guns and missiles! *[more about my stuff being better than her stuff, but playful and boyish]*
13:05 **Her** – oh, i forgot, a Playstation is the thing number one for you but i'll try =) *[never let a woman be #1 in your life]*
13:05 **Me** – you can be number 12 below eggs but above cheese *[exaggerated, based on a game we played on the Day 3]*
13:06 **Her** – you are very kind… =D could i be a no 2? =) at the time, when i'll be in London *[qualifying, reinforcing my framer]*
13:07 **Me** – Temporarily if you're nice *[I'm a challenge but I'm not heartless in dishing out rewards so I set a condition]*
13:08 **Her** – i'm always nice =) with you *[qualifies to meet condition – frame is her trying to please me to win my approval]*
13:10 **Her** – 1 week … is not too long time?
13:11 **Me** – Depends if you are a good cook
13:12 **Her** – ??? i would like to see you and London, i'm not porofessional cook

13:12 **Me –** You'll love my new house Tony is painting my bedroom red *[snip thread, mild leader of men DHV]*
13:14 **Her –** who is Tony? red – wow, is so active color is it dark red?
13:15 **Me –** Yup My room will be hot, passionate and dangerous like me *[playful, projection]*
13:16 **Her –** you are passionate, but not dangerous =) you're good boy *[you can't be 100% douchebag. For the girl to hang around after initial sex she must think you are either "Nice guy with a dark side" or better still "Bad boy with kind heart"]*
13:17 **Me –** And right now I'm also sweaty from exercise I'm gonna shower now talk soon *[subcommunicate I have shit to do today]*
13:18 **Her –** o.k. i'll be here what exercise you had? everyday?
13:19 **Me –** laterz *[ignore her attemptes to stretch out the chat]*

[abrupt log off]

Facebook Abundance

krauserpua · 28 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a screen capture of my morning Facebook chat in Starbucks while I was sipping on my coffee.



Morning coffee

HB Brazil – She's a street pickup in Piccadilly when I was out with Suave. Had a 30 minute crappy Day 2, then a proper Day 3 last week and a walk around Camden Market on Sunday (where the photo was taken). Kiss close, she's into me big time, and coming round the house to get drunk tomorrow evening. Full post and video to follow.

HB Muslim Virgin – She's on maintainence pattern until her next visit to the UK. I've banged her already. This chat ended with her promising to send a sexy photo.

HB Vampire – A Romanian waitress I street gamed in Trafalgar Square months ago. Weak hook. I'm playing the Long Game through Facebook, experimenting with heavy douchebaggery. She's got the gypo look, which I like.

HB Finland – My most recent f-close. She's visiting in a few weeks so I'm just building comfort and hand.

HB Frenchie – She's gone off to university across the other side of the world. I like her alot so I'm being very nice to her, while planting the seeds of threesomes and porno videos which she's surprisingly receptive to. She'll be back in December

HB Salsa – Still a fair amount of work to do if I'm gonna get her to visit London this year. Still doing plenty of attraction.

HB Italy – Another quickie Facebook close with a weak hook. She's back over there now so playing the occasional chat to build comfort, just on the off chance. Not investing much and using it to try out new ideas.



Gypo Vamp. I love it

A Disastrous 3-Way Date Part Two – Low Esteem girl

krauserpua · 29 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It starts like it always does in Lithuania – I'm out daygaming with Jambone, trawling the main street at Gedminos between the catherdral and the McDonalds. I spot a blonde girl – **HB Low Esteem** – with long flowing hair – really long in the way I like but rarely see (last girl to impress me so much with hair wa Borat). I'm mic'd up but the camera is a bit shitty.

I open by slotting a spontaneous observation into the usual structure, highlighting the contrast between her bad girl black clothes and her nice girl glasses. It hits. She's soon laughing and lighting up a cigarette. Turns out the girl fancies herself as a psychologist and also into fashion. I give it ten minutes then take her number. Text game ensues:

Me **9:13pm –** Is this HB Low Esteem? The slightly cute, slightly fun girl with librarian eyes and biker-chick clothes? The one who owes Nick a coffee (white americano, no sugar)
Her **9:19pm –** Wow mr.krauser wants some coffe.. maybe yes maybe no..maybe rain maybe snow..if u will find mw on fb=) and fuck we lost the game [reference to Lithuania getting trounced by USA in the basketball]
Me **12:06am –** Bad luck with the game. Still – getting to semi is impressive.
Her **12:09am –** wining would be impresive how long are u going to stay in lt?
Me **3:13am –** I'm here till Wednesday. Too short [image] I love it here
Me **12:54pm –** Good news – Mr Krauser is available for coffee this afternoon, to anaesthetise the pain of basketball failure. 4pm good for you?
Her **1:05pm –** Bad news – HB Low Esteem is very sorry to announce that she is available for latte tomorrow at 6pm? so mr krauser…? rain or snow?
Me **1:43pm –** Hmmmm. Monday might be tough. Today or Tuesday are good. Can you check with Low Esteem's secretary, see if she can be flexible. Tell her it'll be lots of fun with a cool charming guy. Tell her she's lucky and shouldn't waste her opportunity….
Her **1:49pm –** And what about mr. krauser? isn't he lucky to get a remarkable opportunity to drink coffee with no sugar (white death) with the young lady.. like Low Esteem?
Me **1:53pm –** He said she's cute, but he doesn't get excited over just any girl. He is curious – maybe she is more interesting than the other girls. But he's not quite sure…
Her **1:59pm –** Mr krauser has a lot of demands for such a young boy. but Low Esteem will give him a chance on tuesday, the time mr krauser is on ur hands?
Me **2:05pm –** He says yes. details to follow….

Her **4:05pm –** Hi krausy, my secretary just informed me that u really want to see me on tuesday… so I am waiting news from u… and today we are going to win =) sending you a big hug.. see u =)
Me **5:03pm –** Krauser says "she's funny, Low Esteem is funny"

OK, so that's nicely framed. No doubt about the sexual dynamic and she's intrigued after throwing out a few tests. We meet for late lunch and she's 15 minutes late then immediately runs off to the bathroom. I'm expecting it to be difficult but once she's sat down we slip into rapport very easily. She likes talking and is one of those "seeker" girls who is into psychology and charity, health foods and all that shit. Like PT Barnum once said – every seeker is a sucker. So I play up the emotional depth angle.

I was only planning to do this a couple of hours but she's hooked strong. She's also a slut, though I don't really grasp this until much later, so she's very selective with her alpha screening. That means that what I initially take to be IODs are really just shit tests. By 6pm the vibe is great and I just have to Not Fuck Up.

Between 6pm and 10pm I fuck up. **Part three coming….**

Hi-tech sarging for £50

krauserpua · 30 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Back when I was heavily into Brazilian Ju Jitsu I used to be rolling twice a week for about an hour a time ("rolling" being the colloquial term for free sparring at the end of a training session). We decided to video ourselves one time and it was an eye-opening experience. For the most part it was gratifying to see myself applying correct technique and generally having the look of a BJJ player. I also got to see many tiny little errors in posture and form, the kind you can only notice from a third person perspective. I saw opportunities grabbed and missed. I could rewatch a session multiple times to figure out how I could've turned it around, or to pinpoint the exact moment my opponent began to set up a move.

You can see what I'm getting at here. Videoing your in-fields is one of the best learning tools there is. My recommendation is to mic up and have a wing video from a distance. Then watch your sets over and over again with an eye on:

You

- Body language
- Vocal tone
- Speed of vocal delivery
- Filled pauses
- Kino or lack of it
- Distance

Her

- Initial reaction
- Point of killed momentum
- Investment
- IOIs

Watch the flow of the sarge. Are you talking too much? Can you feel the ebb and flow of energy? Analyse her answers to see all the "hooks" she gave you to build a conversation that you didn't take. See how she tried to invest and build rapport but you broke it by trying to hard to get your own words in. I've recorded *lots* of sets and here is my personal favourite tech solution.



Gum Cam

This camera is freely available on Ebay for about £10, plus another £20 to put an 8GB miniSD card into it (this card can be swapped between cameras). Clip it into the breast pocket of your jacket and it looks like an MP3 player. I've never once been busted for having it. Picture quality is pretty good in daylight and the mic at the top picks up the audio. It can also be clipped to your belt or trouser pocket but then you are losing the video angle and the mic will struggle to pick up your voice. Search: *"Mini DV Gum Video Recorder Spy Camera Hidden Camera DVR"*

For **Day 2s** I like the watch cam. It's a normal sports / waterproof watch which also has a camera embedded at the 6 o'clock spot. Audio and video is fine. Just sit across from the girl with your elbow on the table. The watch automatically flips the video so it's the right way up. You can use it on your approaches too if you have a shoulder bag – just hold the strap and that's a natural pretext for having your hand there. My watch was £20 on ebay, via China. A search string like this should find it: *"4G Clear Waterproof Spy Video Camera Watch Mini DVR Cam"*



That's all you really need. For the **Third Person Perspective** your wing could just use a mobile phone camera cos this isn't about Avatar-quality 3D HiDef. If you're gonna do alot of sets then invest in a handheld camcorder that

has a swivel screen – this is absolutely crucial so the wing can hold the camera nonchalantly at waist level like he's not even watching the set.



About £100 from play.com

My videos are edited with the pre-installed Windows Live Movie Maker. This isn't rocket science. When you get really into your James Bond shit you could start experimenting with pen cams, two-way audio link up, and carrying a wireless portable screen. Knock yourself out. But to get 90% of the value, this is a cheap science. Now you see why I have little respect for gurus who don't show in-fields.

Approach Cam: £10 – 8GB SD card: £20 – Day 2 Cam: £20 = total £50.

NB – Anyone feel free to send your in-fields (via youtube link in the comments or email me at krauser@ on my rocksolidgame mail) and I'll do a public analysis of the good and bad on the site. If it's really good, I'll rank you in the Daygame Allstars Top Ten.

A Disastrous 3-Way Date Part Three: Merged Sets

krauserpua · 30 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I figure that **HB Low Esteem** wants to stick around so I bring her along when I meet Jambone outside the Prospeckto cafe at about 6pm. Earlier when I was DHVing about the fashion parties I organise I told her how I'd set them up with Jambone because although he's not part of the industry he has dated lots of models – multi-layering the DHV by subcommunicating I have high value friends. Then as we sit down I introduce him with: "You know why Jambone looks like a rock star? Because he actually is one" and JJ rattles of a reflexive DHV about his music.

Mistake 1 – I over-DHV'd my wing. The pre-selection and social proof combined with his inherent mystery and new-shiny-thing-ness to elevate his value above mine.

About thirty minutes in **Squirrel** and **Leggy** text to say they've arrived. Although Jambone-Leggy is the nexus it still remains my set on account of the open. I text directions and the girls come join us as we run introductions.

Mistake 2 – I didn't clarify my preselection in the merged set. When the girls arrived Leggy naturally projected investment towards Jambone and thus the two girls were preselecting him, not me, in Low Esteem's eyes. Even when two hours later they tell her how we met it is immaterial because the emotional spike has already happened in Jambone's favour. What I *should've* done is go meet the pair myself and bring them to the cafe so Low Esteem sees me leading two cute girls.

I got some of the set on video so watch for more subtle errors. The set wasn't lost yet, but Low Esteem was starting who wonder who the leader is and with her being a slut she would value that more than the two hours rapport advantage I had on Jambone.

0:10 – Girls are getting to know each other by talking about learning Russian at school. We let them invest.
0:35 – Shouldn't have said that. Looks like I'm trying to elbow my way into the conversation. I was already starting to lose my frame at this point.
0:51 – Note how relaxed Jambone's vibe is, leaning back with little movement. He never broke this posture and thus was strongly DHVing. Too strongly for a wing.
1:09 – So the two young girls laughed at what he said after having ignored what I said. My value is sinking.
1:17 – Recognising the dynamic, Jambone jumps on my comment to DHV me.
1:43 – I'm talking waaay too fast now. Another symptom of losing the frame.
1:52 – Jambone subtly orders me to talk to the waitress. It's subconscious but while including her raises my value, the fact I was following his lead keeps him higher still.
2:00 – Low Esteem's reactions shows the set isn't lost, it's just in the balance. I still had plenty of value at this stage. The problem wasn't that she didn't want to fuck me, just that eventually she wanted to fuck Jambone more.
2:07 – Teasing the waitress, who was beautiful and had seen us daygaming from this table for three days in a row and rotating a stream of women through her coffee shop. God knows what she thought of us. Certainly no lack of preselection.
2:31 – Teenagers really don't have good social skills. They still look nervous and uncertain.
2:38 – Why on earth am I asking Jambone where we should go? That's approval seeking. I should be deciding and then Jambone supporting me.
3:07 – Jambone had been working a Lady Gaga meme with the two young girls on the previous date. He now revives it, making the girls laugh. More value to him. He's the fun guy, not me.
3:38 – Reference to a joke Low Esteem made in her texts to me the prior day.

Mistake 3 – The wing didn't support the player with his subcommunication. Jambone is leaning back and making me lean into him to continue the conversation, thus making me seek rapport and qualify. Even when the words are DHVing me, the mannerisms don't.

We head off to the next bar and then make the *worst* possible mistake. We are sat in a U-shape booth around a

table. I sit in the middle bend of the U, the best position, but then Jambone slides in between Squirrel and Leggy while Low Esteem sits across. So what happens? Anytime Low Esteem wants to talk to me she has to turn her head whereas anytime she sits comfortably she is facing Jambone with his arms around two giggling girls as they compete for his attention and talk across him to each other. The two 17 yr olds are basically ignoring me. When Suave turns up later he said it was blindingly obvious where all the power and magnetism in the room was.

Mistake 4 – Never ever let the wing take the magnetism of the set's attention. Jambone should've been sat out on the end and leaning in to qualify to me, or sitting next to me on the right so the girls had to talk across me to talk to him, thus including me in every exchange. Even when Jambone is telling a story, that position would keep eyes on me too.

An hour in I go off to collect **HB High Esteem**. She's expecting a one-on-one date so I have to preframe her on the way to Papparazzi. I'd have loved to just sit her down solo but it's the last night and I don't realise Low Esteem is slipping away. She walks in and sees Jambone with the two little munchkins and her face drops – Jambone later described it as the sort of face she'd make if she'd caught him shitting on the floor.

Learning Point – While preselection is a big hit on low esteem slutty girls it doesn't have the same impact on a high esteem nice girl

Part four coming up….

Sometimes there's not enough days in a week – HB French Fan

krauserpua · 1 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out with Jambone daygaming in Lithuan….. oh whatever. Just watch the video.

0:46 – Gentle tease on her shoes that doesn't hit, so I just plough through
1:04 – Joke on the similar spelling of philology and philosophy. She doesn't get it, so just plough through. It's ok because her momentum is always thoroughly killed already
1:17 – Personalise the interaction to her. It's always "how did you", "what do you think"
1:30 – Leg movement and rapport laughter shows how much she is enjoying this
1:48 – Qualifying herself
1:55 – Drive by DHV about Tokyo
2:02 – Personalising the interaction about her hopes and dreams so she invests
2:19 – Her body language shows strong investment
2:59 – DHV about Paris and my high value lifestyle
3:40 – Painting an emotionally evocative picture with my words that takes her out of her world and into a fantasy rich with colours, smells and fun
4:26 – In-joke about Jambon because Jambone is filming this
5:11 – DHV about leading my friends on a beach holiday
6:14 – Notice how much familiarity we have after just six minutes. She's completely relaxed with me
6:25 – Qualifying her
6:57 – Always personalise, always playful. Note how invested her body language is with full body twitching
7:45 – Rapport
8:08 – Leg twitch shows her pussy tingle
8:27 – Preselection DHV
9:10 – Make her conscious that this is a man talking to a woman
9:33 – Finally, I ask her name. Almost ten minutes in.

0:20 – Much lowered sexual vocal tone and eye contact
1:30 – Photo routine because to get to the photo I show her I have to browse through a few high value photos first. I don't dwell on them, it's just a teaser of my interesting life
2:20 – Preselection about the other Lithuanian girl
2:35 – Mild NLP
2:55 – Finally I give a statement of interest before the number close. She's already given a time constraint so no point going for the instant date. I mute lots of the sound from here because it takes ages to get the number and facebook right.

I move on to more sets but I'm pleased with this one. She was a strong hook right from the beginning and her body language was so good I could move into rapport very quickly so she's solid. Unfortunately logistics on her side get in the way. Text game ensues:

10/09 4:58pm **Me –** Is this French Fan? The slightly cute, slightly fun girl who owes Krauser a coffee (white americano, no sugar)
5:36pm **Her –** Yes, yes, the same one! The one addicted to France {;
6:29pm **Her –** By the way, you had disappeared, so the coffee is left for the future {;
6:31pm **Me –** Haha. We'll do it tomorrow
11/09 12:30pm **Me –** Mornin'! Let's get that coffee this afternoon. is 3pm good?
1:10pm **Her –** Hello, Krauser. I'm truly sorry, but today parents are coming, you know missed me and want to see if I'm alive still, and I can't come ;I
1:19pm **Me –** No problem. Family is more important

1:20pm **Her –** They'd simply go mad, if they come and see that French Fan doesn't care about it {;



Definitely a Krauser girl

I send a couple more texts over the next five days but no responses. I write it off as a dead set but them a week after I get back to London I add her to Facebook and she accepts. Clearly this set requires lots more attraction work.

Another buxom black chick

krauserpua · 3 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out in Piccadilly with Suave one afternoon. There's lots of girls and we're getting some pretty good approaches in. Early on I number close (and subsequently finger fuck) HB Brazil and soon after that instant date (and subsequently date) **HB Barcelona**. Sitting in Starbucks looking out the window we both spot the same girl at the same time – a tall, leggy, buxom black girl. We both get up but I'm faster so Suave has to stay behind and mind our drinks.

State is high and I open with a spontaneous observation. I forget exactly what it was. She's laughing and joking. Ten minutes later I take her number and let her go. So far so good but it proves extremely difficult to get the Day 2. She cancels the morning of two dates in a row and is just generally fairly uninvested. I find out later she's just got alot going on in her life right now. Finally I get her out with:

30/09 12:41pm **Me –** Mornin'. How's my elusive prey? *[no way to avoid chasing, so just reframe it]*
1:02pm **Her –** Oh I am sorry, how are you/
1:12pm **Me –** LFW is finished – phew! Poland next week, Croatia next month. We're gonna do a different country every month. How you keeping? *[DHV]*
1:26pm **Her –** I'm ok so what's happening this weekend, do you want to rearrange? *[Good, I solicited the counter-invite]*
1:38pm **Me –** Yeah, I still wanna meet you,though I'm kinda forgeting what you look like. It's a dim, hazy memory…. *[Openly SOI but tease gently]*
1:46pm **Her –** Well I guess I should remind you soon *[enjoys it]*
1:54pm **Me –** Indeed you will. I think I need an incentive to get out of bed early. How does saturday brunch suit you? Coffee and pastry *[I'm calibrating her as a no-nonsense girl so I am more direct and less gamey]*
2:10pm **Her –** Sounds good.
[logistics follow]



Manly

We meet in a cafe where I reading The Executioner for my day's masculine fiction fix. She's very pleasant and soon opens up. I walk her along the south bank of the river and then sit her down in a pub. Conversation is good – she's interesting, making an effort, and pretty smart. Kino and body language is more guarded. I'm leaning towards attraction material at the beginning and then gradually dial that down to run rapport.

I venue change to another pub near Borough Market, standing outside to get a better feel for her attitude towards kino (not doing any yet). That's where I shoot this video. I've edited together some of the rapport segments. My goal was to get her to open up about who she really is and what she really thinks, taking off the emotional armour, and also avoiding the normal "getting to know each other" tedious questions.

0:36 – Screening routine that's not pulling her in too hard. Framed like I'm looking for reasons to blow her out.
1:00 – Mild challenge like she's trying to turn the question around to impress me.
1:27 – Playful future projection and qualifying. She likes it.
1:43 – Emotional investment is evident from her vocal tone and how much she's trying to hold up her end of a challenging conversation. There's no monosyllables here.
1:55 – She's showing me part the real HB Black Jamaica here, a part that is normally protected. Good sign of rapport.
2:15 – Reframe her chasing me, future project dating, and do it playfully.
3:00 – Mild SOI slipped into the conversation when I sense her reframing towards a potential LJBF
3:50 – A disgruntled former harem member?
4:10 – She'd spent a while qualifying on how lots of guys look at her but most are too scared to approach, even all the black wannabe players. So I reframe and gently mock it.
5:05 – Like every other girl, she is fascinated with romantic dynamics.
5:15 – Simple pre-selection DHVing within context
6:26 – Notice how we aren't talking about any of the normal tedious shit you get on a normal date
7:00 – Sexualising it a bit but within a frame that it's the most normal thing in the world
7:20 – Can you imagine a beta saying something like this. Because of the vibe her Black Victim instant-offense-taking alarm doesn't set up
8:14 – Strong IOI and it's interesting how she frames it to avoid giving away her power.
9:14 – She's been doing lots of scratching and other mild IOIs all through the date, plus lots of hair tossing

We move on to a third bar which has private cell-like brick alcoves in the basement. I finally decide to kino escalate a little. She accepts hand-holding and leaning in on me but refuses three kiss attempts. They are "that's not the way I do it" refusals, not "this isn't a sexual dynamic" LJBF refusals. Once the date hits the four hour mark I release her back into the wild. It was fun.

Not sure how this set with go. She's into me but has a few biographical issues that might get in the way. Rapport was excellent but seduction will probably be slow so not sure if I'm up for that. More posts will follow if it goes anywhere.

Some things people have been saying about me

krauserpua · 4 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

WordPress has a pretty good analytics page to track site hits, search engine results and so on. Every now and then I'm gratified to find novel ways for people finding this site.

A comedy forum described me as *"Krauser PUA!! He's the very model of the modern major Womaniser."* A guy following the link commented *"That blog is scary."* It gets even better and my heart swelled with pride to read:

"OH MY FUCKING GOD THAT BLOG IS ABSOLUTELY SUBLIMELY MAD!

What a treasure. What a fucked up unbelievable treasure. I can't believe people like this exist. To be fair though his day game model is truly a step above the rest. I honestly envy a man which such a perfectly structured set and who aspires to be Patrick Bateman."

Sosuave linked me as the *"Short, fat, bald, old guy routinely scoring hotties half his age."* I suppose I should take that as a compliment. One guy replied *"When I read your post I was expecting to see a Danny de Vito look alike. Instead it´s a Jason Statham look alike."* I've also been told I'm ugly-to-average, a source of much merriment among the guys in Chateau RSG.

Favourite searches that led people to me blog are:

fat, small cock
pua are worthless
girl fucks panda
first muslim sucks my cock

[**edit –** today someone searched "porn shemale sex treasure squirting" to get here. WTF? K.]

[**edit 2 –** I nearly pissed myself laughing when I saw I'd been linked on a Liverpool FC fan blog. First some guy *shamelessly* regurgitates my Book of Alpha series, not that I mind but at least give me the credit, and then this guy links to me with this comment:

"This is hilarious/worrying. Just the post titles alone are worth the time it takes to look on there: 'Five Fingers Fucks In five Days', 'I Bang My First Half-Finnish, Half-Kazhak Lithuanian', 'Take that Fritz!', 'Chimpanzee Game With The Japanese'…..

And on & on it goes. I'm genuinely impressed with this nutter, not for his womanising ways and what-not, but for his utter mentalism and enthusiasm to document it."

Priceless!

The Facebook defibrilator shocks HB French Fan back to life

krauserpua · 6 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This set had started with a ton of promise before logistics intervened and it faded away to nothing. There was no set-ending blow out so really it has just gone cold and needed warming up. So this delightful girl is moved to the Long Game pile and facebook is revved up.

18:44 **Me** -oh, it's you…. *[tease opener]*
18:47 **Her** – Oooh right, that's me.;D Hello.{; Or tather, bonsoir.{; rather* *[that's a pretty invested response. Gonna be easy to be playfull]*
18:48 **Me** – !!!!! :O What you doing now?
18:48 **Her** – Chatting with my roommate.{; You? *[hmmm, might need to keep this short]*
18:50 **Me** – finished a book *[draw the question. She's an educated sort, so probably into books]*
18:51 **Her** – Oooh what book?{;
18:51 **Me** – A big one. Long words. No pictures Not sure you'd understand *[tease – still need to do attraction]*
18:51 **Her** – >;D Oh really? Do I like quite stupid, not to understand it? *[playing along, mild shit test to see if I backtrack and reassure her]*
18:53 **Me** – The Fountainhead by Ayn Rand *[ignore test]*
18:54 **Her** – I'll check this up.{;< Why does it interested you much? *[nice IOI but perhaps she's just trying to make me carry the conversation]*
18:56 **Her** – interest* sorry my mistakes, in a hurry writing always makes me write stupid things.;D *[or perhaps not, she's willing to work at this]*
18:56 **Me** – It's kinda funny in a cute way *[deflect question and tease by putting her in a little girl position]*
18:57 **Her** – Oh, then it's oukey, I guess.{; I'm really sorry for not being able to have a cup of coffee with you, my phone bill was dead, and as I am a student, you know, not a great thing, and parents, and gone to Palanga,no possibilities.;s *[she's apologising, that's good. I never brought up the flake so she must feel a bit guilty / disappointed, like she has to keep on the right side of me. Good IOI]*
18:59 **Me** – no probs I might be back in Vilnius again I'll let you know *[no big deal, hold out a carrot]*
19:00 **Her** – Sure thing, anyway, someday we'll meet again, that's for sure, it always happens so in my life.;DD Eventualities, that's what I mean magic.{;< *[it's playful but I read the subtext as she really does want to meet sometime. If she was just killing time she wouldn't bother future projecting and writing it in an interesting manner]*
19:01 **Me** – heh When are you visiting London? *[plant the seed]*
19:01 **Her** – Ooooh don't know yet, someday.;D *[fertile soil, but will need time to reap what i sow]*
19:08 **Me** – Gotta go Talk later *[this isn't going anywhere yet and I don't want to overstay my welcome]*
19:08 **Her** – Sure.{{; See you, Krauser. *[nice she used my name]*



Ooh la la

I leave it another week. There's no timeframe on this so no need to push too hard too fast. Then I catch her online again. She's obviously a playful sort so I max out that angle;

14:59 **Me** – Frenchie *[bold, reference to her interests]*
15:01 **Her** – Bonsoir.;D *[accepting the "our world" frame]*
15:02 **Me** – Je ne parlez not the french pas *[playful]*
15:02 **Her** – ;D Same here, haha.
15:05 **Me** – still in Vilnius?
15:06 **Her** – Suuure, I'm studying here.;D
15:07 **Me** – BOOOOOOORING!!!! *[just being the dumbass]*
15:11 **Her** – It's not. B} I love talking, so here;s the possibility to do it for all day long. B}
15:12 **Me** – Oh, you're a talker? oh no! What have I gotten myself into…… *[frame her as luring me into a trap, the subtext of which obviously means she is chasing me]*
15:14 **Her** – >;D Mhaha no way out, a real maze. *[accepting frame and playing with it]*
15:15 **Me** – ! *[reduce my energy, see if she carries it]*
15:16 **Her** – No turning back. {;<
15:17 **Me** – I'm no push-over I know how to fight back! *[exactly what it says on the tin]*
15:18 **Her** – >;D Oh really? How? *[nice, she wants me invested too]*
15:18 **Me** – Pushes Shoves Grunts Slaps Grabbing *[very clear double meaning]*
15:19 **Her** – Mhahahah, ouhouhou, whole armory.;D *[not rejecting it]*
15:20 **Me** – If you continue to be naughty…. I'll put you over my knee, and spank your naughty bum then send you to the naughty corner *[slip into a sexual frame, with me as the boss]*
15:21 **Her** – ;DDD Mhaha, no way, I'm not naughty at all.{;< That's only your imagination. And noone will tell me what to do, never. >;} *[token resistance]*
15:22 **Me** – shhhhhhhhh! little girl *[come right over the top with Dad Power]*
15:23 **Her** – >;D I'm not that little, and believe me, I have more power, than average man in his 20-30s {;< *[qualifying herself, playfully]*
15:24 **Me** – shhhhhhhh! *[showing I don't back down, getting her back up a little]*
15:25 **Her** – Stop it, or else I'll punish you.;D *[I like where this is going, she's emotionally invested]*
15:25 **Me** – How? Stamp your little feet and shake your little fists? *[neg, show her I don't take her seriously]*
15:26 **Her** – It's good that you think isthis way, this means you won't be ready for any attack I will make.{;< *[a little exasperated, which is where I want her – in the submissive crouch]*
15:27 **Me** – I'm gonna check your facebook photos now See if I can find any silly ones *[snip thread]*

15:27 **Her –** ;D What for?
15:28 **Me –** to laugh at *[tease]*
15:28 **Her –** >;DD Oh yes? Feel free, I don't mind if someone laughs at me, but you won't even imagine how i will laugh at your photos >;DDDD Just kidding.;D *[she enjoys the back and forth but is being careful not to offend me, thus she hopes this will continue – a good IOI]*
15:29 **Me –** I'm putting up some new ones today
[dropped connection on my side]

It sucks that I couldn't end the chat properly but there's no loss of value in just binning the chat at the end of a thread. She wants more.

A Disastrous 3-Way Date Part Four: High Esteem girl

krauserpua · 6 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Ok, this post is the final set-up before the fully merged 3-way date. Introducing my favourite girl of the whole Lithuania holiday……. a round of applause for **HB High Esteem**!



Another one-itis risk in Lithuania

She was another daygame pickup and I really like her. She's *exactly* what I think of when I say "high value girl". She'd been difficult to hook and once I'd calibrated her I'd been even more direct and less gamey than usual. Within a few minutes she was softening and by the tenth minute when I took her number she was very much into me. Text game ensued and again it was without much gamey bullshit:

Me **8:43pm –** Is this HB High Esteem? The slighty cute, slighty fun girl in the biker boots who owes Krauser a coffee (white americano, no sugar) *[never let it be said I don't test routines over and over]*

Her **8:43pm –** Mmm… Depends who's asking… *[interested but testing]*

Me **8:47pm –** It's Krauser's secretary. He's a very busy man, but he said he met a girl and he's curious about her. *[surprise her and open a roleplay, project value and qualify]*

Her **8:49pm –** Well, it might be her…. But it's not certain.

Me **8:54pm –** Hmmm. What does she look like? *[reduce the wordcount and flip the script so I'm screening]*

Her **8:54pm –** Major fan of cow boots *[reference to my tease in the pick up. I like her economy of writing – it projects high value]*

Me **8:59pm –** Oh, it mustn't be the same girl :O The one Krauser met was cool. I'm sorry for wasting your time…. *[she was NOT expecting me to walk away, even as a tease]*

Her **9:01pm –** Haha though….. *[she's still trying to lure me into investment and chasing]*

Me **9:06pm –** About to watch Inception *[snip thread so it doesn't go stale]*

Her **9:06pm –** They still show that? A great movie btw

Me **9:10pm –** I saw Inception Cat on youtube already *[non sequitor]*

Her **9:10pm –** I liked shutter island better *[some investment but still slightly challenging]*

Me **9:14pm –** WORST MOVIE EVER!!!

Daytime Dating Review

krauserpua · 9 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

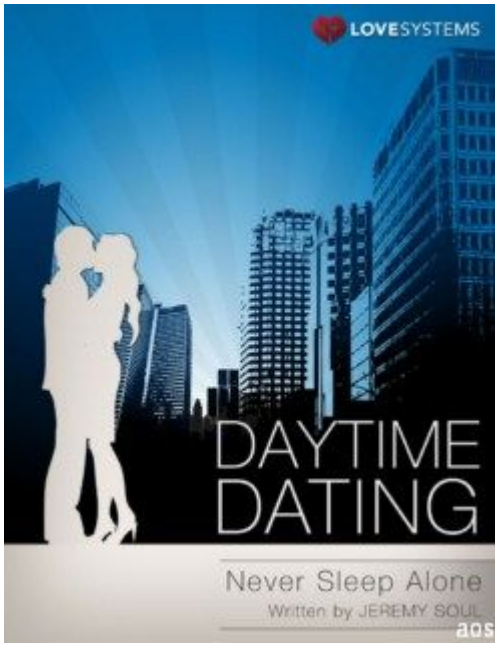
** **UPDATE**: I've removed the original review because I think it's too negative and doesn't give Jeremy sufficient credit for the social side of his method. Instead I've inserted a summary of my thoughts.*

Daytime Dating fits neatly into history as the first "proper" daygame book from the London method which makes it historically important as a curio, but also completely outdated as a way of picking up girls. It's like buying a Nintendo N64 now to see what all the fuss was about with Goldeneye – interesting, but it's hardly Battlefield or Bioshock.

Students learning the London Daygame Model will typically progress through three stages:

- **Beginner –** For the first 500 sets you're struggling with approach anxiety and everything is new and confusing. The big challenge is to simply open your mouth and make conversation. Thus the advice focuses on dealing with AA, getting some simple fundamental on how to open, and then the basics of making polite social conversation. You'll only get laid from the strongest of Yes Girls, and it all takes 5x longer than it should.
- **Intermediate –** Once you've settled into being the chatty guy in cafes and on the street you realise all your numbers are flaking and getting laid from daygame is currently rare and random. So you make the move *from social to sexual*. The advice focuses on projecting sexual intent, flirting energy, and getting a more conscious control of the process so that getting laid is a direct result of what you do, rather than simply "flipping stones" and hoping for the best.
- **Advanced –** Now you're getting laid regularly and you know it's simply a case of playing the percentages. The goal becomes younger-hotter-tighter. The advice here is to optimise your game towards r-selection and become a pure Lover so your can pull hot girls fast and in industrial quantities.

Daygame is not as simple as reading one book, doing a bunch of sets, and then you're getting laid. It's a long tortuous process akin to learning chess or fencing. You're trying to juggle six balls at once, so you start with the first, then add the second and so on. There's no magic bullet.



Jeremy Soul's **Daytime Dating** is very clearly a beginner's book – the content is all about orienting your mind to the very possibility of daygame and then giving a structure to become the chatty guy. By following his advice you can expect to get through your first 500 sets without too much trauma. You probably won't get laid, but you'll probably not get shouted at either. Then you'll realise the positive (your social skills have improved, you're "doing

daygame") and also the negative (it's unwieldy, inefficient, and is just a route to collecting flaky numbers).

This territory of teaching terrified noobs how to make polite five minute chats has since been conquered by Andy Yosha and Yad with their **Daygame.com** products. Thus my earlier statement that Jeremy's book is interesting primarily as a curio. The business of teaching guys how to get laid from daygame has passed them all by and is currently best exemplified by my video instructional **Daygame Overkill** which includes all the theory and ten infields showcasing what real advanced daygame looks like. When you're ready to move to Intermediate and Advanced I'd suggest my own books **Daygame Nitro** and **Daygame Mastery** respectively. Those books are about *getting laid* and they fully incorporate the advances the London Daygame Model has made in the six years since Jeremy Soul last put up an infield.

So no I don't recommend his book but Jeremy has rightfully earned his place in the history of daygame as an early pioneer and the first guy to write a book on it.

I bang my first Polish teenage music student

krauserpua · 11 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm in Krakow with Suave and Shammers, having my worst daygame session in months. I've done about six sets and couldn't close any. It's a humbling experience. Tail between our legs we shuffle back towards the apartment at 4pm. A girl in a colourful dress walks past and I think "one more set". I'm so tired, cold and dispirited that I don't even bother turning on the camera (until afterwards…..)

Me: Hi. I have to say something…. I love your dress…. everyone here is dressed in dull greys and browns but you're so colourful.

She hooks super strong and my state explodes. It's really easy to vibe and she's investing alot. I decide to play with verbal escalation asking her what crazy stuff she's done and has she ever kissed a guy she just met, say an Englishman, on the street. She nearly goes for it but social pressure holds her back. So ten minutes in I commit her to an instant date. She takes me to a crusty quiet old pub and I decide to gun it for the same day lay. Key moments:

– We talk about sexual experiences then I look in her eyes and say "I really want to kiss you right now". She smiles and says "really?". I say yes, like this – and kiss close. Very quick then I disengage and say she's not so good. Obviously she kisses me again and I reward her on it.

– I work the cat kino to put her legs over my thighs, pull her in, and rest her head on my shoulder while I scratch the hair on her temple. My vocal tone goes really low and I future project fucking. She tells me she likes it rough and on the floor.

– I redo the routine I improvised on **Salsa**:
"When I fuck you, it'll be violent at first. Very rough. You'll feel my power. My strength. My cock will be hard and you feel it, inside you, hard, fast, powerful. In and out. Your heart will be beating fast. Crazy fast…. blah blah".

Her eyes spazz out and then her phone rings. She gets off the line as soon as she can and says it's her friend and they're meeting in 45 minutes. I say ok and take her hand and walk her immediately to the toilets. She resists slightly but it's just to run back and grab her phone. No LMR.



Less than 2 hours to F-Town

Seeing as there's no video evidence of this being the same day, I interview her afterwards.

Key learning points:

- It only takes one good set to turn a day around
- Some girls hook strong with a sexual vibe. Pounce on it. Do not go for a number.
- Sexually escalating a girl on the street is great fun
- Verbal escalation is a great way to raise buying temperature without succumbing to a chasing frame (like normal kino does)
- Fuck her on a buying temperature spike.

My second street kiss close

krauserpua · 12 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm in Ludz on a Saturday afternoon having endured a four-hour rickety train ride aboard the Communist Express. We're all deadly tired after a long long night out in Krakow and an early rush to the station. Suave has no motivation whatsoever, resting on the laurels of his previous night's f-close that culminated in taking £10 off the girl to pay for our taxi to the train station and leaving her bewildered on the pavement calling after him "give me the money!"

Shammers and I decide we have to at least try some daygame. It's 6pm, cold, and few people on the streets. I do a few sets. They all stop but there's no life in my game and none of the girls inspire me. I notice a tall blonde in a purple coat walk past but by the time I realise I like her the easy moment is gone and I'm too low energy to chase her. She gets lucky – she's just wandering around while she waits for a bus and I walk past her again on the other side of the street fifteen minutes later. I open immediately as she pulls level.



How she remembers the kiss

Me: Hi! I want to say something…. I just love your coat!

Her: Thank you *[big smile]*

Me: Did you cut your own hair? *[she has a weird asymetric fringe]*

Shammers wanders off to open a cute blonde and I stay in set for ten minutes. My girl is responding great and I just feel the sexual tension between us. Deep eye contact, smiling, crazy leg-crossing. All the signals are there. I test out her time constaint and it turns out she has to get a bus in a few minutes to a rock concert. She's travelled a long way into Ludz to see this band. So I walk her to the bus stop. I'm still pretty half-arsed – I really need a good night sleep to be effective and I've only had two hours plus still got a hangover. My farts are stinking too so I make sure I stand

downwind.

As we get to the corner to go our separate ways I'm not even gonna take a number.

Me: Ok, this is where we say goodbye. It was really nice meeting you *[she looks at me very sweetly, smiling, and clearly disappointed we will never meet again. I decide to take a risk]*

Me: *[strong eye contact]* Let's do something crazy!

Her: Ummm, yeah? *[smiling in anticipation]*

Me: Give me your hands *[she does]*. Have you ever kissed a guy…. who you just met…. in the street? *[serious eye fucking]*

Her: No, ummm, er… *[smiling, loving it]*

Me: *[puts her hands on my shoulders, leans in, she leans in – kiss]*

Awesome kiss. As mechanical and diligent as I am for daygame I still feel the spark of certain romantic moments and this was one. She looks at me with crazy eyes like she can't believe the torrent of alphaness that's swept her up. I take her number and head back for a nap, a huge smile on my face. Text game ensues that evening:



The fringe. My god, the fringe!

Me 8:29pm – Hey, is this Purple? The slightly cute, slightly crazy [subject] teacher who cuts her own hair.

Her 8:40pm – Hey stranger here's a girl in a purple coat, how's your party?

Me 8:50pm – Hmmmm, what should I do with a girl like that….

Her 8:57pm – I cant focus on the concert because i think about you, is that normal? maybe you should try to find some nice girl in the club? *[five minutes of alpha plays havok with a girl's emotional circuitry. She needs comfort and is hence giving me a player test]*

Me 9:00pm – I'm still thinking about you too. You've hijacked my mind *[in Poland you can get away with 2002 Mystery lines! We were opening in clubs with "who lies more"]* :O I think it's your grey eyes…. entrancing.

We exchange more texts and I end up meeting her at the train station at 3am after my clubbing. An f-close isn't on the cards so I just work comfort, cat kino, and build towards the harem. The f-close girl from two days earlier is also engaging me on Facebook so I'm thinking I might as well set up a Polish branch of the harem. After finger fucking **Purple** in the train station I run two hours comfort – very honest stuff:

Me: Ok, you've been really nice so I'm gonna let you do something. You can ask me two questions – about anything – and I promise to answer completely honestly. And I won't be offended by the question.

Her: Really?

Me: Yeah. I'm gonna get a coffee from that machine. Ask me when I get back. Don't waste them by asking about my favourite colour or food.

She takes it seriously and asks me why I got divorced, and do I come to Poland with my friends to pick up girls. I reframe both into DHVs but still give reponses that are true in both spirit and facts. She loves it – deep rapport. She gives me two questions so I ask how many guys she's fucked (seven) and what her second favourite dinosaur is (brontosaurus). Then I get a taxi to the hostel and sleep. I've been running some comfort on Facebook since then. The plan is to bring her to London for a week of **seriously degrading sex**.

NB – Kiss close gambit shamelessly pilfered from Yad.

A blowout in Krakow

krauserpua · 15 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a bit of fun in Poland about an hour before I met the girl I SDL'd. My state was shit and I was trying to find a way to get back into the groove so I thought I'd pull a fairly ballsy opener and then just vibe with some inane free association nonsense.

I guess the only learning point from this video is that you can open a girl by insulting her but if you hold your ground and act like it wasn't such a big deal, she'll fall into frame. In this case, not enough to actually build enough attraction.

Krauser gets blown out. For the fifth time that day……

Creating something out of nothing

krauserpua · 18 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This girl was from club game in Krakow. She was quite bitchy and full of herself but I went very direct, walked her off to a quiet spot near the dance floor and told her I want to fuck her. Lots of sexual stuff. She was interested but not *that* interested. About five minutes of shit-testing ensued and I took her facebook before she walked off after three failed kiss attempts.

The type of set you never expect to see again. Totally dead. I didn't even bother adding her to facebook but then I happen to be trawling through my numbers yesterday morning and I see her name, so I add. She accepts. This morning I'm having breakfast and check out her profile – she seems like a normal nice girl – totally different to the nightclub persona. She appears online and this is our first chat, in full:

Me **10:43 –** hmmmm, it's her……. *[still need to build attraction]*
Her **10:45 –** □ yes, it's me □
Me **10:47 –** You look very very different to how I remember *[a challenge, teasing her vanity to hook her. Imply I'm disappointed by her photos]*
Her **10:47 –** ohh
Me **10:48 –** uh-huh *[begin to flip script to get her investing]*
Her **10:48 –** I don't look good in photographs *[is this an early sign of qualification]*
Me **10:49 –** Let's see…… *[tease]*
Her **10:49 –** □ *[good response, she's biting]*
Me **10:49 –** In the nightclub you looked lively, sexy and to be honest I wanted to fuck you in your photos…. you look like my french teacher *[I was direct in the club, so stay that way and show some balls, give sexual IOI, then tease]*
Her **10:50 –** you look I will be a teacher □ no *I will be a teacher *[unexpected cold reading hit – play with it]*
Me **10:51 –** I didn't like my french teacher she was strict *[push her away, but playfully]*
Her **10:52 –** I won't bea strict □ *[qualifying herself]*
Me **10:52 –** hmmmmmmmm *[extremely vague response to let her pour her own meaning into it]*
Her **10:52 –** sorry…my english isn't good □ *[settling into a defensive crouch]*
Me **10:53 –** I understand you Can I ask a question? *[reward and stack]*
Her **10:53 –** yes
Me **10:54 –** do you have any sexier pictures? in a bikini, or short skirt…. *[more sexual, she's warming to it. Frame myself as a demanding guy because I'm high enough value to be able to]*
Her **10:54 –** no I don't like these photos.. *[shit test to see if I backtrack or soften it]*
Me **10:54 –** I do [image] *[I'm a man, you're a woman. This is completely natural]*
Her **10:55 –** your a man □ *[clearly, she knows this. She's accepting sexual interest as non-creepy therefore she is pegging me as an alpha]*
Me **10:55 –** haha *[reward but vague]*
Her **10:55 –** *you're
Me **10:55 –** What are you doing now? *[defuse sexual tension a little and build comfort]*
Her **10:56 –** I'm talking about you □
Me **10:56 –** oh, she's a comedien!…
Her **10:56 –** □
Me **10:57 –** grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr that's my bear noise *[just playful retarded shit]*
Her **10:57 –** sorry □ and what are you doing now? □ 10 minutes ago I come back around my lessons…
Me **10:59 –** I'm in Starbucks having breakfast and trying to think of a way to get a Polish girl to send me a sexy photo *[bring her on board with my plan, be open about my intentions]*
Her **10:59 –** tasty:) oh, you have to try □ *[playing along]*

Me **11:00 –** thinking…….
Her **11:00 –** maybe some girl will send
Me **11:01 –** So, let's imagine we are married *[future projection about to start. Pull her out of her normal world and take her on a journey]*
Her **11:01 –** I can't imagine these
Me **11:02 –** we are on our honeymoon. Where would you like to go?
Her **11:02 –** hmm I would like to see Barcelona I don't know now or having tournee around Italy
Me **11:05 –** I had sex in a car in Barcelona. Let's got to the south of Italy to the little fishing towns like the movie The Talented Mr Ripley *[drive-by sexualisation]*
Her **11:06 –** I understand
Me **11:06 –** Ok, so it'll be summer. What clothes do you bring?
Her **11:07 –** most important there would be a husband by me another tops… my favourite jeans or shorts…
Me **11:08 –** how about a light summer dress? I like those
Her **11:08 –** ohhhh, I love it! *[excellent, she's investing. there's none of the bitchiness she showed in the club]*
Me **11:10 –** [link to photo of a nice dress]
Her **11:10 –** not really like these
Me **11:11 –** So we've arrived in Italy. I drive an open-top car to our little beach apartment… like this



Her **11:12 –** I like these, on the night [link to some dresses] haha nice dog
Me **11:13 –** I like those dresses, but they are eveningwear you need something for the beach, because that's where I'm driving *[keep moving it along in my frame, don't let her sidetrack me]*
Her **11:13 –**
Me **11:15 –** Ok, so we get to the apartment put our suitcases down I have a shower
Her **11:15 –** yes… I think..me too
Me **11:16 –** Not together! We're just married *[tease, show this isn't all abotu getting her naked]*
Her **11:16 –** not together!
Me **11:16 –** So I go first, because I'm more important *[chick crack]*
Her **11:16 –** nno!
Me **11:16 –** maybe you cook a quick meal for me
Her **11:16 –** it's not true! *[she's enjoying being teased]*
Me **11:16 –** Shhhhhhh!
Her **11:17 –** i'm not housemaid
Me **11:17 –** Shhhhhhhhh. The man is talking!
Her **11:17 –** I want to be most important for my husband!

Me **11:17 –** Have you ever worn a housemaid uniform for sex? *[more overt sexualisation]*
Her **11:17 –** no
Me **11:18 –** You should. It's cool Anyway… I finish my shower and relax lying on the bed for a while *[don't back down, but move it on]*
Her **11:18 –** I believe to the word
Me **11:18 –** Now it's time to go to the beach What do you wear?
Her **11:19 –** it's warm? I think…bikini and..
Me **11:19 –** ?
Her **11:19 –** lihgt tunic *light
Me **11:20 –** what colour?
Her **11:20 –** blue or red because I have a brown bikini *[this is going well, she's fully playing along and giving tacit permission to think of her sexually]*
Me **11:21 –** I like blue Ok, so we walk to the beach I'm wearing red speedos
Her **11:22 –** why are you so hard with your wife?
Me **11:22 –** like the movie [still from 300 movie] Haha, if you think this is hard….. wait until we get to the fucking part
Her **11:23 –** you have to be a nice…
Me **11:24 –** ok, but only because we are married and in love So walking to the beach You walk a few metres in front of me so I can watch your ass and legs *[does this need commentary?]*
Her **11:24 –** omg.. you think only about sex.. [image] woman it's not onlu sex machine! remember that
Me **11:25 –** I know, women can cook too *[cheerful misogyny]*
Her **11:25 –** pff
Me **11:25 –** haha So we get to the beach, and spread our big towel on the sand We open the picnic basket I eat a toasted panini. Mozzarella cheese, sun-dried tomato, sliced egg
with mustard wholegrain mustard. Not the smooth stuff what are you eating? *[I'm a demanding guy and I know what I want. I'm also slightly retarded]*
Her **11:27 –** like French I'm eating fatty meat, whole-milk cheese and I am sipping with beer <lol> joke light salad…, tomatos and I'm drinking water of lemon
Me **11:30 –** nice
Her **11:30 –** with lemon
Me **11:30 –** I like that *[reward]*
Her **11:30 –** *[likes reward, she's accepting the submissive position]*
Me **11:31 –** Now we go for a swim in the sea It's a bit cold, but not uncomfortable
Her **11:31 –** ohh my hair!
Me **11:31 –** do you pin it up, or let it down?
Her **11:32 –** my hair?
Me **11:32 –** yes
Her **11:32 –** in summer…i like let it down.. I think – it's sexy *[she's definitely happy to feel sexy around me now. Notice she's not trying to take validation from me, she's simply enjoying the roleplay]*
Me **11:32 –** nice So we're in the sea. I'm splashing you you are giggling I carry you on my back, walking through the water Then throw you under, and laugh *[future projections should involve you somehow getting one over on her]*
Her **11:33 –** oohh it's romantic:) *[IOI]*
Me **11:34 –** You squeak and squeal So I pick you up over my shoulder
Her **11:35 –** *[all girls like it rough]*
Me **11:36 –** I slap your ass then carry you to the sand, and throw you down
like this…



but more gentle because we're in love

Her **11:38 –** ohh it's nice

Me **11:38 –** And then, as you lay there on the sand, giggling, breathing hard looking sexy I look at your tits, and your ass Then I get out my nintendo, and play video games *[defuse tension]*

My laptop is almost out of battery. I have to go…. *[true]*

Her **11:40 –** ok we can talk to later *[she's hooked]*

Me **11:40 –** have a good day *[comfort]*

Her **11:41 –** thanx you too

Cute french fan in Poland

krauserpua · 18 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Krakow again. Suave, Shammers and I are sitting in a street cafe on the main square having lunch. I've just ordered a pizza when this girl walks past. Camera on, give chase….

Learning points are:

0:12 – Never move your feet in the first minute if the girl's momentum is still continuing, or else you'll give off a creepy vibe and she'll leave. Just plant the feet, turn your body if necessary, and keep talking.
0:40 – Note how far away she is. I didn't follow so that calmed her fight-or-flight instinct. Now she's laughing.
0:50 – I still haven't killed her momentum so I keep plowing. She was about to accept the complement then walk off. I see this and ask another question to keep her there. You can feel her hindbrain is enjoying this even if the forebrain has somewhere else to go.
1:00 – She's still wandering off but turned to face me and smiling. Classic forebrain-hindbrain conflict so I just have to keep ploughing and keep it playful.
1:07 – I reel her in by holding out a handshake and asking her name. It would seem socially retarded for her to not shake my hand now, so she comes back.
1:44 – Her English isn't very good so it's tougher to get her investing. I have to talk more than I'd like but whenever she talks I shut up and give her plenty of time to respond. It's often tough to resist the urge to keep jabbering on.
2:01 – The first classic IOI but it's already obvious from her smile that she's enjoying this. Her nerves are due to the situation and her English, not the idea of talking to me.
2:46 – Very simple sentence structure and basic vocabulary. The vibe is doing the attraction work so I don't need to overcomplicate it with fancy talk.
3:04 – She's investing through body language. Would she do this if she wanted to leave?
3:35 – If you don't find this girl adorable by now, you are clearly homosexual. She's a perfect example of how a feminine vibe can boost an otherwise unremarkable girl into "I'd love to facefuck her" territory.
3:41 – Personalise the interaction to her. Avoid generalisations about places and interests.
3:52 – I'm having to guide her through the language and suggest vocabulary.
4:15 – I eye-fucking the shit out of her by now.
4:30 – Note how well she holds eye contact while her gestures are open. That's the eye-fucking at play.
5:08 – She's in a mild sexual state now. Check out the hand movement.
5:26 – Consider the difference between her at the beginning and now. Killing momentum is crucial.
5:45 – Slower and deeper vocal tone.
6:15 – I think the language barrier is giving her doubts.
6:43 – After getting her email I try again for the number. Rebuffed but no harm in trying. My value with the hindbrain is still good even though her forebrain appears to have a rule about giving her number to men she doesn't know.
7:20 – Oops!
7:41 – I've completely lost the vibe with this new girl and I've also realised she's not hot. Starting to regret opening her.

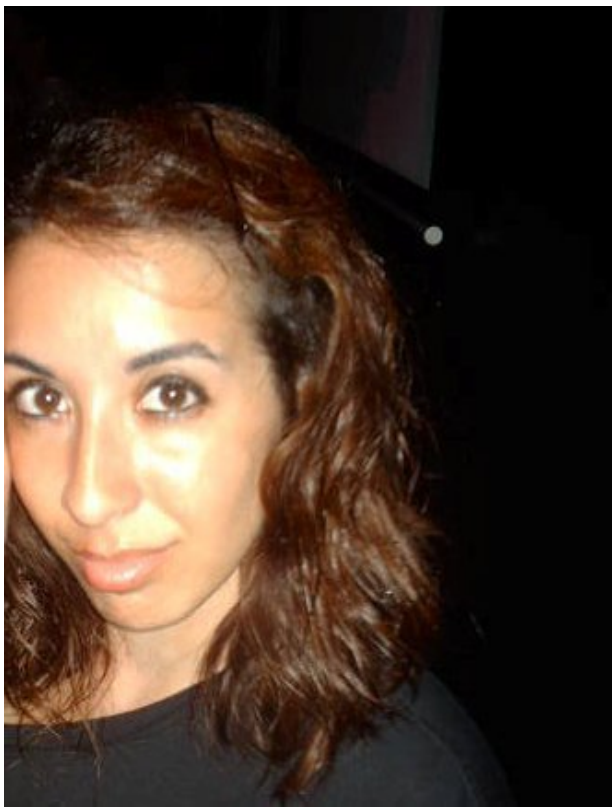
Red-haired Spanish girl

krauserpua · 19 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out daygaming with Suave, using a Starbucks as a base, when a cute red-haired Spaniard walks past. I run out and open direct. She's flightly at first but soon settles in and I bounce her back to the cafe for an instant date. Her english is weak having only been here a few weeks. After half an hour I take her number.

She's really difficult to get out on a date and cancels the first two. I'm not even sure why I bother inviting her for a third but I do. Text game is:

Me **12:43pm –** Mornin'. How's my elusive Spaniard?
Her **1:36pm –** Haha i'm a little bit sick [image] i hate the weather in London!
Me **1:42pm –** English weather is not suitable for weak Europeans
Her **1:50pm –** It's possible… But otherwise the weather in spain is better!
Me **1:52pm –** I like cold rain and mist over the hills when I'm hiking. It's an English thing….
Her **1:54pm –** Ok…. So english people are crazy… haha
Me **1:55pm –** Just me. Are you free this afternoon? I'm in Covent Garden later.
Her **2:00pm –** Not this afternoon, i'm not feeling good and i want to color my hair! Maybe tomorrow or in the weekend?
Me **2:04pm –** I'm going to Poland soon, so tomorrow is better. 4pm?
Her **2:05pm –** Ok! In covent garden station?
Me **2:18pm –** Yeah, in front of M&S. Dress nice, so we match!



Chipmunk-like

The date seems to go well. We have drinks in two pubs and progress to handholding and light kino. She's IOIing and generally doing the things a girl who is attracted should do but I sense a reticence. Sure enough when I go for the kiss she rebuffs and talks about a boyfriend back in Spain. Aha. I decide this girl is to be shuffled over into low-investment long game. I'll keep the pot simmering and wait to see how her long distance relationship goes. We swap facebooks.

A couple of days later, on Friday night, I'm having a quiet one. I see her online and open it up:

21:10 **Me** – oh no, it's her!
21:12 **Her** – haha yes! i am!
21:13 **Me** – what you doing?
21:14 **Her** – looking for a nightclub to go today
21:14 **Me** – oh yeah, it's Saturday
21:14 **Her** – but we don't know
21:15 **Me** – I'm not really a nightclub person. can't really help
21:16 **Her** – oooh! you're so useless! hahaha
21:20 **Me** – completely
21:20 **Her** – baaad baaad
21:22 **Me** – You gonna dress up nice tonight?
21:22 **Her** – of course if we find a nightclub to go yes haha
21:22 **Me** – heels tiny skirt red lipstick bleeeeeeeeeeerrrrghhh!
21:23 **Her** – hhaha i don't know yet
21:24 **Me** – wear big yellow plastic wellies
21:25 **Her** – yellow? why= ?
21:26 **Me** – so the drivers can see you at night when you come home drunk walking down the middle of the street like a drunken Spaniard
21:26 **Her** – haha nooo
21:29 **Her** – i go for dinner byee
21:30 **Me** – bye


Spanish bukkake

Then it's Poland and all the naughtiness I get up to there. She completely slips my mind until I see her online when I'm juggling a few chats.

Me **01:40** – the party girl is partying
Her **01:40** – haha noo i'm just in the sofa

Me **01:40 –** I'm getting ready for bed shall I tell you a secret?
Her **01:41 –** ok…tell me…
Me **01:41 –** I'm naked :O except for my boxer shorts and dressing gown
Her **01:42 –** haha
Me **01:42 –** and slippers
Her **01:42 –** and is not cold there?
Me **01:43 –** very warm What are you wearing?
Her **01:44 –** i'm wearing an orange t-shirt and some jeans
Me **01:45 –** not sexy at all
Her **01:46 –** no… 'im not sexy today haha
Me **01:46 –** boooooooo I'm going to bed
Her **01:46 –** haha ok
Me **01:46 –**
Her **01:47 –** good night naked man

I'd put this girl at 50/50 to fuck her within the next six months. She likes me but considers herself unavailable. I'll just maintain my value, build occasional comfort, and see what gives.

I bang my first 20 yr old Japanese girl

krauserpua · 20 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Well, that's not strictly speaking true but she's the first since I started learning game. It begins like it so often does – on a bootcamp. Wisdom, Suave and I have just finished the inaugral Street Storm weekend and I'm wandering home with Jambone. I've only done one set all day, as a demo to a student, and it was fucking awesome. The date is tomorrow so it'll probably get a post of its own.

Anyway, as we are walking down towards Leicester Square station I actually say to Jambone "That's it, I'm fucking knackered. I'm not opening any more girls today. I don't even want an instant date I'm so tired." and then suddenly I see exactly the sort of girl I'm into – a cute curvy little Japanese pixie who is a spitting double of Chihiro Aoi. As if the gods of pickup are determined that I open, she has a long green coat with huge fur cuffs that look almost like cheerleader pom poms and thus give be an unavoidable indirect-direct opener. Really, I had no choice.



Won't need to make my own movie

She's extremely flighty at first and her English is awful. I subsequently learn that she's just generally a bit shy and withdrawn even in Japanese. So I play it non-threatening and she hooks. After ten minutes of difficult conversation – because she's not saying much – it's clear that she likes me. I'm working lots of eye-fucking and getting good responses. I bounce her across the road to Pret for a coffee. Within five minutes we are holding hands across the table. There will always be sets that present new challenges and in this case it was a girl who liked me, was shy, and could barely talk to me – and thus all my usual talky system was wasted. I had to do strong non-verbals – sober and in daytime.

I bounce her across the road again to a pub for a drink and after a quick snifter of Guinness I kiss close her on the way out. Sorted. Text game ensues the next day:

Me **9:16am** – Is this Sapporo? the cute little squirrel from Sapporo…. □ *[I'd teased her in Pret by saying she was really cute…. like a squirrel or hamster]*
Her **10:05am** – Hi, Krauser. How are you? Do i look like squirrel □ ?
Me **10:17am** – …. or maybe a hamster… but you are definitely cute □ Are you at school now?

Her **10:19am –** Thanks. I'm at school. I'm having a break. How about you?
Me **10:26am –** I'm having breakfast at Starbucks. Hot coffee, cheese panini. Tasty! When do you finish school?
[Japanese girls who study English all love Starbucks]

We meet for lunch the next day. It's really hard work because she's so quiet. I ask questions and get one-sentence answers and won't open up. If it wasn't for the good subcommunication coming back from her I'd have given up. I'm literally yawning and falling asleep she's so boring. I persevere mainly because she's so cute and my spider sense is tingling to say it's on. We do coffee first, then lunch in Chinatown, then a tube to Camden Town market, then a pub. She's accepting kino but reluctantly, giving it the coquettish shy girl routine – which I like. Finally I decide to go for the extraction. She plays piano and we have a piano back at my house so that's my pretext. She very easily comes along with me without any ASD. I send a text to the boys:

Me: I think I'm about to extract my girl, on the pretext of her showing me her playing piano. If you're home please DHV me and encourage her piano playing.

Back home I give her the tour. Suave DHVs me when I knock on his door. The tour invariably ends at my room. Just before I unlock the door I hear Jambone in his room doing P90X. I knock and he shouts "Go away. Don't interrupt me!"

DLV. Thanks buddy.

He says he didn't see the text till after. It doesn't matter, this girl is totally down to fuck and I escalate immediately and close the deal. Great lay too. The video is from 10 minutes after when she's got that glow and vibe of a happily fucked girl. She's gonna replace Turk in the harem.

Sexualised day game

krauserpua · 20 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My daygame model is not meant for wusses. I'm trying to formulate something that captures the essence of alphaness and projects it onto the interaction. We don't do daygame to be the friendly timid nice guy who would ever so much like the girls number if it's not terribly troublesome to ask. We're in it to pick up hot young chicks and fuck them. Then collect their souls and slot them into a harem.

So I'm testing out various sexual projections including right from the opener. Here's an example. I eventually blew the set by pushing too hard for a street kiss close, but what the hell, it was fun.

The main thing to get is the importance of vibe and intent. I opened full on sexually – and fairly crass – but because my vibe is playful, honest, and spoken like the most natural thing in the world she just laughs and hooks. Within a couple of minutes she's opening her jacket to show me her tits and then letting me grope her waist. Can't ever go back to beta daygame…..

A Disastrous 3-Way Date Part Five: Case Study

krauserpua · 21 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'd forgotten all about this one. I read somewhere (I think Skeletor on the LSS) that there are four basic types of girl:

1. **Low Value / Low Esteem –** an ugly girl who knows her place. They are of no interest to players.

2. **Low Value / High Esteem –** the fattie cockblockers who mouth off and can't stand it when their prettier friends get all the intention in nightclubs. Loaded with 100% denial, these disgusting creatures are frequently seen on Jeremy Kyle, Trisha and other soap boxes telling the world how great they are. Match.com seems to have plenty too. Best avoided but sometimes they need to be neutralised. Think Rosanne Barr.

3. **High Value / Low Esteem –** the classic slut. She looks hot but doesn't believe in herself so she dresses up with warpaint and squeezes into a mini-skirt. Will be seen in nightclubs doing the validation dance so a long line of betas boost her low esteem with their interest. When she finds anyone alpha she'll jump into bed immediately. Responds well to direct ballsy game and all the classic manipulation gambits (pre-selection, negs, social proof etc)

4. **High Value / High Esteem –** the holy grail of pick-up. A beautiful girl who knows it but is so comfortable and balanced that she's great fun to be around. Respond extremely well to honest direct game. Best to avoid negging.

Now bear in mind *all* girls have fundamentally low esteem compared to normal men, so these are relative scales. I've found the latter girls respond best to my style but as you can imagine they aren't easy to catch. Anyhoo, here's a video which shows types **(3)** and **(4)** sitting right next to each other responding to the same stimuli. Call it a controlled experiment.

Background: Part 1 Part 2 Part 3 Part 4

Video Analysis

0:08 – Very tight disapproving body language. Watch how this softens by the middle of the video. She's *not* happy with the idea of competing with three girls, and Jambone's rock star pretensions.
0:37 – Big difference in what their laughs say about themselves
0:58 – I'm being authentic with High Esteem (HE) because she's the sort of girl who responds to it.
1:29 – Low Esteem (LE) wishes she was HE. Watch for how she qualifies to her.
1:48 – Let her talk. Don't try to override her words.
1:51 – Jambone just made his two girls giggle and squeal. Look at how LE is impressed and HE is disgusted.
2:14 – LE qualifies to HE. The latter is giving only enough attention as is dictated by social propriety and is not encouraging her. Note the body language – LE is turned and leaning in, HE is side-on and turns her attention to me whenever LE is not blatantly grabbing it.
3:04 – I haven't lost LE yet, it's just Jambone is gradually giving off more magnetism.
3:08 – Is there a word for that look of revulsion and fascination that HE is giving LE?
3:35 – Considering what's going on across the table, and that this is the first date with HE, I'm quite pleased at how I keep their attention and draw them into the frame that this kind of date is normal.
3:59 – Another disgusted look towards Jambone.
4:11 – It seems HE considers me the oasis of purity within this den of iniquity. She never makes any attempt to engage anyone else in the group.
4:30 – Basic teasing to build attraction.
4:34 – The other three girls are outside smoking now so HE's body language suddenly opens right up. Like night and day.
5:16 – You can see why I rate this girl so highly, right? She's just so comfortable with who she is and has such a nice unpretentious vibe.

5:27 – Investment.
5:43 – She's having considerably more fun than in the beginning. Having the other girls disappear for a while was like flicking a switch, and I get a great chance to build rapport without social pressure.
6:00 – Let her invest. She's showing me the real HE.
6:29 – I'm labouring the point but can you believe this is the same girl from the beginning of the video?
6:40 – She's very attracted now. Buying temperature is rising.
7:22 – Changing tempo, back to teasing.
7:34 – I've decided HE is getting all my attention now and blanking the others. Not that they care, the Jambone show is entering it's third act. I don't find out till later but blanking Squirrel really repaired my value with her after that week prior date. She's seeing me engaging a girl who is far and away the highest value in the room.
7:56 – Watch the fingers. Buying temperature.
9:09 – I love this eye contact game. It's an easy way to get an eye-fucking opportunity while giving endless ammo to neg and tease. Great to raise buying temperature. My body language is absolutely still – totally unreactive – and she just bounces around on that. Think of the squirrel and the oak tree.
9:28 – Note all the instructions I give. Leading frame, pushing her into submission.

So we are all sitting in Paparazzi Bar in Vilnius and all four girls are together. I completely ignore Squirrel as punishment for dicking around on our Day 2. I'm gradually losing Low Esteem as Jambone runs the pre-selection show across the table. Fortunately High Esteem is thoroughly unimpressed with him and responds well to my normal comfort. Low Esteem keeps trying to get in on our conversation and eventually gives up.

After two hours High Esteem wants to go home so I walk her to her flat. Comfort is good and as you can see from the video she's been IOIing – if anything the fact I more or less ignored Jambone and the two 17yr olds has served me well – the vibe is like I don't really approve of him but he's a friend so I help him out. On the way back I feel like I have to sexualise a little but can't push to far so I tell her to walk in front so I can check out her arse (she does, giggling) and then:

Me: Look, I'm walking you home to make sure you're ok, not because I'm gonna try and fuck you. I mean, I do want to fuck you but tonight's not really the right time.

On the way back to the bar Jambone is texting to say hurry up cos Low Esteem is trying to drag him to the toilets for a blowjob and he can't hold her off much longer. Right as I approach High Esteem texts:

Her: I forgot to pay for my drink!!!!!! Could we have a deal if I promised u a drink in London?

Me: Ok, but I want a quadruple vodka red bull sleep well

Her: Done! Have an epic last night in Vlinius

Me: Count on it.

So she goes onto Facebook for long game and I go back to Paparazzi. We end up in our apartment. Jambone tries to DHV me with Low Esteem but its totally fucked now so he takes Leggy into the bedroom while Low Esteem and I sit uneasily in the kitchen till she finally fucks off to McDonalds never to return. I go to bed pissed off.

Epilogue:

- Leggy has left her boyfriend because she doesn't love him anymore. She can't imagine being with anyone normal after Jambone.
- Squirrel is chatting to me on Skype and Facebook and shows all the signs of being a hot set again.
- Low Esteem is exchanging occasional messages with me on Facebook and is a lukewarm set. She seems to have realised her overreach and ended up with nothing.
- High Esteem is also on occasional messaged but haven't been able to catch her online yet. Apparently she's coming to London in a few months.

Vignettes from a harem – Frenchie

krauserpua · 22 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Recently [text game]

Me **10:43pm –** Guess who is out with friends, talking about random stuff, and then suddenly thought about fucking you *[burst back into her attention sexually. She's on the other side of the world so needs a strong maintenance pattern]*
Her **11:06pm –** Oh I hope it's this sexy English guy… i like him a lot I might have dreamed of you fucking me under the shower, I'm not sure. I should go back to sleep for a few minutes and finish that dream…. *[perhaps an IOI?]*
Me **11:09pm –** That might really happen. *[Short, almost threatening]*
Her **11:13pm –** Yeah but I should warn you: I'm gonna think about it a lot until it happens for real… [*Something Ace taught me about douchebag game – give girls strong infrequent emotional spikes and then they'll do all the hard work of falling in love with you during your absences]*
Me **11:18pm –** I'll survive
Her **11:24pm –** I hope so… Don't die before decembre (nor after) or I'll be really sad
Me **11:25pm –** That's so romantic. I think I have a tear in my eye.



Very sweet

Last week

Her **2:09pm –** I've sent the photo to you on your phone… But it could be a while before you receive it. Let me know! *[naked photo]* Good weekend too, cinema with the australian guy on Friday night, shopping with two friends from class on saturday, and today I studied in a park. It was very sunny *[this is how betas romance girls. He's not really a threat but I want to amog him nice and early to set the frame]*
Me **2:31pm –** Has he had the courage to kiss you yet? *[amog]*
Her **2:33pm –** Yes he did. But very quickly when I was about to get on the bus. I didn't have time to react. *[there's a lesson in k-closing there]*
Me **2:40pm –** Did you do it with tongues?

Her **2:43pm –** No. He kissed me very very quickly, like a kiss on the cheek but on my mouth. I did not see it coming….
Me **2:47pm –** Did he feel your tits? *[obviously he didn't. I'm framing him as a pussy, trying to draw the alpha/beta contrast as sharp as possible]*
Her **2:51pm –** Ahaha no. He's not like you he did nothing else but take my hand while I was about to get on the bus home, and give me this quick kiss… *[which hits]*
Me **2:53pm –** Were you disappointed? *[lead her state around him]*
Her **2:55pm –** No, I was surprised… Would it be possible that you'd be a bit jealous? *[reaction-seeking because she wants comfort]*
Me **2:56pm –** I told you before – only if he cums on your face. *[rebuff her first ask]*
Her **3:22pm –** … you should be. Seriously, you don't care at all? Not cool. (have you received the photo by the way?)
Me **3:26pm –** Didn't get the photo – it needs to go to my hotmail. And yes, I do care. I don't want you dating other men. You're my girl. But also, I don't want to control your life. *[snowflaking her, but this is honest stuff]*
Her **3:36pm –** And I don't want to date other men. I want to date you. It makes me a bit sad that you're fucking other girls, but I don't want (anyway I can't) to controle your life as well…. *[accepts her role]*

A few days ago

Me **11:15pm –** Got your picture. I like it. Cute. *[reward]*
Her **11:18pm –** Ah cool I think it woud look better if my hair was longer… But thank you!
Me **11:26pm –** Yeah, longer is better. But I'd still fuck you the way it is.
Her **11:28pm –** I was just thinking about you fucking me by the way….
Me **11:30pm –** What a surprise :O you have a one-track mind…… krauserscockkrauserscockkrauserscock all day every day…
Her **11:35pm –** That's not true! I can control myself now last time I thought about that was a long time ago… and you can't judge me! You're always thinking about fucking.
Me **11:37pm –** Hahahahahahahahahahahahahaha
Her **11:49pm –** He…! Go to bed ! Where are you?
Me **11:51pm –** I'm at home. Just getting ready for bed.
Her **11:55pm –** Cool. I'm just about to get up… Sleep well. And dream of me… but without the 4 or 5 other girls please
Me **11:57pm –** I'll try. Would be easier if I had the right photos….
Her **12:00am –** You've had a photo just a few days ago! I'm not gonna send you everything in one time… Wait a bit

This morning [facebook chat]

Me **13:29 –** brrrrrrrrrrr
Her **13:29 –** how are youuuu?
Me **13:30 –** I'm good. Having coffee in starbucks. *[with Thai]* But have to go soon *[to meet Finland]*
Her **13:30 –** oh ok, could I get a "goodbye" this time? eh I was in the opera house tonight again!
Me **13:32 –** why opera house?
Her **13:32 –** the australian guy had free tickets to see the symphony orchestra of Sydney it was cool, but not as cool as the marriage of figaro
Me **13:35 –** how is Beta Guy? *[amog]*
Her **13:36 –** ahaha he's fine and now I really see what you mean by Beta/ Alpha guys you're much cooler… *[this is good for her. I explained it all very early in the relationship because she is clearly a badboy chaser in the making and it'll ruin her]*
Me **13:39 –** haha be nice to him He's probably a really kind guy *[amog]*
Her **13:40 –** yes he is but I'm not like you… I don't have number 1, number 2 etc.

I prefer having only one.
Me **13:42 –** good girl +20 points *[reward acceptance of harem and amog frame]*
Her **13:43 –** I know… you should feel lucky to have me! ^^
Me **13:47 –**
Her **13:47 –** how is it going in Castle RSG by the way?
Me **13:47 –** Brilliant
Her **13:47 –** I suppose you're having fun !
Me **13:47 –** My room is finished We have a machine gun
Her **13:48 –** cool!
Me **13:48 –** But I have to go now
Her **13:48 –** ok have a good day then
Me **13:48 –** goodbye
Her **13:48 –** thank you! xxx

Yosha tries to daygame my girl

krauserpua · 24 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's bootcamp weekend again and I'm back at the house resting. My phone buzzes as **Thai** texts:

Her – 20 mins ago *[about half five, Sunday afternoon]*, a guy who is probably ur student or ur competitor try to pick me at covent garden! So funny
Me – Brilliant! Was is a skillful pick-up? Was he cool? *[no jealousy, just professional interest]*
Her – I think he's ok, not bad but cool. He followed pick-up step and quite natural but u r better *[she sat through my day game model lecture during the Street Storm bootcamp]*



Thai asked for her picture to be taken down so here's a random Thai hottie...

Me – I'm one of the best in Europe *[actually I'm not even the best in my house]* Do you think he was a student or instructor? What did he look like (maybe I know him)
Her – I think he's instructor cos he looks more skillful than normal men. He has blond hair, it's as long as ur friend (who has blond hair and also exclusive gf) *[Of everyone in Chateau RSG, she considers Wisdom's unique identifier to be that he has only one girlfriend. Yes, we're all going to hell]*. Probably in the same age as u and has same height as u. he wears "the northface" coat.
Me – Google image "andy yosha". Is it him? He looks like xxxxxx *[mild amog, I won't repeat it here]*
Her – Maybe yes. Is he in the same company as yad? cos i met yad as well, just walked pass. *[I showed her the famous kiss close video of him a month ago]*
Me – Yes, same company. Met or saw Yad? Were they together?
Her – I saw yad. I recognise only yad at first. Yad come with another guy but i cannot recognise if he's the same guy who chased me. But the guy who wanna pick up came to talk to me alone.
Me – It's always 1-on-1. So, the obvious question: what is your rating of Yosha? Score out of 10. *[obvious question to me is not "did you give him your number?"]*
Her – The score that I'll give him for pick-up skill? I give 7.

Me – Pretty good My score?
Her – Ummmm Today I come with my friend but the day I met u I come alone. Btw, after I saw you talk to many girls at Starbuck, it should be 9 *[Referring to two incidents where I picked up girls right in front of her with coffee shop game, including a masterful set during the Street Storm weekend with a beautiful French girl. Didn't go for the numbers out of politeness to my girl]*
Me – Good girl. Do you feel honoured to be fucked by the top daygamer? Last question – did you think Yosha was cool enough that you would let him stick his cock in you? *[another mild amog]*
Her – Haha, If I don't feel like that, why I'm still with u now and I won't have sex with him for sure. He's not my type and also less cool than u
Me – Haha. +10 points for you. This is a great story – I'm gonna write about it on my blog.
Her – Haha ok. But what if he's not yosha? I'm afraid that u will be embarrassing.
Me – I don't care. It's a good story. He'll see it and laugh. *[presumably. He doesn't seem the type to fixate on any one girl]*


... and a gun-totting panda

For those of you who can't read between the lines, I'll spell it out for you:

- I respect Yosha's skills but this is my girl so I have to amog him to keep clear our respective values in her mind.
- She's the most unbiased judge possible. Not.

Street sex talk

krauserpua · 27 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I like heating a girl up during the initial approach. With verbal escalation it's surprising what you can get away with so long as you've captured her attention and projected alpha. This set from Krakow follows the normal KDM but I've snipped out lots of the fluff so I can concentrate on showing the sexualisation.

0:13 – Preframed tease
0:22 – Rooting the opener
0:38 – Drive-by qualification
0:41 – Physical compliment
0:58 – Reminding her this is a man talking to a woman
1:14 – Personalise the conversation
1:26 – I'm not a push over, so slightly challenging
2:06 – DHV photo routine and leader of men
2:40 – Drive-by DHV
2:54 – I'm aware that I'm about to do alot of talking to get my routine out and therefore could come across as qualifying. To minimise this I make my vocal tone extremely deadpan and relaxed, so as not to give off too much energy.
3:17 – Getting her buy-in before I sexualise the story, so it seems less pushy
3:30 – The entire purpose of this story is to raise her buying temperature and get her thinking about fucking. Verbal escalation early in the set (General sex talk)
6:06 – I met her nine minutes ago and she's telling me she fucked in an elevator. Dirty bitch.
6:24 – Not getting all "horny guy" with her when she talks about sex. My tongue isn't hanging out and my vocal tone doesn't change. This is the most natural conversation in the world.
7:10 – Transition off into normal chat and logistics
7:28 – Qualify her on the close and just ask direct for the number with no gambits or tricks.
7:38 – Engage her logical mind and talk over the number close.
7:45 – Finally I ask her name, twelve minutes into the meeting.
8:45 – Being retarded to amuse myself and show this is no big deal.

I should've walked her off on the instant date after getting her buying temp up but my pizza was getting cold so I risked a number and subsequent cool off. Never did fuck her.

I've got a great crop of new targets

krauserpua · 28 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Something Wisdom said to me last summer while I was only about 200 approaches into my daygame career was "You start to find your bad days have better results than your good days used to." Or like a market boom has higher highs and higher lows. Looking back my current crop of targets (girls I've number closed but not fucked) is the best it's ever been:

1. Brazilian girl. Solid 8 with a perfect aerobics-instructor body. Totally into me but proving difficult to close due to personal issues. She'll send texts saying she misses me but is hard to get on dates. On the dates she's all over me and loves the cat kino, but won't extract. Just bumped into her today while I was out with **Thai**. The look on her face was priceless.

2. Man-eater. Solid 9 with perfect body and crazy sexual appetite. Still in irregular text contact and she totally wants to fuck me but for some reason won't actually do it. Not quite sure what's going on. See earlier posts for where we're at sexually.

3. Russian dissident. Another solid 9. I picked her up as a demo set for my **Turk** girl just to show her I could. She turned out to be an awesome girl. Had one day 2 and another date scheduled for next week. Her last boyfriend was a millionaire who took her around the carribean in his yacht for six months.

4. Lithuanian 20yr old. A solid 9. See earlier posts on facebook. She's on the chat right now telling me she wants me to shave off my beard so it doesn't rub her face raw when she kisses me.

5. A few others, and this girl……..

I'm nearly finished bootcamp, standing outside M&S with Jambone while we wait for the wings to regroup with their respective students. A really cute girl, exactly my type, wanders past wearing a big beige woolly jumper that accentuates a fine rack. I step across and open, my state soaring. Very playful vibe.



Cracking tits

Me: Hi. Can I just say something? Your jumper makes me think of the Milkybar Kid.
Her: * *smile, stops, momentum killed already* * Really?
Me: Yeah. I used to be the Milkybar Kid you know. Not the TV one. We had a play are junior school and I was the kid. I was really cute as a boy you know. Not like now, where I look rugged and dangerous.

We vibe and I'm having lots of fun. She's half Chinese / half Mauritian but raised in Australia. So exotic-looking but native English and up for banter. I include Jambone a bit and he passively DHVs me by deferring to me in the conversation and mostly just listening. I can't remember too much of the words, more that it was lots of retarded and creative free-association with a sprinkling of SOIs. Things like:

Me: blah blah…. **suddenly stop and look at her intensely** Do you mind if I say something a bit rude?
Her: **eager anticipation, slightly nervous** ok
Me: fuck!
Everyone: **crease up laughing**

After about ten minutes, with Jambone and a student watching, I nearly blow it by suddenly stopping mid-sentence, looking at her tits and saying "by the way, you have a cracking pair!" She smiles and likes it for a second then realises two guys are watching and gets a flush of ASD, starting to walk off.

I realise the subcommunication was not what I intended ("I'm a man, you're a woman, I'm thinking of you sexually") but was actually "I'm tooling you in front of my friends to get a cheap laugh." So I drop the game and go 100% authentic. I walk her five yards down into privacy and:

Me: Ok, look. I really like you and I want to see you again. Let's meet again when we've got more time, have a coffee or something.
Her: That sounds good. Yes.

So I take her number. We've had a few near misses at getting a date organised but the text game is looking solid. We'll see. I really like this girl. Very much my type. I'm sure you were all waiting for some wham!bam! crazy shit in this set but the truth is most of my sets are just normal – fun, creative, but not full of rock star insanity. I just like the girl.

My new neg for high value girls

krauserpua · 29 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've got a second date on Tuesday with my favourite new target. She's a *smoking* hot 24 yr old leggy Russian – I'm talking Victoria's-Secret-model-quality hot. Above my usual standard. She reads Checkov, follow politics, and smokes. On the day two last week I pulled out a beautiful spontaneous comment.

Picture the scene……

She's sitting across from me in a quiet pub. I'm slouched in my chair projecting alpha while she leans over, thigh over thigh, qualifying like crazy. She won't stop talking. I have to decide do I (a) regain the conversational frame and steer it where I want to go or (b) control the subcommunication frame and just let her talk herself into deep investment. Students of the KDM already know I picked the latter option.

So I'm leaning back and parcelling out occasional grunts and nods while looking away distractedly and putting in occasional eye fucking. Suddenly I hold up a finger stopping her mid-sentence and look perplexed.

Me: Stop. Wait. **stare like I'm thinking deeply** I want to say something. I'm not sure about you.
Her: **stops. Taken aback and intrigued** Yes. What?
Me: Three things, I think…. first. I find you sexually attractive. I knew that straight away when I met you. I'd definitely like to fuck you.
Her: Woohoo! *[sarcastic, but clearly pleased at the compliment]* Well done me!! **raises her hand in the familiar gesture of pulling the horn on a train**
Me: Settle down. Two. You're interesting. Definitely interesting. I figured that out pretty quickly.
Her: **leaning in, fascinated**
Me: But….. Three. I'm not sure if I *like* you. As a person….. I mean. I'm not sure if you are (a) a nice sweet girl, with a slightly bitchy shell to protect yourself…. which is fine. Or…. (b) you actually are a bitch and the sweetness is just what you do to get what you want. It intrigues me.
Her: **speechless, crosses legs a few times**

I'm quite pleased with that. I think it'll only hit on girls who know they have high sexual value. In this case it was true, which is why it came out easily. I really don't know if I like her. The next date ought to clarify.

Vignettes from a harem: Man-eater

krauserpua · 30 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I hesistate to call her a harem member because I don't have enough hand. She's sucked my cock a few times in public places and is all over me when we meet but I haven't fucked her and can't order her around when she's not physically present. This is a girl who is massively into me but burns the candle at both ends with insane work hours at a top-end investment bank and also is constantly partying. I'm competing against literally dozens of high-earning sports-car-driving chodes who work with her. Hence my frame is to compete on my terms, not theirs. Here's a sample of the text and phone exchanges. It's a display of how I handle a typically tough situation: How do you maintain momentum and awareness with a girl where you have to keep re-initiating and yet don't want to succumb to a chasing frame. Tough proposition. This is my attempt…..

It's **27th September 2010** and it's a week since we met. That time as we were walking back to the station she let me know she"d promised herself she wasn't gonna kiss me or suck my cock tonight. My read is that she likes me and considers me different to all the chodes she meets, and thus needs comfort and rapport. But she's so resistant to let that rapport happen and we are stuck in attraction. Every time I try to build rapport she blocks it. I think it's a defense mechanism because she's intimated that she was really hurt coming out of a long relationship a year ago. I think her slutty behaviour is motivated by trying to regain self esteem through exercising her sexual power. Weird, fucked up, and sel destructive but that's how it looks. So as we are walking back I say this:

Me: You know, I've been trying to get a read on you for a long time. You're complicated but I think I've figured you out. You present yourself as a sexually aggressive man-eater. It's all blow job this and eat my pussy that. But I think that's just a character that you like playing. I think that really, underneath the act, you're just a sweet little girl. I see flashes of her. That's who I want to get to know. That's why I stick around.

She fucking loves it, and gives me a huge tits-first hug and then walks snuggled under my arm to the station. Then radio silence and on the 27th I send out a feeler text:

Me **1:12pm –** [North London place] or [East London place]. *[she splits her time sleeping at two flats]*
Her **2:50pm –** Neither, just woke up, sorry…. autumn has barely begun & I'm dying from an awful sore throat!!! Feel as rough as a badgers a*se!!
Me **2:58pm –** Charming image. Maybe it's cos you talk too much.
Her **3:01pm –** *sigh* empathy only Krauser style eh?? It's overwhelming!! Or maybe it's because I 'blow' too much?? Takes a toll on a gals throat, gag reflexes & all
Me **3:04pm –** Classy. Very classy. With all that blowjob practice, I'd have expected you to be good at it by now Presumably your fucking skills are equally overrated… Lucky you have a winning personality…
Her **3:15pm –** Lmao lmao lmao!!!!

Two days later

Her **9:28am –** Call me, I'm dying been bed ridden since Friday!!!
Me **9:57am –** Just woke up. Give me a little while so I can get rid of my girl.

We talk on the phone, mostly comfort, and she's all sweetness and light. As I mentioned, for all the rampant sexual aggression, I think she's a sweetie at heart. On the 2nd October I'm walking back from a date with a similar black girl

Me **5:42pm –** Just walking past a [her former company] building and thought of you. Is that sweet or creepy?

She calls me half an hour later and gushes over how she loved the text. We talk for a long time as she regals me with stories about how she's stayed in all day relaxing by watching internet porn and rubbing one out every few hours. She describes with open-eyed wonder all the fetish sites she found for dwarves, grannies and animals. Then we have two near miss dates cancelled (she cancels) and radio silence again. I go onto other things before 19th

October:

Me **10:24pm –** The girl I fucked tonight has bigger tits than you. Not better, but definitely bigger.
Her **1:18am –** Gosh yr senses r good!! I literally just got back from Madrid, Spain *[I changed city name]* just now!!! Bigger is definitely not a winner if it's not aesthetically pleasing x
Me **1:46am –** "Madrid, Spain" she says, like I never got an educashun.

So now (29th Oct) I haven't heard from her in over a week. She's always been tough to get out onto dates but always made a tremendous effort to please me when she is out. She recently started a new high-flying job and is thus even less available than before. Thinking about what Assanova had to say about sluts (which she is), I send out a tester:

Me **4:46pm –** Girlgirlgirl. I'm out with friends tonight for a birthday party at [Old Street bar]. Wanna come and give me the pleasure of your company? I might even buy you a drink.
Her **7:36pm –** Krauser krauser krauser, would love to! But you know my life isn't my own at the moment! Early mornings & late nights (v late!) finished at 9pm last night!! I just don't have the energy Had a handful of invites this weekend as it's haloween but I am just dedicating entire weekend to sleep!!! Have a good time be good, we shall meet up soon x For once I am too tired to rant on!! Or pick at you so enjoy while it lasts :O
Me **9:03pm –** Curl up like a cat, drink some warm milk, and get your beauty sleep
Her **9:03pm –** Ahh I will pussy cat! I'm dedicating this entire weekend to sleeeeeep!!

Verdict: I will fuck her eventually, unless I mess up by chasing too hard.

A sample of texts from the past two weeks

krauserpua · 31 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Turk: You are God like.you can get any girl or anything you want and i simply cant bear this. Offering me your friends was so ridiculous and hurtful cos u know it very well that i was melting in your arms, so dont knock my door again with your sick ideas

Thai
Me: And I just thought about fucking you now. In a toilet in Starbucks
Her: Haha, don't talk like this cos I won't stop myself from going to Starbucks to suck ur cock
Me: I won't stop you
Her: When u r free

Brazil: I can't survive without you!

Finland
Her: I hope nothing is change in your plans about my visit =)
Me: No change. We meet, we date, we fuck. It'll be a good week
Her: I coming to London not just to fuck with you, i really like you Krauser….

Frenchie: Oh no, that's terrible… You were right. I'm extremely attracted to impossible relationships with bad boys, especially if it's an english pick up artist who could never fall in love with anyone… and I find quite boring to date a nice australian guy who is still a virgin.. that's not fair. I miss you. Anyway, now I do understand why some people need to be taught how to become….. more like you. Sleep well

The international language of love

krauserpua · 4 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My most recent lay was a Japanese girl who barely spoke English. I learned alot about concentrating on eye contact and vocal tone to keep her attention, then just ploughing with simple sentences. At least the Jap could make simple sentences and I could fall back on my own Japanese language in a pinch. I found a girl today who was even worse. But damn she's hot, so I kept going.

The video gets better from about the third minute when Suave finds the zoom control on my new camera. There's no exciting conversation here, just look for how animated she gets and the great eye contact she gives me. Love is an international language…..

I bang my first 17 year old Dutch blonde

krauserpua · 5 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

This was fucking seedy.

I'm out with Suave shooting material and it's been a so-so day. I've had a couple of weeks of inactivity so it's taking time to recalibrate and find my vibe. The video camera has run out of battery and we are thinking of calling it a day. As we walk through the piazza at Covent Garden a girl opens me asking for directions. For some reason my spidersense tingles and I think she likes me so as she's asking for a good place to drink I walk her fifty metres to a nearby pub – she then invites me on the instant date, telling me she's too young to get served alcohol.

Ok. Pause. I've been opened and insta-dated. It's going a bit quick…..

I project my usual alpha body language, eye contact and vocal tone. On cue she starts IOIing me and then it's all a bit easy. I give a few physical compliments on her hair and eyelashes then we hold hands across the table. I kiss close her fifteen minutes in with the whole pub watching. Her eyes are spazzing out and she's hit sexual state but she's meeting the rest of her class in less than an hour for the theatre and says the teachers will take a roll call. She number closes me and we arrange a date the next day.

Next day I'm doing more material with Suave and Jambone. At the end of the session I meet Dutch and she's pushed for time again so I just take her to the pub and finger fuck her in a booth in front of some elderly tourists. She won't let me drag her to the toilets. I verbally escalate until she's super-horny then send her away with an explicit agreement I'll visit her host family's house tonight to fuck her in an alleyway. Doesn't quite work out that way. I arrive late, about half nine, and while her house is empty she's expecting her friends and host granny back anytime. I throw her against the wall and escalate but she's terrified of getting caught. She's also told me she has only had sex one time in her life, two months ago. She's horny but anxious.



Flatters her somewhat

We get interrupted and I just manage to pull up my strides and fasten my belt before the friends come in. The

granny starts talking and really takes a shine to me so I have to humour her for ten minutes before Dutch excuses herself to the garden for a smoke and invites me to join. I walk her to the end of the garden and get to work on her LMR. She sucks my cock for a while but is constantly stopping to check no-one is looking out the windows. I can see granny is in her favourite comfy chair watching Question Time. Finally I get her to bend over so I can fuck her. I stick it in, which startles her cos she's never taken it doggy style before, and I've barely gotten two strokes in when her friend opens the curtains on the 1st floor and looks out the window at us. Busted!

Dutch freaks out and that's the end of that. We chat a bit and for all her anxiety she's still really really happy. We go back inside and I have a coffee with Granny until it's time for my train. Back at the house we have an RSG vote to determine if two strokes still counts as a lay. We decide it counts.

I pick up a Russian model

krauserpua · 6 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

0:10 – It's a busy crossing and we're waiting for the lights when I see her. Hence plenty of time to get the camera turned on. I tell **Jambone** I'm gonna walk over and open her.
0:15 – I have to solve a technical problem… do I wait till she's across the road and thus appear creepy waiting for her, do I open halfway across and then have to rush a bounce to the pavement, or do I stride confidently across the traffic and open before she's gotten moving. Easy. Looks fucking awesome.
0:23 – Spontaneous opener straight out of the Krauser Daygame Model.
0:25 – I've got an audience. It's a DHV to open without a worry of who is watching. It shows that I believe what I'm doing is natural.
0:35 – I haven't killed momentum because it's still normal for her to cross the road now (and there's no way I can follow her without being creepy) so I have to keep her engaged with verbals long enough for the lights to change back to red.
0:40 – She's meeting a friend. I have to get this done quickly. Usually I'd begin flipping the script and pausing now but I'm concerned about her momentum….
0:43 – …so I ask another leading question, which has a nuance of challenging her, to try to kill it.
0:54 – Finally I get a chance to stack properly into something she can talk about and start vibing.
1:01 – Hair twirl IOI.
1:06 – Note the solid eye contact. That's the main DHV at this moment, not my jibber jabber.
1:18 – I should've let her talk more on the thread of getting into trouble. A minor mistake.
1:27 – She's about to say something and I cut over it. Another mistake. I'm not well calibrated today.
1:54 – Personalise it to her.
2:16 – Rapport and show I have some education. Body language is unreactive and my energy is lower now.
2:31 – I've interrupted her again. Stupid! Never break rapport in daygame.
2:41 – You're not listening to me are you? Just thinking about her tits.
2:53 – Basic comfort building questions while I try to get her to open up and invest. I've set a slightly weak vibe with all my interruptions. The frame is too much that she gives short answers while I skip across topics quickly. I should've slowed down earlier.

3:00 – Easy generic neg, especially for a girl who knows she's beautiful.
3:05 – Finally I do something right and lead her.
3:13 – This is how high value / high esteem girls IOI – simply giving you their undivided attention and listening intently. No dramatics.
3:22 – Note the dog that didn't bark. She's not looking over my shoulder, or at her watch, or shifting awkwardly. There are no signs that she's in a hurry to meet that friend or to eject from this conversation.
3:44 – I'm qualifying her. I haven't given her any physical IOIs yet so I'm running this more like classic mystery method of letting her show her likeable side so I can then show interest in her. You can bet most guys can't help but acknowledge her beauty right from the beginning.
4:10 – She's much more open now.
4:18 – Most guys would jump on the model thing. "ooooh I'm talking to a model!!!!" I finally give her an oblique physical IOI while remaining mostly unfazed.
4:37 – No chance of the instant date and limited in how long I can keep her so I just go for the number. It's a 50/50 chance.
4:41 – Qualify her on the close. Notice my frame is that I'm choosing and she's no big deal.
4:50 – Time will tell if this was smart or retarded. I've had very little time to build rapport and invest her, so taking a number might fizzle out when she knows so little about me. Adding her to Facebook is less pressure for her and

also lets me passively DHV and build rapport just from having her check out my profile. So I decline the text game and try Facebook.
5:02 – That's a locking in leg cross from her, not a pussy tingle. I know from her legs and vibe that I'm not *extracting* the contact details – she's happily giving them up (see the hair twirl IOI).
5:27 – Subcommunicating that I won't waste my time trawling through pages to find her, I have better stuff to do. Usually I transition to "give me you number and I'll text if I can't find you" but in this case it sounds like she's easy to find.
5:37 – I'm still projecting that I'm not fully convinced by her on the goodbye – no hug or handshake, but not rude either. I'm setting myself up as high value.

Verdict: She's a 9, my game was a 7, and she's just accepted the Facebook add. More posts to follow if I get her onto a date. *Update: I've kiss closed and am dating her. Took down the images*

Minimalist facebook game – HB Polish Wonky Fringe

krauserpua · 6 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Not all game is bells and whistles. Sometimes you're busy, she's busy and you just want to maintain a connection. Here's an example from half an hour ago. My goal was to keep the wordcount low. This is the girl I street kiss-closed in Poland last month. Now it's over to long game until she finally comes to London.



Before she cut her own hair

Me **18:14** – work or play?
Her **18:14** – party ;p
Me **18:14** – Facebook party? So exciting….. not
Her **18:17** – stop being so ironic
Me **18:18** – boo
Her **18:18** – you're jealous because you're staying at home tonight ;p
Me **18:19** – It's true. I'm staying home tonight. Croatia on Monday though
Her **18:19** – now I'm jealous ;p
Me **18:21** – what's the party?
Her **18:22** – first, at my friends' home then at club
Me **18:22** – Nice. Your hometown?
Her **18:24** – yep I'm late I' m always late they will kill me this time, my friends
Me **18:27** – you should probably stop talking to me and get ready ;);)
Her **18:28** – ;p probably i should but i can't ;p
Me **18:28** – haha
Her **18:31** – ok I'm ready for party finally
Me **18:31** – looking sexy?
Her **18:31** – very sexy !!
Me **18:32** – Cool. Take a photo and show me

Her **18:32 –** tomorrow I'm latee!!
Me **18:34 –** have fun. Talk later
Her **18:34 –** thanx, have a nice evening ;p

My second model in two days

krauserpua · 10 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Just a quick note on the **Estonian** model I picked up on a bootcamp on Saturday. It was right at the end of the daygame infield and we were hanging around outside M&S waiting for a student to come out of set so we could all finish. A very tall girl in a stylish black ensemble ambles past. I turn around and open:

Me: Hi, can I say something. I *love* that you are so tall!

Her: **stops, smiles, then shit tests me with silence and a stare**

Me: blah blah bullshit…..

She's on her way to meet people but I get about ten minutes with her as she gradually softens. She's high value / high esteem so she's not playing games, just listening and watching to see what I've got. I hold a steady non-reactive frame and gradually draw her out of the shell until she's IOIing me. About four times she lets slip **ahem** that she's a model and four times I completely fail to get excited about it and just talk about something else. The vibe is still in it's early stages so I go for facebook instead of a number as she's clearly in a hurry and has given me as long as she reasonably can. She accepts the add and shows up on chat tonight. I reopen:



Another high value girl

Me **21:33 –** oh no! It's her…….. *[playful]*

Her **21:33 –** im sure its her *[same vibe as before – interested, uncommited, waiting to see what I have]*

Me **21:34 –** The tall one…. *[remind her of the pickup, avoid framing her as "the model" or anything else she wanted to be framed as that might supplicate me]*

Her **21:34 –** well on that street she was… ? *[as before – watching and waiting]*

Me **21:35 –** There's a picture of you I really like. *[one of her photos has her wearing a Chewbacca mask at a party]* I think it was taken by Hans Solo *[setting up that I'm going to compliment her on one of her many modelling photos but instead pick the one photo of her having fun looking like a retard. Signalling that I like her because she's fun not simply because she's beautiful. Unexpected]*

*** nothing, she goes offline *** [I read this as a shit test. I've teased her and she's silent so do I backtrack spinelessly or go chasing raport?]

Me **21:52 –** You look like this….
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2CkDFVFdH8M&feature=player_embedded *[I do neither, I tease her even more]*

Her **22:13 –** haha nice one *[another long wait to see if I fold, I don't so she likes it]*

That's enough for the initial chat. She remains online for another half-hour but I'm juggling chats with another ten targets who are further along than her, and I think it's important not to chase **Estonia**. Having her know I know she's online yet I'm not chasing rapport is a powerful way of maintaining aloofness without being rude. I don't need this girl and I'm not convinved, but she's definitely on my radar – that's the frame. All I want is to bring her into my orbit as the girl who chats a little on Facebook. From there I can build out on the Long Game like French Fan and Artist.

Long distance soul collection – Painter

krauserpua · 10 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Facebook game is magical. Done properly it allows you to take a weak hook on an unavailable set and gradually work her till she's eating out of your palm. I met **Painter** for literally five minutes and a quicky facebook close. She refused the number and gave a boyfriend defense. That was September. Two months later using nothing but Facebook and she's like this…. [BTW, usually she opens me now]

Me – So you're alive! *[she had no internet or phone during her week in Germany, so we joked she'd been kidnapped]*

Her – unfortunately, yeah? ;D

Me – unfortunate….

Her – would you worry, if everythink hapen to me? ;D *[she wants to be important to me]* english mistakes.. hrrr.. i'm angry with myself

Me – haha, of course I worry! *[comfort]*

Her – ok then ;] how are you in Croatia?

Me – We are having a quiet night. It's been raining alot since we arrived

Her – hmm

Me – It's still fun How was Berlin?

Her – good, but first day was raining too next day was better i liked that city, people they all are polite and friendly

Me – nice

Her – did you saw Berlin? was you there?

Me – No. I've been to Dusseldorf I like Germany

Her – you visited a lot of places in the world it's cool i think, that you are busy today.. and i disturb you *[IOIing my high value lifestyle and concerned she's imposing onto my time. These are strong signs she looks up to me]*

Me – No, just got a few chats open, with my family and friends I always have time for you *[comfort, snowflaking]*

Her – honor for me *[likes it]*

Me – haha, you're nice *[reward, give her a reason why I like her despite her boring life]*

Her – and you aren't i'm joking so, how is your sporting room at home? Are you using it? ;]

Me – yeah, I've been fighting my friends great fun!

Her – i think should be fun

Me – yeah, I kicked Lee in the head really hard by accident nearly knocked him out but he laughed *[DHV on toughness]*

Her – everythink is ok, what finished ok, without aftermath (if you understand what i mean) ;]

Me – all is well that ends well

Her – ok, thanks exactly ;D i will start to go to sportclub

Me – Really? I like that You're gonna get a really nice ass *[sexualise]*

Her – maybe ;D i think, that i need more movement *[accepts it]*

Me – I kinda like your ass already Still waiting for a good photo *[keep going with it]*

Her – ok, wait ;D i don't like my ass, so you should wait till i beginn to like it ;D i'm serious *[accepting the end result that I'm gonna see her ass]*

Me – do you like your tits? *[in for a penny, in for a pound…]*

Her – you no need to know

Me – haha. Send me a photo, and I'll tell you if I like them

Her – you want really to much >/ *[that's an IOI]*

Me – hahaha. Not naked Just a nice bikini photo *[set a limit on how sexual this is getting before she sets it]*

Her – if other girls sends to you everythink, what you want, don't mean that i will do this before you have to shave your beard ;D *[she's totally accepting my preselection and her need to compete]*

Me – Oh, she's defiant!

Her – should i be defiant? ;D

Me – Yes. It will be more fun to break you

Her – ok, i made a mistake again, but nevermind. my question in my mind was not like i wrote. nevermind ;D so, have you some friends in croatia?

Me – yeah *[notice the word count is mostly her writing]*

Her – you have friend probably even in the Antarctica friends* ;D *[again she is letting me see how much she thinks I'm The Man]*

Me – yes, the penguins and polar bears

Her – that was i thought ;D ok, i'll tell you i like my tits ;D □ *[women like to be sexualised by alpha males]*

Me – both of them? *[being retarded cos it's important not to be overwhelmed when she sexualises, like a horny beta would]*

Her – hmm.. yes strange question

Me – Haha, I'm just being silly

Her – i see your haha sounds ironic

Me – No, I'm having fun How is your homework? *[her taking photos of herself for me]*

Her – whichone?

Me – Tell me both *[direct order]*

Her – nothink, i'm waiting for inspiration ;D or inducement ;D *[she wants to do it but needs pushing over the edge, for me to take responsibility away from her so she doesn't feel like a slut]*

Me – inducement? hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm Are you talking about the beard?

Her – hmm.. i don't think so.. our homeworks are not adequante your task is too easy i think >/

Me – interesting……

Her – what? first homework with laughing girl is ok, sometime i'll do it. because i like it

Me – cool

Her – but other *[her dressed in underwear doing housework in a sexy pose]* it's not the same that to shave beard ;D i

can shave my legs and send photo ;DDD ;DDD understand what i mean? ;D

Me – Yes. I think you should do the second one without your face in the photo

Her – i can fake it ;D anyway, it's not the same like your homework

Me – Are you re-negotiating the deal?

Her – we can try ;P but don't give a promise yet I don't* *[= it's gonna happen eventually]*

Me – ok

Her – so.. your homework..

Me – I don't give a promise yet… I need inducement…

Her – me too are your body muscular? you are boxer *[she's thinking about me physically, allowing herself to lust]*

Me – I look like this



Krauser, yesterday

Her – so your photos in fb is fake ;D when i saw you alive, you were slimmer, your weight growing up very fast ;D

Me – haha

Her – so answer is…? is it a secret? you can ask me about my tits and dont want to answer to simple question *[minor shit test]*

Me – wait ok, what is the question? *[playfully defiant but not actually evasive]*

Her – dont try to be silly ;D it's about your body

Me – ok, ask again…

Her – look above in chat is your body muscular?

Me – Quite muscular, but a little bit of fat from eating and drinking too much recently I used to look like this…



Krauser, last week

Her – this one is better ;D

Me – So you like muscles?

Her – not to much too* health and natural somethink like this wait

Me – waiting

Her – *[link to Markie Mark with his shirt off]*

Me – Markie Mark?

Her – a little bit too much muscles on stomach yes i don't say that your body should be like him ;D i think, that a lot of boys or mens with big muscles are with empty heads are not very interessting and they just proud of yoursels yourselfs* *[she's telling me what she hopes I am like and how she wants to like me]*

Me – Very true

Her – but i'm not saying that all

Me – My opinion is: I want my body to be useful, not just a display I don't want to LOOK tough. I want to BE tough *[reframe]*

Her – good opinion, i like that and it's somethink similary with girls and beauty

Me – how do you mean? *[get her to invest]*

Her – beauty isn't everythink if she don't understand enythink, haven't her opinion, she is only a doll *[from a beautiful girl this is not sour grapes]*

Me – Yeah. That's why I stopped dating models *[DHV]*

Her – are they stupid? i understand, that not all

Me – Not stupid, just different…. *[not slagging them, positioning myself as the man with knowledge of the world]*

Her – but you stopped dating

Me – When a girl is beautiful, life is easy for her. Men do everything for her So she doesn't NEED to develop interesting character Some of them do, most of them don't

Her – i think, that such a girls are polluting good name of womans i hate them they are marionette in the rich man hand (mostly)

Me – These girls match the guys. Girls = beauty and no brain. Guys = money and no charisma. They match. *[reframe away the competition]*

Her – in Lithuania it sounds: match like hatchet and handle i cant to translate exactly

Me – I understand

Her – ok

Me – BUT

Her – ?

Me – some of the models are actually nice people just not very interesting to have a conversation with *[don't project bitterness or hate, but give her a window of opportunity so she knows she can catch a guy like me]*

Her – i don't know models, and trust, that not all are without brains:] you know.. i like, that you are experienced you saw a lot of countrys, you know a lot of people, your job is interesting i think that you life is almost perfect *[could I ask for a bigger IOI?]*

Me – Thanks. You're sweet. *[reward, qualify]*

Her – and sometimes i fell like.. hmm.. very borring person, which haven't nothink to tell about yourself and life i'm too outspoken now *[she's worried she's not good enough for me so she's bashful. I absolutely love this – she instinctively knows how to make a guy like her]*

Me – You're still young It takes time to build an interesting life, and to have interesting stories *[setting myself as her teacher]*

Her – you say – you know sometimes i don't know enythik about my wishes.. i dont know, what i want to do.. and especialy the last month.. *[= she's seen a window of excitement and now she's thinking of ditching her boyfriend]*

Me – That's normal for your age *[comfort, normalise these thoughts]*

Her – i need to talk with somebody from other surrounding ok, nevermind, you don don't need to listen to me it's my problem *[she wants adventure. Remember she's young, not got money, and lives in a boring country with a normal boring boyfriend. Her horizons are opening and I'm the shiny exciting thing on the other side of the river]*

Me – That's ok. I'm sympathetic to you. What did you do today? *[snip the thread before she talks herself into shit state]*

Her – i had classwork, then i and my friend(girl) went out for lunch, then went to itycentre citycentre* i went through that bench ;F ;D where we met then, we bought icecream from macdonalds *[she's building a legend around our romantic meet]*

Me – Nice

Her – and went to cathedral and then home that was really nice day, especialy evening and you/ ?

Me – We've been looking around Zagreb went to a big fruit market

Her – did you like?

Me – Yeah, I love to see how other people live I'm starting to like Eastern Europe

Her – you never stay in the one place for long time everytime you do something new and interesting you and your

life is charming i don't know other people like you *[another strong IOI]*

Me – thanks *[reward]*

Her – :D# i'm saying too much ;D *[she's way out of her comfort zone but feels compelled to compliment me – the hindbrain is taking her on a ride]*

Me – Maybe, but it's nice *[normalise her saying these things]*

Her – i never do this ;D and i dont chating with unknown people (you was unknown in the begining) *[again she can't quite understand why her feelings are compelling her into this]*

Me – Yeah, but we know each other now, and we like each other *[give her a rationalisation]*

Her – a little bit and i have a question.. you know my "family status", but i don't so do you have a woman or no? i don't understand *[she's really letting the mask slip now and openly considering where she stands with me and whether she can fit into my life]*

Me – Girls like me, but there's no-one special *[preselect but dangle a carrot]*

Her – so answer is no ?

Me – Yes, it's no *[but not evasive]*

Her – i understand, that you have a lot of girls, whitch likes you and you like them am i right? *[accepts preselection]*

Me – yes

Her – ok what is the time in croatia now?

Me – Almost midnight

Her – here is almost 2 at night.. my eyes can close ;D how much time you have? *[the restraint is gone, she is happy for me to know she wants to spend time in my company]*

Me – I'll be awake some time longer

Her – ?

Me – I have some time

Her – so, if you say something interesting, i'll stay a little bit longer in here if you don't want i stay, say it *[strange wording, is she trying to make me chase?]*

Me – I bought a remote control car today. I tell you what…. Go to bed. Sleep well. We'll talk some other time. *[to be on the safe side I snip the thread and then order her about]*

Her – have a good night. bye

Me – bye

Croatia Update

krauserpua · 11 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've been in Croatia with Jambone the past two days. Our host was telling us the girls are different here – too conservative, too smart – so they don't respond to Game. So for the past 48 hours we've been ripping the piss out of him as we tear the town apart. We're still calibrating the place. Lithuania took me a week, Poland took four days. We're getting closer to the first F-close of the week. Highlights so far from two day's work:

- I number close a cute little brunette on my very first open
- Some pretty daring verbal escalation in a direct open of a stunningly beautiful shop girl that has her tripping out with IOIs before Jambone blows the set
- Instant date a tourist from some southern Croatian island
- Instant date an 18 yr old student who then brings two of her friends to join us
- Pull a girl back to my place last night *[LMR so I don't get the close even though she stays the night]* while Jambone collects the soul of her friend over five hours.
- Jambone number closes three models in one day, which I video. If he ever gets his shit together he might even blog about them and load the footage.
- Spend the first evening sat at Facebook running twelve different targets while Jambone does the same and our host watches his limiting beliefs vaporise.
- Open only four sets today, all perfect tens, and number close three of them *[all on video]*

Most of the sets have seemed solid while I was in them but it's proving difficult to get dates. Its a calibration thing. Every town is subtly different. But the **Iron Law of Game** still holds true – Girls tingle to the same things the whole world over. Here's two of the tens I number closed today. All the infield footage has to wait till I'm back in London with a better laptop. Here's hoping the hairy Euro-weirdos in my youth hostel don't succeed in stealing my netbook and all it's accumulated video.



"Is it rude to say you have a nice ass?"



"I love your style. It's very French"

Jambone has just texted to say he’s on the train back to the house of a skanky painted harlot of a journalist jezebel

he picked up last night using my pre-selection and opener. I hope he gets syphillis.

I bang my first six-foot drunken Croatian blonde

krauserpua · 17 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The trip to Croatia enters its fifth day and while I've collected a bunch of numbers, facebooks and instant dates I haven't actually put my *you-know-what* into a girl's *you-know-where* since I arrived. The streets are far busier on a Friday night and it's rammed with top quality girls. We find ourselves sitting in a bar / cafe with Jambone's prior night's f-close. Just chatting and the vibe is great. I mercilessly DLV Jambone for half an hour in front of his girl much to his and my merriment so we are laughing and joking. It's easy to open a pair of girls at the next table and bring them over. Both have stunning figures and reasonable faces, tits hanging out. That set is going great and my brunette target is IOIing and loving the vibe. They suggest we go to the next bar with them and then suddenly get a bit testy, wandering off. Jambone brings them back and we try again. This time as we reach a crossroads, Jambone's girl (we'll call her **HB Harlot**) impusively drags him the other way and both he and our host Spider follow.

What a fucking balls up. The girls see this and keep walking, turning their heads to give up the "follow us, little puppies" look and refusing to change direction to come with us. Jambone completely fails to spot the solution (drag his own girl after these two and then "convince" me to come along) and the set is dead. Can't bring them with us and our value would be really low if we followed. A totally unnecessary compliance test that can't be passed. Dead set. Thanks Jambone.



Tall

I grudgingly laugh it off – It's only the *second* time Jambone has stopped me banging a hot girl this week – and we get drunk at the next bar. I go back to DLVing him with Harlot and we all enjoy it. There's a group of three girls celebrating a birthday behind us and they are drawn to the energy until the tall blonde prod Jambone to open him. Relentless teasing ensues. **Blonde** calls me an asshole several times and punches me hard in the stomach – definitely an IOI. For about an hour we have Harlot buying me shots while I regal her with sex stories as flagrant verbal escalation and show her videos on my mobile phone of me fucking. Jambone is just laughing. Harlot gets horny and jumps him again which makes Blonde give him daggers. I turn to her and say "Aw! She's all jealous now she's lost" and her look is priceless. This is real full-on drunken douchebag game and she's eating it up and giving lots of

banter back. I'm starting to like her so I do a takeaway.

I leave her with Spider to practice on. He does a reasonable job for a guy with no particular Game but she's just esconded in her seat and playing the Validate Me game. I give it half an hour or so to see if he can turn it around but it doesn't go anywhere. So I catch her eye and resume business, immediately pulling her out her seat towards me to begin kino. She's giving it plenty of verbals ("you're such an asshole. I'll never let you fuck me" etc) while the hindbrain is clearly signalling "Woo hoo, it's on!". So I just lead her along the path towards F-Town and I'm quite surprised her friends are leaving her to it.

The key moment comes when she suddenly needs the toilet. I let her go and when she comes back she just jumps into my lap (I'm on a high stool) and leans in to kiss. I neg her and she bites my fucking ear. Really hurts, the bitch. Soon enough I take her back to my hostel and the LMR is perfunctory. I have to bang her in the common room because there's a girl on reception I'm gaming and the house rules don't allow guests in the rooms. I keep admonishing my girl to be quiet but I'm expecting us to get busted any moment. Very good lay. She goes out for a smoke, I do her again in ways she claims are new to her, then send her home. Key learning points:

- When it's on, pull the trigger. Better the pushy douchbag than the timid nice guy. Lead the girl outside.
- Douchbag game works best with takeaways and you having fun with your friends that often excludes her.
- Take your cues from her hind-brain. The stuff coming out of her mouth is just fluff
- When a girl is talking about sex and hitting you, she's into you. You just have to hold the frame against her tests.
- Sometimes, on very rare occasions, Jambone is a help rather than a hinderance.

Long Game

krauserpua · 18 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Normal pick-up doesn't have a Plan B. The idea is to open the girl, build attraction, and then close in rapid fashion whether it be the same night lay or a phone then day two. If the girl drops off during any transitional phase then there's no back up plan. Girl won't give you the number? *Move on*. Girls isn't attracted enough to kiss you? *Move on*. Girl has a boyfriend or is otherwise unavailable? *Move on*. Logistical issues such as she's on holiday and going home soon? *Move on.*

Game doesn't need to run on the same worn-out rails as every other cheesy unimaginative blazer-wearing PUA. Plan B is Long Game. I'm not claiming to have invented it but here's a brief comment on how I concieve it.

Long Game = When a girl or situation is unfavourable to closing in the usual fashion, put her into a patient holding pattern from which you gradually suck her into chasing you, and then close her when favourable conditions emerge.

Examples:

Muslim Virgin – I met her while she was on a three-day holiday in London with a chaperone. I gamed her slowly over facebook for two months until she had another holiday and had already decided to fuck.

Finland – I met her while I was on a one-week holiday in Lithuania and she was very resistant to escalation. I couldn't even kiss her. Two months of facebook and I fucked her next time i visited.

Facebook is crucial to long game. It's free, convenient, you can run multiple targets at once, and done correctly your profile can build attraction and comfort passively. Basic stages (assuming weak attraction / significant logistical issues):

1. Facebook close – low investment from her. Most girls like having more friends to build their own status and they know it's easy to unadd if they don't like you. So take the add. Then wait a few days.

2. Light reopen – it's best if you can catch her on chat. Open with assumed familiarity and no sexuality – "oh no! it's her….." and tease for a little while. Continue the vibe that the initial approach had – if she's a model and you studiously refused to validate her for it, then continue to refuse in the chats. The purpose is simply to become "the guy she responds to on chat". This can continue for a handful of chats over a few weeks.

3. Amp it up – start to build rapport and get her opening up to you. Become the interesting escape from her normal life. The safe guy at a distance that she can talk to. Don't go as far as being an emotional tampon – just let her talk and don't try to take it anywhere. Her imagination is going to do the heavy lifting inbetween chats as she projects positive characteristics onto you to fill the gaps in knowledge. Around this time she'll be trawling your facebook for favourite pictures of you and generally investing herself. Remain slightly aloof.

4. Give it a direction – Now you can run classic Mystery Method A3. Let her know she's won you over and she's actually a really interesting girl. Snowflake her a little. Let her know you'll be in her city sometime soon (or start future projecting her visiting yours). Run teasing romantic scenarios. Let her know this is a man talking to a woman. Calibrate carefully and be ready to back off and cool down if she bristles.

5. Commit her – Once she's responding well to sexualising start pushing for a physical meet. Once that's accepted set a strongly sexual frame before you meet. You want her to have decided to fuck you before you put your coat on and leave the house to meet her. All the LMR should've happened in the virtual world. The date itself should play out like an extremely time-compressed M3 model.

There's alot more to it than that. Check out my various facebook chats in the archives. Some basic principles:

- Keep the early chats short and don't keep pestering her with questions. If she doesn't answer something, just wait. If that's the end of the chat then let it die. Just strike up a new one a few days later.

- Don’t be afraid of waiting. You have no idea what she’s doing at the other end of her internet connection. You won’t always have her full attention.
- Try to end the chats on your terms, after a buying temperature spike.

Croatia #1 – Warming up in a new city

krauserpua · 19 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've arrived in Croatia and we've just dropped our bags off at Spyder's place. Time for coffee. Naturally I'm itching to cut loose on the local girls and get my first set out the way. A Krauser girl ambles past so I break my duck. This is how it goes. First thing you'll notice is it's not a particularly solid set. I don't fuck up anything, I just don't really get the vibe right or bounce of her into good stories. Workman-like. We'd figured it was going to take a couple of days to calibrate to the city so I didn't have much staked on her.

Nice girl. One in the books.

0:08 – Put her on the defensive immediately, qualifying to a native English speaker. If she's at all good at English she must value it and therefore aspire to be a natrual speaker. A mild way of framing me above her at something important to her.

0:31 – Physical IOI then skip right into positioning her as just one of many pretty girls.

0:39 – IOI specific to her behaviour (credit: Suave)

0:51 – Leaning in to hear her name wasn't particularly smart.

0:55 – Finally I transition into a mild tease. Should've done this earlier.

1:05 – I'm not really fucking up but a couple of times she's started to mutter something and I've talked over her.

1:10 – She's started walking off so just a mild push on her hand keeps her with me.

1:27 – Retarded shit she wouldn't expect. My energy is a bit low and the vibe isn't really fun. I should've started better a minute ago.

1:56 – She starts talking and I talk over her. Not good.

2:04 – I should've run with what she's saying instead of jumping straight to the close.

2:13 – A spontanteous close line. I'll use this again, it could be good especially on holiday.

2:40 – Compliance test. Order her around a bit.

The beta whine

krauserpua · 19 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

One of the principles I teach on my Book of Alpha course is that society immerses you in harmful beta programming that suppresses your natural alpha instincts and encourages the little beta boy to come out in his place. It's everywhere. The androgynous homo pretty boy movie leads (Robert Pattinson, Harry Potter, Ashton Klutcher, Zac Efron) or male singers (James Blunt, Justin Timberlake) or virtually every other placeholder in the cultural category of role model.

The age of John Wayne, Sean Connery, Jim Rockford and Conan the Barbarian has passed. We now have the age of girly men. It's everywhere. It's so omnipresent that like Neo in the matrix it's difficult to even grab hold of the problem. Yet you feel the wrongness in your soul. Your core rebels.

So I teach students to banish the inner beta and that means starving him of his cultural nutrition. Throw out those copies of GQ and Esquire. Give your Nick Hornby and Tony Parsons books to your worst enemy. Set fire to the Friends DVDs your ex bought you for Christmas. Cut that shit out of your life. Just as importantly, stop listening to whiny beta music.

Pretty much every modern pop / indie / emo song is an achingly long, gutteral beta whine. Cut and paste the lyrics of any such dirge into Google Translate ("English Beta to Standard English") and it'll spit out:

"mmaaawwwwww!!!! I'm so saaaaaaaaaad. I'm loneleeeeeee. Girls don't like meeeeeeeee"

Here's a case in point. I've been listening to **the Mr T Experience** for ten years. Always liked their quirky self-deprecation. But it now pains me to read the subcommunication in their lyrics. Ask yourself if you should be training your subconscious to become more like this.

Or like the Dwarves

I rest my case.

Defining higher beta

krauserpua · 21 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Higher betas get laid. They are never really in control of it, don't score outside of their class, and remain prime targets for divorce rape. But nonetheless, a good-looking smart financially stable interesting guy is still a good catch for most girls.

Girls learn, especially towards their late twenties, that they simply can't tie down an alpha. Girls with good impulse control don't even especially chase alphas – they'd rather have a higher beta who shows occasional flashes of alpha. That's essentially the perfect guy. So what does he look like? Roll tape……

What makes this beta?

The definition of a higher beta is a man who does all of the beta things, but does them well. So whereas a normal beta is a bit pudgy, the higher beta is gym-ripped. Normal beta earns $50k in a cubicle, higher beta earns $150k and flies business class. Normal beta buys his clothes on the high street, higher beta wears Ted Baker and Diesel.

What makes them beta is their heart. They still look externally to society to tell them what is cool. They want to follow the trends. They want to fit in. They want society to pat them on the head and say "good boy!" There is no ladder in which the top rung of the beta ladder puts you within arms reach of the alpha ladder. It's a class difference. A difference in type.

I'm not hating on them. I used to be a higher beta. Most of them will live reasonably happy lives, until the divorce industry chews them up. And the 50% taxes. And the cultural Marxists. Personally, I think the golden age for higher betas was 1980-2000. The world is changing. The civilisation they built, supported and benefited from is being torn down by the barbarians at the gates and the traitors within. We'll see.

Jimmy blows my set #4

krauserpua · 24 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

On intermediate bootcamp we teach about wing rules, particularly focused on night game. There are some basic principles such as:

- Whoever opens the set runs the set
- The player is always right. The wing never ever takes the women's side.
- The wing talks less than the player and always defers to the player.
- The player can order the wing around

There's lots more to it because winging well is a skills set all of its own. Daygame is a bit different because it's basically a solo sport. In this case winging is mostly about keeping each other out of your heads and generating pre-approach value. So here is a video showing wing work in action. Bad wing work.

0:08 – My pre-frame tease while abroad. Way better than the supplicating "can you speak English?"
0:19 – I begin the all-new Krauser Direct Shop Staff Opener ™. If you use this, I want royalties.
0:34 – I've come in hard and fast. She's IOIing already because my body language is confident, my vocal tone slow and even, and I'm eye-fucking the shit out of her. The words are almost incidental.
0:47 – Just normal stacking.
1:02 – Retarded shit as I move into vibing.
1:13 – Another stack because she had her nails painted in an interesting pattern.
1:25 – She's laughing and going into a funny "in the presence of an alpha" state. Her eyes spazz out, she's biting her lips, and laughing nervously.
1:40 – She's kinoing me.
2:04 – A new routine when abroad – "you look like my image of…."
2:13 – See the physical involuntary IOIs such as chewing on her mouth.
2:47 – Lot's of low vocal tone, slow pacing, eye-fucking.
3:38 – Blatant sexualisation, then a tension release. She takes it well, which is a green light. She's not giving me any "I'm only talking to you because I have to" signals.

Anyway, you get the idea. Jimmy comes in at the end when the set is 50/50 and she's about to give her facebook. She was ripe for a long gaming but no, Jimmy wants his scented candles and the set is blown.

Jimmy is blogging more seriously now so he's got a post up trying to explain himself. And guess which RSG member it is who teaches wing rules? Oh, the irony…..

Croatia #3 – Sexually charged with a banging hot girl

krauserpua · 25 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here's an example of sexually-charged non-verbal displays. Except for the relatively crass opener (which I soften in various ways so I can sexualise without being creepy) there's not much going on at the verbal level. But this girl was really responding to the eye-fucking and giving it back. She was clearly in sexual state, as can be seen with her crazy neckchain rubbing, and I just wish her eyes were caught on the camera. Very sparkly for about three minutes.

I really though the same day lay was on, until she said she's on her way to meet her boyfriend. I tried a street kiss close anyway just cos the vibe had been so charged but you see her shy away. Damn. What a hottie.

Where did all the pictures and videos go?

krauserpua · 26 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Some of you have noticed photos and video disappearing from my site. This is a temporary over-reaction while I think about my new privacy policy. There's three girls now who've discovered the blog after having my cock inside them, and thus discovering detailed posts (and video) of it in vivid colour. They've all been extremely reasonable about it but understandably concerned about their reputations.

When I started this blog it was private, and for a long time after going public my daily hits were somewhere between "zero" and "fuck all" (like Jambone's blog now). It was essentially harmless to post pictures and video – there was no way google would turn them up and I wasn't fucking any of the girls anyway.

Fast forward to now and I headline Google on all kinds of common searches. There is a realistic possibility of me getting girls into trouble. So I'm gonna have a think about it and figure out the best way to balance credibility and openess with some protection of privacy. Until then, make do with reduced media.

Anyone who has been reading this blog for a while should have no doubt I'm fucking a bevvy of hot girls. I probably don't need the evidence anymore.

Croatia #4 – Facebook game on an insta-date girl

krauserpua · 27 November 2010 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE: Video added

Here's some more facebook chat. This girl was a street pickup on my third day in Croatia who then went off to collect her two friends and returned for an instant date. It went ok but she's mostly unavailable for the boyfriend and we never had a day 2. So this is Long Game. The first chat was two days after the instant date, while I was still in Croatia:

Me – oh no! it's her!!!!!
Her – hahahaha… and what are you going to do now? xd
Me – I thought first I'll say some simple things to relax you *[I'm in a funny mood so I go into a weird meta-game]*
Her – oke..I'm listening..xd tell me…
Me – Then when you are relaxed, I'll make a couple of jokes
Her – haha..oke..
Me – Then I'll gradually include some sexual innuendo
Her – haha
Me – Then, when you are quite excited, I'll arrange our date
Her – hahah..I told you that I have a boyfriend.. *[this is where I decided it's gonna have to go to Long Game]*
Me – You're not gonna be my girlfriend. I'm only here one week *[but I try to go the Short route anyway]*
Her – I know that..hahah..but he's gonna be mad if he find out that I'm meeting somebody else…
Me – That's his problem. Anyway, by the time he finds his gun I'll be on the flight home *[frame him as jealous of me]*
Her – hahahahahaahhahahahaha…you're right..hahaha…
Me – What you doing now?
Her – I'm talking with my stupid friends..and I'm angry now on them..
Me – The ones I met?
Her – no… [girl 1] and [girl 2] are nice.. XD
Me – It was nice to get some sun today *[don't let her vent about her friends, snip the thread]*
Her – yes..It wasn't raining today for a change…I hate rain…
Me – I went to Hemmingway cafe by the town hall. Was nice
Her – woow…super….I'm glad for you..
Me – Is that sarcasm, woman?
Her – hahahahha..no…why?? xd
Me – it sounded like it
Her – i'm not sarcastic…don't worry…
Me – ok, +10 points for you
Her – hahahahahaha…I'm so happy now….aaaaah…
Me – THAT was sarcasm
Her – hahahahahhaha…yes…hahahahahah…:D:D
Me – So tell me a secret
Her – which secret? I don't have secrets…
Me – Sure you don't……
Her – so why did you ask me that? xd
Me – C'mon – a secret….
Her – tell me yours and I tell you mine..
Me – You promise?
Her – yes..I promise..

Me – ok, ask me ONE personal question
Her – hmmm…tell me what is the most important for you on the woman, how she looks or her character??
Me – That has a complicated answer *[make her wait]*
Her – hahaha..never mind..tell me…
Me – wait a moment …
Her – ok..haha
Me – ok… I'm a man, so obviously I am only interested in pretty women It's the first filter But because of my job, I meet lots of beautiful women So I have learned not to be too impressed with beauty The main thing I look for is confident femininity *[screening frame, pre-selection]*
Her – hmmm..that's interesting… In what way? because you only mentioned appearance…xd
Me – Femininity is a way of moving through the world. It's an attitude not appearance
Her – whatever you say…You're right..xd I must listen to you…haha
Me – My turn…
Her – ok..xd
Me – What is the most embarassing thing you ever did?
Her – hmmm…let me think.. I lied to my mother once that I was with my friends and actually I was with my boyfriend…I was watching her in the eyes and lied…but I didn't know that she already knew where I've have been all day…
Me – oooooh, I'll bet you were very timid around her for a few days after that *[showing social calibration]*
Her – I didn't speak with her for a mounth…she was so made at me…
Me – Was this a long time ago?
Her – a year ago…
Me – women! *[framing women – and thus her – as childish and thus me as more mature]*
Her – hahahaha….
Me – I'm watching kickboxing on TV. I love it
Her – hmm..I don't like such a dangerous sport…xd
Me – My favourite fighter is on next Anyway, let's do the coffee tomorrow. I might be in Budapest on Saturday
Her – hmm..I'm not sure….because I'm working tomorow….
Me – boo
Her – XD
Me – When you finish work?
Her – at 8 pm..
Me – It might be possible.
Her – hmm..I don't know..my parents are very strict..If I don't come home on time..hmm…that wont'be good..xd and I'm scared..hahah….at 8 pm is dark outside…xd
Me – yeah yeah yeah….. we'll meet for about 2 hours I need to sleep too!
Her – haha..I know…
Me – so are you gonna buy some phone credit?
Her – yes..some day…hahaha…XD
Me – hang on…. hey
Her – ey..xd
Me – had to help my friend…. *[mild DHV]*
Her – ok.. that's nice..xd
Me – I'm going to bed soon. Find a way to contact me and we'll sort something out
Her – ok.. xd goodnight
Me – sleep well
Her – you too

I leave it at that – though she's attracted she's basically telling me it's not enough to overcome her boyfriend. Fair

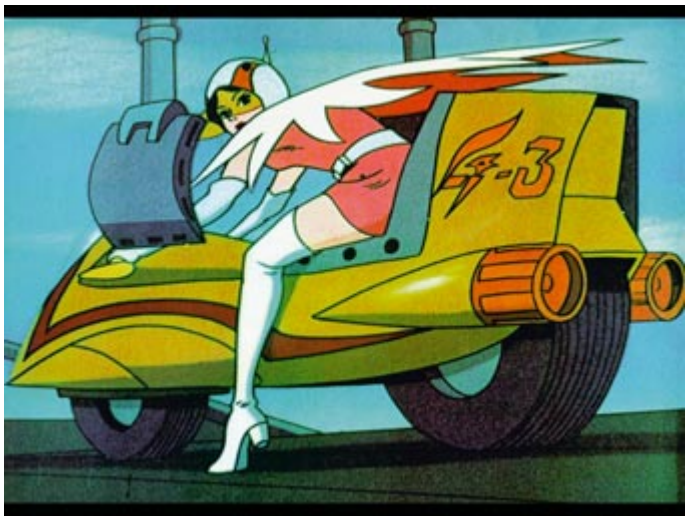
enough. Two weeks later I reopen her, when back in London. Again this is the full text, so these two conversations are 99% of our contact since the date (the remaining 1% is light text chat)

Me 23:11 – Have you been stealing motorbikes again? *[she'd just tagged herself in a photo straddling a superbike]*
Her 23:12 – hahahah…no…that's mine..xd
Me 23:12 – Really???? I don't believe you *[she responded in playful mood, so I run with that]*
Her 23:13 – hahah.it's true..
Me 23:13 – No. This is you on your bike *[tease to build attraction – always worth doing early in each chat]*



Badass

Her 23:14 – hahahahahahahahahaha oh no..you catch me…that's not nice..xd
Me 23:14 – My motorbike is awesome *[being a proud boy, playfully childish and confident]*
Her 23:15 – hahahaha..xd
Me 23:15 – But if I let you ride it, you have to wear the matching costume *[mild future projection, where I set the rules]*


a Krauser 10

Her 23:16 – hahahha..you are crazy.. *[IOI]*
Me 23:17 – If we had a race, would you cheat? *[set her up as naughty, which is consistent with the original approach and helps a little in unlocking the inner slut]*
Her 23:17 – no..I always respect the rules of a game..
Me 23:18 – Cool. What you doing now? *[enough attraction, move into comfort before it fizzles out]*
Her 23:19 – nothing…I watched tv but it was boring..so I'm now doing nothing..just sitting and relaxing.. *[telling*

me she has time to talk and is easily hooked through lack of better things to do]
Me 23:19 – on a friday night? *[make her qualify on popularity and excitement]*
Her 23:20 – yes..well it's freezing outside..XD it's snowing..xd *[bingo]*
Me 23:21 – haha. Okay, I believe you you're NOT the lonely girl with no friends Hasn't started snowing here yet
Her – 23:21 – hahahahaha..ok..it's better without snow…xd
Me 23:23 – What are you wearing? *[fuck it, I'm bored. Let's just throw in the sexualisation]*
Her 23:24 – :O why are you asking me that? xd *[shit test, but clearly not offended]*
Me 23:24 – you answer first, then I'll tell you *[dominance]*
Her 23:27 – well I'm wearing shirt,pullover,and trousers..and socks..hahaha
Me 23:27 – boo! not sexy at all *[release]*
Her 23:28 – hahahaha..it's cold..xd i'm sorry hahah
Me 23:28 – hmmmmmmmmmmm what colour are your panties? *[call it and raise it, based on how well she took the last question]*
Her 23:28 – omg..hahahaha… *[IOI]*
Me 23:28 – (if it's not a personal question [image]) *[joking about the pretended lack of calibration]*
Her 23:29 – well it's very personal..xd
Me 23:29 – tell me anyway *[dominant]*
Her 23:30 – hahahaha…imagine something..I wan't tell you ..:D *[nice answer, she's ok with me thinking of her sexually but is playing coy]*
Me 23:32 – big, white…. like my grandmother wears *[release the tension entirely, returning to a tease]*
Her 23:33 – nooooooooooo :S hahahaha *[it hits well]*
Me 23:33 – I just tried to find a funny picture I google image searched "furry underwear" and the results….. :O I'm shocked…. maybe I should turn "safe search" back on *[transition away from her into general stuff, to keep tension down for a while]*
Her 23:34 – hahahahahhaha..maybe you should..xd what did you find? *[I'd hoped to lure her into asking this]*
Me 23:35



Be careful what you google

Her 23:36 – hahahahahahahahhahahhahaha omg that's ugly..hahah
Me 23:37 – that was one of the least shocking photos
Her 23:38 – hahahahhaha i believe you.. hahah

I let it die with this. The only purpose of the second chat was to establish myself in her life as the guy she responds to on facebook. I was surprised how far she let me push the playful sexualisation.

Daygame in Croatia: A Krauser 10

krauserpua · 4 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a vid of a girl who ticks every box for me. I'm sitting in a cafe with Jambone and she glides past. We've been talking about what we like in women. I say "that there is my ten". "Open her then" he says. This is how it goes. She's on facebook for Long Game now and it's looking promising.

I'll add some commentary soon. Gotta rush out for a bootcamp now…. for now you guys can fill the comments with why she's not a real ten. C'mon, give me some solid IMS (internet male syndrome).

The most preposterous false rape claim I've heard yet

krauserpua · 6 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Ferdinand Bardamu over at In Mala Fide is trying to get the Manosphere behind **Julian Assange** as he battles not just the despicable femcunts who are trying to throw him in jail simply because he's a beta male, but also the shady machinations of government who would like to see Wikileaks destroyed.

I fully support FB in this. I fully support Julian Assange.

The short story is this: a man-hating revenge junkie feminist cunt and her friend, a slacky-fannied groupie slut both *willingly* jumped his bones when he was visiting Sweden for a lecture. Due to whatever deranged shit goes on inside feminist minds they got all menstrual about him moving on to better things and then decided to *take him down* (well, being women and feminists they obviously got white knight manginas to do the actual work. A legal case of "lets you and him fight"). By **fabricating** a ludicrous charge of rape. Make no mistake – this is feminism in its purest form. The long story is here:

Part one

Part two

Part three

These bitches are trying to send an innocent man to prison for years. They are trying to ruin his life. *Gleefully* trying. These cunts deserve to be fucking destroyed. Anna Ardin and Sofia Wilén should be nailed to a fucking cross (metaphorically speaking) and jailed for just as long as the average **actual** rapist gets and every mangina and every fembot involved in pushing this bullshit case forward should be disgraced and thrown into the street to get a real job.

I don't usually get bothered by feminists these days but every now and then I'm reminded of the pure evil they have wrought upon our world and their singled-minded destruction of everything that is great about Western civilisation. These two femcunts are at the extreme end of the spectrum.

Female readers – if you ever wonder why men won't give up seats for you on the train anymore, why they pump and dump you after an alcohol-fuelled tryst, or why so many beta males carry so much anger and misogyny inside them – here's your answer. It's because your mothers stood by and let the feminists create a culture that tolerates this. It's because you stand by and take the benefits even if you don't actively cause the damage. Make no mistake – f**eminism is your enemy too**. Feminism is the enemy of every young fertile woman who wants to meet a nice guy and marry him. Feminism is the enemy of every mother who is raising a son and wants him to live happily. Feminism is the enemy of every woman who wants to live in a civilised country with safe streets, modern transport, and modern conveniences.

If these ideas are new to you and you can't see the causal connection between feminism and our dying culture, read this. It's the best article available and it'll blow your mind.

Think about that next time some mousey haired, infertile over-the-hill angy fembot is teaching Womyn's Studies at your University. Think about the vile hate she is spewing from her taxpayer-funded seat of privelege (paid for by the beta males she denounces, of course). Think about this before you witter on about "patriarchy" in a bar when men are present. Cos if you witter on in front of me I'm going to kick you in the cunt.

Normal service will be resumed tomorrow, and I'll return to regalling you dear readers with my sexual hijinks.

Twisted Sister vs Good Charlotte

krauserpua · 8 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've been doing a few youtube comfort routines of late on girls I've had back at Chateau RSG. It's the intellectual / cultural mastery element required for Soul Collection (part four of my **Harem Game** seminar). A good one is to run the 1980s rock opera playlist while commenting on it's cultural significance. Oh, what's that you say? Works best on young non-Western girls who were neither born yet nor from a culture that plays them in discos. Swot up on wikipedia then show them the following videos:

- Meat Loaf – Bat out of Hell / Paradise By The Dashboard Lights / I'd Do Anything For Love
- Bonnie Tyler – Total Eclipse of the Heart / Holding Out For a Hero / Have You Ever Seen The Rain
- Heart – Alone
- Celine Dion – It's All Coming Back To Me
- Meat Loaf and Cher – Dead Ringer For Love

These are real bombastic epics with lyrics full of angst, love lost, adventure sought. Generally ending with the girl pining over the guy she lost or the dangerous alpha she never caught. Great for buying temperature spiking and framing the girl sitting on your couch or lying in your bed. Anyhoo, I spent part of this morning teaching **Thai** to sing the lyrics to The Firm's "Star Trekkin" when I happened to compare and contrast these two videos.

Anyone else think they are basically the same song (thematically)?

Middle class teenage angst? *Check*

Rebellion against authority figures? *Check*

Don't wanna grow up and take on the responsibilities of adulthood? *Check*

A vague sense that society is selling you a path to disatisfaction? *Check*

A calling to arms? *Check*

Twisted Sister do it the best. I've been singing it all day around the house. And yeah, if you are passionate about this stuff the girl really does like it. BTW, I racked up another SNL on Friday – I'll post about it soon.

Daygame in Croatia – Another high value / high esteem girl

krauserpua · 9 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here's another from Croatia. I'll try and get round to giving a commentary but I'm a bit backed up with material right now. This girl is fucking beautiful. Decent set but gonna take alot of work to move it forwards.

I guess this set is most noticeable for how I plough and kill momentum because it was tough to do so. I also do more challenging comments than usual.

Calling in more expert help: He-man meets Skeletor Part One

krauserpua · 12 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've been plateauing of late and it's mostly expressed itself through a lack of motivation for approaching and dating. I've been hitting on girls mostly because I felt compelled to because I'm the guy who hits on girls, not cos I really enjoyed it. After ruminating on this during a few hot baths I decided it's my inner game issues that need the most work. I've been pulling away from what I'd call the "learning stage" of pickup where you force yourself out into the field (taking "right action") to normalise the act and to bank all of the experience. The stage where you devour ebooks and dvd sets then mechanically apply the lessons in your next sets. This stage, which took me over a year, is absolutely necessary but is robotic and fake. For a few months now I've felt like I can drop lots of that stuff and just rely upon my internalised game. The last couple of lays I've got came when I just had fun and unselfconsciously did what came natural (after over a year of drilling a new version of natural into me).

So, like when I went to Yad earlier in the year, I felt like I was in a transitional phase and needed something new to kick me forwards. The questions now became what do I want and who do I go to. There's only two people I've ever paid cold hard cash to for pick-up instruction: first was the Rock Solid Game bootcamps in 2009, then Yad. This is an industry full of clowns and charlatans. Now that I'm fairly good, the pool of worthy instructors is even smaller.

Enter Skeletor.



Advanced game

I had Masters of the Universe action figures when I was a kid. I collected the dark side: BeastMan, MerMan, TrapJaw etc. I thought HeMan and ManAtArms were homo. One of my most treasured childhood memories is when my dad built a homemade Castle Grayskull out of cardboard boxes and did such a good job of it I genuinely preferred it to the official plastic version.

So this guy calls himself Skeletor and that seems like a reasonable basis to give him my money.

Hang on… Actually, I'd long heard about him and back in summer 2009 when I spent a lot of time on the LSS trying to get "into" the community he was/is the old sage of the forum. The Gandalf / Chomsky / DeepThought if you will. I'd read lots of his posts and then during a LSS free seminar in late 2009 I saw him speak. The material was similar to what Johnny Wisdom had been teaching me but I was impressed mainly with his command of the topic and manner of delivery (I was subsequently to learn he's a hugely arrogant narcissist – a compliment in my world – and that's where the self-assurance came from). So, he happens to advertise he's doing inner game 1-on-1s again at *precisely* the time I'm looking to take them. Easy.

Or not. He's not cheap and I'm essentially unemployed. Also, while the community is absolutely awash with instructors competing for student's cash (and thus its a buyers market) the fact is I'd headhunted him as an instructor. Like Yad before him, at this point in my life I wanted his instruction and *only* his instruction. A self-imposed seller's market…..

So I mail him to say a little about myself and what I want. At this point I'm not yet sold on him, but sense he's the right guy for it. I believe the teacher-student relationship is more than just cash and the nature of the topic will involve me revealing a hell of a lot about myself, stuff even my parents don't know. I know there's not many students like me about, so that ought to help pique his interest. He replies and sets up a 1 hour free consultation in a cafe. Ahead of time I do some serious introspection to verbalise exactly what it is I want and come up with four specific goals:

1. Believe 10s are lucky to meet me. No value taking.
2. Reduce envy of other people's success.
3. Balance the drive to open vs the reactive need.
4. Project solidity and certainty.

I'll break these down further. Right now I can walk up to a 7 or 8 and absolutely feel deep in my core that she is lucky I chose her and she'll never meet a guy of my quality again. This means my manner is extremely relaxed and confident. I know I'm giving the value and she senses this. These sets go very well and I can just talk the way I want to. I SNL'd a hot 22 yr old two days ago precisely in this way *(blogpost coming soon)*. However, when I see a girl who is at the pinnacle of female beauty I don't have the same self-assurance. Look at my last infield with the Croatian at the train-station. She's a ten (if you had a close up view of her face you'd not dispute it) and very confident. Although the set is ok you can just see little traces of doubt in my manner. Very subtle but enough for a girl to read.

Though I'm having way more success than I ever thought possible when getting into game, I've noticed I still don't react to other people's success stories the way I should. Whether it's getting my knickers in a twist over Jambone's success in Lithuania, or like two weeks ago when the RSG guys went to do a bootcamp in Dublin. They had a great time and Burto fucked some girl in the alleyway behind the pub he'd met her in an hour earlier, Jambone got a few solid numbers from beautiful women, and the students did great. So the boys come piling back into Chateau RSG on a massive high that Sunday evening with their stories of sexual adventure. Intellectually I was genuinely pleased for them. Emotionally, I envied it. Despite the reason for my absence from the bootcamp being that I was in London making a Russian catwalk model fall in love with me (posts to follow, perhaps). Clearly this needs to change.

I've already mentioned I tend to approach because it's in my identity to be the guy who approaches. When I see a hot woman walk past me I feel guilty if I don't open her. Scarcity mentality. What I aspire to is to simply live my life and if I want to meet a new woman and see one, then I open. If those conditions aren't in place, I simply think about other things – like actually living my normal life. I've got a high level skillset now so I don't need to be trawling Covent Garden every weekend. I've got 35 girls in my orbit so I really don't need new targets.

Lastly, I want to improve the masculine vibe I give out. When people talk to Tony T they feel like they're talking to a statue on Mount Olympus such is the solidity and certainty in his subcommunication. I'm getting there but I want to be closer to it. I don't think I need to study the body language and non-verbal micro communication. I think I need to organise my frame internally and then all that stuff will take care of itself.



Future projection

So this is the challenge I set to Skeletor. **Part Two to follow**

I bang my first tall 22 yr old half-cast office girl

krauserpua · 12 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out on Friday night with some old uni friends. They are all coupled up so there's no sarging going on, just beer and chat. I'm in the mood to get smashed and I'm a few pints to the good when we find ourselves in the Counting House near Bank (that's in the finance district of the City of London). It's an old style English pub with bright lights, brass fittings, and full of finance chodes. Not a venue worth sarging in the unlikely event you can even find a woman in it.

Things take a turn towards the interesting because out of the five of us, two are former players who used to do pretty good club game years back before they got coupled up and regressed into chodiness. There's another guy I'm meeting for the first time who is starting to show interest in game. So naturally conversation turns towards girls. I'm a bit drunk but I think what happens next is this…



Post-booty call, two weeks later

Finally a stand-out girl walks into the bar, with a fat cockblock and two orbiter chodes in tow. She's about 5'10", long legged, long straight black hair and very strong features. One of our gang points her out with "is that a tranny?" I look over and think she's actually pretty hot, if a little high-T. I decide its time for a demo set. Fortunately her group stands nearby so I edge round till I've got my back to them then open over the shoulder with a classic opinion opener on the cockblock. Can't remember what it was, but I'm basically running a douchebag Mystery method.

Obviously the target, **HB High-T**, wants in on the fun. She's aggressive, confident and brash. So I neg her, turn my back and ignore her. It's playful so eventually I let her into the conversation and soon I'm leading the whole group. The two orbiters are soon dick-tucking and letting me tool them though I don't do it overtly because I don't like aggressive amogging. Just enough to lead the group. Before long High-T is trying to isolate me by offering to buy a drink. I refuse and insist on paying for my own (this isn't a tactic – I don't like strangers buying me drinks). She tries to lead me to Abacus with her group and I refuse, saying I'll take her to my favourite bar but only her. I join her outside for a smoke and show her pictures of my new girlfriend. She agrees to the bounce then wanders off to shit test me by flirting with some chodes then dragging my friend outside and coming on to him. So I go back to my

friends and forget about it for 20 minutes till she comes back. We drink up and move on.

It's physical in the taxi and I kiss her, then we start to connect in the next bar. A bottle of champagne gets me drunk and she starts crying on me over something or other. I tell her I'm a pickup coach and have a harem. She doesn't seem to mind. After a few hours we taxi back to her place and she gives me LMR. I persist a little while then roll over and go to sleep.

Next morning I wake up with a sore head and dry throat. She claims she doesn't have any juice or coffee. We chat for another couple of hours as we lie in bed and then she starts getting horny and can't keep her hands off me. I hold steady and let her come to me. Finally she's grabbing my cock so I say "I want to fuck you now." She says ok. So I do.

The moment I put my cock in I realise I'm feeling extremely hung over and just can't be bothered with a good session. So I say "I'm tired and it's Saturday morning so this is gonna be a slow fuck." She wants it hard so I make a half-arsed effort then roll off after about five minutes. She gives me a look that seems to say "that was ok, but I want more" soI tell her "You should've got me some juice".

We swap numbers and I leave for breakfast at a nearby greasy spoon cafe. I get a strawberry milkshake, white coffee, then beans on toast with a fried egg and two hashbrowns. Lovely.

No photos or videos. I'd put her at a 7.

I bang my first drunken Aussie

krauserpua · 14 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's bootcamp night on Friday and I'm not working (I never wing nightgame). Nonetheless there's seven students and seven instructors so I think it'll be fun to go out and get drunk while I watch as an interested observer. We hit Camden Town and it's pretty busy. Before long I can't help but start opening, passing on a couple of sets to students. I drink a bit more, get into the fun spirit, and decide I want to do a set or two for real.

Next to me are two Australian girls, mid-twenties and about 6s in looks. Not the sort of girls I'd chase down in daygame but they look like they might be fun so I tease the obstacle about her jacket (It's red and looks a bit like a quilted winter jacket a granny would wear – a bit beatnik) then ease into the set. I'm doing fairly strong douchebag game like I always do when drunk and not much bothered if I lose the set. It hits well. A student comes in to wing and it's just the usual push-pull for a while. The girls clearly sense my outcome independence cos I really don't care where it goes, I'm just on autopilot.

I roll off into a takeaway and a student gets the wrong end of the stick (he thinks I need the set held in my absence) and jumps in. I think he's trying to steal the set and because they've just had a lecture on wing rules I tell Burto I'm gonna give him a live lesson. I walk over, say excuse me, and pull my target away. She comes with me. Burto then goes in to explain what I did and why. [I wouldn't have done this if I was officially winging the bootcamp]

I know the SNL is on so now I just have to build a little comfort and make my intentions clear. The set is already heavily sexualised because I've had her twirling for me so I can check out her arse, grabbing her tits etc. As the pub kicks out around midnight I sit on a bar stool, pull her in and while looking in her eyes say "I'll tell you what I want. I want to fuck you. Tonight." She nods and says she has to tell her friend.

I enjoy the feeling of sitting against the bar, finishing my drink, watching my girl at a distance tell her friend she's coming home with me. Then she comes back and we get a taxi back with Lee and his oneitis. There's no LMR. For reasons unbeknownst to me I decide I should fuck her in the ass and cum on her face, so I do.

Afterwards I am strangely compelled to give her full disclosure about my blog, my company, the bootcamp, and so on. She actually says "I thought so! My friend said you were teaching those guys pick up". It's actually fairly obvious when a big bootcamp is on. She's keen to see some infields and laughs when she sees me doing some of the same things as I did to her. I then give her the Book of Alpha warning talk about the perils of bad boy chasing. The next day I push her out the door. She's a nice enough girl but we both understood this was a one-nighter.

Croatia – Another banging hot tall girl

krauserpua · 14 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Here's the last of my videos from Croatia where the girl was exactly what I look for. Got another few vids of shorter fatter girls I might post later. There's not much to say that's not in the video. She was the fourth leggy girl I opened that afternoon.

0:09 – I had an opener ready but when she nearly choked on her food in surprise, I just ran with that.
0:17 – My usual preframe tease was unnecessary when I heard her accent. Natural game should be flexible, going with what the girl gives you rather than sticking to a script.
0:22 – Jambone wandering around aimlessly rather than videoing from a distance. Again.
0:26 – The first of many playfully challenging statements because she seems amenable to banter and it shows value.
0:57 – Vibing, starting to move the conversation onto her.
1:31 – Finally I need to root the conversation. I've already shown value for over a minute so its easy to go direct.
1:36 – I don't think you'll care about getting to that class darlin'
2:11 – Retarded shit in vibing, I'm self amusing.
2:25 – I like to tell girls off for being naughty.
2:42 – Playful qualifying on her cultural engagement.
2:48 – Shit test on my age. This is a confident girl who isn't scared to throw things back at me.
3:03 – Pretty face I say.
3:23 – Hands on hips to show mock outrage. A nice IOI. These are signs that the vibing has reached its goal and I can mix in some investment from her.
3:36 – This is screening from me. I like girls who are smart but don't get all hoighty-toighty about it. The fact she plays down her education is a sign of high esteem.
3:50 – But just incase she doesn't pick up on the subtlety, I drop in my education too. I want her to think I'm a smart guy playing the retard, not an actual retard.
4:22 – A variant of the Mystery "beauty is common" principle.
4:54 – Playful qualification and teasing draws another hands-on-hip IOI. She's emotionally investing.
5:15 – Snip thread and compliment. Push-pull.
5:30 – She gives me an easy in to a DHV.
5:51 – She's asking about me and forgetting about her lecture. Good stuff.
6:23 – Another challenge.
6:48 – Treating her like a racehorse or showdog.
6:55 – Lead the thread away from generalities and back to her childhood.
7:29 – Projecting the frame that I'm interested but I don't care if she doesn't like me.
7:56 – Comfort and rapport. It's good to tell the girl something about yourself that she can connect with.
9:08 – I'm probably talking a bit too much now but I'm enjoying the conversation.

Calling in more expert help: He-man meets Skeletor – part two

krauserpua · 21 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

So why did my marriage fail?

That's a long involved question. There's the version my wife gave me and then there's what I really think. Without going into huge detail, the woman's version is that I was too mean, didn't show enough interest in her, became dull, and that she fell out of love. My version is I betatised and lost most of the qualities that had attracted her in the first place. I focused too hard on being the GQ / Esquire / Hollywood version of a perfect husband and that led me to become boring, home-centred, and to care too much about making the marriage work. I also found her increasingly unattractive as she aged and became masculine through starting a new job and Westernising. There's alot more to it than this, but they are key trends.

The first six months of 2010 were weird for my game. I was getting lots of dates, lots of attraction, and lots of almost f-closes. Then suddenly in June everything fell into place. Most of that was down to getting my alpha shit together, but there have been lots of outliers that couldn't be explained by lacking alphaness. I've had about a dozen girls crazily attracted this past year, to the point where they'd say things like "before I come out to meet you my heart is beating fast and I'm short of breath" and they'd be super horny. And yet I failed to f-close them and they drifted away, much to my bemusement.

So what gives?



Masculine polarity

At the end of my free one-hour consultation session with Skeletor, as he was packing his notebook away he teased "I think I know what the problem is." Guess I better sign up for those paid sessions then,…… thing is, he actually delivered.

A week later we had a three-hour sit down in a casino cafe. Mostly he was pumping me with questions. Delving deep into my attitudes on men and women, on my attitudes to sexuality, the relationship my parents have, whether I was popular at school etc. Then after a ciggie break he reflected everything back to me and took me through the

theoretical basis.

Now it's common for overly-enthusiastic reviewers to talk about sessions being "mindblowing" or "shattering my reality". A teacher can give you a whole new orientation towards the world and open up a panorama of new possibilities.

This one didn't.

The most helpful takeaway from the whole session was that we actually agreed about 90% on how the sexual marketplace works. It was freakishly similar. We have different models and different priorities but we essentially agreed about what Game is and how to get it. What this told me is I'm on the right track. All that theoretical knowledge I've worked on in the past 18 months, all the worldly wisdom I've picked up in the past 35 years – nothing Skeletor said invalidated that.

So the session wasn't too useful, you ask? Fuck no, keep reading. The mindblowing bit was far more subtle. I'd gone into the sessions deciding all my barriers would be down, all the shields turned off, and the phasers set to stun. People who know me know I am an exceptionally open person but also strangely guarded without realising it. I knew Skeletor was going to need a direct unfiltered look into my character to do his work properly. There's no point trying to hold stuff back or reframing stuff to impress him (and lets be honest, I wanted him to respect me so the temptation to qualify was there).

I was handing him full disclosure in a way no-one but my brother has ever seen before.and hoping he could work some magic. What he did was take pretty much my whole personal history and current sticking points and explain everything as stemming from two character traits, then explained the detail, then explained how to fix it.

That's mindblowing. Not **boom!smash!bang!** mindblowing. It was just incredibly perceptive and reductionist. The two traits are:

1. I lack soft dominance
2. I look to the world for external validation of my self image as a high value man *[I'll go into this in the next post – it was mostly from the second paid session]*

Soft Dominance
A woman looks to a man to lead her safely through the dangers of a hostile world. He has the ability to impress his will upon the world (rather than the reverse) and build an impregnable fortress within which the woman is safe. This is hard dominance. The woman feels safe and protected both physcially but also in her social status, which becomes attached to the man's. I do this very well. Bad boys do this too, but they also have fleeting attractiveness that eventually turns the girls away. Why is this?

Girls also crave a garden paradise within the walls of the fortress. A warm beautiful space to express their true character without risk of judgement and to let all their love flow. They need to feel cherished, to feel needed, and to feel romantic connection with their protector. Otherwise the fortress is a prison and the girl feels trapped in her relationship. The analogy we came up with in the session is of a motorcycle helmet; The shell is the hard dominance, the padding is the soft dominance. What happens if one is missing? If the man is a beta pansy the force of a crash impacts upon the padding and kills the woman. If he's a bad boy there's just a shell and while the road doesn't kill the woman, the *shell* does.



My heart, artist's impression

As we talked about my attitudes it became clear not just that I lacked soft dominance but also why:

- My father is a spineless beta and now a kitchen bitch. My mother is a confrontational aggressive, barely empathetic shrew. Thus the male-female roles were reversed through much of my upbringing. Don't get me wrong – my parents have had a successful 40-year marriage, are still in love, and I'm close to them both. But I rebelled against the role reversal and vowed I'd never become a **wuss** like my father, and never allow a woman to treat me like my mother did my father.
- Growing up as an intellectually exceptional student but athletically unimpressive, I always tended towards bookish hobbies and developed a sense of physical lacking. In my late teenage I went on an over-compensatory quest to become physically competent that led me into boxing, BJJ, and muay thai. This is now an extremely strong part of my identity. I'm not a **wuss**.
- I credited (rightly) much of the success of my relationship with my wife as due to being strongly masculine, aloof and badass. I blamed (rightly) much of the relationship's collapse to us losing this male-female polarity. Thus I became determined not to be a **wuss**.

Notice the W-word coming up a lot? I believe many of the softer characteristics of a man's dealings with women are wussy, and I'm not a wuss. You see the issue? This explains why I missed all those f-closes earlier this year, and why my wife's complaints during the marriage weren't simply the rationalisation hamster but actually stemmed from real unmet needs.

Skeletor went on to outline his models and how to work on the soft dominance. I promised him I wouldn't steal his proprietary material so I won't go into detail here. The basic principles however are:

- During the hypnotic scanning phase (usually on a date, in deep rapport) the man is scanning for genetic fit while the woman is scanning for identity. Thus it's crucial to have the inner game fixed and to drop the mask. This is why routine-based and dishonest game ultimately fails with high esteem women, and why earlier this year I was getting day 2s that went nowhere. I was able to show an attractive mask for the ten minutes of the street pickup but on the Day 2 when we had to actually get to know each other I would either keep the mask on, or let the girl see into an inner game that still had broken pieces jangling around from the divorce. Either way, the girl didn't connect.
- Good game is creating a strong identity in alignment with your masculine core, then removing all the barriers

that prevent that showing through in your interactions.

- Men and women can each be characterised according to confidence / competence (men) and beauty / esteem (women). This create a dual hierarchy of 4 types each. Durable relationships occur when the man and woman are from matching types.

It's surprising how much you can get through in three hours. So far Skeletor is living up to his rep.

The Russian Infiltrator

krauserpua · 23 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

For the first time since my divorce I'm in a normal relationship.

Perhaps I should define "normal". I've still got my harem which consists of **Thai** and **Jap** in London, plus **High-T** as a fuckbuddy, and **Brazil**, **Greek**, **Dissident**, and **ManEater** as active but as yet unclosed targets while **Estonian Model** and **Spaniard** are long game possibles. I'm on Eurostar as I type to spend a week servicing **Frenchie** in Paris. **Muslim** is talking about visiting London again, as is **Wonky Fringe**. The **Croatian Virgin** opens me on Facebook every day and **Croatian 10** is in long-game irregular rapport chat. I'll be in Lithuania for a week in January when I'll meet **Painter, Borat, Salsa, Low Esteem** and possibly also **High Esteem, Squirrel** and **Newscaster**. I expect to fuck at least two of them. Also **Finland** will be coming round for a bit of action too. There's another ten girls which are in a looser orbit and may or may not go somewhere.

Despite this I've finally met a girl who inspires me to have a normal relationship in which we date, connect, and do all the normal boyfriend-girlfriend things. She's the **Russian catwalk model** I picked up in Piccadilly a month ago. A solid ten if ever there was one. Here at Chateau RSG we are all using the beauty / esteem typology and this one is high beauty / high esteem. We are also complimentary opposites in polarity and good complimentary DNA matches. So the theoretical boxes are ticked and we both really enjoy spending time together. There's a spark there that is extremely rare and I haven't felt for years.



daydreaming

After the pickup I did some light messaging on Facebook while I was in Croatia, trying to draw her in. Then we had a first date beginning with a pint, then an English tea shop, then my members bar. It went astonishingly well, stretching into six hours, and finishing with a light kiss close. I almost couldn't believe it because this girl seems too good to be true. I was having some real "I'm not worthy" moments and fortunately had enough game to hold the frame through them. This date was immediately after my first consultation with Skeletor and I told him "I've got a first date with a perfect ten. I'll find a way to fuck it up" yet I managed to not fuck up – quite the opposite cos I smashed the ball out the park.

Second date went even better, beginning with coffee in Covent Garden and then a sunday roast in a pub and on to Bradley's Spanish Bar where we ended up in a serious makeout. Another six hour date that went perfectly. I was starting to realise this girl adores me and feels lucky to have met me. A ten. Wow. She actually told me that when I kissed her it was the best feeling she's ever experienced.

Third date was a walk around Camden market in the snow, a few drinks in a bar (the same one I'd gamed the thai barmaid in – I wanted to let Russia preselect me in front of her but unfortunately she wasn't there) and then an extraction. No f-close even though she desperately wants me to fuck her. She's angling for the relationship (as am I) so she's protecting her value. There's alot more to it than this and I might write about it later.

Current status is she's gone home for Christmas and is knitting me a sweater with my name on it. She's fallen head over heels for me and I'm so into her I'm gonna properly date her. The only question is upon which terms?

She knows about the harem and isn't too enthused by it. She says she understands why I have it and that it's okay but I'll need to disband it before we can have a relationship. I'm certain she's just fronting and will take whatever I offer her but that's not the point – I'm genuinely thinking I should disband the harem (more on that later in my next post about Skeletor). I've actually stopped opening girls while I decide what to do.

I think I have to find closure on the reasons I have my harem. I've put lots of work into it and it's my current mission. My best guess is I'll knock over four or five girls in the next month and then when Russia comes back I'll freeze the harem and start dating. I don't think I'll be ready for exclusivity until I've banged a few more girls.

The fact I'm even considering it makes me feel strange.

NB – I've saved all the mails, texts and facebook chats for this one so I have a full trail from the video of the initial pick up to where we are now. I'm holding it back for now.

Hunting down a 19 yr old virgin – Meet HB Mouse

krauserpua · 25 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I've been letting things slide with posting facebook chats. I've got well over a hundred saved so I'm actually thinking of writing a full book on Long Game and filling it with case study breakdowns (if Tony T doesn't beat me to it – he's already 20,000 words into his).
My second last day in Croatia I opened a **cute little 19yr old virgin** . She's a feisty one and pretty sure of herself in general but obviously due to her age and sexual immaturity it's easy to prod her on that. We had a date the next night ending in a good kiss close. She said I was the third guy to ever kiss her. I was working the radicial honesty route even stronger than usual so she knew all about my harem, recent SNL, and that I teach pickup. Nonetheless she was fascinated.
Since then she's been opening me on facebook every other day right up to the moment I type this. I like her but she's nothing amazing. If it wasn't for her virginity and strangely feminine aggressiveness I might've lost interest.
Here's a chat from about four days after I got back to London, so about six days from the first meeting.



Testy

Her – Hey there *[she had opened me the last three times since I got back from Croatia]*
Me – hi I just brewed some coffee would you like a cup? *[retarded vibing, giving her an image]*
Her – No, not really.. So, how did your weekend go?? *[she doesn't take it, but is curious about me]*
Me – We watched another movie in the cinema room last night You went out, right? *[DHV and simple investment question]*
Her – Well, literally out, we were in front of school..
Me – school?
Her – College
Me – drinking juice and giggling about boys? *[framing her as immature but in a cute way]*
Her – Haha, no, there were 2 girls + me and like 10 boys
Me – that's a big group. Sounds like fun *[normal relating to her]*
Her – Yeah, it was. Some boy brought his guitar so he was like our personal jukebox What movie did you

watch?? *[she's IOIing with the interest but being a young girl she doesn't really have the social skills to ask interesting questions]*
Me – JCVD
Her – ..that has some full name or..?
Me – It's the self-referetinal Jean Claude Van Damme movie
Her – Oh, so fights are pretty common thing in your life? *[She likes the contrast game I play between being a rough fighter and an intellectual]*
Me – Yeah. For the other guy it's usually the last fight he ever has…… *[retarded shit]*
Her – ..oh well… You were drinking beer and giggling about girls??
Me – That's all I ever do *[contrast, pretending to be a caveman]*
Her – Really?? Video games are not jealous now??
Me – Wow,you actually remember what I say! I like you *[IOI her for playing along with this stuff]*
Her – Haha, I actually don't understand how people don't remember what someone else said, what's the point of the conversation then if you don't pay any attention…
Me – uh? what? *[chick crack]*
Her – Uhm, I just remember what people say about themselves..
Me – uh/ you say something? *[chick crack]*
Her – -.-'
Me – I think you are a good listener *[then knock it off and be normal]*
Her – Really??
Me – When you talk, you are genuinely trying to understand people Most people are just waiting for their turn to speak *[I stole that from a movie]*
Her – Sorry, you said something?? ? *[nice – she's throwing the ball back at me]*
Me – you need spanking *[sexualise on the back of the good momentum]*
Her – No, I don't… So, what are you doing?? *[which she blocks, but without losing interest. She's just not comfortable with a sexual frame. Remember she's a virgin who has only ever kissed three boys]*
Me – watching a scene from a good action movie Someone told me I look a bit like the actor *[lead into DHV and buying temp raise]*
Her – Fighting scene? What movie??? I wanna check =) *[she's into me big time]*
Me – It's a little bit too grown-up for you, tough *[teasing her sexual immaturity]* In the movie, the guy has an artificial heart and when the power goes down, he needs adrenalinin to restart it or he dies sort of comedy action
Her – So, it's kinda porn??
Me – not really, but its'a sex scene It's a big-budget famous Hollywood movie Crank
Her – Hmm..okay… You look a bit like the actor in that particular sex scene?? How would your friends know you look like right then??
Me – you'll see
Her – I can't see the video… just verify your age Well, I have to register, you have some interesting name suggestion?? *[I've framed her to look at me for approval though she keeps pushing back with tests]*
Me – yeah [Virgin]Mouse
Her – -.-'
Me – Gotta make some toast. Back soon Here's some really cheesy 1980s rock opera for you [link to Heart "Alone"] *[takeaway]*
Her – I love that song
Me – me too heard it before? [link to Meat Loaf "Bat Out of Hell"]
Her – of course Heard that one already too
Me – I'm back What are you wearing? *[I always drop this in at random points with a girl when I know I have enough rapport that it won't scare her off]*
Her – Again??? Pajama (actually, tshirt and leggings) take your shirt off and tell me again a-ha-ha-ha What happened to the toast??

Me – It's been eaten
Her – What was in it??
Me – margarine
Her – and that's it?
Me – uh-huh What's your plan for today? *[mild defiance then stack forwards]*
Her – Studying…
Me – You're very dedicated. I like that *[IOI her. The general tone of our chats is a bit too challenging, so I think I'm losing rapport opportunities]*
Her – Well,…I've been pretty lazy so far, so now I have to study What's your plan for today??
Me – I'm taking some friends to a traditional English pub I like in Hampstead and we'll have Sunday roast *[DHV – leader of men]*
Her – Oh? When??
Me – About 3pm Wanna come? *[retarded vibing]*
Her – Haha, sure, on my way already.. What's your favourite song??
Me – I'll find a link….. [link to The Skater Tots miming to Screeching Weasel's cover version of "You Are My Sunshine"] bizarre video
Here's a more normal video I like [Rancid "Fall Back Down"]
Her – Haha, that first one is a great video, so cute So, how many one night stands have you had?? *[she's not the only one to fire lightning bolts out of the blue. She's intensely interested in me as a conduit to learning about sexuality in general and hers in particular. That's a role I'm happy to take on if it results in me taking her three-orifice virginity]*
Me – you first oh, it's zero isn't it……. *[tease her immaturity to get her defensive and framing virginity at her age as something that needs to be dealt with]*
Her – A-ha-ha…you never know…;)) Are you still counting????
Me – about 35 *[true – I was off the market for about 11 years in total]*
Her – Wow… You have some logical explanation for that, right??
Me – When I was younger, I used to enjoy fucking very hot women Now, I'm more interested in girls I can talk to, and have dates with *[reframe on a DHV]*
Her – You weren't afraid of some diseases??
Me – I always use a condom. Every time. I never risk my health for anyone or anything *[strong boundaries]*
Her – That's good ..but you still kiss a lot..
Me – yes
Her – ..with unknown girls, you can always get mono..
Me – I've never had a problem with it
Her – With kissing or mononucleosis??
Me – I've never caught anything before *[also true. I've kissed very few skanks in my life]*
Her – Lucky =)
Me – No. Really, it's not as big a risk as you think
Her – Well, it was pretty common in my class in high school
Me – Maybe a weird Croatian thing *[tease, put her back on the defensive a little]*
Her – Haha, yeah, right…
Me – I don't know a single person who caught anything from kissing except a cold
Her – Not even a herpes?
Me – No You're some weird compulsive hand-washer girl *[again push back to her]*
Her – No, I'm not…
Me – What are you wearing? *[it's call back humour now as she realises I'm just trying to distract her]*
Her – Still same things
Me – Take your trousers off [three minutes silence] they're off now? *[not backing down to her shit test]*
Her – Hahaha *[shit test passed]*
Me – what colour panties? *[keep pushing forwards]*

Her – Take your boxers off! What are you wearing now? *[deflecting rather than rejecting]*
Me – Not boxers. I'm wearing a japanese jinbei
Her – Some gray with beige lace jinbei?? *[a floor is laid underneath my escalation]*
Me – cool. I'm imagining you now… your legs…
Her – ..doooon't… *[shy but not rejecting]*
Me – jinbei is a traditional Japanese pyjama mine has these characters on it
[two links]
Her – Haha, really grown up…
Me – don't wanna
Her – so, you really wear nothing but pajama?? Like really nothing nothing?
Me – right now yeah no boxers Oh, and I have warm slippers on
Her – How can you???
Me – uh?
Her – ..well, be naked underneath your clothes Wow, that really makes no sense at all… *[she's frankly discussing sexual stuff, which is exactly where I want her]*
Me – dunno it's normal for me I sleep naked you?
Her – Of course not Wait, naked naked??
Me – yes
Her – What if someone walks into your room?? *[It really doesn't matter where this goes, I just want her talking about these general topics]*
Me – I have a duvet
Her – ..is that a blanket??
Me – yes Does your bra match your panties?
Her – Not always
Me – now?
Her – Can we chat via msn or something *[she wants the closer feel of voicechat. I can't be bothered because this is one of many chats open right now]*
Me – my internet is a bit rubbish for voice / video
Her – I don't have a bra no, no, not that, my facebook chat sucks
Me – Just your naked breasts underneath your pyjamas?
Her – Yes
Me – I wanna touch them *[escalation, statement of intent]*
Her – But you can't, haha
Me – ?
Her – Hahaha, sorry *[she enjoys being pursued and wielding a little sexual power]*
Me – So, naked breasts, grey panties with beige lace…. Is your hair up or down?
Her – up
Me – take it down *[pointlessly bossy]*
Her – You can't see me anyway…
Me – Yeah, but I'm bossy. Get used to it.
Her – Well, I'm not gonna listen to you get used to it =)
Me – you need spanking then you'll be a good girl *[not backing down, framing her as submissive to me and that her surrendering is inevitable]*
Her – maybe I won't
Me – I'm gonna be a bit rough with you *[in for a penny, in for a pound…]*
Her – Rough?? With tiny, little me?? =([*likes the idea]*
Me – Yes. Gonna grab you, hold you tight, make you feel my strength *[not explicitly mentioning sex, just making her visualise the pleasurable feeling of being held tight by a man – something she's seen in movies but perhaps never had in real life. Let her spin that through her mind until she realises she wants that feeling for real and I'm the obvious go-*

to guy to get it]
Her – …that's kinda sexy…
Me – You'll like it. But I warn you…
Her – Really now??
Me – You'll probably get an uncontrollable urge to bite and scratch
Her – Me?? Bite and scratch?? *[not rejecting]*
Me – Yeah. You'd be surprised what you do when you get lost in the passion
Her – Whatever you say… *[she wants to hold me off for now, this is like a "maybe later"]*
Me – "whatever you say" – important words for you to remember *[reframe as bossy]*
Her – hahha, I'm not so sure about that
Me – and "yes, you're right" I gotta go now *[leave on a buying temp spike]*
Her – yes master have fun *[playing the role]*
Me – send me a sexy picture of you *[gonna keep asking chat after chat till she warms to the idea]*
Her – in your dreams =)
Me – Not yet. I won't dream of you till after I've seen you naked *[frame of inevitibility]*
Her – mmhhmmm you're still here…
Me – enjoy it while it lasts
Her – of course
Me – bye
Her – bye =)
I'd rate her as an 80% chance of a lay should I continue the pursuit. She's already talking about staying in London for a week and bringing another virgin friend for Jimmy to feast on. I saw the pic and the friend is about a 7.

Inflation: Everywhere and always an immature phenomenon

krauserpua · 28 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Let's allow Ludwig Von Mises to consider inflation and it's evil consequences:

"There is no means of avoiding the final collapse of a boom brought about by credit expansion. The alternative is only whether the crisis should come sooner as the result of a voluntary abandonment of further credit expansion, or later as a final and total catastrophe of the currency system involved" – source

As the great but ultimately flawed Milton Friedman stated, inflation is everywhere and always a monetary phenomenon. It is created by the central banks and their flunkies in the money centre banks. For those of you with a genuine interest in the theory of money and credit, a surprisingly alive topic and one necessary to attain intellectual mastery, go over to Mish's website for his commentary on the roving cavaliers of credit.

But this isn't the inflation I'm talking about.

I've been reading "King Warrior Magician Lover" (Robert Moore and Douglas Gillette) as part of my Skeletor homework. A fascinating book that I'm only halfway through. It's heavily influenced by Carl Jung, a guy I never really got into during my psychology classes. Back then I was a hardcore Scientist to make even Richard Dawkins blush and thus if a proposition couldn't be falsified, it had no value. Now I'm becoming more sympathetic to the 19th Century German conception of science as a unified and systematic system of enquiry. And thus symbolism and cultural commentary is back on the menu. But I digress….



Four Archetypes of Male Psychology

Moore & Gilette contend that modern society is undergoing a crisis of masculinity in which boys are not being inducted into manhood due to an absence of coming of age rituals. This leads men to remain esconded in **Boy Psychology** throughout adulthood. I used to first notice this when I worked out in weightlifting gyms – they'd be full of huge men completely lacking any maturity or confidence. My brother and I used to call them "little boys in gorilla costumes". I saw the same thing throughout university when many highly–regarded academics where just building walls and fences of inpenetrable jargon and bullshit to protect a vulnerable core of intellectual incompetence. But due to their socially elevated position and the huge barriers to entry in getting to their ideas, they were able to sit atop Mount Olympus and pretend to be gods. I used to call them "a dwarf on a mountain".

M&G offer more examples: "the drug dealer, the ducking and diving political leader, the wife beater, the chronically crabby boss, the hot shot junior executive, the unfaithful husband, the company yes man, the indifferent graduate school advisor, the holier than thou minister, the gang member" and interestingly the therapist to attacks his clients' efforts to shine and achieve so he can impose upon them a gray mediocrity. These are all boys pretending to be men. I'd add the perpetual-SNLing PUA, and the Roissy-ite "more alpha than thou" douchebag who haunts the manosphere. [though not Roissy himself, just his keyboard jockeying commentors].

Each of the four adult male archetypes has a preceding Boy archetype that determines the final makeup of the

mature male, should he make the ego-killing transition to **Man Psychology**. In this sense the boy is the father of the man. The archetypes are:

KING: The Divine Child [DC]

WARRIOR: The Hero [HE]

MAGICIAN: The Precocious Child [PC]

LOVER: The Oedipal Child [OC]

These boy archetypes represent a balance between two extremes, or shadow sides, which boys need to tread carefully to avoid becoming a fucked-up worthless little turd. **The Divine Child** is the baby Jesus/Moses of unlimited potential who is both almighty and vulnerable at the same time. He is the source of life, energy and boyish wonderment at the world, producing our sense of wel being and enthusiasm for life. However when out of balance one extreme is the **High Chair Tyrant**, sitting at the table banging his spoon and demanding the universe revolve around him and his insatiable desires. He is exemplified by Spoilt Bastard in Viz, or the typical American entitlement princess. This leads to inflation through pride, hubris and narcissism. When the HCT is set loose upon the world as an immature adult we end up with Hitler and Stalin. Less murderous we get a Dick Fuld who would rather bankrupt Lehman Brothers than deal with his own hubris and grandiosity. In pick up, it's Mystery.

The opposite extreme for the DC is the **Weakling Prince**, a pathetic little boy with no personality, initiative or enthusiam for life. This boy plays the sickly child who needs mollycoddled throughout life lest he break. It's fake because he attacks those around him with sarcasm and passive-aggressiveness. He's playing the Kick Me game.

The **Hero** is full of desire to achieve, to impress and to become great. He provides the means to tap into our masculine energies and propel us from boyhood to adulthood. But as M&G comment, "ours is not the age for heroes. Ours is an age of envy, in which laziness and self-involvement are the rule. Aynoe who tries to shine… is dragged back down by his lackluster and self-appointed peers". If you're making a connection to socialism and why it is the enemy of moral character, well done.

When out of balance he is commonly a **Grandstander Bully** who believes the centre stage belongs to him and he's going to rattle off display after display of unnecessary attention whoring so everyone will applaud his brilliance. Think of Tom Cruise in Top Gun, or Cristiano Ronaldo. He's the jingoistic officer throwing his men into peril to earn his Victoria Cross. The hero thinks himself invulnerable and chases the impossible dream.But once the hero has slain the dragon and rescued the princess he doesn't know how to live with her. At the other extreme is the **Coward.** This is self-explanatory.



Totally irrelevant

The **Precocious Child** is eager to learn and wants to share it with others. He is an adventurer in the world of ideas with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. He represents our curiosity and impulse. When twisted at an extreme he can be the **Know-It-All-Trickster** who is constantly manipulating and playing tricks. He sells us a psychological lie just to enjoy pulling the rug out form under us once we've commited to it. He's the Jim Jones looking to lead his followers into the jungle. Unlike the PC, he participates in discussions simply to show how clever he is. He has no interest in helping others or advancing the inquiry towards truth. His knowledge is a sham and thus he's aggressive when pressed lest everyone realise the smoke and mirrors hiding his vacuous mind. Such immature men delight in wrecking things of beauty, diminishing great accomplishments, and have an authority problem. They will never achieve anything of note themselves and thus feed their egos by becoming haters. Think of the fat virgin losers on PUAhate. Many keyboard jockeys are KIATs. They have no heroes because to have heroes is to admire others. The opposite extreme for the PC is the **Dummy**. He seems unresponsive and dull but it's often a shame to hide his grandiosity because he feels he's too important to share it with the world. He's a secret KIAT.
The **Oedipal Child** is passionate with a deep appreciation of inner depth. He is warm and affectionate, interested in spirituality. When out of balance he can become the **Mama's Boy**. He persistently chases the impossible perfection of female essence, trying to reconnect with his mother. He moves rapidly from one woman to another unable to find satisfaction with an actual mortal woman. He's the number's game roadsweeper who trawls nightclubs at 2am to take home drunk skanks. He may compulsively masturbate and collect pornography. He doesn't want to have an actual relationship because that involves taking on responsibility and he's too immature for that. At the other pole is the **Dreamer**. This pretentious little shit sits on a rock meditating on the infinite complexities and beauties of life, withdrawn and depressed in his own little Emo kid world. He's the teenager who sits in his dark bedroom listening to The Smiths, dressing like Jarvis Cocker, and never getting anything done. Top Man exists to relieve them of money.

Inflation is the condition in which a boy lives when he is at an extreme of his archetype. He stays there into adulthood. Inflation is what we talk about to say "he has an inflated ego" or "he needs to be brought down a peg". It's the hubris that leads to nemesis. The pride before the fall. Inflated boys want to just be. They don't want to do the work to be great, they just want the river of greatness to flow to them. They are the theory junkie PUAs who never approach women but type volumes on the internet about what other doers should do instead. They are the gurus who won't release infields lest they be exposed (KIAT). They are the cultish gurus who collect acolytes and send them into the jungle without food and water (HCT) to face rejection after rejection until their spirits are crushed. They are the lay-report fabricating PUAs who tell noobs they have threesomes five times a week with playboy models (GSB), and in some cases they might even get those lays. They are the cowards who sign up to a $1,000 bootcamp and then wont do a single approach then blab on the internet how it's everyone's fault but their own. They are the dreamers who sit at home reading Echardt Tolle and navel-gazing their nimbus without ever talking to girls.

I-Just-Don't-Get-Mystery-Method Game

krauserpua · 29 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's fashionable to talk about Mystery Method like it's old (furry) hat. This is a natural part of the modernist intellectual approach – we assume that progress is a forward line and thus the newer is better than the old. The lazy eye can see supporting evidence throughout the world – new video games are better than old, new mobile phones better than old etc. Thus technological progress, which is culmulative, is equivocated with general societal or intellectual progress. So too is capital accumulation. As any liberal (and I mean that in it's actual sense, not the Obama-voting retard sense) knows the forces of free market capitalism lead to a harnessing of man's productive energies into creating consumption goods and intermediate products (capital). As more work is done but not consumed, the capital wealth of society is increased leading to ever increasing productivity and thus material progress.



Has it really come to this?

So simple retards, and yes that includes most intellectuals, equivocate these two undeniable forces of progress with a progress in ideas. Oh no. It's pretty easy to see that the economics and sociology of the 1920s is light years ahead of the current commie scrubbers infesting universities. So onto Mystery Method.

Although flawed, the Method remains the widest, deepest and most perceptive treatise on picking up girls to ever see print. Just as Islamist scholars are constantly trawling the Koran to fabricate evidence that all the great advances of civilisation where not due to white Christians but actually arab Muslims, so too does Jambone trawl Mystery Method to tell me he thought of everything first too. But unlike the Islamists, Jambone has a point.

A statistic I just pulled out of my arse is that 95% of PUAs practicising MM don't understand it. They think MM is thumbrings, furry hats, negs and rountines. Or "acting like a prick" for short. They have an engineer's logorythmic understanding of MM like it's a machine code program to follow step by step until the girl ends up in your bed. It goes like this:

1. Lame opinion opener – "Hey. I need an opinion of something. Are starfish scarier than spiders?"
2. Neg – "Hey, you're a fucking bitch whore. Haha, just joking. So, get this….."

3. Routine – “So me and Hef are racing our Ferraris around Colin Farrell’s mansion yard”
4. Kino – * touch upper arm”
5. Routine – “Have you been to New York? No? Anyway, here’s a crazy caper that happened there…..”
6. Salsa-spin, high-five.
7. Palm reading
8. Isolate – “We’re going over here now. What do you mean, why? You’re like my bratty kid sister, how do you guys roll with her?
9. Get slapped. Go home alone.
10. Write field report on a forum.



Three peacocks. Yesterday.

Let’s just be straight. This is not Mystery Method. This is **Retard Game**. To do MM you have to actually read the book, absorb the principles, then come up with your own free conversation and body language consistent with the principles on the spot. You aren’t running an algorythm, you are in a two-way interaction with another human being who has hopes, dreams, plans, intentions of her own which will shape how you interact with her. Thus you don’t move from A2 to A3 after you’ve done three routines. You move when she shows you she is attracted to you. You don’t neg the target right after the opener – you neg her if she is being prissy and needs taking down a notch, and if she doesn’t act prissy then you don’t need to neg at all.

Don’t get down on MM just because clowns like Mehow are micro-analysing every single sentence into a multi-stage flowchart with feedback loops while completely missing the point. Don’t get down on MM just because a pack of skinny beta pork pie hat-wearing retards in Tiger Tiger are blowing up every set by acting like douchebags. If you’re new to game, stick with MM but understand that it’s an extremely deep system which only works when you get the priniciples and drop the superficial trappings.

Fraud Game

krauserpua · 1 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Nothing helps you empty a guy's wallet like making him believe you can get him laid. The community is full of needy suckers desperate to buy happiness. No matter how bad your game sucks you can leverage it to make some cash. Here's how.

Get an avatar
Give yourself a cheesy nickname that hints at some hidden magic – such as Fantasia, Ten-Close, Flyboy. Even better put your given name infront of it to become Chuck Fantasia, Pete Ten-Close, or Wilbur Flyboy. Needy virgins will assume you earned the moniker through deeds done infield. Instant credibility.



Ten-Close with his new HB9.5 MLTR

Peacock like a retard
If you look normal, you're a normal guy. Peacock theory means if you look like a complete douchebag, like a 100% bell-end who makes everyone's stomach turn in disgust yet you still get laid then you must have mad skills. Of course no-one needs to know you don't actually get laid. The furry hat and goggles have already been claimed so you'll need something new. But start with the basics – a thumbring, embroidered blazer, Affliction or Ed Hardy t-shirt, blonde tints in overly-spiked hair, some metal junk in your face. Then add one individual item that you become known for – the Jamiroquai hat, if you will.



Bell-end

So now you have a retard name and bell-end fashion. Next comes the lame website. Think of the company name that includes words like “pua”, “atttraction”, “science” and so on. Knock up a website on a standard content management system and buy the domain name. So you are now the proud proprieter of http://www.attractionscience101.com or http://www.alphasciencegetlaidnowsystems.com.

What should the website contain?
– A main page showing lots of stock model photos of girls you clearly have not fucked. Large flashing letters promise pussy-pounding-action right now if the student gives you money.
– A pop page offering a free ebook if the student gives their email and credit card details, known as the “squeeze page”.
– Silohuette images of curvy girls in seductive poses.
– Photos of you in a nightclub trying to squeeze into other people’s party photos, perhaps leaning in to a girl who doesn’t even know your name and acting like you’ve fucked her.
– A fake infield video (see below).
– Made-up testimonials from anonymous made-up students.
– If you can find some affiliate cross-marketers get them to talk you up with some quotes.
– Soundbites dropped into the site text saying you are the “leading authority” and “widely recognised as…” and other such weasel words that mean nothing at all.

Optional extras are to pretend like you’re a big-shot company. Put up logos of men’s magazines and tv shows. Put up an “instructors” page full of try-hard virgins acting cool. Give them ratings for how awesome they are like some kind of top trumps game. Constantly imply that the student can just **buy** success with women instantly.

Now you’re ready to astroturf the forums. You’ll need to create multiple accounts. Offer some free one-on-ones like you’re doing everyone a huge favour. Don’t actually give any. Don’t even reply to mails because you wanna seem busy. Then go on the reviews sub-forums as a pretend-student and gush about awesome you are. Imply that each student had mind-blowing instant success with women and is now getting laid like gangbusters. Fill all the forum members with the dread that they’ve been doing it wrong this whole time and you are the answer to their prayers.

You’ve got some unique jargon for your method, right? If not, download everything you can get your hands on from bittorrent then skim through looking for old ideas not currently in vogue. Rip them off and put a new name on them. For example, if cocky funny hasn’t been popular for a while, call it “Humour Strike” and keep banging on and on about it till the name sticks. If its routines that are out of fashion put something in for the engineers and

computer programmers – call it “Micro Logorythms”. If you’re short of ideas, just rename direct game into something like “Route One” or “Tank Rush Game” and pretend everything everyone else has been doing for years is something new. Old wine, new bottles. Suckers fall for it every time.

Now spam the fuck out of the whole forum with your new jargon. Hijack every thread so the members think Mystery was doing Micro Logorythms the whole time and just didn’t realise it. Before long they’ll forget their own names and you can start signing them up.

Eventually someone is gonna demand an infield video so have a faked one ready. An entirely staged video won’t do, but it’s easy to work one as follows. First think. Why are noobs so obsessed with getting the phone number? For a normal guy, phone numbers lead to sex with high consistency. Why is that? Most “pick-ups” go like this:

1. Girl sees guy when two social circles meet, such as at a house party. She likes the guy. She gives him approach invitations which he doesn’t even notice. She goes home frustrated. He goes home oblivious.
2. Girl puts herself into social situations where the guy will be. Gets into conversation with him. Drops huge IOIs. He still doesn’t notice. This goes on several weeks.
3. Girl finally gets desperate to be noticed so she gets drunk and pretty much jumps the guy. Now he starts to sense *perhaps this girl likes him*. She’s been sitting talking to him for two hours as he prattles on about bullshit – is that an IOI? So he starts up his “game”.
4. Girls endures five hours of painfully inept courtship from a guy she decided to fuck weeks ago. She can’t take anymore tonight so she gives her phone number.
5. Guy calls girl. Runs more “game”. Girl is relieved when they get back to her place so he can shut up and they finally fuck.
6. Guy pats himself on the back for his awesome game. He really picked up that girl good.

Thus most times a guy gets a number it leads to sex, or at least some dates. He takes this mentality into a cold approach when there’s none of the initial attraction and the girl is a long long way from the sex decision. Milk this for all it’s worth as follows.

1. Get mic’d up and have a wing video you walking up to a girl.
2. Say “woo!” or similar high energy bullshit. Force your way into the set.
3. Turn your sexuality off completely. Do not be a sexual threat. Be utterly ambiguous about your intent. Pretend to be gay.
4. The girl thinks you are a harmless homo, or lame social guy. No problem, she’s happy to have friends she doesn’t have to fuck, so long as they entertain her and do all the work.
5. Do all the work. Drop in routine after routine. Not only does this dancing monkey act keep the girl listening (while thoroughly uninvested) but it looks to the student like its the routines that are making the set succeed.
6. Number close with some vague bullshit miles away from a date with sexual intent, such as “you know, we sometimes do surf parties at the beach. Give me your number and I’ll invite you down with your friends sometime”
7. High-five, salsa spin, and then walk back to the camera as if she’s already sucked your cock.
8. Re-edit the video to include comments from you analysing the set and intimating like you fucked her later. If you didn’t actually get a number just edit it out and pretend you did.

By now you’ll have a load of students gagging for you to relieve them of their money. You’re gonna need some products.

Bootcamps – Round up a few losers on the forums and call them approach coaches. List the bootcamp for £1,000 but offer special discounts down to £500 on flimsy pretexts. Rip-off some Mystery Method material and jazz it up, such as by renaming the stages and putting them in a triangle or hexagon shape. After a few hours in a cafe

presenting this give the students a few lame openers and throw them into sets.

Sit back and drink beer, counting your loot. When students come back discouraged tell them the girl was massively into them and it was almost a same night lay. If they fail too much tell them it's not about results and the promises of pussy-pounding action were just metaphorical. Tell them it's about acquiring the skills, about showing them a path. If that doesn't bite start some esoteric inner game talk and how they shouldn't care what other people think because they are a Ten.

Ebooks – This ought to be self-explanatory. Rip off someone else's material, rename it, and then pad out the pages with photos of models you're not fucking, and made-up stories about stuff you never actually did with girls you never actually met in bars that don't actually exist. Sell it for $98. On the website write "at just $98" because the magic word "just" makes it seem cheap. Claim it has a $500 value and will cost $600 in twenty minutes time and if they don't buy it right now they'll never get laid again.

DVDs – Edit together a bunch of your fake infields and pad it out with micro-analysis of you talking to a handcam on a tripod in your front room. Persuade some other scam artists to do some guest appearances. Remember the Emperor has no clothes.

Give this aboout a year and you'll be a name in the community. Then you won't even need to keep doing any of the work – just keep spamming your mailing list, turning up at superconferences, and churning out more product. Before long people will write on forums things like "I was wondering how Mystery, Style, Janka and *Pete Ten-Close* get all their success….."

Job done.

Parasite game

krauserpua · 4 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

What's the hardest part the game? The biggest pain in the arse. The biggest sticking point.

Opening. It's fairly tough to learn how to open and hook sets. Then you have to build attraction, qualify, and heat the girl's buying temperature. I can't really be bothered with that stuff so I figured out parasite game – you get someone else to do all that work for you and then swoop the girl when she's ripe to be plucked. The inspiration comes from my wing who hasn't opened a set in his life. Here's the key stages.



a locust, yesterday

Befriend a wing
You should carefully choose a new wing according to his ability to run all the stages of pick up other than seduction (which he won't be needing when you are swooping his girls). I'd avoid the pickup forums because they are full of clueless virgins. Instead go out into bars, or the street, and watch for guys who know what they are doing. Talk to them, flatter them, and gain their trust.

Talk him up
Go out sarging and keep pumping your wing's state. Tell him he's awesome, the night is awesome, the girls are awesome. Get him raring to go and then sit back and watch as he opens your sets. Lean back against the bar, light up a cigarette, and drink some beer. Eventually the wing will bring you into the set. Give him a condescending look, pat him on the shoulder, and be indifferent to the girls.

Now comes the technical parts. You have to be cooler and more fun than your wing. This means you need to state crash him and make him qualify to you – thus transfering all his value and then some to you. Here's a few tips:

– Persuade your wing to over-DHV you. Get him to introduce you as the rock star who fucks loads of models.
– Laugh at your wing's jokes and have loads of fun, without having to worry about carrying the set. The girls will assume you're the leader.
– Lean back and talk quietly until your wing leans into you to hear. Keep your own back straight.

– When it's time to merge sets, send your wing ahead to open the new set and then on cue bring the old set over so you are seen bringing the girls and hence you've preselected yourself with the wing's set.

Gradually you'll become the life of the party. Raise your energy and start holding court, reeling off DHV after DHV. Be aware of how all of the attention is now on you and your wing is frozen out. As he flounders trying to regain control of the set, just laugh and have fun. Be relaxed.

Now it's time to extract. Leave as a big group and start the afterparty in your house. Get the wing to pour the drinks. Laugh, have fun. be the guy who just had a good time and didn't have to work to get the girls (which is true). Now you can isolate a target and close.

a 17yr old bisexual Croatian minx

krauserpua · 5 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's just occured to me that I haven't put any infields up in a long time. There's just been a string of theoretical or joke posts. The last thing I want anyone thinking is that I'm some sort of deep thinker. So here's one from the Croatia archives – a cute bisexual 17yr old Zagreb girl who I instadated.

This isn't an especially remarkable set but there's a few things I do well in it so might as well draw them out.

0:10 – I'd just been videoing Jambone talking to some hot blonde when I see this girl go by. Sorry matey, if you want my to exercise the discipline of videoing you at long distance you have to be more disciplined in doing it for me. Off I go.
0:11 – A spontaneous opener that hits all the elements of the Krauser Daygame Model. *Stage 3* – find the girl that gives you the blood bubble, jog right after her
0:15 – *Stage 4* is as you catch her up, ask yourself why you noticed her (the "unconvincing bad girl" vibe), communicate with your masculine core and bring it back out as an interesting statement to her. I'm formulating this as I run.
0:19 – *Stage 5a* is the preframed tease "how good is your English?" to put her on a mild defensive and pique her interest as to why I'm asking and what it's about to lead to. Note my energy level is extremely low and I'm almost business-like in asking it because I'm subcommunicating that I'm expecting a response. This is killing her momentum.
0:26 – *Stage 5b* and I'm pacing her reality and rooting the interaction with where I was when I saw her.
0:33 – *Stage 6* is the gentle tease.
0:39 – She gives a great response that lets me tease a bit stronger, but with a smile on my face and a twinkle in my eye. Great, momentum thoroughly killed already. She likes me.
0:41 – *Stage 7* is to build on the tease for as long as it's fun
0:58 – Pause to let it sink in and make her respond. This is light qualification and training her that this is gonna be a two-way interaction.
1;16 – Stacking with a conversational question (*stage 8*)
1:28 – We are confortably entering vibing. I don't need to plough at all so I don't. I just let her talk.
1:34 – "what attracts you?" It's all about her and her emotions. You can build emotional connection very early by phrasing the questions correctly and then being quiet while she talks. I'm already through her value filter so I don't need to be running longwinded routines and social robot bullshit.

Take careful note of my energy and wordcount. I am very very laid back and already making her do the work. What you can't see is rock solid body language and strong slightly sexualised eye contact. You can see it's effect in her hair twirling and how she dances around with the nervous energy bourne of sexual tension.

2:17 – Mild DHVs to show I'm a man of the world.
2:32 – anytime she talks, I shut up. If she wants to invest herself I'm gonna let her.
2:39 – you're noticing all that hair twirling right? You don't have to verbally SOI a girl if you are non-verbally SOIing her. The sexual energy is all in the subcommunication. It would be so retarded to start high fiving her and salsa spinning, or even kino, when the subcommunication is humming along so nicely.
2:51 – early stages of intellectual mastery, phrased as a short story in to build anticipation. I'm teaching her stuff, pushing her into the admiring student role.
3:00 – but I'm still a retard. Contrast game.
3:16 – showing leadership and concern for her comfort.
3:36 – say it before she says it so I can keep the frame. 35 yr old guy fucking 17 yr old girl is not a common occurence.
3:49 – this reframe doesn't get her pushing back like I hoped so I just use it to lead her into qualifying in a win-win

manner by agreeing on her being good at something
3:58 – finally I verbally IOI her. I was coming across too high value for her, too powerful, so I had to give her a reason I like her.
4:12 – talk matter of fact about her beauty while also giving a nicely unexpected visual image
4:38 – nice!
5:02 – knowing when to shut up and let her talk is a big part of daygame. Most guys are too nervous and too scared of silences. We are in phase three of the model now – investment
5:35 – more investment, this time getting at a topic that is close to her heart so I let her run with it.
5;58 – listening noises to encourage her to keep talking
6:20 – framing everything to encourage rapport so we an move beyond the superficial gamey phase of meeting.
6:40 – she's seeking rapport so I'm going to take it. Don't shut girls down when they seek rapport.
7:00 – I'm sharing real things about myself here. It's teasing the deep rapport stage we'll get to once I've bounced her from the meeting location. I'm letting her know she can connect to the real me and this interaction will be deep enough to be worth her effort in pursuing it. As a DHV, I'm showing that I can form meaningful connections with people and lead her towards that in super-quick time.
7:16 – Can't resist a cheesy community line.
7:43 – She's trying to find commonality with me after I mention fighting, which is rapport-seeking and a good IOI.
7:50 – I sense that I need to lighten the atmosphere for a minute or two and refresh the attraction. With the benefit of hindsight I think this was unnecessary.
8:09 – She's half passing and half failing the compliance test so I move the thread onto her legs to remind her this is a man talking to a woman.
8:36 – I shouldn't have come back to this fighting thread. An error.
9:12 – back into normal getting to know you conversation
9:30 – I'm quiet
9:47 – She's sharing the real her and showing some sexual openess. Without getting too excited about it I need to draw her out on this topic. It's a gift.
10:23 – She's jumping into my hoop on kiss qualification
10:35 – If you don't bring ass, you don't get ass. I try for the street kiss close.
11:00 – She's on the fence and finally declines. Fortunately it doesn't blow the set. Better the pushy arsehole than the timid beta. She is now full convinced I'm not a wuss.
11:26 – Damage control, beginning with a light "beauty is common" neg.
11:48 – She introduces a logistical problem with the boy she likes. Obviously if she really cared she'd have mentioned this within the first ten minutes.
12:13 – Moving her off a bad thread seamlessly.
12:48 – future project
13:43 – despite her blocking the kiss she still likes me and I've held the frame without starting to chase her, or qualify to her, or show any disappointment at not getting the kiss. So having adequately recovered after the blocked kiss I think she's ready to be commited
14:08 – soft dominance by leading her through a concern for her wellbeing

This turned into a two hour instadate and I was so close to the SDL but she got cold feet at the moment of truth. Nice girl.

Another 17 year old Croatian minx

krauserpua · 8 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This one isn't bisexual. Sorry.

There's not much to say about this video in terms of game. I wasn't really on form and I struggled to create sexual tension. The girl shows great confidence and thoughtful attitude – a real prime example of why European girls are so much better quality than their unlikeable Anglosphere sistas. I get decent vibing and rapport, even fairly good investment but the sexual energy isn't there.

She's on irregular facebook chat now. I've closed girls from this before (Muslim Virgin had a very similar uncommitted stance in the initial interaction) but I'd put the odds at 1/4, and that's assuming I go back to Zagreb in the next year. This blog isn't all about my successes. Sometimes sets just don't go where you want them to go.

Over-age British-born girl who isn't so naive

krauserpua · 10 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My game only works on young girls who are in a foreign country and thus it's just the English accent and the economic disparities that get the girl attracted. Oh, and that they are speaking in a second language. That's why anyone can score beautiful models in places like Lithuania and Croatia. You don't even need game.

I know this because **PUAhate** and the **Reddit** manginas* know this.

So this afternoon I specifically went looking for an English girl. Call it reaction-seeking if you will. I was gonna conquer my total dislike of English girls and get one just to prove it's actually *easier* than getting a pretty foreigner.

It was tougher than I thought – I couldn't find any I liked. It was a pretty dry day altogether. Jimmy only did one set. Bhodisatta only did a few. Just too dreary a day to find any girls on the streets worth opening. I ended up doing four sets:

First was a **stunning tall thai girl**. A full-on ten. She chatted a few minutes but gave a convincing boyfriend defense. Nice interaction but going nowhere. Next was this girl in the video. a **British-born girl of Bengali ancestry**. Closest I could get of what was available. Third girl was a **nice dusky beauty** from Mauritus Islands. Went ok but no sexual vibe and no close. Then lastly while I was waiting for the bus home I number closed and touched up [with her giggling permission] a **cute Italian tourist**. No video, unfortunately. It was the best set of the day.

Anyhoo, here's the Brit/Bengali and then the full facebook chat we had later this evening. It's on. I didn't turn my mic on but you can hear her giggling when I'm asking her to show me her arse and other daft stuff. Good playful vibe. Anyone using this video to learn should focus on the body language and in particular how little my feet move, the strong stance, and the wide sweeping gestures. Most of her laughs coming when I've done some verbal escalation.

Me 23:28 – she's checking me out…… *[assumed familiarity, frame her as chasing and a definite man-woman vibe]*
Her 23:28 – looool hey
Me 23:29 –
Her 23:29 – so wat you upto? *[god I hate textspeak. Gonna tell her off for this later when there's more rapport. Set a boundary]*
Me 23:29 – just finished training, had a shower *[DHV, draw the question]*
Her 23:30 – training for what? *[investment]*
Me 23:30 – kickboxing I love it! *[joy for life, in a manly activity]*
Her 23:30 – awwww cool
Me 23:30 – I built a gym in our house Punchbag, pads, mirror etc we often train together, sparring etc *[expand on the DHV]*
Her 23:31 – im jealous *[IOI]*
Me 23:31 – haha, don't tell me you like fighting *[challenge]*
Her 23:31 – one thing i really wana do is kick boxing *[rapport seeking, and also just really nice she's got a shared interest]*
Me 23:31 – I'll never believe it *[defiance. Women love a defiant man]*
Her 23:31 – loool i love fighting i like rugby i like boxing i like anything with violence [*she is genuinely interesting me here. I like this alot]*
Me 23:32 – +15 points for you you're full of surprises *[reward]*
Her 23:32 – loool can i ask…how old are you? *[IOI]*
Me 23:32 – yes, you can *[defiance…]*
Her 23:33 – ……

Me 23:33 – I'll tell you if you go first *[…but not evasion]*
Her 23:33 – loool im 21 turning 22 soon
Me 23:34 – oh dear too young for me [image] *[say it before she does]*
Her 23:34 – loool how old are you?
Me 23:34 – 35 *[no apologies, no rationalising]*
Her 23:34 – lol how old did you think i was?
Me 23:35 – dunno didn't think about it what's your mental age? *[shrug it off and stack into a more positive thread]*
Her 23:35 – hmmmmm well 12 some of the time 28 most of the time
Me 23:36 – ….full of surprises….. I think my mother warned me about girls like you *[tease]*
Her 23:36 – how? y???? im a good girl *[enjoys tease]*
Me 23:36 – all cute on the outside, and big trouble on the inside *[IOI and tease combined, keeping romantic frame]*
Her 23:36 – hmmm i agree with that i can't believe you like pandas *[remembering our conversation and responding to contrast game]*
Me 23:37 – I like lots of things I'm not supposed to I guess I'm a rebel *[retarded – I'm framing liking pandas as if it's a counter-cultural statement]*
Her 23:38 – hmmm its coz not many ppl like pandas
Me 23:38 – they are so cute
Her 23:38 – coz they think their fat and lazy yhhhh i love themmmmm *[shared interests – simple rapport]*
Me 23:39 – if you go on youtube and search "pandas fighting" so cute what are you doing now? *[move the conversation on, leading. No need to get stuck in attraction – I have enough value to ask simple rapport questions]*
Her 23:39 – lol ok ill try that now *[I didn't intend this as a hoop, but she's jumping through anyway]*
Me 23:39 – what are you doing now? BTW my internet is very slow I'm getting some of your messages twice
Her 23:41 – lol its kl ok
Me 23:42 – txt spk = -2 points *[tell her off. I'm serious. I hate text speak]*
Her 23:42 – welm just on my laptop in bed checking my mail before i go to sleep im sorry *[allows me to tell her off. She doesn't get so bad again]*
Me 23:42 – heh Has it been a good day? *[rapport, and try to frame her to anchor the whole day positively]*
Her 23:43 – yh its been a really good day went out with a friend and had dinner and shisha so that was fun and entertaining
Me 23:43 – is that your normal way of relaxing? you don't seem like a party girl *[simple cold read]*
Her 23:44 – yh thats my normal way of relaxing and your right im not a party girl
Me 23:44 – +10 *[reward]*
Her 23:45 – ive actually never been out to a club coz i dont like that atmosphere
Me 23:45 – um…. then how do you know you don't like it? *[tease]*
Her 23:46 – because ive been to parties and after half an hour i just feel like i cant be round people who are drunk i don't drink myself so thats not the atmosphere i wana be round really want to*** *[giving up some of her real self, and correcting herself from text speak]*
Me 23:48 – I see -1 then +1
Her 23:48 y – then + ?
Me 23:48 – are you a reader?
Her 23:48 – what read books?
Me 23:48 – books and stuff with long words, and no pictures *[playful way of asking normal rapport material. I'm screening. I like readers]*
Her 23:49 – lol yh i love reading books but havent havent really had the time or found the right beek to entice me recently book**
Me 23:49 – I try to read one a week *[DHV, contrast game]* What's the last book you read? Truth, please. Don't try and pretend something really deep and clever if it wasn't *[frame her as wanting to impress me]*

Her 23:50 – thats really good well its a book which i havent even finished yet its called lies of locke lamore but i think last book i properly finished was was achebe's things fall apart
Me 23:52 – who is achebe? not the warrior from Troy…. sounds like a little dog
Her 23:52 – loool no
Me 23:53 – "hey, I like your dog"….. "thanks, she's a chebe"
Her 23:53 – loool noooo chinua achebe african writer
Me 23:54 – that's a furry little dog *[she's responded well, keep needling her]*
Her 23:54 – looool no thats a chow chow
Me 23:54 – o…….kay *[I'm not quite sold on her]*
Her 23:54 – they are sooooo cute like little bears *[so she qualifies harder]*
Me 23:54 – I'm ambivalent about bears *[a thoroughly retarded statement]*
Her 23:55 – y?
Me 23:56 – panda, polar and grizzly are good
Her 23:56 – well a chow chows cute
Me 23:56 – kaola bad koala and I'm suspicious of animals that root around in bins at night, which I heard brown bears do *[I am a man who has clear preferences]*
Her 23:56 – i think kaolas look evil
Me 23:56 – polar bears probably would too, if there were bins in the artic
Her 23:59 – so you no longer work in investment banking wat do you do now??? except for kickboxing ??? *[IOI]*
Me 00:00 – I've sort of had a few careers. Investment banking is the main one. Might go back to it in a year or two I've also been a fight journalist in Japan taught in junior high school wrote a few books. how about you?
Her 00:05 – wow *[I'll call that an IOI]*
Me 00:06 – do you have a favourite fighter?
Her 00:07 – no favourite fighter just like watching people fight *[I like this girl!]*
Me 00:08 – all your messages are five minutes behind and a bit random. I can't tell if FB chat is broken, or you are a little slow *[tease]*
Her 00:08 – loool im not slow its facebook
Me 00:11 – apologies for my slow internet. having problems with it today I live in an old people's care home
Her 00:11 – hmmmm ok cool do you have any children? *[IOI]*
Me 00:12 – no the kids on my facebook are my nephews little bastards
Her 00:13 – i see you love them alot
Me 00:17 – very much I'm teaching [youngest] to do judo, and [oldest] to do kickboxing my internet is annoying me I think I'll go downstairs and join my gang *[show some softness, then takeaway]*
Her 00:19 – ok well im going to go to bed now but speak to you soon *[wants more]*
Me 00:20 – sleep well sweet dreams *[not promising more]*
Her 00:20 – night night sweet dreams

* Most of the Reddit posters are normal guys trying to learn. But there's a few Haterade-drinking mangina virgins who will invent any old bullshit to try and hold their crumbling reality together.

This is how to do Facebook sex chat

krauserpua · 10 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Ewwwww Warning: *This post is sexually explicit future projection. If you actually know me personally, you shouldn't read it or you'll get that icky feeling in your stomach. You've been warned!*

A latter stage of Long Game is to get the girl crossing the sexual rubicon before she meets you for the date. You want to get all of the LMR out of the way, all of the hurdles cleared, before you meet again. This is because you might have a logistically tight window to do the deed and don't want to be messing around with that stuff and eating up the clock. So I'm an advocate of fucking the girl online first to speed the real f-close along all the faster when rubber hits the road.

Here's an example of how to do it. I have not yet fucked this girl and I won't be in the same country as her for another few weeks. Bear in mind the specifics of this future projection are unique to the girl and my relationship with her. It's not one size fits all. But for noobs out there, it's a template you can work from to create a special moment with the girl. I won't give a line by line analysis but bear these pointers in mind:

- Take your time getting to the sex part. Heat up her buying temperature slowly
- Keep telling her how she feels. Bring her emotions into it
- Co-opt her by getting her to participate in telling you how she likes it. But generally lead the action itself.
- Keep the mental game going. Play up the mental angle of what you are both thinking.
- When you go rough or sexually extreme, include softeners
- See the range of male qualities from extreme forcefuless to gentle care
- Keep teasing, not quite giving what she wants



the laptop is just out of shot

Her: tell me what you were doing last week apart from gym and reading?
Me: Let's change the subject. Something i want to talk about…. [?] Imagine we are in my lounge. Nobody else is in

the house.
Her: beginning is quite exciting..
Me: We have a bottle of red wine open. We've already drunk one glass each There's some soft jazz music in the background the lights are dim Tell me what you are wearing
Her: continue…
Me: so, tell me what you're wearing
Her: ok.. I am wearing a dress..(should I start form dress or from underwear? 0
Me: Your dress will be coming off quite quickly, so start with that
Her: ok.. I am wearing a white underwear with stockings (a la Victoria's secret) no.. I think red will be better and what you are wearing?
Me: Nice. I have blue jeans, a tight "rock star" tshirt, nice watch So we've had some wine. We're very slightly drunk
Her: start from underwear..
Me: I just got some new boxer shorts. Masters of the Universe They have pictures of the hero characters
Her: great.. so, continue..
Me: We are laughing. We feel like the only two people in the world A song I like begins So suddenly I take your hands, pull you to your feet, and we dance a simple, amateurish dance
Her: what song it that?
Me: I'm Feeling Good. Nina Simone
Her: ok..
Me: We are dancing, but really we are not thinking about dancing You have one arm on my shoulder. The other is holding your wine glass behind my back Our whole bodies are touching. Your breasts against my chest, your stomach and hips touching mine your lips very close to mine. not quite touching
Her: ..continue.. you are really turning me on now..
Me: me too If you touched me right now, in the cafe, you might notice something a little shocking :O
Her: …really hope we will do everything you said… though I think your lounge is always full of people
Me: shall I continue?
Her: sure!!!
Me: So the music has stopped. But we haven't stopped our slow dance We don't really notice the silence I look into your eyes, then take a sip of wine I take the glass out of your hand and put both glasses onto the table. Then I walk back to you I slowly push your shoulders, pushing you gently backwards against the side of the sofa You are biting your lip, anticipating You are waiting for me to kiss you I lean closer, almost touching. You can feel my breath against your skin. Your legs are trembling I ignore your lips. I kiss your cheek, then your neck, then your shoulders good so far?
Her: just great..
Me: cool So where were we?
Her: you are kissing my cheek, neck..
Me: aha!
Her: where were you??
Me: So, you are getting very hot. I can feel your heart agains me, beating faster (getting another coffee) Every time my mouth gets close to yours, you reach towards me, trying to steal a kiss I deny it for now…..
Her: you are very cruel..
Me: Not cruel. I just want to build the anticipation I want you to be almost begging because you know how much you'll like it and enjoy it so much mmore when I finally let you have it
Her: ok..continue..
Me: I surprise you I put my hand between your legs. Underneath your dress I just hold my hand there. Steady. You gasp It makes you feel safe I put my other hand behind your head and grab a fistful of your hair. Not painful. Then I kiss you You are frozen still. Just trying to absorb the energy of the moment. Then you break, and grab me passionately, kissing hard rubbing yourself against my hand

Her: then..
Me: what are you thinking (in the story)
Her: what I am thinking… I think that I want to melt in your hands.. and I want you to hug me tighter… there are a lot of thoughts…
Me: cool So we are kissing passionately. You are feeling hotter and hotter. You are starting to lose control as the fire burns inside you It's an intense pleasure I start rubbing you, through your underwear Slowly and firmly I tease you a little with kisses. Sometimes on your lips, sometimes your neck I nibble your ear and you can feel my breath in your ear But mostly you just feel hotter and hotter. More and more sexual. Like the pressure in a damn building up I turn you around and push you forwards. You are leaning over the sofa I spend a little while admiring your figure I like to enjoy the visual image of you, with your long legs, firm butt, and the curve in your lower back I run my hand down your legs, from the hip to your ankles then back up again I'm thinking "I want this girl"
Her: as I am longing for your skin, body.. kissing you all over, slowly..enjoying every millimeter of you..(sorry for my spelling)
Me: So, what are you thinking now?
Her: …I think..that being a source of pleasure for you will give me the biggest pleasure…(not sure if I explained clear..)
Me: I understand I like that So, you are bent over my sofa. Still wearing your dress I slap your butt, playfully then squeeze it in my hand
Her: you are so naughty..
Me: I put my hands on your hips, feeling your hip bone. I like this I run my hand across your stomach. You pull it in tight, tense, like I'm about to tickle you You feel like I am admiring your shape. Like you are a statue in a museum. Like a artist admiring a work of art You desperately want me inside you now You start reaching your hand behind yourself, trying to grab my cock I pull down your panties (in reality I always use a condom, but this is imagination so I won't) I let you grab my cock for a short time. Immediately you are rubbing it, up and down. Imagining how it will feel inside you. Impatient finally, I lift up your dress and standing behind you, I slide inside of you you feel my hard cock gradually pushing into you, invading you you gasp your legs tremble a little and your knees buckle briefly I push all the way in until you can feel my hips pushing against your butt, pushing you forwards against the side of the sofa you feel completely full then I just wait. Letting you relax. Letting you enjoy the feeling of me inside you good so far?
Her: you can't imagine what I feel now…
Me: haha, you're probably on the internet now buying a flight to London for tonight, so you can jump onto me
Her: I think I'll jump on you as soon as I get London
Me: I certainly won't stop you Ok, so where were we?
Her: can't remember.. you should know
Me: I want you to say it
Her: ok..I am enjoying feeling you inside me..
Me: So, after a while I start fucking you Slowly at first, in and out Letting you feel the sensation of me pushing into you, over and over again. Feeling the hardness inside you Then I move faster, and harder Rough, but not painful I grab your hair and pull your head back. My other hand is holding your hip, holding you firmly against the sofa so you can't move It's quite fast now. You are moaning alot. Biting your lip. Trying to turn your head around to look at me You want to see your own body. See yourself, how you look when you're being fucked. You want to know what I see It makes you feel closer to me. But also, it makes you feel more sexy I grab both of your arms. Fold them behind your back and push your face into the cushions Now I'm fucking you really fast and hard. You can't think of anything You are totally lost on the sea of pleasure You are screaming my name now, and don't even know you are doing it I slap you butt harder now, and each time you grunt You are moving your hips and butt, trying to match my motion trying to get me deeper inside you I reach my hand around to hold your face, and you start biting and sucking on my finger you feel like you are being invaded. When I push in hard, you feel like my cock is going all through your body and out your mouth enjoying?

Her: ..a lot..
Me: heh Suddenly I pull out of you Abruptly you feel empty all you can think about is “I want more” I grab your hair and pull you towards me, turning you around, and forcing you to your knees Again, it’s rough, violent, forcefull. But not painful You know what to do. You don’t even think You wrap your fingers around my cock, with a big smile of anticipation then you take me into your mouth At the beginning you are too impatient. You want it all, immediately. So you are sucking hard, aggressively, up and down I put my hand on top of your head, which you like. It makes you feel protected and you slow down. Now you are relaxing. Enjoying the feeling of my cock inside your mouth. Experimenting with the sensation. You try kissing the tip. Then licking up and down the length You look up at me, to check I like it I do You take great care and pride in your work. Showing me how much you like me. I appreciate that You don’t need to think about what you are doing. It’s all coming naturally I like this. But it’s not enough. I have to be inside you again. So I pull your head up, give you a kiss, and lie you down on the sofa You are lying there, in total surrender I decide I want to see more of you. I tell you to stand up. You do I tell you to take off your dress. You do. You are standing there, in front of me. Just your lingerie. Your bra and stockings. I don’t move. I just look at you. You can feel my eyes on your body, like a hot ray of sunshine You feel very self-conscious, but it’s a pleasant feeling It’s pleasant to be desired by me. To feel my desire to have you I tell you to spin around slowly, so I can see all of you. You do. Then I push you down again so you are lying on my sofa, almost naked. Waiting to see what I do next You feel overpowered by my masculine presence. You feel powerless to resist, but totally safe. Tell me something? What you feel or what you want….
Her: I just want to be yours…to be in your complete power..



There’s a no-shoes rule for my sofa. And I don’t care how hot you are.

Me: you are I sit next to you, and run my fingers along your stomach then your breasts, and your face I know you want me inside you, and it will happen soon, but I want to spend a little more time admiring your beauty I grab your breasts. I’m very thoughtful. I just enjoy being close to such beauty, and possessing it I can see you getting impatient, so I let you grab my cock again, and then I enter you again you are lying underneath me, feeling my weight You wrap your legs behind my back, grab me behind my neck, and try to pull me tighter into you I fuck you like this for a while. You completely lose track of time It is like an endless circle of feeling me pushing

into you, then out again Then you realise I'm pushing harder and faster I'm going to finish. I'm going to let you draw me into orgasm You start pushing into me with every thrust Biting my shoulder, scratching my back instinctively trying to make me cum. To feel the pleasure, to feel the satisfaction of my temporary loss of control a loss of control that only you can create (in reality, I'd cum inside you, but this is imagination so I'm gonna be a bit wilder, ok?)
Her: ok
Me: Cool. How are you feeling?
Her: as never before.. wish at this very moment we could do it in reality..
Me: we'll get the chance. It'll be like this but 10x better So, I'm fucking you really hard again I'm looking deep into your eyes more now. It's not enough to feel your physical surrender. I want you to feel the force of my character too At first you can't hold my eye contact. It's too powerful But then you gradually do. We lock eyes. Now all of your mind is focused on my eyes. You are looking right into me You can feel your body shaking and moving from my power as I fuck you, but it feels further away It's like I'm mentally fucking you too now You bite your lip, moan I pull out of you again then I sit on your chest and push my cock into your mouth you are frantic, desperate to make me come, to make me happy you are sucking hard, pumping my cock with your hand (I warned you this is a bit wild)
Her: …I prefer to know all your intime fantasies..
Me: I look down and I'm feeling very good. I feel like I completely possess your beauty. The visual image of your face and my cock…. it's difficult to describe in words but seeing the beauty of your face seeing the girl of your character and emotional depth
Her: then?
[dropped connection for five minutes]
Me: I'm finished. Fell asleep
Her: no.. continue
Me: haha, ok….. where were we?
Her: I dont want to repeat such things (blush)
Me: haha I will So I have my cock in your mouth, and you are sucking it, trying to make me cum It's at this moment that I feel like I completely possess you. It feels powerful, that I found a girl like you and took you so completely that you are doing this for me. then I feel all of the pressure building up, and I know I am about to come I pull out, holding my cock near your face You know what's next. You want my come inside you. You open your mouth, try to bend your head forwards to get my cock inside you again underneath me I can feel your body squirming, trying to get something from me then I come I splash it over your face Some of it goes into your mouth, some on your cheek, a little bit on your forehead For you, it feels hot and exciting. You feel owned You can't believe you've done it, and can't believe how exciting it felt Mostly, you feel satisfied. Satisfied as a woman that you could bring me to this final moment I feel free For some precious moments I feel completely liberated, the comfort of total emptiness in the world Then slowly our minds return to the real world After a bit of… ahem….. "personal organisation"… we go to my room and lie together. Not talking, just comfortable the end
Her: what do you feel?
Me: when? I just told you didn't I?
Her: yes you told.. but at this very moment?
Me: in the story, or in Starbucks?
Her: in Starbucks
Me: Kinda funny. Like there's all these people around me drinking coffee and they have no idea what we've been doing
Her:
Me: And I really want you here next to me right now I want to do it for real
Her: so do I, but not in Starbucks
Me: true…. How do you feel?

Her: I feel like I've done it… butterflies in my stomach…

If you would like to learn how to seduce girls through Facebook messaging, buy my advanced manual Daygame Mastery here. It has over 130 pages of advanced instructional material including real Facebook and text message chats. It also includes the world's best advice on what to do on a first date, and how to progress a girl to sex once you are along with her.

The respect of your peers

krauserpua · 11 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As boys we crave the approval of our fathers and other male role models generally. As men we no longer crave approval. However we do gain satisfaction from earning the respect of great men. It is tremendously uplifting to be part of a solid crew of good male friends. Maybe it's a hunting band thing. True greatness and maturity in a man is a rare thing these days. When you see it you want to be closer to it. Many men of my generation are aware of the tag line on James Bond novels.

Men want to be him. Women want to be with him.

This somewhat melodramatic intro leads me to the blogosphere. I don't read "blogs". I read **people**. Reading blogs is for people who read genre fiction, or buy branded clothes, or want to see the "official sponsor of…" badge on a franchise product. There's a time and place for that but it won't take you to the higher levels of mastery in any discipline. Once you get good at an **expert system*** you start headhunting people, not theories.

[I mean expert system in it's sociological sense: a bounded system of knowledge in which mastery can be acquired leading proficient practioners to outperform lesser or unpracticed people. Examples include chess, accounting, boxing, Game]

Over on the right side of this page is my blogroll. All of them have something of interest to my archetypal reader whether it be other wannabe players treading the same path I have, or the leading lights of (non-commercial) game theory, or summaries of information I think men should integrate if they wish to see the world accurately.

A small handful of links take you to men I genuinely respect. Men who have had an impact on my intellectual development in the past couple of years. I don't always agree with these men, but when I don't I stop and try to figure out why. I don't dismiss them. They have earned my respect to the extent that I take them seriously and will tease through the disagreement until I've reached a resolution to my own satisfaction. These are blogs I read religiously and recommend you do the same. So in no particular order:

Ferdinand Bardamu – He's constantly misrepresented as a game blogger and men's right's activist. I think it's closer to call him an iconoclastic independent thinker who happens to concern himself with real male issues. I think he disappears up his own arse hair-splitting anti-semitism and white nationalism but few people can write something political that I haven't thought of before and I immediately agree with. Ferdie does about once a fortnight.

Mish – Nobody has influenced my views on economics and political organisation as much as this investment analyst and libertarian activist. His financial commentary and clarity of thought cuts through the bullshit of an obtuse sphere. Mish consistently reminds me that the real world is very simple, and daily news stories very easy to decipher, if you just stick to some basic principles of human action.

Roissy – I have an Ernie Terrell-like stubborness against using his new name. Roissy is the guy who put me onto the importance of sexual reality and the dark side of competitive sexual interactions. I find him bitter and at times a parody of himself but he's another deceptively clear thinker, blessed with poetic turn of phrase that can enliven the driest of topics. For all his declared amoral hedonism the guy clearly cares deeply about the impending collapse of western civilisation and the plight of desperate put-upon beta males.

Assanova – I really don't understand what motivates the guy. He's been blogging for years and is constantly threatening to leave the community. Yet week after week he posts deep wisdom on all things game. His advice is almost anti-game but he can consistently put across a single elegant idea that stays with you next time you interact with a girl. Very astute. He brags rather too much about his looks, his charm, and the apparent legions of women who open him non-stop.

Ricky Rawness – If ever a guy projects an aura of been-there-read-it-done-it it's this guy. His various thematic series (e.g. Myth of the Middle Class Alpha Male) are classics worth returning to time after time. When it comes to the meaning underlying social interactions, Ricky "gets it". Big time.

Raedwald – It means something to be English. There is a small kernel of core attitudes and moral principles that exemplify what made England the greatest country in history, giving the world cricket, football, boxing, empire, the agricultural and industrial revolutions, and chips'n'gravy. Raedwald is truly English in spirit and he uses this to write about the political and social issues of the day.

For any of you not on this list, it doesn't necessarily mean I think you're a cunt. Except for Jimmy and Burto. You are cunts.

Oneitis

krauserpua · 14 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

After the swine-flu season, a virulent strain of oneitis has been whizzing around Rock Solid Game.

I've gotten struck down with my Russian catwalk model. Jimmy has found a black model in Manchester that he is pining for. Lee has an unusual strain where he has transferred it across two girls. Johnny is in the critical late stages, as is Perry. So far the only recovery is Burto who shook off a virulent spanish oneitis. Only Tony T has shown natural immunity.

Most shocking of all is heartbreaker Suave. I just got this terrible news ten minutes ago. I quote:

"…but my head is with the argentinian at the moment. she could potentially be my 1 itis she is that great! her pics doesnt make justice to what she is in person"
Oh dear. Pray for him.

The life-cycle of day game

krauserpua · 14 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've not really done any daygame since the end of November. I had to go to Paris to meet one of my favourites and then home for Christmas with the family. Then I had a week of swine flu. Combine that with the biting cold and my changing attitudes regarding harem management, and I just did a handful of half-arsed approaches.

Then Bhodisatta pops round for a chat and we start talking ourselves into it. He invites me out two days in succession. I do some sets and realise the off-season has really soldified some changes in my attitudes. I notice:

– I have no approach anxiety. **None at all**. I fully believe I'm adding value to the girl's day and fully expect her to respond well.
– I don't have to mentally override potential bad behaviours. When I used to approach 9s and 10s I'd have to discipline myself not to show nervousness or to qualify. Now I don't even get those problematic drives. It's just a girl.
– I am so relaxed and light-hearted that vibing is extremely easy.
– I am going after the very best girls I find. There's no sense of wimping out by approaching girls who seem most up for it or the easy option.

Over the two days I do about 12 sets. Only two blowouts and five numbers/facebook. Here's three of them after they accepted my add. A quality stock.



Spanish, Russian, Lithuanian

I check Bhodisatta's blog and he's talking about the stages he's been going through in daygame. Here's an expanded version of the comment I left, as it applies to me.

1. Impossible – Before learning about game and seeing guys do it, I assume it can't be done. I've got the socialisation blinders on which tell me the only ways to meet girls are in bars, social circle or internet dating sits. So I see hundreds of pretty girls walk past me on the streets and never even *think* there's a way to get them.
2. New Horizons – I first start with direct openers. I'm awkward and tense which makes the girls feel sorry for me and want to be nice. So I get good responses and sometimes numbers. It's a powerful feeling, all out of proportion with the results. Just to know it's possible and I have choice. The girls don't actually want to date me but I naively think daygame is easy and this motivates me to do massive numbers of approaches. 20 sets a day twice a week is not uncommon.
3. Validation Seeking – I become more practised, with better body language, better able to move the set into a

conversation without self-sabotaging. I start hooking most sets and feeling validated by the positive responses. Without realising it, I take on a tendency to turn off the sexuality and not push things, in order to keep the vaildation of the initial positive response. My self image is dependent on having the girls give me numbers and I protect this. I'm not screening girls out when they try to LJBF early because I want the date, even though the girl has basically subcommunicating that its not a romantic frame. Flakey numbers. LJBF dates.

4. The Wobbles – I realise the problem and turn on the sexual intent. There's a big drop in success because I'm a sexual threat again, although the few successes go further and I start getting laid. I realise I'm not as good as I think I am and tracking my batting average is hindering my development. I no longer care about being able to say "I approached five girls and got four numbers". I'm happy with less sets but pushing them further.

5. Anti-Monkey – I still haven't really seen good examples of daygame to learn from. I've still got the blinders on, thinking every set has to go the same way: a moving target that i open with a synonym of "you're gorgeous". I cast around for alternative methods, refinements, and look to reevaluate what I'm doing and what works and what doesnt'. I start to innovate and add my own personality to my method. I realise I'm talking too much and not getting the girl involved. Showing too much interest and energy. Change tack. Success goes up.

6. Laziness – I'm finally at the stage where I'm happy with the returns I get from the work done. My ego jumps in. I go into sets expecting to hook without doing any work. I exercise poor discipline by not following the model. Feel too entitled to get the girl without doing the work. So I don't smile when I open, or my vibe is too serious, or I don't DHV, or a whole list of things. I still get girls but the success rate drops again. My inner game has become "I'm sick of this game shit. I'm high value now. The girl should just like me for who I am"

7. Scarcity Returns – approaching has become so much of my identity that I do too much of it, and return to a chasing mentality. I am the guy who opens, therefore I need to open. Outcome dependence creeps back in as I feel bad letting pretty girls walk past me without opening them. I always need to have new prospects rather than just being happy with all the girls I'm dating.

8. Naturalisation – I live my life, and if I see a girl I want, and I have space for her in my life, I open. It doesn't feel like game. I don' feel any pressure and it's alot of fun.

I'm a horrible bastard

krauserpua · 16 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This isn't advice. It's 5am, I'm in Lithuania, and I'm drunk. Highlights of the day were an instant date with a 19yr old virgin who's only had one kiss (not one guy, one actual kiss) in her life. She looks like a goer. Also made out with two girls in Salentos and came within a whisker of a 30 second SNL in the toilets (I opened, kissed immediately and told the girl I want to fuck her in the toilets now. She said ok, and we were walking there when the bitch cockblock friend dragged her back).

So, I'm drunk. In a funny mood. My natural arsehole tendencies come out. I'm not in any way suggesting guys should act like I do here. Just giving you a window into what I do. One of my girls opens me on facebook…..

Her – what are you doing awake in the middle of the night?
Me – trying to sleep suck my cock bitch
Her – drunk again?
Me – yes
Her – easy to see
Me – so that's a no?
Her – mm come to [her country] first
Me – too far I'm gonna sleep in a minute send me a picture of you naked is it really so much to ask? I mean, I've seen you naked a million times fucked you in the ass cum on your face, in your mouth and now you are SHY about a photo? *[all true]*
Her – don't you have plenty of girls there in Lithuania?
Me – Lots but if you send a good photo, I promise not to fuck any tomorrow
Her – you said you didn't want to talk to me. because I'm too far etc. and now I should send you a photo while you don't really care
Me – basically yes
Her – you'll think about that tomorrow when you are sober
Me – perhaps but for now photo please
Her – stop it.
Me – I'm a horrible bastard. You know this
Her – yeah I've noticed
Me – I'd like a photo from behind of you feeling yourself maybe pretending to suck my cock I dunno Use your imagination
Her – you know I can't do that for someone who is just playing with me.
Me – ok I have to sleep now Have a good evening
Her – have a good night
Me – □
Her – you're killing me you know
Me – I'm sorry
Her – :p
Me – I don't want to be a bastard. But I am. And I actually enjoy it Sorry
Her – please stop being a bastard with me I can't really handle it for now

You can see why I'm putting some work into straightening out my inner game. There's that nagging pain in my head. Skeletor thinks its my conscience. I've got to either deal with it or kill it.

Nurturing my inner douchebag

krauserpua · 16 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's Saturday night in Lithuania and I'm drunk. Jimmy and I get separated in a bar as he gets dragged off to a nightclub while I'm in a set. He texts me where he's headed then gets lost so I actually get there before him. He's twenty minutes away. Bugger.

So I'm sitting in a nightclub by myself and don't know anyone. Our whole nightclub method relies on building initial value with the wing. I find a quiet corner bar where few people will notice me and then nurse a drink, trying to stem the loss of value bleeding out of me. To entertain myself in the interim I start texting a bunch of girls. Here's two of the chats.

I'm in a prime douchebag mood and I use these text exchanges to raise my state. I'm deliberately playing a character and hoping the girls see that and don't take my messages to heart. My only rule is to keep pushing the envelope further and further till I get a strong genuine "back off" signal. I've kept the spelling and grammatical errors as it's an important part of the "I'm drunk and don't give a fuck" vibe.

This was just a bit of fun, to fill a gap in the night. I'm not holding it up as an example of "good text game". I rarely text in this style. First girl is a 19 yr old student I opened in Camden and haven't gotten onto a date but she responds to my texts despite having a new boyfriend. Second girl is in Lithuania and I've already banged her several times.

Me – In Lirghunia, can see two of evertgibng
Her – riiightt
Me – Means what exactly?? are you tewsing me
Her – Sorry? You always drunk text me… not cool
Me – Not true. 100 percent [her name] bullsheet. Drunk now but not always
Her – You drunk text me before, leave me alone
Me – Eh? What? You're not some softy
Her – No i dont take shit from middle aged men
Me – That's pretty mean that is. Like a dagger through my heart
Her – Cool. Have a good life
Me – Damn that's harsh. Can I hire you to attack my enemies?
Her – Sure… yeah heres my new number [some number] text me on that and ill reply there
Me – Dunno what to do woth that. My brain isn't 100 pect now. You being mean girl or nice girl? I prefer nice girl
Her – Oops im being mean
Me – I'm so judging you right now. I liked yoyu too. Was the red hair and cute smile
Her – I really dont care what people think of me, judging is for those less than comfortable with themselves Yeahh my boyfriend loves it too
Me – Because trying to get a rise is so immature?
Her – Rise? Nope immature doesnt come into it, you asking me out though, is juat weird
Me – You have a boyfriend? Sure, smelly. You just jel cos I iz in foreign lands
Her – are you kidding? You cunt this is costing me loads… dont text me again
Me – Students! go smash a window
Her – I will ill make sure its yours
Me – You're such a fucking bitch. I need to introspect on why I like you

Me – I'm shitfaced [image]
Her – What's up, Nick?
Me – In [club]. Lost Jimmy. Can see two of everything
Her – Nick, go home, you are drunk. why do you text me then? I can not help you now, because I'm not there
Me – Hahaha i's having fun. Dunnowhy

Her – I'm glad-u have a fun time. It is strange, why you text me, you are busy probably now, there is a lot of girls
Me – Not now. Don't like goirls anymore
Her – Haha, this is the most stupid thing about you i can not believe this.don't u like me?!
Me – Girls are rubbish. I want safe world of playstation. No shit. Just games
Her – do u think i'm rubbish?! To hide in pc world – not for strong men. Take it easy, everything not so bad
Me – I'm gonna punch someone
Her – Stop to drink and go home to sleep, alone, otherwise, we';; not meet tomorrow….
Me – is alright. Never twleve
Her – Or u don't have me in your sunday plans
Me – Maybe. You gonna let me fuck you in the ass?
Her – [next day] How are u today?

I bang my first 21 yr old Lithuanian painter

krauserpua · 20 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This is the pay-off for some diligent Long Game. I'll go into detail here on the end game, something I'm still pretty weak at, but first a summary of the preceeding stages:

The Meet: I'm walking through Gedmino street (main shopping area) in Vilnius with Jambone doing some scheduled day game. I see a cute young chick sitting on a bench waiting for someone. She's wearing a deep purple coat. I open her saying its the same colour as my favourite raspberry yoghurt I'd eat as a child. She's flattered and later tells me she thought about the meeting for the rest of the day thinking it was extremely romantic. She tells me she has a boyfriend and won't give her number. I take the facebook and add her later that day. I assume its a dead lead.

The Long Game: Over the next three months I guide her through the steps. She gradually warms to me and by Christmas she's sending me naked photos and telling me how she wants to be fucked. Slutty as this sounds she does so while maintaining a demure maidenly frame and insisting that she has a boyfriend. Nonetheless we agree that when I go to Lithuania she's gonna come round to the apartment and cook for me, and then whatever happens happens.

Bonus Round: I float the idea of her bringing a friend to help cook and then Jimmy can talk to her. A cute blonde 20 yr old is chosen and we have a couple of weeks to DHV J-bone in advance of the meet.

So I turn up in Vilnius deciding **Painter** is my #1 target and all other targets must fit around what I do to close her. She wants me, I want her, but there's three massive obstacles:

1. She has a boyfriend of 5 years who is fully integrated into her life and she does not want to cheat on.
2. She has only ever dated this one guy. So she is sexually inexperienced and still links sex and love strongly.
3. She can't be seen publically with me lest her reputation be tarnished and she loses what she considers to be "everything"

The fact she knows I'm a player with a harem doesn't phase her at all. It's a DHV not an obstacle. The same day I arrive she comes around.

Day 1 – This is all about comfort. I need to confirm to her that I am the guy I presented as and that she isn't forced into anything. She needs to relax and feel that I do like her and this isn't just a booty call. We chat as she cooks and then Jimmy shows up for his eats. After I tell her "I promised I'd kiss you if I like your food….. I liked it". Short kiss, push her away, and we watch a movie on my laptop in the lounge. It's on now and by the time she needs to leave we are making out. I do not try for the close.

Night 1 – Jimmy and I are tired. We haven't slept the prior night and now it's midnight after all the travel. Painter texts unexpectedly to invite us clubbing at Salento. It's five minutes walk from our apartment. We end up there, and start free-wheeling a new method for nightgame *(another post to follow).* We roll in like rock stars, take prime bar position and then talk animatedly to each other while ignoring the room. Soon lots of IOIs come our way. Painter is on the dancefloor with her blonde friend Daewoo [in-joke]. We don't look at them and before long they notice us and start IOIing. We begin pulling girls over to us to get a nice horseshoe in front. More IOIs. I run some "secret" long distance gesturing with Painter. After a couple of hours we leave. Job done. She now has witnessed me as the guy chased by hot girls, and Daewoo has seen Jimmy as the same.

Day 2 – More of the same. Chatting, fooling around, rapport and then move on to making out. I spent alot of time doing the Tony T "masculine presence" routine. This means you are just exuding masculine energy so that her feminine radiance comes out, and as she glows hotter she feels more and more magnetised to you. You aren't "kino escalating" or "running material". You are creating an aura so she is emotionally drawn to you. Towards the end of the evening I push her further sexually until she is down to her panties on my sofa. At the moment I've hooked my

thumbs into them her boyfriend calls. I pull back.

Day 3 – Same again. This time the LMR returns as I have my hand down her panties. I am telling her variations of "It's okay for you to say no. You can leave anytime. I won't be angry."

The weekend comes and with it her boyfriend and some family obligations. She has two days to stew on it while I pursure other targets. She texts to say she will spend the night next time, and bring her friend.

Day 4 – The first two hours are bringing Jimmy into it and getting Daewoo into him. It's a struggle because her English is awful so it's so hard to get rapport. She obviously wants him but she can't be moved through the necessary stages of the courtship ritual. We aren't drinking much, it's not a club. Fools Mate isn't gonna work. Jimmy knows Daewoo is just a bonus ring so he keeps his eye on the ball which is to get me laid. Knowing that I have all night to work, I keep it light and make her chase. By midnight we are upstairs in my bed and undressed. It's make or break.

I decide to make her chase, make her jump the chasm. I lie on my back with my arm around her and just wait. She gradually escalates me. Before every escalation she stops to look at me. Like a child puzzling over a maths problem, I can read her mind on her face. It's a straight-forward forebrain-hindbrain conflict. She starts talking:

Her: I'm such a bad girl
Me: Why?
Her: **thoughtful silence**
Me: Tell me
Her: I left my boyfriend at home with my parents. They are watching tv together now. He's angry.
Me: **smiles inwardly**
Her: And I forgot to log out of facebook. Maybe he'll see our messages ["Are you staying over tonight?" etc]

There's more LMR until an hour later she's finally so hot that the forebrain folds it's cards and I fuck her. She never truly relaxes but it's good sex and she orgasms. Afterwards as we lie together she's thoughtfully silent another five minutes then:

Her: OK. You got me.
Me: **silence**
Her: I'm another one of your victims.

Never heard that after sex. +10 points for me.

**Note – I've taken down all the photos because of the boyfriend / reputation issue. Sorry. She's fucking sensational, so it's not an easy choice. I'd rate her as the hottest of ALL the girls I've fucked since I got into game.*

**Note 2 – This sounds like alot of effort. It was. To get girls of this calibre in the face of such obstacles is always hard work. If you don't want to invest the time then scratch these girls off your target list. If you genuinely like high value girls and genuinely enjoy the thrill of the chase then you'll be enjoying the work not resenting it.*

Krauser Night Game Model

krauserpua · 21 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

While Jimmy and I were out in Lithuania last week we went to the same nightclub (Salento) four times. He hates noisy places and is *always* bitching about it but after talking over the first night we realised we'd figured something out. There's a way to run club game as talky guys, without relying on dancing, rapid escalation, looks, or lame social guy proofing. We'd figured out

club-game for talkers

We then tested it the next three times and in each case drew a ton of IOIs, warm opens, and both of us would've had SNLs if not for external interrupts. How did we do this you say….. Presenting the nascent **Krauser Night Game Model**.

Requirements:
– A wing you really like talking to and knows your style
– Beer money
– Patience
– A club that is reasonably open plan, and not so loud you can't talk at all (this will also work in large bars)

1. Walk in like a rock star
Roll in chatting with your wing about any old shit, laughing and confident. Do not scan around the room, do not notice the hot girls. Just stride straight over to the bar and get a drink. Then lock into the best position in the house – somewhere highly visible, with lots of traffic past it (walking or dancing). This is preferably against the main bar so you don't even have to move to get drinks. Try to avoid anywhere that requires you to move out of the way for people such as the busiest part of said bar.

2. Ignore everyone but your wing
You came to the club to have a great time with your friend. Turn to face each other and start talking with great animation and interest about things you genuinely care about. Ignore the whole fucking room. Start to talk each other's state up, laugh, play around, pull funny faces at each other and tell stories. Do this at least half and hour. You are building your glow. You'll feel yourselves getting more and more socially lubricated and any worries about the night will fall away. This is in stark contrast to every other guy in the club. What are they doing? Half the guys (at least) came to get laid and will be standing against a wall with their drink in chode position. They'll ignore their friends standing next to them as they both value-scan the room with anxious faces. They'll eye up every girl and leech out validation and value. Any time a girl gives one of these miserable bastards a look it'll spring them into a short chode-dance until the girl ignores them again and they re-attach themselves to the wall. The remaining half of dudes will be either actively hitting on girls over and over again or else just chilling doing nothing. Whatever, you will be having far more fun than the lot of them and be far more relaxed. You are building outcome independence and building value.

3. Clock the IOIs but don't bite
Both of you will be the warm end of the pool now and glowing with value. You might be a little drunk too. Good stuff. Start using peripheral vision to pick out the various IOIs you'll now be receiving. As wings, pick out each other's so neither of you need to move your heads towards the dancefloor. At first they won't be strong – some of the validation-dancing girls looking your way to see if you notice their butt-shaking, a few proximity IOIs as girls maneouvre nearer, the occasional bump as they come near to order their drink. You will see them. Continue what you're doing but start to divide the field and prepare to act.

4. Open the easy meat
Do some low investment openers on the girls that require the least effort and seem most approachable. For example, has a three set of 6s been sitting next to you for the past half hour looking bored? Does a smiley girl give

you a nudge as she orders a drink next to you? Does any kind of easy opportunity fall into your lap? Take it. Take anything that allows you to get into a set that doesn't look like you're hitting on her. These are your pawn sets. Don't try to hang in the set any longer than is natural, and after one set is done immediately either got back to building value with your wing, or open another. Before long you'll have a horseshoe of girls around you. Every other girl will see this. Re-clock the IOIs. Should be more of them and from better girls. But do not return the attention they throw you. If you ever get a blowout, turn back to your wing and laugh it off so as not to lose value.

5. Unleash the douchebag

You'll have high confidence and some inebriation by now so make your conversation with your wing about topics that raise your douchebaggery. Tell fight stories, drink stories, close scrapes with the police or whatever. Nurture the douchebag. You are already the two guys in the club having the most fun and unlike the cool dancer guy, you don't look try hard. You could take or leave any set. Now start opening sets for real. Do it any way you want, but do it with intent and confidence. Talk to girls at the bar, sitting near you, pull them over as they walk past. Just go with your intuition and exercise leadership. Laugh off the bad responses. Tease girls to get them visibily responding to you. Every set should build value in the eyes of every other set. Any time you feel a set flagging or your own momentum slowing, dismiss them and recharge with your wing.

You should now be remaining in Phase 5 for the rest of the night and snowballing your value. Think through what you are accomplishing here. The method is all based on building and then maintaining the following attributes:

– High personal charismatic value (not social proof per se)
– Fun Fun Fun vibe
– Total outcome independence
– Social lubrication
– Weakening boundaries of what is unacceptable or impossible
– Minimal effort

** Note – this is not as practised as my day game model. It's simply codifying what I've found tends to work for me (read my last three lay reports from late 2010 – they all went this way before I realised this is what I was doing) and have since practised.*

** Note – Jimmy deserves a tip of the hat for standing next to me laughing while I figured this stuff out. And yes, somebody somewhere might've written this kind of stuff before. Don't fucking care. This model came to me by observing what I did that worked for me.*

Warming up a cold lead: Button Nose

krauserpua · 24 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A couple of months ago I opened a sweet English girl near Trafalgar Square in day game. It was an unremarkable set. Nice ten minutes of banter and she responded well but it never quite seemed to reach a point where I could commit her. Nonetheless I follow up. I post this long text exchange to show one way of warming up a cold lead. It takes lots of texts so it's important to enjoy the process for self-amusement, rather than as a means to an end.

Me: So is this [button nose]? The kinda cute but kinda feisty girl who owes Nick a coffee (white americano, no sugar)
Her: do i look like a girl who buys men drinks? *[shit test, hard and fast]*
Me: No. Just mine. *[stand my ground, cocky arrogance]*
Her: you are so insane. *[IOI]*
Me: Uh-huh. I'm on my way out now. Talk soon. I'm thinking Saturday afternoon, about 5pm. Be a good girl and say "yay!"
Her: im not a good girl and maybe ill discuss with my boyfriend then see. ur outrageous.
Me: Cool

So nothing happens. It's a cute girl who likes me but she's got a boyfriend and she doesn't like me enough to ignore the fact. There's lots of sets like this so I move on. Three weeks later I'm browsing my contacts with a new warm-up text in mind. A few cold leads get the same text and Button Nose responds.

Me 3:18am – You just invaded my dream. I can't even remember what you look like. That's totally not fair. *[draw her in on her vanity because girls need to know how people perceive them, but make it clear it wasn't a pervy dream]*
Her 8:32am – Sorry who is this? i dont have this number saved… *[proves how little investment she has right now]*
Her 10:36am – ?? Come on i am so curious now i don't have this number in my phone.. *[I'd not replied for two hours. She's started work and it's nawing at her mind]*
Me 10:38am – Don't worry about it, you barely know me *[more defiance – a normal guy would been saying "It's Nick! We met at Trafalgar Sq three weeks ago. Remember?"]*
Her 10:39am – it doesn't matter if i barely know you then how do you have my number?
Me 10:40am – You liked me so you gave it to me. I don't think you do that often to strangers. *[framing her as liking me and me being different]*
Her 10:42am – I don't… So where did i meet u? If u have forgotten my face it had to have been long ago right?
Me 10:45am – Just a few weeks ago. We were both stone cold sober. I might not remember your face, but I do remember meeting. Dunno your excuse… *[slightly challenging]*
Her 10:55am – It would be helpful if u gave me your name or where we met and then i will remember… come on if u waited 2 weeks to text or something what do you expect? *[this one unanswered question has been spun out so long that it allows me to DHV and invest her]*
Her 11:00am – I am fairly sure i remember you but i changed phones so my sim lost you.. are you the sandwich compliment man who chased me down outside costa? *[I don't want to be framed as "sandwich compliment guy"]*
Me 11:02am – Not sure about a sandwich. I think I complimented your arse or your walk. *[remind her how sexual the opener was]*
Her 11:03am – Sandwich complimenting! U complimented them in an offensive way! *[mild shit test / banter]*
Me 11:05am – Offensive? Yeah right… Little Miss Innocent now, are you? *[introduce an image]*
Her 11:08am – Of course! I was raised catholic i think using the word slutty was a bit much… *[playing along]*
Me 11:16am – So should I apologise and do some Hail Marys?
Her 11:18am – i could def use some form of grovelling right now… bad dayyy *[she's opening up a little about herself, a move into rapport]*
Her 11:18am – Maybe explain what i was doing in ur dream *[she'd almost forgotten the original text because of how I distracted her]*

Me 11:24am – It wasn't sexual. Well, not very… You were sort of a cameo character in the background. I don't remember the details – you know how dreams are – but somehow it was definitely you. *[this is basically a neg]*
Her 11:29am – How…. flattering?
Me 11:31am – Oh, I like you Button Nose. But I don't control my subconscious. Why's your day so bad? *[SOI and stack forwards. You can't tease forever, I've done enough attraction for now]*
Her 11:50am – Oh god its an old cliche to be honest… 'my boyfriend and i broke up' blah blah blah. But you know… new day, new start *[sometimes you get lucky with timing and logistics. Have to be careful not to jump on it with lame "hey baby, forget him, you've got me" lame-assery]*
Me 11:55am – Boo, that sucks [image] Does your breakup recovery plan involve chocolate and wine?
Her 11:56am – No because that will lead to weight gain and me feeling even worse!! My break up plan involves fruit and cocktails. Lol i don't know i don't have a break up plan i am not organized enough.
Me 11:58am – If I was proper shifty, I'd be looking to pounce during your window of emotional vulnerability right now…. *[verbalising the obvious subtext]*
Her 12:00pm – 'if'??!! Anyway sadly for anyone thinking that, break ups make me toughen up.
Me 12:11pm – Ok, I'm shifty…. Unburden yourself on your girl friends for a few days (I'm a bad listener), then we'll do something together *[ordering her to do what she'd do anyway while showing intent and a lack of outcome dependence]*
Her 12:11pm – Hahahahahahahahahahaah ok

My first foray into online game – Plenty of Fish

krauserpua · 26 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Generally speaking I have a low opinion of online game. It is designed to fail. The only girls who would use it are those who are too old/ugly or too busy (=career woman= masculine= unattractive) to pick up guys face to face. The only men online are those too scared to overcome approach anxiety. Thus online game is just low value men spamming the inboxes of low value women, making out their entitlement complexes. Not for me.

Then look at how sites like Match and eHarmony are marketed. They are flagrantly positioned as "find a sucker" for over-30s women to get married off. Thus my conclusion that online game is a waste of time, like trawling through a sea of sewage in search of an occasional zircon. Why bother when I can just see a girl on the street and get her.

Over the past six months I've watched Burto and Tony T mercilessly invade dating sites and string together an unending ho train of ready, willing, and most importantly *fuckable* girls. They've cracked the code. So my ears perked up. Then Jimmy jumped in and found an entertaining way to get these girls – troll the fuck out of them and then turn the anger response into attraction. That's fun.

So I'm giving online game another chance, as of today. I'm gonna pick the brains of T-bone, B-bone and J-bone to figure out a style that works for me. My profile is up and it's heavy on the playful douchbag, qualifying girls from the first sentence. Here's the mails I sent out today. Results (or lack of them) should come through in the next two days.



Pinky

Girl One – Pinky has a short playful profile presenting herself as a cute fun girl who wants a fun guy with kind eyes she can swim in.
Subject: Your hair scares my dog
Message: Nice colour, but really. When Bodger walked past my laptop he yelped and hit in his basket.



Asian

Girl Two – Asian has “activity” photos and a few smiley ones. She’s a bit dull and talks about her favourite tv shows and travel destinations. She doesn’t say it, but looks like an office girl.
Subject: Your profile is masculine
Message: Skydiving, travelling and stuff. Maybe if you’d put up a few photos of you baking a nice cake, and maybe wearing a cute summer dress, somebody would look and think “she’d make a good little wife”



Black

Girl Three – Black has put alot of effort into her profile to describe her hobbies. She comes off as a feisty charity worker who wants to be a bit quirky. Likeable but a bit full of it.
Subject: You lost me at “RSPCA”
Message: We have pretty much nothing in common. I dislike hip hop, amateur dramatic, and prodnose charities. That said, being a man, I liked your photos so I thought I’d force myself to read past the first paragraph. Just in case there was some gold to be found in your character traits. Not sure. You’re a marmite girl – you’ll inspire love or hate and not much inbetween.



Brown

Girl Four – Brown has one sentence describing the type of guy she wants and one photo that doesn't even show her full face. Entitlement is written all over her.
Subject: Honestly, that's all you have?
Message: You're asking alot for a girl who has one badly-cropped photo and a half-arsed About Me section. I spent two hours writing my profile, filling it with subtle wit and screening questions. Then I carefully went through my photos to present a well-balanced introduction to who I am. Your sheer audacity intrigues me. But my attraction-o-meter is barely registering.



Bitchy

Girl Five – Bitchy has an annoying photo but her profile is actually nice and sweet.
Subject: You look bitchy
Message: Your photo intrigued me for all the wrong reasons (for you). Such a "look at me, I'm the princess" pout I thought: this profile is gonna be funny, let's see how much self-delusion can be squeezed into a single About Me section. But no, you seem like a normal, down to earth girl. Except Dan Brown – ugh!

I've left the messages exactly as written, so if the girls are smart enough to google the text they'll find this page and see what I'm up to. I messaged another four girls. I might do a second post.

Daygame while loaded with cold

krauserpua · 30 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I must've walked under some ladders and kicked some black cats because my luck has been shitty of late. I've had flu twice in three months and two minor colds. Waking up this morning to teach bootcamp the glands around my throat were so swollen it hurt to swallow and tossed and turned in bed getting a sum total of three hours sleep. Very much breaking my daygame rule of "get a good nights sleep and feel refreshed".

Nonetheless I stumble out and do a few demo sets for the students. This is the best of them. It's really nothing to get excited about because at best its a 50/50 she'll contact me, probably less. But she had a bizarre vibe to her and there was some fun challenging interplay between us.

0:29 – She's pulling a "what's going on" face
0:36 – Don't be scared to comment on racial factors. Girls really don't care.
0:38 – The first indicator that this is a confident girl with some creativity on her side. She's not going to lock up.
0:44 – So I go straight into a tease to show I can play this game too. I'll keep coming back to it.
1:00 – Personalise it all to her.
1:07 – She's very comfortable now she knows I'm not a mugger. I'm pegging her as having high self esteem and good social skills. Nice.
1:14 – More teasing but also screening to see if she's a perpetual student (which I don't like)
1:22 – The mutually agreed frame is banter and challenge. It doesn't happen often but when it does it's alot of fun to have a girl stand up for herself and throw things back at you.
1:32 – Time constraint. So everything now has to be hurried. I manage to string it out eight minutes in the end which is a sign she enjoys the interaction.
1:40 – I was not expecting her to extend this with questions. Might as well run with it and throw in some cheesy obvious DHVs.
2:20 – Very basic mild defiance gets a laugh. Don't be agreeing to everything a girl says.
2:31 – Callback humour to her posh voice and then a tease about Manchester culture.
2:54 – I'm just free associating because I know she might head off any time this gets boring or has a long pause. She's enjoying it, but has a real time constraint which I'm gradually weakening.
3:12 – She enjoyed that cold read about "incongrous". It's contrast game from me. Act like a retard and throw in some hints I'm actually smart and well read.
3:30 – She's sharp, relaxed and fun. I'm really enjoying talking to her.
3:44 – Notice how her body never stops pointing vaguely in the direction she was walking. This is because I never fully kill momentum. The time constraint is constantly there.
4:26 – I'm introducing a theme that I drop unexpectedly educated words into an otherwise normal conversation, to see if she notices and plays ball.
4:41 – I really don't know what she was thinking here.
4:55 – Normally this means a dead end but it does no harm and in this case it sounds like she's genuinely considering the date. God knows what's holding her back.
5:30 – More dumbass teasing
6:08 – She likes arrogance so I throw some in and she IOIs twice with a smile and a question.
6:25 – She picks up the ball on the clever word game.
7:13 – Callback humour to her posh voice. My tone makes it a qualifier because I clearly like her accent.
7:48 – She does the clever word game again.

Plenty of Fish game – My first bite

krauserpua · 31 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In my first foray into online game I messaged five girls. The results are in:

- Pinky – No reply, no evidence she opened the mail.
- Asian – Replied with a slightly indignant response like I'd prodded her vanity. Didn't seem to get the joke.
- Black – Checked my profile. No reply.
- Brown – No reply, no evidence she opened the mail.
- Bitchy – Great response, see below. Notably, she doesn't seem to have checked my profile. She just riffed on the original mail.

So out of five mails, three of them drew a girl's attention and one hooked well. Here's the full text of the exchange with **Bitchy** which all took place on the same evening as my original message.



Me: Your photo intrigued me for all the wrong reasons (for you). Such a "look at me, I'm the princess" pout I thought: this profile is gonna be funny, let's see how much self-delusion can be squeezed into a single About Me section.But no, you seem like a normal, down to earth girl. Except Dan Brown – ugh!

Her: Haaaaaahaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

aaaaaahahahahahahahahahhaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!
You are so freaking wrong for saying that! So out of order – but I get that all the time! Unfortunately. – Actually, I take that back, it's not unfortunate, I'm over it now.
Ever heard of the expression "never judge a book by it's cover"???!? #justsaying
AND that ""look at me, I'm the princess" pout"" picture was taken in my bathroom, I'll have you know! My whole bathroom was covered in TIN FOIL for my little brothers spaceship project! Below the neck I was wearing an alien costume! It was NOT the slightest bit sexy!
AND AND, DAN BROWN RULES ALL! *sticks tongue out*

Me: So let's get this straight. Just so it's clear in my head.
You're some kind of x-files weirdo.
You dress as an alien, you read novels about conspiracy theories, and you cover your bathroom in tin foil? Why the latter – is it to stop the CIA / grey aliens from perving with their X-ray goggles while you take a shower?
Nice that you look after your little bro, mind. I'm got two nephews and they are the cutest things in the world. The littlest is a tank so I'm teaching him judo. He's a natural. The older boy is a bit rangy, so I'm showing him kickboxing. He's well into it.
Let me ask you two personal questions:
1. What's your second favourite dinosaur?

2. How many marshmallows can you hold in your mouth while I tickle you?

Her: The XFiles was my answer to evading peer pressure! It was one of the things that aided me through my awful teenage years! Good old XFiles AND Sunset Beach AND the documentary channel. . . Bathroom was covered in tin foil for my bros science project. He won – obviously!
I hate children – every last one of them! BUT they seem to like me for some unknown reason to mankind?!? I think that they think "come near me at your peril" translates into "I like you, please dribble on me" – It really doesn't.
I only spend almost every waking moment with my little brother and sister because they are really really extremely mature for their age PLUS i love them!
Answers;
1 – Triceratops
2 – I'm allergic to marshmallows (don't ask)
^^^^^^^^^ And then you have the audacity to query whether I'm weird?! When you ask "I-may-stalk-you-on-a-sunday-afternoon" questions like these?!? Shame on you x 3!

Me: Ok, I like you. Cheeky, spritely, and creative.
I think I'll meet you for coffee but please indulge me with a few safety questions so I can confirm you're not a crazy bunny-boiler.
Would you ever:
– Text me ten times in a row without me having answered?
– Leave more than one comment per day on my facebook?
– Message my facebook friends trying to find out who I'm sleeping with (that's not you)?
Thanks for the banter. It was worth logging in today.

Her: Haaaaaaaaahaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaha!!! I promise you, you're not well! I'd do all three!! And then when I finally get a hold of you, I'd obliterate you for allowing me to embarrass myself in broad light! Yeah, yeah thank me later!
Oh shut up! Don't try to be sweet after you gave me a good what for just because I had a half decent picture!!! – ****!
Hitting the sack – yes my sheets are clean. Question is – are yours clean? Dun dun dun . . . . Yeah, whatever. Have a goodnight!!x

Me: Goodnight

Her: P.s, it was good talking to you. Made me laugh – even though you insulted me first! You have a sick warped sense of humor – awesome nevertheless!! Boomselecta!

Note – For those of you asking why are the black girls, it's because that's hows I filtered my first search. I'm going through a phase where I want a girl with a bit of jungle in her. Voluptuous, earthy, bitchy and so on.

London Daygame – A big freeze then it thaws

krauserpua · 1 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Jimmy and I are thinking of hitting a full week of daygame, trying to get into stride for our the upcoming jaunt to Latvia. We want some new infields, some new local targets, and try some stuff out. It's blisteringly cold as we shuffle around Camden Market. Very few nice girls on the streets. There's not even many shoppers. We struggle to find sets.

After a couple of hours we are having to use mental discipline. Finally I get lucky and spot a Russian model hiding under a hat and crappy clothes. I'm not that easily fooled. I open. See the first set on the video. She's very challenging at first and like most Russian girls just won't crack open for the first minute. I plough, she steals the frame and I figure I might as well go with it because it's my first real set of the day. She gives me a lovely smile on the close but it still feels weak. I'm surprised she accepts the add, and more surprised still when she comes online at midnight and I get the following half hour chat out of her (see below video).

I meet Jimmy in a pub to warm up the old bones and he's in set with an Aussie girl. Aussies don't count so we head back out. We've done a three set of beautiful Portuguese tourists. My target is into me giving me the sparkling eyes / beaming smile routine and Jimmy's is into him but she won't talk. Suddenly she cockblocks and the set is dead. Boo!

I'm writing the day off when it takes a sudden upswing. Jimmy goes chasing a girl down the street but she's not much up close so he doesn't open. While he's gone I see a stunning 6ft Russian walk towards me. She's not my type at all but objectively beautiful. If she dolled up and walked into a club on your arm then every last one of the punters would assume you're a rock star. Unbeatable arm candy. I'm conflicted. I feel cold to her, no blood-bubble at all and yet I know she's hot and a 100% Jimmy girl.

I wait. Thinking. Confused.

Then I see Jimmy on his way back. Ok, I'm gonna give him a set. I stop the Russian.

She stops easily and gives me a beaming smile. She hasn't even heard my opener, she's just in a great mood to be opened. I briefly reconsider taking the set for myself but I think I really am not into this type of girl. I mumble to stall her, asking about her English and where she's from. Then as Jimmy approaches I say she looks exactly like his ex-girlfriend and it's a weird coincidence, they could be twins. I call J-Bone over and he's expecting to wing which doesn't usually happen when I'm in a one-set. I re-run the opener, tell him in code that she's not my target, then once they swap a few sentences I pretend my phone is ringing and get out of there.

Jimmy knows the score and spends ten minutes working till she thrusts her number onto him. Meanwhile I see an adorable Brazilian walk past and I know karma has rewarded my selflessness. If I'd messed around with the Russian I'd have been ruled out of the Brazilian. I run over and open saying her pigtails are very Japanese and cute. She's a super-strong hook immediately. Five minutes on the street and I bounce her for coffee. Watch the video – that's what a Krauser girl looks like and she's massively into me [sound is out of synch though]. Jimmy plonks himself upstairs so I go up to have a word. As I come back, half an hour into the date my girl has written her contact info on a paper and tells me she's arranged to meet a friend for dinner but wants to go out again with me. I add the facebook.

A cold day but alls well that ends well.

Facebook chat with Russian model (not my girlfriend, a different Russian model)

Me – she's checking me out…… *[the approach wasn't very sexual, so try to hint it here]*
Her – and by "she" you mean?… *[playful shit test]*
Me – some Tartar girl kinda cute but a bit quiet *[set the frame – either I'm wasting my time or I'm not. I need to*

find out]
Her – Tartar lol what makes you think i'm checking you out? *[trying to keep "audition" frame]*
Me – I can't believe you didn't laugh at my joke about the sauce I was really proud of that one *[Snip. Remind her of the approach]*
Her – oh I'm sorry
Me – -5 points
Her – what…
Me – (my internet is bad tonight) You said Manchester, didn't you? Going to visit friends *[Snip. Some simple comfort]*
Her – so is mine but whatever yes i did *[totally uninvested right now]*
Me – I've only been there once. I liked it. But everyone was wearing tracksuits It was the age of Oasis *[she's giving me very little so I try to shift it to something interesting]*
Her – interesting *[I'm close to calling it a dead set now]*
Me – really, how? *[Last chance for her to do a bit of the work herself. I'm not a pushover]*
Her – why would everyone wear tracksuits *[ok, she's not being too rude]*
Me – [link to photo] a weird cultural thing



A cock-munching street homo

Her – and this is our weird cultural thing i guess *[great, she adds her own value. It's just a shit test]*
[photo of matching tracksuit bottoms, but on a gangly awkward Russian chode]
Me – a perfect match! is that Russian?
Her – the trousers aren´t originally RUssian but so many people wear them there
Me – wow, you'll fit in well at Manchester People will think you are a local *[tease]*
Her – i don't! i don't wear those *[hit!]*
Me – maybe if you put on some weight. Ate lots of kebabs and fish and chips *[run with it]*
Her – oh nooo i think im fine the way i am right now.. *[some emotional investment]*
Me – you could get really drunk on cheap cocktails, then vomit in the street like the Manchester girls *[in for a penny, in for a pound. This is the first stirring of emotions I've gotten so I'm gonna keep stirring]*
Her – ew stop it *[hit!]*

Me – □ *[and release]*
Her – gross! i don't do that lol *[she's engaged now]*
Me – so anyways, have you had a good day? *[comfort]*
Her – yeah it was pretty good *[terse]*
Me – any highlights? [prod]
Her – a nice dinner at a spanish restaurant i guess
Me – tapas? I love patatas bravas □
Her – yup
Me – I took my friends to Malaga a year ago and we spent all week in the tapas bars, and local bars We're going again in April *[I guess she's just not gonna open up]*
Her – must have been fun □
Me – Great memories Have you travelled much? Did you say you grew up in three places? *[show her I actually listened a bit]*
Her – i haven't travelled that much… but i did live in Greece and the US for quite a long time
Me – do you speak Greek?
Her – not really i was brought up by my own parents, not by Greek people after all unless eating lots of olives and feta cheese counts *[she's softening a bit, joking a little]*
Me – it counts a little bit *[reward but not too much, she doesn't deserve it]*
Her – good
Me – Do you feel like a wanderer? After I lived in Japan for so long, I kinda lost some of my roots It's not a bad thing. Just different *[drive-by DHV, talk about emotional topic]*
Her – nope, i was too young then you lived in Japan? *[mild IOI]*
Me – 5 years *[not gonna jump immediately into giving value, make her ask for it]*
Her – that's a lot
Me – I love Japan so much. Had a great time I spent the first year living in a tiny fishing village on a tropical island there Have you heard of Okinawa? *[DHV]*
Her – sounds familiar
Me – hang on … I sometimes had picnics from this mountain *[link]*



Really, I did live here

Her – that looks great
Me – So beautiful. I had my own private beach sort of The island had only a few thousand people I taught in the Junior High School there for a year My house was by the beach. In the evening I'd brew a mug of hot coffee, then walk to the sea wall I could sit on the wall and just look out across the sea for miles, listening to the waves hit against the wall very relaxing I've loved being near rivers or the sea ever since *[paint a picture]*
Her – what did you teach there? must have been a great time *[I still haven't figured out if she's like this with everyone or just not much interested in me. Probably the latter, but if she keeps talking I'll get her eventually]*
Me – English Yeah. After London, it was a big change. I didn't want to leave. I got to know everyone there. The kids were great I used to have morning coffee with the mayor every
Her – nice
Me – do judo with the boys
Her – so 5 years right? that's a long time *[she's just prodding me into talking more. I figure there's nothing to lose by doing so.* ***Painter*** *is sending me naked photos in a concurrent facebook chat so I need to be online anyway]*
Me – 1 year in Okinawa, 4 years in Tokyo I was in a private high school teaching for 2 years in Tokyo loved it but I also did lots of kickboxing there lots more nightlife in Tokyo, obviously Where's your favourite place? *[DHV then question]*
Her – Athens and [her hometown] i guess and I really like London as well
Me – very different what's cool about [her hometown]?
Her – okaay I need to go to bed now. gotta get up early tomorrow I guess it's just my hometown and that's it
Me – Ok, get some sleep. You leave on [a few days time]? *[tell her to do what she is gonna do anyway]*
Her – it's rather big but not too crowded and i like the weather changes yes
Me – are you coming back to London before you go home?
Her – just for a day
Me – hmmmm
Her – even less than that
Me – wanna squeeze a coffee in tomorrow afternoon? *[no harm trying. Make her decide if she's just passively leeching value or actually gonna commit to something]*
Her – I'm not really sure because I had some plans but I might have some time idk when exactly though
Me – ok well, I'm busy in the morning but fairly good for after then [my number] text me if you want to
Her – ok i'll text you tomorrow once i am done with the stuff i need to do good night!
Me – sleep well
Her – tnx you too

I'd say chances of the date are 30%. Chances of Long Game are about 70%. This was hard work, building a conversation out of nothing. It's notable mainly for what is **not** in there. She has dozens of beautiful portfolio photos in her albums and I studiously don't comment on them, I don't IOI her for *anything*, and I only reward when she does something to earn it. She's used to being told she's beautiful. I don't care. This is the same sort of conversation I'd have with a Seven.

London Daygame – One set, one kill

krauserpua · 1 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's the second day in my attempt to rouse myself for a full week of daygame. Jimmy has a touch of the squirts from a dodgy burrito yesterday so he's a shambling shell of his former self but still managed to come out. Almost immediately his arse betrays him and he has to sit in a pub near a toilet. So we camp there.

I do a warm-up set on a girl who looks good from a distance but up close isn't above my quality threshold. She's fun so we chat for ten minutes then I let her go. Almost right after a proper Krauser girl goes past. I open and instant date. She's a cute little Russian chipmunk and well into me.

The first half hour is Jimmy and I double-teaming her with the DHV overload machine until she's well impressed. Then I signal him to give me isolation and we move to some sofa chairs in the back so I can run comfort and qualify her on her ice skating competitions. She's well up for another date and gives me a tits-first hug that gives me a good approximation of what it'll be like to fuck her. Good set and it's already getting dark so I leave it at that. Here's the video.

One thing this video proves is you don't have to run a perfect set to get the girl. I talk too much, too fast, and often cut her off but it doesn't matter. She's into me, and even on a bad day my game is tighter than any other man she's met.

More work with Skeletor

krauserpua · 4 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I had a fear of enlightement. Call it a success barrier if you will.

There are many positive things I've been able to internalise in my life. For year after year I always came top of the class in every subject. Literally from the first year as a little shit-cake baker five year old playing in the sandpit between classes, right up to my school leaving exams. Always the best, in everything. But I went to a shitty school so I wondered if I could still be top at college. I was. But it was a shitty college. Finally I went to a top university and it took a full academic year before I realised I was smarter than everyone else. Then I went into business for a top consulting firm and again I wasn't sure I'd rise to the top of my peer group but I did.

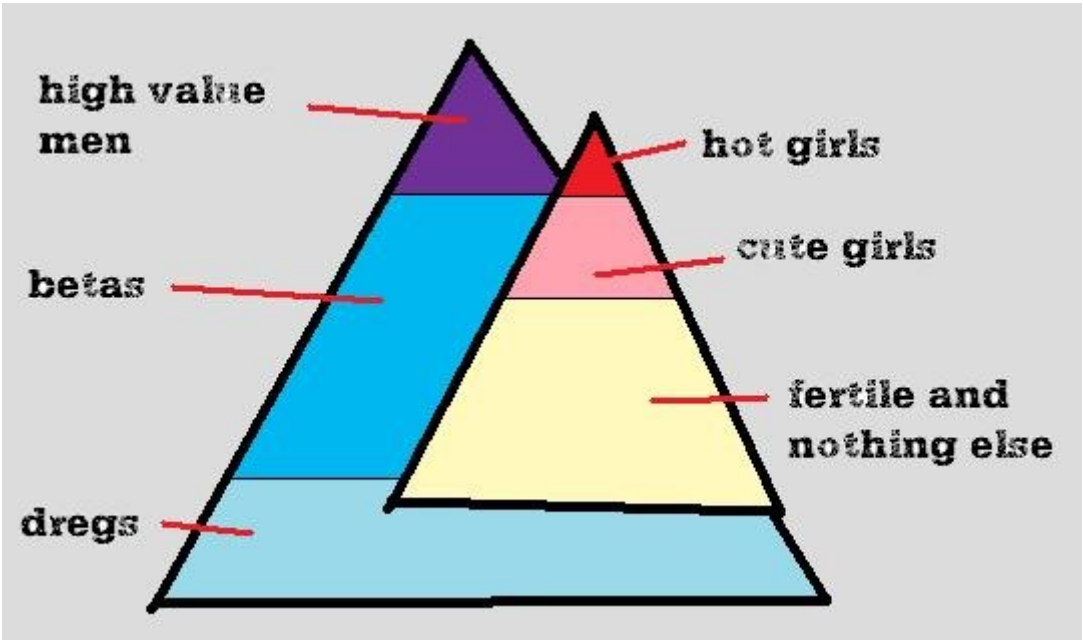
In the face of such consistent positive feedback over literally two decades I have fully internalised that I am among the top 1% of men intellectually. I project as such with serene confidence.

That's the plus side. There's other things where I haven't been able to internalise the leap to greatness. Since getting involved in game this has held me back from believing I am at the top of the value pyramid, or as Skeletor would say in his fiat currency analogy – "the guy who owns the printing press"

Regular manosphere readers will be familiar with the idea that men own the extremes of the bell curve and women own mediocrity. Because reproductively women are "where its at" they just need to exist and not breakdown in order to pass on their genes. There is no selective pressure in nature to reward mutation and punish mediocrity. Hence all the select pressure and thus evolution is on the male side. Men inhabit a wide spectrum of mutation and ability, compete strongly, and over time the top 40% reproduce. This is why every achievement that's ever happened was acheived by a man. Just go to wikipedia and get a list of inventions. Here's a handful:

- Johannes Gutenburg invents the printing press. Mass literacy becomes possible.
- Luca Pacioli invents double entry booking, the bedrock of modern business administration.
- Christiaan Huuygens invents the pendulum clock setting the stage for effective timekeeping.
- James Hargreaves invents the spinning jenny which massively increases productive capacity of weavers.
- Claude de Jouffroy invents the steamboat and thus reliable long distance travel.
- Benjamin Franklin invents spectacles.
- Edward Jenner invents vaccination and single-handedly cures small pox, the largest killer of urban populations.
- Michael Faraday invents the electric motor.
- George Stephenson invents the steam locomotive that allows heavy industry to move its products and people to move between urban centres quickly and easily.
- Samuel Colt invents the revolver. Useful for pacifying savages.
- Crawford Long invents anaesthesia

Men own the top and bottom. As loyal readers and devotees of self improvement you are quite likely somewhere in the top half of the male value pyramid. Don't pay attention to the total size of the pyramids, just their relative heights. The central points to take on board from it are:



– The best men are higher value than the best women. A female 10 is lucky to get a male 9 or 10.
– There are more girls cute or better than their are high value men.
– Some men are too low value for even the lowest quality fertile women.

One of the most helpful passages in my talks with Skeletor has been how he has impressed upon me that once you've already acheived the reality of getting to the top end of the pyramid, the big challenge is to start believing you are there. That requires a big leap of faith. If you genuinely have the value, this video is great for helping you believe it.

An anniversary

krauserpua · 7 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Today was the 2nd anniversary of my wife walking out on me. The single worst day of my life. Or at least, that's how it felt at the time. So, zoom forward two years and let's look at how today went.

Bengali – I wake up 11am and after getting ready I'm waiting for Moran to get his shit together so we can do some free approaching coaching for some local forum guys. I strike up a quick Facebook chat with my 20 yr old Bengali target.

Bulgarian – My second demo set for the students is a lovely 23 yr old brunette dressed entirely in blue. I open her saying her tights have the same pattern as my grandad's sweater. Strong hook. 15 minute set. We've been texting tonight to set up a date.

Uruguayan – I have a couple more weak demo sets then hook big time with a tiny 21 yr old throwabout who only arrived in London three days ago. I instant date her for a few hours (see video). Take the number, then I have to meet back up with Moran because he is trying to set me up with…..

Norwegian – A stunning 19 yr old tall blond girl. An easy nine. Moran pulled and SNL'd her equally hot friend on Wednesday and probably felt guilty for SNLing my target on Friday (a legendary night that might get it's own post). So he feeds me this girl. Two hours later in a pub she's pretty much climbing over the table to get me, unconsciously wanking off her pint glass as her eyes spazz out. We helped them choose dildos in a sex shop and then had some facebook sex chat.

English – The button nose girl from a legendary sexting is swapping texts with me again. I had her frigging herself to orgasm on Wednesday evening over the text messages. Maybe I'll do a post on that later. 22 yr old. An eight.

Nigerian – The English-born man eater. I told this girl to delete my number a few weeks ago. I changed my mind and decided to LJBF her today. She agrees and says I should drop around her house sometime soon.

Lithuanian – This 21 yr old is gradually falling in love. She sent me another three sex photos tonight and future projected a sexual scenario for me.

Thai – My 23 yr old Thai who I've been dating for about 8 months now recently told me she wants to break up so she can find a normal boyfriend. She got drunk tonight and sent badly mis-spelled texts about how much she misses me. She's lovely.

That was Sunday.

Facebook Game – The little Bengali pixie

krauserpua · 9 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's my third Facebook chat with this cute little pixie of a Bengali chick. The first chat was just to establish my existence and then she literally wasn't online the same time as me for several weeks. I get a quick chat on Sunday and bail quick when I need to go out. Finally I get a chance to work without a time constraint. Here we go….

Me – boo
Her – hello how you?
Me – I'm eating a vegetarian duck *[immediately off on a slightly odd footing]*
Her – hmmmmmmmmmmm sounds lovely
Me – it is but I was worried it would be a real duck, that was fed lettuce or something *[joke]*
Her – wat is a vegetarian duck exactly
Me – tofu?
Her – oooooo doesnt sounds so good now
Me – it's de li ci ou s what you doing? *[playful vibe already set]*
Her – on the fone multitasking
Me – ok, I'll be here a while. Come back when you're gonna give your full undivided attention *[not gonna DLV competing for her attention]*
Her – ok cool

[half an hour later]

Her – hello again *[Great, she reinitiates which is an IOI]*
Me –
Her – so your a vegetarian?
Me – yeah, but I love meat. It's not easy I eat soya meat all the time *[this is true]*
Her – how come you decided to be a vegeterian? *[IOI, general conversation making]*
Me – I was camping in Wales with my family when I was 12 I saw a cattle market in some small town It was the first time I made the emotional connection between those Disney animals that talk like humans, and burgers didn't like it much *[rapport but not making a huge moral issue out of it like so many vegetarians do. My frame is I don't judge her unless she fails a major screening characteristic which is unlikely after I screened her in the first meeting]*
Her – wow so since you were 12 you havent eaten meat ?? thats a huge commitment n self restrain you have *[IOI and telling me something she likes in men]*
Me – thanks It was quite hard when I lived in Japan They have fish, pork or beef in everything [image] *[remind her I lived abroad]*
Her – do you eat fish? do you eat eggs?
Me – Veggie. I'm nto vegan I tried when I was 17. Too tough
Her – well some people dont like eggs *[this is all simple rapport stuff]*
Me – I love diary
Her – lol
Me – Are you a good cook? *[qualify her]*
Her – i fink im good give me ingrediance ingrediance* n i can make anything *[she qualifies]*
Me – I don't like mushroom, onion, or peppers can you handle that AND vegetarian???? *[qualify her harder]*
Her – nooooooo i love peppers n mushrooms ill have to feed you like a rabbit thats what youve resorted me to *[she qualifies. She's also fun, I'm really liking her girly vibe]*
Me – Boo, we can't be friends *[push pull]*
Her – ok
Me – Maybe we'll have to share a fruit salad from M&S Sit in a park, like tramps Drinking special brew *[future project]*

Her – sounds good to me loool you muppet *[she's confident enough to tease me but it's basically an IOI]*
Me – ME??????? A MUPPET????? *[mock anger]*
Her – ill bake you a cake (p.s i dont know how to bake) *[mock surrender]*
Me – ok. You bake a cake and in exchange I'll protect you from zombies *[retarded vibing]*
Her – yay sounds like an amazing trade i do respect you alot more because i dont think id ever be able to not eat meat
Me – are you a proper carnivore? into red meat and steaks?
Her – i can be a vegetarian for a couple of day but then i start craving yYES
Me – haha, I like a girl with hearty appetites for life *[frame her for the obvious]*
Her – how was lithuania??
Me – very very good. I'm taking the gang to Latvia on Friday *[DHV]*
Her – wow im going turkey in april but compared to your trip thats nothing you seem to go away so often im jealous *[I am well established as the interesting worldly-wise older guy now. She is looking up to me]*
Me – We go somewhere every month, for a week prepare to get jealous……. July was Lithuania
Her –
Me – August was France September was Lithuania again October was Poland November was Croatia December was France January was Lithuania This month is Latvia Next month Ireland April is Spain
Her – not fair
Me – life isn't fair, [her name]
Her – your mean but true
Me – I'm a horrible man
Her – im trying to find short breaks away for next month aswell but im not really sure where
Me – What type of holiday do you want? City, beach, adventure?
Her – short city warm-ish
Me – What do you do? visit the sites, sit in cafes, drink like a maniac in clubs? *[eliciting values]*
Her – anything no drinking i like cafe and just chilled atmospheres enough to think and talk in
Me – you never drink?
Her – nope
Me – since how long ago?
Her – since forever
Me – interesting so when I'm drinking special brew in the park, you'll have Ribena *[incorporate it into the future projection]*
Her – yes exactly
Me – or Orangina maybe Tizer or Irn Bru *[just dumbass, as if those details matter]*
Her – yuck i hate orange drinks ribenas fine with me
Me – so, to recap…… our first date is gonna be 1. me getting drunk 2. while you cook rabbit food 3. no oranges (I like oranges) it'll be a disaster
Her – i like oranges but not the drink yeah i think so too or i could bake a cake
Me – We're gonna be so unhappy. It'll be like a married couple YES!! CAKES!!!! I'm excited again *[lots of rapport now]*
Her – while we drink lemonade and sit and take in love warm weather the lovely* with a slight comforting breeze *[she's adding value]*
Me – If we need warm weather, we're gonna have to take a flight where are we going [Her name]? a beach somewhere? *[so it's easy to run with it into another future projection]*
Her – yes please barbados i think ???
Me – ok, I'll ring up my friend and organise a good beach hut There'll be a few palm trees overhanging it, mind A slight danger of falling coconuts
Her – its fine
Me – Can't guarantee twin beds. So no trying to jump me in the middle of the night I need love, trust,

connection….. *[frame her as chasing]*
Her – if anything drops on me im sure youll save me some how loool
Me – OK, the first morning when we wake up, we're gonna play in the sea
Her – you muppet
Me – you fraggle *[establish callback humour]*
Her – whats a fraggle?
Me – "what's a fraggle?" she says……
Her – ok fine but if i drown youll try and save me right???
Me – you look like Red, from the beginning of Fraggle Rock Yeah, I'll save you. Maybe splash you a bit What colour bikini you gonna be wearing? *[starting to sexualise it]*
Her – hmmmm havent decided yet suggest a colour? *[telling me she wants to be led, however I do want her to do some work in this]*
Me – I like girly girls usually, so maybe pink or light blue
Her – (im very indecisive)
Me – It has to match my red speedos *[more playfulness, getting her thinking about me naked]*
Her – nooooo
Me – like in 300
Her – i hate being a girly girl black it is or purple well maybe pink if its a nice shade of pink (p.s love 300…best film ever…men waking around in just their underwear…genius)
Me – Did you know I was almost in that movie?
Her – whatever you liar!! are you lying??
Me – I was gonna be Leonidas
Her – im not sure now
Me – But then they'd have to rename it "1"
Her – you muppet
Me – you fraggle
Her – so do you cook then?
Me – I like cooking when its for lots of people not so much when its just myself I'm pretty good at Japanese food
Her – cool
Me – I'm thinking of cakes So anyway, once you've chosen your bikini we gotta go play in the sea I'm gonna have a big inflatable crocodile You'll have some little girly beach ball and inflatable arm bands so you don't drown
Her – sound wonderfully wierd sounds* can we go to the spa please get a lovely massage *[she's asking permission, so she definitely enjoys being led and looking to the man for approval]*
Me – I'm not massaging you. Well, not unless you laugh at all my jokes *[I'm demanding. She's chasing]*
Her – shut up your so silly and by a professional
Me – Ok, I'll take you to the spa and leave you there so I can go to the boxing gym
Her – ok sounds like a plan
Me – I'll be properly sweating mind. I'll be training hard. So we'll have to jump in a jacuzzi after relax *[more imagery]*
Her – hmmmm if its relaxing why not then dinner afterwards or a nap whichever really
Me – I think dinner then a nap. Food makes me sleepy You'd have to change out of your bikini wear something elegant ideas?
Her – nope none at all
Me – let me see … wait
Her – (indecisive)
Me – I found a nice red top. It actually looks like you



It never gets old

Her – your so mean im not talking to you now
Me – you keep calling me a muppet
Her – thats me appreciating your funny side
Me – I think a dark purple evening dress Quite short, thin material. It'll be hot in barabados no sleeves so it's quite sexy but not vulgar
Her – i agree i have a dress just like that actually *[qualifying]*
Me – Cool. +10 points for you … *[rewarding]*
Her –
Me – I'll have a suit. Like James Bond. But not the gun
Her – damn
Me – don't need it. My hands are deadly!
Her – a gun would have been cool loool how about the aston martin
Me – Maybe. But only if they have the rockets, wheel spikes, and ejector seat *[because these details matter]*
Her – we could try and get that sounds like an adventure ahead *[she likes the idea of adventure]*
Me – but you have to be my spy partner *[roleplay begins]*
Her – ok
Me – seducing the Russian billionaire while I open his safe but don't enjoy it too much it's still technically our first date, so you're still my girl *[sexualise, own her]*
Her – hmmmmmm ill try not to but do i get to kill anyone? or do you get all the fun?
Me – you get to kill a few anonymous flunkies in non-descript boiler suits a few fall over railings into shark tanks I kill the serious opposition
Her – fine then
Me – You concentrate on looking sexy
Her – but i get to fly a plane at some point loool
Me – Because after the big fight scene we move on to the do-they-don't-they love scene *[this is a natural progression in the movie. We are now talking about us having sex, but in a safe way and where I have let her know it's not a done deal]*
Her – hmmmmmmmm and the credits roll in at that point everyones left guessing *[she's had the opportunity to show demure coyishness, which I like. Note also she never actually stated a "we won't have sex" rejection]*

Me – Or if this is too much effort for a first date, we could just go to McDonalds for a happy meal and I'd keep the toy [release]
Her – hate mcdonalds cant we just go to a nice turkish or Lebanese restaurant you order veg n ill order meat have some shisha n hot chocolate n a lovely chat *[telling me a date she'd like to have with me]*
Me – I'll think about it. Can you dress Lebanese? *[so I set it up for….]*
Her – hmmmm ill think about it
Me – What are you wearing now? *[….my favourite question]*
Her – right now?
Me – yes
Her – my pjs
Me – cute?
Her – yh funnily enough pink
Me – Nice Are you in bed now?
Her – yh sitting on my bed on my laptop
Me – I've finished all my vegetarian duck. I'm onto the last few prawn crackers now *[snip, don't jump at the chance for more sexualisation]*
Her – you fatbum
Me – I like to be fat for winter. Penguins can do it
Her – well summers coming youve got to start getting your beach body ready!! you dont want to be looking fat in your bikini now do you??
Me – Now I'm really shy [image] How do you look naked? *[pretty good to be asking this outright so early and not seeming uncalibrated]*
Her – erm now that would be telling you too much now wouldnt it
Me – If I don't ask, I don't get. *[no backtracking]*
Her – you make me laugh to much too* *[IOI, accepts the legitimacy of my question]*
Me – cool. When you've calmed down answer the question, woman
Her – im still not gona asnwer it answer*
Me – OK. Tell me a secret
Her – hmmmm dont really have any you tell me one…
Me – I asked you first *[defiant]*
Her – ask me a question that i can answer coz i really dont have any secrets talk to much to have any secrets
Me – Ok thinking ….. how risque can it be before you get scared and run away like a little Ewok? *[the false dilemma – either she answers or she's an Ewok]*
Her – dunno depends on the person and what mood im in to be honest with you im a good girl
Me – That's indecisive, right there, that is OK, I'll give you an easy one How many boys have you kissed, with tongues? *[sexual but not too strong]*
Her – ive only ever had two guys in my life the first one did not last that long at all but the second one did so just the one
Me – I said kissed, not sex *[deliberate misunderstanding]*
Her – hmmmm im gona scare you right now and tell you i dont sleep around
Me – why is that scary?
Her – ive never ever had sex with anyone
Me – actually, I have alot of respect for you now +100
Her – lol
Me – I'm not joking you know *[reward]*
Her – ok
Me – How often do you think abotu sex? You must still get horny often *[keep pushing because she's offering only token resistance, not genuine "back off" signals. Also, this might be the first chance she's had to talk like this to a man]*
Her – looool yh i get horny but i dont think about sex all the time not that often really i day dream too much to

think about anything normal
Me – day dream about what? *[I sense I have to back off a little, so I allow the tangent and move back into rapport]*
Her – stuff…if things were different my perfect job sometimes i just go blank and just dont think at all weird i know
Me – so long as you're not driving when it happens
Her – hmmm yh that i cant promise sometimes i think im the worst driver in the world attention span of a fish
Me – So what were you just thinking about?
Her – i actually dont know im trying to book tickets to the theatre but i cant find any for the date that i need it for
Me – I'm printing out my Latvia boarding pass. Woohoo
Her – lucky you are you really a drug lord? kingpin of some sort? *[she loves the playful stuff and wants more]*
Me – International Dinosaur Hunter
Her – is that why you travel so much? drug lord sounded abit more fun *[she likes to pretend a risque edge]*
Me – So we gonna snort coke from each other's stomachs? *[sexual]*
Her – yh sure something new i havent tried before yay
Me – Me neither. I hope you don't have a hairy belly What's your ass like. You never gave me a proper look when I asked? *[out of context this would be a very unusual collection of sentences]*
Her – loool no theres a reason for that i dont like people looking at me im a very conscious person i think i have a nice backside *[coy but answers]*
Me – I think you're really cute *[It's not all nudge-wink, sometimes it's fine to just tell the girl why you like her]*
Her – it looks great in nothing looool thanks
Me – You've got big saucer eyes, which I like. Racoon eyes your skin colour is nice and you've got a slim petite figure
Her – you idiot racooneyes you make me laugh
Me – I'm guessing your ass is really tight. Like prodding a rubber ball
Her – you idiot erm no comment
Me – = yes
Her – = im not saying
Me – Anyway, stop talking about sex stuff. I'm not that easy Tell me something else *[retarded reframe like she's escalating me]*
Her – hmmmmm whats your favourite colour in the whole world? whats your favourite cake? how many guys have you kissed ? how many girls have you slept with? whats your favourite film in the whole wide world? *[notice the one question she really cares about]*
Me – ok. wait
Her – …
Me – 1. It really depends what object it is. But generally I like dark purple 2. Cheesecake 3. Don't know
Her – ??? what do you mean you dont know
Me – Never counted *[I actually didn't realise she said "guys" not "girls"]*
Her – how many guys have you every kissed in you life time? men….
Me – men? zero
Her – are you serious its been that many loool now you get it
Me – 5. Fight Club
Her – you didnt answer my middle question? but its ok what kind of cheesecake do you like?
Me – I will, if I get a good question in return Strawberry *[defiance, make her work because I know she wants the answer]*
Her – ok go on ask me anything
Me – How many times have you masturbated in 2010 (estimate)? *[she did say anything]*
Her – do you know hw you have self restrain with what you eat i have the same restrain for that (im sitting here

laughing so much) *[she is not at all uncomfortable with this, the frame is so natural]*
Me – Ok. I'm surprised. But I probably believe you (you must get SO frustrated at times) maybe that's why you keep going blank all the time *[frame masturbation as normal]*
Her – hmmm yh could explain that
Me – ok, my answer I don't know for sure, but probably 35
Her – yes…… hmmm ok
Me – I'll admit, I like sex. I think it's the most natural thing in the world *[an important frame for later, assuming this progresses to dates]*
Her – i dont doubt that its normal so how many one night stands have you ever had? *[she's seriously interested in my sexual history. Why? Because she's sexually interested in me]*
Me – Not so many I've usually been in relationships
Her – so most of them were your girlfriends? wow how long was your longest relationship?
Me – Hang on, I get 2 questions now deal? *[no freebies]*
Her – ok ok
Me – wait a mo, gotta log back in
Her – ok
Me – Longest relationship was 9 years *[True. Demonstrates ability to have a successful relationship]*
Her – wooooooow
Me – My 2 questions
Her – ok
Me – 1. What do you most like about men? 2. What is the sexual thing that interests you most to do (and maybe you are too scared to try)?
Her – 1. i like silly jokes n stories
Me – haha, that's me :O oh dear
Her – loool thats alot of guys im easy to please
Me – -5 points for being easy pleased second question please *[I don't go for low hanging fruit]*
Her – if you can make me laugh and i dont hate you then its all good i really have no clue about the second question
Me – you've seen movies, read books *[make it easier for her to get the ball rolling]*
Her – so i dont have anything i want to try maybe when i start having sex ill be a butu more curious *["maybe when I start…" has an air of inevitability]*
Me – it's just fantasy talk. Not necessarily what you try, just what you have an interest in
Her – i genuinely don't know
Me – Ok, I'll rephrase
Her – ive answered your queston now right?
Me – Which movie sex scene excites you most? answer that, then you've answered my question *[lead her into an easier way to answer]*
Her – hmmmmmm i dont know ….. let me think
Me – cool
Her – my mind has gone totally blank of i know what will help me….you tell me yours and i can think after that
Me – movie scene?
Her – yh
Me – The Thomas Crown Affair is pretty good
Her – omg yhhh that was a good scene i like angelina jolie and ethan hawk taking lives
Me – haven't seen that what's the energy like? the emotion of the scene?
Her – very rough andjust animalistic you could say
Me – aha, my favourite
Her – loool
Me – Did you get horny watching it?

Her – i am not answer anymore questions its your turn
Me – ok ask
Her – so youve been with soo many different girls how can you not have met the right one yet??? what happened to your 9year relationship?
Me – It was amazing for 8 years, like in a movie. Then went bad in the last year, so we separated
Her – do you miss her sometimes?
Me – Never. I used to, especially the first 3 months afterwards
Her – thats ok then it was for the best
Me – Yeah. Breakups are hard, but if you approach them correctly you can learn from them and become a better person *[I'm a positive person]*
Her – yh
Me – that's text speak again -5 points
Her – so what do you look for in the perfect girl? if you say pink ill hurt you
Me – really tall white skin massive tits small eyes *[exactly the opposite of her]*
Her – lol i like the massive tits
Me – yours are about a handful, right? *[sexualise]*
Her – im not answering that at all anywaysssssssssss im gona be off to bed now coz i have to wake up bright and early it was lovely chatting with you
Me – yeah *[don't ask for the number or a date. No rush]*
Her – night night sweetdreams
Me –

Hypnotic Scanning

krauserpua · 10 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Try an experiment next time you're on a date. Hold strong non-threatening eye contact with a girl and then lower your voice. Maintain tension until she releases it by laughing. Immediately tell her off for being too childish to hold eye contact without giggling like a schoolgirl seeing her first willy. Then challenge her to hold your eye contact for ten seconds without laughing or talking. It's okay to blink but she can't look away. If she's on the date then she likes you, so she'll do it.

Tell her to take some deep breaths. Make a big production out of it. Then she has to settle down and get ready. This will make it even more difficult for her to keep a straight face because of the pressure. Then start. The important elements are:

1. Eye fuck her. Visualise her naked and your cock inside her. Get vivid images in your mind.
2. Lower your voice to a deep monotone
3. Say the numbers slowly and deliberately
4. Do not smile, raise eyebrows or anything else to lighten the mood. The goal is sexual tension.

She will laugh almost immediately. You probably won't get to "five". Keep admonishing her and making her do it again. Act like an exasperated teacher who is giving the dumbest kid in class one last chance. In-between each attempt completely lighten your demeanor and be normal. Then as you count go back to the intensity. Enjoy her involuntary IOIs.

Congratulations. You've created strong sexual tension within a safe open environment without using any kino and without openly talking about sex. Do it anywhere – a cafe, a bus ride, a park. This video doesn't include the part where I did this routine, but it does show the same principles in lower intensity in normal conversation.

The next step is hypnotic scanning. Tell the girl you are going to do it. She'll wonder what it is so tell her you're demonstrating it. Tell her to sit up straight, turn towards you, and hold her hand. Then do exactly the same routine but rather than counting to ten and making her giggle, you're gonna pace her reality with something like…….

"Ok, so look into my eyes. Just hold my eye contact. Don't worry about laughing or anything. Just relax. Now, we are not touching each other, except for our hands. Feel the connection that is building from our eyes. My eyes start to look bigger, filling your vision. Everything else is blurring. You don't really notice everything around you. The sounds are a blur. You can just feel my voice, slowly, deeply, inside you. You are intensely aware of how your body feels. You can feel your toes inside your shoes. You can feel the muscles in your legs, the tenseness of them, and you can relax. You can feel your heart beating and your breath quickens. It's relaxing. It's like a connection between us. With our eyes."

Just do that sort of bollocks for a while. Feel free to ask her questions such as "can you feel xyz?", or to gesticulate in her peripheral vision. The important thing is to hold strong eye contact and not allow her eyes to wander and sever the link.

It feels fucking weird. Doubly so for her.

Congratulations. You've created strong non-verbal rapport without telling a story about your childhood or your hopes and dreams.

I did this for about three hours straight on this poor Bulgarian girl. Mostly it was in a dark bar so it wasn't worth turning the camera on but watch towards the end of this video when I'm doing it just talking about coffee. See her eye contact and deer-in-headlights look.

Intellectual Mastery 1

krauserpua · 10 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a quick overview of a new form of game I've been creating. It's was originally intended as a tangent in my **Soul Collection** presentation but now that's indefinitely shelved it's time to dust off the intellectual mastery and find a way to use it as Light rather than Dark Side. The basic goal of IM is:

Blow a girl's mind and redefine her reality to fit her within yours.

Yes, that's really vague so I'll unpack the detail. There's things I can't do well in game because of who I am. I'm not young, I'm not good looking, and I can't dance for shit. There are other things in life I am way above average at so if I can move the game to my battlefield I can win. Like the old adage – who wins a fight between a shark and a tiger? It all depends if they fight in the sea or the jungle.



or between a pirate and a ninja

This is what I'm good at. If you are too, intellectual mastery will work for you:

- Considerably above average intelligence
- Very widely read in culture, philosophy, science etc
- Old enough to have settled into your place as a man
- Seen alot of the world and the people in it, e.g. through travel or life experience

Regular readers are aware of the Jungian male archetypes of King, Warrior, Lover, Magician. It is the latter which is exemplified by this type of game. The Magician has access to forbidden knowledge that allows the world to be bent to your will. He's the rainmaker, the witch doctor, the reader of entrails. Think for yourself when you first got into Game. Remember the lure of a secret dark art that allows you to manipulate women into your bed. It's intoxicating. Why are we seduced by promises such as a gambling system that allows you to "beat" the fruit machines, or the secrets of streetfighting, or predictive technical analysis of stock market movements? We are lured

by the use of an unfair advantage to exercise power over the world to get what we want.

Women are attracted to a man who bends the world to his will, rather than bends to fit the world. The man can be the King who provides organisation, the Warrior who enforces through will and violence, or even the Lover who inspires through joy. In this case, we are harnessing the Magician. We will show the woman that we see the world with penetrating clarity, we see the deep tidal undercurrents around which people bob powerlessly like boats in a violent sea. We see the matrix. What she sees as fuzzy, vague and impossibly complex we see as sharp, defined and clearly labelled.

Look at a classic optical illusion



Try un-seeing it

Once you've seen the Dalmatian, you can never unsee it. Your reality has been permanently shifted to observe a pattern from randomness. You will be doing this to the girl on a grand scale. Initially she will feel intrigue, then wonder, then total supplication to her educator, then hunger for more, and finally place herself completely within your control for emotional and intellectual direction. You will find the girl entrusts her life's direction to you. You are not merely leading her pussy or her body. You are leading her soul.

Next post, I show how to do it here.

Latvia Journal – An insight into Latvian women... Its brutal out here!

krauserpua · 12 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This is a guest post from my wing and good buddy Moran, the SNL king of RSG

Me and Krauser are in Latvia, been here one night and just about to hit the street for some daygame. Latvia from I've seen so far is a beautiful country, more visually impressive than Lithuania and Poland, people seem to hold themselves differently here. And of course, the women are stunning.

I have one main reason for this Journal. **I'm being tested mercilessly here** and it is truely testing my character. Like **BIG TIME**. I personally have done some travelling around Europe and have experienced women from most countries so far. But Lavian women are a different story.

I want to gain two things from this trip:

- To understand Latvian women and their culture/upbringing
- To seduce a Latvian woman or two [image]

Let me quickly describe myself to those who are new to me. I'm tall, told I'm a good looking guy, socially comfortable and have a strong desire to rapidly escalate. I can be lazy when talking to women and can give off the typical player vibe if it wasn't for my straight forward honesty that corrects this. To be brutally honest about myself, I'm used to some sort of feedback off women, however little, especially when I rapidly escalate. I'm used to receiving validation off women and even if it takes a whole night I know I'll find a girl. However I do not seek validation. I'm used to SNL's or getting Day2 lays but I don't expect them as my right to always receive them.

Before coming here I was prewarned about Latvian womens strong manipulative tendencies here despite their beauty, however I have decided to wipe the slate clean and come here with a fresh mind.

11/02/10 -First night

Me and Krauser have some warm up drinks, get pumped up and hit the streets of old town Riga. Warning for anyone that is interested in Latvia this time of year, its freezing! Like -12 on average. But the snow does make the country look beautiful.

We set off down the road and hit the first club we find, called "The club". What a name for a club [image] Inside its loud and has a Tiger Tiger feeling, so feeling a little at home we set off. The women in here are stunning but young. And already we're starting to get a feel for the club. Lots of women dancing around by themselves with guys hanging around trying to grind up next to them. The women give the guys a quick look to come in, the guy comes in and the women just turns their back to them. Charming. I start to think that I'm going to have my work set tonight.

Krauser is now off, hits into a three set and starts rapidly escalating. For those who know Krauser this is not his usual way of approaching women but this weekend he's commited himself to just used that technique. And he was doing well. I approach the only brunette of the set and she's receptive, I can feel her interest. I escalate and I'm told she has a b/f. Damn. I tell her my boundaries of not coming onto a girl with a boyfriend and say my goodbyes. She then gives more interest. Typical.

After ejecting we set out round the back of the club and find a small room of about 70 people. And now the fun begins.

We start escalating again and again. We're hitting state now. Krauser is pulling in some cute blonde chick while I'm dancing with some other blonde chick. But I feel something odd about her. She keeps looking at herself in the mirror while dancing and starts pouting to herself. Warning sign. I start escalating hard judging her responses, she

looks at me like I've shit myself. Then shows interest. Then goes back to her arse face look. Ooo, not good, I sense a manipulator. I eject leaving her standing while holding strong eye with another chick going straight back into set. Again I escalate. This chick starts smiling while looking around. Then back turns and just walks off. Oooo, a nice little blow to me [image] But its still building my momentum, so I turn round and start escalating a chick at the bar and immediately tells me she wants to dance. Hmmm, can't be going to bad.

So, over the course of the next two hours this sort of interactions keep happening, me and Krauser continuisuly escalating, completely out dominating the surrounding men and having most of the club just staring at us.

I've approached about 15 chicks by this point and they are all giving the same response, sucking validation off me and then pretending I'm not there. I'll be honest here, apart from the bulletproof vibe I give off to women, this is really starting to drain me. I felt like I had just been in a fight and received an adrenaline dump. But I wasn't giving up yet. I repump myself back up and hit back into escalating. Then the first one comes. The first chick of the night where I can feel her vibe is genuine, not the usual character pretending from the other Latvian chicks. I lock her in immediately and I feel her interest back. This feels good. I go to extract her to another room and a Latvian guy steps in, full body grabbing her.

Me: "Shes with me" **Smiling**
Lat Dude: "I don't understand" **Smiling broadly**

I tear her off him, he starts to kick off but we leave.

Now here upstairs in the club and she's asking me for drink and I say I don't buy a chick a drink unless she is prepared to buy one back. She has no money. I explain in England, men and women buy each other drinks as a sign of respect. She tells me this is Latvia. Urrrggghhhhh. But after that little miss statement off her I still feel her genuineness.

For the guys out there who have experience with Latvian women, is buying a Latvian women a drink (if she is not just tooling the guy) a sign of respect? I need to try and work this out. This chick was generally disappointed when she left, was vastly different from the other chicks here.

Now on my own and make my way back to Krauser. I'm looking around and what I see is just painful. Guys are trying again and again to dance with chicks and they are getting ruthlessly pawned off. Guys buying drinks for chicks to be immediately back turned and pretend they weren't there. I have NEVER seen so much disrespect for men in one club. The women here were destroying the men bit by bit. Every half an hour a guy would lose it with a women and bouncers would step in and drag him out, leaving the women smiling and giving off a look of satisfaction. How can a man have respect for Latvian women in this place? My respect for Latvian women was certinately getting tested to its extreme. But I have 4 more days here, I'm not giving up yet.

I come back to Krauser to see a chick all over him. Yeeeeeaahhhhhh!! Krauser is getting in there. I start scanning for her friends, they must be ready to escalate as well. Instead I see a guy not far from them both, standing there getting more and more angry. I shortly find out that this is her boyfriend. Oooooo, another blow for the respect of Latvian women. I felt bad for this guy, she kept coming back and again he would have to unzip her from Krauser. What a player.

We finally decide to leave the club. Krauser drops his Turkish potential SNL who keeps fluctuating back and forth with interest then no interest. A Russian chick who keeps trying to tool me and showing disinterest I firmly place as a friend and kiss her on the chick goodbye. She gives me a flash of interest. I leave with Krauser. We make our way to the coats and while waiting I turn round to notice that she has followed us through the club to the entrance. She pretends not to see me. Typical. I smile and go to open but she turns around and runs up the stairs, like fast running up the stairs. Ah man, is this game playing going to end?

Finally we are outside. God it feels good to be outside despite the freezing cold. Me and Krauser decide to go home but he then opens two chicks in the street for fun. They hook. They are both 24 and seem more mature than some

of the chicks in the bar earlier. We start vibing with them and the brunette is showing interest.

Me: “I’ve nearly lost all my respect for Latvian women, please help me. I’m dying”
Brunette Lat: ***Laughs*** You’re beautiful ***Smiling***
Me: Pardon?! Just you just say that? I haven’t heard that from anyone tonight. A Latvian woman is actually complimenting me?
Brunette Lat: ***Laughs*** ***Flashing a look of strong interest***
Me: My god, I like you.
Brunette Lat: Come with us to Push bar ***Smiling***
Me: Sure, lets go.

This feel good, a genuine Latvian women. She even pays for me and Krauser to get into the bar. Unfortunately this is where the night ends as her friend was married and my girl had a boyfriend. Despite her strong interest and asking me questions like “Where you staying” and “When you thinking of going back” I have to set my boundries again. I’m gutted, I like this chick.

Thats our first night. And my god I’ve haven’t been tested this mercessily every before. I feel good now but when I came in with Krauser I was emotionally exhausted.

We have three more friends joining us tonight, Jambone, Snake and Bhodisatta. Lets see what happens.

Lessons for tonight:

- Filter more. Don’t waste energy escalating strong playerish women. I have to conserve my energy more for women I know we’ll give it straight to me.
- Don’t continously escalate all night long. I was burning myself too quickly, was not surprising after a couple of hours I was exhausting myself.

I MUST crack this and learn about Latvian women. And I’m craving sex. Wish me luck [image]

Peace

Moran

60 Hours of Challenge: Latvia Nightgame

krauserpua · 13 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This weekend I've been humbling myself in the quest for tighter nightgame. I was fortunate enough to get some time off away from Jambone's incessant bitching as Moran and I arrived in Latvia a day early. I told him to treat me like a student because we were entering his arena (loud full-on clubs with hot bitchy girls) and I'm prepared to accept I'm not good in those environments. So I brought the collection of 60's material and the following rules:

- Escalate everything quickly, day or night
- No numbers
- No facebooks
- No dates

The idea is to gun for the fast lay so I have purity of purpose with no distractions and no temptation to back off and take a number. Every girl was gonna be pushed until she blows me out or comes home with me. I fully expect to get horrendously rejected continuously. It doesn't bother me. I can burn the whole turn and not care because I won't be back. So we go out to The Club.

First things first, we are applying the Krauser Nightgame Method. Now really this isn't a method for how to run a set, it's a method for what you do before and between sets so it was entirely compatible with rapid escalation. We walk in full of energy and prop ourselves up at the bar. We are pumping our state for an hour ignoring all the hot girls and damn there's a full compliment of hot girls here. Average age looks like 21 and at least half are 7s or better. A fair smattering of 8s and the occasional 9. We surrepticously check out the (lack of) competition. There's none. The only confidence in the bar is from the guys who came with their girlfriends. Every other guy is scared. There's lots of chode-hopping, dancing monkey dancing, and lame grinding. Moran describes it better here.

So we get started. My only opener for the whole night is (i) seductive sexual eye contact (ii) playful smirk (iii) direct walk and (iv) handshake. Pretty much every girl hears "Hi. I'm Nick" and is then pulled in. I do it about 25 times.

I am fucking *astonished*. I get blown out only twice all night, and just laugh it off like nothing. I have zero AA. Nearly every girl hooks. I get two kiss closes both from 8s and many many girls kinoing me. We are owning the club. It's like a whirling dervish is just whipping the whole place up into a dust cloud. There's only two types of game going on:

Latvian Chode Game – Guy stands around like a zombie value-scanning the room. Girl gives fake IOI. Guy runs over and grinds. Girl back turns.

Krauser/Moran Game – Guy pulls girl in, locks in, girl throws herself over guy with full body contact thigh up to chest. Girls massively IOIs.

Don't get me wrong. I haven't mastered rapid escalation. Tonight was about getting the sets in, getting escalation practice. I didn't leave with a girl (although I would've if her friend didn't cockblock me while I had her tits out in the corner of the dancefloor). Some highlights:

- I pull a girl in, lock in at thre bar and she gives me the full body merge with her crotch pushing into my thigh and her arms draped around me. Later her boyfriend comes over and peels her off.
- I'm eyefucking / handholding a girl on the dancefloor. Another random chick, a 7 or 8, interrupts her by grabbing my neckchain and literally dragging me away so I can eyefuck her instead.
- Another eyefucking/handholding leads a girl to do stripper dancing for me (to which I yawn and backturn) and then start lesbian grinding / kissing for me. Later she gets three dancing monkeys to work for her at the same time while we eye code across the bar.
- I try it with a tall Turkish 9. She hooks but bails on the escalation. An hour later I go after her friend. She hooks and eye-spazzs. I walk her backwards to the wall and then eyefuck her while forehead to forehead, breathing hard on her through my nose. My arms are behind my back. Just motionless, eyefucking her. Then I run my

> breath all round her face, hold her hand and get mutual caressing. Then the kiss. She's well into it. I isolate and it's going great. I verbally escalate with dirty talk, pull a tit out of her top and am generally well on the way before her friend texts incessantly and demands she come find her. I leave it ten minutes, find her, drag her back and am just about to get it on again when the friend storms over and pulls her out the club. Boo. She was an 8 and a 100% Krauser girl.

So many sets went like this. We were literally opening every hot girl, one after another and after Moran opened I'd do the same girl. Counter-intuitively, we lost no value chasing like this. The intent was so strong. All the chodes were staring in disbelief. And this was despite never really hitting state. Yup, I like this method.

Sho'nuff – The Shogun of Harlem

krauserpua · 14 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One of the hardest stumbling blocks for a guy learning game is to get his vibe right. In the beginning you can force yourself through strength of will to do approaches. It's pretty easy to watch DVDs. You can start to relax a bit in set but sarging just feels like hard work. You are always thinking about the next line, the next tactic. You are "gamey". For at least 90% of guys this is a stage that can't be skipped. Unfortunately many guys stay there. They don't do the deep dive into their identity. At best they become highly practised betas. And this will get them laid with 3-8 girls a year, none of high quality.

Allow me to use **The Last Drago**n to explain how an intermediate guy fixes his vibe.

Bruce Leeroy is a promising martial artist with a ton of potential. He's doing all the hard work and he's improving dramatically. He's doing everything he should to build genuine value but he's plateaued. His problem is fear of enlightenment. Sho'nuff has no such problem. His ego is out of control. He's unable to accept himself and his value so he collects acolytes around him to suck state out of them to big himself up. Kinda like a pick-up guru. Everything he does is to demand unearned respect, he's the grandstander bully. This is gonna end in a fight.

Let's watch the fight.

0:05 – This is how you enter a club. Pure douchebag. Sho'nuff is imposing his vibe and state-crashing Leeroy

0:17 – We'll call her the target. Pre-hogtied. How I like 'em

0:24 – Intense eye-fucking. Sixty would be proud

0:31 – Can you say "adrenalin dump". Leeroy's sliding into a submissive state here.

0:43 – Leeroy offers resistance. A shit test to see if Shonuff holds state

0:50 – Tight game doesn't require much work. You just read the situation well and make small changes.

0:56 – Shit test past, bitch shield is blasted apart.

1:02 – Douchebag. It's all in the eye contact and vocal tone. You are saying "I'm the boss of this interaction"

1:14 – Leeroy is trying to re-pump his state through workrate and physiology. Nice try.

1:21 – It's ok to accept resistance if you frame it as part of the game before you win.

1:58 – Sometimes in set you aren't sure where it's going. Just focus on holding state and protecting your value

2:53 – Peak state. Most nightgame is focused towards building so much state and value with your friends that you are glowing with the unstoppable aura like the Shogun of Harlem

3:20 – You feel bulletproof and no rejection or shit test can phase you

5:00 – And now we get the question every intermediate gamer must ask himself. He's been looking up to Sho'nuff / Mystery / the cool guys in the bar and acting like he's not good enough for such exalted company. Is he gonna step up?

5:13 – That's Dr Paul

5:32 – The leap of faith

5:38 – State / Aura / Lording

5:44 – I've seen chodes do this when I'm pulling girls to me under harsh pressure

6:10 – State crash. Nothing hits, it all seems so try-hard now.

Text sex chat 101 – Button Nose

krauserpua · 19 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Get a load of this text game as it escalates to full on depravity. Background is: she was a five minute number close at trafalgar square about 3 months ago and though we've had some lively banter by text she hasn't agreed to a date and she hasn't "crossed the sexual rubicon" of admitting sexual attraction to me. I text her out of the blue late one night, first time in about 2 weeks.

This was about a month ago and I've held it back from my blog until I finally went "radically honest" on her and told her I'm a dating coach. So if she's smart enough to google any of the texts she'll see this. Due to the rather intimate nature of the texts I'm withholding her photo. She's a 22-yr old 7. Maybe 8, didn't get a good look.

Me: Haven't been drunk in 2 weeks. You must be missing the texts
Her: drunk now i take it?
Me: Nope. Just being filthy on Facebook chat and I thought of you.
Her: Wonderful! □ how r u anyway?
Me: Doing great. Been back in the gym so I'm fit as a fiddle. How come your facebook updates always make you look like a nutjob?
Her: Lollllllll because I am a nutjob!!!!!!!
Me: I'm now officially wary of you.
Her: Why what in particular freaked u out?
Me: Sex and the City. I always screen girls out on that. Doesn't matter how tight their ass is.
Her: I do hate sex and the city for many reasons. I abhor the films. But sometimes when i hate men, it cheers me up.
Me: Ok, you've earned a reprieve. While we're on the subject – is your ass actually tight? (I mean, the buttcheeks, not the anal sex fit) I only got a glimpse, after all…..
Her: It's a beautiful ass. Of course. But then again i am biased.
Me: How about the tits? They showed promise, but again I've not really had a good look
Her: You are terrible. I will tell you that i have been blessed in the three areas men care about most – legs, ass, breasts, but anyway, moving on…. how are tricks?
Me: I'm a man talking to a woman. It's the most natural thing in the world. Anyway, about me…. I'm off to Latvia next week with friends. Starting to get excited. You strike me as a vacation skier.
Her: I totally am! U keep jet setting around!
Me: Since June 2010 I decided I will do only those things that interest me and not give a fuck. Grab every opportunity. Make my life a hell of a story for when I'm aged 70 as a washed up drunk in a Jamaican beachfront dive.

[one hour passes]

Her: Why did u suddenly decide that? What happened to u?
Me: Oh, you're alive again?
Her: Was on the phone to an admirer….
Me: Sorry to interrupt you princess. Are you cadging free meals and rides from the office boys?
Her: Absolutely not! And i can't believe u used the word cadge! Ha!! Anyway answer my question
Me: I don't believe you. You totally have the airs and graces of a girl who tools the beta boys to get a little army of orbiters to validate the princesses ego. You dirty dog you.
Her: I used to be like that! But since i had my heart broken repeatedly by the same cunt and had it smashed around and then began to piece it back together only for him to swoop in a slide it around on the floor again…. well, i kind of stopped being a girl with an ego and became someone a little fragile and cynical. Oopsies.
Her: I also never used to drop the c-bomb. But i am sorry, he does not deserve any other word.
Me: Is this where the "I hate men" thing came from [reference to a recent Facebook status]? Actually, I can related

to that but usually I was the heartbreaker. I'm not bragging in some power trip, I'm actually quite ashamed of it.
Me: C-bomb indeed. I try not to use the F-word, the B-word, or cunt.
Her: Lol yes, i am usually the heartbreaker too!!! i understand. And now it has happened to me i am a bit more contrite about my horrific abusive behaviour. Yes, the i hate men came up when that cunt and i tried to maintain a friendship when the dust settled and he felt the need to brag about shagging hookers.cunt.
Her: I enjoy swearing. Used to never ever do it, but now it amuses me.
Me: Shagging hookers is so lame. That's what losers do when they can't get it for free. Ugh. I hope you were disgusted, rather than jealous.
Me: Swear away, but try to keep it thematically relevant, well timed, and above all creative. I have standards.
Her: Ha ha ha! A man with standards?! NevaaaaaH! Well i was both disgusted and jealous. He and i are not speaking any longer. I hope he contracts a painful sexual disease and his penis falls off. And people see it happen and laugh. Am i mean? I don't think that's mean….
Me: Oh dear, you just lost me. A girl jealous of hookers has a few screws loose. Are you a better lay when you're angry and wrathful? I suspect you are.
Her: I am a good lay at all times. Always. Im not jealous of hookers i just don't like the thought of him with anyone but me! But i kind of just hate him too much right now to care. Why do we always discuss me anyway? Tell me something about u mr judgemental
Me: You have three questions. I promise to tell the whole truth. Don't waste them. The window will snap shut after and I'll be the cocky arsehole again.
Her: One, what was the worst moment in ur whole entire life? Two, what is ur penis size, DONT LIE ABOUT IT! Three, how many times have you honestly been in love?
Her: And bonus question number 4 if u care to answer, how often do you follow girls down the road to sandwich compliment them?
Me: Oh, she's firing both barrels!! +10 points for [nickname]. Lemmee see…..
Her: Hell yehhhhhhhh
Me: 1. My divorce. Very unpleasant for 3 months and not a whole load of laughs another year longer.
Me: 2. Not measured since I was an adult. Bang on average, the girls tell me (they say above average but I think they're just being nice). If big dicks are your thing, look elsewhere.
Me: 3. Once. My ex-wife. Not anymore.
Me: If you want the fourth, you gotta take a question or two.
Her: I want to hear about that. When did u get married, when did u get divorced and why? I dont need some essay just some concise facts. Am tres curious ma cherie.
Her: I will answer anything come on u can ask me 3
Me: Met 1999, married 2006, divorced 2009.
Me: 3 questions. Cool. Gimmee a moment.
Her: Why did u divorce?
Me: We changed. Long story. I'll tell you if you feed me vodka long enough
Her: Maybe i dont want to know lol
Me:1. How many men have stuck their he-rocket in your she-pocket? Real number, I don't wanna be multiplying by 3
Me: 2. Feminist ideology aside, do you enjoy being dominated in bed?
Me: 3. What's the sexual thing you most thought about but haven't had the courage to try?
Me: Heh! Answer THOSE badboys
Her: Reall number, and its something i am not proud of at all… oh my god… ok its 9! I have held off men for ages because i dont wanna reach double figures. 3 were long term relationships and the rest were friends of mine who it seemed like a good idea to sleep with… potential relationships etc etc Oh dear. You are the only person i ever told that to…
Her: Love being dominated. im horrifically kinky, especially dirty talk. its something i miss about my ex, our disgustingly filthy texting.

Me: I appreciate your candour. Really. I know what you mean though, it can take a long long time to find someone who'll do the right things and get into a position to do it. The shit I used to do to my wife. Christ, it's probably illegal in many countries [image]
Her: I have tried every real fantasy of mine. The only thing i have considered is letting a girl… pleasure me. But i wouldnt do it in real life, some things are better left in the imagination, everything else i have at least attempted. mostly they are just nice to talk about or think about but are not as good to do. Same question back to you, as well as how many girls u have… With and also how many times a day on average you play with your… 'he rocket'.. was it?
Me: If I do these 3, I'm getting another 3. No freebies. Deal?
Her: Deal!
Me: Ok. 1. I have recently become enormously interested in fucking girls in the ass while telling them they are dirty bitches. Only got to do it twice so far. Kinda liked it.Would like to do it again, but with the girl giving me some backchat so I have to slap her around a bit.
Her: Definitely enjoy being slapped around…..
Her: Makes me worry for myself to be honest lol the things i enjoy in the bedroom… anyway good honest answer
Me: Girls. Remember I've been coupled up for most of my adult life. 35 in total I think. I feel like I should be upping the count as a matter of urgency
Me: Masturbation. No regularity at all. Depends on how I'm doing with girls, hobbies, and how rapey I'm feeling. If I was to keep a spreadsheet (which I don't) I'd estimate a weekly average of 4.
Her: Rapey?!
Me: Not literally rape-y. A synonym for horny. Though my wife used to enjoy the occasional simulated rape.
Me: My questions. I'm gonna totally do you on these □
Me: 1. How many times have you masturbated in 2011 (and if it counts as the same question, what were you thinking about)
Me: 2. How do you feel when a man comes on your face?
Me: 3. did you / would you enjoy having a man fuck your face while he sticks a dildo up you and grabs a handful of that nice long hair?
Her: Fucking hell… over a hundred. I like to do it around ten times a day sometimes. Usually i think about being raped or i guess fucked in a harsh way, being called names… everything dirty and kinky you can think of.
Her: Im not a massive fan of someone coming on my face. I dont dislike it, i just like my face to be clean so i immediately want to wash it off. I have been told i look beautiful like that though LOLLLLLL
Me: +25 points. I think I've just fallen in love. Your honesty is quite compelling.
Her: Lollllllll well i have had my face fucked… its not bad. Never had a dildo inside me. I kind of prefer the real thing, not that i know the difference, and i dont know how a man could really used a dildo whilst fucking my face.
Me: Btw, shooting on a girl's face is a major kink of mine. So I guess we won't get on after all….
Her: Hahahahahahahahahahaahahahahaha what honesty? why should i lie? i love that i am so honest with u, u now know everything about me that no one else knows.

Her: Looooool. All men like it.
Me: On that latter point, girls describe the feeling as "full"
Her: So you have done that before then??
Me: and got the videos. Heh! I like the idea of stuffing a girl so full she just squeaks.
Her: Hahaha. Oh my god why are u so honest as well? U do seem to share a fair few fantasies with me.
Me: I love sex. I think it's the most natural thing in the world. I don't care what society says – I just wanna fuck my girl like it's the last night on earth.
Me: C'mon, raise the stakes. Ask me something challenging.
Her: Lollll i am running out of questions. Ever had a threesome?
Me: No. Several near misses. It's on my "will try, would enjoy, but not gonna bust a nut finding it" list. Would like it at lease once for my memoirs.

Me: You?
Her: Nope, never. What is it u like about fucking a girl in the ass?
Me: Owning her body and soul. I'm big on the masculine dominance. It's not the physical tightness – don't care about that. I do like the visual image because the ass looks more round and peachy than in normal sex. But mostly I like to see her biting the pillow, panting and squealing in that peculiar mix of pleasure and pain. If that makes me a bad man, then so be it.
Me: Obviously I'm gonna reverse the question. What do YOU like about being nailed in the ass?
Her: Oh my god. Marry me.
Me: Haha. Answer the question [her name] darlin'
Her: Ooooooooo u assume ive been nailed in there??? I have tried it, twice. And i cudnt do it for more than a minute. I absolutely pleasure myself to it… its a massive fantasy of mine and i loved my ex to talk dirty to me, its particularly hot to imagine a man kind of raping me in there because i KNOW how much it would hurt. Im also massive on male dominance. Being slapped, dick slapped… everything like that.
Me: Dear lord, whatever kept us apart so long Quick question (doesn't count as a real one). Are you thinking of rubbing one out right now?
Her: I absolutely am lol. Its not a maybe its a certainty. Are u?
Me: Not yet, but it's a dead cert before I go to bed. I'm well up for fucking you right now. Teaching you a lesson. And that includes slapping, grunting and punishing that tight ass of yours.
Her: I think some texting when the time comes is in order….
Me: Facebook chat please. It's far more dynamic
Me: And if I'm gonna wank over you, I expect some encouragement
Her: My internet is rubbish but ill give it a go later.
Her: such as?
Me: A couple of filthy photos. Crop your head out if you're shy
Her: I am not sending u photos!! Totally not!
Me: Then you gotta rub one out while I masturbate. I don't do solo sex. Deal?
Her: I thought that was the plan anyway?
Me: I wasn't sure you were gonna wait
Her: Of course
Me: Ok, we'll park that till bedtime. Tell me something filthy you want me to do to you
Her: I'll tell u later…
Me: Short answers. Your brain is shutting down. I think the tingle is getting the better of you
Her: the tingle?? U crack me up!
Me: Haha. I'm in my room now. Log on to FB whenever you're ready
Her: Wont be for a while
Me: You're not at home?
Her: I am but supposed to be consoling flatmate whose boyfriend cheated on her…
Me: Boo! I'm going to bed imminently. Let's do some more back and forth. Describe a sex act you like. Shock me.
Her: contrary to popular belief i really really enjoy giving blowjobs. And not just the usual mundane shit. There is somethign called a lingham massage which involves getting a man to lie comfortably, naked on his back with his legs apart. then the idea is to massage all the area around his cock, then gently massage his balls and perineum and finally the head of his dick. But its not like a handjob its some crazy penis massage i dont know… usually ends with the man exploding everywhere but personally i dont like men to come from that. I prefer to do that until they are well and truly aroused and then start using my tongue to gently lick from the base of the cock up to the tip, before just licking around the head whilst palying with the balls in one handuntil the man gets so excited he forces my head onto his dick until i am deepthroating and choking and he pushes me up and down on it by my hair. Shocking? No. Fun? very. Your turn.
Me: Not shocking. Just very impressive. I love a girl who loves sucking my cock. I like her to treat it like her favourite toy in the whole world. You can really tell the difference between an enthusiastic blowjob and a dutiful

one.
Me: Btw, another kink of mine is I like forcing a girl into surprise blowjobs – in restaurant restrooms, elevators, ferris wheels etc. Ok, now mine. Gimmee a minute
Her: Public sex is a massive turn on… and yes i agree there is a big difference between someone who likes doing it and someone who just does it
Me: I like to tie girls up in a carelessly aggressive manner. I just grab them from the kitchen or whatever they were doing, drag them into the bedroom, chuck them on the bed then handcuff their hands above their head to the bedpost. Usually without saying a word – just an intense "I'm gonna do you now" look. I'll do a bit of foreplay, not much in this scenario, mainly sticking my cock in her mouth and facefucking her till she's gasping, slap her face, slap my dick against her cheeks and nose. Mash her tits a little, then without much preamble, start fucking her hard with no real concern for her opinion in the matter. Shall I continue?
Her: Please, i am intrigued… Don't you care if she's wet?
Me: She will be. I'll be eyefucking her for five minutes before I first grab her.
Her: ok,,, and then what?
Me: Ok, so I'll fuck her, make her feel all my weight, pull her head into my chest and get some moaning and screaming out of her. Then flip her over, still handcuffed, and do her so hard she's scared she'll get smashed into the wall. Maybe in the ass too, maybe not. Depends on my mood. Then I'll pull out, put my cock in front of her mouth and wait for her to hungrily reach for it and suck me off till she's draining every last drop of cum out of me.
Me: Then I'll put the cricket on tv
Her: Lad points!
Me: Heh! I actually do all the tender romantic stuff as well, but I'm a big fan of variety in mood / location / acts
Me: Give it a score out of ten and tell me how you'd feel
Her: I completely agree with u, depends on the mood. I score it maybe a 7. I prefer something random like me going downstairs to the bathroom in a bar but on the way in the stairwell being followed, skirt pulled up to reveal i'm not wearing underwear and then being fucked against the wall with my face pushed against it and a couple of his fingers in my mouth. And being called a bitch and a slut… then people are coming so im dragged by the hair down into a cubicle, forced onto my knees, fucked in the mouth then turned and bent over so im touching my toes and fucked in whichever hole he wants whilst he slaps my ass and then pulls out and comes all over it.
Me: That's like you are describing one of my favourites. I like a quick knee-trembler especially with the girl standing while I fuck her from behind. Did that in Poland a few months ago in a pub toilet one afternoon with a local I'd just met. Very happy memory.
Her: I also enjoy begging him to stop so he becomes angry and slaps me and tells me to shut the fuck up, or forces my head into a pillow to drown out moaning and screaming.
Me: Good lord woman! Have you any idea how much I wanna fuck you now????
Her: Oh my gosh im so horny. Tell me something else you like… like something really really rough or kinky
Me: You got work tomorrow?
Her: I havent been fucked for over half a year… i need it. Big time
Me: Get a taxi here. Literally, just book the fucking thing. I wanna make you scream
Her: I have to go out of london during the day and then to the ballet
Me: Pack your ballet bag and come suck my cock woman
Her: I really really want that too.. but i cant im still with my fucking flatmate and i gotta be up in 6 hours, the best i can suggest until im free next week is some texting so at least when im alone later on i can come thinking of u fucking my brains out
Her: What wud u do to me if i was there now?
Me: Something really fucking outrageous
Her: Liiike….? Details…..
Me: I hope you like costumes and sexy clothes. I got a wardrobe full of that stuff. Lots of… ahem… japanese imports….
Her: Me too

Me: Ok, here we go….
Her: Make it super super dirty and rough. I can already feel that im wet without touching myself.
Me: First thing I do when you get out the taxi is tell you you're a dumb fucking whore for being so late and walk off so you have to meekly follow like a naughty child
Me: I walk you through the lounge where all my friends are. I announce "this is [her name]. She looks cute but I'm gonna take her upstairs and fuck her in the ass". You blush. Then I apologise in advance to them for the noise you're gonna make
Me: I expect dynamic feedback on this, bitch
Her: Well what am i supposed to say? Ur pretty much just telling me what ur going to do, which i like seeing as ur in control and ur pretty clear about that
Me: Yup, but tell me how horny you get. Don't bother protesting though. Talk to the hand on that one.
Her: well im aroused but ur dick isnt out yet so its only mild
Her: Bearing in mind im not able to have my fingers on my clit right now….
Me: So I decided you're gonna suck me off in a few different rooms first. First we go into my boxing gym. I tell you to play with yourself while I hit the bag a little.
Me: You rub yourself while you watch me whacking the bag around. You know I'm not gonna actually punch you, but you are turned on by the thought that I could, if you are disobedient.
Her: still no dick out / rape / forcing me into things….
Me: Wait your fucking turn woman. I'm boxing.
Her: Yessir!
Me: So I just grab you, push you to your knees and wait. You look up at me, pretending to be all innocent. Totally unconvincing. I pull my dick out and then watch myself in the full length mirror, while you go to work.
Her: Nice involving the mirror
Me: I just see your reflection in the mirror, full body, trying to cram my dick in your mouth. I tire of this so I grab a handful of your hair and drag you out into the garden.
Her: Very very horny now fuck
Me: You bitch about it being cold. I tell you to shut the fuck up and suck my cock. You do. I see one of my friends happen to glance out of the window. He gives me a knowing wink like I'm the Man. He assumes you are some cheap street whore I just ordered online.
Her: I want ur dick in me
Me: I'm tempted to just cum in your eyes and leave you outside till a taxi comes, but I'm selfish. I wanna fuck your ass till you squeal.
Me: I stand you up and roughly finger fuck you for a minute or two, then pull your shirt and bra off. Throw them on the grass and hair drag you past my friends on up to the bedroom. You are totally fucking humiliated but it just turns you on more.
Me: wait. You don't get my dick in you till I say so.
Her: Oh my god… fucking hell
Me: Fucking presumptuous bitch! As if having a job and some qualifications is gonna make me listen to you about bedroom matters….
Her: Am actually gonna have to go into the bathroom and finger myself im so turned on
Me: Haven't even stuck my dick in your ass yet. Horny slut. Make sure you get a good handful of your tits, cos I'll be mashing them up good and proper when I see you for real
Her: Ok keep going….
Me: So I finally give you the honour of sharing my bed. Which, frankly, is more than a cheap whore like you deserves. But I find you physically stunning, so I do you this one single favour.
Me: You are just begging for my cock now. I slap you a couple of times. No reason. Ok, there is a reason. I want to see your cheeks pinken and a flash of submissive fear in your eyes. Then I rip your clothes off so you are naked and vulnerable.
Her: Just so u know i have two fingers inside my fucking wet pussy and my thumb on my clit and i want u so

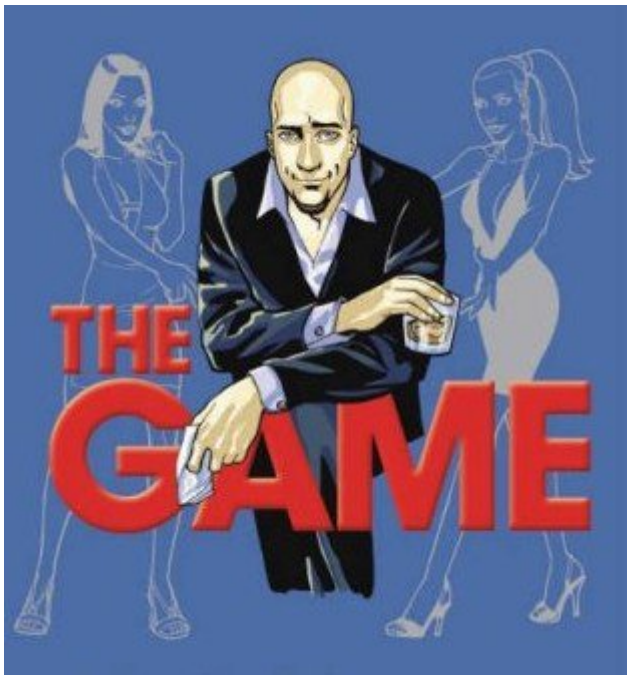
fucking much u cant imagine to fuck me
Me: Then I stick my dick in you. You quiver, gasp and grab me. I fuck you good. In and out, over and over again.
You feel me aggressively pushing into you
Me: Believe me [her name], if you didn't have that annoying friend and stupid trip, you'd be getting it fucking big time for real right now
Me: You are scratching my back, biting my shoulder and screaming all kinds of filthy shit while I rail you
Her: not dirty or painful enough….
Me: I keep telling you to watch your fucking mouth when you're in my house but you can't control yourself. So I slap you around a bit. Not because I expect it to quieten you. Just because I'm an aggressive arsehole and I know I can treat you like some worthless street whore.
Me: I draw some blood from your lip and nose. I wasn't trying to, you just wouldn't take a telling. You gasp and get off on it. So I yank your hair and cuff you around
Me: I'm gonna silence that yapping for a while so I grab your throat and squeeze. I'm not trying to kill you, but I do want your face to go purple so you learn your lesson. The look of fear in your eyes is priceless and almost makes me come. You can't believe you are getting nailed so hard off someone who seems to have so little respect for you and your body. You feel ashamed it makes you so horny.
Her: I meant more sexual violence….
Me: I flip you over. I pull your head down onto my cock so you can feel it bashing against your throat, and inside your cheek. You nearly retch it feels so deep. While I'm doing that I pull a huge dildo out from under the bed
Me: Your eyes go crazy-wide. You are terrified of having that inside you. But you've got no choice. I thrust it up you from behind. It's so big your pussy tightens and resists at first, then gives up
Her: I am extremely close to coming btw, hence lack of textage
Me: As I ram it home, it feels so deep you think it's gonna touch my cock at the other end. You feel thoroughly spit roasted and cheap as hell. I spit in your hair and laugh.
Me: I facefuck the shit out of you, while ramming the dildo in and out violently. You aren't even thinking human thoughts now. You are just gurgling and moaning, your spit running out your lips onto my cock, and your hot pussy juice streaming down your legs
Her: Are you touching yourself too???
Me: It's the closest feeling to dying, but it's so fucking good you want more. You feel like you're gonna rip in half.
Me: Not yet, gotta type fast
Me: You can vaguely hear me shouting at you, calling you a whore and names worse than shit. You are past humiliation. Your whole world is reduced to my cock pumping in your mouth and a fucking massive dildo nearly tearing your pussy apart.
Me: For a moment you get random thoughts. What the hell would your workmates think of you if they knew what a slutty little whore you really are.
Her: Well i just came. a lot. And i think it is horrifically obvious from the noises i was making what i was doing [image] so … u must be pretty horny by now…?
Me: *bows*
Her: You are an absolute hero of this genre
Her: I take it u have a lot of practice… can't wait til u fuck me for real….
Me: Yeah. I well wanna fuck you. I'll knock one out before I go to bed. Type me a short story to think about while I do it. Something to make sure I'm thinking of you and only you, bypassing all my porn.
Me: Yup, I'm a horrible pervert
Her: Ok hold on…
Me: Cool
Me: Btw, +100 points for frigging yourself stupid while I wrote that. We can add "[Krauser] watches while [Button Nose] masturbates" to our shopping list of future depravity. I like that.
Her: I'll do this all in one text, its easier for u to read that way. Imagine u come to my place of work one day, unannounced and its a total surprise but ur horrifically horny and u were in the neighbourhood and u knew that if u

needed a little slut to fuck then i was the one to visit. So u come in and ask me to excuse myself. I start complaining so u subtley grab my nipple. Hard. No one else sees u do it but i have to bite my lip to stop from calling out. You want a blowjob. Immediately. You force me into a corner and onto my knees so that ur facing the walls but its obvious what we are doing. u put ur hands behind ur head and start rocking ur pelvis a bit so that whilst ur cock is in my mouth and im licking it at the same time as sucking it, it is going in and out of my throat. Like ur gently fucking my face. after a while I try to get up, i take ur cock out of my mouth and explain to u that i have to work, but u force me back onto my knees with a thud and slap my face with your dick, still wet from my mouth. You tell me to shut the fuck up before u make me, and before i can talk again u put ur cock back in, but this time roughly, fucking my face so that with every thrust my head bangs against the wall. You want to come but you want to be inside my tight pussy first, want to hear me call out ur name and moan so you drag me up by my hair and tell me to go into the back room where there is a table. You lie me out flat on my back with my pussy at the edge of the table and my legs in the air and you ram your cock deep inside me. The shock of the first time you enter me makes me yell so loudly that someone knocks at the door. You tell her to shut the fuck up because ur fucking a little bitch to teach her a lesson and unless she wants the same treatment she will fuck off. You continue fucking me so hard that i am moaning so loudly and touching my clit at the same time. U grab my breasts roughly, hurting me so i moan louder in pleasure and pain and you watch my face contorted in ecstasy. But ur bored. Im enjoying it too much so you yank me up and put me on all fours on the ground. Doggy style. I wait, my pussy wet and open for you to come into it, but instead and without warning you shove your hard dick into my unprepared ass. I cry out in pain so you stick some of your fingers in my mouth, a few more thrusts then you move to my pussy again, and soon im calling out your name in pleasure, asking you to fuck me harder, which you do, but then go back to my ass, repeating this, every time changing so i go from pleasure to pain until u feel i am enjoying ur cock in my ass too much and my pussy is dripping onto the floor so u turn me around and command i suck your cock until you explode onto my face and at the same time as you do, you make me finger myself so as i suck it im also moaning in enjoyment. Then you pull out of ur mouth and the hot come runs down my face and i lick the remainder of it off ur dick
Me: Thanks. Gonna take me a while to read it. Gonna cheat and look at one of your photos too. My dick's in my hand now
Her: Which photo of mine
Me: Profile 8 of 43. You'll be in this position when I fuck that slutty mouth of yours
Her: Lollll! Ok well lets say night night. Talk tomorrow x enjoy urself
Me: Good gosh woman, you do have a way with words there! good story and certainly one I can buy into
Me: Good night. if you rub out any more for me, be sure to send a text to confirm the deed. I don't mind waking up to read that.
Her:
Her: I will be doing that btw. U can count on it. At least twice more
Me: Heh! That's my girl

The high value lifestyle

krauserpua · 21 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When I first heard about Game I had preconceptions. I think everyone does. I looked at the cover for Neil Strauss's book and it has an idealised cartoon image of the "player". **The Player** is a cool, well-dressed lounge lizard who cocks his head and winks slyly at the camera while in repose at the VIP table in a top-end club, lots of club bunnies around him. There is the tinkle of girl's laughter above the music. Perhaps on the weekend he'll drive his Ferrari into the hills on a date.



Artist's Representation

The Player has an expensive flowing haircut, like an Argentinian footballer (or Johnny Wisdom). His shirt is loose, open and from the most expensive salon. You can smell Old Spice on his collar.

As I got more into game I had an epiphany. **This is pure higher beta,** modified for the bar environment. This is the GQ / Esquire / Mens Health version of the "guy who fucks hot girls". This is the supplicating version. The guy who tries too hard.

As I got further into game and started seeing these guys around I saw how brittle their self esteem is. They do attract girls but I lost count of how many times I saw them fuck it up by going all beta. The charisma wasn't there. They were like little boys and they hadn't taken the red pill. Guys with those advantages ought to be killing it but they weren't. Getting laid occasionally, sure, but never with girls equal to them in immediate value. Bizarre.

Sitting in my flat in Latvia I had another realisation. The guys who fuck loads of hot women are nothing like the urban player myth. What they actually do is sit around in their underwear trolling Plenty of Fish. They hustle in Covent Garden through wind and rain. They get shitfaced in Hoxton bars and tool big sets. They rapidly escalate in nightclubs and bundle girls into taxis. They get £30 Ryanair flights to foreign cities and then hole up in shithole apartments plotting their next move.

They are semi-employed. They had some personality flaws that drive them to master the skillset and fuck loads of girls. They sometimes fuck fatties just to get a good story. What they don't do – ever – is spend £hundreds on clothes and grooming products, two hours getting ready, and then swan around a top end club looking like a player.



Online Game

I blow a dead-cert SNL by being a douchebag. Again.

krauserpua · 22 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Moran is hyper again and he wants to spend Friday night before Latvia getting smashed. Fuck it, I'm in the mood. We drink some Strongbow on the underground and roll into the Worlds End in Camden at about 11pm. This is an area known for its freaks and methheads but also some good pubs with the indie crowd. There's lots of decent girls and all the guys are too much into their emo / asymmetrical haircuts to notice.

We immediately go about building value. We do aftershock shots between pints. We're getting nicely rat-arsed and glowing with fun. IOIs start to come our way. Moran is always a ball of energy and we are just laughing, messing around, doing countless meaningless gesiticulations just for the fun of it. A polish 3-set eyes us and stands behind. A Slovak 2-set positions it next to us and I open. Can't remember what with, but it's rude.



Moran's girl

Some little chodeboy comes running over like an energizer bunny. He's been talking to them the past hour, running "game". The little Slovak gives him a fake number. She just flat out tells us it's fake and is trying to get rid of him. He runs back to his friends triumphant. He is like a schoolkid taking a gold star home to show mummy. The little one gives Moran an IOI and he pounces on it.

Cunt, I think. My set. Wing rules.

There's no way to back either of them off. So I immediately walk up to the Poles and open them by saying my friend is gonna start rapidly escalating even though I told him not to. Sure enough we all look over and Moran has already got her up against the wall making out, in the middle of the bar. I start heckling him. A pole asks "what is rapid escalation", I demonstrate, on her. Freaks her out but she likes it. All four of us start heckling Moran. He is distracted now and turns round embrassed telling us to stop it. We just keep going.

My set. I don't care.

I go over and physically pull them apart. I start admonishing Moran. He knows he took my set, but he's drunk and horny. The little Slovak is a seven. Definitely worth a poke. I turn my back on her and say;

Me: You are not going to fuck this girl tonight. Remember we came here to get drunk.
Him: Yeah, you're right
Me: So, we're gonna get drunk. None of this rapid escalation shit. Get rid of her so we can get back on the beer.
Him: **face like a child told his trip to Disneyland is cancelled** Okay

The Slovak can hear all of this. She's just standing rooted to the spot, speechless. But not moving. The obvious subtext is that I am essentially escalating her for Moran, and he knows this.

Me: Ok. If you have to, either take her number now, or drag her to the toilets and fuck her. Whichever, just do it now.
Him: **looks at her, indecisive**
Me: **to her** Just wait a minute darlin'. Man talk.

She protests because she wants to stay and finally Moran takes her round the corner and accepts her number. She's in a 100% chasing frame now and I'm the Bad Cop. Moran tells her to wait around a few hours and he'll call her. The SNL is already a done deal. We move to the next bar. We're just buzzing with energy and vibe now. I take a couple of facebooks on the way and then Moran does my "douchebag opener" on a mixed five set coming down the street. He stops them, holds laser eye contact with the hottest girl, and with a dismissive thumbjerk over his shoulder at the guys says:

Moran: Hi. Are you fucking either of these guys tonight?
Girl: Um…..no **smiles, tentative**
Moran: Cool. **rapid escalation**

The chodes stand helpless and finally a cockblock tears her away. We roll into the next bar and immediately get into set. More drink, more fun, and Moran pops out to collect his SNL girl. When he gets back with her I'm with a blonde girl styled like Marilyn Monroe. I put her at a six, Moran says seven. I just open direct, handhold and pull her in to the bar. She buys me a drink then a verbally escalate her and put her hand on my cock. She's massively horny immediately.



Like this. But a six

We double extract.

Getting a taxi is a nightmare. We end up walking towards the canal bridge taking at least ten minutes. I'm in full-on don't-care douchebag mode. I keep calling my girl a slut. Hurry up slut. What you doing slut. Follow me slut. She's really into me but this is hard work for her. I keep having to soften to reel her in.

Me: **looks into her eyes** I'm just playing a character. I like your really. We're gonna have a great time. Ok?
Her: **sheepish** ok
Me: Cool. C'mon slut

When we finally get to a free minicab she's bolted. Whatever. Getting out the other end at my house Moran has a piss in the bushes and I have to let his girl into the house. She keeps saying to me "I'm not a slut. I don't usually do this". I have bright red lipstick smeared all over my face like Heath Ledger and I was still drunkenly opening sets, to zero success, after my girl ejected. Great night. Moran owes me one.

I bang my first Latvian 21yr old Brunette – Jimmy's story

krauserpua · 23 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

*This is a guest post from **Jimmy Jambone**, one of my main wings, who played an integral part in getting me inside this girl. Head over to his blog for my own lay report of this girl, and video footage.*

It had been a horrible couple of days in Latvia. Day game was off. I'll probably post a video diary on Vimeo or YouTube just for the hell of it but it was -13 and biting. Over the whole holiday I did about 5 half hearted approaches, got blown out every single time then the last one, I saw an absolute stunner dressed in really expensive clothes. I opened her with energy. Facebook close. Bhodisatta filmed it but accidentally deleted the footage. I didn't have my infield mic turned on.

The clubs and bars were where the game is at. For once I felt like a night gamer, which used to be my strong suit and I haven't been into it for a long time. The bars were low volume and target rich.

Monday night was a long and interesting one. We started with a long taxi drive trying to find a club open. They were all shut. After trying 3, we got the driver to drop us off in the old town and walked the streets in the cold. All bars shut. Bumped into a party of girls and they walked us to a bar.

And it was a good one. We went in, ignored everyone, stood by the bar in a horseshoe and started to build value/elicit IOIs. Which started to come within half an hour.

Best part of the night was seeing a bit of hand to hand outside the bar *(video of streetfight on JJ's blog – K.)*

The five of us were all well in set all night. Krauser's set of choice were a blonde and a brunette. I saw him open, then leave the set, asking us to give him value. I noticed blonde looking over, she smiled. Lee at some point turned up with a haughty, tall blonde stripper looking girl and disappeared off to another club, Bhodi was in with a Norwegian and London Sky and I had a two set by the back wall we were working.

We'd hit the bar at about 1am, maybe later, but it seemed earlier. We were a bit caught off guard when it suddenly shut. We all decamped to the club across the road. It was pretty empty. And a bit of a seedy joint. Moran took his sour faced slut and the rest of us sank beers by the bar while desperate Latvian men took very unsavoury looking women into the toilets and fucked them.

Krauser then, out of the blue saw his two set leaving, so he went and stopped them, dragged them back to us and then isolated his target, the brunette, much to the surprise of the blonde, who thought that he wanted her. What followed was a painful half an hour of trying to distract the very disgruntled cockblock, while Krauser got his lay.

First off, when they were dragged back and the blonde was left with us, she turned to me and said 'I think you're boring, go away, don't talk to me'.

No worries here. She wasn't fit, wasn't on my radar and I would rather talk to London Sky and Bhodi. But that's not how you work a set is it. If the obstacle gets bored or kicks up a fuss, it can slow down, interrupt and even end the player's set. So for half an hour Bhodi, Sky and I desperately emasculated ourselves to a preening, unattractive nasty blonde doing and saying ANYTHING to prevent her from turning around and spoiling Krauser's chances. This included standing in the way of the cloakroom so she wouldn't see them getting their coats and leaving.

After around half an hour Krauser left with his girl, we waited until they got clear and cut the blonde loose. She realised what we'd done and stormed off. We breathed out, congratulated each othe,r then went to get our coats. Ten minutes later we're in the street and horror of horrors the obstacle is back and talking to Krauser and the target. It's -500 and after 2 minutes of trying to flood interference, Bhodi calls a taxi, grabs me and says 'We will die if we stay out in this'. I tell Krauser he is on his own and flee.

Back at the apartment, Lee is back with his haughty stripper slut and some loser mates of hers who are doing Crystal Meth in the bathroom. The haughty bitch is doing a great job of tooling Lee who is so drunk he doesn't

know what he's doing. I laden myself down with spy cams, 4 of them, and just sit around the flat confident I might catch something amusing.

Something fucked up with the spy cams but I did get Krauser returning with his target.

An adorable French “maybe” girl

krauserpua · 23 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Some girls hook strong at the beginning and are totally into you. You’re their type, they are looking for a man, and everything clicks. These are “yes” girls. This is the numbers game part of pick-up. If you introduce yourself to enough girls you’ll get some of them. It doesn’t really take skill. Just not fucking up. Conversely there are “no” girls. Married, engaged, loved-up, fucked-up or just simply not into you. You have to filter them out quickly because nothing will ever progress with them. These no-girls are precisely why anyone who tells you he can get 100% success is a liying theiving piece of shit.

The best girls are “maybe” girls. They kinda like you, they might be available. What you do in-set will massively change the outcome. This is where the Game is played. Few things are as satisfying as turning around a maybe girl. And almost every high-value/high-self esteem girl is a maybe. Very few of them are “yes” girls.

I’m doing some daygame yesterday afternoon when I get a good five minute set with a teenage French girl. Exactly my type. In fact I wouldn’t change a single thing about her. Well, perhaps bigger tits and longer legs. And not French. But apart from that, a Krauser girl.

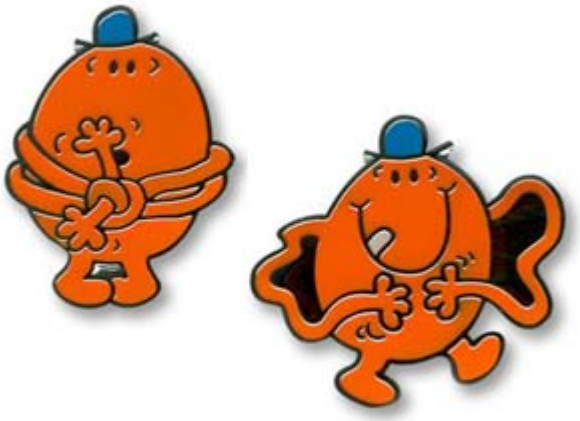


I rate her very highly

I don’t mind that I’ve already banged a Frenchie. I don’t do any of that lame flags bullshit.

The hook is not especially strong, I’m twice her age, and she’s with her family. All the signs of a difficult close. So I’m thinking I’ll just try to invest her a bit and see how it goes. Practice doing retarded attraction material. At 4pm the next day I see her online. I re-open. This is the entirety of our chat:

Me: oh, she’s checking me out……. the crazy little French girl..
Her: *[twenty minutes later]* LOL how are you ? *[low investment! I need to tease her hard, kick away that pedestal]*
Me: I’m good I just had a look at your photo You have looooooooong arms Like Mr Tickle



sexy. weird [flagrantly stolen from Jimmy]

Her: LOOOOOOOOOOOOOL
Me: when you wake up in the morning, are they in knots?
Her: wait i just need to take a dictionnary just in case so no they arent :p
Me: □ x4
Her: On which picture have you seen that i have long arms ?
Me: None. I was just teasing *[occasionally ground myself as a normal person despite a theme of retarded attraction material. she's young so probably flakey and ADHD]*
Her: Oh okay
Me: Where are you now? *[Logistics. Is it possible to fuck this girl with short game?]*
Her: im not in London i visit my ante in the suburb
Me: boooooooring! *[keep challenging her to pique interest]*
Her: Yeahh it is lol
Me: Did you go somewhere nice with your mum yesterday?
Her: no just shoppinbg what about you what did you do yesterday ?
Me: I nearly had a fight That's very unusual for me [image]
Her: Why ?
Me: I was in Camden, drinking with friends Some Brazilian guy was very rude. He really hated everything English *[there's a post coming on this. It was on a date]*
Her: So what did you do ?
Me: For the first hour I ignored him but he really really wanted to offend me *[frame myself as the reluctant aggressive guy]*
Her: and .. ? *[I force her to keep asking for me to continue. It's a mild form of investment]*
Me: So I teased him for a while Made jokes about Brazil until he called me racist (for no reason) I had a till receipt which I'd rolled into a little ball. I flicked it into his face
Her: LOOOOOL
Me: It hit him between the eyes
Her: so funny
Me: a perfect shot □ Everyone laughed. He stood up, very angry I stayed seated. Gave him "the finger" and waited for the violence to begin … *[obviously I frame myself as the hero of the story. Although all of this is true, reality wasn't quite as cool – I was really angry with the guy]*
Her: seriously ? .. so bad :p
Me: I don't usually do this but he was on a mission to start trouble Anyway, he looked at me and changed his mind then he walked out of the bar England 1 – Brazil 0 How long are you in London?
Her: until friday on the morning im coming back just q minute
Her: im back

Me: □ I'm checking out your profile now…. *[open a loop on her vanity]*
Her: lol
Me: oh no! the worst photos I've EVER seen
Her: im supposed to laugh right ? :p
Me: I didn't realise you are famous I just googled your name, and found a great picture of you [*Jesus, this one never gets old]*



Her: Of course i am you should know it □ i took this picture last year
Me: Do you prefer tea or coffee? *[false dilemma for setting up a date]*
Her: chocolate i hate coffee and i dont like tea
Me: Hot chocolate?
Her: yeap
Me: afternoon or evening?
Her: im not sure i can im quite busy until i leave england actually im here because my grand mother is sick
[she gets the message. I assume all attraction is sexual attraction]
Me: how many of your family are in England?
Her: a cousin , 2 antes ang my grandparents
Me: It's like an invasion :O *[again I'm focusing on attraction and retardation. Most sets I'd do comfort here but in this case I'm experimenting with low comfort]*
Her: AHAha IT IS
Me: Here's my number. Text me if you wanna meet [my number] *[another experiment, suggested by Burto]*
Her: Ok thanks
Me: I'm in Starbucks now. Gonna buy a caramel shortbread I forget, are you from Paris? *[then snip and stack]*
Her: LOOL Not really in Paris in the suburb
Me: Not cool enough for Paris?
Her: ? what ?
Me: Do you llike dogs or cats? *[didn't want to explain a joke, so I snip and stack]*
Her: i have an allergy
Me: -10 points I love dogs A real allergy? *[qualification]*

Her: I hate dogs lol yeah you have a dog ?
Me: No. I really want a siberian husky They are like wolves I have an image in my mind of when I live by the beach again talking my big siberian husky for a walk in the morning wrestling him in the water then hunting penguins together *[this is true, except for the penguins]*
Her: LOOOOOL i want a cat but i cant because of my allergy thats to bad
Me: My parents have five cats. I don't like them We can't be friends *[false disqualifier]*
Her: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA youre so funny :p *[big IOI]*
Me: Can you cook? *[qualify her on high]*
Her: Nooo im a desaster *[banter]*
Me: -50 points *[qualify]*
Her: in a kitchen xD LOOOOOOOOOOOL *[IOI]*
Me: we can't get married either *[bigger false disqualifier]*
Her: MDRRRRR
Me: is that French for "oh no!"? *[subtle flipping of script in this sequence]*
Her: no it means LOL
Me: When we get divorced, I'm gonna keep the dog, the car, and the Playstation you can have the pans, cups, and duvet
Her: you can keep everything a kind of present for me no for you :p
Me: You are a naughty girl I'm shocked :O What are you wearing? *[misdirection and sexualise]*
Her: naughty ? why are you saying that ? a jeans and a t shirt
Me: not sexy at all -5 points What are you really good at? (apart from gymnastics) *[doesn't quite hit so don't dwell on it, stack into a qualifier]*
Her: school the best of my class Im good at everything in fact
Me: *[don't validate her]*



Her: so cute
Me: I was top of my class in everything every year but I don't tell people oh I just did…. [image]
Her: LOL
Me: I'm actually very modest I only believe I'm half as good as I really am
Her: yeahh i see that

Me: What colour underwear are you wearing? if it's not a personal question….. *[sexualise]*
Her: black *[surprised she answered]*
Me: I prefer red *[demanding]*
Her: Yesterday it was red *[I'm surprised again]*
Me: sexy, or like an old woman's underwear?

[half an hour passes with her offline – this could be a shit test to see if I chase, bad internet, or she just has other things to do]

Her: hey *[She blinked first]*
Me: don't you "hey" me! *[I like to tell girls off]*
Her: lol
Me: did you finish cooking my dinner? *[frame her as my slave]*
Her: not yet
Me: I want roast potatoes with cheese and gravy
Her: mais bien sur :p
Me: no onion no mushroom
Her: okay :p
Me: I want red wine too maybe you can sing while you cook
Her: if you like the rain why not :p
Me: Your internet is not good
Her: its my internet its me
Me: you're a crazy french girl My mother warned me about girls like you *[frame her]*
Her: what do you mean girl like me ? and what did she tells you ?
Me: she said "be careful of dark brunette french gymnasts" "they are sex maniacs" *[blame her for the sexualisation]*
Her: MDRRRRR its not true
Me: Yeah, those girls are not all sex maniacs only you are
Her: we heard the same thing about english girls
Me: English girls are always fucking But they are fat *[generalised sex talk]*
Her: MDRRRRRR HAHAHAHAHAH
Me: I prefer skinny girls. More fun to slap their ass
Her: dont be rude ^^ *[simple shit test]*
Me: I'm a man. It's normal But I guess you are still a shy little girl *[don't back down, frame her as the weird one]*
Her: Probably *[neither acceptance nor rejection. so I back off the sexualisation]*
Me: Anyway, you're fun. I like that *[time to get real and give her a reason I like her]*
Her: lol
Me: I like girls who have energy and can joke around it's sexy *[SOIing her]*
Her: thanks
Me: I'm going home now. My friends are cooking me a meal Send me a text tomorrow and we'll get a quick drink *[assume the sale]*
Her: thats nice
Me: I've probably only got an hour spare *[FTC]*
Her: I'll thimk about it okay *[= probably not, but I am above her attraction threshold]*
Me: have a good evening
Her: thanks you too

Conclusions? She's a maybe girl. There's some obstacle somewhere whether it's logistics, a boyfriend, insufficient attraction, whatever. She's on the backburner for Long Game. With that much family in London she'll be back. The important thing is she spent three hours chatting to me, investing, and re-opening. I'm now "the guy she talks to on facebook" and from this *in* lots of beautiful things can be built.

I blow an SDL by trying to start a fight

krauserpua · 24 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out with Moran in the west end for daygame. It's been a while since I did a proper session. We do a few models and head up to Regent Street till I finally see some Krauser girls. First off I get a quickie facebook off a French girl who is only here a few days and off to meet her mum. Then I see a really **curvy Brazilian** and give chase. Check out the video for the open, instant date and second date later that night. I'm really off form but she's hooking strong anyway.

So far so good, right?

Nope. It started well. She's into me at the approach, IOIs, and we get a coffee in Starbucks. In the pub after that I verbally escalate and she's responding well. There's no bones about what's going on and she's only in the UK two more days. Kino is good, with handholding and thigh touching. I clearly IOI her sexually. She rebuffs two kiss closes with a "not now" and no attempt to escape. There's a time constraint on both sides because I've arranged to meet two daygamers for a coffee and she's had a long distance meet arranged with some guy she once knew at university who now works in London. She tells me she barely knows him.

So we agree to part at 6pm and meet up again for a drink in Camden at 9pm. There's no doubt whatsoever about the frame. If she shows up, it's an SDL. We swap numbers and I give her an out – if anything changes she can text me to bail. At 9pm I show up. She's 20 minutes late but physically present. So it's on. Or not….

"My friend should be here" she says. Yes, she's arranged to meet the guy at the same time. **I make my first mistake –** *I should clarify right now if its a date or not (and walk if its not)*. I don't. I figure maybe it's just a quick pint with him for appearance purposes. This girl was IOIing big time in the instadate so it doesn't enter my head this guy is gonna hang around and get in her way.

Dude is a commodities trader. I fucking despise traders. Every last one of them I met (and I met *alot* during my career) is a shallow stressed blowhard. This guy doesn't disappoint. Right from the off he's trying to amog me. He's a smart guy with alot of backbone, being a trader. No pushover. And he keeps slipping into Portuguese with my girl. And he will not shut up.

I'm watching thinking he's being a tool, and she's not responding to him at all. There's very little I can do. **I make my next mistake –** she knew this was a date, she knew the score, and she still brings this guy out without warning me in advance. *She's playing. I should've spotted it and called her out but I didn't.* So she's sitting with two guys, one of whom (me) has already declared clear sexual intent and the other who is qualifying qualifying qualifying and clearly wants to fuck her. Evidently she can stay all night basking in the validation. So I refuse to give it. I let him talk, don't defer, don't seek rapport, and don't fight for attention.

He gets ruder and ruder. He's talking over me, calling England worse than shit, bigging himself up, disagreeing with literally everything I say, and trying to push me down. I really ought to just punch him he's that much of a cunt, but I figure that'll kill the vibe. And the girl is tolerating it. She could've easily said something in Portuguese to rein him in without belittling him infront of me but she failed to do so for the obvious reason she wanted this to continue.

So I lose all respect for her. I still want to fuck her, which is **my third mistake.** *No amount of sex is worth losing the frame but here I am sitting having a drink with a girl who clearly doesn't deserve my time*. The guy keeps pushing until finally he goes too far. To paraphrase the video:

Him: England is shit. It's history. The future is China, India, Brazil.
Me: Wait and see. There's a reason we civilised and invented everything.
Him: You guys only did well because you are so violent. All the knowledge and culture was in Persia.
Me: Not true. Learn history. England ruled the world because we had Christianity, monogamy and the reformation. That created the social conditions for the agricultural and industrial revolutions.

Him: blah blah, that's bullshit. There's monogamous tribes in the amazon and they didn't civilise.
Me: Maybe its because they are Brazilian *[bear in mind he'd spent two hours belittling Europe and europeans, particularly English, and I'd already decided I was happy to burn the set]*
Him: That's racist. You're a racist shit.
Me: Just facts. Everything of value that was ever invented was by a white straight beta male *[I'd already been explaining the monogamy = civilisation thing to the girl and she was giving me rapt attention, so he was constantly trying to talk over me and say bullshit as he felt himself no longer the centre of attention]*
Him: You're a racist English shit. Are you saying all the whites are better.
Me: No. I'm saying England had the cultural conditions to civilise, Brazil didn't. Nor did Japan or China or India.
Him: Racist
Me: Everything you've said tonight is anti-English. You've no business accusing me of racism
Him: I'm not anti-English *[a flagrant lie]*, I am anti-American
Me: I'm pro-American. Well, I don't like Obama but Bush was ok.

He gets more het up and foolishly I've allowed myself to get sucked in and be reactive. I'd simply decided my boundary about being hectored by a retard was more important than fucking a girl who invites such a situation. And to be honest, this guy was never going to fuck off and leave me isolated so he'd already succeeded in killing the set. I decide I'm gonna physically back him down.

I give him a challenging "fuck with me if you dare" look and start pressing him on why he called me a racist, that it's an insult and he'd better defend it. He can't, he's just bluster. I happen to have a rolled-up till receipt in my hand that I've been playing with. I flick it at him and catch him between the eyes. *Beautiful shot!* He flips, stands up like he's about to attack me. I stay laid back, hold eye contact, flip him the finger and tell him to fuck himself. Then I calmly wait for the violence to begin.

The girl immediately gets up and tries to calm it. He realises I'm ready to fight and dick tucks behind some bluster, then starts walking out. The girl is 50/50 on what to do and ends up following him. I blank her. He tries some parting shot that I blank as I've already stopped paying attention to him. I see him in the corner of my eye necking his pint, very very angry. The girl is looking perturbed, like her validation-fest didn't go to plan. She seems to have contempt for the guy but she's still with him and not me. They leave. No kino, no IOIs, no raised state from her towards him. There's no way he fucks her, but he did a good job of stopping *me* fucking her.

I sit back with the strange quiet satisfaction of a boundary clearly drawn, mixed with the tinge of disappointment that I didn't fuck a hot girl who had seemed so up for it just a few hours earlier. Live and learn.

Learning points
1. If a girl springs a guy on me, clarify it's a date and walk out if she gives bullshit. No point wasting time trying to pass her stupid tests.
2. When faced with a smart mouthy amog, do the Reardon gambit. I of all people should've known this.
3. Don't try to win the arguments he starts. Just point out his compulsive need to argue and frame him as try-hard.
4. Hold the girl accountable. The entire displeasing situation was of her engineering and she enabled it the whole way.
5. Never ever *ever* lose the frame to get sex.

I bang my first Latvian 21yr old brunette – Krauser's story

krauserpua · 24 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's valentine's day in Riga and the famous five are gonna do some nightgame. We warm up with vodka and Dynamite energy drink in the flat then jump in a taxi. Minus 12 degrees and none of the clubs are open midweek. We chuck one of the students in the boot and get the taxi to drive us from club to club, all closed. Finally we drop off in the centre of the Old town and just attach ourselves to a big group of local students who are headed to some bar.



Economic disparities

The bar turns out to be absolutely perfect for the KNM. Wide open lounge bar with unrestricted views, quiet music, and crawling with hot tottie. There's no competition either, except for the few guys here with girlfriends. So we prop up the bar and start building our aura. After an hour we are glowing and catching IOIs from everyone. One girl squeezes past Jimmy and grabs his fat waist. A nice 2-set sits at the bar a few feet away and I really like the brunette, noticeable for a white hair band. A proper stirring of the blood. I wait for a few IOIs then when my drink is empty I order it next to them.

Me: Hey, can I just say something? When I was a little boy and learning to read at school, we had these books called Peter and Jane. The girl Jane was really clumsy and naughty. She had a white hairband exactly like that **points to target**

The girls laugh and the blonde obstacle is *loving* it. I chat about two minutes while I wait to be served then roll off for half an hour. We go back to building value. Jimmy and Bhodisatta are working sets. Then a fight breaks out in the street. It's a proper straightner with a referee and standups when the groundgame stalls. We only catch a bit on video but see the whole fight. When the police come to break it up we pull one of the fighters in and let him blend like we've just been out smoking all along. Then back inside.

I'm catching plenty of IOIs from my set and the girl told me later she thought I was really cool but thought I was interested in her friend and was jealous. So far, so Mystery Method. When they go outside for a cigarette I stop them and tell 'em to join my group when they come back. They do. At this point a student fucks up a bit after I

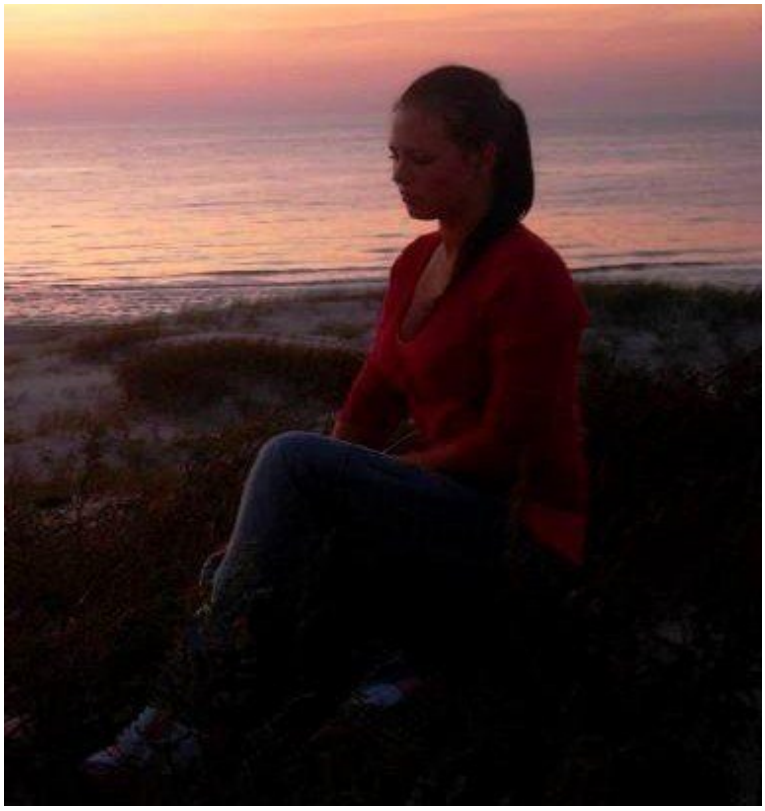
make the introductions. He starts trying to run the set doing some pretty lame MM routines which turn the girls off. I have to decide whether to fight for control (try-hard), stand their quietly bleeding value, or what I actually do which is roll off to Jimmy and tell him “raise my value”. He starts laughing like I told him an amazing joke. My girl later said she thought they’d bored me and she felt loss at the takeaway. All I really cared about was protecting my value.

The student realises his mistake and ejects and for the next hour or so it’s just me and my group talking, not involving the girls. Then we head to a club across the road. Now everything is a blur because we were all smashed by now. Moran starts rapidly escalating some disgusting painted-up blonde harlot and is convinced she’s hot. She repells me in every way. I re-open my set and start to show interest in the brunette Latvian.

Her friend goes apeshit.

She’s a proper low esteem girl who is clearly used to being the one of the pair who gets hit on. So she wanders over to Moran and tries to peel him away from his girl. He shrugs her off and now she’s really angry. My gang tries to divert her but she’s in full-on cockblock mode, dragging my girl to the cloakroom and gives me the finger.

I get the fury. I turn to Bhodisatta and say “I am not having that!”



That's Chodesville in the distance. Population: Moran

I storm over and remonstrate. My target is melting in the show of dominance and I pull both girls back into the club. Then I isolate my girl and rapid escalate her against the wall. We kiss, and I future project fucking her. She’s massively turned on. The club is at chucking out time now so we all leave.

Moran is extracting his girl who is flagrantly playing him for validation but he’s too determined to keep F-Town to screen her out. Jimmy tries stalling the cockblock to let me sneak out with Latvian but my girl won’t isolate. Finally cockblock comes over for one last hurrah. Beautifully, my girl reads her the riot act in Latvian which clearly translates as “I’m going home with this guy. Don’t get in the way”. Blondie cools down and we put her on a tram. It’s -12 and I’m so desperate to get indoors again.

Walking into the flat I give my girl the tour. In the lounge is all the boys, Moran’s target, plus three meth-head

friends of hers that wouldn't detach. Horrible. I pull my girl into the bedroom and start undressing her. There's no LMR from her but plenty from me. I'm convinced Moran is gonna fuck his girl. The rules of F-Town are quite clear – the clock ticks from the first two strokes. Thus whoever sticks his cock in last keeps F-Town. So I'm delaying my girl, hoping Moran will isolate and fuck his. The moment I hear her squealing I know it's safe to fuck mine and take F-Town. It never happens. Finally I hear an argument outside. It's indistinct but I think I just have to fuck my girl before the window of opportunity snaps shut.

So I fuck her three times. After the first, I go next door to the other bedroom. It's a pitiful sight. All four lads are cramped into a tiny room with no girls in sight. I see Moran alone in bed. I sigh in relief and announce myself as the new F-Town. Even more satisfying than fucking the girl.

I got back in and tell my girl about being a dating coach etc. She loves it and we analyse the pickup. I'm pleased to find out that from her side she was thinking / feeling exactly what I thought she was so my calibration was tight. She tells me she's 21, I'm the fifth guy to fuck her, and the first to SNL her. Nice.

Facebook long game: Spanish exotic dancer

krauserpua · 25 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This was a ten minute number/facebook close on Oxford Street in early January. We haven't dated yet. Treated as a normal set this is a dead one – she wouldn't come out on a date. But I liked the girl and I'm practising different avenues to reach the cock-into-fanny position. So I'm gonna long game her and see if I can either social circle her or just get a late-2011 fuck from her when logistics become favourable.



I'm not scared

This next chat takes place over two hours. The whole time I feel the girl is uninvested but feels some attraction. After all, why chat for two hours when there's no attraction and I'm not throwing validation at her? So I persevere for the intellectual challenge of trying to invest her. She gradually goes for it.

My frame is that she is a beautiful/low-esteem girl and therefore needs to be lured with banter, strength, and false disqualifiers. I need to be a challenge and different to the long line of higher beta supplicators that fill her coffers with tips every night she dances. This girl's job is playing men for validation and the money that brings. I must be different.

So I tease close to insulting and I decide any time she calls me out I will stand my ground without backing down. I'm still at the stage of Long Game of being "the guy on facebook she chats with". They all break eventually.

Me: I'm having a party in [Bar district] tomorrow. Come along, bring some friends *[non-needy, not a dating frame]*
Her: tomorrow i work sorry *[denied. short uninvested answer but more polite than ignoring me altogether]*
Me: no prob I like your new profile photo You look sexier [it's a photo of a yapping little puppy] *[tease her vanity]*
Her: lol thanks
Me: There was a dog like that on my street when I was a little boy I used to throw stones at it *[expand tease to move into a conversation]*
Her: what!!!!! *[hook]*

Me: It was noisy little dogs like that always cause trouble *[imply she always causes trouble and I don't like her]*
Her: realy you are crazy for me not is fanny do that *[shit test]*
Me: I like big dogs. Like siberian huskies *[pretend it never happened]*
Her: yes its nice
Me: I like wolves. Huskies are almost wolves Do you have normal photos on your facebook? *[challenge her vanity again. I wouldn't come out this hard on a girl who started off giving me normal attentive answers]*
Her: yes why?? *[girls hate open loops concerning vanity]*
Me: Every photo is in a club, wearing nothing like a barbie doll *[imply but don't outright say that she's shallow and that I disapprove]*
Her: no i have photo whit clothe and outside of club *[she qualfies, but only a little bit]*
Me: I saw one where you look like a carrot *[snip and move]*
Her: lol
Me: I don't like carrot I like potato *[I'm not attracted to her]*
Her: its a sliping bag lol me to dont like carrot dont worry about that *[more mild qualification]*
Me: Are you a stripper? I prefer librarians *[my third strong challenge to her, to a normal girl this would be a beasting but I think she is so used to being validation that it requires a relentless attack]*
Her: no i m not streper im dance *[she's a scantily-clad pole dancer for clubs. She definitely wants the legitimacy of being a dancer so I'll withhold it]*
Me: proper dance? like contemporary, jazz, hip hop etc In fact, I don't care. I'M the best dancer in the world *[outright telling her I dont care, but playful]*
Her: haahahah lol *[hit. It's all about being different to the supplicators]*
Me: like Elvis, Justin Timberlake, and Kermit the frog [her name] dancing. I found it on youtube…. *[clip of Yogi Bear and Booboo dancing]*
Her: you are yogi no??i *[This is five minutes later. So she watched it – good sign]*
Me: smarter than the average bear
Her: aah good *[she's rewarding me]*
Me: If we dance together, I'll do all the cool moves You just shake your ass to collect the tips then give the money to me and maybe I'll buy you a milkshake *[future projection where I get one over on her]*
Her: not thank i dont need you for do tips beliveme *[she thinks she's pushing back but really she's qualifying on her dancing ability]*
Me: Are you good at playing the guys? Naughty girl…. -10 points *[I know she doesn't want to be considered a player. This is my fourth neg / attack / rapport-break]*
Her: mmm i think you mistake about me you dont know me but dont worry i forgive you because you are men and all people knows that the brain men its small *[anger is a form of investment. She's testing me and trying to position herself above]*
Me: It's WAR!!!!! England vs Spain We are now enemies Next time you dance, I'm gonna sneak into the dressing room and put itching-powder into your costume *[tease, reframe]*
Her: are you sure?? you want war with a woman *[likes it – IOI]*
Me: I'm not scared of little blonde girls That's like being scared of a puppy or a mouse or a chipmunk *[tease]*
Her: hahahaha lol
Me: But don't worry, I won't spank you I don't like your ass *[false disqualifier]*



An ass nobody could like

Her: hahahah ok
Me: Ok, so Little Miss Dancing Chipmunk You tell me you are more than just a dancer Do you have examples of stuff you're good at? *[It's a high point, so I try to qualify her harder]*
Her: excuseme is it a interviu??? *[shit test, but also a sign of non-compliance. She's not rejecting me, she's just not playing along]*
Me: aha, defensive all bark, no bite like the little dog on your profile *[reframe the rejection to put the blame on her]*
Her: yes of course i not bite *[she softens]*
Me: I'm writing a book right now. What are you doing? *[I realise I'm telling her nothing about me and there needs to be some comfort. It's often good to offer comfort after passing a shit test and her playing nice]*
Her: woooow its good you can speak with me and write a book both congratulation men!!! hahahahaa *[she's bantering back which is good, as are the hahahahas]*
Me: grrrrrrrrrr (that's my angry growl)
Her: lol why are you angry?? you think that im stupid blond girl and im not angry *[she still wants the vanity loop closed]*
Me: I see only the blonde hair and the stripper photos. I'm not judging you. I'm just curious that this is what you show on Facebook When I met you, you seemed very different. I was actually very surprised at your facebook photos I expected you were a librarian, or teacher, or art student or something *[this is all true. I'm trying to bring it closer to rapport but without surrending the frame, hence it's a deeper topic but I'm still challenging her]*
Her: first not is striper photo *[she really wants to be considered a dancer!]* ok and second some people can do teacher librarian or student and dance in the night but its posible for you its to much for understand *[she's biting, it's investment]*
Me: nope. I dated a dancer for 9 years. I know all abotu it She was very smart, lots of interesting hobbies. And she also danced I understand BUT you don't tell me about your non-dance things. so what can I think? *[not backing down, showing pre-selection and knowledge of her world]*
Her: I dot know you can think what you want *[shit test, but she really is only mildly invested. She really could take it or leave it with me. She has a ton of options]*

Me: You ARE angry :O *[so I reframe her and unable to leave it]*
Her: hahahahaha no *[Hit! IOI – low esteem girls flip from anger to fun very suddenly]*
Me: Hey, [her name]. I wasn't trying to insult you I find you interesting We friends again? *[give some comfort. I'm a challenge, not an outright arsehole]*
Her: hahahahahaha realy im not angry *[reduction of defcom level]*
Me: cool +5 Are you doing anything exciting tonight? *[stack into normality]*
Her: yes!!! work!!! lol
Me: busy girl
Her: yes and you??? *[she's much closer to liking me now]*
Me: I'm lazy I'm gonna do some boxing, then play video games with friends *[finally I throw in a DHV, but disguised under a disqualifier]*
Her: are you boxing?
Me: When I lived in Japan, I had lots of fights Now I just teach my friends *[DHV]*
Her: that fine *[no idea what she means by this]*
Me: I enjoy it
Her: i dont like boxing i prefer others sport

Conclusion: She'll be alot of work and I probably won't bother. However, girls like this if you keep irregular contact will occasionally give you the "Hey, whatcha doing tonight?" call. Just stay in the game and a percentage of them become available. It's what facebook was invented for.

Free bootcamp and now I'm doing 1-on-1s

krauserpua · 28 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I don't push commerical products on this blog. There's a commerical tab at the top for anyone who wants to stump up the cash and learn from the Rock Solid Game crew. So in a rare departure from blog policy, let me tell you of two events:

1. Rock Solid Game free bootcamp
The team will be having a meet'n'greet on *Sunday 13th March* in Central London. There'll be five lectures (including me, Jambone, Moran, Tony T) and some Q&A. We are charging five English pounds per student to cover costs. So if you're local and want to meet the men behind the bullshit, sign up through the www.rocksolidgame.co.uk website link.



The RSG Dream Team

2. I'm doing 1-on-1s
For a long time I've been resistant to teaching like this. It's laziness mostly. However of late I've been helping Moran and Burto with their students and decided I'm gonna save up for a new laptop. So for a limited time I'll be doing 1-on-1 sessions, until I've trousered enough loot to buy this.



Crysis, Empire, Civilisation

Contact me by email at krauser [at] rocksolidgame [dot] co [dot] uk for rates and times.

Two French 17 yr olds

krauserpua · 5 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Jimmy Shite-Town and I are out in Camden looking to do a few 2-sets. It's a Saturday afternoon. As much foot traffic as we are ever likely to see but just thin on the ground for quality girls. After over half an hour of nothing I notice a couple of little French teenagers walking behind us. Ok, let's open that. Kick the day off.

It goes well. I realise my target is actually really hot. In the video it's reversed – the curly haired girl looks best on camera but trust me the straight haired one was a full 2 points above her and with an adorable Frenchness about her. So we bounce them to a bar and begin putting beer down their necks. It's all going swimmingly and it's a done deal mentally. It becomes a game of logistics, and finally that's where we come unstuck.

Round about 6pm, two hours in, and we've got them to a bounce-back frame of mind. They have some weed and want to come to our house to smoke it in the garden and watch the squirrels. However, they are staying at a friend's place who is cooking them dinner for 7pm. We try to get the momentum our way and we are on the bus to our place, but by half six we are stuck in traffic and it's killing the mood. The girls are agitated. There's no question they are up for it but what kind of friend takes someone's free rent and cooked dinner then doesn't show up? To be honest, if they'd bitched out on their friends they'd have needed screening out. Sometimes the god of logisitics fucks you over, and this is such a time.

So we tell them to get off the bus and take the tube to their friends. Swap numbers, arrange to meet tomorrow. We'll see. Attraction momentum was great tonight, but I'm not banking on tomorrow's date coming off. Live an learn.

London daygame means you can’t win ’em all

krauserpua · 7 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes hitting on girls is just a numbers game. You try and increase your percentages but at the end of the day, you are playing percentages. Sometimes you put the money on red and the ball spins and rests on black.

Here’s an example of a technically solid set where I could just sense the girl wasn’t quite there despite her enjoying the interaction and opening up. Notice her occasional glances behind me. And sure enough, my feel that there was a barrier turned out to be the case.

Anyway I’m posting the video because the set is in an interesting location, it’s a nice challenging opener, and I do a few decent things. And yes, that idiot in the background with the beige cardigan is exactly who you think it is.

London daygame – More grist for the mill with a cute Japanese

krauserpua · 8 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's more grist for the mill. I'll give myself 7/10 for technique. I post it here mainly as a compare-and-contrast with the previous post. It shows very clearly how different sets can be depending on how much the language barrier gets in the way.

0:11 – I pegged her for a girl likely to give the defensive "no speaky english" initial response so I went in soft and slow
0:26 – She's not flightly at all despite the conversation having barely started. I'm starting to think she's a high esteem girl. The situation helped – she was just ambling along the riverside with nothing better to do
0:28 – Realising she's Japanese I know dropping some Jap language on her will hook really easily but I have to make sure I back out into English so she is competing in my sport. If I'd stayed in Japanese it would be too try-hard, would relax her too much, and would frame her as more competent than me.
0:46 – Mostly I'm working the energy levels here. Bringing them right down to lull her to sleep.
0:51 – An easy tease about her being a country bumpkin
1:09 – Nice head tilt and question from her. She's warming to this.
1:12 – So I do a light compliance test. I don't actually touch her because that subcommunicates try-hard. Instead I'm trying to lead her to do it herself upon my direction.
1:20 – Strong steady eye contact from her so soon. It's not sexual yet, it's simple high-esteem focus. She's seeing what I have.
1:39 – I don't need to speak so slow. It's all about the subcommunication in vocal tone, speed and energy.
2:22 – When the language is difficult but the girl is hooked, it's important to have the subcommunication of "we can still figure this out and talk" rather than "oh no! this is an insurmountable obstacle and it'll never go anywhere". You can fuck girls who can barely speak to you.
2:36 – Eye contact is starting to get flirty. Everything with high esteem girls is subtle.
3:24 – I'm getting her to open up about herself so I be quiet and let her talk
4:01 – Our energies are well matched. I took a gamble that she was chill and low energy and it paid off.
4:50 – Jump on the ninja theme to get the vibe more playful and away from the basic facts of her life. Do a little fantasy.
5:57 – I'm talking over her a little bit throughout the set. That's a mistake. It was the first one of the day so I'm still warming up.
6:09 – Now that I've mentioned her hair in her face a few times, she's holding her hand up to stop it happening again. She's also staying talking despite it being pretty cold and windy. Girls will tolerate lots of discomfort in order to stay in a conversation with a man they like. This is an IOI.
6:51 – The language barrier is hobbling any chance of getting playful with nuance, puns and other verbal playing (unlike the video in the previous post – she was a native speaker so that whole world of verbal jousting was opened up). Thus I'm keeping this simple and working the non-verbals
7:05 – I'm pretty sure her character is such that these attempts at playful rapport would hit if she actually understood english better.
7:38 – Falling back onto non-verbal leading
8:00 – It seems like I always find a way to get my boyhood into sets
8:40 – Still holding her hair out from her face, and with such a cute look. I *very much* want to violate this girl.
8:44 – Demanding she does things for me.
9:00 – "I don't believe you" is a great line to drop into a set. You are defiant. A challenge.
9:15 – Putting ourselves on the same team against the world as a rapport-builder. I stand next to her like we are a couple standing against the river of people flowing past.
9:53 – IOI
10:15 – So girly. She's screened **in**

10:43 – This is funny in Japanese
11:10 – Reframe the instant-date fail as my business and go for the number.
11:36 – I get girls to hold my gloves while I numberclose. It helps subcommunicate that I don't feel like I'm getting lucky and *winning* a number.
13:08 – I realise I haven't verbally SOIed her in the approach so I give her an overt verbalisation of why I like her and want to take the number.

Smash that frame – Lithuanian Hamster

krauserpua · 11 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here is a late night Facebook chat I had with one of my many Lithuanian targets. We met in September and had a disastrous date that made me strongly dislike her. Not even a kiss close. After a month where she was completely screened out I decide on a whim to add her to facebook.

Since then we've had dozens of chats and I actually like the girl now, as a person. We've built strong rapport and she had agreed to fuck me in January but then logistics intervened. Since then she's gone back to playing a coy "chase me, chase me" game as you'll see here. She's definitely a validation junkie but [without going into biographical details] she's a giving person with a heart of gold.



with Rationalisation included

So I come home late from a social event RSG put on to celebrate Wonka's arrival. Here's how it goes.

Me – you should go to bed *[order her about]*
Her – :))))and u??? *[she loves being ordered, this is her typical response]*
Me – I just came home from a party
Her – how was the party?
Me – great we had a good room lots of friends *[never stop DHVing]*
Her – u should go to bed..what are u doing now?
Me – eating noodles what are you wearing? *[standard stuff, make it sexual]*
Her – I am wearing noodles..and nothing more:)))) *[she's always coming up with deft ways to deflect the sexuality before she finally accepts talking about it, a common pattern]*
Me – Boo I don't wanna fuck you anymore *[willingness to walk away, playfully]*
Her – oh no Niki..why not????:((((
Me – noodles make you dirty and messy I want a clean fresh girl *[I have standards, but again in a playful frame]*
Her – noodles are very sexy…u can eat them from girls body..mmm *[she wants to draw me in for more validation]*

Me – Not yours Where's my photos? *[She's had enough from me. She'd promised me sexy photos but hasn't sent any]*
Her – I am making them…and where are mine?
Me – you first *[I'd rather not get them than lose the frame]*
Her – I am going to sleep…bye Niki..:)) *[yeah…..right. Too clumsy. I'm not falling for that one]*
Me – ok *[don't pander to her whims]*
Her – You need to promise to show me one day your girls pictures ..that would be very interesting to see:))) *[this is luring me into saying yes, which would guarantee I never get hers]*
Me – all pictures are private I will give you something good, from me *[true. I don't post up girl's naked photos]*
Her – I want to party..right now..and I have big problems sleeping..maybe u know how to sleep???
Me – masturbate *[keep it sexual, keep hammering the frame]*
Her – I tried..won't help..smoking, drinking also not..but really it's a very serious problem *[no problem talking about the fact she masturbates]*
Me – get a taxi to the airport. get a flight to london come here suck my cock then I'll fuck you so hard you nearly die and you'll sleep for days *[hammer the frame]*
Her – I don't have a money for a taxi *[deft evasion, but not actual rejection. She wants the validation of me trying to fuck her, but neither wants to give it up easily nor have me decide it'll never happen and turn my attention to another girl]*
Me – Sell a kidney *[so I definitely don't offer to buy her taxi]*
Her – do u know somebody that needs one???or two??
Me – no I'll pay you £5 for a naked photo £10 for a photo of you masturbating that should be enough for a taxi you need to pay for the flight yourself *[value for value – heh]*
Her – cash or credit card?????
Me – paypal *[don't always give straight answers]*
Her – don't have an account *[she's seeing how hard I'll try to get her to London, even though it's just a game]*
Me – then you'll have to accept insomnia those were my only 2 ideas *[my limit is reached]*
Her – i will go fucking crazy..in last week I slept five hours…
Me – I'm sorry for you. My only solution is fucking
Her – You know today I agree with u..that is the only thing that I haven't tried..tomorrow I need to find a guy..thank u for the idea *[clumsy attempt to make me jealous]*
Me – thank me when you get a good night's sleep *[not fazed]*
Her – ok..we will see..I have been exercising for the last two hours..if sport doesn't work sex definitely will help..
Me – cool I'm going to bed now *[It's late, I'm not gonna be drawn into conversation just to keep her entertained]*
Her – boo for leaving me alone..ok,have a nice dream about me:)))
Me –
Her –

Something Jimmy said the other day, among his many aphorisms, while I was in a long facebook chat with the Spanish exotic dancer:

"You just have to keep your frame until hers crumbles"

The main subtext to this is I am battering against her frame while protecting mine. Eventually there'll be a point where the "Krauser fucks Hamster" meme is so ingrained into the conversation that she just folds her cards and does it. She's been thinking about it for months now.

Another humdrum day

krauserpua · 14 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out on Friday doing some street game. I'm horribly hung over from the night before and run down from six consecutive nights of drinking. My vibe is weak – you'll see everything in this video is just a bit "off". But whatever, I might as well grind it out and see if the gods of pickup throw a cute girl my way. Here's my last set of the day when I'd already decided to make my way home. Nothing special. My camera ran out of power just as I got the Facebook.

Grossly inappropriate facebook chat game – Croatian Mouse

krauserpua · 21 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I really can't figure out if I'm a total cunt or actually a straight-shooting guy of hgh integrity. Witness the following chat with a 19-year old virgin I dated in Croatia, **Mouse**. Pretty much everything I'm doing is grossly inappropriate and yet she continues to facebook stalk me. I've done some heavy ploughing in earlier chats to get her naked photos. I think my frame will be the one last standing when the dust settles. Everything I say in this chat is both factually and spiritually true.



on the "to do" list

Her: Back in London? *[she always opens me when she catches me online]*
Me: Nope Last day in Istanbul *[DHV lifestyle]* It's been fun but I'm tired, looking forward to going home *[I f-closed my Russian infiltrator]*
Her: How about [Russian catwalk model]?
Me: She's gone back today So I'm free again
Her: ..but you're with her again? I mean, you didn't actually broke up with her? break* *[I've told Mouse all about it]*
Me: It's complicated
Her: …it always is with you *[she has invested alot of emotional energy in understanding the mystery of Krauser]*
Me: But we aren't properly dating. I decided I don't want that She wants me to guide her sexually, to experience different things *[Pre-selection, I'm the chooser, I'm able to turn down beautiful women, and of course I'm framing this virgin to be led by me on a sexual journey]*
Her: And you have problems with that??
Me: Not really The problem is while she was in [her country], she fell in love with me
Her: So, what's the problem then?
Me: well, maybe not love, but definitely an extreme infatuation Whereas Im' not very serious
So I had to slow her down *[more DHVing]*
Her: Okay, you are the one who wanted to date her, only her, as you said. So, why would you even want to slow her

down??
Me: Because I only want to date her, not marry her I've broken a few hearts before by allowing girls to get too into me I don't want to do it to her *[DHVing on being a nice person]*
Her: You changed your profile picture?
Me: Yeah, do you like it?
Her: What is that??
Me: It is Bingo from the Banana Splits TV show I used to watch it as a child. He's my favourite character *[comfort]*
Her: …I don't know
Me: [link to video]

Her: I only know about that Banana split dessert… Anyway, I still don't remember why would you turn down the girl who's in love with you. You should be glad at least someone cares about you…. understand, not remember* *[she really wants to talk about this]*
Me: I don't want to lead her along a path what are you wearing? *[I always snip threads with this line. It's so beautifully inappropriate]*
Her: Do you even know how some girls/women are trying hard for some guy just to notice them??? *[probably meaning Mouse]*
Me: I know But [Russian catwalk model] is a catwalk model. She doesn't have trouble finding guys *[…. yet she fell for me = I am special]*
Her: …whatever You just don't actually care about any girl …at all *[projecting her own feelings about me and Mouse]*
Me: Quite the opposite I care about [Russian catwalk model], so I don't want her to get hurt by investing too much emotion in me
Her: That doesn't make any sense. If you really liked her, you would want her to like you the same way, or even more. People are selfish, that's the fact.
Me: No I'm not looking for a long term relationship *[frame my behaviour and the prospects for Mouse]* So I can't allow her to fall for me or she'll be hurt It's really quite simple I'm surprised your pea-sized brain doesn't understand *[douchebag!]*
Her: You know, that way you'll never find someone to settle down with… Asshole!!! *[IOI]*
Me: thank you I have to go play games now *[Girls are not a high priority in my life, and I set the time limits on my chats]* I'll be online later
Her: whatever *[hurt pride]*
Me: you can send me a naked photo bye *[grossly inappropriate]*

Girls are rendered immobile by radical honesty. It's hardwired into them to try to connect with the real identity of the man, and because most men hide their identity and try to engage in impression management, being able to show your identity is a huge DHV. Thus the number of girls who have allowed me to say the most inappropriate (but sincere) things and just taken it in their stride. In this case I'm playing a contrast game between the cocky asshole and the sincere nice guy. It's a true reflection of my actual character.

Daygame 2-set: Young Huns

krauserpua · 21 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Same old story – I'm out in Covent Garden doing some day-creeping. My vibe is still shitty but I hook a pretty good two set. The target, Persia, is an adorable dark-complexioned 20 year old who responds nicely in a innocent girly manner. I open telling them they are London's most obvious tourists and if I was a mugger I'd choose them as easy meat. Technically it's notable only for how I bring in my wing and then do a double-bounce. My wing pretty much let me run the whole set myself so just notice how I keep coming back to him with eye contact and to solicit agreement so he doesn't bleed too much value with being quiet.

She accepts the Facebook add the same evening but doesn't appear online the same time as me until a few days later when I strike it up with this….

Me: she's checking me out…….
Her: what? □ what have I done now?
Me: what HAVEN'T you done? causing trouble all through England heh □ I'm going boxing soon what you doing?
Her: I have been in England now for 6 days, what are you going to say then in 5 months?? □ I am causing trouble in england you have already said it ;D I am going to a pub with some germans and an american guy I had met in the hostel □
Me: you still in London? I told the Queen about you. She said you have to leave
Her: HAHA you are sooo funny □ by the way, I am a very saracastic person □ □ I am getting ready now, when are you going to fly to Turkey? So, goodbye, I have to go now □ bye :-*

I've decided I'm gonna play a modified social circle game for this. Bring her out socially when I'm with friends and then slow burn her with passive DHVs.

Facebook game: My Croatian Ten

krauserpua · 23 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's one from the archives. I opened a Krauser Ten in Zagreb one afternoon and got a flaky-seeming facebook. She accepts the add and I go in light with an exchange of messages until I tell her to get onto chat at about 10pm. This is how it goes.

Note my goal here is simply to accomplish the first stage of Long Game – be the guy she responds to on chat. That's it. I'd only got a few days left and everything about this girl was screaming "doesn't put out quickly". So I stay light and rely on passive DHVs without trying to get a date. So far it's working because she still chats to me.



Nothing I'd change

Her: I am here
Me: Hey!
Her: hey
Me: I just had a look at your photos. I'm surprised *[begin a qualification routine specific to 9s and 10s]*
Her: why?
Me: I expected you would have lots of photos with make-up and fashionable clothes "glamour" photos like most girls do on Facebook *[signal I don't like the "look at me I'm beautiful" girls and that I'm hoping she isn't one – an easy hoop for her to jump through]*
Her: I am not "most girls" *[cool, she's a special snowflake]*
Me: I know. Your photos are more natural (that's a good thing)
Her: thanks..I like the simplicity..elegance..classic.. *[takes the compliment well and tells me a bit about her likes]*
Me: Your photos look Colombian *[stack]*
Her: and who are you..what are you doing? *[she snips and mild IOI by asking about me]*
Me: Work or social? *[make her work a little]*
Her: both why you observe peple around? *[could be a challenge, a query or both]*
Me: I used to be in finance, working in an investment bank Facebook chat isn't so good *[DHV. Connection problems in the youth hostel I'm in, I keep going offline and don't want to lose her through her frustration]*
Her: truth it breaks
Me: OK, so…. I observe people around…. I am very interested in psychology and how people think *[always a good one with thoughtful girls to draw her into a conversation]*
Her: you read about that?
Me: Yeah. I did psychology at University my mother is a psychologist *[mild DHV and some rooting of my character]*
Her: wow.. it is interesting area for lawyer,too criminals..their way of thinking…etc.. *[excellent, she has identified a commonality and signalled we could talk alot about this]*

Me: What do you read about it? *[focus it on her]*
Her: nothing serious…I dont have time..my exames are really huge but I always read some articles in magazines and thing a lot about peple behaviour.reasons.. people*
Me: Law is very hard work. I remember my accounting / finance exams were very tough Lots and lots of study after work *[DHV on professionalism and some rapport in relating to her life]*
Her: finance is just one exeam on my college one of the smaller
Me: What do you do for fun? *[screening]*
Her: cooking for example.. I like it very mach..it relaxes me.. hanging out with friends..boyfriend I dont have lot of time cinema,football games.. *[she tells me]*
Me: You're a good cook????? +10 points ! *[reward, try to tease the points game]*
Her: well,it is subjective..but I belive what ever you do with love,it must be good *[she's showing some of her true self…]*
Me: I like that attitude *[… so I reward her for it]*
Her: wath else you like?
Me: in life?
Her: generaly speaking
Me: I love kickboxing and wrestling I'm teaching my nephews to do it *[DHV – loves children and animals, sign of masculinity]*
Her: that is cruel sport *[feminine response, mild shit test]*
Me: No. It's very respectful and disciplined *[don't back down, she's about to be put in her place gently]*
Her: yes? *[she's intrigued]*
Me: I love the challenge of fighting. I had lots of fights when I lived in Japan I train hard for a fight and get into good condition It feels great to be at 100% fitness Every day is easier, and more fun, you feel more alive The team spirit in the gym is great Then before the fight it takes mental discipline to control the stress the fear the adrenalin Most fights are won and lost BEFORE the fight. They are lost psychologically by the man who cannot control his emotions *[DHV, painting an emotionally evocative picture, teaching her something, reframing violence]*
Her: all is in your head yes, I understand,but it is horible for your cousines,parents,girlfriend to see all that a talk from that point of view I talk* *[she's softening to relate to me and seek rapport]*
Me: I see Boxing isn't so dangerous. The serious injuries are only in championship fights (for boring technical reasons I can explain if you care) My worst injury was just a missing tooth Not so bad Football is more dangerous *[stack]*
Her: you dont like football? it is popular in England to,right?
Me: Yes, but it's dangerous
Her: ok..I agree *[mild IOI]*
Me: Lots of footballers have trouble walking when they are 40 yrs old They can't play with their children because they have bad knees and ankles It's a bit sad *[implicit DHV is I like to play with children and make a great father]*
Her: yes,maybe.. but it is how looks like..stereotipes I guess *[accepting my leadership by coyly backing down. Beautifully feminine behaviour – I'm liking her more and more]*
Me: yeah What sport do you like?
Her: I played basketball in primary school a short period
Me: Haha, me too
Her: For watching football,handball but only men
Me: Favourites?
Her: players?
Me: yes *[three sentences of few words. I'm dialling it down to see if she expands her word count]*
Her: kakaa in croatia ćorluka you know him?
Me: I know kakaa not the other guy My team is Newcastle United
Her: hm..but he is in tottenham,how do you dont know?

Me: I have to log off for a few minutes…. *[doesn't hit, time to show non-neediness]*
Her: ok..
Me: hey
Her: hey are you back?
Me: aha I had to help a friend for a while *[tease a DHV]*
Her: what he was doing? *[she bites]*
Me: He got lost in Zagreb with no money and no mobile phone connection Got a call from a random girl he asked for help! "Do you know Jimmy?" *[DHV – getting Jambone out of another self-inflicted mess]*
Her: haha why you came to croatia? what you know about croatia?
Me: I have a friend here. He's been inviting me to come for a long time *[the only lie of the interaction – it was Jambone's friend]*
Her: "why did you come" is correct,right?
Me: yeah So I brought another friend and we are seeing the city It's fun
Her: and do you like zagreb?
Me: I think it's nice, but the rain is a problem Usually I like cities in rain. Santiago is beautiful in rain lots if mist, and dark blue sky *[positive vibes, drop in an international man of mystery DHV – I know this girl hasn't travelled much]*
Her: yes,but it is similar to london or not?
Me: No. Very different. London is like Tokyo busy, fast, bustling, exciting so many people everywhere *[oh, was that another far flung destination I mentioned?]*
Her: zagreb is smaller..but also fast for people who work..you are on vacations..
Me: Mostly I like the little cultural differences Like the sausage shops or blue trams I'm fascinated with travel – learning how other people live *[more positive vibes]*
Her: it is exciting..but my problem is fear of the unknown.. I dont know..i am always with my family..maybe that is a problem.. *[again she's showing some of her true self – the hopes and fears – this is good rapport]*
Me: You're still young, right? *[lead the age-difference problem by setting the frame]*
Her: yes.. 22
Me: You've still got lots of adventures you can have! I'm gonna have to go soon. I enjoyed this chat. *[set myself as knowledgeable about her future. End it on my terms]*
Her: me too… good night..
Me: Sleep well

The next two chats are to come….

I bang my first Russian catwalk model

krauserpua · 23 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This was a long-winded affair. I'm out in Piccadilly in early November with Suave and Jambone. I'm not finding any girls I like and it's half an hour into the day without me having done a single open. Suave has been scoffing some pink chocolate given free in a promotion outside a shop on Regent Street. We get to the lights by the Trocadero when I see a bona-fide Krauser girl waiting on the opposite side of the road. I hand my video to Suave and say "I'm gonna open her." A technical problem immediately presents itself.

- Do I wait for her to cross? (stalker)
- Do I open her midway across? (weird)
- Do I stride purposefully through the traffic and open her before the lights go green? (perfect)

I get quite an audience from the bystanders but unfortunately Russia is not paying attention. Its difficult to kill her momentum but once the lights go red again I know I have succeeded. I'm heavily screening and refuse to be impressed by her modelling. I'll intersperse this post with paraphrases of how she explained her thoughts after the fact.

Rationalisation Hamster #1: When you stopped me I just wanted the ground to swallow me up. I was late for a meeting and you were totally not the type of guy I like. I never like guys with pendant chains and rings. You seemed dumb……. I'm not sure why you had such a strong effect on me. I think I was sexually attracted to you from the beginning.

I have to go to Croatia so I leave it a week then we exchange a few messages on Facebook so I can build comfort, DHV a bit, and show I'm not in a rush to get her. I completely ignore her portfolio pictures and instead SOI her from her holiday photos. We agree a date.

Rationalisation Hamster #2: Your facebook mails showed another side to you, when you spoke about travelling and how you enjoy the culture of Croatia. I thought maybe you are different to how you first looked. I wasn't really interested in having a date with you but it was a strange time in my life and I'd just decided to give up on a guy I liked a few days earlier.

We meet in an English pub and she's not wearing any makeup and is dressed in simple jeans and sweater. I learn later that she actively discourages men from liking her and this is one of her strategies. The first twenty minutes are awkward then the vibe softens and I take her for English tea. She really opens up and we get deep rapport quickly. My frame is mostly being open about who I am and what I want. I'm still nervous because she's my perfect ten and I haven't closed any girls of such extreme beauty before so I can't believe how well it's going. I take her on to my members bar and finally start some kino. She's telling me its too much too soon so I back off a bit but make sure I get a light kiss before we leave – I don't want any ambiguity over my intent. I say things like "I'm a man, you're a woman. It's my job to push things forwards and it's your job to resist until you are comfortable." Finally after six hours I say goodbye at the tube station and give a more sexual kiss then tell her to text me when she gets home safe.

Rationalisation Hamster #3: I wasn't sexually attracted to you on the date. When you were touching me you seemed like all the other guys I've dated. I decided I was never going to see you again…… When you showed me that private room upstairs in the jazz bar I wondered what it would be like to have sex with you there… When you kissed me at the end on Oxford Street something changed. I saw a different side to you, in your eyes. I've never felt that before when I've been kissed. It was an incredible experience. In those six hours I feel we got to know each other better than people I've known for years. When I got home my friend asked me about the date and I said "I want to have him."


My idea of a physically perfect woman

The second date is a few days later beginning in Cafe Nero in Covent Garden. My nerves are completely settled – I kissed her and she turned up for the next date so its mine to fuck up. I run a twenty minute sermon in intellectual mastery as I explain why I like the book I'm reading – I draw in threads from economics, philosophy, boxing, fringe politics, history of ideas, meme theory and others all woven into an explanation of why socialism cannot work and is a negation of the human spirit. It hits big time. Her eyes have spazzed out and she's unconsciously masturbating her coffee cup. She tells me later that the next day she and her friend spent four hours trying to unpack my theories – now *that* is anchoring. I briefly congratulate myself for creating sexual state in a perfect ten by discussing 1920s economic theory. Then we go to a few bars and a pizza restaurant. I'm so relaxed that the one-liners are streaming out…

[sitting in the pizza restaurant where her seat has a view of the chefs making the pizzas]
Me: You sit her, so you get the best view
Her: Of what?
Me: Of me (diners on both sides chuckle)

We finish in a pokey Spanish bar. She's all over me now and completely sold, giving me constant verbal IOIs and telling me things like:

– You have so many dimensions to your character. I've never seen that before. It's incredible.
– Your wife was crazy to leave you. She must really regret it now
– When you kissed me, I've never felt like that before. It was the most incredible experience of my life.

Needless to say I'm pleased at how this is going, with her rapidly becoming my oneitis.We make out more and I send her home. Third date I walk her around Camden. She refuses to be in any pictures with me, saying she doesn't want to be in my Facebook gallery with all the other girls. I've already told her I'm a player with a few girls on the go – quite ballsy considering I haven't even poked her at this point – cos I figure radical honesty is the way forwards. We have a drink then I extract. She's resisting the f-close and I figure I shouldn't push so hard I risk burning the set, especially because the extraction went like this:

Me: I want you to come back to my place

Her: I'm not having sex with you
Me: Don't worry about that, I want you to see how I live
Her: OK, but I'm not having sex
Me: You don't have to do anything you're uncomfortable with

So I get her tits in my mouth and finger fuck her to orgasm. She's massively into it but has excellent self-discipline to stick to her no-fucky plan. She's all over me afterwards. Fourth and fifth dates I pull back on the escalation and we just meet in town for drinks. I've already decided I want to date this girl properly so there's no reason to rush. I'm also conflicted because she's told me that if we date it has to be exclusive. Remember this is in December and I've got a whole host of targets I'm chasing down so I don't want to dismantle the harem and hang up my spurs just yet when I'm in peak form. So I'm happy to delay the f-close.

Her visa expires and she needs to go home for Christmas and to re-apply. This ends up dragging itself out from mid December until early March. The whole time we just have Skype contact. Fortunately for me girls fall for guys by anchoring to them in their absence so this distance works in my favour. She knits me a sweater. At first her visa is refused but I write an application for review letter for her and the visa is granted. By then we've agreed to meet in Turkey for a week's holiday regardless of how the visa application goes. I've already gotten her over the sexual rubicon by doing sex chat with her and having her masturbate thinking about me (and texting me the confirmation when she orgasms). Oxytocin is binding her without my physical presence. Round about this time I f-close **Painter** and start getting conflicted again over who / what I want.

Rationalisation Hamster #4: You do not believe in yourself and you put on an act. I'm not impressed with that…… When you told me about your mother visiting and then going to Latvia, I got really worried and I cried all night thinking you were losing interest in me.

We meet in Turkey. The first day is awkward. She's been dreaming of this day for months and to be honest so have I, but I've become sold on Painter in the interim. I'm exhausted from sleep deprivation, flying, over-drinking, and then she's there dressed in frumpy clothes with no makeup. She's also recovering from a skin allergy so she's a bit blotchy. I'm conflicted, I don't know if I should still date her when Painter is coming to live in London within two months. So I'm kinda cold and inadvertently doing push-pull. Nonetheless I f-close her within two hours of checking in to our hotel. I regain F-Town. The next day is a bit tense and at the end of it she tells me she doesn't like me anymore. I hold my ground, tell her the full truth, and then she's into me again. Lots of sex ensues.

Rationalisation Hamster #5: I'm euphoric. After you pushed me away like that I feel free. I don't need you. My feelings have changed completely and we'll not see each other again so lets just enjoy this holiday……. I want you to teach me sexually, use me however you want, I want you to rape me in London….. I don't know how you have this effect on me. I've never enjoyed sex before but now I'm becoming a sex maniac and I want to experience everything. It's like you are dragging me into a swamp and the further I sink the harder it is to get out.

She tells me I'm the third guy to fuck her and she hasn't had sex for nearly three years. The first guy was a powerful politician. The second a hotel nightporter. And I'm borderline unemployed.

So here I am. I've arrived at a destination I'd have only dreamed about two years ago when I was composing myself for my first ever cold approach. I just fucked a Russian catwalk model, a perfect ten, in the most animalistic fashion and made her fall in love with me. And then pushed her away because I'm not satisfied with that.

That 17yr old Dutch girl I banged

krauserpua · 24 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's some follow up from the 17 yr old Dutch girl I banged at the bottom of her host family's garden a few months ago. I'd added her to facebook but ignored the two times she tried to open me on chat. I've got no interest in seeing her again but when she left a nice message on my wall I decided to reward her and do a little research into her side of the seedy sex we had.



A legit but rather flattering picture

Me: thanks for the message
Her: your welcome!
Me: are you still back in Holland?
Her: Yes, still living there So surprising you are speaking to me
Me: haha, we had a cool adventure it still brings a smile to my face
Her: me to, I guess I will remember it for the rest of my life, it was fun. Also embarrassing, but fun.
Me: did you find out later if we actually did get caught? if your friend saw us out of her window
Her: I tried to check them if they had find out, but ther didn't!
Me: so it's still a secret shhhhhhhhhhhhhh !
Her: i maked jokes about it that were acctualy true, and they taked it as a joke, so they didn't know hahaha
Me: I asked a few friends later. We needed to decide if something so short still qualifies as "sex"
Her: no it wasn't
Me: actually we agreed that two strokes is the minimum
Her: and that werent two strokes, and I consider sex, that that something is that I am getting a good orgasm from not that scary shit. but it was fun
Me: haha I didn't get one either I wanted to cum in your mouth boo
Her: God bless me that that didn't happen, that would be awful
Me: haha I'm going to meet some friends now Have a good day
Her: The same to you, was intresting talking to you again bye!

I guess she isn’t as traumatised as the white knight manginas so desperately need to believe.

Intellectual Mastery 2

krauserpua · 24 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The primary purpose of IM is to redefine a girl's reality. You make her see the world in a way she has never seen before so she feels like she is peeling back the curtain on a new vista. This is how you do it.

1. Find a topic you really care about and really know about
I like economics, and in particular the Austrian school exemplified by Ludwig von Mises. I believe it articulates eternal truths about human nature and social action in an elegant condensed form that is effective for predicting the future. It also carries within it a political program based on the moral character of value-for-value transactions without the compulsion of threatened violence. Austrian economics is embedded in my core values of who I am and the man I wish to be. Therefore it is a great topic for intellectual mastery. I can use it to show:

– My identity
– My values
– My thirst for knowledge
– The organisation of my thought
– My clarity of perception
– My passion for life
– My mission to impact the world positively
– My certainty in an uncertain world

Every single on of those is a DHV and every single one is based on my own **personal charisma**. There is no trick mentality in them. Don't worry if the topic isn't generally considered girl-friendly. Just make sure it's a topic that can be framed in a girl-friendly manner. For example economics deals with the fundamental principles of human psychology – which girls obsess about. Art history deals with aesthetics, passion and beauty = girl friendly. Boxing deals with masculinity, competition, courage and skill = girl friendly. I'd avoid nerdy stuff like computers and spectator sports.


The Road to Playerdom

2. Create a narrative in the topic that shines light upon the world
I don't talk about general concepts in economics because that's going nowhere. Instead, I craft a narrative and tell a story. One I've used recently is how economics is at core a study of human action and it shares the same basic principles as many disparate fields of actvity, then I tie that to political history and how Karl Marx was able to pull the worlds greatest (and most tragic) reframe by denying human nature and the wisdom of economics and this is why socialism can never work. What light is shone? I have just proven that free-market capitalism is the greatest of all social systems and the only one in perfect alignment with human nature and potential, while socialism is the enemy of humanity. That's the stuff most people never have the confidence or intelligence to learn and remain confused their whole life. And I can lead them there in twenty minutes of storytelling.

Does it matter if I'm right? Not really. A girl's reality sits inside her man's reality. By defining that reality I give her a comfortable seat within. And in this case I am right. The girl feels like the world became clearer.

The storytelling element matters. I don't just jump into Austrian economics. I tell her I'm reading a book that I find fascinating and the writer is one of my heroes. He is the most intelligent, well-read man I've found and truly inspiring. In 1920 he wrote a book about Socialism and accurately predicted the next seventy years of the Soviet Union, despite writing only two years after the Bolshevik Revolution and before Stalin and the Great Patriotic War. This sucks the girl in because I've given my economic theory a hook – it's all grounded in a real man and I'm teasing that he offers great knowledge. I then say how in the 20 page introduction to the book he massively impressed me by clarifying and condensing ideas I'd had for twenty years, putting labels onto ideas and making simple what was complex to me. The whole narrative is based on outlining three thinks Marx did to make Socialism an effective idea despite it's absurdity – as defined by Mises. The narrative is grounded and has direction.

3. Weave disparate knowledge into the narrative
If you talk about economics by itself it shows a certain level of intelligence and knowledge but it also shows you think "on the rails" within the same tightly demarcated corridors that everyone else does. Big deal. But what happens if you start harmonising concepts from biology, maths, and sport? What if you draw examples from the girl's life and experience? What if you hint at vast pools of knowledge that you have but don't draw on just yet?

Think of your central narrative as the river you are sailing her down. All other forms of knowledge are the tributaries that feed more water into the river and flow the same direction. How does this work in my example:

The central narrative has three points:

1. Marx redefined all knowledge as conditioned by the economic superstructure and thus you cannot, epistemelogically speaking, know what a future economic system looks like until you are there. Thus all analysis of how socialism would function is invalid. This neutered the scientists' criticisms of socialism as unworkable.
2. Marx placed socialism as the final goal of history in which every epoch is overturned by an antithesis until a Hegelian synthesis creates a new epoch with new rules. Socialism is thus inevitable. This gives confidence to it's agitators and worries it's opponents.
3. Marx gave moral authority to the envy and revenge fantasies that motivate most socialists, thus allowing them to claim a moral high ground and characterise opponents as evil.

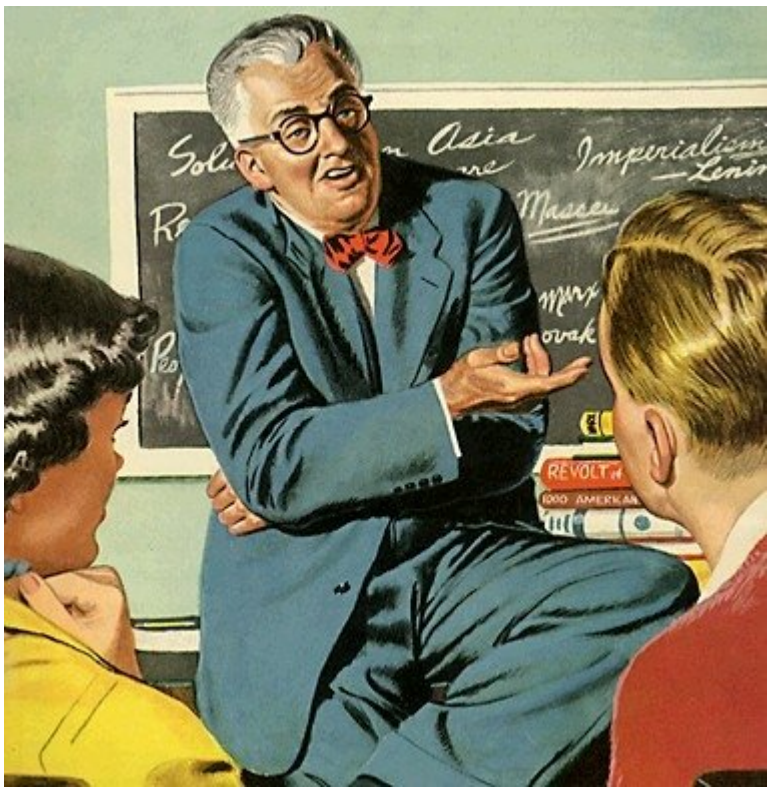
I can then weave into this narrative disparate ideas such as:

- *Meme theory (biology)*. What is it about the pattern of some ideas that makes then successful. For example the three major Abrahamic religions all share (i) evangelicism (ii) conquest (iii) denial and suppression of competing ideas (iv) integration of church and state (v) the carrot of heaven (vi) the stick of hell. These features mean that when in competition with a peaceful open-minded religion, the Abrahamic ones will crush them and wipe them from history
- *Immigration (politics).* I then note how western democracies in the thrall of PC ideology render themselves vulnerable to such powerful outside memes like Islam because we are like hobbits that have dismissed the rangers that keep them safe

- *Universal Darwinism (sociobiology)*. Any time you have a variety of strategies competing for scarce resources, and then the winners can reproduce with some mutation, then the principles of natural selection and evolution apply. Economics is no different. The market is the world, profits are rewards, bankruptcy is death, and reinvestment is reproduction. Entrepreneurs provide the engine of mutation with their new ideas and refinements of the old.
- *Boxing and MMA*. Both sports abide by universal darwinism in with the rule set created conditions for a harmonisation fo styles so that all boxers box in more or less the same way because the field of competition led to a single most effective style being developed. It is now refined with small mutations and no major paradigm shifts.
- *Capitalist morality (Ethics)*. By adhering to principles of human nature, freedom, and value-for-value exchanges, capitalism is the only morally good social system. By denying nature, ordering everyone through threat of violence, and taking value from producers to give to moochers, Socialism is inherently evil.
- *Sirens (Greek mythology)*. Socialism is a siren song by singing alluring words about freedom, harmony, cooperation and other soft ideas that will lure a naive soul to it. However the reality of socialism is grey crushing monotony and gulags. As Mises predicted through simple economic analysis.
- *Nightclub Doormen (self protection)*. One rule in self protection is don't listen to what people say, watch what they do. People go through a predicatable attack ritual before unleashing violence so learn to recognise that rather than being distracted through words. People who want to hurt you will usually employ misdirection and get you to cooperate in your own destruction. So too with socialism. It sings the siren song while picking your pockets and robbing you of freedom.

I'm sure you get the point. Even if you're a blank-slate left-wing nutjob who disagrees with the substance of everything I just said, you can spot the structure of the technique. There is a ton of knowledge being unloaded onto the girl but it's constantly tied to the narrative and grounded in examples, so she's never lost. She just feels a wide beautiful vista open in front of her. What personal characteristics can you demonstrate here?

– Certainty
– Passion
– Boundaries
– Masculinity
– Personal code of honour



Mixed 2-set

4. Keep engaging the girl
All of the prior steps can be done as homework. It's far better to simply think your thoughts in the way I describe, but if that's not really you then you might have to simply get a canned narrative to drop onto the girl when the opportunity arises. So far I've only commented on the words. When talking to the girl you must also get the delivery right. This means make sure you have:

– Strong intense eye contact. You're basically eye-fucking her but showing a fire behind your eyes. You care about this.
– Animated gestures. Don't flail your arms around like a retard but show true passion in your gestures when you emphasise points.
– Varied rhythm. Sometimes you'll be leaning forward and gesticulating, other times you'll be leaning back and shrugging your shoulders. Think of your delivery as a symphony with highs and lows of energy and emotion.
– Constantly bring the discussion back to her either by soliciting her input ("Have you ever had an experience like this..?" etc) or drawing examples from her life. She must be actively engaged, not the passive recipient of a lecture. She'll let you talk, don't worry about that.
– Allow her to drag it out of you. Occasionally lean back and dismiss your own knowledge such as "Ah, whatever, it's just some stuff I personally believe in" or "This is probably too deep for when we're just having a coffee". Do this at peaks in her buying temperature and she'll insist you continue thus framing her as trying to solve your mystery rather than you rambling on.

Keep calibrating to her feedback. Good signs are all the classic IOIs but in particular her eyes should open up wide and be intently focused on you, she'll have a look of admiration and a surprised "I can't believe it, I never expected him to be so smart" delighted expression, she'll unconsciously fiddle with things (coffee cup, jacket zip, closed mobile phone etc), and she'll be torn between trying to add her own perspective while being worried she'll shut you down and lose her chance to get more knowledge.

That's the good signs, and a smart feminine girl with a brain in her head will usually display them. However if you make a mess of it or she's just a dumb airhead then expect to see her eyes glaze over, her eyes occasionally dart away from you, she tries to change topic, she sighs – bascially signs of boredom.

5. Let her anchor

Girls fall in love when you are not there. They anchor their own investment and positive emotions to you by daydreaming, masturbating, and trying to solve the mystery of you. Let her do that. So you will have just blitzed her with reality-redefining knowledge and it's gonna take her ages to unpack it all, figure it out, and let it sink in. Give her some pauses during the date, such as toilet breaks for you or ordering drinks. Time it for a high point when you have teased a reveal and then go leave her to some time by herself to take deep breaths and absorb it. Same goes for between dates.

6. Be modest

Don't congratulate yourself for your awesomeness in her presence or you'll come across as try-hard and ego-driven. Instead let all these words flow because they are your passion and you want her to know who you are and how you think about the world. Don't act like a pompous know-it-all university professor. Tell her they are just your ideas and maybe many people have similar ideas. When she compliments you on your awesomeness just take it like any other compliment. And once you've finished, don't keep returning to the topic unless she specifically asks you more. Hold a little back. Don't look like you are trying to get more out, or that you want to relive your past glory and flog the dead horse. Less is more now.

If this is too much work, tell her to think of a number between one and four, then guess three. Or ask her how many '9s' there are between one and a hundred.

That 19 yr old Italian I haven't banged

krauserpua · 25 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's another vignette. This 19 yr old Italian was a simple indirect group set in Newcastle last year. Her English isn't so good and she's back in Italy. No problem. I just want her on my radar and gradually long game her. Here's a sample of what happens. It's midnight and she sees me online, opening me with….



Pending

Her: i'm drunkkkkkkkkkkkkk
Me: :O what are you wearing?
Her: mmmh…. i don't remember in english
Me: do Italian, I'll translate in Google □
Her: la giacca! □ sono appena arrivata a casa!
Me: ah, jacket How do you feel?
Her: i don't know my god
Me: □
Her: i go to my sweeeeeeeeeeet bed goooooooood night dear
Me: sleep well darlin [her name] □
Her: you too

I'll not read too much into it. It just confirms I'm on her romantic radar.

I blow another SNL, this time by being too laidback

krauserpua · 25 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's Friday in Camden and Jimmy is taking Wonka out for a nightgame session. Tony T and I come along for the ride and for the first hour we are building aura in the bar. Sets start to open themselves. While walking around with Tony I spot a young two set of Germans, both 19 years old. My target is a good firm-breasted eight but the obstacle is a low 7. I ask T-Bone if he's happy to take the obstacle. It's a sniff of fanny, so of course he says yes.

I open with something nonsensical. Doesn't matter because my state is high and the girls are waiting for something to happen. I tease for a while to build attraction and we mini-isolate. TT is doing his usual romantic masculine presence thing whereas I'm running a douchebag version of Mystery Method. It's hitting well. Over the next two hours we rope them in and the girls are DTF.

Jambone comes round with Wonka and sees my girl is totally wanting to get laid tonight – he has a finely tuned radar for such things. He doesn't actually tell me though. My radar is shitty so I'm still thinking I have to continue gaming her when I should've been escalating. Big mistake. Halfway through the girls convene in the toilets for girl talk so I confirm with TT that he's on too. Some little Portuguese hamster opens me asking if we've seen her friend. Cue some chick crack:



Hamster on the right, with my hat

Her: Have you seen my friend? She was around here a minute ago.
Me: Black hair?
Her: Yes!
Me: Ah!……. Never seen her [I laugh, my team laughs, she pouts]
Me: Hang on. Is she about this height [indicate with my hand]
Her: No no. A bit taller
Me: I know, that's what I meant. About this tall, with long black hair?
Her: Yes!
Me: Ah!….. Never seen her [laughs]

After four of these she storms off, then thirty seconds later comes back to screech “you’re not funny”. Jambone mutters “IOI”.

Five minutes later and before my 2-set returns the hamster proximity IOIs by walking right through our group and directly past me as she harrumps her way through her search. So I grab her and say “Look, I’m not actually an asshole. You seem really nice.” and from there it’s on. She’s well into it and her drunk friend finds her and they are all over me when my 2-set returns. Perfect pre-selection. Now I have to choose which horse to back. I decide it’s better to run the set that has over an hour of investment in me than the one that is just light attraction vapour. So I dismiss the hamster (and collect her facebook before I leave).

I start escalating my squarehead but it’s not hitting at all. I think I made two mistakes:

(1) I waited too long to escalate. I should’ve ramped it up at high buying temperature as soon as she was signalling she was DTF. Instead, I stalled out the set.
(2) I was throwing off mixed signals by going verbally direct but then dropping in Mystery-style false disqualifiers such as “I’m not going to fuck you tonight. I never have sex with a girl the same night I meet her”. Instead I should’ve picked between frames of either she chases me or I escalate her. I fell between both stools.

So the lights come on and the bar kicks out at 2am. The girls are still on the hook and we are soon walking the streets looking for a cab. Both have agreed to come back to Chateau RSG. Cabs don’t come and after five minutes the girls are kicking up a fuss. The moment has gone, again. They want to go to a nearby club and TT and I agree that we need to rebuild buying temperature before we can try another extraction. While three of us get in line my girl cadges a cigarette off an indie kid. He starts coming on to her direct but non-gamey. His vibe is good but he doesn’t have balls or finesse and eventually she dismisses him. But she’s starting to feel like a princess. We go to a bar instead. While TT gets drinks at the bar I see some indie chode eyeing my girl. The moment I go to the toilet I see him move in. Whatever – if my girl goes for him it was never really on with me. As I return she’s dismissed him and is with TT and the obstacle. I take my drink, the girls order their own, and then disappear to the toilets.

They don’t come back. An hour passes in which TT and I open a few more sets and don’t chase the girls. On toilet visits I see my girl milking two guys for validation but rebuffing their kino attempts. She’s playing everyone. Finally at chucking out time TT’s girl comes back – purely because her friend is busy and she doesn’t want to stand alone. I tell TT i want to burn the set to the ground. Both girls are playing Ho games and have wasted my time. He’s resistant but finally agrees. We dump them.

Boundary drawn and enforced.

Nonetheless I’m drunk and pissed off. The set was a dead cert at about 1am and by 2am I’d fucked it up. She was well hot too. Live and learn.

Finally the Croatian Mouse sends me photos of her tits and woo-hoo

krauserpua · 26 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Strap in, this is a long one. I'm kinda into this **Croatian Mouse** even though she's only a 7 on the scale and she's not given anything out. I daygamed her for a number and then had a date that ended in a kiss. That's it. Everything else is on Facebook and Skype but for some reason she's got ants in her pants for me so she's been properly stalking me ever since.

I'll admit I am intrigued by the idea of popping her cherry. And anal vriginity. Fuck it, I want to tie this girl up, fuck her ass, and cum in her hair. Right. I've said it.

So I'm ploughing for photos. Here's the most extreme chat. For those of you dumb enough to try to learn from this, note how I just stick to my guns and keep demanding the photos no matter what misdirections she throws in my way. I get the photos in the end.



Doesn't know what's about to hit her

Me: About to leave starbucks not avoiding you
Her: Okay
Me: will be online later
Her: ..fine

[five hours later]

Her: Not avoiding me, huh?
Me: just wrapping my hands before boxing
Her: Of course Have fun
Me: I always do boxing is a passion □ what you wearing?
Her: For you…ski suits
Me: I'll still rip it off easily
Her: That's what you think So you usually tell people you'll talk to them later and then you just decide not to? Or I get treated specially?
Me: it's because I like you
Her: You don't talk to me because you like me?
Me: I'm confused send me a photo of your breasts
Her: Well good -.- Other girls actually listen to you when you say "send me your naked photos!! nooow!!"????

Me: yes and so will you
Her: ..mmm do you maybe drug those girls?
Me: with my charisma
Her: oh, right…silly me why are you so sure I'm gonna send you some photos?
Me: They always do, eventually
Her: Cause you're so charming?
Me: Yes Sometimes before I fuck them. Sometimes after With you, I think it'll be before
Her: No one really cares you have like 15 other girls sending you photos, having sex with you – which, by the way, makes all other girls feel worthless ??
Me: ok In a bikini first is fine then topless I can wait longer for the 100% naked photos
Her: God, that's such a chauvinism!
Me: thank you
Her: What do I get with sending you photos?
Me: depends how good they are
Her: …except making myself feel more miserable cause my love life still sucks How good they are?? You're that confident?
Me: yes
Her: ..I don't think so… What makes you think you're that "alpha"?
Me: I don't care about that do a topless photo now please
Her: You don't?? You only want lots of girls?
Me: photo please
Her: ..well, no photo for you, mister go ask some other girl, you anyway have like 2637485 of them, I believe one will be willing to send you something
Me: I want yours Send it now please
Her: stop saying "please", it sounds pathetic in a situation like this
Me: I'm polite Send it now please
Her: ..sounds like you'll come and rape me if I don't
Me: I might photo please
Her: Why are you dating only very young girls?
Me: I like young girls
Her: ..no photo, you didn't deserve it
Me: Smooth skin. Slim figure. Fresh face. Nice attitude
Her: Well, who doesn't..but why don't you date someone your age? Nice attitude? You still haven't met me?
Me: Yes I have It's too far away to fuck you now So I want a photo Send it
Her: and what if I don't want to send you anything?
Me: you will
Her: but what if I don't??
Me: you will send it now
Her: ..what if I don't feel such a strong urge to send you my naked photos?
Me: you will send it now
Her: was that copy-paste?
Me: No Topless is ok
Her: Oooh, well well [sends link to photo below]



Even Moran hits harder than this

Me: Try again Topless photo of you. Now
Her: If you wanna get turned on go watch a porn
Me: Go to the bathroom and take a photo with your phone camera Topless
Her: Or else???
Me: Go do it now
Her: I don't want to and you can't make me =)
Me: That's true But I want it. Send it now
Her: ..well, I want a million dollars, will you send that to me??
Me: [link] Now send your photo



Still hate the Irish

Her: ..there were some half-naked photos of me on the facebook, but I think they're gone now
Me: Send a new one [my email]
Her: [link] Why do you have 2 email addresses?



Not good enough

Me: Not good enough I like having 2 addresses Send a new photo of yourself topless
Her: Do you maybe masturbate on photos like those?
Me: No I just enjoy looking at them Send one
Her: I don't want to
Me: I want you to I want to see you topless. And later, naked.
Her: …but I don't and I win
Me: No I like you. I find you sexy. I want to fuck you. But before that. I want a photo of you naked Send it
Her: ..oh great…a male whore wants to take my virginity….awesome -.-
Me: you'll enjoy it but first photo
Her: You're not persuasive enough
Me: I'm not being persuasive at all I'm telling you what I want Send me the photo
Her: say "send me a photo" or anything like that one more time and I'll leave …which means- no photo
Me: send me a photo
Her: Bye
Me: I don't want you to leave but I do want a photo
Her: Oh, well, it's kinda too late now for that
Me: No Go to your bedroom and take a photo thank you
Her: Want the one on my bed or next to the mirror?
Me:I prefer the bed, thanks
Her: [link]



Not bad

Me: Yes. Copy that position. It's a sexy photo
Her: …you copy that position and send me your photo!
Me: I'll reward you with something Don't worry about that Do the photo now
Her: Haha, what with?? Sex??
Me: Something you'll like Don't worry about that Do the photo
Her: I wanna know what
Me: I'm a fair man. Send me your photos
Her: I don't believe you. And I don't want to send you anything. How many girls/women have you had sex with??
Me: I told you that already And you do believe me because I have always been open with you
Her: No, you only said -like 30 one night stands
Me: And about 15 girlfirends
Her: …I think you just wanna take advantage of me
Me: No. I want to see you naked because I find you sexy There is no other motive
Her: And can't you just imagine how I look naked?
Me: Yes, but it's not as good I want the photos
Her: What if you don't get ones?
Me: I will
Her: What if I'm not one of those sluts who usually send you that kind of stuff?
Me: It's not slutty It's enjoying your feminity
Her: I think it is
Me: You're wrong. But don't worry. They are private
Her: While stranger's looking at your "feminity" Okay, what part of "I'm not gonna send you my photos" you clearly don't understand? ..that's not what I want
Me: I understand clearly. I want the photos
Her: I don't ..so then why can't you just accept the fact you won't get any photos and stop asking for ones?
Me: I want them. Send them.
Her: fuck off
Me: You have a sexy body and a cute face. I want to see you naked. Send them
Her: No one's gonna see me naked…happy?
Me: No Send them
Her: No

Me: You meant “yes”
Her: No
Me: Hurry up. Go to your bedroom. Take your clothes off. And take a photo
Her: You may think you know girls mind, but actually you have no idea about anything…
Me: I’m not trying to convince you. I’m telling you
Her: And I said “no”, so what’s the point of telling me? Or is this an order??
Me: Something like that, yes
Her: Oh of course, my master. I’d be so very glad to please all of your needs. Is there something else you want, besides photos?
Me: Later, when you come to London, I’ll fuck you But now, just photos
Her: Is that all?? Are you sure?? If you change your mind, just say
Me: No, that’s enough for now
Her: No blow job, quickie in a toilet or anything like that?
Me: Maybe some other time When I take your virginity, I’ll make it special for you A romantic and sexual experience you never forget Not some quick fumble like normally happens for girls
Her: How can anything related to you be romantic? …and I don’t think I’m gonna lose my virginity..
Me: I will take it in 2011
Her: ..see, even now you have no time for me! ..and then better hurry up, there’s the end of the world in may this year…and now is march…
Me: ok http://www.ryanair.com book a flight, come to London, and I’ll fuck you next week
Her: Hahaha, and who’s gonna do my exams??
Me: You won’t care when you’re lying on my bed, sweating, panting, and totally satisfied Anyway, bed time for me. I have an early flight sleep well
Her: Have fun Get married

I show Burto the exchange. “You’ll get the photos” he opines. One week later out of nowhere at midnight I get a text:

Her: You still want that naked photo? I’m in a good mood….
Me: Awesome. [email address]
Her: Wait for an hour or so. I’ll send them on your phone.

I get a close up of her woo-hoo and a good shot of her tits. Result.

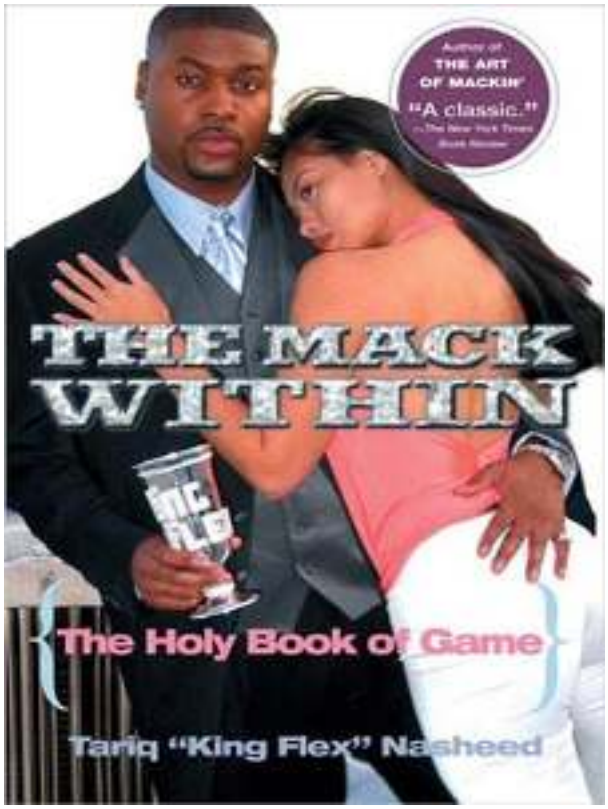
UPDATE: I just realised there’ll be a video on youtube of my inspiration for this chat

Tricks and Ho's

krauserpua · 28 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Judged from his book collection (or indeed anything he actually says) Bhodisatta is a weird guy. We were out doing some daygame recently when he loaned me Tariq Nasheed's "The Mack Within". I've been interested in mack and pimp culture for a while now as these guys basically do game, just with different words and frames for the same activity. One of my favourite concepts – flipping the script – is from pimping.

I haven't finished the book yet so don't consider this a review. However one concept leaps right off the page as a much more elegant conceptualisation than it's equivalents in the PUA community



Hopefully one of his lower ranking girls

Trick: A man who pays for sexual gratification
Ho: A woman who sells sexual gratification

Note this is a much wider definition than simply punters and prostitutes. There is a trick mentality and a matching ho mentality. When a man goes to a strip club, sits in pervert alley, and thrusts banknotes into a stripper's knickers he is a trick. When a man drives his ferrari to a date and whisks the girl to a VIP table and bottle service he is a trick. When a PUA runs entourage game by bribing girls with nightclub entry and tables he is a trick.

Any time a man exchanges money or it's equivalent for the sexual attention of a woman he is a trick. It is low value behaviour, even when performed by billionaires. It communicates "sex with you is a prize" and "I don't have enough personal value for you so I must build it up with bribes".

So long as a man thinks sex with girls is a prize, that the girl's sexuality is an asset, then he will struggle to avoid the trick mentality.

On the flip side, any time a woman reciprocates a trick's overtures by delivering some gratification she is a ho. When a woman insists on the man buying drinks and food she is a ho. When she dolls up and takes her friends to a club for free entry and drinks she is a ho. When she holds out on blowjobs until the man buys her a handbag she is a ho.

Trick-Ho interactions take place on the economic and ego planes. They are shallow and self-defeating over time. Deep rewarding male-female interactions take place on the character and charisma planes. Men and women are truly happy when their energies match and sexual polarity pulls them together. This is why women in love can say "Even if we were poor and hungry I'd still be happy if I'm by your side" and why most men are repelled by shallow bimbos.

This is why a girl who lets you fuck her in a pub bathroom on the second date is ***less*** of a ho then a girl who holds you off for two years till she gets a rock on her finger. [clarification: a girl who fucks *just anyone* she tingles for in the toilets is a slut. A girl who sets a high threshold of personal value that you then meet and quickly guide through the milestones of the human courtship ritual *and only then* fucks you in the toilets is not a slut. So says Krauser]

How do you shake yourself loose of being a trick? That's what inner game is all about. It's why I drill students with sociology to flush all the rubbish out of their intellectual forebrains. If you need a few catch aphorisms to remind yourself you are not a trick, try these:

- Alpha seed is more valuable than female eggs
- Girls like sex more than men do
- Women get old quick. Men mature like fine wine
- The best men have higher value than the best women
- She's beautiful, yeah. But what has she ever acheived in life?
- The world is awash in beautiful women. The vagina is not gold-plated
- That girl has to be fucked by somebody. It might as well be me.
- Beautiful women want the same things as average women.
- Every girl tingles to the same things.

More facebook rapport and escalation

krauserpua · 29 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a snippet of a facebook chat I had with the 20 yr old Polish virgin. This is from December so I hadn't yet gotten her to masturbate over sex chat (I might post that later) and she hadn't yet agreed to come to London so I can take her virginity (I might post that later too). This snippet is mostly rapport building, framing myself as her leader, and then qualifying her on her character…. we begin about half an hour into the chat when she's asking why I like her.

Me: No What I mean is, I was initially attracted to you because of how you looked and danced But that happens with 100s of girls. So then I check your facebook and I see you are actually a normal, balanced person and then we chat, and I see you are thoughtful and coy Having all 3 things together is quite rare, and I like it *[qualification]*
Her: i don't wanna be like 100s girls hmmm, I think… I'm not really coy girl
Me: you are with me. Why so different to usual? *[our world]*
Her: hmm, I don't understand.. you know – my english.
Me: You are coy with me. You are not coy generally (you said) why the difference?
Her: ok….I don.t know…. maybe I'm coy… maybe it's my real nature.. perhaps it is a problem with men… [image]
Me: Have you ever had an orgasm during sex? *[Hat tip Moran for using this to screen girls. I didn't know she was a virgin at this point – it's only 6 weeks after I met her]*
Her: !!!!!!!!!!1 it's so personaly… *personal *[likes boldness but remains coy]*
Me: yeah, but girls who are not comfortable with men and sex usually can't orgasm they have to learn to relax first *[from the Moran playbook]*
Her: I know that..
Me: get their minds straight
Her: nexer mind;) *never how was you're day? *[she's not comfortable answering yet so I let her snip the thread]*
Me: great I built a snowman, as you know Been writing a book Having fun with friends you? *[DHVs]*
Her: ooh.. great, snowman like kids my day…was hard [image] early get up.. sport, sport… much sport… and university..
Me: sport? nice *[reward, reduce my words]*
Her: yes.. sport and after a little dance.. what's the weather in London? *[she wants to keep this going]*
Me: COLD brrrrr brrrr
Her: In Krk it's snowing… soo cold [image]
Me: Not surprising maybe you should take your trousers off *[sexualise playfully]*
Her: I don't think so you haven't good ideas
Me: so rude!!! *[tell her off, playfully]*
Her: ohhhh no I'm not rude :0
Me: Haha I know What dancing did you do today?
Her: salsa..and a little bit rumba.. but.. i was tired and I didn't have power for the rumba…. [image]
Me: I did some salsa before. I didn't know rumba required power
Her: to much sport before it's sexy dance… and girl have much work
Me: nice *[reward]*


Elegant

Her: □ you're busy now…? I don't want to disturb… *[worried she's interfering in my life, a sign that she perceives herself as lower status than me]*
Me: Not especially. Chatting to friends around the table in our conference room I'm fine. I enjoy chatting to you *[comfort]*
Her: nice □ thanx
Me: □
Her: sorry….but I think….. some men are prats [image]
Me: Me too? I'm kinda lazy and selfish *[false disqualifier]*
Her: no..,not you.. now….I talk with man like that – prats [image] wrrr I hate liar [image]
Me: Yeah, so many men hide their intentions and use bullshit *[begin an honesty frame – I want her to feel she can open up to me, and not just her legs]*
Her: yes, I hate these [image] I think, that some these are immature arses. Sorry for the words [image]
Me: haha, you REALLY don't like them □
Her: I'm angryyyy [image] he lie to me [image]
Me: he? Are we talking about a specific guy?
Her: haha….ok…..it;s not important.. I apologise, that I wrote it.. I'm angry and I don't think □
Me: I'm fine You weren't being mean to me You can tell me anything you want I'm interested to know what motivates you
Her: wrrr anger is motivating me □ haha in short:
Me: I'm listening *[get her to open up and you have her]*
Her: he wanted to cheat me…. he said, around there is no woman… and had her I hate these… I hate when the man lie to me [image]
Me: yeah, I hate dishonesty I think you should show someone who you are. And if they like that, great. if they don't, move on and find the person who does like you People who hide themselves behind lies are not confident that people will like them for who they are
Her: I am not hiding myself…. I mean….I think that.. I think that too much I probably expect the boy …hmmm
Me: No. You respect yourself, so you have standards *[qualify her]*

Her: I only want so so that he respects me, he didn't lie… [image]
Me: Yeah, you have to learn to read people better. Most people give you all of the information you need, without realising it
Her: it's sad that all the time this way I am conned… I am credulous [image]
Me: How old are you?
Her: 20 *[YES!!!!]*
Me: there's the answer. You are still learning about the world and about people *[frame myself as mature and her as needing guidance]*
Her: yes…but it's not fair [image]
Me: Be patient You can't rush maturity and experience Just keep trying your best to do the right thing, and to learn from every experience *[telling her what to do, but with benign intent]*
Her: after what you said, about your first impression to my …. I think, around I am retired hehehe
Me: so no more sexy dancing from Dorota?
Her: I'm too old   <lol>
Me: yeah, 20 is virtually 40
Her: haha;) I know;) I'm not dancing sexy…
Me: send me a sexy photo *[sexualise]*
Her: no, I haven't
Me: Take one now *[hold the frame]*
Her: I don't want to… you can see my photo on FB.. on my gallery ok, it's late a bit thanx for the conversation and advice have a good night *[slightly uncomfortable]*
Me: yeah, I enjoyed it sleep well *[release]*

I'll post some of the further chats later. This one is going well.

Routine comfort on Facebook

krauserpua · 29 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's an example of routine chats I use in facebook to keep distant girls on my radar, gradually building comfort and attraction until I get a good moment to amp it up. This is **Goose,** the 19yr old Lithuanian virgin I instant-dated from the street then had a long day 2 with in January.

The goal is to have her offer her virginity to me sometime in 2011. She's talking about coming to London for University in Autumn. She's a little messed up and low confidence so much of what I do is building her up or giving some light escapism from her humdrum routine. I'm not pushing hard sexually. I've already told her I intend to fuck her so no need to labour the point on a sexually inexperienced girl.



Nice

Me: Hey, you're up late again
Her: its not late ;D What about you?
Me: 1am is past your bedtime, young girl
Her: what have you been up to? □
Me: Still on holiday. It's my last night
Her: nice □ so why are you here? ;D you should be havin fun!
Me: My girlfriend went home this morning. So I finally have some peace and quiet □
Her: peace and quiet? shouldnt you be having boys night out or smth? □ and be like 'finallyyy,shes gone!' □
Me: the latter Just me and her came here
Her: ouu.so youre all alone now? □
Me: Yes. Completely I'm a bit scared □
Her: yeah,those monster.i get you [image]
Me: I'm terrified now I'll have a nightmare about a tall clumsy badly-dressed Lithuanian girl trying to kill me □
Her: well,she sounds pretty cool,so you probably deserve that. but its only a dream,dear.
Me: If I control the dream, I'll fight her with custard pies and a water canon I'll push her back into the sea, then

electrify it with power from a nuclear reactor, like in Godzilla
Her: see,youll be allright! ;D so theres nothing to be scared of
Me: I'm never scared I'm tough
Her: of course….

And there I leave it hanging. I'm not looking to stretch these chats out forever.

Another street kiss close (and other fun)

krauserpua · 3 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My game has been lame over the past couple of weeks. I dunno if it's the dull grey weather, the rain, the lack of girls on the streets, or just the ebbs and flows of my passion for the dark arts. Whatever the cause, I've just been going up to girls with a vibe of bored disinterest. Needless to say, not much has bitten. I happen to book in another session with Skeletor and I'm fully expecting to show up at 2pm with a wail of toe for him about how game sucks.

But I squeeze in a 11am first date with my number one target – a DD-cupped slim **Romanian teenage nine**. She's well into me, I kiss close within an hour, and by the time I slap her ass and send her on her way she's climbing all over me. Maybe I don't suck.

Two days later I'm taking a student out for an early Saturday 1-on-1. Mostly I'm just watching his sets and giving feedback, not seeing any girls I wanna demo on. Two very nice ones enter my killzone and I open them. Neither really hook but it's gotten me moving. Third time is a charm – a **very cute FOTB Brazilian** whose details I take.

Then Burto calls and we have a couple of afternoon pints in Camden before hitting the market half-cut. My vibe now is absolutely buzzing. I'm in peak state for daygame and just wanna hassle unsuspecting girls. The sun is shining and the market is rammed with decent sets. So we sit down at an outdoor table to eat lunch. This **tall Somali chick** strides past. I lean over my bench and beckon her over. Much teasing of her pirate friends ensues so much so that Burto has to look away to stifle his laughter. A number close.

A few more fun sets follow. We take on **three Sardinians** because one is wearing a white woolly hat. I open with "Girls. Did you have a competition and the loser had to wear a marshmallow on her head?" The language barrier is tough and they are going home the next day so I ask "Are you interested in casual sex tonight?" They say no. Burto facebooks a **pair of Spaniards** in a record shop and then some **Irish runt**. It's all fun.

As we are walking some cute **German girl in black** flashes an approach invitation (call her 'Rock Chick'). I rarely get them but my aura is like Sho'nuff so it draws her like a moth to a flame. I open and she's immediately into me big time. It's one of those rare sets where you know the girl is already sold and totally horny. Last time I got one this strong I fucked her in a pub toilets an hour later. Logistics get in the way this time because she's about to go back to her hotel and catch a flight. But I push really fast for a kiss close in the first minute. She initially rebuffs it, see the video how she dances her hands around me, clearly up for it but not quite over the hump. So I eye fuck her some more, take the number, then kiss close – at the exact moment Burto pauses his iphone camera. Cunt. I'll have to do it all over again to get my first street kiss close captured on film.

Me: So this is Rock Chick. My new favourite little German….
Her: ooo thanks a lot :$ and you're my handsome favourite english man. I'm looking forward to see you…
Me: Come to Camden tonight. Me, you, Worlds End pub. Let's meet 9:30
Her: Oh, i'm afraid… its impossible… have to fly back tonigh, and have to go to the hotel with my friend now. I'm sorry… but i'll come back soon…
Me: No problem. I've added you to facebook.
Her: Ok. On monday i will be online, checking your great photos. Kisses and hugs. Bye

On the bus home I open a trio of Italians sitting behind us and run a ten minute set on a crowded bus with literally everyone listening. The highlight is:

Me: What are you girls doing tonight? *[they already said they are flying home tomorrow]*
Target: Sleeping!
Me: **earnest look** Would you like to sleep with me?
** gasps and silence around the bus **
Target: No! **giggles, flash of eyes**

That's another facebook. After a pitstop at Chateau RSG we hit Camden again for night game. We're dicking around most of the time but Burto opens and hooks a big European five set and inexplicably hands me by far the hottest girl, a **solid eight Italian** who is lovely in every way. I double check with him and he really does hand her to me. So I run her for twenty minutes and get the number.

Later we are having a cigarette outside and some huge Norwegian biker tells me he likes my hat and pays me £40 for it. Sorted!

More facebook chat with the Croatian Ten

krauserpua · 4 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Non-retarded readers will likely remember the Croatian Ten I'm slowly drawing in. I street-opened her back in November and have done some light facebook long game on her. She's a low investment set on my side – even now I'm less than 50/50 to fuck her – but its nice to talk to girls like this. To do long game consistently you have to enjoy the act of facebook chatting otherwise its far too much of a chore to bother with.

This second chat is just one extended DHV and touching base for light rapport. It's two weeks after the first chat. The third one is where I finally catch her for an extended period.

Me: Hey, are you getting snow yet? *[assumed familiarity now]*
Her: hey..no,but it is very cold..
Me: I was shivering all day. I'm still wearing t-shirts like it's Autumn I need to change gears
Her: how are you? how did you spend the rest of the vacations in croatia? *[she's doing the stack for me]*
Me: I had a great time in Croatia. We saw lots of old buildings, nice restaurants, good times Next time we might drive around the country more Are you studying hard? *[positive vibes, hint I'll be back, stack]*
Her: yes,you must see the croatian coast.. *[normal rapport]*
Me: I heard I got some good news today *[tease so she asks]*
Her: yes,i am studying..mostly i am at home and learn.. ?
Me: My nephew just called me. He's 6 He was really excited He just won his first regional judo tournament He beat "one of the big boys"!! *[DHV on loves children and animals]*
Her: wow congratulations
Me: to him *[modesty]*
Her: yes..
Me: I'm so proud of him. He's really obedient and determined when I teach him *[DHV on protector of loved ones]*
Her:
Me: Do you have nephews or nieces? *[bring it back to her]*
Her: no…a will tell you later about that..i have to go.. my cousin is here now.. by *[external interrupt]*
Me: bye *[no big deal]*

Daygame book – Cover designer wanted

krauserpua · 4 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Yes, my daygame book is finally finished. It runs to 35,000 words fleshing out my daygame model and the belief system that underlies it. I've got the draft in peer-review with some top fellow daygamers and I expect to have it ready to print within a fortnight.

All except a cover.

Well, I could easily design some functional cover. But I want a badass one. So I'm opening this up to my readership. If any of you are decent graphic designers and want to take centre stage on my book, let me know. I need the cover ready in a fortnight for a hardback 10.75 x 8.25 inch book. Front and back (separate images, don't need a spine or wraparound).

In return you get a credit on the cover and inside, two free copies, and my gratitude. If you are able to get to London I'll give you three hours one-on-one, if you prefer. Email me at krauser[at]rocksolidgame[dot]co[dot]uk

More Hamster Inanity on Facebook

krauserpua · 12 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers with be familiar with my current long gaming of the **Lithuanian hamster**. She's got low esteem and is a relentless games-player, but I do think she is genuinely kind at heart so I'm not simply trying to cop myself a slut. My plan is just run comfort and have fun being filthy every now and then. When I fuck her it'll be unexpected and impulsive from her. Till then I just chip away at her frame and don't let her milk too much validation out of me.

Me: you good?

Her: KRAUSIE KRAUSIE KRAUSIE :)))))) I am great because today we have SUN God loves LT,finally,how is your MALAGA???where are u?

Me: I'm back in London got back yesterday been catching up on sleep

Her: nooo..u should stay in lovely spain forever..how was it?

Me: great fun I put a few photos up hot, lazy sitting in tapas bars drinking beer

Her: wow…AMAZING :))) many girls? *[Test 1 – failure would be variations of "no, I like you" or "yeah, I fuck loads of girls"]*

Me: yeah, a bunch there was a Portuguese invasion, my favourite

Her: :))))) u are lucky bastard!!!!I am going to [spanish resort island] on Sunday,lucky me.that is why I am so excited :))

Me: what you gonna do there? *[get her jibber-jabbing about something she's excited about – investment]*

Her: sun,beach,sangria and I hope some nice spanish guys,at least one :))) *[Test 2 – failure would be to talk her out of it, showing jealousy*]

Me: good luck! how many of you are going?

Her: me and my friend :))) but she is a little ugly..I know I shouldnt say about people like that..so I hope all atention is going to be at me :))) I know that I am writting like a totall bitch..but I am a little desperate now..and I need boys :)))) are u going to Latvia with ur student? *[I was tempted to tell her off for this but decided to be unreactive]*

Me: Estonia June do what makes you happy Hamster

Her: that is what I am thinking about wright now because I think that the winter is over and the summer will soon come…that is why I need to put all the shit in the past and enjoy the future :)) what about u???are u happy?sad?? *[she's often random like this, so I respond by not getting sucked in]*

Me: I'm happy 97% of the time just had a great holiday with good friends

Her: and the rest 3?

Me: I get horny and want to fuck girls in the ass while pulling their hair and calling them bitches *[ask a stupid question, get a stupid answer. This sets an implicit boundary on how much random girl bullshit I'll take, while also sexualising]*

Her: but that is a normal wish..you are the man and all man want to do this..I can't understand completely why but I understand that it is a dream of every man.You should do what u want KRAUSIE just don't hurt others..pulling the hair can hurt Are u celebrating Easter? *[unfazed and snips, exactly like I expected]*

Me: I'm not ashamed of it. I like it. The girls always like it I was gonna go to Sarajevo for Easter but had to cancel

Her: where???why to Sarajevo??

Me: Me and Burto were gonna go and pick up some girls there. Jimmy says its got the most beautiful girls for my type but then Burto got put on a new project at work and can't go

Her: don't u celebrate Easter with ur family?

Me: no *[note I'm not matching all her smilies and energy. That would be falling into her frame through my form of communication as well as the content]*

Her: why not???it's not like Christmas for u???because in Lt it is..

Me: I'm not religious

Her: I see that :))) but all we have a little children inside of us..and i celebrate Easter because it reminds me of childhood

Me: I like easter eggs

Her: I like playing with eggs ..and coloring them..but not eating..and I like whitte rabits

Me: for some reason, I knew you like white rabbits I don't know if it's because you're cute or they are innocent or you are crazy like Alice in Wonderland *[push pull]*

Her: everything is very simple- it's the last reason..I believe that my destiny is to follow white rabbits and see where they will take me :)) and yesterday I even got a postcard with white rabbits and it's not even an Easter yet :))

Me: yup, crazy what are you wearing? *[I'm bored of this so I self amuse]*

Her: I know that I am crazy..but that is me..better to be yourself that someone else!!!I will send u beach pics from M. wearing what u like :))) *[she's been doing bait-and-switch on the naked photos for a while so I'm not biting]*

Me: just a bikini and a nice smile will be nice for the photos maybe playing in the sea

Her: ok..I will try my best with the smile :)) an Easter gift for u..so u can celebrate Easter and let out your inner child :)))))

Me: I hope you enjoy the holiday. I'd like you to feel happy and peaceful *[I snip the photo thread to show how little I care, but do so by adding comfort]*

Her: WOW thank you for such nice wishes..nobody writes me like that :))) and u enjoy ur life and reach for 100 percent!!!

Me: have you decided when you'll visit London?

Her: summer is a good time to travel :)))

Me: true if you wanna come see me, try to do it before May xxth *[fear of loss]*

Her: why?

Me: I got a girl coming to live with me then

Her: from where?that sounds very serious :))

Me: Vilnuis

Her: :)))

Me: I told her I might not date her but I'll help her out. I organised a job placement for her and her friend she's here 3 months *[this is all true and a good DHV]*

Her: she will live with u??so I should come before because there will be no more place or what?

Me: She's living here 2 weeks while they find an apartment there's space for you. We have 5 guest rooms now it's not that When you visit I'll give you my complete attention so I don't want her to feel bad by doing it at the same time *[I lack soft dominance so I put some in here]*

Her: :)))))))) ok KRAUSIE ,but I have friends in london ..so no worries about space..I am not a hobo :))

Me: yes you are but I'd actually enjoy having you stay here. I like having my own private cook.

Her: :))) i am a person without place but not a hobo..it's not the same!!!I like cooking but the problem is that nobody eats it so I don't think that throwing away the food when people starve in Africa is a good idea i am going to smoke..see u later:)

Me: ok

The fundamental basis of attraction

krauserpua · 13 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've finally figured it out. What is the underlying principle from which all attraction springs? When you do something in a set and a girl responds well, what was your behaviour an expression of? What is the single most basic ingredient from which the entire superstructure of successful game rests?

It's not value

It's not character

It's not survival and replication

The fundamental basis of all attraction is the ability to create order out of chaos.

That's gonna need unpacking.

Nature has a plan. We have evolved into fixed gender roles so that mutually dependent men and women can specialise in skill sets and attributes that combine to create a strong family unit. At a high level of aggregation this is the exchange between a man's means to provide (caring) and a woman's gratitude for provision (caring). From this base an entire superstructure was built and we called it civilisation. Feminism and communism have since been wrecking it – the former by undermining the male role and the latter by undermining the family as the basic unit of society. This has created extreme disorder and disfunction.

Humans are designed with an innate desire for pleasure and will move towards it. However pleasure is hedonistic and does not bring satisfaction. Witness your typical witless drug-taker or sex addict. Satisfaction, the grounded feeling in your gut and the tranqility in your mind, comes from removing disorder in your life. This is beyond sexual attraction. Consider the following actions and the satisfaction they create:

- Cleaning your room
- Sorting your dvd collection into alphabetical order
- Finalising your holiday itinerary
- A well cut suit with shirt tucked and tie straight
- Crossing the last item off your shopping list

The world is a disorderly place with multiple competing plants, animals and germs. It is the human capacity to impose it's own order (i.e. own reality) and make the world bend to his will that gives us the platform to survive and replicate. When a woman attaches herself to a man with a strong reality it is increasing her chances for survival and replication. Dissatisfaction is signalled through disorder. Have you ever walked through a council estate and seen gardens with unkempt hedges and shopping trolleys and mattresses piled up? Have you noticed how people who flit from job to job, town to town, and lack stability are also usually disatisfied? Have you noticed how fat unkempt slobs are also full of neurosis?

Disorder is unattractive. The symptoms of disorder kill attraction.

So how does this relate to pick-up?

Nature evolved women to chase their tails until given direction from men. The natural state of affairs is that men lead and women follow. There is no evolution or development on the female side of our species – they simply reproduce mediocrity every generation because that is sufficient to be fertile. No risks are taken either in their biology or in their behaviour. Human advancement falls to men, whether we like it or not. It is up to men to create order.

Everything you project during your interactions with men and women must convey the ability to create order out of

disorder. Examples:

- Unreactivity to shit tests shows a solid reality grounded in order, not a fumbling fleeting weak-kneed character
- Leading a girl shows you have a plan and will order her life
- Strong open body language conveys power and relaxation, signs that a man is comfortable in having imposed himself on the situation
- Intellectual mastery shows the mental tools to understand the world around you, identify the important areas, and organise them the way you want them to be
- Escalation is taking the girl along the human courtship ritual, an ordered sequence of events
- Having your shit together in life through your appearance, grooming, job and schedule are surface markers of an orderly existence she can slot into
- Repelling AMOGs shows your reality is stronger than theirs and thus you are the king in this social order

We currently live in a world of weak men and disorderly women. Men have ruined their ability to create order and thus women screen for societally-bestowed surface markers of order-creation, such as wealth and social status. Women have ruined their submissive nature and allowed free regin to their hedonistic bullshit and thus men screen for the last-gasp surface marker of order – balanced physical appearance. Modern dating advice is based on operating within these disfunctions rather than smashing through them.

** hat-tip to the Principles of Social Competence for putting the last piece in place to boil this down to one element. It's a great book.*

Finally I get the Croatian Ten opening up

krauserpua · 14 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This girl will be tough but I need to get myself working on tens. I street opened her in Zagreb back in November, and then had my light re-open facebook chat and a week later another light follow-up. I'd just been waiting for a chance to get her sitting at home with time on her hands and nothing better to do. That's when you can suddenly jump a few levels in rapport. In her case, it was the third chat towards the end of December.

I see her Facebook status is updated to "in a relationship". This is to be expected from super hot girls – as Jambone says "the girls I date are always in a relationship. I expect to have to take her from her boyfriend". So I use it as a chance to build rapport and pepper her with DHVs. It's long game. They'll break up eventually. And even if they don't, I'll have another hot female in my social network. This is the third chat. Two weeks after the second. It's almost midnight.

Me: ola, I see someone is in looooooooooove *[recognise the relationship status and don't get butthurt about it]*
Her: yes..it is truth how are you?
Me: I'm good. I just got a new girlfriend too, so I'm happy Well, I'm happy by myself too…. but you know what I mean *[and immediately use it to temporarily disqualify myself from something I can't have now anyway]*
Her: of course.. how old are you? you didn t write year..
Me: I'll tell you. But guess first.
Her: 30
Me: older
Her: hm..33
Me: older
Her: i dont belive you tell me..I dont know
Me: 35
Her: I was close..
Me: yeah. You are 22?
Her: however,it is time to have same girlfrend.. yes
Me: same? I'm not sure I understand you
Her: wrong..a girlfrend…
Me: I'm still confused. Honestly.
Her: it does not matter..
Me: Who is your new guy?
Her: how do you think who?
Me: Your status doesn't say who, and there's no men in your photos maybe you're dating that girl who is hugging you *[genuine interest in who she lets date her]*
Her: no way I love guys he is not on facebook
Me: Hmmm, so he's probably an older guy *[might as well cold read]*
Her: he is 33 *[great, she is happy dating guys ten years older]*
Me: Too old
Her: you are really smart guy
Me: Thanks How did you meet?
Her: this summer..the company [name] organized some tour for students to represent themselves..
Me: hang on, he's your teacher?
Her: and he was one of the employees in that company no..
Me: I see
Her: that company invited good students in area that is important to them.. to meet us..and on the other hand it was good marketing for them..

Me: Hang on, you're starting to talk like a business plan!!!! Tell me how you met! Was it a romantic Hollywood moment?
Her: oooo yes
Me: tell me *[order her around]*
Her: well..at first we didnt talk at all.. because he was attractive to me.. and to all girls.. I dont like be "one of many"
Me: haha, then I'm surprised you talk to me but continue…. *[might as well DHV and start framing her as a dating opportunity]*
Her: way?
Me: way or why?
Her: why
Me: Because I have lots of women near me. *[pre-selection]*
Her: but you are not potential boyfriend for me *[whether this is a shit test, recognition of living abroad, or she simply hasn't got me on her romantic radar soon becomes moot]*
Me: No. Too far. You're not really my type *[reframe the reason why as if I'm selecting]*
Her: I see that you have a lot of women and I know that.. we are not the same world..
Me: I mean, you're pretty so I like you that way. But in a few years of being a lawyer you'll be half-man
Her: hm..I dont think so..but I am very complicated women and you..even you are psychologist.. *[if I had a penny for every self-snowflaking I've heard…]*
Me: I don't believe you. If I lived in Croatia, I think I would understand you about 95% within three dates *[position myself as not impressed and that I'm knowledgeable]*
Her: you would understand but you wouldnt never agree with somebody like me…;)
Me: I don't need to agree. I'd just learn about you, and show you who I am. Then after a while you'd start to change your opinions to become more like mine *[confidence]*
Her: hahahhah *[hits]*
Me: Of course you'll deny this……..
Her: why you dont have serious relationship? you are 35..you are not some teenager *[shit test and genuine curiosity, which is a mild IOI]*
Me: I was married
Her: well..that is something new about you.. and I even didnt remember to ask you something like that see..different worlds or years.. why?
Me: [link to photo of my ex-wife] why did I get married?
Her: no..why you say was married? she is very nice
Me: You asked why I don't have a serious relationship This is the reason
Her: I know..but that marriage finished? why?
Me: We changed. She wasn't the girl I married. I wasn't the man she married. *[it's important not to evade this and also not to go blaming her]*
Her: but you loved her?
Me: Yes
Her: and now?
Me: I would never marry a girl I didn't love I'm totally cold to her. No feelings – positive or negative
Her: i want to belive that my marriage will be for the whole life
Me: I can. But that requires hard work My parents have been married for 40 years *[move it on to positive thoughts without outright agreeing with her]*
Her: nice
Me: Both my grandparents were married till death Still in love until the end
Her: how long have you been married?
Me: Dated 6 years, married 3. 9 in total Been divorced 2 years. Haven't talked in over 1 year My new girl is the first one since then who I thought might be good enough for me. *[I select, and I'm setting it up because I know she'll*

be blown away by the photo]
Her: and now is serious with this new girl or?
Me: No. Just potential. Wanna see who I mean?
Her: i never spoked with someone who is divorced about this things.. that is why I ask.. but you dont have to answer yes
Me: I'm fine. I'm comfortable with it. My life is great right now. If you ever get bored, try browsing my photos and you'll see what I mean
Her: I saw already *[Great admission, that she's already been scanning through my profile. Another IOI. Even if this girl isn't having sexual thoughts about me, she is intrigued by me which is a good base to build from when the time is right]*
Me: impressions? by the way…. my new girl [link to modelling photo]
Her: interesting..that is what I thought about you when I met you wow she is a model?
Me: yeah, catwalk
Her: she is beautiful really
Me: Thank you. I think so too. But that's not why I like her Beauty is common *[qualify the target indirectly by qualifying my girlfriend]*
Her: what you like ?
Me: She is confident in her femininity. She likes being a woman and wants to be the best woman she can be. In England, too many women try to be like men. Aggressive, competitive, sarcastic, partying etc
Her: I see..:)
Me: BTW, you now have enough information to know why I talked to you outside Hemmingway *[i.e. my original approach]*
Her: you ask me did I understood the point? understand
Me: not quite
Her: but?
Me: do you know why I talked to you ? In Zagreb I could have talked to any woman, but I talked to you *[I am the chooser]*
Her: no..I dont know why.. at first it was very nice and interesting to hear all that.. but when you called me to drink a coffee you were just one of the tipical guys.. now I see that you are special and interestng person..but why me..i am not sure..
Me: Shall I explain?
Her: yes..please..:) than I have to go..:) *[it's 2am in Croatia]*
Me: ok I forget it's late in Croatia I was sitting in Hemmingway with my friend Jimmy ([his real name on facebook] – he's tagged in lots of my photos)
Her: ok
Me: We were talking about girls. About how they are different in Croatia compared to England I said Croatian girls are quite feminine. That they have a good balance between sexy and serious I was describing the qualities I look for in a girl Then you walked past I pointed at you and I said (I remember my words exactly)
Her:
Me: "That is exactly the type of girl I like" "She is a ten" ("ten" meaning 10/10 – the highest quality girl) *[I have to hit on her now, but I can't do it directly because of our respective relationships, so I phrase it more hypothetically]*
Her: yes..I know
Me: Oooooh, [her name] is confident….
Her: no.. I know what thet mean.. that* not that I know that I am ten understand?
Me: Yeah, I know. I'm teasing Shall I continue?
Her: yes yes
Me: So Jimmy says to me "talk to her" I say "I'm on holiday. I'm doing fine with girls right now in London" So he says "Don't be so weak. You'll regret it if you don't say something" So I say "ok" You know what happened

next I wanted to see if my first impression was accurate. If you really are a “ten” *[you’ll note I never actually answer if I think she is a ten – she’ll have to earn it later]*
Her: and what did you find out?.. I think that you cant have a right picture about me because I dont know express what I think on english like when I talk croatian
Me: It’s not really about language It’s about watching non-verbal communication How you move, how you hold eye contact, your gestures, your energy *[qualifying her and showing I “get it” abotu human interaction]*
Her: that is interesting
Me: that is much more accurate than words It’s easy to fake words
Her: sometimes I ask myself why I talk to you here.. and why I gave you my phone number.. you could be anybody..somebody dangerous., but you have something that I dont know explain.. *[rationalisation hamster – she knows she liked me and felt a stir but can’t admit it to herself, hence why she’d been through my profile. This girl is warmer to me than I’d expected]*
Me: That interests me. Can you try to explain?
Her: I had feeling that I know you and that I can trust you in that moment later,I thought that I am crazy *[Hamster 101]*
Me: hmmm How about now?
Her: I have the same feeling but I know that I am crazy I always think good about people..and that is not good.. but I dont give my number and name to everyone..
Me: You probably noticed I had quite strong eye contact with you. Almost like I was in an art gallery, looking at a painting.
Her: yes.. maybe that is the reason maybe I am good psychologist too but I am not aware of that :9 here is 2:22 am and I really have to go good night
Me: ok sleep well

The plan is for more of the same. Just keep her on the radar, build more rapport, occasionally refresh attraction and then if something turns up, great. If not, it’s all practice and reference experiences with being comfortable turning on tens.

I retain F-town on a No Score Draw

krauserpua · 15 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

JJ has been hassling us to recreate the legendary RSG Malaga holiday from 2009. He's got a flat out there by the beach and it's a no-brainer really: £70 in flight and transfers, no accomodation costs. So I head out with Burto, Shammers and the beligerent Burnley tosspot himself. Burning sun, beautiful tapas, and small glasses of beer. It's all good.

Daygame is a washout because hot girls aged 17-30 simply do not come out of their warrens until after 8pm. It took two days to figure this out. We opened the sets we found but it was slim pickings. My first day I had a fantastic set, technically perfect, on a Krauser girl headed to the pharmacy to pick up a prescription. She came back and we arranged a date the next evening. She flaked. Bugger. I thought I was on for the lay, the signals were so good.

I stop another beauty the next day and facebook her. The spark of electricity was there physically but her English was non-existant and it faded to nothing. If she'd had even elementary speaking I'd have SDL'd her. I'm sure of it. After that I'm just losing interest in game. I get bladdered on the Friday and amped up to see Burto come over and just run riot with girls doing wildly Hail Mary street propositions. A couple of girls hook but I'm too drunk and impatient to play them properly and we end up staggering home.

The Saturday night I'm in shit state. I've had no sleep, got a horrible hangover, and JJ is pushing out truly obnoxious farts every ten minutes. Fortunately Burto is on form and carries the night. Later me and JJ are sitting defeated in a bar about to go home and hatch an idea to just open girls with gibberish. From that the bingo bongo opener is created. Our state rises and we get some decent sets. JJ closes a hired gun (see his shitty little blog for a video I shot) and we double-team these two girls.

Doesn't go anywhere but it lifts our spirits. Next (and for me, last) night we head to a big market square that is full of Portuguese high school graduates on holiday. I run a fantastic three set. I swear it's the best number close I ever got in nightgame. She's on long game now. No video though. If I can progress it, I'll do a full post on beginning to end.

And that's it. My unbroken streak of fucking a new girl every month in a foreign country since September comes to an end.

A virgin wanders into my killzone

krauserpua · 17 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes long game surprises you. This is the 19yr old Lithuanian virgin, **Goose**, who I instant-dated in January. She's been talking about coming to the UK in Autumn for study so I just assumed this was one for the back-burner. Then this lands in my mailbox:



"what have I gotten myself into?"

Her: i have a surprise for youuuuuu!;D

Me: You're pregnant? It's not mine, so don't come after me for money or a wedding ring. *[I replied 2 days later, been out of internet range]*

Her: not now:D i mooved to London!! ;P

Me: good work! text me your UK mobile number

Her: i dont have it yet. but i will □ my birthday is on [day].maybe we could meet for a while.i dont have any plans for that day but my friend and other roommates probably thought of smth.but still.theres enough time:) so just give your number.so i could text you from my friends phone just in case.untill i get mine.

Me: [number]I'm busy from 3pm to 5pm on [day]. Free other times.

When I pick up that last message from her I see she's just sent it and is still online. I want to get some logistics and a rundown on why she's here.

Me: you still there?

Her: yep

Me: cool so what suddenly brought you to my town?

Her: yours and other 8million people' it just happened ;D my friend talked me into this

Me: I guess you have a sense of adventure What are you gonna do?

Her: i dont think so. because i tend to plan everything in my head one step ahead ;D and ive had this (comming here) in the back of my head for a while.but i just didnt think it could happen any time soon. but i lost my job.and there was nooooooooo point of staying in LT anymore. becides,i was really depressed and lonely.so this is like a rehabilitation i need to become happy and normal person again:) *[she's got no direction in her life so will respond to leadership]*

Me: You'll have a great time here How many people do you know in London? *[getting a sense for competing demands on her time and how isolated she is]*

Her: ammmm.about 7.counting you and new roommates *[almost alone]*

Me: Ok, I'm gonna have to look after you and show you around for the first couple of weeks No problem. You're fun *[reframe as me having to persuade myself she's worth the trouble]*

Her: ohh,thanks ;DD im not asking because i dont whant to be a burden ;D i know youre a busy person :))

Me: Don't worry. You're a nice person, so I'm happy to have you around but don't break stuff or cause trouble or get arrested or eat my food *[qualify her then playfully set a few hoops]*

Her: dont worry.im aware of my surroundings but this is a new place so everything is possible. i do bump into people

Me: Cool. I gotta go now. Text me and we'll go out on [agreed day] *[job done so don't stall out]*

Her: good night

And that in a nutshell is long game. Keep your female network orbiting and sometimes things just happen on their own accord.

I almost deflower my first 20yr old Greek ballet dancer

krauserpua · 20 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's Saturday afternoon and I'm in Camden market with three new wings for a spot of daygame. It's blindingly good weather and lots of girls out. We do a few unremarkable warm-ups and then on my fourth set I hook strong with a tall dusky girl wearing a yellow and black woolly cardigan.

Me: Hey, you know what you look like. A really clumsy bumblebee.

Right from the off she's responding well to the banter and opening up. After five minutes I bounce her to a market cafe. I'm working alot on leading but also a few of the things Yad told me in our session a couple of days earlier:

> - Look for a single moment where you push (sexually or a tease) and her response says "Yes, I'm into this guy". After that moment you know you have her and just have to not fuck up. Time for authentic communication.
> - Keep the banter stage going longer, and even when I move into investment and rapport, continue to throw banter in every now and then.
> - Stick to my model, doing the stages in the correct order. Don't get carried away with having too much fun in any one part. Always keep thinking "is this an effective strategy right now?"

So we are sitting outside the cafe and she's loving the banter and starts unconsciously playing with the bottle of orange juice she's finished. She's really twisting and pulling on it. I note that. I've got her. We move into rapport and she starts telling me her passion for ballet and how she's on a university exchange for a few month and has travelled to London by herself for the week to take a ballet seminar. Ok, I've got a limited window to work in but she's alone, probably bored, and has no reputation risk from a dalliance with me.



Needing a bailout

I walk her along the canal and up to Primrose Hill. I use some push-pull to get the kino going, pulling her down to

rest her head on my belly as she gazes to the sky. Then there's an obvious kiss-close moment when her face is near mine and we stop talking and gaze. I pull the trigger. She says no, stays there, then accepts it. I give her five seconds of it and pull away, back to just lying together. That's what I do now – just get the thing done, don't milk it like a horny kid.

We walk off hand-in-hand to a pub so I can put some alcohol in her. I'm going for the bounce-back. Too many times I've let instant dates stall out into numbers. Just the week before I'd instant-dated and kissed an Italian girl under exactly the same circumstances (actually picked her up about 10 metres further down the same street) and let it fizzle. So I get the cat-kino going and qualify her hard. Before long she's excited to come back and eat noodles with me. Easy so far.

I give her the house tour, shoes off before she's allowed in my room, then escalate. It's smooth sailing until I start yanking her strides off and she gives me a firm "no". The next two hours are a battle against LMR that I can't win. She tells me she's a virgin, expecting me to be all angry and disappointed. A swift reframe ensues as I take responsibility for making a woman out of her. But eventually I have to back off and let her go home.

Two days later we meet in town having a few beers and back to my place for white russians. She rebuffs kisses in public with a "not here" so I pull back completely. I know things'll go down back at my place and sure enough they do. We connect alot on shared music tastes and then it's another protracted battle with LMR. Ultimately I can't deflower her. She does do a few personal firsts:

– blowjob
– facefuck
– fingering

And the coup d'grace is having her wank me off in the street while waiting for her bus home. It's not until I'm debriefing with Tony T that I realise something curious. She wouldn't let herself orgasm. About six times she came right to the edge of it and then suddenly pushed me away and cooled down. Strange that. The whole story of the escalation was me pushing, her resisting, then her giving some ground. One more day and I'd have fucked her.

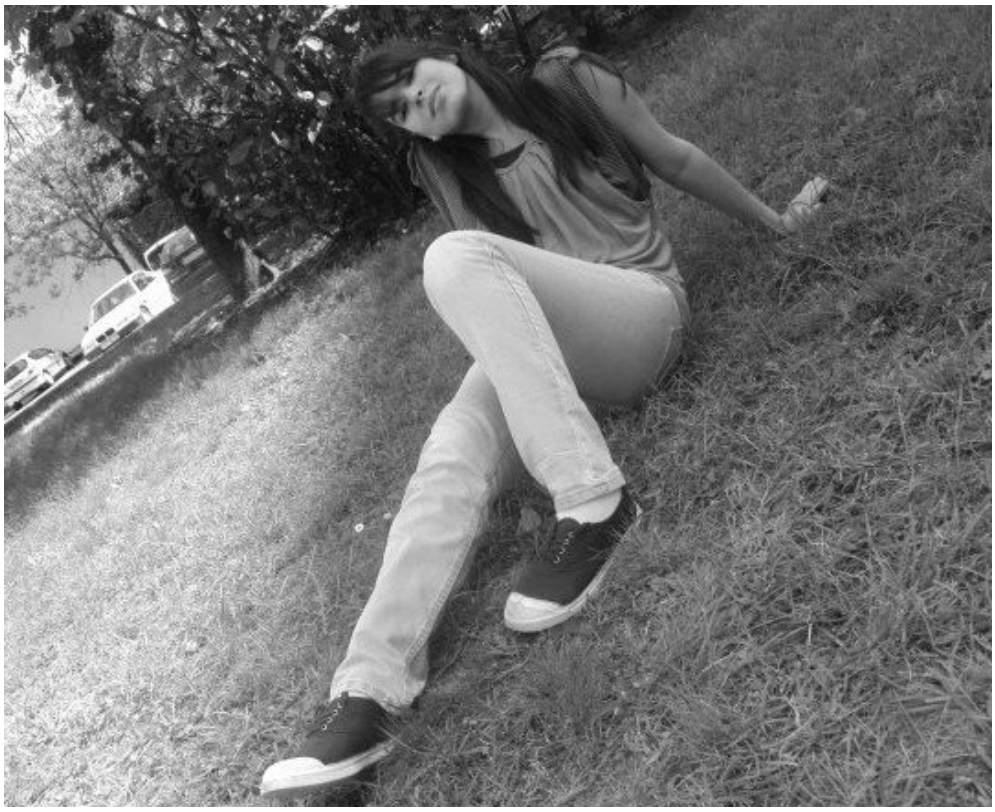
Anyway, she flakes the third date and I don't bother trying to reel her in. So the 20yr old Greek virgin is gone now. I've got a crack at a 20yr old Lithuanian virgin tonight. I'll be playing that different.

The french hamster has a love interest

krauserpua · 21 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's a sunny day and I'm in the garden relaxing with the RSG gang. I open up a few chats, of which this is the most notable. My plan with this girl is to just keep the comfort / rapport going and some light simmering attraction while I wait for her next birthday, because she's a bit younger than I'm comfortable with. Over time I should be collecting the soul and then I'll ramp it up when the time is right.

This chat is interesting because I have to deal with the reality that she's in another country and has other romantic interests who are closer to her and have longer history. So above all I can't be getting jealous. Rather, I accept it as inevitable and simply work on my position relative to his.



oooh la la

Me: the french hamster *[attraction refresh, keep the frame as she's a bratty little kid]*
Her: yo !
Me: they could make a good cartoon show about you *[I'm about to go into a little tease story]*
Her: tell me what you do when someone that you really love don't want to forgive you ? MDR LOOL *[instead it sounds like she won't be listening cos she has something on her mind, so I snip myself and take what she's offering. It's a good rapport opportunity and she's basically looking for advice, which is an easy way to position myself and reframe her reality]*
Me: it's ok, I forgive you
Her: MDRRR no seriously
Me: don't know. Tell me the story, so I can understand the situation *[I don't give advice without knowing facts, and I want her to invest. This is a good chance to see how she thinks. Also, I genuinely want to help her if she needs it. It's not all games]*
Her: well .. a friend was dating a girl for 3 years now but she cheated on him so he left her his ex add me on face and was asking me to tell her what was on his facebook pasge so i was telling her but i was about to date this gay
Me: gay or guy? *[low hanging fruit, but also my frame is that this is just kids stuff and easy for me to advise upon*

from my position of maturity]
Her: guy lol :p
Me: maybe both….
Her: MDR so he knew it and he tols me to never speak with him again and he deleted me ect and now i apologized and everithing but he doesnt want to forgive –‘ for a stupid story like this
Me: ok, let me paraphrase this translate from girl logic… *[attraction, leading, reframing]*
Her: lol
Me: 1. You wanted to date a guy. He's already your friend. Not a stranger. 2. You became facebook friends with his ex. You told her some things about his current life *[making it obvious I can talk about these things without being weird, and that I'm not trying to talk her out of it]*
Her: Yes
Me: 3. He finds out you are talking to her. He gets worried. *[position him as a worrier]* He feels you have betrayed him, somehow 4. He gets angry, and throws all his toys out of the pram. *[position him as reactive]* 5. You are disappointed, because you can't date him now. And extra-disappointed because he might stop being friends with you *[rapport with her]* is this correct?
Her: oui this is exactly that !
Me: does he know you fancy him?
Her: yes but him too
Me: so you fancy him, he fancies you?
Her: yes
Me: even though you look like a hamster? *[attraction in the push]*
Her: yes even though i look like a hamster :p
[her internet cuts out for 10 minutes]
Her: im back
Me: your internet sucks ok, my thoughts….. It's just a little temper tantrum from him he's still a boy, learning to be a man *[position him, I'm assuming he's also a teenager]* so he's learning about trust. He's learning that a man does not accept bad behaviour from his woman *[implication is I don't either and I know what a real man is because I am one]* but it is new for him, so he has over-reacted you did nothing badly wrong you should not have told her things from his facebook *[but I do have to tell her off for bad behaviour, not just validate her]* but it's just kids stuff
Her: ok ok .. so i wait for him to come back or what do i do now ? *[a sign of trust]*
Me: There's no obvious right answer Kids change their mind all the time. They are unstable
Her: he's 21 i dont think that he's still a kid lol *[a surprise]*
Me: Hmmmmm Keep your dignity give him some time, don't get emotional and needy
and then when he is ready, he'll calm down and talk to you again if he still likes you *[which is the same advice I'd give a kid sister]*
Her: ok lol thank you
Me: it'll be fine but here's some life advice for you…… Boys come and go. Girls come and go. Never get too excited about one person Don't weaken yourself and do things that make you feel bad, just to impress somebody else *[again, genuine advice]*
Her: lol thank you
Me: I'm thinking of buying a hammock *[and snip]*
Her: oh yeah its a great idea !!
Me: I want to be a pirate We have a big garden. We've been sitting outside, drinking juice, listening to music would be perfect to have a few hammocks between the trees
Her: yeaah i love hammocks its amazing when its sunny

Four hours later she pops up again.

Her: You know about the guy i was talking about evererithings good i told him to call me and i explains

everithing soo its ok
Me: well done I'm glad you fixed it
Her:

You can never control a girl. You can only control yourself and your response to her. She'll break up with him eventually, or I'll just steal her off him. But for the next six months I'm not interested in any of it.

Four days, four 20yr old virgins

krauserpua · 22 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

People tell me my drunk text/chat game is shockingly bad. Perhaps. When I'm drunk I don't care. I've just been out with **Burto** tonight in Camden and bagged us a pair of Finnish au pairs (video might follow). I'm drunk as I type. Here's a chat I'm on with the Polish virgin.

This is actually the *fourth* 20yr old European virgin I've been dallying with this week, weird as that sounds. So far it's been:



"Deflower me!"

- **Monday:** second date with the Greek virgin. Facefucking, fingering then LMR. Send her home. She texts me back on Wednesday saying she wants to come visit again before she goes back to her debt-ridden houmous-eating boy-raping shithole country.
- **Tuesday:** the Polish virgin tells me she wishes I was popping by her hometown this week so I could fuck her.
- **Wednesday:** Lithuanian virgin stops by my house for the BBQ. Under Tony T's wise tutelage I run pure comfort and no escalation. This is the long haul.
- **Thursday:** Romanian virgin flakes on our date half an hour before the meet. I tell her to fuck off. DD-cup and all.

Anyhow. Thursday night and we've rustled up more targets. I come home and start harassing my network. Polish virgin obliges as follows. There's no analysis. There's not much to learn here.

Me: blegh!
Her: pff nice to "see you" too :P:P:P
Me: I've been drinking

Her: ojojojojj
Me: that makes no sense, woman
Her: huh? why?
Me: ojojojojblahblahblah
Her: ahah;) did you drinking alone?!
Me: no way. Been out in Camden with my friend [fat useless Aussie cunt] causing trouble
Her: not good:P –> trouble:P
Me: I'm a horrible bastard
Her: no way! I disagree
Me: heh
Her: why you think, that you're bastard?
Me: Maybe I need to tie you to my bed and do rough things to you.
Her: do you think that then I will believe you, that you're bastard? wrong
Me: no, not that I just want to do it to you
Her: really? hmm I think that you want to do it with every younger woman
Me: nope you have trouble believing I like you
Her: or…. you want me, because I'm a virgin… and this is something like…hmm…. challenge …?
Me: that's 10% the 90% is I like you
Her: thank you:) it's so nice:)
Me: Hmmm, I need to be more horrible…… [image] ok, I've got it ! I want to…… ….. wait until you are cooking my dinner…. then I'll come into the kitchen pull up your skirt and fuck you in the ass until you scream my name then I'll go and watch TV
Her: you aren't like this man…. ! I know that!
Me: blegh
Her: it's your mask
Me: hmmm, so what is the real me?
Her: for me?;) heheh
Me: yes
Her: uumm… nice, protective, caring man sweet
Me: oh dear…. NO! I'm tough, rough, bad!
Her: you're stupid! you aren't having to pretend
Me: heh enough talk about me tell me something
Her: I want to have holidays !
Me: where do you want to go?
Her: hmm Spain… or somewhere, where will be warm hehe
Me: and what will you wear?
Her: bikini… or dress
Me: big difference show me
Her: [link]



Birds don't get it

Me: 4/10
Her: but it is only a shape !! you are too demanding
Me: you mean the dress, or the girl?
Her: dress
Me: ah If you wear that, I won't fuck you I want something sexier try again
Her: you have imagination, you can imagine what I have under the dress, it is not a problem
Me: that's too much work show me a photo
Her: you should try, if you want me
Me: hmmmm I want to put my cock in your mouth heh! that stopped you!
Her: still…I'm in shock are you being drunk still ?
Me: yes but what do you think? (about my cock in your mouth)
Her: do you intend to have the wife?
Me: that's totally NOT an answer
Her: haha it's similar:D because if you say: yes, and I'll be her… I'll say, that it's ok (your cock in my mouth)
Me: It's not so easy to be my wife This is your list of duties….. 1. suck my cock 2. cook my food 3. iron my shirts 4. clean my house 5. feed my dog can you do all of these?
Her: you are irritating me pfff
Me: I think you are turned on
Her: but.. me? now? NO!
Me: finish your sentence
Her: but your list isn't difficult (apart from point 1)
Me: ok, we're getting married shall we do it in a castle or a church?
Her: but as your wife, I must accept him and it is my duty
Me: +20
Her: church! of course
Me: You'll enjoy it, you know. Girls ALWAYS think they won't. And then they do. You'll need a big white

dress and lots of bridesmaids we'll have red wine, not white
Her: why big white dress?! no way! not big
Me: we'll have a huge hotel room, with a double bed and a big ivory bath in the middle of the room the view from the window will be fields, a stream, and the edge of a big forest
Her: in Poland
Me: No. Poland is boring
Her: not true
Me: At the wedding, I'll tell everyone I love you, that I'll protect you, and all that stuff then I'll pick you up and carry you to my room bend you over the bath
Her: you couldn't see, where I live
Me: and fuck you in the ass
Her: you are horrible but still I think, that you're nice guy:P
Me: hahahaha, I am SOOOOOO gonna take your virginity
Her: dreamer

Facebook sex chat: Polish virgin

krauserpua · 27 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a chat from January with the 20yr old Polish virgin. Regular readers will recall I opened her in a Krakow nightclub in October by saying words to the effect of "you are the type of girl I like to fuck" then spun a weak facebook close into strong rapport. Here's the first chat with her that I sexualised. Every single part of this chat is pushing something further – before this day I hadn't even talk about kissing her, instead running attraction and comfort material.

The first five minutes is normal chat until I ask her what she's wearing and take it from there. Note I soften myself in many places to come across a little more nice guy that usual, even though I'm advancing inch by inch. The usual "ewwww!" warnings apply for anyone who actually knows me personally.



I'll have her first

Her: bra is ecreu I was on the shopping
Me: ecreu? what is that?
Her: hmm bright beige
Me: Nice. I wanna feel your breasts *[the first escalation]*
Her: heh… <embarrassment>
Me: +15 nice demure response I want to feel your butt too I'm sitting in Starbucks, writing….. but… I'm suddenly turned on by you
Her: I don't know why recently this way I am acting to men….
Me: What do you mean? You are having a sexual effect on men?
Her: different sexual proposals… hmmm *[don't get jealous, don't validate her with an IOI]*
Me: tell me more *[order her around]*
Her: special from Italians [image] hmm….I don't know…. even when I am walking along a street are turning it's not comfortable
Me: are they being rude about it?
Her: no…..not really but for me…It's not comfortable situation

Me: Are they giving you the “starving wolf” look? *[frame them]*
Her: yes! I think yes… [image] I should probably be pleased, but it not in my style *[I like her response here, not a validation whore]*
Me: Why is it different with me? *[lead her that it is different with me]*
Her: hmm…. you have something interesting in yourself…. I like talk with you…
Me: Yeah But I can say something like “I want to feel your breasts” and you accept it and are pleased with it and not threatened *[pacing and leading]*
Her: yes…… it’s strange
Me: I guess, you know I’m not going to chase you *[even though that’s exactly what I’m doing]*
Her: haha no….you’re nice guy…
Me: I try to be a bad boy [image] *[An inadvertent contrast game from me]*
Her: haha
Me: Have you ever thought about sex with me? *[more pushing, a punt in the dark. It does no harm at this point to be so bold]*
Her: heh… I didn’t think about it… now I am waiting for my closest co-workers… which will arrive in two weeks
Me: think about it now Imagine we are alone perhaps in a kitchen and I walk over to you. We both have a glass of red wine I stand close to you, nose almost touching your nose *[so I just launch into a sexual projection anyway, to see if she yields. She hasn’t cooperated in the set-up, so it’s a risk]*
Her: ohhhh! it’s right! in a kitchen!
Me: I look down into your eyes you can feel my breathing against your skin your heart starts to beat faster, and your mouth feels dry you lookup into my eyes
Her: I like it in you. You are immediate *[almost all girls like submitting, even virgins who haven’t really experienced it first hand]*
Me: Haha. Shall I continue? *[Normally I wouldn’t ask but I haven’t quite calibrated her and I want to soften things. I really don’t want to put in loads of work to the projection if she’s not giving some positive feedback]*
Her: haha if yoy want *you *[this could be “yes, but I’m shy” or “don’t care”…]*
Me: ok, wait a moment *[… so I act distracted a bit so I don’t look to keen on doing it]*
Her: ok
Me: just bought another coffee Ok, where were we? *[a test to see if she wants to continue or tries to snip the thread]*
Her: hmm…we are on the kitchen *[she continues, so I proceed]*
Me: did you not get those last messages? *[internet problem]*
Her: your last message was “just bought another coffee Ok, where were we? ”
Me: oh dear! I wrote a long message, you didn’t get it I’ve already fucked you and gone to sleep [image] I guess I need to wake up, and do it again…..
Her: hahaha sometimes are you imagining the sex with me?
Me: right now I’m going to tell you what I’m imagining I want you to tell me what you think about it
Her: about your imagine?
Me: yeah ok, right now I am imagining you in this imaginary kitchen there’s a radio playing in the background. Wagner I think You are wearing white panties and a light beige bra. Nothing else You’re still wearing glasses and your hair is in a pony tail You have light make up. Just enough to accentuate your features *[playing up the feminine angles, especially because she already told me she likes cooking and cleaning]*
Her: I like it…
Me: cool Now, I wonder what you are doing in this scene…..
Her: recently he is “whirling” for me sex in the kitchen. you hit
Me: So you are standing, leaning against the wall one of your feet is up on a chair I have my hands on your hips while I kiss your stomach I hold your thigh tightly with one hand while I unhook your bra with the other hand your bra falls to the kitchen floor, and your breasts are freed I look at them for a few moments. Then I look

into your eyes. Then I move my head down and begin to blow lightly over your nipples, without touching You grab the back of my head. I wait. I wait until you are moaning, then I flick out my tongue and start to play with your breasts

Her: you must absolutely have the shirt white, up to the half unbuttoned

Me: business shirt?

Her: yes it is probably my single condition ;);) *[cool, she's into this]*

Me: maybe I just came back from work. I'm still wearing my suit my tie is loose, so I take it off So I'm licking your breasts and grabbing your butt you are moaning, pulling my head towards you, moving around I can feel you want me to touch you so I slowly drag my hand down your body over your breasts down your stomach lightly scratching the inside of your thighs your whole body shakes, with anticipation finally, I place my hand on your panties first, I just hold it there you breath out deeply, it makes you feel safe

Her: heh…. you're amazing

Me: I know So, I wait a minute. I'm just enjoying the touch of your body beneath my hands

Her: you are knowing exactly, what the woman needs

Me: Enjoying the smell of your neck I can feel your heart beating, I can see the pulse in your neck I enjoy making you wait making the anticipation build into something special then, when i think you are about to explode…. I start massaging you through your panties Slowly at first. A simply motion. Up and down, slightly pushing into you I hold my mouth next to yours, not quite touching after a couple of minutes you are very very hot I can feel your skin burning with passion I spin you around You are facing the wall. You put your palms against the wall I slap your butt and pull it towards me You push your butt out. You want me to take you You want me to put my cock into you right now But I'm not ready. I'm going to make you wait longer How is it so far?

Her: ooomg soo hot

Me: So I slap your butt again. I like doing that. One hand is holding your hips from behind. With the other hand, I grab your pony tail and pull it backwards Hard enough for you to notice. But not quite hard enough to hurt you Your head snaps back and you gasp. I slap your butt again then I just look at you. I absorb the image of you your slim legs your stomach, pulled in tight and quivering your round butt, pushed towards me, swaying slightly from side to side and your face – your eyes closed and your mouth open in pleasure I think to myself "I want this girl" So I pull down your panties

Her: why just with me?

Me: ??? explain please

Her: ohh..nevermind *[she doesn't want the momentum broken]*

Me: shall I continue?

Her: yes

Me: Ok, so you are bent over panties aronud your ankles waiting I keep my shirt on I just pull open my trousers (it's imagination so I don't wear a condom. In reality I would) [image] My cock is really hard now You are grabbing behind yourself, trying to grab my cock so I slap your butt again and pull your hair again I stand behind you then slowly, very slowly, I slide my cock into you as you feel it fill you, you gasp your legs shake a little, and your knees go weak for a moment I push all the way inside you. You feel like I'm so deep into you that it's going to come out of your mouth I wait. I let you enjoy the feeling of having me inside you I feel you relaxing

Her: very good idea, that's all what I can say … heh *[accepting the fucking]*

Me: So now I start thrusting going in and out slowly at first, making you savour each time very gradual I start to increase the speed make you feel my power You start moving alot You try to grip the wall You try to match my movement You try to pull me further in I reach around and grab your breasts. You gasp You put one hand back, on your own butt You look around, look at your butt You are trying to imagine how you look when you are beign fucked you know you look sexy, and you want to see what I see I keep fucking you for ten minutes like this I vary the speed, the power, how I touch you You are lost in pleasure. Probably can't even remember your own name Then I suddenly stop, and pull my cock out You feel the loss. You feel empty. You

look at me. Your eyes say “please, that’s good. I want more” Your turn, what do you want me to do to you next?
Her: I can see that you like to dominate and to decide on everything
Me: Yes, but I’m always thinking about what will give the girl a special moment so, what do you think you’d like next?
Her: it is nice, that you know, that for the woman these are a special moment, rather than only normal fucking…
Me: I know. Women rely on men to lead them to special experiences. Most men can’t lead like that. It’s sad
Her: therefore you’re special hehe
Me: thank you now stop avoiding my question!
Her: hahah
Me: …
Her: what I am supposed for you to say, since I don’t have experience
Me: ok, shall I decide?
Her: yes, please
Me: ok, wait a minute
Her: you aren’t finishing the book, by me [image] *[she knows I’m writing the daygame book]*
Me: wait So, where are we now?
Her: my eyes say “please, that’s good. I want more” *[accepting the chasing frame]*
Me: ah ha! Lucky you, there’s more….
Her: <lol> yeah! lucky me
Me: So I grab your hair and turn you around push you to your knees you are desperate to keep my cock inside you I pull your head onto it. You take it all in your mouth You start sucking, moving your head up and down
Her: stop pulling my hair! *[symbolic resistance, loves it]*
Me: again, you just love the feeling of having me inside you You start to play, to use some creativity You lick my cock, running your tongue from top to bottom you kiss the end your push it into your mouth against the inside of your cheek
Her: it probably too much for me pfff
Me: perhaps So I grab your hair again…… *[defiance, considering earlier warning]*
Her: ohhh nooo all the time you’re saying nothing to me?
Me: I pull you to your feet. Then I pick you up over my shoulder and carry you to the bedroom I don’t talk much during sex You are giggling, squealing, and kicking your feet as I carry you I throw you onto the bed. You look at me, like I’m a big strong bear you are thinking “take me. I surrender” I get onto the bed with you and push you back I lean on top of you. We kiss Then I push my cock into you again It’s different this time. You are totally relaxed. It’s like getting into a hot bath. Or putting on your favourite shoes
Her: you can be more delicate
Me: All of this is rough, but not painful you feel my strength and energy. You surrender to the power. But you trust me and it doesn’t hurt So I start fucking you again At first I’m lying on you and you can feel my weight. You wrap your arms and legs around me, holding me tightly You are panting, sweating, moaning You orgasm a few times then I slow down and push myself off a little so I’m looking at you, naked, underneath me I like seeing you naked. I like seeing you watch me watching you Each time I push into you, you moan and squirm I’m looking into your eyes as I do this. I enjoy making you moan I grab your ankles and hold her legs together by my head I lean into you. You can feel me very deep inside you I start fucking you harder again. I make you come I make you scream my name Then I slow down again and we slowly fuck for another ten minutes. comments?
Her: sorry I’m in shock heh
Me: enjoying?
Her: yes…. .I like your imagine
Me: Ok. we’ve been fucking for about half an hour now. I want to watch TV soon, so we need to finish
Her: I would still prefer to be in your shoulders… I don’t want the mechanical sex
Me: this isn’t mechanical you’d have to feel it much of the pleasure for you is in how I use my weight, my grip,

my energy, my timing when I fuck you, it feels like I am projecting my character into you
Her: ok, but after the sex the woman needs the support
Me: I haven't finished yet I'm still fucking you where were we?
Her: but you are already thinking about television, not against me
Me: haha So I speed up again. I'm looking at you and enjoying this. Now I'm thinking about making myself come. You want to feel my sperm You want the satisfaction of making me come Because it makes you feel sexy It makes you feel your feminine power as a sexy woman You sense I am finishing, so you grab tighter and moan louder trying to draw me into orgasm
Her:
Me: It's imagination, so I'll be a bit ruder than usual For our first fuck I'll come inside you, normally (using a condom)
Her: no, I don't want to
Me: But this is roleplay, so…… I'm feeling myself getting closer The pressure is building I'm thinking about how much I want you, and how much I like fucking you I'm absorbing the visual image of you beneath me, trying to make me come I pull out of you as you lie there, I sit on your chest and push my cock into your mouth you grab my cock and start pulling on it, sucking it, trying to get me to come I feel it coming I pull my cock out of your mouth We hold eye contact. Your mouth is open, trying to get my sperm I come I splash you with it It's a bit messy You feel it. It's hot on your skin You feel it on your cheeks, in your mouth It's exciting. You feel dirty, but victorious You feel like you've succeeded. You've had a great fuck, and you've made me come You feel good. I roll off. I'm a bit tired
Her: i don't think soo
Me: I play with your hair a little. Kiss your forehead. You go shower then we lie in bed together and watch tv the end *[comfort]*
Her: "then we lie in bed together" —> ok, I like it;)
Me: How was it for you?
Her: "Your mouth is open, trying to get my sperm I come I splash you with it It's a bit messy You feel it. It's hot on your skin You feel it on your cheeks, in your mouth" -> it's too much
Me: haha, I told you – a bit ruder than usual because its imagination
Her: I know I know
Me: Generally, is that how you'd like me to fuck you? *[seamlessly bring it into the real world and an intention]*
Her: yes *[now it's about logistics and comfort]*
Me: How did you feel as I described it?
Her: but I like more sensitive guys
Me: answer the question
Her: serious? I am dreaming of the sex in the kitchen <lol>
Me: haha
Her: haha
Me: You want me to fuck you, don't you
Her: :> I don't know…. we saw ourselves only once… *[= yes, but there's a rationalisation hamster to feed]*
Me: true but you have to admit, we've built quite a connection *[overtly stating it to make it consciously accepted]*
Her: hehe…. something like that
Me: Well, I'll be honest with you I want you to come to London I want to take you out a few places and I want to fuck you. Lots of times. *[turn it from fantasy into a real-world proposition that requires a decision]*
Her: WOW! are you sure?!
Me: Yes. I know enough about you now. I know I will enjoy your company
Her: why do you want it?
Me: Because I like you. You have the balance of feminine energy, playfulness, and thoughtfullness that I like *[qualification]*
Her: thank you…. very much

Me: Would you like to come?
Her: it's very important to me … hmm I would like to…, but…. i think…I can't my study….
Me: A four day holiday. Friday morning to Monday evening. The flights are cheap. The accomodation is free. *[hammer the frame]*
Her: and I don't think so it would be nothing result from the sex …:P hehe
Me: You are not obliged to have sex with me *[which is true]*
Her: it isn't about money
Me: what is it about?
Her: nice hmm I don't know.. haha, Nick…. youre crazy I like it
Me: so tell me, what is holding you back from reserving a flight? *[trying to close]*
Her: OMG! it's crazy proposition I'm a woman…. not to much crazy hihi I can't explain it…
Me: a mix of excitement and fear?
Her: yes
Me: You don't have to decide now
Her: something like that
Me: I'm making my intention clear I'm making you an offer If you say "no", we can still be friends. think about it
Her: thank you) a little bit surprised, I didn't expect it… but I'll think about it
Me: Cool Remember it's not just me. You get to see London too
Her: ok, but I will be alone in the major city *[she's sorely tempted, but it is a huge ask from a virgin who's only met me once and never been to England]*
Me: not alone We have two spare rooms in my house, so you don't have to sleep in my bed and you can bring a friend (so long as its a girl, and she's not ugly) *[always thinking about my wings to feed 'em another girl]* really, it's not just about sex. I want to show you my city
Her:
Me: I have to go home now. Dinner time *[don't want this to spin on any longer, I've made my point]*
Her: I appreciate it ok
Me: Is this a good time to ask you to send me a sexy photo? *[but might as well push further]*
Her: haha
Me: cropping your face outside the photo is ok
Her: cleverly
Me: C'mon, take a photo
Her: haha
Me: put on your best underwear, have a sexy pose take a photo
Her: I haven't!
Me: do it now
Her: no!
Me: c'mon, make a guy happy
Her: maybe when I will be in London
Me: haha I'm gonna keep asking
Her: my body isn't good! and beauty! I don't have big breasts
Me: I like it. I wanna stick my cock in you. That's enough I'll decide if your breast are good
Her: haha I'm resolute
Me: sure anyway, I have to go now talk later
Her: tasty
Me: have a good evening
Her: thanx, you too:)
Me: think about what we talked about (yes, all of it!)
Her: bye

Me: bye

I get a sexy underwear photo two weeks later, and her London trip is looking ever stronger.

Mediocre nightgame in Camden

krauserpua · 28 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've been experimenting with ways to shoot nightgame sets. It's kinda hard because of the darkness and noise. Here's a taster me and Burto did last weekend. No real magic to be seen in set. We were just drinking and seeing what we could do with the paucity of fuckable women in the bar. Got a couple of facebooks from the Finnish girls that I never bothered adding.

I bang my first 24yr old Brazilian waitress

krauserpua · 1 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This is a Royal Wedding special. Friday was a glorious day to be English. The future King of England marries his mannish disobedient trollop, and Krauser *finally* closes a Brazilian nine he's been working since the autumn of 2010. Allow me to recap the story.

I'm out with **Suave** around Piccadilly at the arse end of August when a very elegant and poised brunette strides past on the other side of the road. Aside from her obvious physical charms she has an athletic grace and coordination. I open telling her she looks like a horse-rider who's lost her horse (she had tight beige trousers and riding-style boots). She laughs, hooks and tells me she's a fresh-off-the-boat Brazilian. Ten minutes and I take her number. Light text game ensues, none of it very good work from me. Too boring, too nice guy. A week later we meet for a drink and she bizarrely tells me she's only got twenty minutes between appointments. The language is stilted too. I walk away having cross her off the list. A failed set.



Burto believes the world is unfair, after what I did

About two weeks later I reopen her and we swap texts for a while until we have a proper date. I take her around Covent Garden, run rapport, and kiss close her in The Three Keys pub. It's all going well but it sets up a pattern that will continue throughout the set – when she's physically present she's massively into me and IOIing, but when she's on the end of the phone she's flighty and flakey. Third date is more of the same, another fortnight later. While we are in the pub I finger fuck her next to the bar, in bright lights and full of people. She loves the public danger of it. Can't get her home. A week after that I bump into her in Covent Garden when I'm walking down the street holding hands with my **Thai girl**. She doesn't like that at all.

By late October I get a late night call from Suave and then **Moran**. They were out doing street game in Oxford Street and opened her. After a couple of minutes Suave (talking in Portuguese) realises it's my target. Like a solid wing, he instantly curbs his intent and starts DHVing me to her, and Moran joins in. She texts me an hour later gushing at how fate struck.

More messing around from her ensues. I meet her at the station by my house and she won't come home, so we end

up in some chav pub for a drink before she wants to bail. Around this time she has to return to Brazil for Christmas and to care for a dying relative. She keeps sending me texts like:

- “Hi Krauser, I arrived in Brazil on Monday and I’m really sad about my [relative], his problem is very serious and I don’t know yet when I go back to London. Miss u….” (mid-November)
- “Hi Krauser, nice to hear from you I’m fine but still worried about my [relative] – And you? Are u okay? Tell me the news. Miss you and I’m always thinking of you….” (late November)
- “Why are you smashed? lol What happened? Miss you a lot x” (early December)
- “Everything is fine here, I’m enjoying the summer as much as I can before I go back to the cold London. Enjoy the party, but please don’t cheat on me! I wish I was there x” (mid December)

You get the idea. She keeps affirming her adoration for me in texts and then not actually wanting to meet for dates. I dismiss her as a games-player. In January she’s back and we have another date, another makeout, and then nothing. I’ve ruled her out for the third time and enforce radio silence. Then, in early April I’m out in Piccadilly with a student when I just bump into her. An extremely awkward conversation ensues in which I lose the frame at the end and say “give me a text sometime and we’ll go out.” I write her off for about the fifteenth time. I’ve been letting this girl dick me around too much and I’ve only half-hearted listened to my core (which was saying “she’s fucked in the head, next her”)

Surprisingly, this is where the momentum builds to the lay. Sometimes sets seem gone, and they rescue themselves. She texts me the next day saying she’s glad we met, has been working alot lately and “but i would love to see you again with more time… I like you a lot but as a friend… and i dont know if it is ok for you… xxx” I’m done with the idea of fucking her so I’m fine accepting the LJBF. I tell her that’s fine because I’m not single anymore. I ignore her and a week later she hits me up on Friday morning asking if I’m free that night.



… and in a way, I guess it is

I go out fully intending to do the LJBF thing. We agreed to meet 8pm in Camden and true to form she texts 15 minutes before to say she’s late and can we meet at half past. I say ok and change location to another pub down the road. She’s on time and I so zero sexual interest in her for three hours. I’m just leaning back, using solid non-verbals, and doing zero chasing or escalation. And lo and behold, she starts chasing me hard. Leaning in, kinoing me, bringing up sexual topics, verbally IOIing me. I consider these to be a trap, bait to see if I jump with my tail wagging like a little puppy. She’s confused when I don’t and chases harder. I realise about two hours in that she’s burning a flame for me and all that “just friends” talk was bullshit. I’d kinda assumed she was LJBFing me because I’d failed to meet her attraction threshold. Now I realise it was the opposite. She was trying to LJBF me because she was too attracted to me and knew that as a player I could hurt her.

Hmmmm. Back to game mode.

I continue to give her the friends treatment but throw her a bone every now and then about how she's physically my type. I tell her I'd have dated her but she's too random and flakey. She asks to see pictures of my last girlfriend and the next one, and I really enjoy showing them. P..r…e…..selection! A catwalk model and a large-breasted wonder girl. It's well on now. We're both getting drunk. We end up in the pub that Amy Winehouse always passes out in at midnight. Some local higher-beta types try to hit on her but she doesn't get out of her seat as they stand in front of her losing value. I ignore it and open an Italian couple next to me. The chodes continue:

Chode: You seem tall
Her: Oh, thanks
Chode: How tall are you?
Her: 5′ 9″
Chode: Hmmm, you seem a bit shorter
Her: Oh
Me: He's trying to make you stand up to show him. Stand up.
Her: Oh, ok. **stands up**

The chode gives it a few minutes of dancing monkey and then gets dismissed. Brazilian sits back down and tries to join my conversation with the Italians. I've just made her think I'm trying to palm her off on other guys. So she IOIs me more. She's telling me how much she likes me, how I'm a nice guy, the only guy she can rely on etc. I take her to another pub and we are trashed now. She has to go outside for fresh air so I let her, and stay inside drinking. Ten minutes later I go out to find her slumped on the floor against the wall with two chode white knights trying to rescue her. I check on her, tell them she's my guest (NOT my girl) and go back and drink. I'm really not fussed about her getting stolen, although to be honest the chodes couldn't even outsarge Jambone. I go back out again ten minutes later and just pull her up and inside. She's leaning on me on the seats and I go have a piss. I come back and one of the chodes is in my seat, next to my beer, hitting on her. I chuck him out of my seat and he slinks away.

I'm now telling her we'll smoke dope back at my house. First I walk her up to Primrose Hill at 2am. We are drunk and need to sober up a bit. We lay down and look at the stars. Finally I kiss her, for the first time in three months. She likes it. We're getting cold so I walk her back to the main road and score some dope from a local shifty black guy. And then it's a bus home.

She's acting up a bit know, verbalising her own attempts to LJBF me. I give her a quick tour of the house and then we roll up in my room and smoke. I'm going for the Burto dope close routine. She loosens up and we make out. She's giving me all the "we won't have sex" talk. I try escalating her about three times and she keeps knocking me back when I try to get past her tits. Finally I decide to just lie back and sleep. I've really had enough. She's been setting hoops and traps for me for several months and this is just yet another one, I think. So I lie back, shut my eyes, and prepare to sleep.

My core awakens. No! Fuck this! I'm not taking this! Bitch comes into my bed, bitch is gonna get fucked.

I go after her with strong intent. She says no, I say yes, she says "aahhhhh" and squirms in pleasure. I know by now that she's extremely turned on when I breath in her ear and lick her earlobe, so I do this and caress her. I force my hand between her legs and rub her up, breaking through her token resistence. I finger her hard and she's grabbing me tight, moaning, reaching for my cock. That mutual caressing is the **Its On Moment**. For the first time since I met her I'm convinced I'm *definitely* fucking her. I pull away a bit and move my cock to her face.

Her: We are not….. ahhh….. having…. ahhh….. sex
Me: No we aren't. We're just friends. **frigs her harder, pushes cock to her mouth**
Her: ahhh… do you have a condom

I turn to get the condom and when I turn back she's ripped her panties off. So I stick it in her and squash her into the mattress for half an hour. She has a fantastically firm gym body. Literally the best body I've ever dignified with

my cock. As I'm nailing her from behind, grabbing a handful of her hair, getting her to tell me how much she likes my cock in her, three thoughts cross my mind:

- Its the wee hours of the final day of April when I get a new notch. This means I have fucked a new girl every calendar month for a full year – I get the twelfth month at the death. And three of the last four were full on nines.
- Poor old Prince William is consumating his marriage with a 30+ unremarkable trout at the same time I'm consumating my new notch that cost me two beers and a bag of dope.
- Jimmy is sleeping alone next door, doubtless hearing the whole affair, crying tears of ineptitude.

Do looks matter? – Mr Potato Head edition

krauserpua · 2 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As men we are primarily attracted to women for their beauty, that being a proxy for health and fertility. The twin-attack of beta social conditioning (trying to get girly men to obsess about their looks) and psychological projection (assuming other people believe what you believe) means many men assume good looks are necessary to bang the hottest girls.

Well, I believe there's a simple acid test to whether a guy has game:

Is he fucking girls who are physically better looking than he is?

I see many guys leaving clubs with girls where he is clearly a couple of points above her on the looks scale. He's got no game, is my immediate unassailable conclusion. It takes no game at all for a male 9 to pull a female 7. All it requires is some intent and avoiding the most outrageous fuck-ups.

But if I see a fat guy with skinny legs and a pasty face walking around with a hot girl, or a short fat criminal who looks like Hitler's nerdier brother with a hot girl……. then I think the man has game. Below I've appended a video I shot this morning with my latest girl. She has just informed me she is a stripper. She has good looking guys hit on her constantly. I ask her to comment on my good looks.

Facebook Game: Osama Bin Laden is burning in a Christian hell edition

krauserpua · 4 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm still expecting to deflower this virgin but I wonder if our hostile chat is conducive to the goal. See this recent chat. After a long argument with **Croatian Mouse**, where she is having a go at me for fucking a muslim virgin in the ass….

Me: yeah whatever there's a world of difference between the Bible and Koran I dislike both, but the Bible is not a savage 7th century murder manual
Her: it's Qur'an
Me: it's bullshit, is what it is
Her: go read a Qur'an
Me: I'd rather eat dogshit
Her: it's just sad you don't understand the differences between the cultures… you hate indians as well maybe?
Me: No. I've got no problem with Indians, or with Hindus and Sikhs
Her: ..just Muslims, cause they believe in something that's obviously a pure bullshit?
Me: no I don't mind that Islam is bullshit. ALL religions are bullshit I mind that Islam is evil, expansionist, savage bullshit
Her: oh, Islam is just worse that others?
Me: yes
Her: Islam is NOT evil
Me: Muslims are not evil. Islam is evil
Her: try to study it a bit… I got that point
Me: take your clothes off
Her: still, you're so very wrong you know, every time I speak to you…it just mostly makes me wanna hit you…but that would turn you on, so…that's all just lame
Me: it's because you're attracted to me Girls say "I didn't know whether I wanted to hit him or kiss him"
Her: you're not an option. and once upon a time I even thought we could be friends, but obviously girls are not good friends, so….there's nothing between us, and it will stay this way you just never say something that would surprise me in a good way
Me: send me a naked photo then
Her: you think you're smart? you think you're a good person?
Me: I was the smartest person in school in everything, every year
Her: you think you're an alpha?
Me: I know I'm a good person It's not for me to judge if I'm alpha – only girls can decide that
Her: I just don't like you
Me: that's ok you can still suck my cock

On a related note, I was in a Facebook chat with my latest Brazilian girl while I was writing this post. I accidently copied and pasted the post heading into the chat with her. Oops! So, I've changed the title incase she googles it.

My flags

krauserpua · 5 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've never paid any attention to flags. I just wasn't comfortable about objectifying women, treating them as objects, reducing them down to another member of a foreign tribe. Hang on, that's not right. No, my woeful disinterest in flag-rousting comes from my goals for game and the things I like about women. Specifically:

> - I am strongly attracted to girls from a limited geographical / ethnic range and completely unattracted to girls from outside that. I adore Portuguese, Spanish, Japanese, Thai, Brazilian, Colombian, Russian, Lithuanian, Latvian, Croatian, Nigerian, Tunisian, Turkish and Italian girls. All the rest can go piss up a rope for all I care and thus I'd derive little pleasure from capturing Mongolian or Scottish flags.
> - All I really care about in a woman is what I see standing in front of me. I don't give a flying fuck about her nationality, her resume, her life achievements, her social class etc. She stands or falls in my eyes by what she can show me about herself in the interaction we are having. External props mean nothing except as a story. The above-mentioned countries count to me because of the ethnic flavour and mannerisms.
> - I don't fuck girls for the story, generally. I want to enjoy the experience of chasing and nailing her, not of telling a wacky tale later to my friends when drunk.

So this blog will not be turning into a 50 Flags. That's Burto's thing and he's progressing nicely with it. However, I was just checking out Wonka's stats and it got me thinking how many flags I do have. Here we go:

Pre-game
– English only until I graduated
– Japanese (many times)

New game flags
– Nigerian (but English-raised)
– Romanian
– Thai
– Libyan
– Tunisian (but French-raised)
– Turkish
– Kazhak
– Polish
– Dutch
– Croatian
– Australian (does this even count?)
– Lithuanian
– Latvian
– Uzbeki (but culturally Russian)
– Brazilian

Updated

- Canadian
- Russian
- Estonian
- Spanish
- Italian

- Norwegian
- Chinese
- Bosnian
- Czech

Girls I've put my cock into but not legitimately fucked: Greek, Azerbajhani, Somali. Looking at that list it would seem I'm an unacknowledged flagger – **26 lifetime flags, 24 from game, 13 in the last twelve months**. And I'm going to Estonia soon. Now wouldn't it be awesome to beat Burto to 50 Flags without actually trying?

How to declaw a stripper and turn her into a pussycat

krauserpua · 6 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My new **stripper girl** is a fairly tough one to figure out but I think I've gotten it. She always responded well to pushes and badly to pulls. As JJ says, "attraction is created in the push." Anytime I tried to move things along and escalate her she would reject me but anytime I sat and chilled she'd escalate me. I'm not used to this. I'm used to providing the direction in the pick-up and leading the girl along. But this one is used to leading guys and thus requires more subtlety until she's broken in. Allow me to quote Tariq Nasheed on how to game pros:

When you are dealing with a female who is in the game, you have to establish very quickly that you are not a man who can be manipulated sexually. Because a woman who is in the game will quickly test any man she comes into contact with.

These women are used to dominating and manipulating men every day. So you have to have a boss mentality and stand up to any test these women might spring to you…… All women have an insatiable need for companionship. And this is especially true for women in the game. It's so difficult for women in the game to sustain meaningful, significant relationships – when most guys step to women in the game, they are either trying to pay for sex, or they're trying to hustle up some free sex – that these women have a stronger need for real companionship. That's what a pimp, boss player, or true mack provides: companionship for women in the game.

Reading this slotted lots of confusing things into place from my girl, particularly how she is craving my approval and for me to like her but firm in rejecting sexual advances (and yet immediately throwing out more come ons). But I've figured it out now. The soul collection proceeds according to these principles:

> - Never ever escalate her. Always wait for her to escalate me and then grudgingly go along with it.
> - Don't react to her come ons. Make her put her intention on the line.
> - Don't react to her push-aways and take-aways. She'll be back.
> - Rapport, rapport, rapport, but never from a position of weakness
> - Never forget the lure of my ability to provide order in her disorderly life, and my high-level rapport skills.



"if a girl gives you the finger, you've been blown out"

So far the recent timeline has been:

Friday: First date in three months, lots of drinking, f-close
Saturday: I take her to Starbucks for coffee and leave her there while I teach bootcamp. She is super keen to join me and my friends on the night, and then bails. She keeps telling me how amazing Friday was.
Sunday: She comes all dolled up to the Chateau RSG barbeque and sleeps over. Very deep rapport, won't fuck. Stays overnight cockteasing me. She's testing my frame.
Monday: We walk out to Hampstead Heath for a few hours then I put her on a bus home.
Tuesday: the following Facebook chat…..

Her: Heyy! I also forgot my earrings there! Did you find them? *[she'd already left her ring, all very deliberate. I think she's trying to bait me into inviting her back over to collect them]*
Me: maybe you forgot your brain too
Her: why?
Me: forgetting everything
Her: we have to do something nice this week again
Me: Ramen
Her: what is that? talk to meeeeee ok! bye

[three hours pass, she deletes a photo she'd just put up and tagged of us together in the park]

Her: hey jelly belly! what are you doing? *[I pass the test of not chasing, and sure enough she comes back, seeking rapport with callback humour]*
Me: eating pies and cakes so I can become fatter *[agree and amplify]*
Her: hmmmmmm i'm hungry!! i'll make something to eat and then become fatter than you..
Me: you already are fatter than me, darlin' *[I want to bust on her for a while, show I'm not like the tricks who worship her body]*
Her: joke! i cant eat anything i'm on diet do sayy that!!!! i'm already so sad!
Me: diet = +10 points for you

Her: you have to cheer me up hahahaha ridiculous look at for your big jelly belly :p
Me: I took a photo of us on Sunday morning



She's the fat one

Her: hahahaha nice couple exactly the way i fell right now no foods today just fruits you should do the same *[it sounds innocuous but she's constantly trying to lead]*
Me: Are you telling me what to do, woman????
Her: always
Me: I am the boss of my own life the king numero uno head honcho the big cheese you are a squirrel in the king's garden *[frame her]*
Her: go watch the match dont wast time on fb and go work out your jelly belly its muck better .. hihihi much
Me: Actually, I'm helping my friend Burto with a project this evening remember him, the fat one? a little bit fatter than you
Her: i think i know wait

Stripper is offline.
[I log off to show I don't wait around for her and as soon as I log on again three hours later, she reopens me]

Her: I deleted your taget in my photo too agressive i guess…hehehe *[she's finessing her overreaction which is approval-seeking]*
Me: ! *[ambiguous]*
Her: olo
Me: I didn't think you were aggressive just crazy…….. olo means what?
Her: i did wrong…. lol haha so ok…
Me: I thought you were drawing a cock and balls *[sexualise without chasing]*
Her: hahahahahaha not bad ideia for u
Me: 8————D
Her: this photo look exactly like u!! *[referring to a Mr Potato Head photo I uploaded to my wall]*
Me: I like potatoes and cheese
Her: you are a potato and smell like cheese
Me: that's so mean -5 points for Stripper
Her: hahaha
Me: say something nice, or I'll hold my breath until I die … .. .
Her: dont get sad… i like you anyway hahaha
Me: + 0.05
Her: *[she loves the fun banter]*

Me: I thought you were working today
Her: tomorrow its every other day
Me: ah I've had a lazy day. Painting the cinema room, reading How was your day? *[there has to be some rapport]*
Her: very lazy as well…just went to the supermarket and nothing else. spent all day at home but tomorrow will be crazy so its good to take a rest today
Me: Yes. It's nice to have time by yourself with no pressures or work *[not taking the bait to ask why tomorrow is so crazy. It's more important to show I won't be lead]*
Her: yes…that's what i need i guess i also forgot my toothpaste there..hehe *[another attempt to bait me into inviting her over, and how did she manage to leave three things in my room in one night, and why did she have toothpaste that night when I never told her in advance she'd be staying over? But she's chasing hard now, frustrated that I'm not inviting her out again]*
Me: if you want to leave things in my room, leave money *[I'm the prize]*
Her: hahahha that's impossible no money
Me: ok, food
Her: fat!
Me: no, you're not so fat. Don't worry about it *[reframe]*
Her: hahaha you are terribleeee you won! i'm gonna sleep… talk to you tomorrow too tired bye bye
Me: ok, sleep well
Her: tks xx

Frame control battles in Facebook

krauserpua · 9 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My Brazilian is doing more push-pull. She hassles me for a date on Sunday night and then cancels an hour before saying she's tired. Ok, whatever. She's been like this since the moment we met. I log on to Facebook and within thirty seconds she hits me up. Remember my rules for this seduction. This is pure frame control.

Her: bom dia! oiii see you tmrw? *[She always opens me]*
Me: grrrrr rrrrrrr rrrrrrr r *[immeditately snatch the hoop and take the conversation off in my direction – playfully]*
Her: what happens? bad mood? *[wondering if it's because she cancelled the date a few hours earlier, so I have to squash that reframe]*
Me: it's my wolf noise
Her: i know! hahaha terrible *[IOI – picture her sitting alone in her room at her laptop with nothing much to do tonight. I'm the warm end of the pool, triggering positive emotions with mere text]*
Me: are you not scared? I could eat you *[keep running off in my own direction, leading]*
Her: you shoud see my face right now
Me: I can hear your teeth chattering *[from a Raymond Chandler book]*
Her: yeah! I'm really scared! :p what did you do today? *[IOI then rapport-seeking]*
Me: lunch with friends a few drinks it's been hot again my head is gonna be like a tomato *[let her know my day didn't suck because she cancelled, then stack]*
Her: love this weather! Sooo good!! we need to go to the park very soon again! i'm in needy to sunbathe too white *[she's chasing, wants more of me….]*
Me: are you gonna make sandwiches? *[…and I'm not easily caught. Set her a hoop where she is submissive]*
Her: me?? *[Mild playful shit test to see if I back down. It would be accompanied by an incredulous look if delivered face to face]*
Me: you're the woman *[man-woman frame, give her my expectations that she can either satisfy or fail]*
Her: ok! You buy everything and i make the sandwich what do you think? *[she accepts]*
Me: Hmmmmm perhaps maybe you'll poison me *[so hammer the frame harder, playfully]*
Her: maybeeeee so be NICE! and dont forget the beers *[she likes the banter]*
Me: no, I didn't mean deliberately poison me I think your cooking is probably so bad, you'll poison me accidently I'm watching a Nicolas cage movie tonight *[finish this thread and then stack before it gets stale. Note I haven't asked her anything about her day]*
Her: which film?
Me: [link to Drive Angry trailer on youtube] badass!
Her: very you! bad bad.. *[Big IOI and rapport-seeking]*
Me: I'm in the movie *[I like the blatant cocky self-aggrandisement like what WWE wrestlers do in promos. But it must be tongue in cheek]*
Her: hahaha tell me who are you in the movie? *[playing along]*
Me: the tough guy
Her: wait i need to go toilet [ten minutes later] oii what are you doing? *[she feels the need to inform me of her movements so I won't wander off. This is different to a girl who simply disappears for 10 minutes without notice]*
Me: lying down on my bed with Bongo *[my panda teddy. Paint an image of me in bed, reminding her of last time she was over]*
Her: how is Bongo? Missing me? *[she likes all these silly games]*
Me: he doesn't like you he said you're a bully *[push]*
Her: why not? i like him *[resists push, wants to be close]*
Me: you threw him around he has two black eyes now *[release]*
Her: hahahaha i was just having fun with him he's cutee a little bit dirty but cute i bet you never took

him a shower *[adding value]*
Me: I use him as a sponge what you donig?
Her: talking to you and watching videos i'm feeling very very lazy today
Me: that's everyday for you
Her: shut uppp i'm working a lot need a rest and i spent all this weekend out i just got home *[I feel like the attraction will stall out if I keep it spinning, so I'm ready to move into some rapport]*
Me: what we you doing today? *were *[next eight sentences are rapport]*
Her: went to spitafield with a friend i spent all my afternoon there really cool have you been there?
Me: yeah, a few times there's a few good bars and cafes
Her: want to go to brick lane as well es yes!
Me: for curry?
Her: for curry? why? its is not a market?
Me: yeah, but it's most famous for all the curry houses
Her: hmmm i dont like much
Me: Japanese curry is better I've been cooking that recently with tofu, carrot, potato, over rice mmmmmm
Her: hmmmmmm you gonna cook for me? *[more chasing from her]*
Me: if you bring dope, yes or beer *[snatch the hoop]*
Her: be nice at least once
Me: I'm not good at being nice I try but it's not natural
Her: you woke up my belly i'm hungry
Me: jelly belly
Her: iron belly lets go to [pub name] tomorrow? *[the third overt attempt from her to set up a date, and I keep deflecting]*
Me: you owe me 2 pints you buying? *[I'm no trick]*
Her: nooooo you owe me 3 pints
Me: you just made that up!
Her: you are crazy
Me: I know it's what people like about me
Her: dont try to pretend i dont. *[This seems to be a sign that she wants me to be more real, but it could also be a shit test. I'm not sure]*
Me: ? does tat mean you're getting the first round of beers? *that *[so I'm ambiguous and then stack]*
Her: i dont have money i quite my job *[yeah, sure]*
Me: ! I'm not buying a night of drinks let's make our own cocktails *[remain strong]*
Her: noooooo i want to go out tomorrow bring the cocktails
Me: to a pub? now you're the crazy one
Her: hahahaha hiden
Me: go earn some money *[she will not getting me tricking out for her]*
Her: to save some money
Me: well, you are gonna have to find some money between now and tomorrow night otherwise we will be drinking cheap lager in the park somewhere *[set the expectations for her to meet or fail]*
Her: not a good idea we can smoke in the park this is a good idea but ok i can afford 2 beers nothing else *[accepts]*
Me: ok, we'll arrange something tomorrow I'm gonna watch that movie downstairs now *[job done, get out of there]*
Her: ok bye bye
Me: have a good evening
Her: tks you too!

More frame control battling on Facebook

krauserpua · 10 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This is a continuation of the previous post. I'd just logged off to go watch a movie and pretty much the moment I log back on, she's opening me again. My reading is that she's almost on the hook and is wanting to submit to me but her rationalisation hamster requires a few more spins before it's satisfied.

Her: how was the movie?
Me: oh you….. heh! it was awesome! guns cars explosions sex fights *[contrast game between the educated sophisticated guy and the retarded caveman]*
Her: as i said..very YOU! *[big IOI]*
Me: I usually like Nicolas Cage movies we share the same brain *[yet again, I yank the conversation off the usual well-worn treads and run with it]*
Her: i think is time to change your brain you need a soft, polite, kind brain *[an IOI because she is invested enough to want to modify my behaviour. But obviously also a shit test to beta-tise me]*
Me: I can be soft, polite and kind occasionally
Her: how many girls did you approach in Oxford St today? haha *[she knows I teach]*
Me: None. Too many Brazilians. Crazy, brunette Brazilians (the annoying type) *[agree and amplify, frame her as bratty]*
Her: very funy :p the best ones you meant to say
Me: There's one Brazilian I really like but he's in Sao Paulo now *[she's met Suave, so she knows who I mean. I leave about thirty seconds between the sentences for comedic timing]*
Her: i knew it
Me: heh! *[an all-purpose response when she doesn't give you enough to work with]*
Her:
Me: you can be my 2nd favourite Brazilian *[never ever 1st. It's a good game to rank a girl really low on some ridiculous list e.g. "you are my 25th favourite thing in the world. Above eggs, below elephants"]*
Her:
Me: actually, no my 2nd favourite is Pele you can be 3rd
Her: hahahahhahaha *[she's loving it. No-one talks to her like this]*
Me: in fact this is my 3rd favourite



Her: hahahahaha you are boring but i have to say you amuse me *[another IOI but as usual she won't quite fold her cards]*

Me: blah blah blah *[another general purpose response. It's important not to start preening myself in pride at the compliment she gave. She's used to guys jumping on it]*
Her: keep makes me laugh
Me: laugh quietly don't disturb your neighbours *[order her around]*
Her: I laughed loud the guy next to my room is studing now you see what you do is your fault
Me: I feel very bad now my conscience is hurting me he might fail his exams be thrown out of school be unemployed start taking drugs *[again I yank the conversation away and go off on a tangent]*
Her: i hope so….i dont like him! hehe *[do NOT co-sign bad behaviour, even though its clearly playful. It's a great chance to show I don't pander to her whims.]*
Me: that's very mean. -5 points for you be nice be super nice
Her: laugh loud againn hahaha you are so nice…+10 points for you now i have to go… *[she's rapport-seeking by mirroring my points scale, but it's also a subtle frame steal]*
Me: cool, I'm on 3,423,978 points [link] *[agree and amplify]*

Her: dislike
Me: boo *[she didn't give me much, so I don't give much]*
Her: ghost?
Me: similar, but more scary it'll give you nightmares
Her: -20 points be nice! *[rapport-seeking and frame-stealing. This girl is sharp]*
Me: ok Sleep well, have sweet dreams *[she's not giving enough value to hold my attention so I politely dismiss her, even though I'm just reframing her need to go as my need to go]*
Her: tks you too
Me:
Her: bye

Playful defiance – the Latino movie actress

krauserpua · 12 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Girls love a defiant man. Imagine your life symbolised as a hilltop castle. When you meet a girl you want to poke you are inviting her to your lair. At first she's going to kick the walls, bang on the raised drawbridge and inspect the battlements. She'll huff and she'll puff and she'll try to blow your house down. But you, sir, do not live in a house of straw. You are the piggy who bought the bricks. The girl shit tests your castle and you win her over with hard dominance.

Now she enters. She makes her way to the garden to see if you have flowers, trees and a water fountain. Then she'll frollick into the courtroom to lounge on the cushions and admire the draperies. The girl is seeing if this is the kind of place she'd like to live. Is the inside of your castle a barren prison fit only for hard-faced men-at-arms, dour defenders of civilisation from the hordes? Or is it an opulent palace of pleasure that would make Antony and Cleopatra blush? The girl is testing you for soft dominance.

If you pass both tests she'll leave her earrings on your bed and her hair in your shower drain. She's entered your reality and likes it there.

Bad boys have hard domince. Nice guys have soft dominance. Players have both. An early, easy and fun way to project hard dominance onto a girl is through teasing and defiance. You are communicating to her *I will not be cowed*. Her bullshit isn't legal tender in this bar.

So, I'm out with Whitewolf doing my first proper daygame session in over a month. I do a few solo approaches and get an instant date with some Chilean student. Nothing special, the vibe isn't really there. I stop a Spaniard, then a Russian, then a Persian. The girls are stopping but I'm a bit off the pace, not quite on form. Considering my lengthy sabbatical I'm nonetheless fairly pleased. Then finally, a great set.

I see a tall black chick cross the road and open. Boom! She loves it. Right girl, right time, right mood. I'm immediately busting on her saying her long legs look like a giraffe, she has claw-hands like a basketballer, and she's one of those sex perverts who watches zebras fucking on nature documentaries. I bounce her across the road for a coffee. Number. The texting is going well. Electricity is injected into this set.

I meet my Brazilian stripper for a late lunch. She's acting funny so I ditch her and rejoin Whitewolf. As we are strolling down South Bank I dive onto this chick, **Latino Actress**. She also hooks strong. She's also the right type of girl and I've built up strong vibe in the past two hours. I bust her hard and bounce for coffee, then onwards for two pints. I'm starting to think there's an SDL in this but an insurmountable logistical barrier presents itself via her boss calling her in for a late shift. Bah!

Here's video from when we had the second pint. Just note how I'm framing her and introducing sexual topics and future projections. We'd already agreed to rob a bank with her dressed as a whore to distract security.

Daygame Nitro – Street Pick-Up For Alpha Males

krauserpua · 22 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's finally here. My own Leviathan. This is my pride and joy. For the past six months I've been hard at work formulating my model, fleshing it out, testing it, getting fellow daygamers to review it. Finally I'm able to put into words, into a step-by-step guide, the entirety of the Krauser Daygame Model.



I announce to the world **Daygame Nitro: Street Pick-up For Alpha Males**. The *definitive* textbook on daygame. This is a handsome 167-page hardback edition with 35,000 words explaining how I pick up girls. Let the revolution begin!

Buy it here.

Learn to pick up girls off the street. Stone cold sober.

In this book Nick Krauser lays out the full plan. From waking up in the morning to putting your cock inside the girl in a coffee-shop toilets, Nick guides you step-by-step through the mindsets, the values, the things to say, the ways to hold eye contact. Everything.

This is an end-to-end exposition of how cool guys pick up banging-hot girls, sweeping them off their feet and into the bedroom. It's not what you're thinking. You don't need to be good-looking. You won't be driving a sports car, and you certainly won't be spending any money on the girls.

This is about personal charismatic value. What it is, how to build it, and most importantly how to project it to the girls.

This is the ultimate reframe. This is about hunting down the hottest girls in the world and making them feel lucky that you chose them. This is…

Street pick-up for alpha males.

There will be no ebook. I have no plans to discount the price. The entirety of the book's publishing and distribution is outsourced to Lulu, so any ordering queries should be addressed to them. All I will see is my royalties

when they show up in my bank account. From order to receipt varies but seems to take 1-2 weeks. Any queries about the book's content, put it in the comments to this post and I'll try to answer them.

Buy it here

The Daygame Blueprint

krauserpua · 31 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This weekend I had the privilege of working at the Woodstock of daygame. For three days most of the top London guys were herded together for one event to go end-to-end through the Yad/Yosha daygame model. A nice swanky hotel, fifty students, expensive camera kit – the full David D-esque superconference experience. Yad had called me up to help out on the infield and by the last day I ended up doing an impromptu half hour lecture on text game.



A drum solo between acts

A fantastic experience. Great material, great guys.

This isn't a review because the DVDs aren't out yet but unlike other "super conferences" that are mostly muppets upselling bullshit products, these were real guys delivering real material: Yad, Yosha, Torero, Alex Love, Sasha, Tomcat.

I made about six pages of notes. I was picking out little nuggets here and there. Sometimes one of the guys would have a turn of phrase that elegantly encapsulated an idea, or some tiny adjustment I hadn't thought of. The general model was familiar ground to me (but would be gold dust to a newcomer). I'm not gonna rip off their material here, just point out a couple of cool insights:

> - Attraction is built on raw unfiltered expression
> - Not being yourself creates inhibitions and doubts from the beginning, by denying your expression
> - If you wake up one day and your energy is amazing, don't waste it. Go find a girl
> - The masculine vibe must overpower the feminine for attraction to happen
> - When you exchange numbers, make sure she's putting a character into her phone, not a random guy
> - The answers are not in your memory, they are right in front of you
> - No one cares when a stranger talks about themselves. You are that stranger.
> - A high value girl is happy to give you two minutes of nothing as a test. It's great. Don't be thrown off.

I might talk about a concept or two in more details later.

Trialing a new Facebook escalation method

krauserpua · 4 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This came out of nowhere. Totally opportunistic. I'm dicking around on facebook and set up a Spanish girl to be a fuck buddy on Monday. A girl I instant-dated last summer and haven't seen since. Couldn't even kiss close her. But three days of FB chat and she's up for it.



Opportunity knocks

So this girl comes online. Haven't seen her since winter – a five minute street close that went precisely nowhere. She accepted the facebook add, chatted a few times, then nothing. Couldn't get a date or phone number. She comes online for the first time in months and I go right into it – same routine as the Spaniard but with far less comfort built up. At first she's just playing along like its a game but you can gradually sense she realises I'm serious and she's getting warm to the idea.

Amazing how a flagrant booty call can be taken so well if you package it right. I haven't fucked her but I'd say the probability went from 1% to 35%.

Me: the little pervert is back
Her: lol how you??
Me: it' summer weather, I'm great! pervert
Her: why am i a pervert?
Me: you look like one big raccoon eyes shaking your sexy little ass when you walk
Her: your the pervert
Me: you're the bigger pervert (not literally, you're only little)
Her: no im not i am little but best things come in small packages
Me: You think about sex all the time I don't. I'm pure like fresh snow
Her: shut up you silly bum
Me: see, all you can think about is my bum pervert
Her: arghhhhhhh

Me: now you are having sex chat! :O
Her: shut upppp
Me: I'm shocked. I'm gonna tell my mum
Her: ok fine im the pervert and im thinking about your bum
Me: I have a tattoo of a rat on my bum it looks like you you can come and lick it sometime I mean, LOOK at it sometime
Her: yuck you idiot where's your panda tattoo? (i hope you have one)
Me: No. That would be silly
Her:
Me: Where are you from? remind me
Her: im from london i live in a house and i am a human
Me: you liar
Her: enough information?
Me: you are a little rat and you live in the sewers under Aldgate tube station I'm the rat catcher
Her: you muppet
Me: I have a net with your name on it fraggle
Her: shut upppp your so mean
Me: I heard little fraggles like you are the worst at sex
Her: well if you say so your always right…and i'm always wrong
Me: heh I think you're really cute, though
Her: thanks…but you shouldn't judge until youve tried…..
Me: oh, I didn't say I think you'd be a good lay I just think you have cute mannerisms and an itty-bitty-wascally cute face if I was gonna get married …. you could be my mistress
Her: your such a dork
Me: of course, we'd have to work on your attitude you're kinda disobedient
Her: but thats the best part trying to tame me
Me: I'd throw you over my knee and spank your little bum then send you to make me a cup of tea
Her: awww would that tire you out so much that you'd need a break owell
Me: if the tea is nice, I'd have your knickers on the floor within a minute throw you on my bed bite your neck slap your arse again then drink my tea
Her: ha ha o how lovely for me
Me: I'm a bit selfish that way
Her: i can tell
Me: I'd probably make you cum a few times but it would be a side-effect not the main show
Her: hmmmmmmm that's not being selfish now is it
Me: Ok, I'll admit it sometimes I'm the romantic sort sometimes inbetween slamming a girl into the mattress I can sometimes kiss her, nibble her ear, and softly bite her neck
Her: aww how sweet…
Me: I think you would break which is unfortunate
Her: i wouldn't break but you'd have to see that for yourself
Me: hmmm, are you offering to make the tea?
Her: i'll think about that…maybe ok…fine you've twisted my arm
Me: Ok, agreed Get in a taxi I'll pay half
Her: ok fine im doing that right now
Me: [my postcode]
Her: ok expect me over in a bit i hope your ready
Me: Text me when you're on the way [my number]
Her: alright will do
Me: cool, put a skirt on if possible I've have the kettle boiling

Her: why a skirt?
Me: □ I like skirts It's not crucial but I like them
Her: ok well i was thinking of just a black mac and my underwear but whatever floats your boat
Me: sounds cool do what excites you and I'll keep up my side of the bargain and make you cum all night see you soon
Her: ok see you in a bit
Me: □
[she goes offline]

Catwalk model bounceback

krauserpua · 7 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's one of the bouncebacks I got during this week's trip to Estonia. It's not the greatest because ultimately I can't fuck the girl, but on the plus side:

1. She's a catwalk model
2. She's a teenager
3. She's a virgin
4. It took me an hour from open to my door

So all things considered I did ok. I might update this post with some play-by-by. Dunno, me and Burto have gotten fucking loads of material this trip and it's gonna take forever to sift it all. Estonian girls are well nice, I'm as happy as a pig in shit.

I'll rate her a high eight.

Kill Momentum 101 – Don’t move your feet

krauserpua · 8 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One of our students on the Estonia residential had never heard of the “Yad stop”, where you jump in front of the girl and stop her dead in her tracks. It’s the basic bread and butter of London daygame. So we taught him that and his results jump up immediately.

It’s always tempting for guys to follow a girl. Even when you’ve done your big “stop” movement, the girl might keep walking and then your feet will start following her automatically. Resist it. Don’t chase the girl. Don’t pander to her whims. A man who holds his ground exercises a magnetic power over women.

Here’s an example.

This hot young thing turned out to be a mum on her way home to her small child. A fair excuse. For training purposes just notice how I never move my feet, I keep talking, and I order her around. She loves it.

I date a porn-a-like from Russia

krauserpua · 12 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've long been a fan of the Private porno company. They always put together top-class euro-totty into movies with good production values. And formulaic though it is, the action is pretty good too. Fond memories of my youth….

When I was an 18 year old chode I first discovered Private magazine on a weekend dope-smoking trip to Amsterdaam. This is back when there was no internet and porn was not legally available in the UK. An under-the-counter porno mag literally cost £40. So as horny chodes in Amsterdaam it was exciting to have whole shops dedicated to filth.

It was here I first saw **Tania Russof.** A cheeky Hungarian mink who became my second favourite porno slut (after Tabatha Cash). As time went by I ended up dating/fucking a Japanese girl who looked exactly like Tabatha (my ex-wife) – but with slanty eyes obviously. Never got to date a Russof look-alike. That changed in Estonia.



My chick



with make up

These are the closest matching pictures I can find. In person, she's very similar. I hope I get to fuck her.

Avoidance Weasel

krauserpua · 14 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The mighty Bhodisatta coined the phrase "avoidance weasel" to refer to that voice in your head that keeps psyching you out of approaching by throwing up half-baked rationalisations for why the approach won't work. While out in Estonia Burto and I were having so much fun that we barely bailed on a single set. That let us have fun mocking each other on the rare occasions we did pussy out of a set.

And thus a new meme was born. Burto will be updating them on his sidebar. Here's my first crack.



Good reader submissions using the template will earn a spot on my blog. Feel free to rip it off for your own but please give credit to Burto and I.

Daygame Nitro: Strong sexualised eye contact

krauserpua · 15 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's an excerpt from page 103 of my book, talking about eye contact games during the Investment stage.

Your eye contact is your biggest weapon for rooting the girl to the spot. Think back to your beta days (even if that means "yesterday"). It was hard holding eye contact with a girl you liked wasn't it? You felt an overpowering urge to look away lest she "bust you" for the audacity of communicating that you like her. Best not do that on the African savannah or the alpha male will come and bust your head open.

Hang on, we aren't in the state of nature anymore. We have a rule of law in this country. Great, we are allowed to stare at girls we like. So why does it feel like we are intruding? Because the **whole act of picking up a girl and fucking her** is extremely intrusive but allow me to let you in on a little secret – girls want an alpha male to intrude upon them. Don't fear the eye contact. It's actually very low risk – you can eye fuck 100 girls that walk past you and not receive a single critical remark because there is no social disgrace for the girl to respond to. She can simply notice the eye contact and move on with her life. The only risk is to your own ego, of being afraid to put your balls on the line and risk her rejecting you.

Use your eye contact to create the love bubble, that little air pocket of seductive romance in the street that only you two share. Look into her eyes with a steady gaze. Don't come on strong yet. Don't think "I'm gonna lift up her skirt and fuck her now", instead think "This girl wants to fuck me. And I want to fuck her. Be patient little girl, you'll get your chance soon enough." We are still in the sexual-preview stage, not the actual escalator to sex.

So hold eye contact. Continue the conversation about whatever it's about. Occasionally look away but not in gamey rapport-breaking gambits. Let her feel the eye contact. Let her look away if she can't handle the tension. You will be gradually dominating her with your aura. Eye contact will typically go through these stages, characterised by the length of time she holds it until she breaks it.

> 1. **The innocent**: She just holds eye contact like she would with any other socially normal person in a socially normal environment. The game hasn't begun.
> 2. **The challenge**: She realises you are coming on to her. She wants to test your balls. She holds long eye contact to see if you'll break first.
> 3. **The taming**: She accepts you have more balls and adopts a submissive frame. She shortens her eye contact, looks down a lot, and seems bashful. She's accepting your leadership.
> 4. **The tease**: She's thinking horny thoughts now. She starts holding longer, flirtier eye contact. Batting her eyelids as she looks away then looks back
> 5. **The pre-fuck**: She is staring wide-eyed and longingly, never looking away.

In each stage your job is to outlast her eye contact so she breaks first. Once she's broken it's OK for you to look away too. Don't get too bad-ass on her and give eye-contact challenges. Continue the conversation, note where you are in the stages, and give confidently strong eyes back without coming over as aggressive. During killing momentum you'll get innocent eyes. That'll slide into the challenge during vibing, and you know you've gotten to the end of investment when you see the taming. The tease and pre-fuck come much later. If they happen quickly, consider shortcutting the whole model and proceeding directly to verbal escalation.

Check out these two videos for examples of how eye contact creates sexual tension and you cow the girl into submission. Burto's shows the stages better, but my girl is hotter (as usual)

Russian Cybersex Girl

krauserpua · 15 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This has been a weird two weeks with some unexpected and unusual stuff happening. One such event was two days ago. I'm minding my own business when a lost set from Estonia suddenly reopens herself for me. It's all explained on the video sex chat below.

EDIT: Video is reupped now. Should be working.

But of course, it's not enough. I have to find a way to leverage this experience with another set, so I open up Button Nose – a sweet English girl who is also a total perv. We've got a big brother – little sister dynamic right now which I enjoy and I thought this story would make her laugh. So I write her a text…..

Me: MSN video sex chat with 20yr old Russian stripper till she comes. Estonia is the gift that keeps giving!
Her: I knew u were good with women but this is insane….
Me: And the big secret is….. I videoed my screen while I did it. Heh! It's one for the wank stash

She comes online to Facebook so we continue on the chat.

Me: I know, I rock
Her: LOL so wierd Nick, so damn wierd but you have become quite the presence in my life
Me: It's 11:46am and already I've received the compliment-of-the-day
Her:
Me: I can't claim too much credit for this one though
Her: you can
Me: it was a surprise, really BTW, not the same stripper as the other night how it happened was…. I was out in Old Town with [Burto] when we picked up 2 girls on the street and instant-dated them to a cafe
Her: leddddddddddddge
Me: went well, spent an hour with them we took numbers and said goodbye, and started walking off to Mcdonalds to eat literally 15 seconds after saying goodbye to the girls, I saw another one I wanted so I stopped her and instant-dated her to the same cafe which surprised the waitress somewhat Her english was terrible but she was just kinda docilely following my lead So I bounced her around a couple of places and then her mum called her home for her granny's 60th birthday party following so far?
Her: of course wait lollllllllllllllll ok go on
Me: So I take her number after about 90 minutes and then catch up with Burto I missed the McDonalds I text the girl 4 times in the next two days and get no answers On my last night I blatantly proposition her. No answer ok, so I assume that now she's outside of my direct presence she has woken up and remembers she's got a boyfriend or something I consider it a dead lead
Her: ok
Me: then out of nowhere at 11pm last night I get this text from her: "Hi how are u?"
Her: SOLD
Me: my reply: "Oh hey tanja! I'm back in London now. How are you?" this is the bit why I say I can't take credit she immediately replies "I'm fine.do u like russian sex girls my sweety?" me: "Of course I do darlin' If you were in London now I'd show you…."
Her: wtfffffffffff
Me: she is like "Mmm i like this, i like lick"
Her: wtfffffffffffff
Me: I tell her "add me to facebook and we can talk quicker. Search [my email]" she replies "I dont have do u want my pussy?" I give her a few sentences of what I'm gonna do to her then she says "Do you have msn?" I don't have a webcam but see says it's fine for me to just text while I watch her So when I video call, she's wearing awesome lingerie and is already mashing her tits up for me

Her: lollllllllllllll
Me: I got all that stuff on video Her face isn't in it, so it's safe to show you sometime (I wouldn't show anyone anything if she could be identified – I'm kinda a prude like that [image]) thoughts?
Her: it's nice that u wouldnt show otherwise wud be interested in seeing it and what a shocker that after days of nothing she is on it like a car bonnet also [Button Nose's new romantic interest] just started chatting with me
Me: I'm not aware of [him]? Is that the ex or the new guy?
Her: the new guy
Me: BTW, add me to MSN and I'll give you a more… ahem… stimulating… chat one night when you're horny
Her: lol hard at ur abbreviation
Me: and I promise not to video it. Unless you want to see it later, that is
Her: i don't have msn
Me: that's rubbish, I was hoping to polish my skills and perhaps my rocket

Then we go off chatting about other stuff. I'm just in the habit of being completely open with girls these days. My current girlfriend was watching my infields with me a couple of says ago.

My first free blowjob from a prostitute

krauserpua · 19 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A couple of months ago we have a big house party/BBQ at Chateau RSG for a friend's 30th. It's on Saturday night and our cleaner normally comes in on Sundays. So I have to find a one-off cleaner for Saturday morning to spruce things up in advance. We like the Chateau to look spick and span.

I head down to the newsagents and copy down some cleaner's numbers from the cards stuck in the window. First call is to a Romanian girl. She's busy at such short notice but sends her mum. The old crone does a good job and I pay her. That's the end of it, right?

No.

Two weeks later the daughter calls, a 24-yr old Romanian. She flaps her gums about how her mum loved our house and thought we were cool guys, and I was especially nice. She wishes she'd been able to clean the house. Ok. And do I need anything else? No thanks, we've got a regular cleaner. Tony's maid is doing the painting. I iron my own shirts on the rare occasion I wear one.

Her: No, I mean do you need anything extra?
Me: I'm fine
Her: I mean anything at all?
Me: Like what?
Her: I can't say on the phone. I mean anything.

Aha! The bulb in my head goes "ping!". I'm on the bus to teach bootcamp so I just run some comfort, tell her I'm busy right now. She offers blowjobs at whatever price I think is fair. I reframe and tell her I'll meet her in a pub sometime for a drink, but I'm not promising anything. Some time goes by.

I'm sitting at home on a Thursday night playing Call of Duty Black Ops with Jimmy. Bored. I ask him if he fancies trying to shore the whore. "It'll be a blogpost" he says. So I text her:

"Hi [name]. I'm sitting at home with my friend Jimmy. Why don't you come around for an hour? We've got a little vodka. Have a chat, see our house. No promises about anything else."

She calls back within ten minutes and arranges to come over late after work. We go back to Call of Duty and hope she's not a rotter. By 11pm she's outside so I let her in and then Jimmy and I reframe her hard. We devote most of our attention to the video game while engaging her in rapport, then start DHVing on our pick up lifestyle, showing her infields of our daygame. She's fascinated and wants to watch lots of my videos. I'm not really sure how to play this so I defer to Jimmy on the escalation. He does his usual lazy laid-back entitled thing and it hits well.



How I imagine CoD Black Ops

She's only a low 6 so I'm not much fussed how it goes. I'm just thinking of my dear readers and the new blogpost. JJ starts escalating on her attitudes to sex and it turns out she's into freaking out. She did a 9 guy / 2 girl gangbang when she was whoring overseas. Tells us she loves blowjobs etc. She keeps trying kino on me which I rebuff to play Call fo Duty.

Finally I go for a waz and when I come back JJ has gotten her to agree to suck me off so I can score her on the quality of Romanian blowjobs. So she does. JJ is sitting next to me playing COD but my aim suffers and I start getting shot lots. It's the only time he's ever outscored me in multiplayer. I suspect that was his plan all along.

I feel slightly shy having my cock out with a fellow Bastard present, so I take her round the corner and come on her face. She loves it. Then I wipe my cock off and catch up on the game, getting a Care Package and even the Attack Dogs. Fly my beauties, fly!

She's qualifying now and asking if she was good. I say 6/10. She wants to suck off JJ too but he says no, he's still emotional about his Polish girl having returned to her homeland. She's virtually begging for the chance to suck him off. He resists. So I send her home. She thanks me for a great experience. Never mentions money once all night. Reframe!

So there's a few tick-boxes for me:

> - First shoring
> - First cleaner

I'm supposed to be gangbanging an Argentinian escort (also for free) with a wing next week. Let's see if I can tick those boxes. Already got strippers and catwalk models. Maybe by June I'll get the whole list by bagging a celebrity, a midget, and a blind girl.

The hottest Tallinn girl I got to my bedroom

krauserpua · 19 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's another hot day in Estonia and I've been killing it with Burto. I run off a quick warm-up set on a cute young Russian who turns out to be married with a kid. Then my second set is a stunning leggy 22 yr old. I forget to mike-up but Burto gets me from long distance. For the first minute or so she's looking away alot and giving short answers. At first I think I'm not getting her attracted but soon I realise it's the opposite – she really likes me and is nervous, especially with her bad English. She's on her way to work so I only do ten minutes and forgo the i-date. Great set and I'm enthused by the warm she gives me in body language and a beautiful wave goodbye.

A few texts ensue then I get her on a Day 2. I pull her into a cafe, run lots of rapport (which is tough because of the language barrier) and then decide on a fast bounceback. I get her on my bed and start trying the Yad closing routine which goes along the lines of:

> 1. Back off on the masculinity and let her lead
> 2. Make her invest by showing her favourite Youtube videos
> 3. Invite her to lie down next to you.
> 4. Wait a minute or two, then escalate fast

Unfortunately my flashplayer is suddenly fucked and youtube won't work. Bugger. So I put some music on but it's not the same. She's shitting herself with a full-on forebrain-hindbrain conflict. I can see in her mind the hamster is spinning hard with "why am I here? why don't I want to leave?". She won't lie on the bed so eventually I stand her up and go for the kiss. She stays in a tight hug with me, tits pushed into me, crotch to crotch, but won't kiss. She says it's too fast. We stand for a while with her giving me a look of adoration. Then she has to go off to work again.

More texts and on the last day she agrees to meet before I head to the airport. This time she comes into my apartment within ten minutes. Burto makes a hasty exit to give me isolation and I put her at ease by chatting as I pack. Then we sit together and I do the "kings throne" with her legs over me, her head resting on my shoulder as I cat-scratch her temple. She's almost purring. Still no kiss. She doesn't mind me squeezing her tits but won't let me escalate further and there's literally not enough time to fuck before the taxi comes. We swap facebook adds and have chatted a few times since.

Weird.

Delusional fools: This is the anti-daygame

krauserpua · 20 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes when I've finished watching a decent infield on youtube I'll let it recommend a few related vids and watch them. There's all the usual dross: faked daygame kiss closes, nerdy virgins doing a webcam piece-to-camera from mum's lounge, a big-name upsell. The one that just came on tonight and inspired actual nausea in my gut was from the alleged bosses of the Vegas and NYC lairs.

Good lord, check this out…

Here's my play-by-play thoughts. Bear in mind it was painful to watch the first time, nevermind the second. I'm just about to make myself person-non-grata in Vegas.

0:07 – He actually calls himself an ***M***PUA. Here's a rule of thumb – the more 2002 jargon a guy uses, the worse his game. Calling yourself an MPUA is almost a guarantee of not being one. Like Saint Margaret of Thatcher once said: "being powerful is like being a lady. If you have to tell people, then you aren't"
0:22 – A weird-looking MPUA. Here's a second rule of thumb – daygame is a test of how socially normal you are. If you're not normal you are almost certainly hopeless at daygame. Someone recently asked me if Yad is a personable guy to be around. I said "of course, how else could he be so good at daygame?"
0:28 – Who is that weirdo on the right and why is he biting his nails, covering his mouth, and starting a sentence he doesn't finish?
0:57 – Oh holy fuck they are walking across broken glass to shatter their limiting beliefs. For fucks sake you fucking retards, stop being retarded
1:26 – Creepy body language to ambush a trapped girl then forced intimacy. Video cuts away before girl rejects him more obviously.
1:56 – Horrible opener by weird creepy guy doesn't hit. There's a surprise.
2:14 – I'd be alot more forgiving if they didn't call themselves MPUAs and then talk to the camera like they have something valuable they can teach.
2:26 – Graphs = science
2:46 – Don't tell me. Show me.
3:03 – Another creepy ambush of a girl who IODs immediately and shows social politeness, then the video cuts away from the impending blowout. For training purposes note he had aggressive body language, telegraphed too much interest, forced rapport too early with a handshake, and sat down without an invite far too quickly. He also offered no value.
3:22 – Weak open, little value, and then creepily follows. Read more Tolle bro. This set could've easily been rescued because they were amenable to a decent approach.
3:29 – Following an escaping girl while DHVing and building kino???? This guy has no understanding of daygame. Predictably, the set doesn't even hook.
3:43 – More disinterested girls showing minimum politeness. A recurring theme.
3:48 – He actually did a salsa spin.
3:50 – Fuck. He did another one
3:53 – and again! Holy fuck, he puts the M in MPUA!!!!
4:03 – Did he actually do a cartwheel in the middle of the street? Hang on, I just rewatched that. He actually did do a cartwheel in the middle of the street. Look at the disgust on the girls' faces.
4:21 – High five = definitely down to fuck
4:29 – finally a girl gives what looks like a genuinely pleased respond. Almost five minutes into the highlights and there's one girl not trying to GTFO.
4:36 – "this'll look good on Facebook" and no close
4:44 – More creepy stalking and inability to capture girl's attention

4:52 – ambush!
5:00 – Walking up to girl and directly asking for number immediately = tight game. Mystery Method should've been one paragraph long.
5:45 – My guess is that a flaky number really is a rare treasure for this guy.
5:51 – When the skillz don't work, turn to prayer
6:11 – "picking up women, what we do". At least they have the balls to attempt an epic reframe on their youtube followers.

This is the worst video I've seen all week. No girls. Not even a hook. Lest you think this is a one-off, here they are flash-gaming / monkey-dancing for a couple of drunk trashbags. This is what happens when MPUAs roll?

How to pick up shop girls

krauserpua · 21 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm trialing a new method for hitting on hired guns at their place of work – specifically shop girls. I discovered it by accident while in high state in Croatia and then tried it again successfully in Lithuania. Now Burto has pulled it off in Estonia, as did I. It goes as follows:

> - Walk into shop and approach counter like normal customer, except very confident
> - Talk about normal customer things but….
> - … eye fuck the shit out of her, low seductive vocal tone, motionless body language
> - Hold the frame until she folds her cards
> - Stack into rapport and normal attraction material, maintaining same body language
> - Discreetly number close

The key to this method is to throw a sop to her forebrain in the beginning (*"He's just talking about normal things. It's normal"*) while revving up her hindbrain. It's a bit dark but you are taking advantage of the fact she has to engage you due to her job and you're not giving an overt excuse for her to disengage. By the time her forebrain figures out whats going on her hindbrain has seen the value and likes it. Then you throw her forebrain another sop (*"He's discreet. I won't get into trouble for just standing and talking"*) while it's probably blatantly obvious to anyone who's watching. It's good to have a wing distracting co-workers.

Crucial in all of this is **holding the frame**. Don't break the sexual tension or break rapport. The video above shows how the girl clearly isn't into it in the beginning but by simply holding the frame I get her interested. I can go back the next day and she has lost no social value. She even defends me from a co-worker at the end.

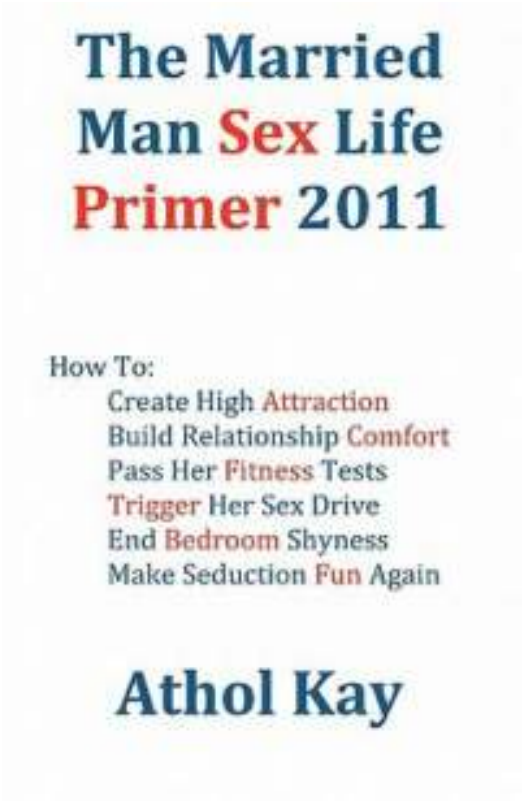
It's not fully field-tested but the initial handful of approaches have gone well.

Married Man Sex Life

krauserpua · 22 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I can't believe no-one thought of this before. Game is a toolbox and does not force you into the lifestyle of pickup artistry. Game is a way to transform your life ("successful masculinity" I call it) and learn to deal with women. It doesn't logically follow that the only outlet for game is to hunt down girls in clubs and on the streets. How about using the same wisdom for getting new girls but for making **your current girl** happy and getting the type of relationship you want.

This is Game for long term relationships.



I'm guessing he designed the cover himself

It's also marketing genius. The world is full of frustrated husbands who are not getting what they expected from married life and yet are morally commited (or just plain trapped) to marriage with the same woman for the rest of their lives. These guys need help but they aren't going to run the gauntlet of cold approaching three times a week, and these guys have lots of time for blog reading. It's also a sweet reframe of Game away from "pump and dump club sluts" towards "successful monogamy".

I've been reading Athol Kay's website for a while because I think much pick up advice is sorely limited by stopping at the false endpoint of getting the first lay. I've always been interested in how to manage relationships whether monogamous or harems. I genuinely enjoy spending time with girls in between fucks and for eight years pre-game I was extremely good at girl management. Athol's not a top player. I believe he's stated the only girl he ever banged was his current wife. But he knows how to handle an LTR.

I recommend the book for any player with interest in LTRs. It's pure red pill, toned down a little for his target demographic. He doesn't have the literary freedom for the plundering rape'n'pillage language that I have. Here's some of the concepts I liked:

Sex Rank – A short-hand for the concept of hypergamy and women dating up. His core thesis is that an unsatisfactory sexless marriage is best fixed by working on yourself as a man (the *Man Action Plan*) to increase your

sex rank above your wife's. This will then trigger within her the impetus to improve herself, a large part of which is becoming more sexually available.

The Power of Semen – The book really goes into evo-psych on the power of semen to keep a girl attracted. Fascinating was the timeline of how if a wife doesn't allow you to keep her vagina topped up with semen every five days or so, then she's highly likely to be trying to deny you the ability to defend her against rival sperm. As in, she's prone to cheating.

Body Agenda – This is a polite reframing of what I call the hindbrain. Women's bodies have an agenda of their own and the brain is just along for the ride. Thus they dress up slutty and mew for male attention while ovulating. The rationalisation hamster is a logical construct that negotiates the wide chasm between what a woman's body leads her to do, and what she actually believes she wants in life.

Get the wife you deserve – If you up your sex rank, do things right, and she still doesn't comply then bin her. Move on to a woman who will comply. Athol actively discourages bachelors from getting married for all the reasons we at the manosphere already know. His book is written for guys who are already in the trap.

Captain / First Officer – Athol solves the dominance / submission quandry by offering a model that you can actually tell a girl without triggering her femocunt ideology. You are captain of the ship with final responsibility. She is the trusted confidant and second in command. She's not co-captain but nor is she a crewmate or stowaway.

Timeline to Ultimatum – Upping your sex rank will purposefully destabilise the marriage and set it on a course towards an ultimatum where she gets her shit together or you dump her. Accept that sometimes this requires the marriage to end. But never force an ultimatum on a wife whose sex rank trumps yours.

Track the menstrual cycle – Learn to date and diarise your girl's menstruation so you can get blowjobs while she's bleeding, be the nice guy when she's PMSing, and turn up the asshole when she's ovulating (while keeping a careful eye on her wandering).

Alpha / Beta mix – Roissyites despise all things beta because for them beta = chump. Athol identifies beta as the nice guy / comfort behaviours required to keep the connection and trust in a girl who is already attracted to you by the alpha. A happy wife is married to a nice guy with a hard edge. He doesn't suggest you take her shit.

That ought to be enough to give you a flavour. Don't expect the next paradigm in game – it's just a good book for how to run your LTR without losing your game.

More eye-fucking in Tallinn

krauserpua · 23 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Burto recently picked up a sweet Estonian gogo dancer by eyefucking her in her day job. What readers don't know is the cunning tag-team role played by me to give him his isolation with her. So at the exact moment he's doing his thing (on video) here is me eyefucking her co-worker. Commentary in the video.

Menstruation tracker

krauserpua · 24 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One of the things I've been meaning to do for months is to start tracking my targets with more scientific precision. Waaay back when I first read Gunwitch he talked about spotting girls who were ovulating and opening them hard and pushing for SDLs. Just coming off Athol Kay's book where he talks about tracking your wife's menstruation cycle so you can more effectively mix the alpha / beta traits I decided to give it a try.

It's pretty clear that girls in peak ovulation are the best bets for first-time sex. It's also clear they respond well to douchebag / aloof asshole game.

So here's what I'm doing. I've just set up a spreadsheet to track all my active / still alive targets. Each one has a four rows representing each week of their cycle. Whenever I get any evidence to suggest they are in one particular week I'll input it alongside the date. It's an imprecise science but hopefully if I gather enough evidence I can precisely date the cycles and thus the time to swoop. Examples of evidence:

> - **Week 1 –** Bleeding: tells me she's on the rag, allows sexual touching but stops me at her panties, wears trousers, smells funny
> - **Week 2 –** Normal: no unusual behaviour
> - **Week 3 –** Ovulation: dresses sexy, talks and flirts, initiates touching, responds well to everything, allows escalation, gives back in sex chats, wisfully seeks excitement, goes clubbing
> - **Week 4 –** PMS: frumpy, lack of makeup, confused, bad moods, rejects all alpha / gamey banter, lack of interest in returning texts and calls

Who is to blame for all those girls getting fucked?

krauserpua · 29 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

People have often asked me *where* I got my game from, as in who influenced me and how did I learn. There's no secret to it but I guess it can be kinda lost in the sheer volume of posts I've put up. I followed the same process that pretty much everyone else has:

Imitate —> Assimilate —> Innovate

At the moment I'm in the early stages of innovation, where I start cobbling together a personalised style of game that fits my character, my motivations, and the type of girls / situation that attracts me. Looking back, I think these are the influences that are still part of my game.



The hub of direct daygame

1. Mystery Method – This remains the foundation upon which everything else is built. My basic understanding of the human courtship ritual, the key concepts such as aloofness, DHVing, takeaways, attraction triggers etc. I very rarely run sets following the actual M3 model and I look nothing like the routine-monkeys that bastardise his method. But at a meta-level, I'm following his basic principles.

2. Blueprint Decoded – More than anything else this turned me into a practiced natural and increased my awareness of the social matrix. So many concepts here allowed me to chill out and realise my place in the world and how so much of it could be shaped by me into the life I want to lead. The two most important concepts were (i) looking internally for validation and (ii) it's all in your head. Like MM, it's impacted me at a meta-level so it's hard to see in my actual sets.

3. Roissy – Reading his blog was like a watershed. Suddenly so many of the concepts I'd been vaguely grasping for made sense. I'd felt like the famous PUAs didn't really understand society and the reasons why their methods worked. I'd felt like much of the advice was taking me away from the kind of man I wanted to be. Roissy provided a map of the world. Suddenly so much of the dark side made sense, stripped of all the "just be positive, bro" commercial uptalk. He really put the importance of Alpha front and centre.

4. Jimmy Jambone – So much of my teasing and text / chat game comes from watching this lazy cunt work. Pretty much my entire Facebook method was inspired by one evening in Lithuania seeing how he replied to texts from girls. It's how cocky-funny is meant to be so it's actually cock and funny. The frame control of positioning girls into the right boxes came from him too.

5. Tony T – Before I discovered the importance of Alpha through Roissy, I discovered the importance of masculinity and sexual polarity through Tony. He first showed me how you can attract and seduce girls on body language / vibe alone so that the words are mere dressing. Before this I'd assumed it was the words doing all the work. So much of my body language both in the approach and on dates is copied from him, to overwhelm the girl with my masculinity and trigger her extreme femininity

6. Yad – For actual technical ability for street game, the hairy one has been a huge influence. He really showed the importance of non-reactivity, dialling down energy, and that intricate verbal bamboozlement can get the girl.

7. 60 Years of Challenge – Recently I've been incorporating much of the mindsets and sexual aggression that 60 recommends. This has led me to push girls faster and further sexually and helped me open them up verbally for talking about sex and their fantasies. He's also helped me water down my purity fantasy so I'm less judgemental of girl's sexual activities.

8. Skeletor – My most significant inner game leaps in the past 8 months came from my sessions with Skelly, such as how I can now approach tens and genuinely feel like I deserve them. Rather than taking my game in a new direction these sessions have been fine-tuning with the occasional new theoretical insight. Along with Yad, Skelly has been helping me figure out the high-level stuff.

9. Burto – He's showed me how to eat pies and get good at Call of Duty Black Ops when not doing sets.

Daygame Nitro torrent

krauserpua · 6 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I noticed in my WordPress analytics lots of people are finding my site by googling “Daygame Nitro torrent”. You cheeky cunts. That’s precisely why there’s no ebook version.

Hope the other Ukranian girls aren't this miserable

krauserpua · 7 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes I'm in a mood where I can't be bothered with arsey girls. This one started out with such a bitchy response but I decided to plough anyway because Russians often give you one minute of the cold stare before softening. It's just part of the game for them.

This girl did soften but then decided to take offense at something innocuous. I know my vibe wasn't there and she was just testing, but I couldn't be bothered to pour effort into her value vaccum.

So I started arguing with her.

And funnily enough she begins to light up and IOI a little. Turns out she's unavailable and basically a "no" girl (for me, at least). Good practice for not backing down. If my vibe had been good I might've turned it around.

Romance fiction = Female porn, and just as delusional for the masses

krauserpua · 7 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A new study is out decrying the dangers of romantic fiction for women in how it sets out unrealistic expectations and dysfunctional relationship practices for the Twilight moms who revel in it. Says the article:

Women who read romance novels can "suspend rationality" in favour of romanticism, Miss Quilliam said, including "not using protection with a new man because she wants to be swept up by the moment as a heroine would" or being persuaded to give up contraception a few months into a relationship.

"It might mean terminating a pregnancy (or continuing with one) against all her moral codes because that same man asks her to… or judging that if romance has died then so has love, and that rather than working at her relationship she should be hitching her star to a new romance."



Back in my modelling days

Colour me unsurprised on this one. One of the many anti-male double standards in Western society is that it's socially acceptable for women to gush about their porn (romantic fiction = emotional porn) but disgusting for men to talk about theirs. This is written into legalese. Compare the treatment of a man caught looking at porn at work during lunch hour [disciplinary action] and a secretary sitting reading the latest Jackie Collins twirling a pen between her lips.

And another article penned by Captain Obvious…. hahahahahaha. Without a man, there is no order. There is no natural check on the hissy-fit-throwing-narcisism of women and women-lite.

I try to bang a lesbian on LGBT Pride day

krauserpua · 8 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I dunno, it's been a funny few weeks. Lot's of craziness. This one didn't want to be cured.

An Italian wanders into my killzone. Be careful with that "send friend request" button, girls!

krauserpua · 9 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm minding my own business on Facebook chat with some girls, as I'm wont to do, when a **random Italian** sends me a friends request. I search my memory and I'm pretty sure I've never met her before. She's made a mistake.

A big mistake.

Let's find out what sort of trouble she's landed herself into…..

Her: are you the guy from soho???
Me: probably, I go there alot on the street?
Her: maybe…but you are the wrong guy *[ok, that's cleared up the mystery. Let's see if I can reel her in]*
Me: no problem I have a common name so who are you? *[low investment, she ought to be polite after opening me]*
Her: the most common in england i think i am [Milano]
Me: That much I already know you look Italian *[slight defiance, make a guess – easy because of her name – and see if she's curious about what I think of her]*
Her: haha i am
Me: like one of the crazy Sardinians *[tease, start to put her into a box]*
Her: no from milanno
Me: oh dear….. I nearly got murdered in Milan *[bait a story, see if she wants to draw it out of me]*
Her: haha why? mafia?
Me: I was there on business my last job I travelled all over the world usually Brazil, Japan etc, but we had an office in Milan on my first night I get a taxi from the airport as we come into the city centre, the taxi goes slow because a woman is lying in the road this is a black mercedes. It doesn't say "taxi". My secretary booked it there was a group of 10 middle-class middle-aged people near her like they were going to the opera very Milan-style clothes and suddenly they attacked my taxi shouting they were gonna kill us *[standard A2 DHV story. All true. She opened me so I can easily feign disinterest in classic Mystery manner]*
Her: hahahha
Me: □ I thought "Milan is full of crazy people"
Her: probably thats why i'm not there anymore *[she's happy to talk about herself, so I can get her to work a little]*
Me: why did you come here?
Her: i dont like milan or italy in general haha
Me: your food is good *[positive frame]*
Her: that's true i'm still cooking it here
Me: oh, so you like cooking? *[bait]*
Her: yes *[hook]*
Me: +10 points for you □ *[reel]*
Her: hahaha
Me: women in England can't cook My last girlfriend was from Uzbekistan. She cooked amazing stew! *[release]*
Her: uzbekistan? omg!hahah
Me: well, she was culturally Russian cos she lived in Moscow since she was 15 for all the shows but cooked Uzbeki food. Yum!!!! *[preselection DHV and a chance for her to ask about me, which she doesn't take this time]*
Her: i've never tried that food
Me: I cook Japanese mostly *[minor DHV]*
Her: japanese? i love japanese food *[rapport seeking]*
Me: I lived there. Beautiful people have you been? *[DHV, allow commonality without jumping on it, stack]*
Her: yes once it's an amazing country and culture

Me: wow +5 where did you go? *[reward, stack]*
Her: tokyo, yokohama, shizouka and yamanashi and some towns between *[she's investing]*
Me: ok, I understand the first 3 but why yamanishi? *[not completely won over]*
Her: don't remeber all the names my friend is from there hahaha
Me: ! So you wandered around Japan, causing trouble…. … like a ninja or wild geisha *[put her in a box]*
Her: yes always
Me: yeah, you're trouble
Her: i am *[she's playing along, she knows that if we meet I'm not gonna force her to be a nice girl]*
Me: I'm gonna tell my mum
Her: hahah
Me: she told me to avoid Italian girls *[flip the script – frame her as chasing me for sex]*
Her: she is clever
Me: "Nick, never date an Italian" she said. "They are all perverts" "She will kill you when you sleep"
Her: hahahah yes, that's what we do *[playing along, she's attracted]*
Me: So I tried dating an Italian. *[bait her to ask about it]*
Her: are you british? *[she ignores bait, she wants to find out more about me – an IOI]*
Me: English
Her: same…
Me: nope. that's like me saying you are from Greece *[defiance, and put it back onto her]*
Her: no
Me: you look a bit Greek, actually *[another box she doesn't want to be in and will qualify to climb out of]*
Her: thats not the samei don't look greek
Me: yeah you do I found a photo of you looking greek



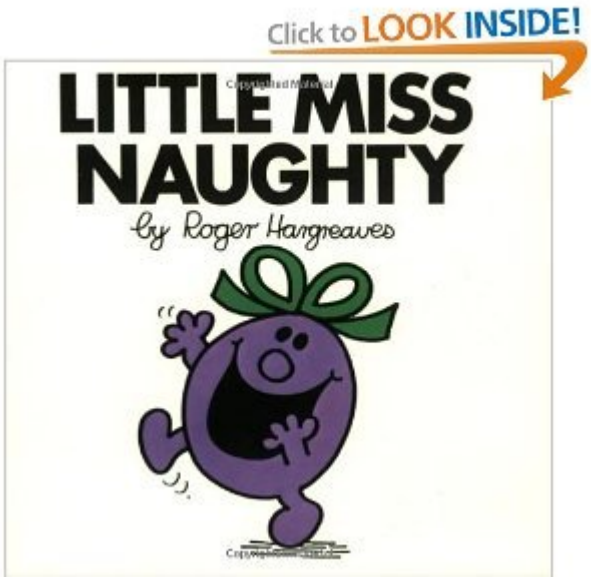
Burto's Greek Flag

Her: ¬¬ idiot… haha *[IOI]*
Me: So what do you do in London? *[elicit investment on a high]*
Her: i found one yours as well… *[playing along, working, investing – a great sign]*



Woof woof

Me: British Bulldog
Her: i love that dogs they are so ugly *[IOI]*
Me: hey! that's saying I'm ugly my profile photo is so cuuuuuute -3 points for Milanno *[tease disapproval…]*
Her: ahahha what u do in london? *[….which triggers rapport-seeking. She's thinking "who is this guy I'm suddenly attracted to?"]*
Me: I was an investment banker now I'm a writer
Her: a writer?
Me: yup *[not jumping on the chance to talk about myself. I'm not gonna qualify]*
Her: how many events have you written? books hahah
Me: 4
Her: did you sell any?
Me: One of my jobs in Japan was a fight journalist. I wrote alot about fight / boxing / martial arts all of them sold out!
Her: to your family and friends? *[she's enjoying this and I'm happy to let her keep investing]*
Me: -5 points for the cheeky Italian girl *[more teased disapproval]*
Her: hahahahha
Me: If you were here, I'd spank your naughty ass Are you a reader? *[sexualise then immediately stack, see how she reacts]*
Her: yes but i just read real books hahahah not boring ones *[she accepts it but doesn't expand upon it. Good sign but not a slamdunk]*
Me: blah blah blah I don't think you read I think you just talk alot
Her: why not i talk a lot too
Me: this is the books you read



Grist for the mill….

It's about you *[another box, while also letting her know the sex will be good and non-judgemental]*
Her: haaha yes my favorite book
Me: So why London? *[need some comfort and qualification before progressing to close]*
Her: i like london its a cool city
Me: true do you work here?
Her: yes do you know [name of where she works]?
Me: the shoe shop?
Her: no
Me: it sounds like a club
Her: its a bar restaurant very cool in [west end] street
Me: ah, I know [that] st. My favourite cafe is there *[commonality]*
Her: haha well, i work there as an event cordinator
Me: oh, so you're a very organised girl *[qualify her]*
Her: yes at least at work
Me: I just knew you were gonna say that and your social / personal life is disorganised!
Her: exact hahaha
Me: typical young girl…. *[more boxes]*
Her: haha are u organised?
Me: extremely too organised for you you'd hate me *[false disqualifier]*
Her: haha
Me: I'd be always telling you off for being late….. forgetting things… … losing my stuff *[basic Mystery style]*
Her: haha do you think so?
Me: well, I've never actually met you… but probably I'd need to discipline you make you into a real elegant lady like that Audrey Hepburn movie *[set her hoops to jump through to please me, while framing myself as above her]*
Her: i am i'm better than her *[she thinks she's winning, but she's qualifiying]*
Me: big words
Her: haha haha
Me: Do you work normal Monday-Friday? *[logistics, assume the sale]*
Her: no
Me: when's your days off?
Her: it depends not always the same ones it depends on work

Me: this coming week, I mean
Her: wedn and thursday
Me: ok, I'll have a look at you. Give you some tips on being a proper English lady *[I'm being won over, just]*
Her: i don't want to be an english lady *[resistance is part of the game for girls]*
Me: I know, it's tough for Italians we'll start with some English tea *[reframe, bulldozer objections]*
Her: I won't be an english girl… never!!!!!!!!!!!!
Me: I guess it'll be mojitos then
Her: ok, better *[it's on]*
Me: text me [my number]
Her: i can't now
Me: ok, what's yours
Her: i'll text you later idon't know my non-work phone number
Me: no probs You're at work now?
Her: yes
Me: obviously they aren't working you hard enough…..
Her: hahaha i can do two things at the same time
Me: Walking and chewing gum?
Her: yes
Me: I'm gonna have a shower *[escape the scene of the crime before the cops show up]*
Her: ok…
Me: Nice meeting you Milano. Now get back to work! *[comfort and order her around]*
Her: i am working not hard at the moment but working

Later that evening I get the "hey, it's me!" text. Result.

I exhume an Ewok

krauserpua · 12 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A while back I did a quickie facebook close of a Malaysian tourist in Covent Garden. Reasonable set but of the type which frequently goes nowhere. I send a message to her and then there's radio silence for over a month. Suddenly this drops in to my mailbox.

Her: Hi nick! I'm sorry but I just found a message from you. Where did we meet? Correct me if I'm wrong, but did u call me an ewok by any chance?
Me: Haha, yes. I think in Covent Garden. My memory is all hazy now but aren't you from Malaysia????
Her: Haha yes I am. I had no idea u messaged me. My facebook is retarded for some reason. I'm back in Malaysia. How are u doing?
Me: So it's your Facebook that is the retarded one. O…..kay. You're missing a good spring in London. Unseasonably hot weather. I'm lounging in a hammock in my garden, sipping a Pimms that my friends have made and watching the squirrels running up the trees. I might get up and do something productive. Probably not. I'm taking the gang to Estonia in a fortnight. That should be good. What are you up to?
Her: I'm not joking and u can't make me feel guilty! I did wonder about what happened to the guy who called me an ewok. I do know how much I'm missing in London, and I am missing it with a passion. Wish I was back there, and not in sunny, humid Malaysia. But it's always nice to see the sea again. And the really cheap beer is inviting in the heat too. Back to work. Not-so-real work, but still work. Just watching tele. Still, it's the life. What do u do that u get to travel so much? It really is unfair.
Me: [Ewok], my little dear. Accept the add and let's do this on chat.
Her: Nick, you charming thing, i don't do chat on facebook. Or phone facebook chat, usually I do gmail chat, and sometimes skype, but for u, I'll make an acception in about an hour if u are still on facebook.
Me: sorted
Her: you have to add me now

[a bit of light FB chat where she complains about being called an Ewok and wants a new nickname, then we go back onto messages]

Me: I've got one. But I have to check it fits. Are you energetic?
Her: [blah blah] yes
Me: Are you independently minded?
Her: [blah blah] yes what else?
Me: last question – do you like to do things your own way?
Her: i do like to, but i never do.
Me: It fits. You're Zippy! [link to naughty Zippy]
Her: haha is that my new nick name? ok malaysian internet is 70% slower then europe internet, so gimme some time to find out why zippy is a cu*t
Her : OUCH why do you do that!??! ok nick… best be off the chat. have some friends over and hey are watching a film without me… i am being rather rude… mail me, and i will reply! probably, if i am not destroying blocks and what-not.
Me: oh, you're at home? with the 7-hour (?) time difference, shouldn't you be at work or something?
Her: I'm a singer, so I only work when I have gigs. What do u do?
Me: I was an investment banker. Now I'm having a few years off to run a business and write a few books. Singing eh? You mean a proper singer where people pay to see you and you hit the correct notes (which is cool, and in which case I'm mildly impressed) or singing in the shower, which is just weird?
Her: Haha singing as in people pay to watch me and hit the correct notes and even sometimes, when I dare, I even sound good. Write a book eh? What do u write about, master Nick?
Me: My books have long words and no pictures. I don't think you'll like them. I think it's cool that you sing. I find

a woman's voice very relaxing and musical. Dare I say, sexy? There. I just said it. I've just scanned through a few of your profile pictures. One of them (4 of 98) looks like you are sitting next to a waxwork / Madaam Tussauds dummy version of yourself. Is that real? Are you a replicant? Should I be scared?
Her: First of all, have u been stalking for a while now, like since London? Since before u even introduced yourself?? Mind u, I have read a few long worded, non pictured books in my life time. Have u never heard of Harry Potter?!? I guess u could find me on youtube, but I'm not exactly proud of those videos. I have some singing videos up on facebook also if u want to have a look. Or have u already downloaded them and saved them to your external hard drive? The picture is just a camera trick. I found it just 2 really bad pictures of me, but I thought the effect was cool.
Me: I'm not gonna look for you on youtube, little girl. My most recent book was a collection of short stories about fighting / martial arts. Men's stuff. I enjoy writing – it feels good to let the creativity out. I must admit, you seem like a fun girl. I quite liked your girly energy when we met. Tell me about something about yourself:

- Which of the seven dwarfs best represent you?
- What would you do for the day if you were a man?
- If you could physically transport yourself to any place in the world at this moment…where would you go?

Answer those well and I'll give you a William & Kate fridge magnet next time I'm in Malaysia.
Her: Just so u know, I was there for the wedding and did not get a souvenir (is that how it's spelt?) But I guess I'd like a gift.

1. Sneezy, I'm always sick.
2. Hit on a girl.
3. New York

Her: To be honest, if I was a guy, I'd scratch my balls to see what the big deal is.
Me: Ughh, you're gross… you're one of those Malaysian sex perverts my mother warned me about. It's lucky you seem to have a winning personality. But let the record show I'm shocked. Appalled. A little bit. When you're not singing, what do you like to do? Imagine it's a warm Sunday afternoon and you're relaxing. Describe it. And…. If you were a dog would you lick them?
Her: Hahaha mother knows best, nick. And I'm just being naturally curious.
Sunday afternoon = ipod, book, beer. Mmmm utter perfection. Preferably on the beach. The book thief. Yup. And no. Your turn. If u were to grab a scarf off a rack, what color would it be? Best musician of all time? Preferred super power?

Me: Hmmm. I wouldn't wear a scarf. I'm a man, not a metrosexual. Best musician? Beethoven. In the modern era I like Glenn Danzig.
Superpower is hard. Being able to sexually satisfy every girl is the best one…….. but I've already got that. So, I'll choose Wolverine's recovery powers. I love boxing and wrestling and it would be nice to reduce my recovery time after a fight.
I have to pack my bag and go meet friends now. I'm taking the gang out tonight. But you know, Zippy, I think I like you now. You're a sexy little girl I could probably introduce to my mother. If we put you in a summer dress with ribbons in your hair you'd make a nice wife for someone. Leave me a message for when I get home later. Something that surprises me.

I look like Jason Statham in The Transporter

krauserpua · 13 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This is true because Assanova says it's true. Thanks fella.



Krauser, yesterday

One of Game's best bloggers and the paragon of style vs an Aussie burrito eater. Nice try, Burto. There's a big blogmogging in the pipeline just for you.

Looking behind Cocky Funny – part one

krauserpua · 13 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

*Allow me to introduce my good buddy, and top daygamer, **Rocky**. This is his two-part essay.*

Ok, this is not a post on explaining how a pattern called cocky & funny (hereafter, CF) works. This post tries to look beyond the pure pattern. I explain how CF is perceived by others, how it benefits you and why CF works.

CF is a pattern that involves a cocky statement that is self-amusing and hence funny. An example would be to say: **"With a body like mine you get hit on a lot"**. A CF statement taps into a lot of different concepts: self-amusement, non-neediness versus neediness, external validation versus internal validation, value giving versus value seeking, state and flexibility.

Why does CF work? It can be summarised in one sentence: providing value by being self-amusing.



Funny, not cocky

Why do you provide value with a CF statement?

You provide value because you are being funny. There are different types of humour (self-deprecating, call-back, cheek-in-tongue etc.). In this case you are funny because you are raising your status in front of an audience and you are not trying to hide it. You are raising your status by talking about your outstanding physical appearance (for example). If you are a fat bastard it will be even more effective because there is an additional twist that surprises the listener.

Why are you self-amusing?

This can be traced back to the concept of status. It is common for a comedian to generate laughter by changing the status relationship between people. It is highly amusing if a high status person loses value. For example, picture the pope slipping on a banana. That's funny. Then picture a bum slipping on a banana. That's not as funny (well, if you are sick like me it is still funny, but you get the point).

Similarly, if you raise your status, which is what you do ***if you comment something cocky about yourself, then you are intentionally raising your status compared to the other person (in a way that it is clear that you are joking) and that simply amuses you to their expense***, because you have verbalised the status difference and made it real. That's similar to a student asking me in class: so why is that the right solution to the problem. All I have to do is answer: because I am the PhD and the PhD is always right. He is the student and I am the teacher and simply verbalising this status different is self-amusing. In a sense it is the opposite of self-deprecation (cocky)

Ok, so we have understood that we are funny and self-amusing by being cocky at the same time. Now how does that tie in some more fundamental concepts?

Why does CF (sub) communicate non-neediness and internal validation?

You will find that a lot of people that are naturally strong with women are non-needy. Being needy means that you are looking for validation from other people; we can call that external validation. You are saying a line and you are waiting for a reaction from the other person. Often you see in set that people start to loosen up and relax when they see the first positive reaction from the girl (IOI). That's a subconscious reaction to a validation seeking mindset and it subcommunicates neediness. Don't worry; this is absolutely normal, especially if you are a beginner. I am not free from that reaction myself and I think that everybody has reactions to validation at times. What's important to realise is that it is a huge turn off if you are talking to people to validate yourself. And here I am not talking about subtle cues that you are giving away: If you think of a situation when someone tried to validate themselves by talking to you know who irritating that feels. Imagine someone coming up to you and telling you a really bad joke and then asks you: that was really funny, right? Yes, you want to either hit that person in the face or just leave and that's exactly how a girl feels when you approach with the mindset that you want validation from her. As an assumption let's agree on the idea that you have to offer value to people in order to make them want to be around you. This statement in itself is promotes a validation seeking mindset because you want people to be around you. So you are seeking to provide value in order to have people around you; that's needy. It is almost like you are paying them to be around you. That's what the dancing monkey does: he loves the attention because it validates how cool and funny he is and he keeps cracking jokes seeking more and more validation. Now this is when CF is at its best because it communicates a very strong internal validation:

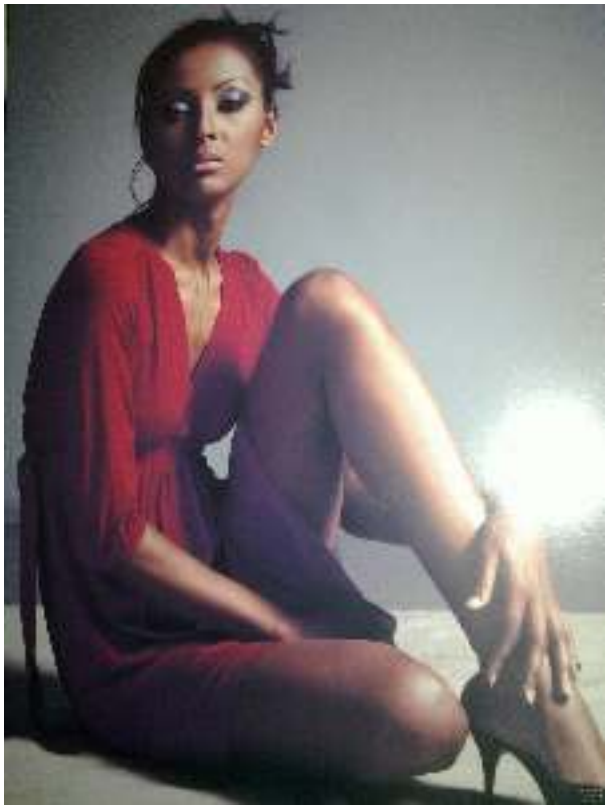
With CF **you provide value but you are protecting the value by amusing yourself and that's non-needy**. The self-amusement subcommunicates a very non-needy mindset, because even if the girl does not react to your CF pattern, you have still amused yourself and you feel good. By that you have provided value to yourself. You are internally validated. I first started to realise this phenomenon on a subconcious level when I was 17 and on a camping trip in the states. We were a bunch of guys taking Jeeps around Moab getting drunk at night on a camping ground. We had something like a burb contest going. Who can burb the loudest? At some point a chick walked by as I was giving it my best and she said in a very serious voice with total disgust: oh my god, that is totally disgusting!! We just all started bursting out in laughter and she steamed off. We started imitating her as well: oh my god, that is totally disgusting *female voice*. It became a running joke. Obviously she didn't get the fun of the situation and she was too much up her own arse but that was her problem. The realisation was: a hot chick shot me down while I was amusing myself. Did I care? Not one bit. As a matter of fact I used her response to amuse myself even more and to feel even better. This leads straight to the next concept: State

part two to follow

I didn't get into game to break hearts....

krauserpua · 13 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

… but I've broken at least 3 so far, and probably 6 or 7. Here is an old audio recording of the last chat I had with my **Russian catwalk model** before I dumped her. We'd been seeing each other as irregular fuck buddies for a while after the **Istanbul Incident** and while I was happy with that I totally underestimated how much she was hooked on me.



Snapped from her portfolio

This is a girl who is constantly hit on by millionaires and movie stars. Her latest suitor is a former military commander and now millionaire businessman who is trying to marry her. She hasn't even kissed him. So she flakes on a date with him to fuck me.

In her own words…..

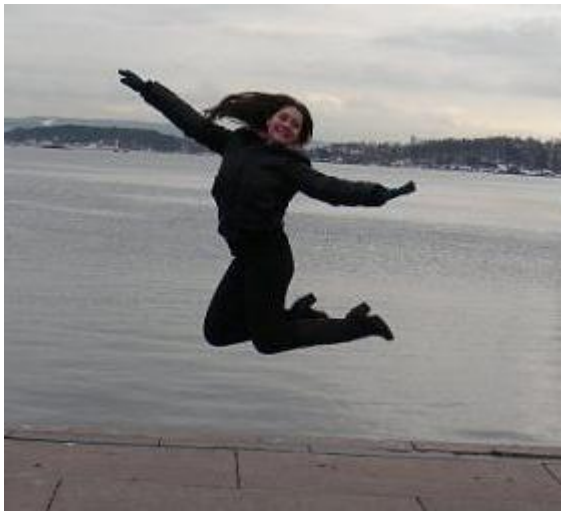
Gentleman, while it feels great to wield this kind of power over a high-value woman's heart I strongly advise against making a habit of it. It really hurts your self-image as a good man to put women through this kind of angst. But let it also be a case study in how game *works*. I have "no positive qualities" and still beat out a high-achieving millionaire effortlessly. Go me!

I bang my first large-breasted 19yr old Russian exchange student

krauserpua · 16 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've keenly aware that I haven't been putting up any lay reports for a while. I've been having more sex than at any other time in my life but things briefly became very strange. For example I had three girls in 24 hours, got a handful of new anal flags, had about six near misses with absolute stunners, closed a girl then passed her on to a fellow bastard, and also got a girlfriend I have decided to date exclusively (well, sexually exclusive, I'm still allowed to get numbers and dates). Yes, she reads the blog.

So you guys will have to make do with the archives for the time being. Here's one from May….



trapped in the love bubble

I'm out with Jimmy doing some street game late afternoon in Oxford Street. He's hitting a few sets but I'm doing nothing because I'm just not feeling it. Then as we are walking to the bus stop home a super-cute Krauser girl walks out of River Island and gives me a long stare. "Jimmy, that was an approach invitation wasn't it" I ask and then chase her down. It's raining. She smashes wide open from the beginning and is giving back. This is what a good lead looks like and it's all effortless. I mini-bounce her under the M&S canopy to get out the rain and then after ten minutes walk her to the nearest pub. Her hindbrain is "on" but the forebrain is cockblocking. Things I hear during the first drink:

- *"I don't kiss on first date. I'm not that kind of girl"*
- *"I have my principles and they won't be bent"*
- *"We'll never have sex. It's not like that"*
- *"I only have sex with my boyfriend"*

We are tucked away in the back of a pub and I'm running all the usual stuff to get into deep rapport quickly. She's totally my type – petite, hair and eyes like milk chocolate, massive and firm natural breasts, curvy, sweet and demure. She's here for just two weeks doing a language exchange and she leaves in three days. I'd have happily dated her but logistics mean I have to push hard and fast. She rebuffs a kiss close after twenty minutes.

I will not be denied. I ease off, run more rapport, then verbally escalate until her eyes are spazzing out. Then we make out. I have to rush home for a session of Call of Duty with Burto and she has some kind of formal dinner to attend. So I drag her into the disabled toilets across from our table and get her tits out. Good lord, what an *amazing* pair! She's well into it but still doing the "no sex". Fair enough. We arrange to meet the next evening and I run more comfort to soften her buyers remorse.

Next evening we meet 9pm in Camden at which point the video starts. I run light attraction refreshes but

concentrate on the deep rapport like explained on pages 121-132 of my book. There's nothing physical because it's unnecessary – she's already crossed the sexual rubicon and I don't want to start chasing. I bounce her to the next pub and she's getting antsy because she knows where this night is ending and her forebrain is resisting. So I keep calming her with "nothing will happen except what you are comfortable with" etc. We get a second drink and during the first makeout she spills her wine all down her dress. I verbally escalate her by the book (literally, using patterns from 133-148 in the book. And yes, this is shamelessly plugging it) until she's grabbing my cock in the pub while telling me how we won't have sex.

I try to bundle her into a taxi but she's telling me she's going out clubbing tonight and must be home soon. So I walk her to the bus stop taking the scenic route via Primrose Hill. More make outs, more engaging of the forebrain, and we are sitting under a tree halfway up the hill. We can see the silhouettes of a dozen drunk teenagers having a party at the crest. She tells me we won't have sex for the tenth time in ten minutes and then asks if I have a condom. I'm fucking her in the grass within the minute. After I've finished doing the dirty we walk back to her bus stop and that's the last I see of her.

She texts me the next day:

□ it was brilliant □ i forget about my cold and my dream was wonderful □ thanks for that □ □ wish you all the best for today □

I try to get her over my place before she returns to Russia but the forebrain is solidly in control now and she really does have lots to do. The Russian anal flag will have to wait, and Bongo doesn't get to see a new girl.

Looking behind Cocky Funny – part two

krauserpua · 17 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Why does CF pump state?

In the worst case the girl walks off as in the camping ground example, **but you still feel happy or even happier**. Why is that so genius? It is genius because you have generated a protection mechanism against bad blow outs. Usually people lose state after really bad blow outs. They get internally affected and their state breaks as an emotional reaction to the blow out. They retread into their heads and the nasty voice in your head starts telling you stuff like: oh man you really suck. She didn't like you. You are not funny and you have no skill. It is your ego talking and taking over. With a CF pattern that is less likely to happen if you really enjoy and amuse yourself with it for the simple fact that you amused yourself. You think instead: well, she didn't like that, but I thought it was fucking funny and I will keep doing it just because I think it is funny. There is not the slightest hint of negativity in you finding things funny. It all comes from the mindset: I find it funny and if you don't get it you are up your own arse. You need to chill, relax and have fun. Obviously CF is funny and very often you get very good reaction from it because people realise that if they can't laugh at this stuff they are up their own arse. In the case they get the joke then that's great because you can share the fun. But to be honest it doesn't' fucking matter because you are not depending on that anymore. Your state is just headed towards one direction: go go go!!

Why is CF flexible?

CF is flexible because it can be used to spike attraction throughout the pickup. In fact, to build sexual tension you lower your voice, pause longer between words, have moments of comfortable silence and you don't joke. Similarly, in comfort you don't want to break rapport by cracking jokes all the time. However, the conversation should always have the necessary bit of energy to keep it interesting or intense (silences can be intense and they can be boring and if they are boring then it is better to spike up the energy then to let the silence sit there for too long. You need to be able to realise which silences build sexual tension and which silences kill the momentum of the conversation). CF can be used to throw in some very short and effective spikes that will keep the girl alert and attracted. The more seductive the vibe gets the more you can spike with CF patterns that use sexual elements. For example: if you are talking about relationships and ex-lovers and it gets a bit too serious then spike it with a CF statement along the lines: "yeah, but anyway, it was a long story" (while using mannerism that indicates a long dick). In other words ***CF can be adapted to the stage of the interaction***. Similarly, you can play with the weight that you put on the funny or cocky element of the pattern. The more cheeky you smile, the more your eyes light up after delivering the CF pattern, the more she will look for a funny twist in the story and the more she will laugh. If you smile less and stare her down after the statement the more she will think you are serious. Once you get very good at calibrating your CF patterns and delivery you can start to really fuck with her mind. You can deliver a CF pattern dead serious and wait for her to get turned off and then bust her balls for thinking that you were serious. You can imagine that the girl will have a hard time figuring you out and get self-conscious. The usual reaction would be: I never know whether you are serious or not. Stop teasing me. Translation: keep doing it and I will have no other chance then to get with you because attraction is not a choice.

In that sense, I am glad you got to read my post

Rocky

part one is here . Examples coming soon

Cocky Funny – Examples

krauserpua · 19 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

See these posts explaining the principles behind Cocky Funny. He's some of the lines Rocky uses in set:

* Let's pretend we never had this conversation
* Why do I feel like I'm talking to my future ex wife ?
* (slow down when walking with her so you're behind) Just checking out your arse!
* Mental note – never date this girl
* ….whatever!
* Nice, I'll give you a point for that… if you get to ten points you get a prize!
* My mum warned me about girls from xxxxxx, but you could be the exception
* what did you do before you met me?!
* Are you married? No! So what's the problem then?
* We make an awesome team… imagine our children… that could have your bubbly character and my perfect body… soooo cool, I love you
* For me you'll always be my xxxxxx
* If you buy me a drink you might get lucky tonight
* It's tough to be such a sex symbol
* You can be my personal bodyguard – let's see if you're strong enough!
* Look, we should go now because I have a date in two hours
* It's tough being cute without being hit on…..sometimes I wish I was ugly
* Let's have a xxxx-off
* Have you ever played imaginary frisbee? ("take one" out of pocket and pretend to play)
* And……back to me!
* Cheers…..to me!
* Just because I flirt a lot doesn't mean I put out
* You know, I would really like to slide in here. I hope you didn't take that the wrong way in.
* Sit down, please. Oh its getting really tight in here now. Maybe we should use prevention.
* You seem a bit tense… let's get Tequila so you loosen up
* Opener: Oh my god, did you just grab my ass? You know I like it forward, but that's even too much for me. Come on don't deny, I saw you following me around
* Please don't exploit me for my perfect body
* You know I am more than just a piece of meat. I mean, I am well hung and tender, but you just want me for my body.
* Is she always this cold? Your friend has been looking at me like a fat/hungry kid at a hamburger. Can you let her know that I am not on the menu for tonight, please
* You know we really make a great team: you got the character, I have the body. <only if she cut you out before> you have to promise that you won't exploit me for my looks.
* Ok, I will stay here at the bar with you, but you have to promise that you won't make a dirty move on me.
* We can have fun but please don't touch
* You know I work on this body very hard; I go to the gym twice a week, well mainly for sex in the hot tub. <Let them laugh> You know, I'm all waxed. All I leave is this little treasure trail <point at stomach hair> and you know, more women walked down there than on Oxford Street
* You know I'm like cocaine: I am white and addictive and a lot of girls leave the bathroom with me all over their face
* Look suddenly at the floor, she will follow> I know it is hard, but stop looking down there (point at crouch). Keep your eyes up here. You are impossible, at least the last girl invited me for a drink first. <keep doing call back humor on it> You did it again.

* Don't look at me like that. She: Like what? Well, you just wetted your lips, but forget it, I am not on your menu tonight. She: I didn't wet my lips! Well, that's what you say. Maybe you should go and check. She: Ohh, you are impossible! Well, I was hoping for some more romance, too!
* I feel so used now.
* She: I am gonna go to the bath room. You: You know, I was hoping for something more romantic. At least the last girl cooked me dinner first.
* Ok, I will come go dance with you, but I don't wanna see any of this hip hop booty grinding. You are not gonna win me over like that. We need something more sensual with rhythm and style
* So are you glad you got to see me tonight? <she can't possibly say no> She: Yes! Well, you could see more of me in the shower. If she says: No. You were not really thinking I was serious… let's just be friends
* Let's take this slowly, I don't wanna get hurt. Check this girl out: she is awesome: she is smart she is funny she is in touch with herself, but she has never had a boyfriend
* So why did you approach me in the first place?
* OMG, she just admitted that she slept with over 100 men
* Sorry what did you just say?
* Sorry why was I talking to you again?
* So where are you going later? xyz. Ohh that's too bad that means you won't get to make out with me. That's a real loss for you.
* She: I am thirty. You: What you are dirty?
* She: I am thirty one. You: What you are the dirty one?
* It got laid yesterday night. You: What you, got laid yesterday night. I really don't need to know that (you can also say: I got laid yesterday and accuse her of only thinking about one thing)
* My last name is xx. Do you know what it stands for? Yes, what? Absolutely nothing!

DISCLAIMER

There are two issues with CF and it is very important to know about them:

Firstly, to do CF correctly you need a lot of practice. Unless you are naturally a CF character, like I was, it is not like you can just go out and expect the best results ever. I was CF "naturally" because me and my friends used to take the piss all the time. I say naturally because that's what I learned before I even knew what game is. Yet, I firmly believe that everybody can be learn to be CF, just as I did. The more you practice the better you get. I have friends that were not naturally CF and over time they learned the skill and mastered it. They are just as good as I am now.

Secondly, I recommend practicing with a few CF routines to get started (like a street opener that you memorise), but to quickly move away from routines, as they can mess with your game: i.e. you get into your head, you come across mechanical and forget to escalate or seduce because you can get stuck in attraction. I got stuck in attraction a lot because it feels very nice when you have 5 girls laughing with you. However, that doesn't get you laid. You need to notice when to turn off the humor or you will end up as the dancing monkey.

Claiming the Spanish flag: Facebook escalation part one

krauserpua · 20 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

You are probably familiar with my new method for escalating a girl on Facebook. The idea is to have a basic routine / set of principles to drop onto a girl once she's on chat and the usual get-her-on-a-date progression isn't working. You have to be prepared to burn the set to run this, so only use it when you don't care. This girl I hadn't seen in 8 months. We'd had an instant date, a Day 2, and she refused the kiss close. Then just very infrequent facebook chats that went nowhere. So I think fuck it, drop The Stack. So it begins…. [these are full unedited chats]



My Italian and Spanish flags together

Her: i'm bored
Me: masturbate
Her: ¬¬ is what u do when u are bored?
Me: depends if I have a new video game
Her: haha
Me: lock your door put some music on pull your skirt up and rub one out you'll be fine
Her: …
Me: then make a coffee
Her: hahaha i dnt have coffee
Me: but the rest is fine I know
Her: hah ok…i'll do that then
Me: □ send me a photo
Her: no i'll send u a video
Me: good girl

Two days later she reopens me and now this is the first of three chats before she came over to my house to fuck. Burto has her now. Poor girl.

Her: bored again
Me: well, you know what to do

Her: i'm at work
Me: obviously they aren't working you very hard….. what's your uniform look like?
Her: ts nice jaquet, hirt, skirt we look like air hostess
Me: smart?
Her: yes
Me: is it the type of uniform people have fantasies about fucking in?
Her: maybe
Me: not me, obviously I'm not a sexual pervert
Her: no…
Me: But you are
Her: i'm not
Me: yes you are
Her: no no you are
Me: I never think about fucking girls in sexy uniforms
Her: yes…sure…
Me: you pervert
Her: you are
Me: you are a bigger pervert
Her: no
Me: I'm going out now. enjoy your evening! pervert
Her: i'm not u pervert me
Me: you like it
Her: no i need a new house in may do u now any place available? and dnt tell me your room
Me: my garage
Her: haha i dnt want to live wth u u'll pervert me
Me: I will alot
Her: i know
Me: You probably can't handle it too much sex for you
Her: hahah dnt make me laugh
Me: Spanish girls are not good at sex
Her: did u try?
Me: yes quite disappointing even though she was beautiful
Her: but i'm catalan much better
Me: Haha, catalans are the WORST !!!
Her: no we are the best we are more frustrated thats why we are better in sex
Me: so you are all screamers and biters, then?
Her: at least
Me: I'm totally not impressed
Her: ok i dnt care haha u are jealous
Me: I like you [her name], and if you jumped into my bed to show me I'd fuck you but BUT I'm a lazy man, and I think Spanish girls are not worth leaving my house for
Her: haahhahha crazy man haha
Me: I've got a Rey Leon tattoo on my ass [a reference to something on her facebook wall] Come here and you can lick it
Her: whaat ahha
Me: sorry, I mean LOOK at it
Her: why u decided to do that tattoo xD one day…
Me: If you were in my room your knickers would hit the floor within one minute I'd throw you on my bed bite your neck spank your little girly ass then send you to make me a cup of tea

Her: hahaha i'm not gonna make u tea
Me: ok, I'm gonna fuck you then actually
Her: haha
Me: MISTAKE I'm NOT gonna fuck you then you can't expect me to give you great sex without making me tea and cake
Her: hahaha
Me: so you expect great sex for free?
Her: i dnt do tea
Me: is this a catalan thing?
Her: maybe i make u tea and sex is rubbish
Me: hmmmmmm, I see your point
Her: u see it?
Me: maybe it should be written as a contract
Her: hahahha
Me: If the tea is bad, I am free of my obligation to fuck you If the tea is good, and I fuck you and you don't like it (unlikely as that may be) then to make up for the bad sex
Her: …
Me: I'll let you suck my cock
Her: hahaha i dnt like this contract
Me: what's your terms? I can't guarantee I'll accept them
Her: i dnt want to make tea
Me: I like coffee as much as I like tea
Her: hahaha
Me: maybe I'll even share the coffee with you
Her: i dnt want to make coffee neither in that case the tea is easier
Me: Ok, it's a deal
Her: haha ok… i need to go to sleep i'm working at 7 tomo
Me: get in a taxi now, I'll pay half
Her: i'm working tomorrowww
Me: go to work with a smile on your face get a taxi now
Her: haahha i go to sleep maybe on sunday if barcelona wins this weekend
Me: so that's 12% chance for you
Her: no barcelona will win
Me: No get in a taxi now then, on sunday you won't care about the football you'll be bragging to all your friends about the great sex you had
Her: hahahhaa good night
Me: □ sleep well

Romanian 19yr old part one: This is how I run attraction and framing

krauserpua · 22 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My book goes into detail on how to create a fun vibing energy to get a girl enjoying your company and then gradually flip the script on her so she begins chasing you (**investment**) and you've framed yourself as the prize. Words are useful but I guess video helps convey the energy. So here's one.



Ok, if I have to....

This was a routine street pickup while I was out with Whitewolf. My first three sets had been no-gos as I struggled to find my vibe but then it hit well with this girl. During the ten minute approach she was fun and giggly but said she'd come to London with her boyfriend of two years just a few days earlier. I took the number and didn't expect much. Then half an hour later while I happen to have bumped into Yosha, my phone rings. She is asking if I want to help her shop for a blanket. Hmmmmm. I say yes but I'm not expecting much. Perhaps the girl is trying to make me follow her around like a puppy dog and collapse my frame. But I remember her energy was great during the approach so I take the chance. She comes to me and off we go to Primark. I've added a commentary. I've got another video to put up showing the Deep Rapport and Verbal Escalation I did half an hour later in the pub with her.

0:01 – She's playing around, investing and being girly
0:31 – Simple leading, telling her what to do as we find the queue
1:53 – Rapport seeking from her
2:05 – More rapport seeking as she finds a commonality then IOIs with the hair toss
2:10 – Cocky funny and being dominant, setting the frame that I have to go easy on her
2:47 – I'm allowing her to draw the DHVs out of me
3:21 – Her hindbrain is fully into me now with this kind of rapport-seeking, IOIing and generally girly behaviour. I'm letting all the energy come from her – that's investing her
4:00 – I'm letting her invest while showing non-commital interest. She knows I'm paying attention but doesn't know if I approve of it.

4:39 – Playfully introducing contrast game
5:04 – She's doing callback humour to the initial approach when I said she looked like a hamster on cocaine, to which she replied "are you saying I'm a junkie hamster?"
5:23 – Note how she's constantly trying to keep me engaged and always turning to me to give attention. She's chasing.
5:55 – I'm about to introduce sex for the first time in the interaction. Notice it's generalised sex talk with a clear inference its about her.
6:30 – She badmouths her boyfriend in a fairly innocuous manner but I have to tell her off a little, but without looking like I actually give a shit.
6:51 – Logistics and background to find out if she can be poached or if it has to be sex on the side.
7:01 – Turn it into qualification
7:21 – Defiance. I'm not gonna agree with what she says just to seek rapport. I'm not a pushover
7:28 – I thought of this on the spot in this video, and now use it alot. The "2 ways…." mini-routine.
7:37 – I made the blowjob sign for the 2nd thing
7:42 – Big-time hit! Thank you very much, people **takes a bow**
8:02 – See the blonde girl in front of me is laughing. About five people in the queue cracked up when they overheard it
8:22 – Standard contrast game. I'm setting her up for fuck buddy rather than steal her from the boyfriend.
8:30 – Note how low my energy is the whole time. Low vocal tone, not speaking so much, letting her do all the running around.

Romanian 19yr old part two: Verbal escalation

krauserpua · 24 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I think people are too obsessed with kino. It's really not very important outside of the nightclub environment. The key to getting a girl across the sexual rubicon is to flip the switches in her hindbrain to make her feel that motion-towards of "I want this guy inside me". The forebrain won't help you much – think of it as a guarddog protecting the property and then just toss it enough bones to keep it distracted and quiet. When you start kinoing a girl you are unequivocally telling her hindbrain that you are chasing her – this will still work but it's carrying her across the sexual rubicon not enticing her to make the leap herself.

I believe this is a crucial component in why most guys I know cannot achieve hand in their relationships. They set the frame in the beginning that they are chasing and she is the prize.

I like to multi-task my verbal escalation so that I can build comfort, show vulnerability, DHV, master her intellectually, heat her up, anchor her sexual feelings to me, while showing her a very easy path towards sexual gratification. I shot this video to give an example. The how-to explanation is in my book.

We begin the question game about 15 minutes after sitting down for a drink, after we'd had ten minutes shopping and before that ten minutes in the initial approach. This is a delayed instant date. Our total time since the cold approach was 35 minutes – that's how quick you can go into this material if all the planets have aligned for you.

Things to look for in the video:

- My vocal tone is flat and calm. I've not got my tongue hanging out all excited to be talking about sex.
- I'm not propositioning her yet. The overt frame is we are getting to know each other. The escalation is a side bonus.
- I am genuinely interested in her attitudes towards sex and she can feel it's authentic
- There is no judgement about morally good / bad. She feels free to open up
- I begin relatively light and then keep going deeper and dirtier. It's a smooth progression.
- Her questions tell me alot about what she is interested about in me. In particular it allows me to preselect and also share deep rapport. Yes, you can get rapport during dirty talk.

Later that night she opened me on Facebook for more talk, then again the next day. She's on the hook.

The Rat Pack Life – wing rules in set

krauserpua · 24 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The highest social priority in a man's life should be to earn the mutual respect of other high-value men. I call it the **Rat Pack Life**. It is in stark contrast to the low-value cretins and fakers who either have nobody's respect or (barely better) they have the adoration of morons.

Consider Robbie Williams. He can't sing, can't dance, doesn't write his material, and is basically talentless. He does have good looks and charisma so combine that with a fortuitous chain of events and suddenly he's a superstar singing on stage in front of 20,000 adoring fans in RobbieFest, about 2/3s of whom are young nubile women, many of them pretty. Is that good?

Well, not to be sniffed at for sure. But how come he ended up a messed-up coked-up alcoholic in rehab whereas many other famous people did not. I think the parable of the **Emperor's New Clothes** is instructive. Put simply, there was a massive incongruence between the public image of Robbie that he had to live up to, and the reality that he knew. He was a faker. But the morons in the audience were too moronic to know this. Cognitive dissonance and self-worth issues ensue.



"where did it all go wrong...?"

In contrast consider some genuine artists and accomplished men. These guys form natural rat packs of other high-achieving men. They hang out in a modern version of the hunting band. This is where a real sense of belonging comes from. Think George Clooney and his gang. No rehab for them. I think of it this way:

No amount of adoration from morons, no matter how many of them, can substitute for the mutual respect of a high value man.

Your goal in life should be to create your own rat pack. Seek out and befriend high value men. Gather around each other and live a life of epic coolness. The girls will come a distant second, but *they will come*. You don't have to worry about your frame when you have your pack. It solidifies your inner game. Get the guys together, agree wing rules, and own the world with your awesomeness.

Aha, I mentioned wing rules. Finally I have arrived at the purpose of this post. Any time you go out with a wing you must have rules of engagement. Two or more guys operating in perfect harmony with a clear purpose can wreak havoc on untapped pussy. I'm reminded of a common sight in Estonia while I was there with Big Toe. I'd sometimes hang out at a "foreigners bar" while he was in the burrito shop stuffing his face. On at least four separate occasions the same scene played out before my eyes:

1. Four or more Brits on a stag do, clearly in sexual poverty where the only hot girls they see disrobe after receiving payment, are drunk outside a bar
2. A lone stripper approaches to rope them into her club by showering them with fake IOIs and leading them by the nose
3. Men are so blown away by the (fake) sexual attention of a halfway-decent woman that their tongues hang out and they metaphorically slit each other's throats trying to clamber across each other's corpses to get the attention of a woman they just met
4. Stripper struggles to hide her disgust that a group of guys who may have been friends for years will so quickly throw each other under a bus at the faintest whiff of pussy.

This is *extremely* low value behaviour. Girls are hard-wired to seek access to all-male groups and then wreck them with jealously plots. Consider pimp stables, football teams, Working Mens Clubs, the leading positions of civilisation….

Don't fall for that shit. You can only get one notch from a girl. A good wing will get you 20 notches and boost the quality of your life in immeasureable ways by participating in the Rat Pack Life. No girls in the treehouse!



walking to the treehouse

Here are some basic rules of winging.

- Whoever opens the set is the Player. Everyone else is a Wing. The Player owns the set and plays it however he wants.
- The Wing's job is to get the Player laid. At all times the Wing's thoughts are towards moving the set in this direction.
- The Player is in the set and doing most of the work to carry it. He's also outcome dependent because he's trying to fuck the Target. This affords the Wing the unique position of third-party observation and thus the ability to see things the Player can't, and make adjustments on the fly.
- The Player is always right. Never ever disagree with him and never take the Target or Obstacle's side in a disagreement or tease.

- When the Player talks, the Wing shuts up immediately and listens. The Player always has the Wing's full attention. This includes the subtletly of turning your body and feet to face the Player
- Wherever the best position is, the Player has it. If the Wing finds himself in that position by accident he contrives a reason to swap it with the Player.
- Never ever force the Player to the edges of the group or conversation. There will be a clear centre of energy in the interaction. Make sure the Player is it, not you or the girls.
- The Wing defers to the Player in subtle ways. For example he complies with the Player's requests and looks to the Player for leadership (e.g. where to go for the next bounce)
- The Wing throws softballs to the Player to hit out of the park (e.g. "You've been to Rio too haven't you?")

I'll post up a field report soon of wingwork in action from a set last night.

Claiming my Spanish flag: the Facebook setup part two

krauserpua · 25 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Quick summary is I street-opened her last summer, had a Day 2 that went nowhere, and then just occasional non-sexual facebook chat. Something changed in her circumstances and suddenly I was able to sexualise quickly. Here is the next stage, one day after she'd agreed to the booty call. This is the full chat from when she opens me. You'll notice I'm bulldozing all objections and while it's extreme "pull" with very little push, I don't start begging. The frame is "we both want this, so now I will make it happen, pushing past your coyness." Not the tightest game but I didn't want her wasting my time. She came the next day and I banged her.

Her: pervert

Me: sure…… are you in a taxi?

Her: yes

Me: cool tell him [my postcode] I'll have the tea ready

Her: haha i told u maybe sunday i'm tired now

Me: I might be tired on Sunday I'm full of energy now, and I'm gonna be home all evening jump in a taxi

Her: but i'm not full of energy now

Me: sleep in the taxi

Her: hahaha its not comfortable

Me: no problem for the first hour, you can lie down on my bed as we drink something, and watch TV

Her: i'll probably fall sleep

Me: perhaps then after an hour I'll rip your clothes off bite and grab you kiss you a bit slap your ass and put my cock in you and fuck your brains out then make another cup of tea

Her: u are a tea obsessed!

Me: true get a taxi now text me when you are inside it I'll expect you around 9pm

Her: i'm not gonna take a taxi now hahaha i'm working tomo again

Me: I'll send you home at 11pm

Her: noo not todayy

Me: I'm quite busy this week. Can't guarantee Sunday I'm free tonight. Take the opportunity

Her: monday?

Me: It's awkward. I've got friends visiting from tomorrow evening they are here a week and then I go to Estonia for a week come now

Her: i cant noww

Me: do it you are tired at this moment but when you have a glass of vodka, and have my cock in your hand you'll find lots of new energy

Her: hahaha i dnt think so

Me: [my address] wear a skirt so I can pull it up and do you from behind

Her: i'm not gonna go today!

Me: yes you are it's still early and I want to fuck you now

Her: but i'm tired now

Me: That's temporary

Her: no i'm tired since saturday

Me: you'll be energetic and screaming when I get hold of you

Her: no, i'll fall sleep

Me: oh dear, Catalans really are the worst in bed

Her: u dnt know

Me: you are all bark, no bite pull a skirt on, do your hair and come here

Her: noooo

Me: yes start moving now

Her: no

Me: you'll be here in less than an hour

Her: i'm too tired to move

Me: you'll be home by midnight you only have to move from your room to the taxi outside

Her: haha no, i have to take a shower dry my hair dress up and i'm too sleepy

Me: when do you finish work tomorrow?

Her: 11pm

Me: that's too late, my friends will be here at 11:30

Her: its not my fault talk wth my manager

Me: take your opportunity now

Her: i'm too tired i'm not gonna enjoy it

Me: that's unfortunate

Her: i've been working almost 12 days with just one day off between i'm soo tired

Me: I feel sympathy. It's not easy working so hard

Her: til which day are your friends here

Me: they are here 2 weeks, staying in one of my guest rooms but I'm going to Estonia on the 2nd June

Her: i'm going to barcelona the 3rd

Me: so, you understand why tonight is best?

Her: but i'm really tired tonight

Me: I know. Difficult decision…. sleep or hot sex

Her: hahahah

Me: I know you want it, you're just lazy and comfortable

Her: i'm tiredddd and u live so far

Me: taxi I'll pay half

Her: nooo i have to do lots of things before i could go

Me: so do them

Her: and i just feel like i want to lay on the bed

Me: yes, my bed

Her: or sleep

Me: have a shower now, it'll wake you up

Her: your bed is so far

Me: nap in the taxi do it get ready now

Her: nooo u r not gonna change my mind today

Me: that's ok

Her: u'll need to wait when u'll be back from estonia

Me: I can wait. Not sure what I'll be doing then opportunities come and go

Her: well…new ones come as well

Me: true the best I can offer you is….. maybe I can escape my friends for a few hours before I go to Estonia but it can't be in my house

Her: why not

Me: because I'm probably gonna start dating one of them and I don't want to be rude

Her: hahaha well depends when u can scape could be in my house if my room mate is working

Me: do you know what time they work on Sunday and Monday? this needs to be coordinated with miltary precision!

Her: hahaha i'm not sure probably sunday he is off must be in monday

Me: are you working Monday?

Her: no

Me: I prefer lunch time because then I can eat afterwards and not get fat

Her: hahaha

Me: Noon on Monday then?

Her: well, i need to check if my friend is working

Me: Ok. What's your address, and nearest station?

Her: [address]

Me: postcode?

Her: [postcode]

Me: is your number still [private no]?

Her: yes

Me: I'm checking googlemap you are next to [private] station, right?

Her: haha yes

Me: Got it Ok, so your job between now and Monday

1. get lots of sleep

2. cheer for Barcelona

3. buy some sexy underwear

Her: haha

Me: 4. wear a nice skirt, top, and boots

5. Ensure your house is empty around lunchtime on Monday

Her: just my room will be empty i dunno about the other flatmates

Me: That's not a problem for me is it a problem for you?

Her: we can put some music if not haha

Me: no problem I expect you to be noisy and rough don't disappoint me the pride of Catalonia is depending on you!

Her: hahahaha i dnt need to be noisy to be great

Me: I'll be the judge of that, young lady

Her: hahaha

What does the Player need? : wing rules part two

krauserpua · 26 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I recently discussed how wing rules fit into the lifestyle of high value men. Here's the example that inspired the post. I get a call from one of my gang on a Saturday night. He's managed to get a top target out for drinks on a Day 2 but she's insisting on bringing her friend. I've already arranged to take my girlfriend out so I decide it might be fun for her to watch wing work in action, and I can help my friend out and preselect him with my girl. So we jump in the bus and away we go. I'll let him give the full field report……..

• I met this chick in [bar name]. The opener was very friendly, quirky and sexual "you look very tasty and I want a bite off your arm." or words to that effect. I held onto her legs saying: look I am not off balance, I am just find your legs fucking sexy. It hit and I took her for a shot at the bar telling her that I won't hit on her that night but next time. I made a mistake by talking about old relationships but was abe to turn it around and use it later against her. I didn't make out with her. Just turned her around to check out her ass. She was very compliant to requests from the start.



Looks like this and of equal quality

• Text messages were exchanged. Nothing too crazy and nothing too boring. She bit on the crazy surreal statements and on the sexual hook that she missed out because we went on partying.

• The day 2 started with me meeting her and her Slovak friend in [West London]. We went to the Burger King and the vibe was a little bit awkward at the beginning. We were waiting for Krauser and his gf and when they arrived we went to a nearby pub for a pint. They paid theirs and we paid ours. Once outside, Krauser gave me perfect full attention and started creating the comfort which was missing. My girl opened up strongly when we talked about Brazil and the music and the dancing. It was a very authenticand real vibe with a few attraction spikes tossed in. They bit on it and the vibe improved. Krauser did a great job at DHVing me, creating comfort, giving me social proof, while letting me be the player. I had the alpha position leaning against the wall.

• We walked to [bar / club] and went into the pub next to it. Krauser gave me the seat that I needed: next to my girl. He started occupying the Slovak girl and I went straight into flipping the script. They had bought me a drink as we started playing it by the round. The first bit of game I ran was a very passive and subtle. I DHVed by talking about

promoting and the fake girls that are beautiful and that I need more than just good looks. Talked about burlesque clubs and mixed clubs (freedom bar). We started to connect and I leaned back as she started to go off into a massive investment. Her body language was very sexual and she was leaning in strongly, her eyes were sparkly. I simply did seductive listening with eye fucking. My face was very plain, no nodding and very unreactive. I gave her the occasional naughty smile to bait more investment and she did. We went outside for a smoke and her friend followed. I gave Krauser a massive DHV by telling her that he is a real friend: a friend that you can call at 5 in the morning when you are in trouble. I befriended her in a very real sense. If I was “gaming” one would have said I disarmed her, but it wasn’t necessary because they were genuine and interested in the first place.

• We went to [lounge bar] where I bought a round of watermellon martinis. We talked about what they like best about each other in terms of character qualities, playfully whispering into one girls’ ear at the time, intriguing them. That gave me the chance to ask what they like about me (love this routine because they verbalise why you are so great). They both said I’m very friendly, sociable, easy going and that they have never met a [guy] like that. Krauser was sitting with his gf letting me run the set. The vibe was strong: seductive, fun and authentic, while a strong genuine connection was built.

• Krauser went home at midnight and the first moment came where I had to run real game. We went outside, they didn’t want to pay entrance fees and I didn’t know a bar where you could go without paying entrance. They relied on me. One of them said: we can call it a night. I said: no girls, it is way to early to call it a night. Follow me. I just started leading towards [new location]. They followed. We went into the little bar next to the station that looks a bit Carribean. It was a blessing because the vibe there was a dream. A guy singing and playing the guitar. We were seated at the bar on stools. I was in the middle and the girls left and right of me so I could shift attention as I pleased. We had a few drinks and it got naughtier. A few AMOGs came in but I blew them out hard. A guy trying to solve logistics by asking: so how do you guys know each other. I blew him out by bringing it to sexual absurdity (in his world at least): “oh, nothing special. On a Friday we do the usual threesome and on a Tuesday I fuck them seperately.” Then a chair fall over at the other side of the room and I just said: oh shit! My intent was to guide the girls RAS (attention) to the new thing which meant that they were to back turn him. Then I caught their attention to keep him backturned. It worked. He simply walked off. Similar thing happened outside as we left. It was horrible to see the guy crumble, but I will make you look like an idiot if you try to interfere with my set. To the guy outside I just said: ok, cool. Anyway girls, let’s go and just led them away from him. Again I put him into spectator mode by asking the Slovak to do that dance again. By then she was already a bit drunk and did it. The guy had to watch and I asked him to join but he didn’t dare=massive value drop because not able to hang and be part of the group.

• I built more comfort by talking about a canal adventure walking from Camden to Paddington (little venice). My girl loved it and the future projection felt very solid.

• Physically I did a lot of side-way hugging with cheek on cheek contact. The eye fucking was always there. I touched her leg a few times but didn’t do anything crazy or forward. Not because I didn’t dare to but because I didn’t want to escalate in the wrong location. I had the feeling that I could have, but I thought: what’s the point. I know I can kiss her. I told her that we are going to have to delay the kissing one more time and smiled. Not sure she really listened when I said it and I could have escalated more. But at least I didn’t blow the sexual tension while she still knows that I am a sexual guy. I pulled her friend’s hair hard one time just to show them that I can be sexually aggressive. I gave her the RJ neck massage and stroked her behind the ear. I spanked the Slovak’s hand one time. The only thing I could have done better is not the intensity of the sexual escalation, but the direction: I should have directed it more to my girl instead of the Slovak. I did give them 50:50 but 80:20 would have been better. My aim was to show them that I have balls to escalate but that I won’t do it when her friend is around because there is no point. I also wanted to avoid the sexual predator box. It feels like I succeeded but I could have done a bit more sexual escalation. Knowing that sexual escalating is my problem (i.e. I am too forward usually) I chose to play it safe.

• The best mid-game bit was me biting on the Slovak’s “social trap” by asking me if I had ever done anything completely crazy. I said: yes, a threesome. The look in their eyes was funny. Like: oh my god, he is weird. So I

calibrated it. I said: I had a threesome 10 years ago with my gf and her best friend. It wasn't one of these lets-just-fuck threesomes. We had a very strong sexual connection. We were laying in bed and the girls started kissing. Then one thing led to another. They were both leaning on me and we pleasured one after the other all night long. It wasn't akward at all the next day. They spazzed out and got very turned on.

• The next golden moment was when my girl asked me if I fancied her Slovak friend and that she doesn't have a problem with it. The best thing to do would have been to say: Don't get me wrong, I really like her but I didn't ask you to bring her on our date. Now you have to deal with it (while leaning in with the last sentence). What I did was that I said: Hmmm, maybe. Who knows. She kept trying to tease me and I didn't bite. I just played it very vague but giving her clear signals that she is the one I am after. It was playful and obvious.

• The time came to leave. I showed them where their bus is. Her friend gave us a minute alone. I reminded her about our little adventure, gave her a kiss on the cheek

Conclusion

I like girls that are not playing games. They were sociable, open-minded, sexual and easy going. No game was needed. Yet, she wasn't a "yes" girl. A good wing with set rules who knows what he is doing is key. Without Krauser handling the akwardness at the beginning and taking the Slovak on for a bit, I would have had a much harder time. No game is needed if you are dealing with girls of high self-esteem. A genuine connection is much better. If you meet two girls and one is your target direct 80% of your sexual attraction to the target. Do your escalation on her and not on her friend.

Part three to follow

A feisty Indian who won't be cowed

krauserpua · 27 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I was out doing some day-creeping yesterday and the last girl was this rather spritely English / Indian lass. The whole interaction was a bit weird and didn't fit the model. She hooked easily before I even finished the opener and was giving back with the banter and fun, so a delight to talk to. However my sexual vibe had been off all day so I was getting myself into interactions that we're chill, fun and lively – but not really man-woman. Take a look….

You'll see she was just in the mood for a chat at the beginning and her character is bubbly and giving. I tease her hard for a while, which keeps her animated and doesn't allow her to get the upper hand. She's clearly used to being in control of conversations through her energy alone. Then after about five minutes my frame starts to win out over hers and she qualifies harder and seeks more rapport – e.g. when she does that little jingly dance, I give her no reaction, and she starts giggling and stacks forwards. She's into me now but I'm expecting subtle frame control games. Not because she's a psycho or attention whore – I think they'll be fun and naive frame control games.

I bang my first 23yr old Spanish receptionist

krauserpua · 28 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

All the back-story is here:

- Approach / Day 2
- Escalation
- Logistics

There's not much more to add so I'll skip to the close and the epilogue. I have to close her quick because my soon-to-be-new-girlfriend is due to arrive in London in a few days and will be living at my house. So I don't really want to be bringing girls back when she's there. Hence I rush this one and strong-arm the Spaniard to jump on the bus the next morning.

It's the first time I've had a girl come to my house based purely on the internet and already DTF without having to run the usual seduction game. She arrives all dressed up, sexy underwear and as you'll see from the video her mind is in that curious sexual state of anticipation from the moment she steps off the bus. I do her the decency of pouring a drink, showing her the house, and then chatting for twenty minutes so she doesn't feel any more slutty than she already feels.

Then fast escalation, no LMR. It's typical fuckbuddy sex – wild, unconstrained, and she does everything I tell her to. So I collect my anal and cum-on-face flags. She's a surprisingly good lay – very intense. The moment I finish it becomes a chore to keep her around so I ask her to show me her prior boyfriends on Facebook. I notice they all look the same – Aussie / Kiwi, black hair, and basically good-looking versions of Big Toe. So I start DHVing him. A couple of days later she's on FB chat with me angling for a repeat performance:

Me: You like Aussies, right?

Her: Yes. Have you got one for me hahahahaa

Me: Actually, yes

After that it's easy – I suggest them as friends and Toe takes over. Within two days she's in his bedroom with her tits out. He just a2m'd her last night. My work here is done….

P.S. *– The post-script is she has totally gone over to Toe. She still chats to me on FB but has lost all sexual interest in me.*

You don’t have to verbalise sex to make a girl horny

krauserpua · 30 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Tom and I were having a long session yesterday. The first hour or so was nasty – poor vibe, crappy girls, dead sets. But as usually happens we started to hit our stride and get some better luck with the quality of girls appearing in front of us. This was my last set before our afternoon intermission (more to follow).

I see this girl padding softly down the street with her arse swishing from side to side. Immediately my spider sense triggers. I say to Tom “that girl is ovulating” and then dodge through traffic to chase her down.

0:08 – It was her vibe that made me decide to go strongly sexual in the subcommunication. She is showing lots of skin and walking with a soft lilt. This girl feels horny.

0:15 – A mild version of the “Russian Minute” commences now. It’s one-minute of bullshit and stern looks to see if I’m the piggy in a house of bricks or the piggy in a house of straw….

0:33 – …. but because she’s horny there’s still encouraging signals for a man calibrated enough to read them. Usually these girls stare you down harder.

0:53 – Stack into conversation so I don’t kill the opener. She gives me an easy way to show defiance on her country of origin.

1:04 – Words don’t matter much. I’m eye-fucking her and about to lower my vocal tone.

1:16 – Note the hair IOIs beginning. You’ll see as the set progress this isn’t just a reaction to the wind. Watch.

1:26 – The stack is playful and hints at sexual themes. She’s heating up with the eye flirting and mouth pursing.

1:36 – She’s a pussy cat now. Her testing has given her the answer she wanted and now she wants to be led and toyed with.

1:51 – Framing her. She loves it.

1:56 – The IOI moves from her hair to her arm scratching….

2:03 – …and on to the lips

2:14 – I am providing order, structure and leadership to the conversation. I’m not just bouncing around. Often it takes longer to reach this point but she hooked hard and sexual so I go right in.

2:35 – Comfort

2:59 – Was that David Cameron just walking past?

3:24 – Allowing pauses to work the tension and she either invests into the gaps or we get a nice sexual silence. Win-win.

3:34 – No, it’s Michael Schumacher

3:42 – We’ll call that an IOI

5:08 – There’s no need to verbalise fucking. We’ve already agreed subsconsiously that it’s “on”. Now we just have to figure out if we can move through the remaining stages to sex without fucking up or logistical barriers.

6:01 – Usually this would be a set to bounce to an instant date but I had an appointment I was already late for.

If I’d gone for the instant date I’d have said I have a 50/50 change to bang her, but I wasn’t up for it.


HER 900

Wing rules part three

krauserpua · 1 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's the last of three parts. Guest-written by Rocky….

With some wings I game differently to Krauser. I am guilty of being a bit unpatient with other wings in the sense that we are out gaming and neither of us wants to waste and opportunities. That is suboptimal I think. I think that the rat pack theory that Krauser posted is the real killer. i.e. you are more concentrated on having fun with the boys (we are the strongest link and coolest motherfuckers in the place, as far as we are concerned) and you pull girls into that frame; they are allowed to have fun with the coolest motherfuckers that are around. Think of it as a war of love:you need to stick together and build a unshakeable unit because each one of you – no matter how strong you are on your own – is simply more likely to come out a winner if you stick together.

I base this observation on things I observed during my high school years. This is what it used to be like in school for me: a girl was never able to drop my value even if I thought she was hot. I knew that I am an integral part of that group of guys and girls that everybody admires. I give value to that group and I receive value from that group in equal amounts. A girl from outside didn't mean anything and if she dared to blow me out or let me down she knew that she blew her chances with a lot of high value guys and girls at the same time. Why? Because we were approved to be the high value group by a lot of people and if I disapprove her then that will harm her reputation a lot. I was able to put a price on her pussy so to speak and I was able to give it a high or a low price. How did I get into that position? Our group had the hottest girls, we were good at sports, we organised big parties, we were known for getting into fights and had a bad ass reputation. I was part of probably two or three different high value groups (subgroups), which seemed even more ridiculous to an outsider: how can you roll with all these people at the same time? Well, high value groups recognise and associate with high value groups: football players will hang out with Formula 1 drivers and models etc. They go to the same venues for example. That's obviously a different scale, but the concept remains in tact.

Back to the infield observation: For a girl (or a guy) to go against the grain by letting me down out was simply very risky. The likelyhood of her convincing all the others that I am an idiot was virtually zero, because everybody was afraid of becoming an outsiders as well. All outsiders knew that the rat pack wouldn't fuck around long and they would simply start ignoring her and her value would systematically drop. So even if a girl wasn't genuinely liking my approach – which was unlikely because I was giving her "approval from the cool gang" and all the sudden her value sky rocketed – she was very tempted to accept it for the fact that she didn't want to become an outsider. Girls slept with me because of what I represented (her value increasing) and because of the fear of becoming an outsider (her value dropping). Note: a true high value group can only destroy itself by disagreeing or fighting with each other.If you realise that you will get A LOT of pussy just for the fact that this group exists and you are part of it, you will not want to jeopardise that group.

I have witnessed many wings. Wingmanship requires discipline, solid game skills and unequestionable integrity.

The subtext of game – My talk at the LSS charity bootcamp

krauserpua · 1 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Most UK readers should be familiar with the London Seduction Society (LSS), the main UK forum for game. Most aspiring players find their way onto it at some point in their journey and in the beginning I used it to find wings and get a feel that I wasn't the only weirdo doing this pick-up stuff.

I rarely post there now, mainly because my blog is the repository of my game-related thoughts. They run irregular charity bootcamps a couple of times a year so this time around I was invited to speak. Seeing as I'm primarily known for my daygame perhaps people expected me to speak about that. No sir. I wrote up a new talk about the subtext to your journey in game.

It went over quite well. Here's the full talk as filmed by my bird. I've blurred out faces and when the camera pans into the audience my girl followed her instructions correctly ("just get the tops of people's heads, not their faces"). I've snipped off the last few minutes of the Q&A to keep it down to 3x15min.

Facebook Escalation: The large-breasted Romanian teenager

krauserpua · 10 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm taking some time off right now, working on a few new things. I've still got plenty of archives to post, so I'll put some up. Got a few old lay reports too.

While I'm out with **Moran** and one of his students back in February I do a quick demo set on two stunning girls walking together on Oxford Street. I go direct and get the older sister's permission to take the 19yr old's number. They are super excited and giggly about the whole thing. At the time I'm kinda intoxicated by Romanian's beauty and rate her a 9 because she's exactly my type in every possible way – at least for the initial ten minute approach.

It takes a few weeks but we have a date which goes well. She's acting like she can't believe it's really happening and how could she get so lucky. Nice. So I kiss close her at a pub at late lunchtime and it's really on. But I have a pre-arranged consultation with Skeletor for 3pm so I have to snip it short. No problem, I think.

The third date never happens. She flakes twice and the second time is as I'm on my way to the bus stop to meet her. I'm angry, my core says "dump the bitch" so I tell her to fuck off. I don't care, I'm feeling pretty abundant around that time. I forget about her.

A few months pass, and I send her a feeler text. She responds well, so I decide to move it to facebook. She adds me and messages. We have a brief chat then about midnight the next night (a Tuesday) I get into a second chat. Bearing in mind I've already kissed her and confirmed sexual attraction, and I can't be bothered with time-wasting, I escalate hard and fast using my new Facebook Escalation Method. Watch….

Me: oi!

Her: [half an hour later] hi

Me: …

Her: [kiss face]

Me: awwwww…. that's cute I can't do the "kiss" face maybe there's a "grab tits" one…

Her:

Me: what you doing now?

Her: watching a film

Me: a girly movie?

Her: no i'm watching a romanian movie

Me: I don't mean porno-girly, I mean girls movie

Her: 'Ho Ho Ho' about christmas

Me: I think Ho Ho Ho is probably a porno about three prostitutes

Her: :)) yeahhh

Me: I'd be the pimp

Her:

Me: anyway, stop talking about sex you pervert

Her: yes yes yes always me :d

Me: you're a naughty girl I'm gonna tell my mum she warned me about girls like you!

Her: □ ok tell her she will never let u out :))

Me: She said… “Be careful of those brunette Romanian girls” “especially the young ones that look like a hamster” “they are all sex maniacs” thats what she said

Her: i’m not brunette anymore □

Me: ?

Her: look at my pics from romania □

Me: can’t be bothered are there any with your tits or ass in them?

Her: □ i dont know □ but u can check □

Me: oooookay which folder?

Her: [folder name] and [folder name]

Me: ok if they are rubbish, you have to email me a good one checking….

Her: □

Me: [folder 1] = rubbish □ checking other folder ….

Her: :))

Me: who got married?

Her: my oldest sis

Me: nice □ congratulations

Her: thnx

Me: but photos are rubbish [my email] send me something good

Her: □ i dont have good pics

Me: you have a camera. take one now

Her: ;)) i dont have camera □ :))

Me: you have a camera phone

Her: what kind of pic?? □

Me: something sexy, with your tits or ass in it not naked I don’t know you well enough for that

Her: :)) let me check in my computer

Me: ok

Her: done

Me: checking…..

Her: [kiss face]

Me: ok, got ’em thanks



Built to fuck

Her: □ are not that good but….7

Me: they are fairly good one of you kneeling in sand is the best one

Her: □

Me: tits look good

Her: i know always look good

Me: don't be so proud, woman! lots of girls have nice tits

Her: why not?

Me: □

Her: □ not nicer then mine □

Me: I'm not so sure about your ass though

Her: :)) it's not the best photo…

Me: yeah sure…

Her: i know i have a bis ass □ *big ass

Me: I didn't really notice when I met you anyway, pretty good photos I'm sure you can do better though

Her: □ thanks i will one day ….7 …..

Me: 7?

Her: nothing □ i was pressing the wrong button □

Me: so when I met you we established you are girly, quite cute, but also a bit silly

Her: just a bit?? □

Me: these photos confirm quality tits and as-yet inconclusive about the ass is there anything else I should know before we meet again?

Her: i dont know

Me: are you likely to stalk me? I didn't like my last few stalkers

Her: dont know

Me: you don't know much do you?

Her: that's me

Me: Can you handle alcohol well? I've started drinking rum and coke recently

Her: yep i'm drinking only vodka with coke or cherry juice

Me: big words for a little hamster I'll drink you under the table

Her: noooo oh…. i think…. yes u are british so u are drinking more than romanians

Me: I just bought a bottle of Captain Morgan last night it's already 1/3 finished in fact, I might pour myself a glass right now…

Her: i want aswell

Me: you're in [extremity of greater London] though, right?

Her: [zone 3]

Me: ah, I remember not so far jump in a taxi

Her: ;)) im going to sleep now

Me: wus but ok

Her: because tomorrow i'll go shopping good night and sweet dreams

Me: you too darlin'

So I've set the frame, got some fairly good compliance (mainly the photos) and made no bones about my intent. As expected she balked at the initial come-on. Better the pushy asshole than the timid beta. My value remains high, the vibe is good, and she'll be back.

My daygame.com podcast

krauserpua · 12 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

While out daycreeping with a wing a couple of weeks ago we got a call from Andy Yosha to ask if we'd drop by Daygame.com HQ to record a podcast.



Welsh HB10

I apologise in advance for the many sexually inappropriate innuendos. I can't host the podcast myself, so click here to listen. It's about an hour long.

I talk too much

krauserpua · 13 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Recently I've switched up my date game. One concept familiar to community guys is that skills acquisition is like a pendulum. At first you are out of balance to one side – usually the passive side – so you need to swing the pendulum right over to it's opposite side. Think of it like flexing your muscles. So for example, a guy who has never cold approached has to start flying into set after set regardless of how well-suited the girl is to him, just so he can feel what the other extreme is like. Or a timid nice guy might really dial up his assholery so he can learn how it feels to unburden yourself and piss off lots of girls.

Then once the test phase is over, you let the pendulum rest at the sweet spot in the middle. You calibrate that aspect of your game.

I've been pushing it hard lately in verbal escalation, reality-reframing, and intellectual mastery. These are core skills to get Type One girls. The problem is I've been pushing it too hard too fast and losing girls because of it. This isn't a problem because I can get an endless series of dates with girls like in this video. However, after watching this video I decided I've swung the pendulum out far enough and it's time to scale back.

I'm returning to minimalism on dates. Be quiet, let the girl talk. Whoever is talking is investing.

Note how despite doing too much work it's still effortless to draw IOIs and sexual state out of this girl. She's a bona-fide Krauser '9'. In this particular case my hands were tied by logistics: she was in London for only three days, to stay with her boyfriend of two years, and I met her two hours before he finished work. Also, I was with a 1-on-1 student so I felt bad stretching the date out. Had logisitcs suited I would've led her around London for a couple of hours, put a couple of pints in her, then escalated once in my bedroom. As Rocky said to me upon watching the video:

"I can see that you talk a lot and she doesn't she is easy she is up for it she needs to be led look at the way she smokes look at her eyes she is ready"

Prince Harry has his shit together

krauserpua · 16 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

From today's Daily Telegraph

"……Prince Harry has broken off his romance with the lingerie model Florence Brudenell-Bruce, it has been reported. The Prince, 26, told friends he wants to focus on his Apache helicopter training and does not want to be "tied down".

Harry began dating the 25-year-old lingerie model, nicknamed Flee, in June but has now broken off the relationship. "Harry has a lot on his mind at the moment. He is concentrating on his Apache helicopter training. After that, he's expecting to return to Afghanistan," a source told the Daily Mirror.

"Harry enjoyed spending time with friends over the summer, but he doesn't want to be tied down in a relationship when training, so he called time on Flee." Miss Brudenell-Bruce, who has fronted campaigns for John Lewis, Adidas and Knickerbox, was keen for Harry to join her on holiday in Ibiza this month……"



Sloppy seconds of Prince Harry and Jenson Button

It's an open secret in the UK that Prince Harry and Prince William are half-brothers, sharing only the genes of their bed-hopping suicidal bulemic whore of a mother Princess Diana. This despicable little bitch caused much national shame so I wasn't the least upset when she got herself driven into a wall at high speed. In fact, I remember where I was when the news of her death came out – I was walking into a bar in Tenerife with my girlfriend to watch the Newcastle-Liverpool game on SkySports, the season after the two famous 4-3 thrillers. As I walked in, the conversation went like this:

Me: Excuse mate, are you not putting the match on? It starts in five minutes

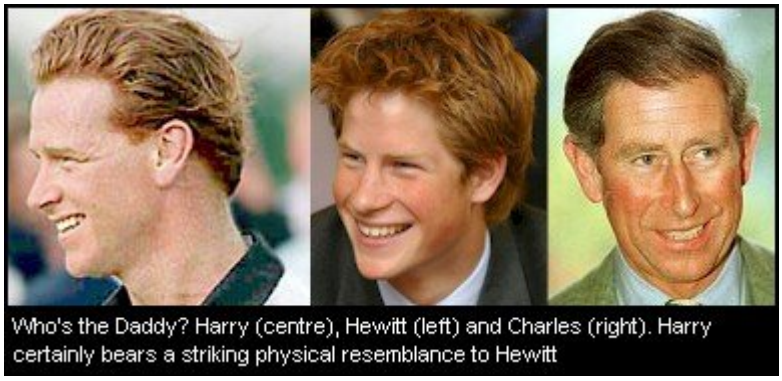
Barman: The match is cancelled

Me: Uh, why?

Barman: Diana is dead

Me: But why is the match cancelled?

Anyhow, I digress….. Whereas Prince William has bought the cow at a moment of sweet irony for me, Harry is busy with his boys in Afghanistan and dating lingerie models. He takes after his dad, the cad of cads. So check out this article. Harry has his mission, and there's no lingerie models in the treehouse.



Who's the Daddy? Harry (centre), Hewitt (left) and Charles (right). Harry certainly bears a striking physical resemblance to Hewitt

I bang my first 18 year old Estonian girl. Anally.

krauserpua · 18 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's the second full day of Big Toe and I's jaunt to Estonia. We've been ripping it up in daygame pushing for bouncebacks and flagrant sexual propositioning. Not the type of solid game I'd usually recommend but sometimes you want to push the envelope on a specific part of your game. We are doing more of the same in nightgame with rapid escalation. So we're pumped. On the way to the bar I see a **slutty-looking 2-set stroll by**. Young girls with curvy figures and ripped-up punky clothes. Me and Toe exchange glances. "Let's just blatantly hit on them for sex" I say and we run after them. They crack open easily.

"Hey girls. We were just over there when you walked by and we literally just saw you. Me and my friend here, we are on holiday in Estonia. We're about to go drinking but we're a bit tense. We thought that if we can find a couple of girls, take them home right now, and fuck them… then we'd relax and have a better night"

The girls are dumbfounded – a huge adrenalin spike wobbles their legs and they are hooked strong deer-in-headlights style. We keep ploughing and they realise we aren't backing down and actually intend to bounce them 50m down the road to our apartment. They start to get turned on. The **little redhead** is in sexual state and would've done it right away but her brunette friend is more resistant. We spend a while telling them exactly how we'll fuck them and occasionally slip into playful teasing and state raising. Finally we decide the girls aren't up for it right now but might later, when left to chew it over in their minds. So I number close the redhead telling her "we're going drinking now. We'll swap numbers and then later if you get horny and fancy some great rough sex, let me know"



like this, but with another 5kg

Then we go out to a shisha bar to meet Toe's date (a stunning 21yo '9″) and her friend. We plan to go to a good club that we've been recommended, where one of my girls from the prior night is waiting for me to show up. Then I start swapping texts with redhead. It's a boring exchange but just note how it is purely logistics. This girl had been given no comfort at all – just a five minute attraction set and even that was basically just intent, with little finesse:

- **Me** 1:08am: We are smoking shisha at delaguardia. What you doing?

- **Her** 1:17am: Sitting right here, outside at O'Malleys
- **Me** 1:19am: We are at Delaguardia, at the shisha place. Come join us
- **Me** 1:34am: We are going to Club Privee
- **Her** 1:44am: We were just about to come up to delaguardia but ok
- **Me** 1:44am: Club Privee!!! Join the party!
- **Her** 1:45am: It costs too much
- **Me** 1:46am: Boo! Come outside the club and we'll find you
- **Her** 1:58am: We're pretty much near here right now, what next?
- **Me** 2:00am: One minute, gonna see if they let me outside
- **Me** 2:02am: They say I can't go out. Can you come in?
- **Her** 2:04am: I don't have enough money with me at the moment
- **Me** 2:05am: It's 7 euro. I'll pay that if you promise to 1. Laugh at my jokes and 2. Treat me like a super hero. Deal?
- **Her** 2:08am: Haha, would be a deal, but what about my friend, i cant leave her alone
- **Me** 2:09am: Ok, both of you BUT…. you must be our slaves. ok?
- **Her** 2:18am: Hahah well… We'll see about that. But we'll be there in a few minutes.
- **Me** 2:20am: Ok, we are on the right, upstairs. Surprise is
- **Her** 2:22am: Guess I'm coming alone* but you have to come to the door to pay you know.
- **Me** 2:24am: Wait. 1 min
- **Her** 2:25am: I'm not there yet, chill
- **Me** 2:26am: Fucking hell woman, I just walked down the stairs! It was a good song. Text me when you are at the door
- **Her** 2:31am: Im at the door.

So I make my decision. I've only been in the club half an hour helping Toe raise state and be independent of his target, and the 19 yr old virgin I kissed the night before is somewhere in the club but hasn't found me yet. A classic bird-in-the-hand / two-in-the-bush scenario. I go downstairs to check out my girl.

She's up for it. So I ditch the club and just start walking her to my place. It takes ten minutes and I finally run comfort comfort comfort while engaging her logical mind. Once inside the apartment I tell her shoes off ("the wood floor is too clean") and walk her to the bedroom to watch youtube videos. She lies next to me and then I roll over and close her.

Note: the interview / sexual fantasies thing begins about the seven minute mark

I get the expected token LMR which is easily defeated by intent (and some fingering). I give her some dirty talk and take her anal virginity, which she *fucking loves*. All the usual despicable depravity and by then Toe is home, sleeping on the couch. So naturally I try to pass her on. I reframe her on her attitudes to sex, DHV Toe, and push quite hard to get her to go into the lounge to fuck him. She's considering it but it's just a bit too weird for her. A few days later I booty call her and she walks 5 miles through the worst part of town in her heels to receive the Krausercock. She tells me she doesn't understand why she did it.

Why day game works

krauserpua · 18 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Never underestimate the chodiness of the average chode. Once you've done a few hundred street stops it becomes part of your reality that if you see a girl you like you go talk to her. It seems…. just….. obvious. Why wouldn't you talk to her? Taking some weird circuitous route seems so weird and circuitous.

I mean, what kind of man can't talk to a girl he likes?

A pussy. That's who. Girls already have a pussy of their own. They don't need another. Fortunately for us the world is absolutely awash in male pussies. They are terrified of approaching and just stand there holding their cocks when a hot girl ambles past.

Unsurpringly whole industries have grown up around this fear of approaching. You have Game companies that teach you how to approach. And you also have internet dating sites that pretend you don't need to. What is news to me is there are companies determined to fall between two stools: daygame companies for guys who won't approach.

Witness this:



http://www.loadofshite.com

And this godawful moneypit. (mind you, **it's advanced** level!!!!)

Rocky's Escalation Model

krauserpua · 23 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm busy with all kinds of shit right now, so it's a great opportunity to hand over the reins to my capable friend and wingman Rocky for a theoretical post that is close to all our hearts – closing high value girls. Take it away….

This model is what I use for girls that I want to be able to see over long periods of time; I wouldn't use this model on a girl that I just want to see once for sex. The idea is to structure a process that is **as linear and as predictable as possible**; the aim is to make as few escalation mistakes along the way as possible. By that I mean that I do want to create an escalation process (romantic and sexual escalation) that is as smooth as possible and I want to trigger as little rejection to my escalation as possible. Note that I do not fear rejection and I am not trying to avoid escalation; my aim is to avoid rejection as much as possible and if possible to flip the script, making her seduce me. Experience showed me that rejection is mostly a result of escalating too early (sexual and romantic escalation).

Failure due to romantic overescalation: We all know the "I-would-marry-her-right-now-and-treat-her-like-a-queen-for-the-rest-of-her-life-feeling" when first dating a very hot and charismatic girl. As a result you will become needy because you feel the urge to let her know early on how much you are falling for her. This clearly creeps girls out because you have no reason to like her yet. She will assume that your affection is fake or phony in order to sleep with her as soon as possible or you have no standards and fall for any girl, both of which is bad. You could also miss to create enough attraction if you go down the romantic route too early.

Failure due to sexual overescalation: Similarily, if you bring the girl into a situation where she has to reject your physical escalation, you might lose her as well. Even if you manage to blast through LMR and sleep with her she is very likely to get buyers remorse the next day and she may not want to see you again. Note that sex after strong LMR is not very good usually anyway.

The cure: In my experience, these are the two main issues why guys screw up and lose girls. To circumvent these two problems it is important to understand that

1. YOU NEED TO GIVE THE GIRL REASONS WHY YOU LIKE HER or your romantic interest will come across as fake and phony and
2. YOU NEED TO MAKE SURE THE GIRL UNDERSTANDS AND BELIEVES THAT YOU WILL SEE HER AGAIN AFTER YOU HAD SEX WITH HER or she will feel like a slut.

To be able to create 1) and 2) you need to give yourself time because you need multiple dates to make it plausible to the girl. 1) and 2) go hand in hand because for a girl liking a guy and having sex with him goes hand in hand. Girls want to have sex just as much as guys do (or even more). The difference is that girl wants to know that you want to have sex with her because you like her and not only because you are horny. The same counts for herself: if she likes you she will want to have sex with you as well. Girls are very vulnerable and their biggest fear is to have sex with a guy that doesn't care about her personality and that doesn't want to see her again after sex. Almost all girls have had this kind of experience and they remember that slutty feeling very well: it is their biggest fear. For that reason girls have very finely tuned sensors that are detecting guys with the following mindset: I want to sleep with you because you are hot but I don't really care about you. With a very hot and charismatic girl (gf material) it is your aim to make it plausible to a her that you want to have sex with her because you really like her and find her very attractive. In that way you will avoid triggering her slut defense. As a matter of fact, you will become the special guy that appreciates her for who she is and has more than just a physical need to satisfy.

Timing and Escalation: you are constantly escalating. The difference to a 10min club extraction is that the speed of the escalation is much slower and you bring in an additional element which I called romantic escalation. In a club you approach, attract, bounce and close. All this can happen within 10min to 2h. For getting the charismatic hotty

that you consider gf material you need to take a different route. You take your time. You escalate sexually but you escalate slowly, while you are building comfort, trust and chemistry at the same time. Then you escalate sexually more while letting her know that you like her.

You have various dates, some of which involve activities that she and you are interested in: maybe an art exhibition or maybe a walk along the canal from Camden to Paddington. After 3-4 dates you end up at her or your place. You have made out with her various times before and both of you feel that this is going very well. You may cook together and watch a movie and then half way through the movie it just happens. No LMR, no ASD, you jump each other, the sex is passionate and there to release all the sexual tension that has built up over time. Because you want to keep her around and because you feel comfortable with her you stay over after sex. You may get up in the morning together and have breakfast. The next day she calls and tells you that she had an incredible evening and night with you and that she is free on Wednesday. You reciprocate and tell her that she can come over on Wednesday.

Thanks Rocky. If this doesn't sound like rocket science, it's because it isn't. Much of the complexity in game comes from digging yourself out of holes you should have never fallen into, or choosing the wrong girl / failing to screen out a girl who isn't right for you.

Messers

krauserpua · 29 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers will be familar with the female typology I cribbed off Alchemy42, namely:

1. High beauty / High Esteem – the holy grail of pickup
2. High beauty / Low Esteem – ditzy club psychos
3. Low beauty / High Esteem – annoying cockblocks
4. Low beauty / Low Esteem – Big Toe's girls

I have very pointedly aimed my game for type one girls because I like actual dating and thus want to be around girls who make me feel good and don't try to fuck me around with their stupid games. I believe that honest direct game, especially street game, is the way to get these girls and then on dates you just take your time. Turn off the bullshit and let the girl see your value. However, type 2 girls are also useful on your journey in masculine development and not just because they are often great lays. Like a boxing prospect needs some testing fights against challenging opponents for him to elevate himself to contender status, an aspiring player needs challenging game-playing girls to teach him about women.

I have been lucky enough to have some such girls. Tall, smoking hot women who are in constant demand from men and have, due to daddy issues or whatever, learned to shamelessly manipulate them and break their frames.

- Man-Eater: A tall leggy black English girl with massive fake tits and a £100k City job.
- Button Nose: A tall leggy white English girl with massive natural tits and from extremely posh background
- Russian Bear: A tall leggy white Russian girl who oozes sexuality and works as a hired gun for nightclubs.

You'll probably notice some similarities between these girls. In each case, everytime I walked down the street with them on my arm, every single man's jaw dropped, his tongue hanging out. Literally 100 times per hour. It was a great insight into these girl's reality. They are being validated with attention, favours, and offers of cock literally a thousand times a day every day for years. No wonder they are difficult.

I didn't fuck any of those three girls. Man-eater gave me a few blowjobs, Button Nose masturbated over sex chat and is dating me later this week, and Russian Bear let me put my cock halfway in before she spazzed out and I threw her out my house. No lay report on the later because I didn't get my two strokes. But over the course of the chase I learned an incredible amount about frame control, shit tests, flipping the script, state control and so on. These girls helped educated me alot for when I encounter the girls I actually like.

JJ calls them "messers". Girls who mess you around. The most important thing I learned from them is don't date them. They are a siren song waiting to drown you on the rocks. Learn to recognise the warning signs and don't waste your time.

How life changes

krauserpua · 2 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sitting in a tapas bar in Barcelona as the cool breeze wafts in from the sea. I have piled-up plates of patatas bravas and tortilla on the small upturned barrel in front of me that is used as a table. The waiters have not yet cleared away two empty glasses of Estrella lager. I look down at my arms. Freckles dot my limbs in close order right up to my t-shirt sleeve line. I have as close to a t-shirt tan as a pasty Englishman can muster. Reminiscing I realise I haven't been this freckled since I was a young boy. Not since then have I spent such long summers outdoors. The intervening time has always seen me couped up in a schoolroom, lecture theatre, or office during the peak daytime hours of summer.

I reflect on how my life has changed.

Last year I quit my job and freed myself from the office grind. It was common for me to work 60-hour weeks, suited and booted. I had a team to look after and a boss to answer to. Deadlines stressed me and there were nights where I'd struggle to sleep as I pondered work issues, unable to let go. Feeling responsible. Feeling guilty for calling in sick unless genuinely bed-ridden lest I let down my co-workers.

I was out with a couple of my old friends last weekend for a post-work drink (their work, not mine). Great guys, great friends but thoroughly plugged into the matrix. I brought my Thai girl with me – an ex girlfriend but now simply a friend, I'm like her big brother now – and we started drinking. Then she went home and my girlfriend joined us. We got smashed. The next day my girl commented that the three guys had been watching us intently, trying to figure out how we were having so much fun, how I was able to open so many other girls for good interactions, and how this young busty chick was just hanging off me all night. I realised that what is normal to me is extraordinary to my friends. Extraordinary to me less than two years ago.

Now I'm sitting in Barcelona with two 21 year old Lithuanian girls who adore me. I'd banged one for an hour last night while her friend pretended to sleep next to us. Yesterday morning while waiting at the gate to board, two different tall hot 20 year old girls texted me to say they'd finished masturbating while thinking of me. A few nights previously I'd had a gin-soaked foursome with a wing and a couple of lovely young girls. The large-breasted Canadian stripper I banged a while ago has started text-stalking me. The beautiful young Italian who added me to facebook by accident (we'd never met) has been telling me how she once had a threesome and fancies another, and by the way can she come around my house to challenge me at video games? I turned down a late-night booty call from a tall teenage black girl because my girlfriend is still in the country.

I like Barcelona. We've just been swimming in the sea. I say to the girls I might come and live here for a month next time London gets cold. I'm joking. But I ruminate on the idea and I realise nothing is stopping me. I am so close to financial and geographical independence. So much so that I'm working on my exit to the "community". No more bootcamps, no more teaching, no more forums and blogs. Just sell my books (two more in the works) and update the blog from any beach with WiFi.

I honestly never dreamed I'd be in this position. At the drop of a hat I can book a flight to any country I please and just live there. Our rat pack means there's always a couple of guys up for adventure. We have the money and freedom. We have contacts and girls in every port. Just show up, daygame a few hours, hit a bar to meet some cool guys and that's it. A new base set up within 24 hours.

I love it.

UPDATE: *Some dude just linked this in a list of other related posts. They are all great. Check them out* here

Men mature like fine wine

krauserpua · 3 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

We all age. Your game should mature as you do, like a fine wine.



Exhibit 1: The eligible bachelor

Something RSD Jeffy said in one of his talks resonated with me. Getting into the community is like going to university. It's a phase in your life where you reorient yourself, develop your skills, and then….. leave. Get on with your life. The game never goes away but you take the core concepts on board and then move on to your next mission. That's pretty much how I view it. I don't want to be doing 20 approaches every Saturday into perpetuity. There's guys who have been "in the community" for a decade and while their skills are sometimes fantastic I just wonder what is missing from their life that they still identify. It's almost like those perma-students you see in graduate school – soaking up Daddy's allowance with perpetual masters degrees. They just need to get a real job.



Exhibit 2: nothing is ever too serious

I envision my future outside the community to be about living a life of financial and geographical freedom. Sitting at a beach bar dive in Jamaica sipping rum with my buddies before taking my young hottie home for the evening. Another month passes and I'm in a Rio BJJ gym rolling with the other guys, then a big steak at a carvery before sitting at home reading a novel. Whatever, wherever, whenever just living life to follow my interests.



Exhibit 3: poise and balance

As a young man you can get by on looks, testosterone and sexual persistence. That's how most young guys get most of their sex and female company. As you mature, you… mature. I look around for good role models. Guys who embody the type of man and lifestyle I want ten or twenty years from now. A lifestyle that is intensely attractive to women but not driven by the hunt for fresh pussy. Men of means, wit, and wisdom. I love the three photos I've posted here. Every one of them speaks to me even if they are posed to represent an idea rather than to true life of the man posing for it.

I bang my first 28yr old Italian hand-me-down

krauserpua · 4 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'll admit this girl was below my usual standard. I've never been one for bottom-feeding (even pre-game) and after this one I've decided I'll have nothing to do with any girls below a seven, and only drop below eight if it's easy. This was really easy.

Regular readers will remember my Spanish flag who I passed on to Big Toe. After the fat man closed her I suddenly had an idea, like connecting dots between the elusive and the obvious – I didn't just do my friend a good turn but I did her one too. She really liked him. So next time she shows up on chat it goes something like this (to paraphrase):

- **Me:** Big Toe is pretty cool isn't he
- **Her:** He is. Much cooler than you
- **Me:** You realise that you owe me a girl now, don't you
- **Her:** Yes
- **Me:** So start looking. Who is suitable and single?
- **Her:** I don't know any. All the single girls I know who want sex are in Spain
- **Me:** Keep looking

About a week later she suggests her Chinese and Italian flatmates and sends sample photos. Neither is a sight to behold but of the two the eye-tie is kinda my type. Sunday evening rolls around and Spaniard wants to meet Toe. I tell her to bring her friends and I'll show up. We manage to rouse JJ too. However the plan for a 3-on-3 date is scuppered when I get an unexpected text from **Russian Catwalk Model** wanting to meet for an afternoon coffee. Hmmmm. I don't have an Italian flag but RCM is a full 4 points higher on the scale.



It's a flag

After five hours of coffee, beer and food with RCM I roll up late to the 3-on-3 with her on my arm. We'll call that preselection, shall we? My team falls into wing rules, DHVing me a little before my arrival and then letting me lead

the conversation. RCM is shooting daggers at the three hussies while Italian is IOIing plenty. Last orders soon arrives and I go home with RCM, recording this audio before I bang her one last time.

It's easy to put **Italian** on facebook the next day and run some light chat before taking her out for a date. It's freewheeling downhill with no effort – I just lead her with a few pubs, run comfort, and sound her out on sex. Her and Spaniard had already done the private girl-talk about fuck buddies so there wasn't much for me to do. I could sense Italian really felt out of her depth because she qualified hard and was constantly fishing for reasons why I'd bother talking to her. Then she suddenly puts her drink down and gives me The Speech:

"Ok, I'll be honest. I want to have sex with you. Not tonight, I can't for a week or two, but I will. If we both like it then great. If not, that's ok."

I nod, take her to Primrose Hill (scene of an earlier special moment) and she sucks my cock till I come in her face. Then we go our separate ways. A week later I meet her for a quick drink while I'm out with Tom – already planning the hand-off – and finally we set up a date for her to come round to my house. I do her rationalisation hamster the polite service of plying drinks down her neck and an hour of conversation before taking her upstairs for a fuck.

She's a good performer but just not hot enough. After busting a nut it's a chore to keep her around. She's pawing at my cock all night and finally I grudgingly sympathy-fuck her in the morning. Haven't seen her since. Learning points?

- Don't fuck girls when you know that the moment you bust a nut you want rid of them. It's bad for the inner game
- Girls are surprisingly logical and premeditated about sex when your value far exceeds theirs
- Even easy girls require a bit of coaxing and conversation if you want to leave them feeling ok afterwards

Eurochode Hell – Spanish guys have no game

krauserpua · 5 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's part of my relationship game that I teach my girlfriends about life, the universe and everything. I want to impart upon them in short order the sort of wisdom it took me a (much longer) lifetime to acquire. There's so much bullshit and quackery in the world and I want to innoculate the girls against it before I send them back into the wild, outside my umbrella of leadership and protection.

It also gives opportunities for fun. In the case of my Barcelona trip, some tooling of Eurochodes.

I firmly believe that while the universal law of gender parity prevails in the long run, in the short run there can be wildly different mismatches in countries between the men and the women. I'm talking top-10%-of-sexual-market here. Mutants, mongs and munters are invisible in this analysis. For example:

- **Britain:** cool guys with style and game vs fat entitled masculine women
- **Lithuania:** dorky computer nerds vs curvy warm feminine sweethearts
- **Russia:** dorky square-headed aspy kids vs leggy smoking hot ice queens
- **Italy:** suave good-looking pussy-beggars vs stunning witches
- **Spain:** spineless pretty boys vs sultry but kinda chubby hotties



"Will settle for a six"

A skewed sample perhaps but I swear I only saw one couple in the whole of this holiday where the man wasn't at least a point more physically attractive than his girl. That couple was Russian. Throughout the streets I see lithe tall good-looking guys being led around like puppies by fairly-hot-but-porky-bellied women. This flouts the first rule of game: ***You should be banging girls better looking than you are***. When the sexes turn up at the evolutionary mating pit, women bring their svelte DNA. They are a nicely-formed oven for you to bake your bun in. The guy brings pretty much everything else except looks. So if you are bringing your looks it's like the old poker table adage: *every table has a sucker. If you don't know who it is, it's* ***you****.*

I've been clubbing two nights in a row here with my two Lithuanian girls. One is my official girlfriend, the other is her friend and single. First night I sent my girl onto the dancefloor to sway her hips and wave her arms. Sure enough

within a few minutes a chode crystal formed around her and four friends spent half an hour slitting each other's throats trying to get at her. A horrible display of anti-wing rules and an obvious telegraphing of low value. My girl was disgusted. After giving them half an hour I jumped in with some retard dancing to AMOG and sure enough the chode crystal shattered. Not a fair battle, but a fun game.



Eurochodeland

Next night was worse. We went to Razmatazz, a "cool" club, shortly after 1pm. As expected it was a sausage factory mixing local Spaniards and assorted other Eurochodes. Soon lots of painted up 6s arrived to attention whore. I didn't spot an eight or better all night. Me and my girl tried reading the club and were amazed that nobody was having fun. The guy's all stood awkwardly near the dancefloor value-scanning or else danced awkwardly off time to the music, or did chode-hopping displays. At no point did any guy seem to be dancing for the sheer joy of it. Most of the girls were just positioning themselves into sight lines to shake their arses in little rapo games. As the night progressed things improved a little and people started to chill a little but that's when the pussy-beggars went into overdrive.

Again I sent my girl out to dance and she was opened about ten times in half an hour. I say "opened" but I think only one guy did it fairly well – it was like a mild version of 60's rapid escalation. I'd call it **Tepid Escalation**. He came in full-on and started a challenging conversation but unfortunately telegraphed too much dependence and crumbled when my bird gave him the Russian Minute. Then he just got creepy until dismissed. Some fat omega begged her friend for a photo. Other guys did really half-arsed grinds or walk-by stares. At no point did any guy seriously commit to the open in a manner that put his balls on the line. These pretty boys are terrified of real rejection. It wasn't really an environment conducive to indirect game. No one was having enough fun to be the warm end of the pool to draw women in unopened.

So me and my bird just did retard dancing all night and had a great time.

I never considered myself good at club game but I've realised just how poor most of the competition is. These guys had nothing behind their looks. I saw guys being tooled all night long. Tall, suave male 8s and 9s getting tooled by little fat 6s. Horrible.

I bang my first 22 yr old Canadian stripper

krauserpua · 14 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I nearly fucked this one up many times and it was hard work. I was out a couple of months ago along Oxford Street and having a so-so day. There'd been a couple of instant dates but nothing really sticking so I decide to take a time-out in Wasabi to eat some cheap tofu curry. As I leave a **curvy Polish-looking chick** in a tight black figure-hugging t-shirt and skirt rolls past. She's got the archetypal stripper's body with curves all over and massive false tits (DD, she tells me later). So I open and she's really low energy and sultry.



I wonder why she attracts so many stares

Within two minutes we are talking sexual when I ask her if she's seen any girls today with a better rack than her. So we stand side by side checking out other girls on the street to see if anyone fits the bill. Once I'm sure of the hook I walk her to the nearest bar. It's beautifully located and full of homos. We sit down in a corner by the toilets (yes, you guessed my intent). She's strangely quiet and softly spoken like she's smouldering with sexual energy. I verbally escalate hard by telling stories of fucking, showing her dirty text message exchanges and soon her hand is on my cock. She tells me she's married and shows me her ring.

Woah. Hold the phone. *What?*

Something doesn't ring true (see what I did there? see what I did?) so I keep going and when she hits sexual state I try to drag her into the toilets. No go. After the second drink she wants to go home and I let her go. We chat on Skype that evening and I keep verbally escalating. Probably a mistake to overdo it but she's playing along.

A few days later we have the Day 2 and she's quiet, weirdly reserved but I figure if she came out she must be attracted. Kino is awkward and she says it's "inappropriate" when I kiss close her in the bar. Day 3 is horrible because she's got a migraine so we barely exchange words for an hour and I just practice subcommunication to keep myself entertained. More Skype and she sends me pictures of her tits in a new bra. It's all a bit weird. She's clearly a low-esteem girl and admits as much. She also comes clean and says the "I'm married" ring thing is just a ploy to stop guys opening her, which she claims happens loads.

Finally I have a head-to-head with one of my wings to figure out what I should do on Day 4. His advice is simple – push push push until I either fuck her or she storms out. I meet her at Baker Street and before she's even arrived the tour bus chode has opened her and is knuckle-dragging at her heels so I have to dismiss him before I take her to the park. It's as we walk around the park I get an eye-opening sight: **every single guy is checking her out**. And I mean every single one. Joggers, cyclists, husbands taking kids for a walk – *everyone*. It's no exaggeration to say over 100 guys blatantly wanted to fuck her within half an hour's walk. This girl must live in a strange reality.

I run lots of comfort, no kino, then an hour in go for another kiss. She literally fights me off, so I hold her down hard and she relents. She tells me it was inappropriate to do that in public. On Skype before Day 2 I'd told her in the pub idate I'd wanted to just grab her hair, drag her to her knees and stuff my cock in her mouth. Her response had been "that's so hot!". It was obvious this girl was gonna put up strong token resistence. I take her to a pub and she spends a while telling me I'm not gonna fuck her and she agrees to come back to my house (but she's not gonna have sex with me). I parade her past the boys to approving nods. Especially those tits. Damn, what a pair! Upstairs we have a little vodka and I pounce.

As expected she's resisting plenty. So I keep letting go and giving her an out, which she never takes. She never gives me "no" or "stop". It's always variations of "this is so inappropriate" or "you shouldn't be doing this to me" before re-escalating me. Before long I've got my cock between her bare tits, which is a bigger win than fucking her in this case. Then I pull her remaining clothes off and fuck her. It's a mediocre fuck but a joyous sight to look down at the quality of body I'm fucking.



Good grief, what a pair!

Then she gets all buyers remorsey and wants to leave. She calms down when she realises I'm not trying to pump'n'dump (she's low esteem, remember) so I keep her around another hour. We are still in contact but it's proving difficult to get an encore. Strange girl.

Learning points

- Be very careful about over-escalating early if the SDL isn't on
- Some girls will tell you they need to be taken roughly, then you can do so
- But when going in hard, always leave her "outs" so she knows she can actually get away if she wants to
- Girls with huge fake tits are usually low esteem. That's why they get them, and the tits just exacerbate their problems.
- You get strong intent when you go into a date deciding "either I fuck her or burn the set"

Yes, I treat women as a fungible, measurable commodity

krauserpua · 15 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There has been much discussion in Chateau RSG on how to rate girls on the **1-10 scale**. We aren't so full of ourselves that we believe girls shouldn't be rated, as if we have somehow transcended the most basic male impulse of ranking girls. At the end of the day there is far more pleasure to be had from banging a ten than a four. The current system is thus:

<4 – Totally invisible. Utterly unthinkable

5 – You'd fuck her only if there were extreme extenuating circumstances such as violence, drugs, or a solemn obligation to a third party. Or, in Big Toe's case, a rare flag

6 – You'd do her if it was easy, you're horny, and you could smuggle her in and out without your friends seeing. You want her out of your house the moment you bust a nut and like eating a Big Mac meal there is a tawdy shame in the whole episode

7 – Neither shame nor glory. A nice girl who is worth some effort. Perhaps you'd take her on occasional dates and if her personality / vibe is sweet and her style your type, you'd even date her over the medium term

8 – You want to parade her around whoever will watch. You feel genuinely good about dating / fucking this girl. When your friends talk about her, they say things like "you should see his bird, she's well hot"

9 – Simply appearing in public with her makes your heart swell with pride and random guys hate you. You consider dropping your other girls for her and occasionally calculate whether you've finally found the right girl to make a serious go with. She's the realistic pinnacle of Game.

10 – She's unrealistically hot, the sort of girl you rarely even see. When she walks into a room she's like a beacon of value. You have no haters because men simply cannot comprehend that you'd be fucking her, so they assume you are a gay best friend. You cannot imagine any girl anywhere in the world being her superior, only an equal.

Ultimately there is no way to rate a woman on raw objective beauty. A cohesive rating system must be based on how she makes you feel and the social response you get for boning her.

It’s in his kiss. Shoop shoop shoop

krauserpua · 18 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Ladies, if you are dating a player and you don’t know where you stand, have a listen to Aretha Franklin. And for the men, just listen to her wonderful voice – this is how a girl can sound powerfully feminine without losing any of her charm.

This song nails it perfectly. I can fake rapport and comfort. I can fake hugs, passionate sex, hypnotic scanning and a whole host of other things. One thing I simply cannot do is fake a kiss. There’s a barrier somewhere that means I can only turn it on for a kiss if I really like the girl – like her physically and romantically.

So ladies, stop stressing about these things:

- He didn’t text me for over two hours
- He’s out with his friends getting drunk
- He’s been acting a bit strange lately
- He has a pin code on his mobile phone

Just give him a passionate kiss and see how he matches it. If he returns it with real enthusiasm dead on the lips and commits fully, he’s into you still. If it’s distant and half-arsed, he’s found a new girl to fuck and she’s both younger and hotter than you.

I bang my third 20-something Romanian student

krauserpua · 25 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Aside from vampires and gypsies, Romania's biggest export is girls up for fucking British guys. My first post-game girlfriend was from there, as was my first free blowjob from a whore, and my first foursome. Now this young lady.

It began as a quickie ten-minute street number close as a demo set for students while I was doing one of Andy's bootcamps. She hooked hard but you just never know so I was pleased when the text game struck home and she was obviously keen to meet. That was a Sunday and the following Friday afternoon we meet for an English tea. The closing bait I'm using these days with foreigners is to ask if they could be an English lady and drink proper tea from proper china cups because I know a great tea shop. She buys into the roleplay.



Proper tea in a proper china cup

I'd decided to follow a hybrid Day 2 model using elements of different wings' models. It went like this….

Location One – Tea Shop

This is all about building comfort. We sat face-to-face and just chatted about usual get to know each other chit chat while I focused on solid body language and tried not to talk too much. She was giving good keen eye contact and investing plenty so it felt on. I didn't do any kino or verbal escalation. The conversation was focused on how it felt living in England and the differences to her home country. After we'd finished our pot of tea I led her 200m away to a nearby cheap pub

Location Two – Pub with alcohol

Now I wanted to start putting booze down her neck to loosen the vibe and get her sitting next to me to test light kino (mainly just seeing how close she was comfortable positioning her body relative to mine). She's a highly educated girl so good for Intellectual Mastery. At one point I thought I'd overdone it and killed the vibe but then I started to notice the looks she was giving me and the long pauses as her mind scrambled to unpack what I'd said. That's when I realised she was doing the "who *is* this guy?" double-take and my contrast game was hitting. We had one pint and time for more leading. As a side note – we never double-backed on ourselves in the location changes. It was always progressing in one direction.

Location Three – Softer vibe

I take her in to my favourite member's bar which has dark leather sofas and mellow jazz. It's a great DHV in and of itself and it was hear I started dropping the big-time DHV stories. In particular I did the "financial and geographical

freedom" spiel and flipped all the attraction triggers with stories about my nephews and friends. I'd been hoping to kiss close here but the waiter put us in separate lounge chairs rather than the sofa so it was physically impossible. This necessitated adding in a fourth venue when I'd have rather extracted from the third.

Location Four – Bar with good atmosphere

I went for the kiss as we walked to the next bar, making a bold move on the pavement. She turned her head away but stayed close in. That's all I needed to know it was on. We went into the basement of a cool Spanish bar for another pint and made out. At this point I still felt like the bedroom close would have to wait for another date but things progressed faster than I expected. I put her into the domincance kino position and she snuggled up nicely and when it was time to move on I did a test with the stone

The Stone: Take a girl's hand and say "this is how you make me feel". Then put her hand on your boner

One wing has long told me that when in doubt get your cock out. It can change a no into a yes and when this chick kept her hand on it and started rubbing I thought "ok, that's the It's On Moment" and I pulled her outside and bundled her into a waiting taxi.

Her: Where are we going?

Me: Disneyland

I distracted her forebrain for a while and when she asked if we're headed to my place I said yes. She nodded and accepted the inevitable. Credit to Tom for his bold extraction routine. Once we got back to Chateau RSG half the gang were getting shitfaced on imported vodka in Jambone's room. Big Toe loaned me the cash for the cab and then as I walked in to say hello they all held up hand-drawn scorecards rating my girl a seven. Accurate.



My magic castle. Now with added Hard and Soft dominance

Rather than risk her cooling down joining the party I put her in my room and told her no shoes on my carpet. Then five minutes letting her mess around on my laptop and I pounced. A great lay. Then we dressed, joined the party and we began the handover to Jambone.

That crazy (but hot) Italian is still Facebook stalking me

krauserpua · 26 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers will be familiar with the cute Italian who added me by mistake on Facebook and I've been gaming since. It's now at the stage where she opens me every single time she sees me online and sometimes messages inbetween. It would appear she's getting addicted to the dopamine rushes of our chats. We haven't met yet but once we do it's on. We've already been swapping sexual fantasies.
Most of the chats of bantering with droppings of comfort. This girl responds far better to pushes than to pulls so I'm usually hitting her with four or five pushes for every pull, then moving into comfort whenever possible (because that's lacking). Here's an example when she invited me to a party one Friday night:
.
Me: ok keep the tickets for me, and I'll let you know after I spoke to my friends
Her: but i need to know asap
Me: tomorrow morning ok to tell you?
Her: yes u have time til this friday as too late!
Me: don't worry little smelly Italian girl…..
Her: i'm not smelly anymore
Me: you smell like a pack of rats living under a bridge in a storm
Her: whaat i'm smelling like flowers
Me: I smell like flowers you smell like old socks
Her: my old socks smell like flowers
Me: you made a mistake you mean your flowers smell like old socks
Her: no i dnr have flowers
.
We never did go to the club but as usual she's hitting me up on facebook almost every day. Here's a chat from a week later.
.
Her: oioioiooiioioi hahaha
Me: still avoiding doing any work, I see
Her: heeeeey i'm off today!!! sometimes, i'm off ok! hahaha
Me: aha, I remember now having fun?
Her: not yet
Me: I'm going to Kew Gardens today very cultural I must be a culturally sophisticated gentleman
Her: hahahahahha yes… ive never been there
Me: they wouldn't let you in culturally sophisticated people only no troublemakers
Her: whaaat i'm not a troublemaker! and i'm more sophisticated than you
Me: I'm sure you've said that many times, after being caught with your hand in the cookie jar
Her: hahahha noo stop talking about you
Me: I cause trouble I don't deny it I've been interviewed by police more times than I've been interviewed for jobs
Her: hahahahhahahahha so you are totally trouble
Me: not totally
Her: i'm too lazy today and i have to do lots of things pffffff u should come and do it for me
Me: no I just had a shower I smell like a cool summer breeze as it blows across a field of daisies
Her: dirty socks you mean…
Me: you smell like a dead mouse in the corner of a dirty room
Her: hahahaha have you even smelled one?
Me: yes, in Italy in your best hotel

Her: hahahaha our hotels are better than the english ones… i dnt want to imagine about the smell of the dead mouses here…
Me: what are you wearing?
Her: pyjama well kind of
Me: shorts or trousers?
Her: shorts
Me: what colour underwear?
Her: i dnt wear underwear when i sleep
Me: me neither
Her: so.. i go for a shower if u wanna join me the door will be opened hahahha
Me: already had a shower but thanks for the offer
Her: back
Me: cool but I am going out now, to watch Thor in the cinema take a photo before you put your clothes on and send it to me I'll check it out when I get back have a great day
.
She's given me two lingerie photos. It's trundling along nicely but I'm careful not to put too much effort into her seeing as she's quite a time waster. I'll just keep letting her open me while I'm doing other things online. My guess is 40% chance of sex.

Indirect day game: How to pick up a girl on the bus

krauserpua · 28 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My ~~friend~~ acquaintance Big Toe has been hitting it hard on daygame with me over the past two weeks. I think it's a myth that daygamers are out "full time" hitting on girls. For most of this year we've been going only a few hours each week now that we are in a stabilised pattern. Things changed when Toe decided to gear up for his big trip around Central America and asked me to whip him into daygame shape so he can survive solo for six months. Now we've been out nearly every day and got lots of dates and videos to show for it *[coming soon]*.

.

Mostly we do the **direct street stop**. The one that allegedly only works 1 in a 100 times. We must've had some *phenomenal* luck because we've had dates every day for a week from it. Sometimes we like to try indirect and different venues so on the way home we got this girl.

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JJ opened her with a teasing apology along the lines of "I'm sorry, that you have to sit next to an Aussie oaf like Toe" and she laughed. That gave Toe the "in" to make a response and an observational statement. Unlike street game, this was an **ambush** because the girl can't really move and thus her continued physical presence cannot be taken as an IOI. In these cases it's important show disinterested body language and be much less intrusive with your screening.

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Toe was doing a good job so JJ and I decided to throw a spanner in the works with some amogging but really we were just throwing him a fat ball to smash out the park – we pipe up and he shuts us down. Wing technique.
0:04 – Note the non-committal body language matches the indirect vibe. It's just two people on a bus chatting
0:16 – She shows she's willing to make small talk so Toe moves into a real conversation with an open-ended light screening question "what do you do when you're not babysitting?"
0:20 – The patented Krauser "not fashion, obviously" tease. It doesn't really hit this time. Probably too early and the vibe is a bit low key
0:31 – Playful future projection but much lower energy than if it was in a bar. She plays along telling him he should shave. She's starting to warm to this – it's not normal boring shit and he's stayed stand-offish longer enough that she's no longer feeling trapped
0:49 – Just keep talking, making it fairly interesting. It's still Toe's job to carry the conversation. Street direct is different because you pump so much energy into her in the first ten seconds.
0:59 – An in-joke to tease Toe because he "accidently" walked out of a shoe shop in the shoes he'd been trying on. He's from Australia.
1:14 – Counter amogging let's him show character strength and social calibration and it entertains the girl with our fun vibe
1:27 – She's listening but it'll be up to Toe to get back into the private conversation
1:31 – Team talk to figure out if Toe wants us to stay on the bus with him past our stop
1:35 – There are no dogs
1:39 – There is no car
1:50 – All this banter has functioned as a takeaway. She was frozen out of the fun and probably assumed the interaction was over, so she's pleasantly surprised that Toe reopens her. The past minute showed non-neediness and that he prioritised his Rat Pack over some random girl he just met
1:53 – He's turning up the subcommunication especially eyes. It's time to make a pass at her because our bus stop is coming up so there's a time constraint
2:14 – She's very relaxed and enjoying this
2:30 – Drop in a preselection DHV about a dancer he dated from the same country. There was no dancer
2:50 – He's getting distracted because we just rode past a pie shop
3:00 – A soft close without pushing hard for a date or giving a strong statement of intent. There's not been enough

time for good rapport and the nature of going indirect means there's very little attraction relative to a ballsy street open. So go soft.
3:11 – As wings, we get away from them so she feels less social pressure when giving her number
3:26 – … and act like getting the number is no big deal

A street kiss close

krauserpua · 1 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Much of what you see happen during infield videos is “flash game” – stuff that looks impressive to students, and maybe is difficult to pull off, but that ultimately doesn’t get you any closer to banging the girl and quite probably ruins the set. Most of the high energy street stuff fits into this bracket such as twirling a girl around, picking her up and carrying her down the street, touching up her tits, and the ever-impressive street kiss close. Looks great, looks solid, but it never is.

Solid game doesn’t look very exciting. To an untrained observer it looks like a normal boring conversation. The swirly-twirly stuff is just for show.

The reality is that you’re pretty much guaranteed to never see the girl again after this and the reason is **the love bubble**. Street game is all about creating and prolonging the love bubble – that little cocoon that only you and her share – until you can lock the girl down with attraction, investment and rapport. For as long as she’s in that love bubble you are the only man in her life and an overwhelming masculine presence she will follow. Once it pops, you’re just another guy and she’s back in her own reality.

- Taking the number pops the bubble
- Running hard cocky-funny after the first five minutes pops the bubble
- Flash game pops the bubble.

While in the moment she’ll like it but once she’s cooled down she’ll start wondering what the hell she got herself into. She’ll probably worry that she let herself go too far and then buyers remorse will fuck you. Girls know they are easily-led. They know that when in a strong masculine presence their hindbrain will lead them off the cliff while the forebrain is powerlessly observing. So once away from you their forebrain regains control and ensures they are never again inside the danger zone and the set is lost.



Scientifically explained

This said, here's a bit of flash game from me. I go in over-the-top bad boy, do some silly future projections and teases, and then kiss close her. It's not a solid set. The kiss isn't very good and nowhere near as fully commited as the others I got (but this is the only one I recorded – they are hard to predict) nor as cool as this famous one. But here you go…. I couldn't get the girl out on a date. She still chats to me on facebook so it's not dead, but it's running pretty cold.

Daygame 2-set: Russian twins

krauserpua · 2 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Most of the glory in street game happens 1-on-1 when you find a lone girl who is in the right mood and takes to you quickly. That's the core of daygame and probably 80% of my lays came this way. However daygame isn't all about hard work, it's also about fun. Far and away the most fun is doing 2-on-2 with a good wing. You can banter better, tease harder, play off each other, and it's relatively easy to bounce to an idate. The downside is that it's technically more demanding and harder to bounce back to an f-close.

Nonetheless I do quite a few of these sets. Usually I'll be out with Toe or JJ but I've also found my vibe fits well with two other wings. We're all friends and we have lots of 2-sets in the bank so we instinctively know who likes which girl, how to create vibe, and how to signal.

Getting this kind of intuitive understanding of your wing's game is crucial to the success of the set so you can avoid awkward pauses and fighting over the same girl. Here's a set I did with John Matrix, one of London's top street gamers. We've been out plenty together doing solo sets but only just started doing 2-sets. Like a new forward partnership in the England team, we haven't gelled yet. You'll see what I mean in the video.

Turns out one girl lives here and her twin sister was leaving the next day. That made logistics horrible so this was always unlikely. Add in that John had an appointment half and hour later and the best we could go for was a quick idate and then a delayed full date. Can't win 'em all, but there's no way we were letting two smoking hot Russian twins walk past us without having a crack at them.

Close well or close ugly, but CLOSE!

krauserpua · 5 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When you are beginning daygame it's good to try to close every set just so you can practice asking a girl for her number. Most guys get tremors in their voice as they reach this moment of truth – the moment when she might reject you and take away that thin sliver of validation you felt from having a conversation with a pretty girl. No matter how good an impression you made on her in the preceding ten minutes, if you tremble and quiver at the moment you **commit her** she'll sense that and her hindbrain will scream "no". Funny when it happens. It sometimes confuses the girl too but she'll follow her emotions and you're out of luck.

As you get better you realise it's best not to try to close every set. Now you are thinking about the care and maintenance of your game and in particular your abundance mentality. If you train your subconscious to try to close every girl then you go into every interaction wanting to take something from her. You subtly shift towards extracting (flaky) numbers when you ought to be aiming to simply create the thoughts and feelings within her that make her want to see you again. You should only close sets where you feel there is a vibe. If there's no vibe, try to create one. If there's still no vibe, let her go. This reinforces your subconscious that YOU are the selector and you don't need any particular girl.

Once your inner game is solid enough that you are carrying a don't-much-care vibe into sets it's time to start trying to close the marginal sets again. Your inner game is robust enough to avoid tumbling back into scarcity and the simple fact is you never really know which girls will reply to your texts. Here's a good example:

I ran my model fairly textbook here, making some adjustments on the fly because of her poor English and time constraint. It never felt particularly strong but there were a couple of flashes from her eyes and smile that made me think it might be on. Nothing conclusive, just flashes. Plus she's an actress and stunningly beautiful so why let her walk away? If she was a routine seven I wouldn't have bothered but this is a girl I'd like to spend time with. So I do an ugly close.

Walking away I'm happy with a workman-like performance on a high-value but difficult girl, but I put the odds of her responding to me at 1 in 8. We've since swapped three texts each and I think the date odds are now 1 in 3. We'll see. Certainly worth *ten minutes of my time* before I moved on to the next girl.

PS – I'm experimenting with blurring the girl's faces now. I think there's enough samples on this blog so readers know what I find attractive.

A juicy little blonde German

krauserpua · 5 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The prior post was a crappy-looking set that turned out well – I've got a date set up with her later this week. Here's a contrary example, of a good-looking set that went nowhere. You'll notice the girl was immediately smiley and happy to chat then she invested easily with very little prompting. For the last 2/3s of the set I barely had to talk. She IOIs a few times and agrees to a delayed idate.

Nothing happened. She begged out of the date later and then I never heard from her again.

Looking carefully at the video you'll see she doesn't really ask me any questions and her subcommunication is (as I call it in my book) "gormless". It's like she doesn't realise this is a pick-up even though my eye contact is forcing a few fiddly IOIs from her. It's difficult to predict sets but I'd say that although she is investing with her workrate she's not investing emotionally by trying to build rapport with me – hence the flake.

But be wary of overanalysing sets. Just go out and do your best work, and then whatever happens happens.

Funny you should say that....

krauserpua · 9 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a bit of fun from last month's venture in Norway. Rain stopped play for much of the trip but we got a few dirty sets in. This is a number / facebook of a delightful Polish chick on her way to meet her boyfriend. Didn't go anywhere that week but we are still chatting, so it's on the backburner. Live commentary from Toe and Rocky. That's me in set at the bottom of the frame, just across the road.

I bang my first 19 year old Norwegian dancer

krauserpua · 11 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This was notable mainly for the speed with which I whizzed through my SDL model. Before we get into the nitty-gritty be advised that SDLs are nothing special. Banging a girl before the sun sets on the day you met her is just an ego thing – it really shouldn't matter whether you close her then or a couple of weeks down the line. It's also *virtually impossible to SDL an eight or better* – high value girls just don't do these things. But just for a moment accept that you are trawling for sevens / sixes to get your end away before sundown, even then to pull off an SDL you are relying on all the planets aligning. Specifically:

- She's easy
- She's disoriented
- She's at the right time of her cycle
- She's single or otherwise not locked down by another man
- She's got nothing better to do today
- She's taken an immediate sexual liking to you

If you can recognise these factors then you can start thinking there's an SDL in the offing. My personal recommendation is to go out looking for girls you really like and run your normal A-game (idate, rapport, phone number, day 2, kiss, day 3, sex) and don't think about SDLs unless the opportunity knocks. So…. onto this one…..

Team Krauser had just arrived in Oslo late the night before. It's Saturday lunchtime now and we want to hit day game so we head to Karl Johanns Gate, a main pedestrain shopping area. Just as we step onto it I'm waiting at traffic lights when I notice a cute girl next to me. First open of the day, I go in light telling her she looks nice but incongruous. She responds great and hooks immediately.

I notice a nose piercing and think "she's easy". First box is ticked but I'm not thinking SDL yet. I bounce her across the road and onto the patio seats of a cafe then commence the usual attraction and rapport material. She tells me she's just ambling around shopping ("nothing better to do") and just moved to Oslo a few weeks ago and just moved into a new flatshare. She doesn't know many people here ("she's disoriented"). There's no mention of boyfriends ("She's single"). I sense the planets aligning.

With me having no idea what bars are good I get her to suggest one nearby that is in the direction of my hotel. As you'll see in the video interview she'd already decided she wanted me to fuck her while in the cafe, but I didn't know this yet. We sit in some dark metalhead bar and do more rapport. I seed the idea of gin & tonics next. She's presenting no obstacles and showing no signs of leaving, which signals full steam ahead. No kino yet – I wanted to do zero before the bedroom just for the lulz.

After a drink I start walking her the ten minutes towards my hotel and begin occupying her forebrain and giving the pretext of we are looking for a supermarket that has tonic water and lemons. About halfway there she asks "where are we drinking them?" and I tell her "my hotel." She shrugs acceptance which means it's on like Donkey Kong and only bad luck or incompetence will prevent the close. It's at the supermarket that the video begins.



It's on

I get her into my room and release the pressure by slow movements, not hounding her, letting her check her mails while I mix drinks etc. Soon we are lying next to each other on the bed. I let the chat go for ten minutes and finally work kino to pull her in. First two times she resists but doesn't backtrack. Third time is the charm and she's naked within two minutes. While I'm doing her in the arse I get an interview for the camera – some snippets of which are on the video. Two hours from street to bed. I regain F-Town.

Learning points.

- Don't try to force an SDL or you'll burn too many sets. But be aware of when conditions are ripe
- Girls make up their mind to fuck you very early sometimes. After that it's about just taking off the handbrake and freewheeling downhill without crashing
- Lead, lead, lead.

Postscript: Once I was done, Helmut and Toe came up to our shared room and I tried to pass her on to them for a threesome. We concocted a lame pretext for me to leave the room to get more food from the 7/11. I told Toe to text me when it was safe to return. Ten minutes later I get the text…. "She's just punched Helmut. I think you can come back now"

Delusion Damage – book review

krauserpua · 14 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Let's get the conclusion out the way first. **This is a very good book**. If you have an interest for the meta-game / societal ideas I discuss on this blog then you'll find Delusion Damage interesting. But rather than review the book the usual way I just want to expand on a feeling I had when reading it.

"I thought I was the only person who thought that"

As we progress through life we encounter many scenarios that make us think. We ruminate upon their meaning and develop our own little tricks and strategies, our analogies that help us impose a pattern upon the chaotic world. We nip, tuck and simplify. We assign helpful labels to phenomena that appear unrelated on a surface level but are thematically or fundamentally related. The main feeling I had when reading this book is *the (anonymous) writer perceives the world like I do*. I thought I'd exclude the really obvious commonalities – such as the evopsych basis of human behaviour or the matrix metaphors – and concentrate on the knick knacks.

Frame control as a tool in your own intellectual development: When arguing a point I never concede ground and change my mind during the debate itself. I believe holding a strong frame and repelling borders is crucial to a strong boundary function. A man who lets himself be dragged off-centre during a debate is a weak man who can be convinced of anything. Conversely, sticking to your guns over the medium term will end in delusion and hubris. I sincerely want to be right. I don't mean my ego wants to defends the current opinions I hold – I mean that I want my map of the world to be as close to the terrain as possible. Thus when arguing I will pay keen attention to the other parties and try to understand / unpack / destroy their claims but the whole time I will store their ideas in a quarantined cage. Then, like coffee slowly perculating through a machine, in the days and weeks that follow I will deal with any intriguing ideas on my own terms to see if they can improve my map. Thus in the heat of debate I seem pig-headed, arrogant and stubborn but over time my frame survives and improves. On page 315 of Delusion Damage we see a similar process regarding telesales.



This didn't end well

Mastery is overrated as a life skill: While I respect mastery in a skill set, I consider it to be a result of unbalanced life priorities. I used to look at top professional fighters in awe of their skills and dedication but as I started to know them I realised they were destroying themselves in pursuit of mastery. These men would look superhuman in the ring but when sitting having a drink with them they'd tell of their permanent nagging injuries that stop them

sleeping well, the joys of life they miss from spending all day in the gym, and a generally shocking one-dimensional character. The same goes with the top pick-up gurus who have fucked 500+ women. Aside from the obvious questions (wouldn't it be great to have so much sex, wouldn't it be weird how that would affect your mind etc) I found myself thinking "given the extreme effort and sacrifice required to achieve such mastery, what on earth is missing from his life to compel him down such a difficult path". It's no coincidence that the people I've met with the highest laycounts are actually far unhappier people than those in the 50-150 lays bracket. There is a steep cut-off of diminishing returns between *accomplished amateur* and *grandmaster*. I consider life far happier when you're accomplished at dozens of expert systems rather than master of one. Page 193 begins the Delusion Damage discussion of related issues.

Life is meaningless, so create your own way: I don't empathise with people's constant scramble to find external meaning in their lives such as religion, science, herd approval, or political ideology. Way back in university I went through a four year journey of self discovery in which I read voraciously on every subject of human importance throughout the human and social sciences. I was determined to answer all of the big questions of life: *Does God exist, What is the best system of political organisation, How do people relate in groups, What economics creates material abundance, What is the archetype of male development*. After hours in the library and many Student Union bar / seminar room arguments I found my answers. When people try to argue this stuff with me now I just switch off because I have little to learn from 99% of the people who try. I've already read and thought more about this stuff than them, and argued the toss with people far smarter and experienced than they are. Ultimately the best position on the meaning of life I found came from (I think) Betrand Russell. When asked if it wasn't depressing if you believe there is no God or importance to your life he said "No. I just turn my attention to other things." The Delusion Damage book closes with a chapter on how to maintain psychological stability when all the pretty lies have perished.

There's loads more – throwaway sentences here and there – which perked me up with a "I do that too!" response. Try the blog and if it speaks to you, give the book a go.

Postscript: I happen to disagree completely with his economic views starting page 66. He seems oblivious to the basic problems of political philosophy and advocates a system which is communism by a different name. Simple questions like "who makes the decisions", "how are they enforced" and "how are people motivated to replenish the pool of wealth" go unasked yet these are precisely the questions that sink resource economics. I recommend a foray into Ludwig von Mises, particularly his 1922 book Socialism. Fortunately this chapter can be ignored without undermining the rest of the book

The Hemingway Suite

krauserpua · 15 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As JJ, Toe and I sip whiskey and smoke cigars in the Hemingway Suite at Chateau RSG, the discussion moves away from political philosophy and back to girls. It's our favourite subject. JJ reclines on a green leather chestefield sofa, puffs out a stream of smoke and opines:

"The problem with bar game is that high value people don't go to bars"

We nod. For a moment the light jazz sounds from the gramophone fill the silence. Toe leans over to relight his cigar. All three of us are excavating memories of our highest-value girls to determine if they liked bars and clubs. Surprise surprise, they didn't. Maybe JJ is onto something here.



internet forum "nines"

"RCM hated clubs. She'd only go when she was paid. Usually she liked to just cook for a dinner party with friends, or read a book" I add. "Painter isn't a bar rat either."

"I met Playboy Model in Jewel bar, though" says Toe. "She was the hottest I've fucked."

JJ meets the counter example with "Yeah, she was hot but she was a slapper. Fake tits, relentless gamesplayer, and you said yourself she wasn't even a good lay. She was counterfeit – looked like a million pounds but not worth a penny."

I think of the girl I've been dating the past two weeks. She's a famous actress in her home country, well-educated, far richer than I am, and an all-round delightful person. When I asked her how she likes to spend weekends she tells me she goes to restaurants with friends or walks in the park. I think JJ is right – bars and clubs are barren wastelands if your goal is quality women.

"Bar game is just weird. Why try to pick up girls in an environment designed to take two points off a man's attractiveness and give them to women?" comments Toe.

"It's an accident of history. In modern Western society bars are the societally-approved places to meet girls. And then Mystery happened to like bars so his method was all about night game" says I. I know JJ isn't going to accept a mischaracterisation of his beloved Mystery Method.

"No no no. Mystery just said bars are a good place to practice because of all the sets. His method isn't specific to bar game – it's universal"

We agree, but bootcamps got run in bars and everyone practiced in bars so very quickly people forget the universality of Game and just stay in bars. Once the blinkers are on they tend to stay on.



Hemingway Suite, upon completion

“Bars also help the men, in their own weird way” I offer. “Just as most women are low value, so are most men. Bars inhibit most avenues of displaying value. They pretty much force you to focus on good looks, grooming and basic body language. They force you to act like a hyperactive bell-end to compete against the various distractions. It’s just not conducive to showing real wide-ranging value. So low value guys can better pretend they are high value.”

The conversation moves on to men. What is a high value man, and how do they differ from the mass of society. JJ interjects again.

“We’re not trying to get good at picking up women. We’re trying to be better men.”

I think of the books I’ve read, the countries I’ve visited, the career I built, the expert systems I learned. Yes, most of my value to a girl is from the type of man I am rather than the Game I spout.

“That’s why most pick up guys don’t bang desirable girls. It’s one thing to sweep up dizzy club tarts but another thing entirely to date, and secure the love and affection, of a top class woman.”

“I’d rather have a ten minute conversation with a ten than bang a seven” says JJ. He’s racked up over 150 lays so he’s speaking from a position of strength. “It’s about the romantic radar.”

“True. I’m not much fussed about the sex. I never got into game for more sex with mediocre birds” says I. “The most satisfying part of this month wasn’t banging that Romanian seven. It was with the actress, when I realised I was on her romantic radar. She’s a ten who can pick and choose who she spends time with and she wanted to come out on dates with me. She is extremely high value and she has decided I have the value to be in her life, romantically. That’s more satisfying, and says more about how I’ve lived my life, than SDLing some lost tourist off Oxford Street.”

We agree.

Indirect, Direct, Indirect-Direct daygame

krauserpua · 15 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm a strong believer that direct day game (or more accurately, *indirect-direct* day game) is the gold standard of pick-up. I've discussed some of the limitations of night game but have not really pontificated on doing your work sober while the sun is shining. My book lays out a detailed model for picking up smoking hot girls and feeling good while you do it. I ignore indirect completely in the book but perhaps I should explain why. First I should define terms:

- Indirect: You hide your romantic and/or sexual interest in a girl early in the interaction
- Direct: You explicitly state the same intent
- Indirect-Direct: You implicitly state your intent through subcommunication while not explicitly stating it in words

These are listed in ascending order of difficulty and desireability. The big advantage of indirect is it requires almost **zero balls** – which is also it's main failing. You are creeping your way in under the radar and hoping that the girl won't rumble you until you've displayed enough passive value and relaxed her. By delaying the statement of intent you are delaying the moment of truth when she must decide if you are going to be on her romantic radar. For newbies this is *great* news – All the validation of cold approaching a girl into conversation and none of the rejection. I do recommend 100 sets or so of indirect game just to get your social skills sharpened and because its the easy way in. But accept that by not showing any balls you are keeping your greatest weapon holstered.

Women are attracted to confidence more than any other male attribute.

I'll tell you right now where you will get with indirect daygame: lot's of gentle blowouts, lot's of wasted time, and the occasional lay with girls a point or two below you in physical attractiveness. For most men that is an improvement on their current lifestyle so more power to them.

The big advantages of direct game are (i) the show of confidence will immediately earn you an extra two points to bring those better-looking-than-you girls into your reach and (ii) you waste far less time on "no" girls. Oh yeah, it's better for your frame too because you **feel like a man**. Hiding intent hurts your frame and vibe over time by reinforcing manipulative behaviour.

However the big disadvantage, assuming you have the balls to even try, is that you are bringing forwards the moment of truth where she can blow you out. In the beginning when your personal charismatic value is low, you will suffer far more blowouts. This is why I don't recommend Mode One-style approaches (even though the subtext of the book is good for underlying the pick up). Once you have your subcommunication down pat I'd suggest a transition to indirect-direct. You get all the advantages of delaying the moment of truth until the girl is warmed up and yet also all the advantages of using your balls. My book is indirect-direct.

The attached video [now removed] should give an example of why indirect-direct street stops are the pinnacle of Game. Efficient, fun, vast pool of targets, and access to top-drawer birds. This girl took four dates to bring home and she is emminently dateable. If she hadn't been forced to return to her country I'd still be dating her. I look like a potato. If I did indirect I'd be dating potatoes.

Game doesn't have to be about sweeping up DTF grotty nightclub sixes. Aim high.

Integrity

krauserpua · 17 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's a common refrain from old hands in the Community that you should have a life outside of Game. As far back as Neil Strauss' book he warned about how easy it is to become obsessed with pick up with it's constant emotional rollercoaster resulting from the blowouts and successes. It's easy to become addicted to new lays. It's easy to lose all perspective on life as you focus single-mindedly on "getting this area handled". Getting good at game without scorching the earth around your life is a difficult balance. Community values are weird – such as treating girls as experimental subjects and going out with wings like you're a mercenary army. Yet if you don't approach thousands of girls, push your boundaries, hang out with like-minded (and preferrably more experienced) men then how can you improve?

I think it's impossible to get good at game without compromising your integrity at certain times. Lest anyone think I place myself above such base behaviours, I'll use examples from my own development. Things I've done which I know are shady, but which I rationalised at the time as acceptable (and perhaps still do) include:

- Videoing girls during pick-up and dates and then sharing the videos on the internet
- Dating five girls at a time (who knew about each other) and telling each that she was my number one girl
- Passing girls on to my friends
- Telling a girl logically that I don't want a serious relationship with her, and then shamelessly playing her emotions to make her fall for me in the full knowledge that they will override her logical mind

It's easy to find justifications. People are all cunts. All is fair in love and war. They have their own agenda too. If we got married she'd use the misandrist laws against me. Etc etc etc.

I'm not so much interested in the moral dimension of integrity, not for this post anyway. What interests me is that **integrity is essential for success in life** even if you are merely using enlightened self interest rather than a genuine commitment to moral living for its own sake. I have long said:

High value women do not sleep with low value men

It's possible to get Type 2 girls (high beauty / low self esteem) into bed with manipulative low value behviour yet it's almost impossible to have rewarding relationships with them. I've met plenty of community guys who rack up lay-after-lay with grotty women, women of low character, or simply normal pretty girls where it begins ok and things turn south rapidly precisely because of the man's conduct in his pursuit and subsequent relationship. For whatever reason these men feel compelled to stay on the treadmill day-after-day, night-after-night trying to placate whatever demons rest inside them, pouring ever more water into a leaky bucket rather than fixing the hole in the bottom. RSD's Jeffy gave a great talk about this in Transformations.

What all these guys have in common is a manipulative, value-taking frame that requires vast amounts of lying and dishonesty. No amount of lays is ever enough. It's like they are punishing themselves week after week. Invariably they surround themselves with like-minded people and then there's a self-reinforcing echo chamber. Fucked up community standards become the norms that define their conduct. In the beginning their vibe is horrible, completely creepy. As they become more accomplished liars they can disguise the ugliness within until they have obtained whatever value they were seeking to take.

It is still possible to get laid like this. There's lots of weak girls in the world who can be impressed, cajoled and manipulated into bed. You can spend years feeding in such swamps. With success comes hubris. Rather than remain within the normal world with its normal standards of behaviour you see yourself as an outsider, a man above the "sheep" and no longer constrained by societal rules (which are "all in your head" anyway). Channelled correctly this is a stunning realisation that leads to achievement and inner peace as you cast off the shackles. Channelled incorrectly you become a lame douchebag – never keeping promises, living life on a whim, treating people as

pawns to be sacrificed. Like an over-leveraged hedge fund picking up pennies in front of a steamroller, you can go years before your risk-taking wipes you out. One day's reversal will overwhelm four years of small gains but the homo-sapien is designed to pat itself on the back for every small gain while sticking it's head in the sand about impending losses. When you jump off a 42 floor building you have an exhillirating ride the first 41 floors you pass.

A man's word is the only thing of value he will ever own

Much of the discussion on this blog has been about how the type of man you are drives your game, and vice versa. I firmly believe that the only way to avoid the biggest player traps is to conduct yourself with girls (and other men) according to the type of man you wish to be. That means you:

- Aim high, at precisely the girls you most want in your life
- Make your intentions clear at the earliest moment of good calibration
- Decide if you intend to string a girl along you tell her and treat her hind brain the same way
- Abide by wing rules at all times, such as not making your wing look bad in front of a girl or trying to steal his girl
- Maintain a life outside of the Community
- Identify and slay your inner demons, rather than appeasing them

It is extremely difficult to do this. Most guys who get good with girls do so ***precisely*** because they are broken inside and driven to extraordinary lengths to make up for it. Normal people with balanced lives give up long before they complete their "1,000 sets of hell". It's simply too hard. You can only do it when the wolves are at the door. In my case, it was the various issues emanating from my divorce. For other people I've met it's 20+ years of involuntary celibacy or social exclusion, messed up father figures, alcoholism and redemption, and so on.

If you want to lift yourself out of whatever gutter you currently reside in, you need to develop personal integrity. Without it, a conveyor belt of new lays will never fill the emptiness inside.

Dark side

krauserpua · 25 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I was having a chat with Skeletor recently about some of the tensions in game theory and lifestyle that I'm trying to resolve to my satisfaction. Of late I've felt like much of successful game results from squaring a circle by creating a synthesis of (initially) mutually exclusive conditions. For example:

- building attraction in high value women requires genuine disinterest yet it's the male's role to initiate the courtship ritual
- it's necessary to approach thousands of girls to get good at game yet being "the guy who approaches thousands of girls" is an unattractive pussy beggar
- the best attraction and investment from girls comes from making them chase you and yet leadership and direction are needed to close
- preselection is the most powerful attraction switch but it also projects a player vibe that undercuts comfort
- enforcing boundaries against time-wasting and other bad behaviour is necessary to retain your dignity but it's equally important to be unreactive as if you simply don't care about the bad behaviour

I don't think any of these tensions are irresolvable but they do require a reframing of the original false dilemma. Maybe that's a subject for another post. For now I'll discuss what I consider an irresolvable tension: that between the light and dark sides of game.

Light

This comes under the heading of what I call "nice guy strength". Men are born to lead and protect women, and those men who climb to the top of the value pyramid are better able to do so. You accept women's submissive role as being their desire to step inside your reality and give themselves up to your direction and order. By accepting their submission you are also taking responsibility for her physical and emotional welfare. You become the man of steel and velvet. While she sits inside your reality she can blossom and grow, learning about herself and life and in return she provides you with the sex and affection that lightens the burden you have assumed. It's a co-operative value-for-value exchange.



...and velvet

Dark

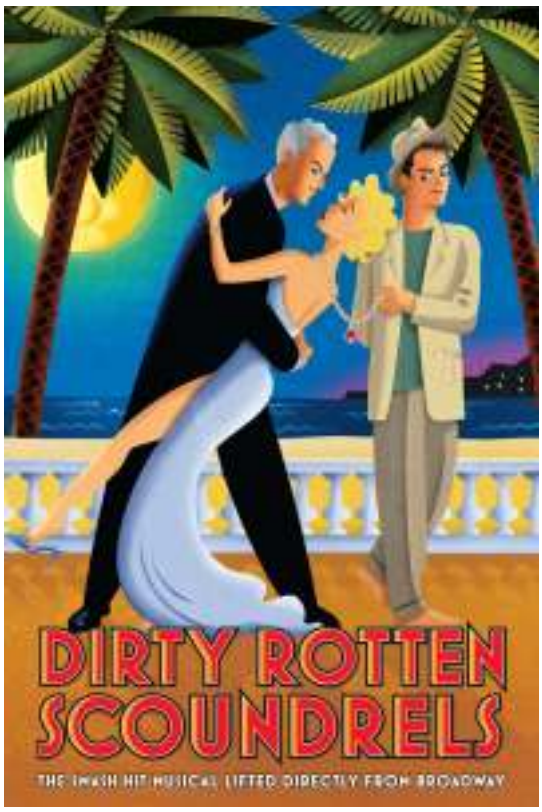
This is the aloof arsehole / pussy hound. Women are sexual creatures who love to fuck but only with men who know the "game" and thus know how to pick them up, build attraction, and then rush them through the stages towards sex – ruthlessly filtering and burning the timewasters who aren't DTF. You're in it for the satisfaction of your desires above all else. If that means dangling the relationship carrot before a pump and dump, so be it.

Like the jedi in Star Wars, budding young apprentices are beset by the temptation to stray to the Dark Side for one simple reason – it's easier. It's not *easy*, but it is easier to see faster results. To become a man who can stand open before a quality girl – showing his full character and intentions – *and still get her* requires you to slay all your personal demons, develop all sides of your character and thus become the man who can fulfill her interpersonal needs as a woman. This is not easy. It's a commitment to becoming a better man, not simply one more skilled in the crimson arts. It's easier to fall back to Plan B. The latter's ease comes from one basic principle:

You are bending and breaking the rules that other people in society expect as the minimum standards of behaviour

If we agree that I will sell you my laptop for £300, then I take the money and run, as I sit in my flat counting my loot cackling "haha, I really took that sucker" – have I really bested you? No, I haven't. I've simply cheated you by breaking an expectation of yours that would hold for the 99% of people you deal with who are not dirty rotten scoundrels. You are not an idiot for holding onto those expectations because if you allow all bets to be off you would sink into the same pit of self-loathing and misery that the scoundrels inhabit. Better to just charge the £300 to the Game and move on.

Likewise the dark side of game is leading girls on with fools gold. *[note: I'm not talking about honestly filtering for DTF girls – that's mutually consensual with full knowledge of each other's intent. It has it's own problems but it's not "dark side" as I mean the term here]*



Seductive lifestyle

I wouldn't say Plan B is wrong. The continually restocking pool of aspiring PUAs is an adversarially-selected bunch of guys who get into Game precisely because they are not having success with women. Plan B will get you laid. Getting laid is a huge improvement in your life vs not getting laid. So go for it. I did.

The problem is in thinking that's all there is to Game or in becoming so seduced by the lifestyle that you start to think its an end to itself. Here's the pros and cons of it, as I've witnessed from those I've personally seen spend too long in the dark side;

Pros

- High lay count
- Sophisticated calibration
- Funny stories

Cons

- Creepy vibe
- Unbalanced life
- Constant search for stimulation
- Low quality women

Yes, I said that. *Low quality women*. I have never yet met the man who can bang top drawer women using a dark side frame. I've seen them bang the occasional ***hot*** girl, but girls who were clearly internally damaged. They also don't bang "out of their class" – i.e. tall, good-looking, well put-together Darksiders can bang 8s. But they are male 9s on the same criteria (the wrong criteria, as it happens) and they can't keep those girls around in anything resembling a balanced relationship. But mainly, the problem is a deeper-rooted long term problem

They are unhappy people

Order and disorder – Subtext to a pickup

krauserpua · 27 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A man's most fundamental value he has to give to a woman is to provide her with order and direction. Doing so is the basis of attraction. It's all well and good talking about it at a meta-level but what does it mean for each step of the courtship ritual?

First understand that the amount of disorder in a woman's life will underpin how effectively she can be picked up. This is not to negate other variables, such as "are you her type?" and "is she horny?" or "is she in a socially acceptable environment?" and all the other concerns. But beneath all this lies her current standing on the **order-disorder continuum**. For example, at one extreme is a woman married to a husband she loves, children to care for, a stable home with family and social support, and hobbies / career to pursue. Such a well-connected embedded woman leads a very orderly predictable life. And enjoys it. At the other extreme consider a homeless junkie with a history of child abuse, no job, isolated on the backstreets of the bad part of town. This girl lives in a permanently disorienting flux with no sources of order or a direction to move in. Somewhere between these states are the girls we wish to meet.



A single female, yesterday

Because women are herd animals, when they are disconnected from their two main sources of order (the herd, or a man) they become uneasy and, like drowning men clutch at a lifeline, prone to grasp order that is offered to them. They are thus more likely to value the order you offer. This presents an interesting light / dark dilemma:

Dark

- Seek out vulnerable girls in maximum disorder, such as lone tourists walking the streets in early evening. Or sweep up drunk girls in clubs whose friends are already hooking up.
- Smash the existing order of an orderly girl with verbal bamboozlement, boyfriend-destroyers, and disorienting instant dates that spin her around many locations and emotions.

Light

- Provide the best quality order you can and rely on this being better than her alternative sources.

So let's consider way in which you are offering order in your subcommunication through every level of the

interaction from beginning to close:

1. By street-stopping the girl you are interupting whatever order she has and signalling you are about to impose your own intention onto her. You are showing your intent to peel her away from the herd. In contrast, a low-investment indirect opener leaves her fully in her frame (until you start to suck her in later)
2. Using your assumption stack to transition from killing momentum into vibing you are now taking the lead of the conversation and choosing how the interaction proceeds.
3. Your vibe of friendly fun politeness leads her vibe and directs her which social code she is to operate under for this interaction. As you move it through comfort, rapport and seduction you give her the expectation that she'll match it.
4. Mini-bouncing her to the edge of the street, and later onto the instant date is physically leading and showing more expectation of her following into your world until she is sitting across from you in a coffee shop with her reality left behind
5. When you bundle her into a cab for extraction at the end of the drinking date you overide her logistical shit tests to reaffirm yourself as leader and she is reaching the end of the courtship ritual.

When Mystery was introducing the notion of **compliance tests** he couched them in terms of escalation but it's equally valid to consider them as confirmation that she is accepting your reality and the order it brings her. This is why I believe you need to be careful in mixing order with disorientation at the same time, so you move forwards not back. Like in football where the goal of defence is to simply break the flow of the attackers by sticking a foot into the tackle or blasting the ball into the stands, and where the successful offence requires constructing an organised series of moves to move the ball to a specific place (between the posts). You break your rival's order and then create your own.

Disorientation:

- Negs / teases
- Spinning her around
- A river cruise instant date to Greenwich
- Taxi ride anywhere
- Verbal bamboozlement
- Intellectual mastery that breaks her frame / assumptions about life and herself

It's fine to do these early on when your goal is to pull her out of her existing comfortable order but once you are proceeding into rapport you have to dial this down. If she feels like you are increasing the disorder of her life she will have less value to attach herself to. So only use disorientation in a pinch, such as when she wobbles during a compliance test.

e.g. Pushing a girl into a taxi while telling her you're going to Disneyland is a order-disorder push-pull. Once inside you should return to imposing order just by occupying her logical mind to let it go into a direction (any direction, so long as it's not on what's actually happening)

Consider order as subtext. It doesn't replace the usual things you do but it does determine the weighting and timing of what you do.

Trolling the Italian bird, for the lulz

krauserpua · 29 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's one of the Facebook chats I had a few days ago while sipping a whiskey in the Hemingway Suite with JJ. I decided to channel him and just talk about food while insulting this Italian bird. Just for the lulz. I noticed she'd changed her profile picture.

.

Me: you look like a dorky little girl in your new photo
Her: hahaha any problem? *[she changes it]* better? haha
Me: No. It looks like you put a broom on your head I don't like you anymore I won't have sex with you
Her: hahahaha ok ill look for another one D xD *[she changes it to a full body shot]*
Me: oh god, that's even worse you look like a hooker
Her: hahahaha ok so ill be back to this one *[changes it back]*
Me: I'll suggest one



Her: thats for u? but you dont have hair
Me: actually I just thought of the perfect picture she looks like you, has the same hair, similar fashion and equally cool



Her: hahhahaha i dnt wear glasses
Me: I'm bored. I might keep insulting you and then eat some sausages I love sausages I'm eating salami now Sainsbury's Basic. £1.19 for150g thin sliced mmmmmmmmm
Her: pfff im eating rissotto
Me: I don't like rissotto I don't like your rissotto
Her: pff better for you cuz i wont cook it for you
Me: and I'm not dumb enough to eat it I'd be sick you can't try to bribe your way into my bed with your crappy cooking
Her: dont worry for that
Me: You scare me. If I look out my window now, I'll probably see you crouched under a bush in my garden, using my wifi for your laptop
Her: hahaha whaaaat
Me: I heard that. My window is open
Her: close it i can be so dangerous
Me: Yes dangerous like a rabbit or a koala or a hamster
Her: hahaahaha i prefer the koala i live them] love them
Me: I prefer koalas to you they have better legs
Her: i prefer them to you as well for lots of reasons
Me: If I was a koala I'd bite you eat the food in your kitchen and shit on your floor
Her: hahaha i would send you to the zoo then and i would go to see you and throw you things but not food roks and rubbish for example
Me: I'd throw my shit at you and laugh
Her: i would say to the owners of the zoo to sacrify you cuz u are ill and you could infect the other animals and they'll believe me
Me: I'd give you AIDS koala rape
Her: you won't have tim you would be sacrified before
Me: I don't like you anymore you are mean to animals
Her: hahaha no i'm mean to you well…there is no big difference at all
Me: I'm gonna get the koala army to attack you

Her: ok i'll be waiting for that

Texting while absolutely steaming drunk on a Friday night

krauserpua · 31 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I got steaming drunk on Friday with some buddies. Beer, shots, and a bottle of champagne to put the final wrecking onto my sobriety. Generally I steer clear of drunk-texting girls as a point of discipline. But I was wrecked so away I went…… I just read them back this morning and started laughing. Here is what a leggy 20yr old black girl heard from about half past nine…



Self-image while drunk

Her: What you doing for Halloween?
Me: Fucking your ass and spitting on your hair
Her: Hahahahahahajahahaha dirty bastard. Would never happen!
Me: My cock will be in your ass before 2011 ends. However, I can't guarantee love. Sorry [image]
Me: That message was intended for a doffrent bird. Sorry
Her: Ahahahahahaha you flipping dirty bastard… I am sure her name isn't [her name].. so get it right! Ahaha
Me: If you can grow some whopper tits, I'll do you in the ass. If you can't we'll have to fall back onto your personality [image]

.

By 11pm I'm barely upright as I'm helping a friend hit on the barmaid. Well, I think I'm helping but I'm probably getting in the way. He extracts a number from her. I resume the texting…

.

Me: Fuck me I'm steaming
Her: Stop being horny! I am never guna grow tits so u will never do me in the ass!
[an hour later] **Her:** Aint u guna fuck the girl yu were originally meant to text?
[another hour still] **Her:** Actually does steaming mean you are angry about something?
Her: Am a bit tipsy
Her: But you need to hurry up n answer my texts Nick
[4am] **Me:** I'm so drunk. Can't remember the last time I had so much champagne
Me: Just woke up drunk. I'll buy you some falsies, so long as I get first dibs
Her: Wel I am sober now, it feels good to know I won't get hung over the next day

Which girls do you like?

krauserpua · 31 October 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As you get more experience with women you'll probably find yourself becoming more discerning in your tastes, in much the same way that a conniseur of wine (or porn) learns to distinguish between not just subtle grades in quality but also in his personal taste. For example, a £100 bottle of wine is wasted on me because I can't appreciate it any more than a £20 bottle.

There's a strong tendency to overrate the women you date due to the ego issues involved and through lack of experience. It's a running joke that PUA guys on forums think every girl they had some success with is an HB9 and then you see the (rare) photos and those girls are in fact merely 7s. Why is this? Probably it's a failure to identify quality gradients. When I was married I was *convinced* my wife was a 10 because at the time, understandably, it was important to me. The reality is that I didn't have any experience of 10s (or even 9s) so it's like the top of the female value pyramid was obscured by the mountaintop clouds. So what was actually an 8 seemed to be the top and -ergo- a 10. The real top class of girls were outside my reality and thus didn't even factor into my scale.

You'll see this in my earliest blogposts where I clearly overate girls in my mind relative to the evidence of the photos.

One thing I always ask my students is "What type of girl do you like?" When I get an answer like "hot" or "big tits" I'm pretty sure the guy is a long way from success. He simply hasn't learned to discern his own taste in what really matters. Being indiscriminate is unattractive and kills vibe. It gives poor boundaries because you don't screen properly. My book goes into alot of details about how to introspect to find the type of girl that really makes you happy and how to screen for her.

Otherwise you end up fucking a bunch of rotters who you hate on, and that puts you on a dark side downward spiral.

Being romantically / sexually involved with a woman is supposed to be an invigorating joyful experience that fills your heart with a love for life. Being good at game is supposed to take you closer to **happiness**. If you find yourself driven forwards by the dark energy of sexual neediness (must… close…. new…. girl…), enduring unenjoyable interactions because that's the price of getting her home, and then wanting to be rid of the girl once you've got the notch….. well then sir you have deep inner game issues and you're banging the wrong women. Speaking from my personal experience….

It's better to date a seven who you like, whose vibe brings you warmth and happiness, than to bang a ten who is unpleasant.

And this brings me to these **two videos** I came across while lying on my bed hungover and tired on Saturday morning. Just feel the difference between Agne's vibe (blonde one in Abba) and that modern trash Aguilera. Agne doesn't need the dance moves, prosser costume, or oh-so-serious facial expressions to be cute. Just looking at the two videos it's easy to see which girl would be a delight to have in your life and which would just chip away at your soul day after day.

Cultural Marxism is still the enemy of life, liberty and happiness

krauserpua · 2 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'll have a few words to say about the current spat between PUAs and MRAs that's cluttering up teh interwebs. Till then I'll leave you to ponder on this news that appeared in the Telegraph. On the off-chance anyone is wondering if I still consider myself an MRA, and if I intend to get married…..

Report: *"Divorced fathers are to be denied a legal right to a relationship with their children in a review of family law due to be published tomorrow."*

My prediction (not recommendation) is pushing much further will lead to lots and lots of murders. At the moment allowing "meaningful contact" with the kids stolen from him give the father one last thread to retain involvement in society. Cut that thread and the State creates angry desperados. Angry desperate men who know the names and addresses of the people who destroyed their lives. That's a ticking time bomb.



It's all well and good to learn Game so I can date the women I want, but never forget this is an individual response to a society-level problem. I'm not going to throw myself under a bus for the good of society. I've already written about that. No matter how good life gets in Game, no matter how much success, and no matter how relaxed and chill I become I never forget the simple fact: **Modern western society is collapsing because it is turning all the virtues of it's men into vices to be punished.**

Fuck the lot of them

Feminists and Cultural Marxists are still my sworn enemy. I simply don't write about it much anymore.

MRAs boooo! PUAs yeeeeey! PUAs boooo! MRAs yeeeey!

krauserpua · 4 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

You'd think PUA types and MRA types would get along just fine. Both have swallowed a red pill to see the true nature of women, male-female relations, and the structures in society that discriminate against men. On the surface, at least, there are grounds for a common cause. However there seem to be two broad types of PUA and two types of MRA:

PUA

1. Young guy with little life experience, gunning it solo in the clubs and streets, up for adventure and a high laycount
2. Older guy coming off some bad experiences, trying to relearn the ropes and lower the age of the girls he dates.

MRA

1. Burned out older guy suffering the consequences of a horrendous divorce raping, finding a community of like-minded sufferers to vent with to ease the pain and disillusionment.
2. Guys who had a near miss with the forces of misandry and has hurriedly educated himself on the bullet he just dodged. He is seeking to rearm himself before going back into life.

Crude, I know. You'd only expect the (2) guys of each camp to get along. PUA (1) doesn't give a flying fuck for the sociology of Game and hasn't had any rude awakenings with women. MRA (1) is a totally broken man who is light years from accepting responsibility for his hand in his own broken dreams. I think most of the hostility between PUAs and MRAs is between the type (1)s.

That said, I think there is a genuine bone of contention that can't be explained away by mere divergent interests and life situations. A common charge by MRAs against Game is that no matter how successful you are with women ***the very fact you chase them is supplication and the process of chasing them diminishes you as a man***. Thus the PUA lifestyle is supporting the pedestalised position of women to the detriment of men, enabling bad female behaviour, saving them from the loneliness such behaviour deserves, and ultimately it is traitorous to the emancipation of men.



an MRA, yesterday

It's a hefty charge. I also think it's mistaken. Partially. I'll allow Ayn Rand to offer her thoughts via Atlas Shrugged:

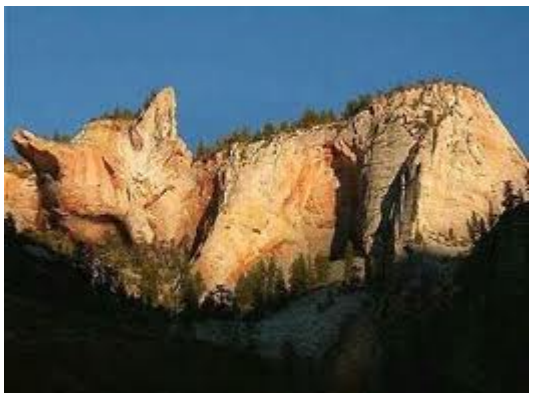
"People think that a liar gains a victory over his victim. What I've learned is that a lie is an act of self-abdication, because one surrenders one's reality to the person to whom one lies, making that person one's master, condemning oneself from then on to faking the sort of reality that person's view requires to be faked. And if one gains the immediate purpose of the lie – the price one pays is the destruction of that which the gain was intended to serve. The man who lies to the world, is the world's slave from then on." Hank Rearden speaking on page 859.

Thank you Ayn Rand for eloquently stating both the fundamental flaw in approaching Game from the Dark Side, and also for why MRAs dislike PUAs. Let's unpack the statement as it applies to pickup.

MRAs assume PUAs are all dark side and thus Game relies upon changing your identity so you can tailor all your responses to what you think will win the girls approval of you for sex, and that chasing skirt is the main goal in your life. Thus when the PUA lays the girl, the "liar gains a victory over his victim…. one gains the immediate purpose of the lie." There's no free lunch. The cost of the lie is in surrendering your identity. You have accepted the target's frame and allowed yourself to be sucked into her reality. You are not the selector. You know that showing your real identity and intention will lead to a "no" answer and therefore you must create an impression in the girl that you are something you are not, that you are the man who meets her criteria. Thus you fake a reality that is not your own. This is "living a lie" and creates cognitive dissonance which corrodes your identity and self-esteem. The girl's reality becomes your master.

I think this is what MRAs are trying to articulate when they bash PUAs for being shameless skirt-chasers. They have a point. Few things are more important to a man than his strength of character, his word, and his willingness to impose himself onto an uncompliant world. Surrendering your masculine purpose to get your cock inside a girl cheapens you as a man, and MRAs are ***very*** sensitive about their masculinity.

How about the PUA side? Well that's rather less esoteric. They look at MRAs and see a group of whiny guys not getting laid who are trying hard to rationalise their way out of their sense of inadequacy. Decent PUAs have done their **1,000 Sets Of Hell** and are rightly *damn proud of that achievement.* They don't take kindly to keyboard jockeys telling them they aren't masculine when they are going out every weekend and taking rejection after rejection, clawing their way up Pussy Mountain one notch at a time. Being masculine isn't just about what the MRAs value, it's also about taking control of your destiny, not relying on somebody else to fix your problems, and getting laid.



"because it's there"

My conclusion? If MRAs were to resist holding a 2002 Mystery caricature of Game they'd see that Light Side doesn't diminish men at all and moreover it returns women to their rightful submissive role – which is where they always longed to be.

California Dreaming.... Daygame bootcamps on the West Coast

krauserpua · 8 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm whoring myself out for the price of a tequila shot and beach hut by the pacific. Regular readers will be aware of my compadre / housemate / wing Toe who has set himself the unlikely task of collecting fifty flags from fifty sluts. He's decided to maximise his odds by travelling through Central America for six months beginning next month. He's convinced me to spend a month in Mexico sitting on a beach and sweeping up the ho train of yankee sluts who pass through.

However we'll begin with a fundraising fortnight on the west coast of the US. We'll be in the following cities on the following dates:

Los Angeles 3-4 December

San Francisco 10-11 December

San Diego – 17-18 December



I expect it to look like this

Should you wish to pay for the pleasure of our company, this is what we offer on each weekend:

- Seven hours per day direct instruction. At least four hours each day will be infield, picking up girls
- Step-by-step video analysis of never-seen-before infields Toe and I have shot
- Theoretical explanation of each stage in the pickup: what to say, when to say it
- Direct street stops, indirect mall / cafe pickups
- Tailored personal advice on maximising your strengths and ass-raping your weaknesses
- It'll be Toe and myself. We aren't delegating this to shitty approach coaches.
- The most dedicated student of the weekend gets a free copy of my book and an extra hour's debrief.



I heard they look like this

The price is $500 USD and we will limit the bootcamps to 5 students per bootcamp. Contact me on **krauser**[at]**rocksolidgame**[dot]**co**[dot]**uk**. Learn to do daygame the real way, like a real man. Never again will you be asking for directions to Starbucks or showing unusual interest in the technical aspects of a girl's laptop….

** I'll also be doing a few ad-hoc 1-on-1s midweek. Usual rates.*

Jealousy plotline 101

krauserpua · 10 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

An alpha male lives in sexual abundance where girls fight over him. Girls are ruthlessly competitve against each other in their quest to secure the seed / commitment of the high value man. Thoughtful observers of feminism will have noted that the worst name-callers, shamers, and under-cutters of women are *other women*. Despite constant feminist lies that men are misogynists, most men actually tend to have a bemused indifference to the constant shape-shifting backstabbing of the women's knitting circle.

It's good to make a girl chase you. It's even better to make her compete for you. Nothing rouses a woman's heart like beating another woman to a man. Here's a little snippet. To protect anonymity I've removed names and colour-coded thus:



Girl A is a smoking hot 20yr old leggy black chick who I haven't banged yet but I once refused a booty call. I intend to collect on that voucher but it's proving difficult. **Girl B** is a smoking hot 20yr old leggy white chick who I also almost banged but then didn't and now intend to correct the balance.







I think further comment is unnecessary. Regular readers will be fully aware what was going on. Once the heated exchange got underway both girls started texting me to try to win the battle “off the record”, and showed extreme interest in the relative quality of her rival and my relative interest levels in them.

Berlusconi is still The Man

krauserpua · 10 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As much as I disapprove of his stewardship of the Italian economy over a cliff and into the gutter, I have immense respect for Silvio Berlusconi's relentless tooling of other world leaders and his nailing of dappy Italian tarts. Despite the political putsch from the Politburo of the EUSSR casting him aside, the sly old dog can still rile the little dwarf Sarkozy and moisten the crotch of butch dyke Merkel



An alpha male, yesterday

Creeping Death #1 – The game equation

krauserpua · 14 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I was on a Facebook chat with an ex last night and we were talking about Game. I'd directed her to this Delusion Damage post where he contrasts "Game" with "Creeping":

"Game is a difficult skill to master and its rewards are correspondingly spectacular, but it shall quite probably remain forever outside the reach of some 95% of men, who simply lack the required intellectual capacity and the calm tenacity to hone their skills to a fine point….

Game is not the path to easy sex. Game is the path to high-quality sex, and high-quality female interaction in general. The path to easy sex is called "creepin"…..

"Creepin" is the poor man's Game (or should I say, the intellectually lazy man's game). A fresh t-shirt, a gallon of hair gel, a couple gallons of alcohol and an inexhaustible fountain of pent-up sexual energy to grind up against enough club sluts to strike a hole-in-one is all it takes. You don't have to read books. You don't have to study psychological concepts like self-esteem and validation. You don't have to understand women. What you do have to do is get'm drunk and press up against them, and keep doing that to enough of them until one bites. And that – unlike reading books – is something the 95% of men can do."

I think it teases out a central distinction I've been grasping for. I got into Game to bang the world's hottest women rather than to rack up numbers. I'd assumed that's why everyone gets into it but now I see some people just want to get laid with anything halfway-pretty. Goals determine strategy.

I have endeavoured to raise my value so that I am above the attraction threshold of top quality women. That entails straightening out my inner game, learning female psychology at a deep level, and adopting an in-set frame that positions myself as a man of exceptional talent and poise. That's not to say I've reached my goal, but my goal has determined my strategy down to micro-details.



Creeping is entirely different. You work on your superficial value (gym, diet, clothes, grooming etc) and take that value package into an environment where other Type 2:2 personalities are trading value for sex. As in, nightclubs,

sex clubs, online dating. Creeping is a path to high volumes of mediocre sex because you are treating your own value as a turd to be polished. Day-creeping follows the same principle. There's many guys who work a street numbers game according to a simple equation:

Man**: Inherent Personal Value **(IPV)** x In-set Ability **(ISA)** = Projected Value **(PV)

Woman**: Inherent Sexual Value **(ISV)** – [Momentary Disorder **(MD)** + Residual Disorder **(RD)**] = Game Receptiveness **(GR)

***Sum**: If PV > GR then Bang Girl. If PV <= GR then open more sets until PV > GR*

Creeping assumes IPV is fixed within tight boundaries. Game assumes it has an almost unlimited upward ceiling. Creeping works hard to improve ISA. Game improves both. I'll have more to say on the implications of this in the next post.

Creeping Death #2 – Frenzied animal couplings

krauserpua · 15 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Ayn Rand's seminal work **Atlas Shrugged** is a goldmine of reframes and pithy observations. Ponderous though her prose can be she is able to draw concepts from all parts of life around a central narrative and shake your reality. Intellectual mastery, if you will….

A theme running throughout the book is that modern society is reaping a failed harvest of post-modernist cultural-relativist collectivist bullshit. Culture has degenerated to such a low that people are reduced to base instincts and an existential fear (from having no objective values to inform their moral code) makes them huddle into collectivist organisations and attack anybody who strives for individual greatness. In such a climate people glorify mediocrity and failure, inverting human virtues of hard work, skill, and wealth creation. The sexual expression of this loser's mentality is treating sex as an angry value-taking base act that cheapens all participants.



A winner, yesterday

So let's consider an eloquent rant from my favourite character **Francisco D'Anconia** on the topic of sex (page 489), then I'll draw some conclusions for Game:

"Do you remember what I said about money and about the men who seek to reverse the law of cause and effect? The men who try to replace the mind by seizing the products of the mind? Well, the man who despises himself tries to gain self-esteem from sexual adventures – which can't be done, because sex is not the cause, but an effect and an expression of a man's sense of his own value."

"You'd better explain that" replies Henry Rearden. I'm sure you agree. I warn you, this gets existential.

"Did it ever occur to you that it's the same issue? The men who think that wealth comes from material resources and has no intellectual root or meaning, are the men who think – for the same reason – that sex is a physical capacity which functions independently of one's mind, choice or code of values…. but in fact a man's sexual choice is the result and sum of his fundamental convictions. Tell me what a man finds sexually attractive and I will tell you his entire philosophy of life. Show me the woman he sleeps with and I will tell you his valuation of himself…"

"He will always be attracted to the woman who reflects his deepest vision of himself, the woman whose surrender permits him to experience – or to fake – a sense of self-esteem. The man who is proudly certain of his own value, will want the highest type of woman he can find, the woman he admires, the strongest, the hardest to conquer – because only the possession of a heroine will give him a sense of achievement, not the possession of a brainless slut."

"He does not seek to gain his value, he seeks to express it. There is no conflict between the standards of his mind and the desires of his body. But the man who is convinced of his own worthlessness will be drawn to a woman he despises – because she will reflect his own secret self, she will release him from that objective reality in which he is a fraud, she will give him a momentary illusion of his own value and a momentary escape from the moral code that damns him. Observe the ugly mess which most men make of their sex lives – and observe the mess of contradictions which they hold as their moral philosophy"

Vibe is everything. The girl must feel you are comfortable with who you are and she will match that vibe, feeling protected and cherished. If you seek out sluts to nail then hate on them for being sluts, you are training your self-conscious that this is your station in life. Good people will run a mile from your creepy vibe. Your game is a frantic race to bang the girl before all your skeletons fall out of their closets.



Reality is shaken, ego-trap rebooting

Intellectual mastery is integral to attracting and keeping top class women. To provide order to her you must have straightened out your own contradictions so she feels your leadership as a straight line. This is not to abandon Contrast Game, but this latter is a reflection of your multi-dimensional character rather than your mess of contradictions.

"Let a man corrupt his values and his view of existence, let him profess that love is not self-enjoyment but self-denial, that virtue consists, not of pride, but of pity and pain or weakness or sacrifice…. and he will have cut himself in two… He has damned himself and he will feel that depravity is all he is worthy of enjoying. He has equated virtue with pain and he will feel that vice is the only realm of pleasure, and then he will wonder why love brings him nothing but boredom, and sex – nothing but shame."

This underlies much Dark Side thinking. For all the posturing of reasonably-successful PUAs about how women are snakes, sluts, love jerks etc they are really projecting their own broken moral compass onto the girls. Yes, girls have a certain predictable animal nature but they are also capable of submitting to effective leadership and having their characters remade into sweet sexy companions in life's journey. Figuring out how to recognise such girls (Type 1s, and Type 2:1s) and then leading them to their potential is higher order Game. Creeping won't work. When you hear a man hating on women he bangs, dripping with moralistic language, then it's a fair bet he's got some inner game work left to do.

It is not "realistic" to say women are whores and that a fulfilling LTR is impossible. It's not "pragmatic" to say female affection needs make you a sucker for oneitis and you should thus treat women as disposable cum buckets. Such claims are not at a higher-level of red pill wisdom. They are a self-abdication of responsibility to your own happiness. It is giving up on the finer things in life. Sour grapes.

"Just as physical action unguided by an idea is a fool's self-fraud, so is sex when cut off from one's code of values. It's the same issue, and you would know it. Your inviolate sense of self-esteem would know it. You would be incapable of desire for a woman you despised… One kind of half is the man who despises money, factories, skyscrapers and his own body. He holds undefined emotions about non-conceivable subjects as the meaning of life and as his claim to virtue. And he cries with despair, because he can feel nothing for the women he respects, but finds himself in bondage to an irresistable passion for a slut from the gutter. He is the man whom people call an idealist."

"The other kind of half is that man whom people call practical, the man who despises principles, abstractions, art, philosophy and his own mind. He regards the acquisition of material objects as the only goal of existence – and he laughs at the need to consider their purpose of their source. He expects them to give him pleasure – and he wonders why the more he gets, the less he feels. He is the man who spends his time chasing women. Observe the triple fraud he perpetrates on himself. He will not acknowledge his need for self-esteem, since he scoffs at such a concept as moral values; yet he feels the profound self-contempt which comes from believing he is a piece of meat. He will not acknowledge, but he knows that sex is the physical expression of a tribute to personal values. So he tries, by going through the motions of the effect, to acquire that which should have been the cause. He tries to gain a sense of his own value from the women who surrender to him – and he forgets that the women he picks have neither character nor judgement nor standardof value. He tells himself that all he's after is physical pleasure – but observe that he tires of his women in a week or a night, that he despises professional whores and that he loves to imagine he is seducing virtuous girls who make a great exception for his sake. It is the feeling of acheivement that he seeks and never finds."

I believe that latter Practical Man is utterly skewered by Mr D'Aconia. It is the classic player trap and a fair bet to assume most men with a laycount above 100 either fit the mold now, or used to. When you here a man brag about creeping for a ho train of 6s, that's who you are talking to.

This is precisely why Game requires working on your own personal value and confronting your demons. It's why JJ says your game is a reflection of who you are as a man, and if you want better girls you need to become a better man. You can sex girls on two different planes of existence – it can be a mutually life-affirming experience of joy, or it can be a frenzied animal coupling to bust a nut and placate the demons for a few more days. The former draws a girl into your reality for complete soul collection, the latter gives flighty, flakey, psycho fuck buddies that disappear into the ether.

How to street stop and hold a daygame four-set

krauserpua · 18 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It would appear the natives have been getting restless due to the lack on infields thrown up here at Planet Krauser. Rest assured that even though I'm not approaching more than a couple of times a week now (I've got my finger in a couple of tasty pies) I have literally *dozens* of infields clogging up my hard drive that I shall sample from for your viewing edification.

Way back in Summer when London was warm I had a productive day out with a quality wing. This video below is a challenging four-set that was always going to be hard to stop and keep but we managed it quite smoothly. My stop was strong and deliberately drawn-out, the vibe was great (shame there's no third person view) and you'll see spots of exemplary wingwork in reading the set and knowing how to hold it.

The walkthrough is in subtitles, for the Practical Men among you.

Generally speaking I don't bother with big sets. There's just so much more that can go wrong that it's usually not worth the time. However, we were having fun and wanted to stretch ourselves a little. There are no fundamental differences with going solo, but bear in mind the following tweaks:

- Address all girls with wide eye contact at the beginning. Your ability to socially finesse a large group is the opportunity to show high value
- Make your target clear through subcommunication or verbals
- Don't feel shy about the audience. Your target will get a big adrenalin rush being the centre of attention in front of her friends. You get lots of points for the balls
- Wingwork is crucial in keeping the other girls involved and reading the energy shifts. The wing is there to get the player laid and neutralise cockblocks
- Things are so much easier if the wing fancies one of the other girls. He can be more authentic. There's enough inherent weirdness in street pickup that you don't want to add any more
- Make it a higher energy party atmosphere in the beginning. It takes more energy to kill momentum when there's more girls
- Inthe beginning, the player does most of the talking and either the wing says a little or the player brings him in with an early question. You don't want the wing to stand there silently losing value
- The girls will sense the energy between you and the wing. Make sure you are friends.

This is what female perfection looks like

krauserpua · 19 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

There is a quiet war ravaging our world beneath our noses, a war most sense but cannot put into words. On one side are the men and women of greatness, of a commitment to truth, reality and excellence. The men and women who lead lives like beacons of hope, who inspire you with the belief that you too can be great, that life can be everything you hoped it would be. Set against them are the ragged collectivists, the cultural relativists who would drag everyone to the equality of the gutter rather than let a single soul shoot for the stars. The Guardian-reading, Islington-dwelling, Labour-voting, WholeFoods-shopping intellectual vandals who would have you believe there is no objective good. That Beethoven is no better than Britney Spears, that ~~Jason Statham~~ Alfred Hitchcock is no better than Ken Loach, Alexandre Dumas no better than Dan Brown.



There are people who will deny greatness exists. They wish everyone to be equally miserable.

They do so to rationalise their own miserable existence. They have given up the challenge of life and it's struggles and now wish to insulate themselves from the harsh feedback of the real world. They set up internet echo chambers to pat each other on the back as they snitch, sneer and snide on those who acheive.

One part of this war is to persuade you all women are tramps, harlots, and whores. They wish to denigrate the greatness of a fully-developed woman and the joy she brings to those around her. These losers are stuck in an ever-repeating cycle of find-slut-fuck-slut-hate-on-slut. The only way they can stand the soul-death it brings is to deny life can be better. These *practical men* will bullshit you down to their level.

Should you need a mast to cling to, a patch of dry land in a storm, return to this video. Female perfection exists, and this is what it looks like.

Watch this video and try to tell me women are just warm bodies to fuck

San Diego day game bootcamp

krauserpua · 25 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The San Diego bootcamp on 17th/18th December is now sold out. Those of you who missed out – don't worry – Toe and I can always be turned if our mouths are stuffed with gold. Therefore ***we will do an additional bootcamp*** there the weekend before, being Saturday 10th / Sunday 11th. Same deal (7 hours per day instruction including lengthy infield) and same price ($500 per head).

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1960s Day Game in New York

krauserpua · 28 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Game is as old as the proverbial hills. Back in the 1960s it was called “being a man”. So when I was watching an old romantic comedy with a bird I was pleasantly surprised to see a fairly tight Same Day Lay in pre-Janka / pre-Justin Wayne New York. What struck me about this fictional pick-up is:

- It mirrored my own day game model in most aspects
- It was entirely non-sleazy without any creeping or weird manipulation
- It’s how older guys should pick up young hotties
- The girl is high esteem so she plays her part pro-actively to test the man
- It’s a textbook case of a girl’s high disorder making her ripe for plucking

I’ve added a running commentary with subtitles. The guy makes a couple of mis-steps mainly through being too eager too soon and it’s not till he’s given up on the sex that he gets his frame and vibe dialled in correctly. But to give him credit, the first minutes between meet and instant date were logisitically difficult because he was forced to start indirect. Take a look

I’ve snipped bits out because half the movie is the pick-up. There’s a huge external interrupt later in the movie before he closes her.

The semiotics of frame control

krauserpua · 29 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's time to get all sociological. Few principles in Game are as powerful or efficient as frame control yet it's a nebulous concept that is difficult to operationalise. So let's start from first principles. What is "frame"?

Frame is the implicit set of assumptions and expectations used to interpret a social situation.

Consider a man and a woman sitting at a dining table in a dark room, eating dinner as a candle burns between them. How do we interpret such a situation? If we have further knowledge we might infer it's a romantic date at the man's house while he seeks to close the girl. But perhaps it's a brother and sister and there's been a power failure knocking out the electric lights. There is a wealth of information "in the ether" around your direct perception of the social situation that affects the meaning the participants place upon it. The ability to impose your preferred assumptions and expectations onto the situation is your frame control.



A tangentially-related photo, yesterday

To understand frame control you need to understand perception. It is commonly assumed that the real world exists in an objective state and our senses perceive it. Readers with even a cursory knowledge of psychology (or an inquisitive mind) know perception is actually a constructive active process in which the brain takes limited incomplete information and fills in the gaps with pre-existing knowledge and expectations. Have you ever woken from a bad dream and thought that shadow over your bed was a homicidal intruder, only to rub your eyes and realise it's your dressign gown hanging from a peg in a vaguely humanoid shape? The fact perception is active explains much of the disagreements men have when watching their favourite sports – you see the punches Manny Pacquiao lands and are blind to the onces from Juan Manuel Marquez and thus render a bad decision after 12 rounds. It's when you probably haven't been thinking of how the material of your shoes feels against your toes until I just brought your attention to it now.

Frame control involves directing the participants in a social situation towards those fragments of information you wish them to attend to and then filling in the gaps with your preferred interpretation. It is best done subtley. I'll use language semantics as an example.

Most of the meaning required to interpret a sentence is not actually present in the words. The words are merely signals to meaning. This is not to say words are arbitrary – If I say “dog” there’s only a limited number of images that spring to mind, and probably none of them look like “caterpillar” or “milkshake”. When people have a shared biology, shared education, shared television channels, share cuisine etc we soon develop a shared understanding of the world that can be referred to.



Not milkshake

Direct / Indirect speech

Have you noticed that legal documents are extremely tedious whereas movie dialogue is often compelling? Lawyers cannot rely upon a shared understanding because it leaves too much wiggle room in court and this all terms must be precisely defined and all assumptions stated. This is incredibly boring, like your mind is shackled and not allowed to fill in the blanks to get to the point quickly. Conversely, movie dialogue “turns exposition into ammunition” and talks around a subject in short sentences, relying upon the actor’s faces, body language, gestures, and the surrounding plot and set design to give all the cues needed to follow the story without spelling it out to you.

Here’s a quick game tip: *always use indirect language*. It’s far more engaging. Imagine a TV show where John has been “missing” all weekend and comes back to the house he rents with Bill, sporting a wedding ring, sun-reddened face, and dishevelled clothes.

Direct:

Bill: Hey John. Where have you been this weekend? You were missing and we didn’t know what happened to you. You are awfully sun-burned.

John: I have been to Las Vegas with my girlfriend Valerie. We got married in a casino chapel then drove back in my open-topped Cadillac.

Indirect:

Bill: I never took you for a road-tripping adventuring romantic

John: A regular Vegas wedding!

In order to interpret the latter exchange you must be more sensitive to the surrounding details, choose the important ones more judiciously, and work harder as your brain fills in the gaps. This is far more interesting and carries an even better upside of frame control which I'll now go into. Consider verbal communication as following this simple model:

Writer's members resources + situation + written words = intended meaning

Reader's members resources + situation + written words = received meaning

(members resources = the sum of all knowledge, experience and assumptions that the brain can use to fill in the gaps left unspoken in the utterance / text)

This explains why it's often difficult to understand historical texts without understanding why they were written, some biographical details of the author, and the scholarly debates of the day. The texts were written for a different situation and different members resources to what you currently have. Consider jargon. Can you understand a technical physics paper without understanding physics? I can't. Consider:

"I was able to bounce my target home but she got LMR when I went for the close"

To intepret that sentence your members resources must include the jargon of Game (bounce, target, LMR, close) and also the situation of me being on a date with a girl I intend to fuck. For me to write a sentence that you dear readers can understand I must second-guess your members resources (hereafter "MR"). To encourage you to interpret these words as I intend them to be interpreted I am setting up an "ideal reader" which has a certain set of MR(e.g. Game knowledge) and situation (a man wishing to get better with women). It is only by occupying that role of ideal reader that you can really understand me.

Now let's bring it back to frame control. If you remain in your "non-ideal" reader position you encounter resistance to understanding my words, and presumably you are reading me because you wish to understand whatever it is I'm saying. So long as you stick stubbornly to your own individual MR and situation you encounter resistance to clear understanding. Your brain dislikes inefficiency as much as it dislikes legalese. So you temporarily place yourself within the ideal reader position (hearafter "IRP") until you reach understanding. It's empathy and it's investment.

So now you see the frame control possibilities of the model.

When entering a social situation you must first entice people to want to understand you. Whence motivated thus, you can use indirect language fashioned so that it can only be understood by adopting your chosen IRP for them. Repeatedly placing them in the IRP builds investment and rapport while framing them as you please. Over time this becomes the default mode of communication between you and they are now in your frame permanently. It underpins much of the classic Game cocky funny routines:

Her: That's a nice t-shirt (touches you)

You: Hey, hands off the merchandise. That's $5 you owe me

To understand your comment she pust adopt an IRP that includes MR of: I am chasing him, he has high value, he can tell me off, I must pay money for the privilege of touching him, I fancy him. It's done playfully, but as you keep chipping away at her frame it will eventually crumble.

Another day game two set of teenage Estonian models

krauserpua · 7 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Once upon a time this was a pick-up blog, with infield videos and field reports. Ah…. those were the days… Well I have been known to occasionally go in the field these days but since late summer I've probably only done a few sets a week. I've had other things to do and I've been more concerned about "working on my value". So in the meantime, here's one from the archives. We are still in occasional facebook chat with these girls. If we end up in the same country as them, it's a dead cert for a double date.

I'd been thinking alot lately about where my next improvement is going to come from to get myself better women and/or more consistency. Another 1,000 sets is **not** the answer. I'm not losing girls because I can't run my model or I don't know what to do next. It's not because I'm nervous and fuck things up.

Some girls can't be got no matter what you do. Of those who *can* be got, I've been losing them because of deficits in my frame and value, not because of technical missteps. Expending the whole of your energies infield is like learning to box by spending all your time in sparring – sure that's the single best place to learn but if you aren't doing your roadwork, bagwork, jump rope, stomach routine, and pushups then you are really letting yourself down when fight time arrives.

I follow my subconscious. I joke that I'm like the lion on the savannah – when he's hungry he eats and when he's sleepy he sleeps. There's no alarm clock or Five Year Plan compelling the lion to do something he doesn't feel like doing. If you can't say "no" to daygame and sex then you are slave to it. I haven't felt like putting in daygame sessions lately. My subconscious was telling me something so I listened. It wanted me to ease off, relax, recharge and expend my energy in other areas like reading books, playing video games, and hanging out with my friends. So I did.

Tell me a secret about you, something I'd never guess

krauserpua · 8 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When you hit the streets long enough you start to encounter strange people and strange circumstances, whether through blind chance or because the crazies are more likely to stop and talk. For example June this year while out with Whitewolf I street-stopped a stunning half-Swedish / half-Argentinian ten outside M&S at Covent Garden. **Literally a ten**. No ifs no buts. Looked like a Victoria Secrets model on a good day.

Me: *"Hi. I just want to say, I was just over there when I saw you and there is no way I was going to walk by without telling you you're hot, like a real woman"*



Literally this hot

She *loved* it. Ten minute chat then I take her for an idate at Starbucks which also goes great. She's bubbly, happy, IOIing and talking lots. I'm almost overwhelmed by how easy it is to build attraction and rapport with the hottest woman I've seen in my life. And she seems so nice – living in London to intern for a professional firm, a former wedding model, and very smart. So I'm sitting back, sipping my coffee and letting it all play out. After an hour we exchange numbers and flirt by text for a few days till we have a date in Camden one evening.

She arrives at the pub dolled up nice and showing ample cleavage. More fantastic interacting and it's so totally on. As I finish my first pint her phone rings so I take the opportunity to go to the toilet. Five minutes later I'm back and she's….. gone.

I wait. Ten minutes pass and I look for her. She's literally gone. I text her "?" and get nothing. Puzzled. There was nothing in the vibe to suggest she wasn't enjoying the date – it was going blindingly well. Perhaps she got bad news on the phone, or an emergency? But then why didn't she text later? Three days later I text her and she replies:

"Listen, I work part time for an escort agency. Because I need the money while doing my internship. Just wanted to be honest. I need £195 in order to pay for something for eg this week. That is how it is right now."

Ho.. hum.

I never see her again. A month later I get a text from Tom saying (to paraphrase): “You’ll never guess what happened. I opened a stunner on Oxford Street. Tried to get her on a Day 2 and she sent me this text [almost word for word the one I got]”. Same girl.

I don’t know who thinks who is more weird, us or her. Burto has idated two black prostitutes. Maybe women really are all dirty whores…….

So, to the video on today’s post. While in Oslo with Team Krauser in September we were struggling with the torrential weather. At lunchtime on the last day I find a cute brunette walking across the town square into the train station and bounce her for coffee. It’s a routine idate but I can’t figure her out. She’s cute, relaxed and interesting but way too nonchalant for something that should be so unusual for her. We ended up idating for about two hours but early on I realise that I shouldn’t be poking my dick into her ladyglove, as she elaborates at the end of the video.

Entourage game is for suckers

krauserpua · 15 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Five or so years ago Adam Lyons made a big name for himself proferring a new type of game system called **Project Entourage.** The best-case scenario looks like this:

1. Arrange with nightclub managers to have a guest list you can add names to. Pick one of the beta-wallet-emptying pretentious clubs around the West End such as Movida, China White, Mahiki etc which charge men £20 entry and girls free before 11pm. For every girl you bring you get paid £5. Bring more than 5 girls and you get a VIP table with a complementary bottle of vodka.
2. Go out daygaming on the afternoon of the night in question. Approach lots of girls with indirect social openers, preferrably tourists who are unlikely to know the nightlife but are keen to go out. "PR-close" them by offering them free entry and drinks to a good club. Hide sexual intent.
3. Mass text all girls later that night and arrange to meet them all in a nearby pub. Tell them to bring friends.
4. Socialise a bit in the pub and then lead a train of girls into the club and comped through to the VIP section. You are preselected to every girl in the club and to the girls in your group. Spend the evening drinking free vodka, joking around with girls, pulling random other girls from the dancefloor.
5. At the end of the night choose your favourite girl who is IOIing you for sex. If you're really good, have threesomes foursomes and moresomes.
6. Rinse-repeat every week as your entourage grows bigger and the club begins to finance your lifestyle.



The Dream

Sounds awesome right? According to his own marketing literature Adam was regularly rolling into clubs with 50 hotties in his ho'train and banging millions of them. Let's ignore for a moment the zero-to-hero bullshit of the AFC Adam story and all the pieces left out (i.e. he was already a well-connected PR party organiser as his job before he started game, that he's a good looking guy, and that the only public domain evidence of Project Entourage is severely underwhelming). The marketing would have you believe all this success derives simply from playing a basic method of networking the value of a club to the value of a hot woman while you sit in the middle. There's only one problem.

It's a load of bullshit. **Entourage game is for suckers**. Allow me to explain.

1. Nightclub managers are usually double-dealing cunts who will happily throw you under a bus if a better deal

comes along five minutes later. In order to get to a position where they cut you any slack at all you must be really good and bring them a stream of money. The clubs themselves are horrible soul-destroying places full of vacuous dappy tarts and higher-beta chodes trying to impress each other without having any fun. Drinks are £10 a pop so you are basically spending your evenings in someone elses gaudy loud sweaty basement.

2. PR-closes are basically bribery-closes. You are getting the girl along by playing the role of conduit between the nightclub and her, offering her monetary value. No-one respects PR men precisely because they are the low-value monkeys running around the streets trying to hustle girls into clubs. It is positioning yourself below the girl, not above, and setting yourself up as a provider to be used. The feeling of PR-closing girls is no different to being a telesales guy – it's no fun at all.
3. You get more flakes than normal daygame. The girls who do come are self-selecting as party girls. They show no commitment because you are offering them a free lunch and asking nothing back. Zero investment.
4. The pub stage is like herding cats. Some of the girls will wander off on a whim because they know they can get into the club for free without you. If you're lucky you'll have a few decent conversations where you can build comfort and attraction but the big moment of disheartenment comes at….
5. Girls hang around your VIP table till the free drinks arrive and then the moment its finished the disappear onto the dancefloor. Thirty seconds of arm-waving and their value sky-rockets and the chodes descend on them. You'll be lucky to see the girls again. Well done, you've just done a ton of work to feed these girls to the chodes.
6. Without a strong reason for your social circle to exist, it disintegrated and you rarely see the girls a second time.



The dizzy heights of success...

I won't deny there are people who make entourage game work but they are a tiny minority and they spend their lives in nightclubs as they gradually become weirder and weirder people. Surrounding yourself with value-takers and dickheads, experiencing your women at their most superficial will harden you (that high-heeled tourist at your table might actually be a sweet well-rounded person if you dated her in a coffee shop, but in the club she's a dappy tart overloaded with male attention and flashing lights). A couple of my wings learned entourage game from such a guy – a guy who actually made it work for him – and quickly became disillusioned. It surprised me when they first told me its a load of shit. They regalled me with stories of running around the streets late evening like blue-arsed flies, being treated with barely-concealed contempt from women, arguing with the door-whore to get free entry, then watching other guys steal the women, then wandering home at 4am wondering why you bothered. These are guys with good game who worked hard and learned from one of London's top nightgamers.

Lets think for a moment why you wouldn't even expect Entourage Game to work

Normal daygame works because of the value you show and the nature of the interaction. You are stopping girls in daylight while sober in a situation conducive to making good conversation and getting to know each other quickly, before instant dating to build deep rapport. The girl is impressed with your confidence and social savvy as you create something out of nothing while also keying into her social programming of how she'd like to meet a guy.

You are the value. Contrast this with a PR close in which she doesn't perceive confidence because there is no open intent, you frame yourself as a conduit of *someone else's value* (the nightclub owners) and act like a low-status employee. Most PR closes are very short interactions of about five minutes and thus you don't build the thought patterns and emotions in the girl that make her like you. If you did, you wouldn't bother adding her to the entourage you'd just date her normally. She walks away from a PR-close thinking "fake social guy, to be used if I feel like clubbing". She is not invested in you.

When you take such a flimsy connection to the club and dilute it with five or ten other girls (that's a good night – fifty girls is magical thinking) you never get that sit-face-to-face-build-connection phase that is so crucial to pulling non-sluts. Your relations remain superficial and economic so she feels no social or emotional obligation to you. You are simply the guy who gets her through the front door and her first drink for free. You may as well be a hotel porter. So she walks into the club and gets her drink, probably enjoying the experience. But what have you done – you have brought a girl who don't control into an environment full of competing males (many of whom will buy her drinks), a dancefloor she can spend the night on, music too loud to talk to her, and her sexual value will be the highest if has been all week. Of course you're going to lose her to the myriad distractions of the club.



It's nowhere near as nice in reality

Compare that to taking the same girl on a one-on-one mid-afternoon coffee/park date that stretches into an evening drink. Before the sun sets you know each other well and she feels like she's your friend and in your reality. On the unlikely occasion some chode hits on her in the bar, she's already spent three hours connecting with you and social etiquette requires her to blow him out even if she fancies him.

It remains a golden rule of game that girls will sleep with you if your value exceeds their attraction threshold. Normal daygame provides a vehicle to meet women in optimum circumstances to display high personal charismatic value and monopolise her attention until you have a sufficient hold on her that other suitors are at a huge disadvantage in their attempts to steal her. Entourage game positions you as a dwarf on someone else's mountain and minimises your circumstances to show personal value while maximising the opportunities for other guys to steal her.

There's no shortcut to sex with high quality women. Sitting them in someone else's shitty noisy basement doesn't raise your chances. So if I think it's a waste of time for a guy with my priorities who is it actually a good idea for? I would say if several of the following statements apply to you then give it a go:

- I enjoy going to nightclubs. I might as well get in for free and try something new
- I usually do well SNLing party girls and fancy trying a different way of getting them
- I want to try my hand at all different types of game
- I have a huge ego and the thought of calling ten girls "my entourage" appeals to me even if they don't consider

themselves my girls

- I want to have sex with lots of girls but don't want to work hard building my own value, so I'll be happy with the occasional drunken six

Disclaimer

I'm talking about the specific method of using Entourage Game. None of this applies to guys who build a good social circle around genuine value or who meet lots of hot women socially due to other reasons (e.g. a fashion photographer) *and then* roll into a club with all their genuine friends.

Some teenage French ooh-la-la

krauserpua · 26 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Same Day Lays are a strange thing for many reasons. I suppose if you take a typical non-community guy and tell him you can pick up a girl from the street in the middle of the day, take her on a date, and then fuck her before the moon comes up he'll look at you like you're crazy. Yet there is a method for accomplishing just that and there's plenty of guys who have racked up a whole bunch of them. I'm personally not an SDL guy. I've had some but I think it's way overrated. Like having a fight or appearing in porn, it's something every man should do just for the experience and the dinner-party story but taking it too seriously will unbalance your life over time.

That said, it's a fucking awesome feeling when you pull one off. You just wanna run around the streets with your shirt over your head Ravanelli-style.



A new close, yesterday

Nonetheless its an ego thing and will lead you to unnecessarily burn too many sets that you could've closed with a more patient 3-date model. I've yet to meet the man who can SDL better than a lost tourist 7 or a mentally-unbalanced low-8. Maybe someone has done it somewhere but I never saw nor heard about it.

This summer I went for SDLs whenever the circumstances seemed right. I got a few but most of them drained away into nothing or blew up in my face. Here's an example of a girl who was a prime candidate…. but it never happened. In this case it was pure logistics. I got her heated up and ready but she got called away to her host family's dinner table and then the trail ran cold. A few facebook chats later and she was back to 50/50 but I couldn't get her over the hump.

I've put the video up because for the first thirty minutes it was textbook, so you can still get some ideas from it.

Another Georgian idate to nowhere

krauserpua · 28 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I still don't have the Georgian flag. Apparently they are still very strictly brought up with a no-sex-before-marriage culture and thus everyone gets married at 17 to their high school sweetheart. Or so I've been told. I was briefly dating such a girl last year but couldn't close. Mind you, back then I couldn't close an open door. Since then I've had a couple of numbers from Georgians but no jollies.

Here's a sweet girl I met this summer on Oxford Street. I don't usually follow girls into shops but it makes little difference to how you talk to them. As often happens with instant dates this started fine and then fizzled out by the second date. My follow-through is improving with time but the simple fact is most instant dates go nowhere due to factors outside your control. This girl had a particularly complicated family situation. We have the occasional skype chat but I put it at 1/5 chance of taking the flag.

Positioning 101

krauserpua · 29 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

You should constantly hammer away at a girl's frame in order to impose your own. **The strongest reality wins**. This doesn't mean you have to constantly actively do stuff (DHV stories, negs etc) but you do have to constantly hold your own frame while her's crumbles. Have you ever been in a party / dinner full of strong characters who feel entirely comfortable in the environment whereas everybody and everything is new to you? If so, you probably felt it was an uphill struggle just to be yourself and prevent their frame from overwhelming you. Every minute is a slog and its easy just to surrender your frame, unburden yourself from the responsibility of holding the line, and then you can actually relax.

Obviously the girls in your life feel the same way and yet, even better, *they are designed to gratefully surrender their frame* to yours once they've tested yours. So just hold your frame safe in the knowledge her's has inbuilt structural weaknesses and is built to fail.

One way of chipping into her frame is to constantly position her below you, as having certain characteristics. Keep putting her in that box, let her qualify her way out of it, dole out a reward, and then **put her right back into the box**. Eventually she'll tire of climbing out and will sit wherever you figuratively put her. You should make the whole process playful so she enjoys it.

Here are two great examples to use when she's on facebook or sitting next to you at a laptop in isolation. They put the girl in the following box:

- Clumsy
- Attention-seeking
- Cute
- Tolerated by the adults because she's well-meaning at heart

In both cases it's good to bait the trap first by getting her to qualify on some (initially) positive personality trait such as independence, chattiness, athleticism etc then you hit her with "You know who you remind me of? There's a children's TV character just like you, who is also [independent, chatty, athletic etc]"

You'll have also seen there's alot of "our world" shared joke opportunities in this. If you couldn't figure out which character is the girl, you ought to unsubscribe from this blog.

** This is my 400th post. Fuckin' hell I'm good to you people **

I threesome my first early-20s Norwegian model and make-up artist

krauserpua · 1 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

My first close of the year came 6 hours into 2012 and what a wild ride it was! Credit has to go to Jimmy Jambone for making this happen, in stark contrast to him piggy-backing my opening throughout 2011 with his parasite game. It all began in Norway a few months ago when Toe and I were sleeping peacefully in an Oslo hotel room when JJ comes barreling in at 4am, shitfaced and bawdry, two girls on his arms. See here.

It goes quiet then these girls pop back up on the radar when they're coming to London. There's gonna be JJ's target (as yet unclosed), her unattractive little 38yr old single mum friend (dragon) and….. a London-based fashion model. JJ throws me a bone: "Can you wing me on this set and if the model goes for you, take her." Let's take a closer look at the girls



JJ's target, mine, and the dragon

Friday night rolls around and we meet the girls for a pint in Soho. JJ asks me how I'm gonna play it. I tell him the truth: "I really don't give a fuck whether I get this model, so I'll do straightforward Mystery Method. Ignore her, build value, and then gradually notice her as the night wears on." It's so easy to work a girl when you know the set is held all night. It was almost like social circle game – which barely counts as game it's so easy. So I'll be cocky, interesting, and pay most of my attention to my buddies. We know they are coming to our New Year's Eve party the next night so we only need to do A1-C1 tonight.

Right from the off it goes well. We laugh and joke, I neg and tease the girls, and drop in the DHVs. I'm really indifferent to the outcome so obviously this gets the model engaged. She's pawing me, qualifying and trying to get into the rat pack bubble JJ and I have. Then we bounce them to Camden where more of the rat pack is out drinking. The whole vibe is "fun night out". Beer gets drunk. On the way there **Model** makes her move – we are standing in a aisle on the underground train when she whips out her phone saying "I want your number". Then I race her to the last unoccupied seat (I win, obviously) so she jumps on my lap. "Oww! Jimmy! I can't feel my legs. It's like having a hippo on me" I wail. JJ winks. It's on.

We stay out drinking till 3am and the shit tests start coming. She tries to get me to buy her drinks, she tries to pull me onto the dancefloor, and she opens three chodes and gets them to draw on her forearm. Obvious tests that I just ignore, turning to talk to my friends. I'm fully on douchebag by now, as always when I'm drunk. I really don't care if I fuck her. I don't even like her much – a clear low esteem games player. She sits next to me and says "you're so cocky" (IOI) then stands up to gyrate next to me. I turn away. There's a group of three young couples sitting across from us who are observing us because we are having so much fun and I'm literally batting this model away so I can talk to my friends. Our buddy Alex is doing a fine job occupying the dragon (who fancies me) to give us time to

work. Funniest moment happens during the kiss close….

…I'm sitting back drinking when model starts pestering me to buy her a drink (I laugh in her face, JJ laughs, and she gets the hump). So she pours a little of my beer into her empty glass and dragon's glass. No more than 1/4 of a pint. It's a bantering gesture, that's all. I protest loudly so she bends over and kisses me. A proper kiss. I let her have 2 seconds then push her out the way and grab my pint, lulling. She can't believe it and turns her back to start gyrating her arse in my face. So I grab her glass and pour the beer back into my glass then fist-pump the air in victory and getting my beer back. All the boys are cackling. The group watching us is creasing up laughing. Then I pull model down onto my lap and we have a proper makeout.

JJ jokingly asks Alex if he'll take one for the team with dragon and the colour drains from his swarthy features as he declines the offer. JJ's bird is climbing all over him now so he decides to rush things along for the close. We take taxis back to Chateau RSG and retire to the Hemingway Suite for rum. Now Dragon makes her play for me and won't leave me alone, which cools off Model (the two only met the day before through JJ's girl). It's looking bad because Dragon is clinging to me like a homesick turd. Alex comes in and distracts her so I can push model up against the door, makeout, then room-drag.

I'm lying in bed while model is topless and stripper-dancing to this.

I figure I'm ten minutes away from getting my jollies when it suddenly inexplicably goes south. She kneels down, licks my balls and then teases a blowjob that she won't give. I try to pull down her jeans when she says "I'm on my period, we can't have sex." Even at this point I don't really care. So after another five minutes of her not sucking my cock I roll over and go to sleep. She keeps her jeans on all night next to me. Whatever. I strike her off my list.

So what happens the next evening is a big surprise…. Part Two soon.

Krauser gets a fashion styling

krauserpua · 3 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Early last year one of JJ's good buddies Belinda gave him a styling makeover to turn him from a shifty joy-riding chav into a Libertines-esque indie bad boy. It worked. He looked *almost* cool. So then Toe had a session and she was able to hide his unflattering curves and Aussie classlessness. If she can make those two reprobates presentable to the opposite sex I figured she might be able to take my dress sense that last step towards perfection. So as the New Year dawns I hear she's about to go back to Melbourne. If I want to catch her I'll have to stop procrastinating.

In advance I tell her I'm going for a dishevelled rock/rough look and send a few photos of guys I think look cool. I'm open to try new looks but need to keep the masculine edge. The last thing I need is to dress like Gok Wan.



Yes, I think these guys are cool

We spend a few hours in changing rooms experimenting with looks. I learn which jeans look right on me and how to wear them (e.g. "Put the pockets and buckle down so they rest over your hipbone. The belt is not to hold your trousers up, it's an accessory"), the importance of layering and so on. We snap off a bunch of photos for different looks….



Being a tight bastard this was all done on a budget so I was going for clothes that can be used across a number of looks. In the end All Saints, Top Man and H&M were £300 richer and I had three new pairs of jeans, some boots, a few simple t-shirts for layering, and a couple of pullovers etc. Looking at the photos I see we were softening alot of the bad boy vibe and making me more street legal.

It feels good getting properly styled, getting small touches here and there and the occassional big change. I don't have to think "am I well-dressed? does this work?" but instead can hit the streets knowing I have my fashion together. That'll help my frame. Assanova is always banging on about how important it is to be the best-dressed

man the girl has seen all day and now I can kinda see what he's getting at.

Belinda is in Australia now and can be contacted for styling at Bella Charisma

I threeseome two dappy tarts from Norway – Part Two

krauserpua · 5 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Video coming later, as I am now on a Caribbean beach and all my threesome footage is on a hard drive in London

As much as it pains me to admit it, JJ has to take most of the credit for making this happen. He opened the set in Oslo, he ran the facebook chat on Girl A (the make-up artist) to get her keen to meet us on her London trip, and then by banging her the first night he pretty much had the set locked down. So as I woke up at noon on Saturday morning (New Year's Eve) with an un-fucked Norwegian model in my bed, I took stock of the situation:

- I'm in bed with a girl I don't really give a shit about but she is fairly hot. She's also cranky and in her own world so I'm just not fussed to try and solve her puzzle.
- She thinks I'm a cool, funny, sexually aggressive douchebag who also has a warm side. For whatever reason, she put the brakes on the sex last night.
- JJ is waking up with a hot brunette next door to me who seems like a much nicer person and had been actively rapport-seeking with me on the occasions she didn't have her tongue down JJ's throat. No question she fancies me, but she likes JJ more.
- JJ has his close so now he'll be up to mischief.

The girls hang around till mid-afternoon until Dragon comes back. I bump into Alex and thank him for doing such good winging the night before when he drops a bomb – *he fucked Dragon*. **Good grief!** That really is taking one for the team. Not much happens the rest of the day until I head out into Soho to meet a friend for a few beers and by about 11pm we roll into Chateau RSG for our big party. There's loads of randomers milling around who I don't know making it look like a reality-TV house for **Jersey Shore** or **The Only Way Is Essex**. They are all having fun but not my crowd, to put it mildly. We sit drinking in the cinema room for a while and now the Norwegians are back for seconds, all dolled-up. At some point between going to bed last night and seeing them again just before midnight I'd managed to lose all interest in Model. Maybe I was smarting from the LMR or maybe something else but I pretty much ignored her the next three hours to talk to my friends. Before long the distinguished gents of the house retire upstairs to the Hemingway Suite bringing our girls with us. It's a nice low-key vibe with whiskey and cigars. I'm not trying to get laid at all. As far as I'm concerned I've done my job winging JJ.

Gradually we get shitfaced drunk.

Some of the hangers-on come upstairs to squeeze their way in but we give them fairly short shrift when they misbehave. I send one guy out for sitting on a fragile drinks rack. JJ has his arm around Becks chatting when some gay black dude starts giving him the eye and caressing his hand – takes him a while to realise what's going on. It's all normal drinking. Dragon spends an hour spouting incessant drivel into my ear. I've got Model sitting next to me on the sofa now that we are finally chatting and Dragon is leaning over her to spout her rubbish. After a while Model gets up and sits in her own world at the other side of the room while Dragon tries to sidle up next to me (I tell her to keep her distance and she gets all butthurt).

I see JJ watching Model, a wistful look in his eye. Its the look of love. I do believe he's falling for her entitled bullshit.

Downstairs the party is getting out of control with all the drunken fools letting off fire extinguishers and spilling drinks anywhere. It's just raucous fun but a disrespectful way to treat someone's house. Finally one angry drunk guy smashes some glasses. There's no responsible adults downstairs so Elmo sticks his head around the Hemingway door and asks me to sort it out. I call JJ and him for backup then eject this guy. He's a typically modern puffter – all gym muscles, diet, couiffured hair, and absence of all masculinity. He takes his telling with a sullen look but doesn't kick up a fuss. JJ is well boozy now so he elbows his way past me to be centre-stage in the ejection process, clearly spoiling for a fight. As the guy leaves he says something indistnguishable that maybe – if you try hard enough – you

could twist into him calling JJ a cunt. So JJ kicks off and we have to hold him back.

By now everything is winding down. Dragon has fallen asleep on the floor after spouting lies about Alex – she preposterously claims that he took advantage of her the night before. Yes, a fat little 38-yr old single mom. I know Alex and I saw how desperate she was for sex so I know she's full of shit. It sours my mood further against these girls. Only Girl A has not earned my ire. About an hour earlier Model tried to embarrass me in front of the whole suite by twisting something I'd told her. It was petty behaviour. Jimmy surreptitiously sends me a text: "We should be thinking about the foursome"

A note about JJ. He has the best calibration I've ever seen. He has this finely-tuned radar for knowing what a girl is thinking, what she's up for, and when to make the move. He can't even explain it properly but I've seen it many times. So when he sends that text I know its not merely aspirational thinking. I perk up. It's his set, he knows what he's doing, so I just follow his lead. I realise that if it's on a plate I will happily fuck either girl.

The two of us are sitting on a sofa with Girl A stretched over us. Model is sitting on the floor with her back to us talking to someone else, I forget who. JJ starts verbally escalating Girl A while I physically escalate it. She giggle through all of it. Before long I'm rubbing her up. It's on. JJ tells her to straddle him and Model looks over and realises what's happening. It's simply too much for her to resist. Whatever reservations she might have had about sex last night are subsumed by the thought of an orgy. She walks over and straddles me, I pull her tits out and then we are pawing at both girls. It only takes a minute or two for everyone to understand there's 4-way consent so then we decamp to JJ's room.

The mood is very different to the prior night. On the Friday I was the warm end of the pool, creating most of the fun, tooling the girls, and full of exhuberance. It was easy because we had a clear division of labour:

JJ = escalate and close Girl A. **Krauser** = build attraction with Model

But now it was all convoluted. JJ clearly wanted to fuck Model and now Girl A was showing more interest in me than him. There was a swap going on, yet we wanted dual threesomes (who ever *really* wants a second man in the room?). I'll admit I was out of my depth. My only previous threesome had been far more structured where I was clearly top dog. Wing rules dictated I play second fiddle to JJ so I became quite subdued for a while. He knew what he was doing. He told the girls to make out and then took it from there. Throughout it all the vibe was fun, not sexy. We were all laughing the whole time. Once JJ and I joined in with the girls they made their choice clear – Girl A peeled off to me and signalled Model she could take JJ. We were all involved but the shift was perceptible.

I banged Girl A first, while JJ was necking on with Model next to me, and then he left the room so I could do Model and then fully threesome them. After an hour or so, by which time JJ was back in the room sipping his tea in an armchair, I turned the girls over to him and went to bed. A great night. There was more of the same the next day then they went home.

Learning points – The escalation worked like this:

- JJ runs the set in Oslo as normal, gets his target into him, takes contact details, maintains set over facebook until a physical meet is possible
- JJ closes target while I get other girl into me. At this point it's just a normal set with no reason to suppose group sex
- When JJ closes his girl, a few things become clear. She's locked down having had and enjoyed the sex so he tests the waters with a few statements to see how dirty she is and what she wants. She answers in ways suggesting she's well into her sex games.
- Back in the party JJ confirms target also likes me and I escalate her. If nothing else there's a hand-over of targets
- The crucial point is turning a handover into an orgy. We naturalise the idea, make the vibe playful and crazy, and then just lead, lead, lead
- Start the girls off kissing each other to get them heated up

- We give approval from “outside” then gradually help them with each other, touching them
- Finally the girls are so horny they pull us in and we are having two side-by-side couplings
- Then at last, one man leaves and the other man takes both girls

Pretty smooth sailing in the end.

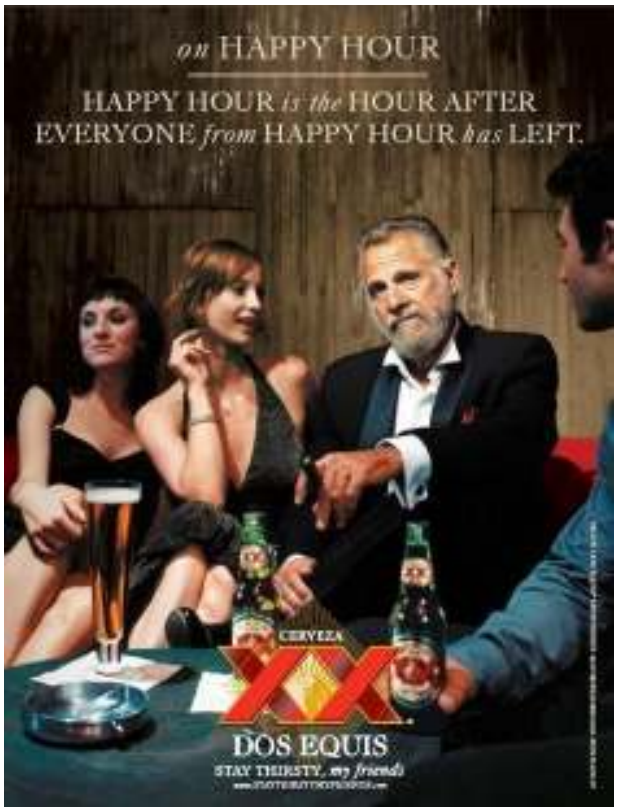
You should be ashamed of yourself, running around after young women

krauserpua · 6 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I think we are all quite aware of the societal pressure to date women our own age. Up until you graduate university this makes sense because you are surrounded by your same age-cohort and that's when girls are in their prime. But as soon as you enter the real world where you have to make all your opportunities, there's simply no reason to limit yourself like that. Let the over-the-hill feminists scream and wail that they "feel more beautiful at 35" and they "know what they want". I too know what I want – freshly bloomed girls of 20yrs old. As men we are shamed into dating horrible old women.

This video clip is a great pisstake of it. It begins as a shaming video then quickly turns it around for laughs.

It's like if the Men's Right's Movement met in a pub for a quick drink. Lots of talk about manly things and girls aren't allowed in the treehouse. When PUA Man comes in they shame him for chasing skirt… and then on the *faintest whiff of pussy* they are cutting each other's throats for a shot. A mature man should be solid in his reality, with an unshakeable frame. No little dollybird should be able to lure him off-kilter.



A mature man on-kilter, yesterday

The number of times I've seen a young bird place herself into a group of men and immediately become the centre of fawning attention…… ugh.

Some thoughts on the Yucatan

krauserpua · 7 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

In keeping with my goal of financial and geographical independence, I'm experimenting with spending my winters outside of London. Although I think its good to keep my base in London – it's where most of my friends are, the most lucrative work, and it's just….. English – I want to be able to travel anywhere anytime at the drop of a hat. So when Toe started his six-month Central America tour I decided to join him in San Diego and then again in the Yucatan. As I write, I'm sprawled out in a hammock sipping coffee listening to The Clash on the hotel speakers. We had a swim in the sea earlier and we're meeting two dappy tarts from Mexico City that we picked up yesterday lunchtime in a grotty (but delicious) local eatery.



Local eatery tarts, yesterday

My dance card is pretty full. I had that bootcamp in San Diego, then went up to Newcastle for Christmas. New Year in London was pretty wild. Now I've got three weeks in Mexico with a sojourn to Cuba next week. No sooner do I get back to Old Blighty but my bird swoops in from Lithuania to lick my balls for a week. Then I pack my bags for Thailand and a month of hardcore muay thai / hitting up university girls with Bhodi. I've barely got time for Skyrim.

I'm rather unimpressed with the girls here. It would appear there's two entirely different species of local. There's the Mexicans, who are normally-proportioned, kinda pretty (both girls and pretty-boy greasy men), and basically humanoid. Then there's the Mexican'ts who are 4 foot tall, 4 foot wide, with no necks and little Tyrannosauras arms. I'm leaving the latter for Toe. He's got a couple of girls into him from earlier work.



They must be the next beach along, or something

I think I've done about 5 opens since I got here. Just not in the mood and it doesn't seem the most conducive environment cos I can't speak Mexican and there's very very few hot girls. I street-opened a really lovely Mexico City girl last night and bounced her to a two-hour i-date and kiss close. Lovely elegant girl but it was weird because she was in Playa Del Carmen with her boyfriend (temporarily separated on the way back to their hotel) and her friends were at a pub across the road unaware of my nefarious attempts to bang her. It was fun seeing the age-old forebrain/hindbrain conflict as her eyes spazzed, she kept pawing my forearms, and complimenting my good looks (yes, really) then worrying her boyfriend will be angry that she's late. I straight out told her I want to fuck her and she invited me up to her mum's house in Cancun later this week.

I suspect it won't go anywhere…

Saturday night in Playa Del Carmen

krauserpua · 9 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm didn't come to Mexico for game, quite unlike my last 18 months of trips which were unabashedly about hitting on the local birds. 2012 is my year of not giving a fuck about knobbing women. Sure, I'm still gonna open and still gonna close but for the first time in years I have a *who-gives-a-fuck-I'm-a-man-and-everything-is-in-order* tranquility that allows me to focus on other pursuits. There's an interesting story about the dappy tarts Toe and I dated last night (we didn't bang 'em) and it begins when they didn't show up at 8pm outside McDonalds for the Day 2. We agree to give them 15 minutes maximum before bailing and then I see a gorgeous girl go by. Perfect mix of youth, prettiness and not-overdone-hotness. So I open her. It sticks, so I decide the dappy tarts have missed their chance and I idate the new girl instead. Here's the street open:

I haven't bothered with editing the idate itself. It was routine stuff for an hour. She wants to meet again but time will tell. It's not long till I go to Cuba and I'm far more interested in stockpiling a mountain of cheap Cuban cigars than I am about closing a bird, despite the fact she's clearly my type. Wouldn't turn it down, but I'm not in the mood for chasing girls when I could be swimming in the sea or breaking out my Rosetta Stone to learn Mexican.



A nice bird, yesterday

After the date I meet Toe back at the hotel and we go out for a fine feast at Taco Loco (recommendation of a local hostel owner we've been drinking with). The dappy tarts get in touch making all manner of excuses then agree to come to our hotel bar. We sit playing Jenga and they do in fact show about 11pm all dolled-up like proper club tarts on their way to the BPM music festival. The chance of us going to a club district full of monotone screeching dance music is about the same as the chances of Burnley winning the league. We decline and let the girls go. They are in high spirits and a bit drunk despite having tottered on their high heels for 20 minutes to get to us. Toe and I decide to chill in the hotel room and wait for the late-night post-club text, if it comes. The decision seems binary: they get a better offer and we never hear from them, ***or*** they don't and they come to our hotel for a nailing. Neither happens. Toe begins the light text game at 2am.

Toe: Pacifico or Victoria?

Girl: U guys have a bad attitude u shouldn't talk like that. U think we r sluts we're not. Stop harrassing us *[I*

paraphrase]

Uh??? These girls had been texting us 3-to-1 for 24 hours. It's an absolute non-sequitor. We hadn't done the slightest escalation verbal or physical. Can only imagine its a classic case of projection because they are sluts. Whatever. I was sleepy so I went to sleep.

Cuba Libre

krauserpua · 9 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Later this week I shall be headed to Cuba with Toe for country three of our Central American jaunt. We've never been. I've got some expectations which I'll detail here. Jimmy went years ago and fucked eight girls in two weeks without handing over cash. Any other country in the world and that would be a *phenomenal* score, especially considering JJ doesn't bang below a seven and rarely below an eight, yet he was very blaise about it commenting "you can't not get laid in Cuba". He explained it thus:

Girls will approach you all the time. If there's a particular girl you like, all you need is to say hello and start a trivial conversation. Be nice, they'll come on to you. Take them around for a couple of hours like an instant date, then back to your private apartment to fuck them. It's soft prostitution. You don't need game, you just need convertible currency and a foreign passport then girls will flock to you for the novelty and the chance to get into tourist-only venues they are normally excluded from.

I've checked some forums and it would appear quite accurate. Most of those places are for mongers / sex tourists and thus those guys end up paying **actual cash** – they aren't exactly attractive fellows from the right-hand side of the male bell curve. So repeat the above formula but with a taxi driver introducing the girl, zero game, and a $30 cash exchange at the end. This leaves many ponderables. We won't know for sure what the score is until we get there, but these are our draft rules of engagement:

- No lays go on the official notch count / flag count / lay reports. They don't count as game.
- F-Town is in cryogenic suspension until we touch back in Mexico.
- To the extent we can call a lay an achievement, the girl must be extremely hot, a nonpro, selected by us in a normal cold approach encounter (i.e. not pimped and not selecting us), sticks around until we dismiss her, and does not get uppity if we don't pay her.

I suspect I realise now why so many keyboard jockeys rant on about how "easy" it is to pick up girls in Eastern Europe. I used to think it was the normal hating dynamic where everyone on the internet is a self-delusional seven feet tall model-banging badass (when not in his mum's basement playing WoW), the type of guys who hallucinate about picking up supermodels the moment they step off the plane in Moscow simply because they have a US passport and a +7 Staff of Enchantment. But no, perhaps there is an actual logical reason for their delusion and by jove I think I understand it.

These guys are all American



"I adore US passports" - artist's impression of LIthuania

I'll explain. American's generally don't leave their own country and when they do it's to nearby Americanised resorts that sell twinkies and budweiser. I just suffered such a hellhole in Cancun before decamping to cleaner pastures. What little world history they have is about the collapse of the Soviet empire in 1989 and the brutal impoverishment there as gangster capitalism ran wild, thus leading many young women to whore themselves out. *They probably still think Eastern Europe is like that.* The oil and gas boom in Russian, the EU membership of Romania and Poland, the ERM mechanism for the baltic states, the ability for Poles and Bulgarians etc to simply take an Easyjet flight to London and start work the next day for a high minimum wage (a legal entitlement in the EU treaty)….. these all pass by the typical American. They don't realise that Eastern European girls don't need the money from whoring and don't need a new passport.

What they do see is Cuba. Those girls do need the money and would love to snag a US-passport-holding boyfriend. Cuba is still a communist hellhole with long queues for the basic necessities of civilised life. Banging girls in Cuba is a clear case of economic disparities.



A hot Cuban, yesterday

Two weeks from now I'll have an answer for you. A direct comparison of street gaming in the former Soviet satellites and "gaming" in the still-Soviet Cuba.

I bang my first Chinese tourist in Cuba

krauserpua · 19 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

First things first – this was not a Cuban whore (which obviously wouldn't count). She was a travelling Beijing girl and I didn't spend a penny on her, so it's a fully-fledged flag'n'tags. It begins on my second day in Havana when Toe and I go to rendevous with a new Greek friend in Hemingway's Floridita bar for a mohito and cigar. Greek dude is a big husky 41yr old who used to tour guide the holiday islands – he's knobbed alot of slutty tourists – and we like him. While at the bar I open a little asian girl who is sitting by herself then bring her back to our table. We all move on to a couple of other bars and she's into me but I'm getting *horrendously* drunk without realising it. Suddenly I stand up and the world is spinning. It's shocking. Approaching midnight as we all walk up the main square I try cavemanning and verbally escalating her but I'm so drunk I can't stand straight so when she attacks me with her umbrella I fall flat on my arse, laughing. She chases me down the street trying to hit me with her umbrella before Greek restrains her. I stagger home and assume that's the end of it.



Something like this in Floridita

A few days later its Friday night and we plan to hit Casa de Musica, the "hip" club in Havana, after a few cuba libres in our apartment. Just as we are walking home, about 8pm, some street whore is standing on the corner so we say hello and walk on. Some big fat old American tries to buy her but she seems to dislike him and instead follows us up the stairs to the apartment. Because Toe is at the back he says it's his set to try and shore. Whatever, she's rather grotty. So she joins us for rum and it's just a laid back fun drink. She starts flicking through a video games magazine I left lying around so I show her my Nintendo 3DS which she loves, regressing like a little girl, cooing and chuckling. I put the headphones on her and we leave her in the world of Zelda for half an hour as we chat amongst ourselves. When she wants to go Toe undresses her in his room saying "no dinero, no dinero". It seems on. He's about to get his shoring (and Cuban flag) when she suddenly has second thoughts. She leaves, we drink, then at 11pm hit the club.



Zelda, yesterday

After nearly having to slap a few queue jumpers outside we stroll into Casa de Musica and it's like being on a different planet, **Planet Smoking Hot Women**. It is jam-packed wall to wall with 7+s. I've never seen so many 9s in one place, not even in Estonia. All week I'd been disappointed with the standard of Cuban women but now I realise where they've all been hiding. And they are all hitting on us (them being whores, we don't kid ourselves). Although we are quite aware what's going on it is still a shock to the system on a primal level to have half a dozen truly beautiful girls competing for our attention at any one time. Our forebrains may well be saying "they are whores, don't feel special" but our hindbrains are "woo!hoo!woot!woot!" It's early days and I've heard they are very expensive here ($100) so I say to Toe "let's just treat this as bar game practice. We've got a chance to tease and mess with a flock of stunning girls and they are going to stand there and take it. It would be so hard to get this chance in London so let's drill it into ourselves to tease them." My vibe is great anyway. So we start tooling these girls and they are biting hard, playing along. I sense it's gonna be a great night of douchebaggery. Soon I'm locked in with the most beautiful girl whore in the club, a tall brunette who is quite possibly a 10, while I keep playing kids pranks on her and making everyone laugh. She asks me if I want the fucky-fucky so I tell her I'm here to drink beer with my friends but maybe later. I'm expecting her to move on to other leads but she hangs around. Then, unexpectedly, the Chinese bird turns up (we've nicknamed her Ming-Ming).



sans umbrella

She starts throwing herself at me. Oh how lucky it is I met you again, it's my last night in Cuba, I want to have a special night etc. Quite a change from the last time I saw her. I have a dilemma.

1. Game up the whore 10 until she lowers her price enough to make it worth taking her home. The incentive is it'll be a night of great sex with an unbelievably hot woman. The drawback is it'll cost alot of money and, with her being a whore, there is no validation whatsoever in banging her. Like having the best wank of your life. Great fun, but just gratification. or,
2. Take home the Chinese 6 for free to get a new flag and return the F-Town dogtags to their rightful owner.

Toe says to bang the chink then come back to the club. So I pull her outside on the promise of rum in my apartment. She follows eagerly. I'm thinking I can get her done within an hour and then get back to my night out but a fearsome case of LMR rears it's ugly head. It takes over an hour to close her. First she rebuffs the kiss, then the breasts, and so on as I gradually get her undressed. I have to hold her down and she's protesting with hard token resistance. It's so borderline that to be sure I go into the bathroom for a few minutes just so I can leave her alone in my room with a clear line to the door if she wants to leave. She stays. Ok, definitely token resistance. She's giving me the "you are not going to fuck me" routine right up until she asks "do you have a condom?" Bloody LMR. If it wasn't for the double-whammy of flag n tags I would've thrown her out.

On the plus side, once I do get my cock inside her she becomes very good. She tells me I'm the fifth guy to fuck her (she's 28). After the first time we go to the end of the street for pizza then I bring her back in and fuck her again. She's all over me by now having been thoroughly tamed. I nail her hard then finally decide to head back to the club but I've misjudged it. As I open the front door Toe is outside without his keys, a toothless hophead local guy next to him hassling for spare change. I rush to the club, Ming-Ming in tow, but it's throwing out time. I quickly scan the room for hot whores but they have all left or paired up. So I return empty handed, by which time Toe has a beautiful girl whore with him that he knocked down to $50.

So I missed a great night but got a good flag. Shame she wasn't hotter.

Learning points

- Just cos a girl thinks you're a drunken arsehole one night doesn't mean she won't secretly like it, think about it, then come back for more
- When a girl is ready to be extracted, don't waste time. It took ten minutes from bumping into her again to leaving the club
- Notice the difference between token resistance and real resistance. The easy way is to give a girl chances to leave and see if she takes them

Routine Facebook attraction material

krauserpua · 27 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I remember a time when I had to figure out how to talk to girls on Facebook chat, figure out how to run attraction and escalate girls who might be a thousand miles away so that next time we are in the same town they'll want to see me. Mostly I started by watching JJ's text game and then adapting it to the different medium. Then I added in some of Toe's future projections and silly brown cardigan photos and gifs. Gradually, I built up mini-routines and a feel for the medium. Now it's child's play. I barely need to pay attention to run chats like this one on a cute Mexican.



Yummy

I'm sitting in a hammock on the edge of a small island in Belize. There's cheering coming from the beach bar where everyone is watching Spanish football. The splashes from people diving into the sea occasionally spray me. The Mexican girl I kiss-closed after an instant date last week comes online. This is our second chat.

Me: oi! Mexican!

Her: hi british!! u still there??

Me: Belize

Me: gonna go to Playa again tomorrow then home to London

Her: perfect do you miss london?? u must came to mexico dont go london came mexico pleaseeee hehehehe or you gonna invite me to london??

Me: London is my favourite city. I'm looking forward to going home You can visit me in London. I'll make you a cup of tea

Her: hahahahah sorry i dont like tea but 4 u i can make an exeption right!! but i think its so expensive travel there hehehe are u gonna invite me everything???hahaha

Me: just a cup of tea maybe a biscuit don't be greedy

Her: greedy???what the meaning of that??

Me: I'll take you to Tower Bridge at the river then throw you in the water

Her: cool thats sound so romantic hahahah kidding sounds cool hahahaha dosent matter i swim very well u seally boy!!!

Me: Of course, when you get to my room your panties will be on the floor within 60 seconds I'll pick you up across my shoulders spin you around, make you giggle and scream throw you naked onto my bed and then go downstairs and watch tv

Her: hahahaha are u nuts??? but thinking in all u write i like the idea so i want it so if you want me there in your hose send me the ticket to go but one thing are you sure??cause u are gonna fall in love with me hehehehe

Me: I might fall in love with your cooking if its good but probably it'll poison me how will you make me fall in love with you? I'm not an easy man to please

Her: ohhh perfect so first with my cooking,second 4 my kisses,3th becase i a funny and intersting girl 4th i will teach you spanish cause we dont always gonna be speaking in inglish 5th cause im gonna make u love like never no one do it to u and when ever u want and the way u want and i dont know so many things that its better to demostrate u than write it so how do you see??

Me: yes, yes….. but are you good at video games?

Her: of course i love it well im gonna be honest for the futball videogames i suck but u can tach me or i can learn until i see u again hehehehe i can go with u on april moth that i have vacations

Me: my image of a perfect woman is…. 1. good cooking 2. plays video games 3. doesn't talk when I watch TV 4. frequent blowjobs

Her: i can be your perfect woman

Me: 5. good cooking

Her: my image of perfect man is……good lover big dick hahaha and that he works a lot or rich

Me: I'm lazy, poor and badly dressed maybe I should find you a better husband I'm only good for sex, eating your food, and telling you what to do especially the food mmmmm…… food… I love cheeseburgers mmmmm with bacon and BBQ sauce

Her: of course u dont,and let me tell u that i saw your piks and u are a handsome guy thats another point of my image of man,another thing he must cook to,that he be polite,that he makes me feel that i am the only girl in his world even i dosent hahahaha

Me: my grandmother thinks I'm beautiful

Her: that he makes me laugh i dont know what else that every day we make something diferent cool and onforgetible i love to the cheese burgers…food its the best in the world and my favorite thing y the bacon mmmm i can marry with a bacon hahaha

Me: So you want a wild sex (and cooking) holiday in London in April? hmmmmm. I'll need to check my diary

Her: well we just can be lovers boyfriend i dont know hahahaha until you look 4 my a good husband so what do u think??

Me: I'm only 50% convinced I must have more information about your suitability as a lover and cook What size are your breasts, waist, and hips?

Her: hahahahaha well look your busy diary and let me know hahahaha but i really love to have that wild and sexy and amazing holiday in london with u!!!muuuuuak my bby

Me: 3 sizes please, young lady…

Her: 3 sizes???what do u mean sorry i dont understand hahahaha explain!!

Me: what size are your breasts, waist and hips? don't make me repeat myself. I get very hungry when I have to repeat myself

Her: hahahahahaa calm down ok!!!!and i dont know my sizes sorry but i can tell u that i have a pretty buddy more ass tan breast and thin and tall hahaha but i will chek my sizes and i let u know another day u hungry man!!hahahaha

Me: I'm thinking about late lunch. Taco I'll need a photo

Her: ok u can check my piks and if you want a pik u must send me on of u fisrt in boxers my mail is [email address] and im late to lunch too so i have to go see u soon be good and dont forget me hehehehe i send u a very big kiss dear bye bye my piks of face of course!!!

Me: check your mail later enjoy your lunch

Her: perfect bye bye

I send her this:

Here it is [name]. Don't get too wet. I know I'm sexy. Now your turn. I want to see tits and ass.



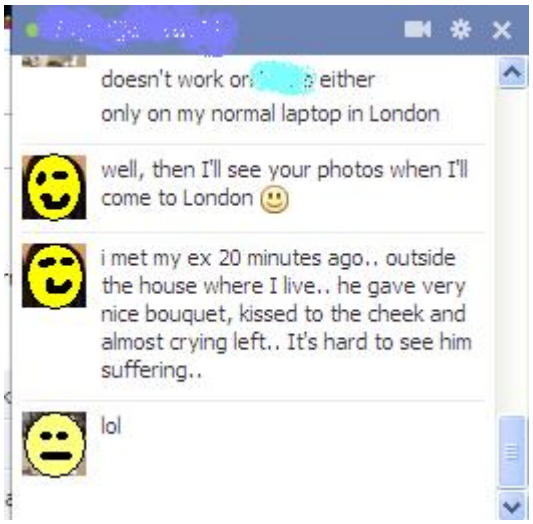
Krauser action toys coming soon

I’m not without sympathy for the forlorn

krauserpua · 28 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I know what it’s like to have your heart broken. It happened to me once. It was my motivation to learn game and chronicle my journey through this blog. I know what it’s like to have sleepless nights, to worry what your ex-girlfriend is doing and who she’s meeting with, and formulating plans to win her back. I know how it feels to have someone you love so entwined into your life over the course of years that you can’t imagine life without them, and then the gaping emptiness you feel when they are wrenched away from you. And then you’re staring at the abyss… wondering what happens now that your future has collapsed.

My current girlfriend was in a six-year relationship with a beta who I stole her from. He’s taken it pretty hard since she gave him marching orders. It was last summer that he got his P45 but he’s still pining. I know how that feels. A couple of weeks ago he made another attempt to win her back, which we chatted about.



sympathy and understanding, yesterday

I hope narcissism is a good thing

krauserpua · 4 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I was browsing Yohami's blog this evening and saw he'd scored himself on a Narcissism Quiz. Sounds good to me, let's give it a try….



Jesus fucking Christ am I that full of myself????? Brilliant. That's one third of the Dark Triad sorted. Now I need to work on my psychopathy and Machiavellianism

Number closes can be a roll of the dice

krauserpua · 5 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

As I look out my window the snow is falling and wind batters my humble abode. JJ is in Poland freezing his balls off and I left Robusto in Mexico chasing hostel trolls. There's not alot of game being done in Chateau RSG right now. So it would appear time to dust off the archives and dredge up an old infield. Here's a routine number-close from a lovely Estonian last summer.

I've put subtitles in to show what I was trying to do. She was a stunningly hot bird in my opinion – a very fresh girly look about her. It was my last set of a good three-hour session so I didn't pay it much mind. You'll see that it was going well but her time constaint meant I had to take a number without bedding it down with comfort. That makes it a roll of the dice.

I didn't see her again. Why?

In my book I talk about the proper sequencing of a daygame street stop. The above-linked video is following the model but gets snipped short due to her being late to catch a bus. As the subtitles describe I'm able to get out the **spontaneous opener** and then tease / bridge into a conversation which **kills her momentum**. The **vibing** goes well as she's smiling and giving back. So far so good. It's as I start to move into the early stages of **investment** that she gives me her time constraint.

My book lays out the detail on why you need to invest her and begin comfort before you can have confidence that a number / instant date will work. Doing attraction material is fun and will hook her but if that's all you do she gets a high buying temperature and walks away thinking "that was fun". And that's all. You were a clown. No-one cares to return a clown's call. However if you can then move her into a real conversation about things that matter to her, and even better get her doing most of the conversational work, then you are showing her emotions that you are both fun and authentic. That's when you can move to **commit her** for further interaction.

I couldn't get there with this Estonian girl and thus I knew it was a roll of the dice. But I could read her hindbrain clearly – she liked me – so it was worth a punt at the number. Get a bunch of weak numbers like this and some of them turn into real dating.

Drunken douchebag text game is fun

krauserpua · 11 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out on Friday night with three old uni friends I haven't seen since before Christmas. There are already a bit monged on champagne before I roll in at 9:30 but we have a good chat about normal men's things. After a couple drinks we roll on to an Islington bar with a meat market vibe. The male/female ratio is about even so there's a bunch of 5, 6s and 7s shaking their asses and waving their arms on the dancefloor while nervous-looking young professional guys try to come onto them. For all it's fascinating people-watching potential I'm just focused on my continued inebriation. I find myself propped up against the bar opening three different girls who order drinks next to me. The last one hooks well.



Peering through my beer-goggles, she looked like this

I'm a douchebag. The whole pick-up is on auto pilot where I'm dimly aware of the model I'm following but it's never at the front of my mind. I insult her alot in the first five minutes but it's all smirky-asshole stuff that she likes. So she plants herself next to me and allows it all to happen. The next hour is a blur. I know I remain rooted to the same spot without moving while she does a couple of takeaways (the effect of which is nil, because I can see her staring at me from across the room the whole time). Her **bolshy little friend** comes over twice to evaluate me, the first time she's friendly the second time there's bluster: *"Did you just tell my friend you wanted to fuck her in the ass and spit on her hair?"*

Easily dealt with and she leaves us to it. By the thirty-minute mark she's doing a full-body press against me and subtle grinding of her pussy against my legs, kissing, and grabbing my cock. I flip between outrageous dirty-talk, douchebag push-aways, and feigned naivety. I put it at 70/30 that I can SNL her but at crunchtime little **Bolshy** comes back with her gang and drags her away: "Take his number and we're leaving". Nothing I can do. Bolshy is clearly mother hen.



Bolshy is the one on the right

I'm so drunk I scoff a Big Mac (my first ever) and pay £30 for a taxi home rather than find a nightbus. As I'm eating, I start up the text game. Note she's an English girl (remember, the type my game "doesn't work on") so I'm able to use the full nuance of my language:

Me: Is your leopard-printed pointy-fingered (but kinda cute) friend still angry and pointy? *[frame the cockblock for what she was, but without being resentful]*

Her: Hehehehehe, nah it's cool, we're at another bar right now… They like this one better are there any other gals or guys you'd like to fuck in the ass over in Angel? Be honest *[she's still turned on, and still loved the anal sex idea and my outrageousness]*

Me: Fucking loads of 'em. You've slipped to 13th place in the queue. *[douchebag push]*

Me: Which, technically, makes you unlucky. My apologies… still like your smell, though *[I'm the prize. Push-pull]*

Her: Hehe *[reward]*

Her: Is this you trying to be smooth? *[banter]*

Her: It's kinda funny *[shit test]*

Me: Sorry. I'm terrible with girls. I hope you don't bust me for being a virgin. *[agree and amplify]*

Me: Pretend you never read that *[feigned naivity and confusion]*

Me: So… um… what do you think of Greece's continued membership in the euro? *[de-escalate in tongue-and-cheek manner, drop in implicit contrast game that I'm not just a sexually aggressive douchebag but I'm also educated]*

Her: Haaaahaaaa… I knew you were a virgin, I could smell it on your neck, taste it on your lips and feel it on your dick *[playing along, getting herself off on remembering me sexually]*

Her: And I think the euro is ridiculous *[a knowing wink at what I was doing]*

Me: It was the hover-hand wasn't it? *[keep going with the thread]*

Me: I knew it! I should've just collected my courage and put my finger up your chuff *[feigned cowardice and regret, in contrast to what she knows was strong bold intent]*

Me: Then my thumb

Her: Haaaahahaaa! It's like Fort Knox down there… It wouldn't have ever happened! But Ilike the visuals your descriptions are providing *[She'd told me she hadn't had sex since April 2011]*

Her: You're not bad for a 42 yr old! *[callback humour to a game we played, she's rapport seeking and obliquely IOIing]*

Me: If you knew what your imaginary self was doing to my imaginary cock right now, you'd get a touch of the vapours. *[blame her for the sexual escalation]*

Her: Oh you've got a dirty lil mind. *[approval]*

Me: I'm innocent. It's your slutty imaginary self taking advantage of me. I'm almost shocked. *[feigned naivity, position her as seducing me]*

Me: Almost

Her: You kinda called me a slut… I should be offended

Her: Should *[girls love being slutty about sex when given permission]*

Me: You scandalise me. Stop talking about sex. There will be no more talk about my rock hard dick invading your sweet little pussy. None of that talk at all. *[push-pull]*

Her: So… um… what do you think of Greece's continued membership in the euro? *[callback humour, rapport-seeking, signalling a willingness to follow my lead]*

Me: Referendum, default on the debt, return to the drachma… and "go greek" on the next hot bird dumb enough to put her ass within banging distance of my dick. *[contrast game]*

Me: Should I spell out who that bird is, or can I rely on your social acuity to start getting wet on the intimation? *[assumed the sale on her being wet for me]*

Her: No no… No need as I got that from the moment I laid eyes on you… And you made me quite wet earlier on, I'm still kinda wet… But not as wet so I will have to rely on my imagination it seems *[reliving the moment to extend her pussy tingle]*

Her: I have an amazing imagination!!!! *[qualification]*

So this was an SNL candidate that never quite got there. Not sure if I'll see her again. I'll be leaving the country again soon and I suspect the escalation went past the point of no return regarding buyers remorse. We'll see.

I bang my first Thai village girl

krauserpua · 19 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes getting laid is astonishingly easy. This one was three hours from meet to sex but to be fair I still followed the model to eliminate unnecessary fuck ups on what was basically a slamdunk. It all begins when I decide to try pipelining ahead of my visit to Thailand. Robusto and JJ are dab hands at online game, so much so they should probably write a book on it, so I just plaguarise the fat man's profile and copy JJ's message principle of "push-pull-push". With less than three hours since sign-up I'm pinging messages with a dozen ladies.



The cream of asia, yesterday

Now lets be straight, these ladies are **not** the cream of Asia. While not as old and hideous as an English website, the girls are firmly clustered around the 5-7 band but as we well know an Asian seven is often very very pleasant company. I move a few of the girls over to my facebook and Skype. There's tons of filipinos (which is little use to me) but I add them too to experiment with hassling 'em for naked photos. Here's the full set of messages of the bird I banged:

Me: Hey sweetie. I'm headed to [thai city] next week and I'll be making new friends. I have a vacancy for a fun, crazy, cute local girl to laugh at my jokes and show me the city. I wonder where I could find one….. *[Robusto-style so far]*

Her: you have to try…. everywhere…i dont know… i can't find guy like that either.. they're somewhere

Me: Real men are very rare. Like pandas or tigers. What is your ideal man?

Her: someone honest,clever and always make me laugh

Me: I'm boring. I'm the most boring man in the world. I like your hair in your photo. I'm very boring. When I talk, you will fall asleep. *[JJ-style of push-pull-push]*

Her: you might not be so boring but the fact that you repeat saying you're boring so many times. that's boring

Me: ****** logic paradox ****** weird girl I like your hairband too. I don't like your bed sheet *[push-pull-push]*

Her: weird man that's not bed sheet, it's bedspread. I like your jacket but I dont like your hat.

Me: That hat cost me $5,000. Well, no it didn't. That's a lie. What are you doing right now?

Her: I'm working but sneak chatting. if you mean occupation.. it's bloody[boring office] company

Me: BOOOOOORRRRRINGGGG!!!!! You need excitement. Are you adventurous?

Her: thanks for telling me that my job is boring. it really helps. I am more adventurous than you can imagine.

Me: I don't believe you. I think you work all day and watch TV all evening. I think the most adventurous thing you ever did was to kiss a guy in a bar. Once. You look like a fun girl

Her: you're pathetic.. listen to your attitude. i bet all girls you have met are as boring as you just describe me, and i bet you'll never find anyone more adventurous than that.

Me: It's unfortunate. Maybe I just have bad luck in Thailand. In London, the girls I meet are all fun, interesting, energetic and beautiful. Maybe my luck in London is good. Are you really 159cm?

Her: maybe 158 i'm not sure. and me, i have bad luck too… all boys i meet here are boring.

Me: Do you have facebook in Thailand?

Her: where have you been dinosaur? facebook is eveywhere now.

Me: I thought so, but the only Thais I know I met in London and Tokyo. Search [my email] and add me

So she comes over to facebook where all my profile DHVs can hit and I can get a better look to see if her dating site photo is backed up by reality. Yeah, she's quite cute. So I proceed to have a few ten-minute half-arsed chats to bed down some comfort and be more real. We exchange numbers and then a few days after I touch down in Thailand we meet on Saturday evening.



Closer to reality

I tell her it's fine to bring friends because I'm out with Bhodi. She comes alone on her scooter and from there it's child's play. We're in a lounge bar supping Singha beer and for twenty minutes Bhodi and I just frame-control the

shit out of her until she is entrenched in a submissive, inferior feminine position – which she *loves*, I might add. It's obvious she's never seen anything like it. Push-pull, DHVs, chick crack, douchbaggery, it's all in there. As we finish our drinks and go to the club next door I know all the attraction and qualification is done. I simply need enough comfort and then test some escalation.

Bhodi heads home with a chest infection he picked up in muay thai class while I move my girl from the edge of the dancefloor to a sofa outside. I do very light kino which she accepts and then drop in sexualisation.

Her: What do you like to do in life?

Me: First, I like fighting. Second is sleeping. Then eating. Then reading. Fifth is sex, then videogames.

Her: Sex is only fifth?

Me: No no, sorry. Videogames is fifth, then sex.

A bit later I qualify her on blowjob technique. She says she's great at it because some ladyboy gave her secret tips. I do a push-away with: "Two things that all girls say they are good at is kissing and blowjobs. It's never true. I've been disappointed so many times." Predictably she paws me and qualifies: "No, no. Really, I give excellent blowjobs!"

The rook moves to H7. Check.

I tell her we're going for a walk and start leading in the direction of my apartment and I occupy her forebrain with bullshit until the momentum is rolling. She has a great round ass so I compliment her on it, pick her up over my shoulder and slap it. She's loving it.

The knight advances. Black is in danger.

We get to my apartment building ten minutes later. "I'm not going to your room" she half-heartedly protests. "It's just for ten minutes" and up we go. Once inside I put on spotify and chill. "We're not having sex" she protests. "That's fine. Just show me some youtube music you like."

Checkmate

Five minutes later she is demonstrating her blowjob skills. Ten minutes later I have F-town. When I give her a ride back to her scooter she's singing sweet love songs. Cute. I'll see her again.

Postscript: *Although I go to bed with the F-town tags around my neck, which I swear make me sleep deeper and dream better, Robusto lacks the class and character to allow me to enjoy my acheivement. Way over in Mexico he rushes out to the street and brings a runt home to regain his tags.*

I bang my first Thai massage parlour manager

krauserpua · 21 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I wake up bright and early with the newly acquired F-town dogtags around my neck. Life is good. The bright welcome sounds of my laptop greet me as I check my mail. Oh dear, Robusto has stolen the title while I slept, the sneaky fat aussie cunt. The sky suddenly darkens outside.

Later in the evening I come back from muay thai training with Bhodi and we turn our scooters into the final approach home. There's a small massage parlour so I park up and decide to get the kinks of training kneaded out of my muscles to avoid tomorrow's aches. Bhodi says "there's a nice bird works there." Indeed there is. It's 11pm and an early 30s slightly MILFy bird is starting to close up shop, alone. I enquire whether there's time for a massage and she assents.

Note at this moment I have *zero* intent. It's not even on my mind. I've been having massages every night after training so this is just more of the same.



What my friends think I got

For the first half hour I recline on the futon with my eyes shut and don't say a word. The woman busies herself digging thumbs into pressure points and grinding her elbow against my muscles. Maybe I'm kidding myself but my spider-sense is tingling. Something about her manner isn't quite right. She seems to be putting too much of her body into contact with mine. It's not *sexual* but it's vaguely sensual. I pay it little mind. She starts to make light conversation which I reciprocate. Then towards the last ten minutes we are talking more so I drop in light DHVs reflexively. She compliments me on my "strong shoulders". Hmmmmm.

She finishes and I'm still thinking nothing of it. It's midnight and we're both tired. She sits down on a futon next to me and makes small talk. I'm reading her for IODs to see if she signals me to leave so she can close up shop but they never come. So I put a calm vibe on her and gradually take control of the conversation. Before long she's showing me photos of her family and saying she'll sleep in the parlour tonight because her house is 40km away. It's never awkward but it's all inappropriate for a customer-client frame. Something is afoot.



What the internet thinks I got

So I escalate slightly by giving her a light shoulder massage. Then I suggest showing her ~~my puppies~~ my photos on my laptop at my room (less than 100m away). Thus begins a pattern of two-steps-forwards-one-step-back that continues for the next hour. She initially demurs then agrees, then as I put my shoes on and start going she demurs again before following five minutes later. At my room she sits on the corner of the bed while I put on facebook and spotify. I know she's up for it but clearly wanting to be pressed so that she can tell herself it "just happened".

After ten minutes in my room she rebuffs the first two kisses in a half-arsed display of chastity then takes the third. I've long since figured out how she wants to be seduced so I just move it along gently but firmly until she's rubbing my cock and I know it's a done deal. She's a decent lay. Then she excuses herself and walks back to her shop. I don't even pay for the massage.



What I felt I was getting

I fire off an email to Robusto to request he unburden himself of the tags which he no longer has a right to wear.

This lay is what I would call a “George”, after my new Greek buddy who has stacked his adulthood with over a hundred such lays. There was no game per se. I just went on with my business and allowed my spider-sense to pick up signals when a girl was in the right mood at the right time. Then I just laid my vibe on her, relaxed, and gently moved it forwards. Every one of you probably has twenty of these experiences where you failed to spot the signals and thus nothing happened. And this is an unexpected reward of following the game route – you pick up such good calibration in the process of opening thousands of girls that when a lay just walks right up to you, you are able to spot it and let it happen.



Add ten years and you have her double

Learning points

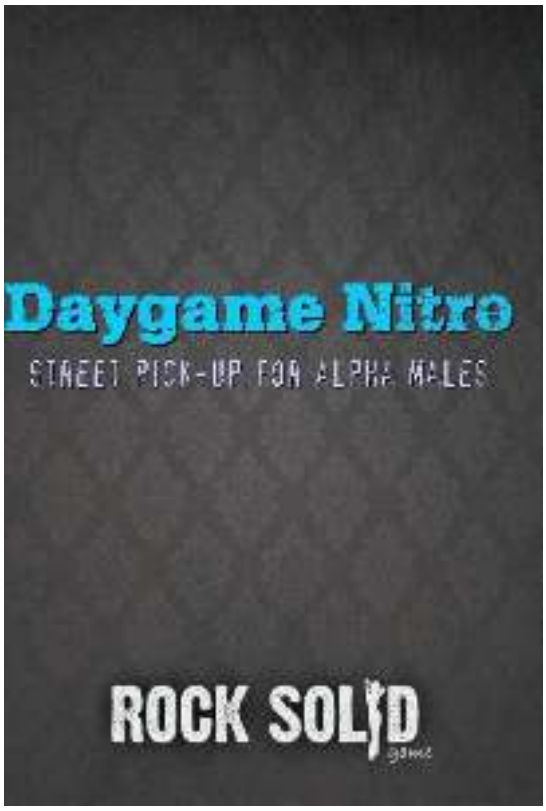
- Be aware of the signals around you that girls give off. *You* might not be on the pull, but *she* might be horny and into you.
- When you meet the right girl in the right mood, you just have to let the lay happen
- This was two hours from meet to lay, including one hour for the massage. Don't be psyched out when things move fast. As this one built up speed I was thinking "whoa, is it really falling into my lap so easily?" I could've fucked it up if I'd stuck too close to my model on what *should* happen.

Daygame Nitro – Cheap Paperback Edition

krauserpua · 26 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'll admit it. I'm greedy.

When I released Daygame Nitro in May of last year it was the only daygame book worth reading. It's still the best, but I'm a narcissist so you'd expect me to say that. My book is aimed at guys who can already do a bit of game and thus dives straight into the advanced material. Other guys cater to beginners and that's fine. I devoted one chapter to "beginners daygame" and no more.

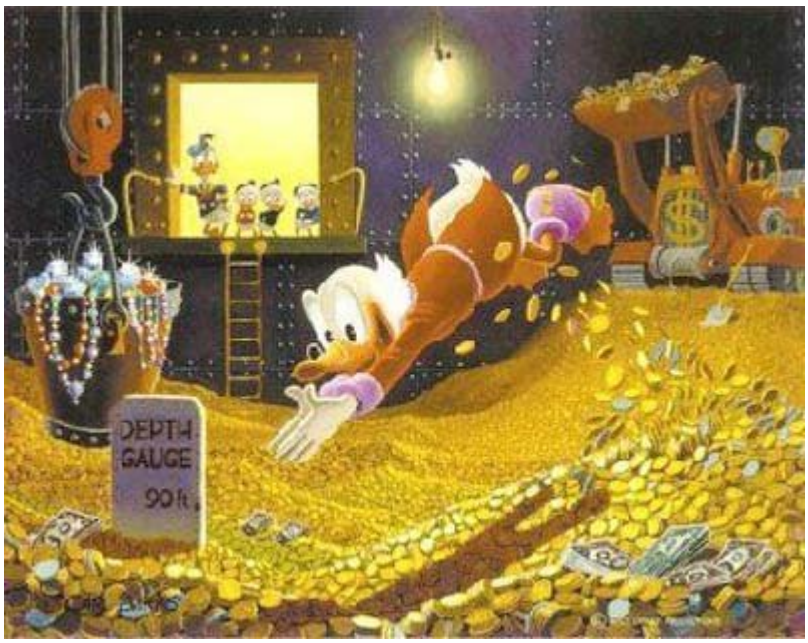


Perfection, yesterday

My method is designed to get girls who are *younger and hotter than you are*, then make them fall for you *hard*. That's not an easy task. It requires real technical nous and an unshakeably strong frame. Daygame Nitro explains precisely how to acquire it. This is the most technically deep daygame material there is.

Everything is laid out in specifics. I use sample openers, sample stacks, sample conversations. I then explain the principles behind them so you can create your own on the fly. Combine this book with the *dozens* of **free videos** already on my blog and you have all you need to start knobbing hot young fillies.

That's why for it's first year of release I set the bar high at $70. If you're serious about getting good, serious about putting in hundreds of approaches, then $70 is a pittance.



My loot

So for a year I've counted my loot and sat atop my pile of gold, cackling madly. Perhaps it's to restore my karma, perhaps it's a moment of madness but now I've cut my prices and even, in my boundless magnificence, released a cheap paperback edition. The content remains exactly the same. So, dear readers I offer you two choices:

Daygame Nitro Hardback – $50

Daygame Nitro Paperback – $20

Knock yourselves out. This won't last forever.

The chode hop

krauserpua · 28 February 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A beta male believes women are the prize whereas the man must simply try his best then hope for the best. This is a **qualifying** frame of mind. It encourages the man to act up in showy ways to prove he's good enough for the princess's delectation. Watch the men around you and they are positively *dripping* in attempts to qualify, some obvious, some less so. For example:

- "I studied hard at school, worked hard, and now I have a six-figure salary and minor status increments within my corporate hierarchy" *I can provide for you*
- "I read men's fashion magazines and choose expensive clothes that are in season" *I can look good for you*
- "I work out at the gym and deny myself many pleasures in food and alcohol so that I can have a stacked body" *I can protect you*

These are not in themselves bad things, they are merely the mark of a higher beta – the man who has the same beta heart as every other male but he does the beta thing with more drive, passion and competence than the others. Head nerd. Higher betas *do* get laid, just not as much as they'd expect from the vast amount of sacrifice they endure. If I had a daughter, I'd encourage her to marry a higher beta.



ye olde chode hop, yesteryear

Zooming in from the life-time trajectory qualification towards the in-a-bar-at-night qualification we get the curious case that here at RSG we call the "**chode hop**". It goes like this:

- Man is standing motionless by himself or on fringes of his group, value scanning the room for girls
- Girl somewhere gives him a scrap of attention such as a quick glance or walks near him
- Man immediately breaks out into awkward bopping dance out of time to the music
- Girl is no longer noticing him
- Man immediately stops dancing and takes a slug of his beer to smooth out the awkwardness

You will see this so often in so many bars. Somestimes its just a subtle bobbing head and side-stepping feet, other times its full-on like the tool in the above video. Before long you can predict it and give a 3…2…1…. countdown. On a more abstract level the chode hop encompasses all short-form qualification displays from men that are reactive to a woman's fleeting attention and which end as soon as the attention has gone.

It is awful qualifying behaviour. If in doubt, stay still.

Narcissism and codependency in the PUA/HB dynamic

krauserpua · 3 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I believe Game is a journey, one in which you initially stumble blindly unaware of where the starting line is. You go from the blissfully-unaware AFC to suddenly peeking under the curtain and realising that success with women is a skill that can be learned like any other, and there is a vast wealth of resources available to help you. Many men (such as myself) believe they've found the starting line and off they go.

The problem is, you're not running down the yellow brick road, you're just spinning on a sophisticated hamster wheel and getting nowhere fast. Eventually, if you're lucky and have access to the right resources, you'll tumble to the old saw that the pickup community is just the self-help community in disguise. That should motivate you to fix the real causes of your self-worth problems and personality defects rather than the symptoms ("I can't get laid").



Project Hollywood, yesterday

Some people never make that leap. They persist in an never-ending cycle of diminishing returns in the quest to perfect their Game. Just do another 1,000 sets. Just polish off that routine. Just read more Game books. They become shameless pussy-hounds craving the pop of the next sexual conquest. They pour ever more water into the leaky bucket. I've discussed this in detail in my Creeping Death posts.

Well, while I may be a narcissist I am not unable to recognise when someone hits the nail on the head more accurately than I do. **The Rawness** has just written a masterpiece. Read it. I'll pull out the sections that interest me most and comment.

His fundamental point is that Game (or more specifically the PUA lifestyle) can worsen a man's self-worth issues by misleading him to attack the symptoms of his issues while the causes continue to worsen. The PUA lifestyle and the type of Game it encourages will exacerbate the problem by screening good people out of your life while attracting bad people. At some point it comes crashing down.

The **PUA-HB dynamic** is that of a codependent-narcissist. As an AFC people-pleaser you employ *ineffective* manipulative Nice Guy behaviours to get girls. Game replaces these with effective manipulative Asshole/Alpha

behaviours that draw you into the dance of wounded souls. The PUA becomes a Compensatory Narcissist in that he models and copies the actions of a true narcissist (e.g. aloofness, assholery) without feeling it in his core. This leads to three types of interaction

- **PUA-(victim)HB**: The player manipulates and exploits low self-worth codependent women who need him to lean on, primarily by teasing and withholding validation through push-pull. He despises the weakness of these women and tires of them.
- **PUA-(predator)HB**: The player meets a more skilled narcissist than himself and is drawn into her web of tests, in which his increasing competence of passing intrigues her and gives her narcissistic supply until eventually she tires of him and dumps him, usually before sex.
- **PUA-(normal)HB**: The girl isn't responsive to his games because she is not unusually needy of validation or narcissistic supply. By his refusal to be normal, she is exasperated by him and tired while for his part he finds she is not responding as his script dictates so he becomes frustrated. The relationship never progresses and thus he blows his chance to have a nice person in his life.

Thus the PUA is gradually channelled into a lifestyle that involves gamey dances with a subset of emotionally damaged women as he tries to extract sex and affection from her while she tries to extract attention and validation from him. Rarely does a balanced mutually-affirming sexual relationship ensue. This is the case whether the PUA is angling for SNLs in nightclubs or bouncebacks in street game. I know guys commited to both lifestyles. It's not pretty. Rawness calls such men **grandiosity sharks**.

"grandiosity sharks are people who have to keep swimming through a sea of external validation in order to breathe and stay afloat, because much like the shark can't breathe internally, they can't generate validation and self-esteem internally. If they stop moving through the sea of validation for a given amount of time, or their swimming is temporarily disrupted due to a blow to their ego, they figuratively suffocate, sink to the bottom and die."

It would be nice if the pussy-hound lifestyle was merely papering over the cracks of self-worth but Rawness suggests it's more like swallowing the cat to catch the mouse:

"Pickup artistry does not fix the codependent; it just changes him from a codependent into a narcissist by ignoring the core issues and instead training him to switch from the faulty coping strategy of surrender to the preferred faulty coping strategy of the narcissist, which is overcompensation. It's just trading one toxic personality dysfunction for a worse, harder-to-cure toxic personality dysfunction."

I have spoken before about what I termed the two types of Game – light side and dark side. It springs from the matrix of male/female personality types. Recall that there are four types of man according to their combination of competence and confidence:

- **Type 1**: Both confident and competent. These are the solid self-actualised males who have their life together, have genuine skills they employ, balanced personalities and a sense of direction. It's George Clooney or Cary Grant.
- **Type 2**: Confident but incompetent. These are the chancers and showboats in life who usually drift aimlessly but maintain the veneer of charm and charisma (because real confidence can never be delusional, it must rest upon competence) and have an exaggerated narcissistic self-regard. They are the tattooed bar tenders, rock guitarists and drug dealers of the world.
- **Type 3**: Competent but lacking confidence. This is the vast sea of beta males who hold down steady office jobs, watch Lost and Prison Break, dress in GAP or Next and are utterly indistinguishable from each other (to the female eye). Generally they are decent people and it's their taxes that support the femo-centric world.
- **Type 4**: Neither competent nor confident. They are the dregs of society. Barely-employed, out of shape, lacking social skills, these are the omega / delta males whom society has left behind. They retreat into solo hobbies or fringe weirdo collectives (e.g. ComicCon).

The female typology is based on beauty and self esteem. So type 1 women have both, type 2 women have beauty but low self esteem. I made the point that in the normal order of affairs men and women of equal rank pair off, i.e. type 1 men pair with type 1 women. A pairing of one rank's mismatch (e.g. type 1 man with type 2 woman) can initiate but is doomed to failure. A two-rank disparity would only happen if there were severe outside influence such as drugs, alcohol or a solemn obligation to a dear friend.

Where this intersects with the Rawness essay is that he is essentially talking about Type 2 Male – Type 2 Female pairings where the man's fragile confidence is manufactured by painting a faux-narcissistic facade over a codependent core and the competence issues are not addressed either. The female is leveraging her beauty but lacks a sense of deservedness and thus has a constant lean-towards that the PUA can exploit by using push-pull to prop her up with validation / attention and then take away to send her back off balance.

To say these pairings are unhealthy is an understatement. Rawness also nicely explains the PUA obsession with strippers and hired guns:

"By the way, I want to point out that stripping and sex work in general are profession that attracts a HUGELY disproprortionate amount of narcissists and borderline personality disorder sufferers, which lends credence to my theory that becoming a PUA often just makes one into a sophisticated form of codependent, because why else would these guys keep being drawn to strippers and pornstars, who can be some of the most severely personality-disordered people out there?"

I have long maintained that the successful attitude towards learning Game, the actual starting line you should begin your journey from, is to develop yourself into a Type 1 man (Rawness calls this the Renaissance Man rather than Alpha) and then learn how to identify and attract Type 1 women using Game which is merely a conduit of your character and leveraging your understanding of female psychology and the mating ritual. You should avoid the Type 2 / Type 2 dance of the wounded souls. The only way to win that game is to avoid playing.

I might come back to his piece with more comments. It really is a blinder and I urge you to read it.

You’re only as old as the woman you feel

krauserpua · 7 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

For much of my youth I was puzzled by the attitudes towards ageing that people around me adopted. Generally, people’s future time orientation and expectations of ageing were both unabashedly low to the point they assumed getting “old” (basically 50+) was inevitable, shitty, and totally out of your locus of control. I never agreed.

My great uncle Tommy died last year aged 85. It came suddenly over the course of less than a year, as his hearing went, he became confused, and he suddenly lost alot of weight. A fairly unpleasant final year of life although he was only bedridden for about a month of it. However, the preceding 84 years were full of world-travelling and activity. A keen mountaineer and cyclist in his younger days, Tommy continued to cycle up and down country hills 20 miles a day, several times a week, *into his eighties*. He was slim without being skinny. And until that final year was also mentally alert.



Mature at middle age



Old at middle age

In short, as an 80-year old man his general fitness, alertness, and overall quality of life was higher than most 30 year olds. These days it's common to assume that physical degeneration sets in from thirty (back pain, aches, weight gain) and accelerates through middle age (sendatry hobbies) until by age 60 you're hobbling around with bad knees and piss-stained trousers. Fuck no.

I expect the final 20 years of my life to be as high quality as any other 20-year section. My death will be preceded by a short rapid unravelling rather than multi-decade degeneration. Bad luck aside (e.g. cancer, stroke, accident), that is. I will not abuse myself in my 30s and thus compromise my 60s and 70s.

Generally, ageing is an opportunity. It is time you can invest in making yourself a better man. This was brought into stark relief for me a few days ago when I was in a restaurant in Thailand and noticed to men of similar age on adjacent tables who were light years apart in how they'd handled ageing. Guy A was cool as fuck. Guy B was a shambling schlub. So I snapped off a quick video on my phone. Apologies for the low res.

Note the following:

- Guy A has maintained a solid trim physique with well-proportioned lean muscles whereas Guy B has let himself get doughy skin, stooped shoulders and gone to fat.
- Guy A dresses with style and good accessorisation while Guy B covered himself in superglue and ran through Primark, looking generic and plain.
- Guy A holds strong posture with slow decisive movements and his lean-in towards his girl is interested without neediness. Guy B is sloppy and leans in from weakness.
- Guy A had a hot (I'd rate her high-7) young local girl who spoke good english, no tattoos, and an all-round nice girl look to her. She was most certainly not a bar girl. She spent the whole of the meal listening intently to her man and giving of soft female vibe. Guy B had a middle-aged emancipated woman with dowdy clothes and haircut and an air of uneasy equality between them as he ran every decision past her. Twenty years ago, she'd have still been no competition for the other girl.

You can look at a middle-aged man and know if he's capable of dating young girls without artificial props and

ruining his own life.

Announcing the launch of Count Cervantes

krauserpua · 8 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A common pattern throughout my life has been the three-year cycle. Pretty much any activity or hobby that takes my interest will burn brightly for something like three years and then I tire of it and move on. University, banking, living in Japan, Brazilian Ju Jitsu, economics, playing in a band…. they all peaked around the second year and by the end of the third I was thoroughly bored, casting around for the next adventure.

So it is with pick up

I am rapidly approaching the third anniversary of my first ever cold approach. Regular readers will have noted how enthusiastically I threw myself into the pick up lifestyle and also recently how I've slowed down alot. I've probably done about 10 daygame approaches in 2012. Tops. My pick up identity tires me. It no longer takes me in the direction I wish to go. I've seen enough people trapped in the community long after they should've left.

This is not to deny Game. It works. I've met, befriended, and banged women *far better* and *far more often* than I could've hoped to without Game. But while I will continue to study, refine and use Game I will be moving in new directions. What is Hell? It is running around like a blue-arsed fly street-stopping 30 girls every weekend for ten years. Fun for a while (even necessary) but ultimately tiring.



You didn't think I meant the Don Quixote guy?

For six months I've been casting around for the next step. How do I continue to learn and build on the Game I've acquired these past three years yet still keep it fresh and exciting for myself? I realised that having already made significant progress with the technical side of in-set game, and having sorted most of my inner game, the next step is to spread my wings and live the lifestyle I most enjoy.

Thus I introduce you to my new blog – Count Cervantes.

I won't pre-frame it any further. Check out a few posts and see what you think. **Krauser** will continue as normal with it's usual focus on pickup, infields and game theory. I've got no plans to wind it down. However the forward thrust to my life will be on **Count Cervantes**. That's where my passion now lies.

Date-game fail

krauserpua · 12 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

While out at the Riverside Bar in Thailand, Bhodi and I were witness to perhaps the worst date-game we've seen all year. A textbook case of how to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. While it's bad form to mock the misfortune of others, I was able to snap off some video for my readers' edification. If the poor subject of this post finds it, consider it a free consultation.

We were watching the live band when a cute little island girl stood a few feet in front wearing a nice dotted top. Although no higher than a seven she was exactly my type so I paid some attention to size her up and consider an open. Perhaps I should observe her a while longer because she's waiting in front of the gents toilets so I figured probably waiting for her boyfriend. Sure enough, five minutes later a European guy came over with her drink, said something and then leaned in to give her a no-tongues kiss on the lips. Ok, so I won't be opening her I think, and quickly size up the guy.

- Ingratiating smile and pleading eyes
- Bad haircut that accentuates both the balding and the nerdiness
- Cookie-cutter herb dress sense

My initial thought is "well done" on getting a fairly hot bird despite these drawbacks. But then this starts……

Fuck. Me.

I simply cannot have any sympathy for a man who hands his balls over like that. He's already lost the lay because several times the girl throws us embarrassed glances. She just wants this to end as soon as possible. He had enough smarts to realise the dancefloor escalation is failing after he leans in three times to kiss her and in each case she keeps her head flat against the post she's leaning on and presses her lips tight together. So he leads her out onto the patio tables and to the quietest darkest corner he can find.

We get to watch over the balcony as he sits facing her and leaning in while she faces away. I hypothesise to Bhodi: "they look like they are on a first date but he's already been able to get some light kisses on her lips. I'm guessing they met in a club a few days ago and had a drunken makeout. None of the other kino is there." It's obvious he hasn't banged her. He's dripping with neediness while she is playing gatekeeper.

Ten minutes later he pulls her up to try to ballroom dance to a slower song and again she looks helplessly up at us as we are cracking up with lulz. Poor guy. She got colder and colder and colder. By then it was 1am and we had better things to do.

Pipelining for another Eastern European jaunt

krauserpua · 24 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

As is now my custom, now that the chilly frost of winter is behind me (not that I noticed while in Mexico, Cuba, Belize and Thailand) the golden path to Eastern Europe has opened. So JJ and I have packed our suitcases and are off on another trawl of slavic women. One thing we much neglected in our previous trips was pipelining. Internet girls are so grotty that it doesn't seem worth the bother. Not when the daytime streets are properly infested with cute clean-limbed little slavic sweeties.

But now that JJ figured out a way to pipeline while getting lulz at the same time we figured we'd sit in a cafe for a few hours and see what we can rustle up. I fire off twenty messages to girls in our target city. My only rule is they have to be hot enough that I'd open them in a bar (which is below my street-open threshold). They are much like this:



Different bird, but same calibre

Girl A: Tall 19yr old brunette

Me: Your picture scares my dog. He's hiding behind the sofa, whimpering. That's really mean of you. You should apologise to him.

Her: I don't necesarily apologise, unfortunatly I'm not a fan of dogs! But I may find the resistance.

Me: You're a crazy cat lady???? Oh no, someone pass my umbrella, I need to chase you away. Nice hair. Very feminine. Cute. I have an electrified fence. Don't chance it.

Her: I guess I am or on the path to become one… I only have one cat for now and he is already a little much. Thanks My name is [name].

Me: [her name]? I have no idea how to pronounce that. I'm Nick. I'll be arriving in [city]tomorrow, then coming up to [her city] after a few days. Where do you recommend? I'm looking for a cool bar which foreigners rarely find.

Her: Come visit me at work

Me: Where? I hope you work at a sausage shop, and can give me free sausages

Her: □ No I work at a pub, its not necessarily cool but ill be there and i guess i could bring some sausages to work

Me: nom nom nom Great! I like you now.

So that one looks promising and she's certainly worth spending a few hours of a date to get a closer look. By her photos she looks a solid eight and not at all mental.

Girl B: Artsy 23yr old brunette

Me: You sound crazy. Totally bat-shit crazy. I like your hair. Cute, feminine. Weirdo

Her: Meowww

Me: Oh, you're in big trouble now, girl

Her: I'm a dragon. nice to meet you □

Me: I slay dragons. I'm a dragon-slayer. I'm just going to go put on my armour and mount my horse, pick up my lance, and come slay you. Maybe rescue a fair maiden when I'm finished

Her: boo!

Me: .

Her: HAHAHAHA xD I've survived slayers before, I'll survive you. □

Me: I'll be in [her city] from tomorrow. Which bar do you recommend? Somewhere tourists don't usually find.

Her: We dragons hang out in parks □ but yeah, I don't know, the clubs are all listed online and the popular bars too □ and I'm the wors person you can ask that question I just started going out myself □

Again this one looks likely to progress to a date and she seems fun. This pseudo-trolling method filters out girls who are no fun.



Acceptable

Girl C: Bisexual 23yr old brunette

Me: [her city] won't be big enough for the both of us. I'm gonna run you out of town, and the donkey you rode in on. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Her: Me and my pinata donkey will never surrender. Never! :dramatically whips her hair:

Me: You shouldn't rob that bank [reference to her profile]. Being a girl, you'll get confused, scared, and make a mess of it. I'll be the sheriff who arrests you

Her: Years of watching Dexter taught me some things. I think I'd be cool as a blade. Boris the blade. :l But yeah, I certainly shouldn't do it while I'm pms-ing. Ok. Just don't sentence me to death by hanging. Ugh.

Me: You don't belong on the plains. You should be in the kitchen. Cooking roast beef, mashed potatoes, and gravy. Mmmmm….. gravy…..

Again another bird who knows how to banter and might be fun. I've got seven similar conversations ongoing from my first twenty messages and I wouldn't place any of the girls below a low-7. If anything comes of it, I'll update.

Beauty

krauserpua · 25 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm walking through the airport lounge waiting for JJ to buy some proper luggage when I happen past the cosmetics section of duty free. There's the usual grotty painted-up harlots hawking their wares stood infront of posters of model's faces that are more like oil paintings than photos.

It strikes me how disconnected from the reality of actual beauty is the beauty industry. There's no escaping the fact that men decide what is beautiful in women (and vice versa). Slogans feeding unearned entitlement ("you deserve it") or fantasy anti-ageing ("advanced night repair formula") are emblazoned upon essentially generic creams, gels and facepaints.



A mannish-chinned oil painting

I think of how many models I've dated who look sensational in portfolio pictures, easily hotter than these Estee Lauder models, but are thoroughly unremarkable in the flesh. There's the fashion model I threesomed, the catwalk model who fell in love with me, and recently the Victoria Secrets model I instant-dated (but didn't bang). Every one of them a stunner on paper and merely "pretty hot" in person. Make-up works.

In Thailand I was struck by how well scrawny little girls doll up. I don't mean to belittle the little chipmunks because they are doing what comes naturally and I am a firm supporter of their being more well-presented women in the world. Here's a case in point.



With and without makeup

This young girl is a fresh graduate I dated a couple of times last month. A sweet pleasant good girl (I can just hear all the loser farang trying to find a way to pass her off as a freelancer looking to feed her family back in the village. They need to believe good girls don't exist in Thailand to justify them not finding any). When dolled up she's encroaching upon eight territory. But just look at the change when she's gone au-naturel and an unflattering photo.

The reality is she's somewhere in the mid-seven range. Good skin, slim, limber, with charming features and a lovely manner. This was our second date. Give me that over a hoity-toity model any day of the week.

Simple daygame opening

krauserpua · 2 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Ok you tight cunts, how about I give you a basic primer on daygame opening so you don't have to spend a single penny on a book? I'm sitting out in a Zagreb cafe while I wait for Jambone to collect the keys for a hire car to drive us through the countryside. This is what I've been opening the Croat birds with. Nearly all my openers have been as follows:

"Hi. You speak good English? Great, I just wanna tell you something really quick. I was just walking past you with my friend… that's my friend there [wave at Jambone]… when I saw you and I thought.. you look quite nice. So I wanted to say hello."

At this point I wait for a response, and usually follow up with an assumption stack of something like

"You fit my image of a typical Croatian girl. It's the thick eyebrows, big long hair, and crazy eyes."

Let's stop right there and analyse what I'm doing. It hooked every set I opened so it's worth considering why. First thing is I'm getting right in front of the girl and commanding her to stop with quietly authortitative body language and strong eye contact. Dominance is the main arousal trigger in women. So immediately she's getting an emotional kick out of the interaction. You can see in their eyes and smile that they are immediately enjoying it.

Next I'm qualifying them on their English and rooting the opener. Then I show a relaxed safe gesture to my friend so she gets to have a look around her and not be too startled. But perhaps the most counter-intuitive part is the compliment… you look quite nice.

Not gorgeous, not damn sexy, not stunning. Simply quite ***nice***.



Some quite nice Croatian girls I'm met, yesterday

Why is that the best opener? Because it straddles the two extremes of (i) relating to the girl as a man talks to a woman so she's got no doubt about the subtext to the street stop. I'm not hiding my intent or betraying a lack of confidence but (2) I'm not heaping validation on her by gushing effusively on her beauty. She hasn't earned that yet. She's still got work to do. This makes sense to her and doesn't put too much pressure on her.

That might get you into a conversation right there but if she's still a bit clammed up do the patented **Krauser assumption stack** which is simply "you look very [conclusion x], because of [observation x, y, z]". This is really simple. You just look at three things you see right in front of you and feed them back to her. Make one of them a playful tease. So…..

- You look very Spanish. It's the big hair, brown eyes, and very strange fashion sense.
- You look very serious. Because of the frown, the busy walk, and the way you are gripping your book so tightly.
- You look very playful. It's that smile, little twinkling eyes, and that spring in your step.

If she hasn't started giving back and moving into vibing it's time to unload your **heavy artillery**….. and compare her to some form of wildlife.

- "You look like…. dare I say it…. a cute little Croatian hamster"
- "In fact, if I was to say the first thing that comes into my mind…. I would have to say… you remind me of a naughty squirrel"
- (two sets) "My friend and I thought you looked like a girafe [to the taller one] and a tiger [shorter girl]. Which is strange, because in the wild giraffes and tigers are not friends"

That'll get you into vibing. Enjoy.

P.S. Obviously you should buy my daygame book so you know what to do next.

Coffee Shop Daygame in the Former Yugoslavia

krauserpua · 11 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Jambone and I have been travelling around central Europe spying out places to live. The original plan was to spend three weeks in Zagreb doing bar and street game but we quickly knocked that on the head when it got cold and rainy from day one. Also, the nightlife in Zagreb is *painfully* bad – in bars the music is so loud you can't talk, and in the nightclubs….. good grief, it's like they are constructing a motorway on the dancefloor. So we hired a car and drove around Zadar, Dubrovnik, Sarajevo, Belgrade and now back to Zagreb. Happy times.

While in Sarajevo we figured out a good method to bring daygame to coffee shops. We have no interest in boring low-investment indirect game. We aren't interested in throwing out twenty lame openers hoping to draw a couple of bites. So in times of Gaming need there's always an answer….. turn to Mystery Method.



A gentleman's place to meet women

Here's the **Krauser/Jambone Coffee Shop Method**. It's just the MM structure adapted for our personalities and the fact we want to establish ourselves in new towns without burning them running around like dickheads street-stopping girls (works great in London, not so much in a small city). It works best if there's two or three of you. Solo game would need some changes.

Stage One – Target selection

Roll around the cafe district looking for groups of girls sitting with coffee. Best groups will have a table free next to them and also another group (even if it's guys) adjacent. Busy places are best. You just need the free table next to your set.

Stage Two – Preapproach value

Sit down and completely ignore the girls. Don't even glance at them. Have a lively conversation between yourselves and hold good body language. Don't value scan. Start to drop DHVs. Because of our trip it was easy, just things like "Tomorrow, London! Here we go. Can't wait to get back for Lee's fight" and "It's much warmer here than Belgrade" etc. Let your peripehral vision catch the girls' behaviour. You are looking for signs of recognition that they are

listening to your conversation.

Stage Three – Observational Opener

This is like normal opening but you remain mostly indirect for now. The key is to avoid being the boring guy asking a female opinion or specifications on their laptop. The opener should be interesting enough to immediately capture their attention by putting some electricity into them. Depending on your vibe you can go in teasing or with a DHV.

We always started with a pre-frame as follows:

"Excuse me, ladies. I'm sorry for interrupting. Do you speak English? I'm sorry I don't speak Croation/Bosnian/Serbian… My friend and I are just visiting from London and we couldn't help but notice that…."

Openers we added on that hooked well:

- "… you girls are dressed very much like the girls in Belgrade"
- "… your friend here has matched her jacket to the seat. We wondered if perhaps she is so fashion conscious she chose to sit here"
- "… your coffee cups are much cooler than ours. We got plain white but you have nice patterns on. Is this some kind of anti-English thing?"
- "… you are dressed very classically french, whereas you are like a walking rainbow. Your scarf looks like someone dropped a packet of skittles on it and sat down"
- "… you are in a very animated conversation. It looks like you are plotting revenge against your ex-boyfriends."

After the girls give back for a while, give them some typical attraction material and then roll off. *The roll-off is very important*. The frame depends on it.

Stage Four – Open a Pawn Set

Guys are the best for this because they've usually seen you open the girls and their estimation of your value shoots right up. Ask them about the best football team in town, or favourably compare one to a movie star lookalike. Whatever, just make it complimentary and not a tease. The guys will usually hook. This creates the most important moment in the set **– the TV moment**. The girls will usually look with shock and awe at you, like they are watching television. You've done a takeaway ("We aren't guaranteed attention from these guys, we have to work for it"), a disqualifier ("They aren't hitting on us, they are friendly to everyone"), a DHV ("They are socially savvy") and now you can start dropping DHVs to the pawn set that will hit the target set.

We talk about travelling, our lifestyles, our friends etc. Usually the girls will open their body language right up and start IOIing hard to get your attention back.



Usually found in a seated position

Stage Five – Ignore Everyone

Go back to chatting to each other for five or ten minutes. You are showing everyone that you are happy with your own company and need nothing. Keep an eye out for any signs like the targets are leaving (e.g. settling the bill). 90% of the time you'll find both the target set and pawn set trying to find ways back into conversation with you. For example, the men might start talking English to each other or mentioning English football teams. Wait for the right moment.

Stage Six – Reopen the target set.

The player goes to the bathroom this leaving the wing by himself. Naturally he will want to get back into conversation so you have legitimised why he'd reopen the set without hitting on the girl. You don't need to tease much now because you're in A3 (male-to-female interest). Start asking genuine questions about what the girls do, what they like etc. Continue to drop DHVs. Work it like a normal set. Do this as long as you feel good interest coming back and no resistance building. Keep rolling off and reopening the pawn set if necessary.

Stage Seven – Close

Usually a roll-off, reopen, then Facebook close is best.

This method is not about getting a solo girl into a dating frame. We were looking to get ourselves "in"s to the local social scene and be "the cool London guys" that they will brag to their friends about. So if we liked the pawn sets we'd close them too. The plan is to keep these sets ticking over on Facebook until we are back in their country or (if the IOIs are super strong, which sometimes happens) to work Long Game to import the girls to London for a week of dating.

There's no rocket science here. It's just an easy structure to meet lots of girls without looking like either "creepy street open guy" or "boring indirect guy". There's no risk of burning the town because even the uninterested sets walk away thinking you're just cool social guys. We closed about 80% of opened sets with this and some of quite astonishing quality. I'll probably put up some videos soon.

Daygame opener in coffee shop video

krauserpua · 13 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

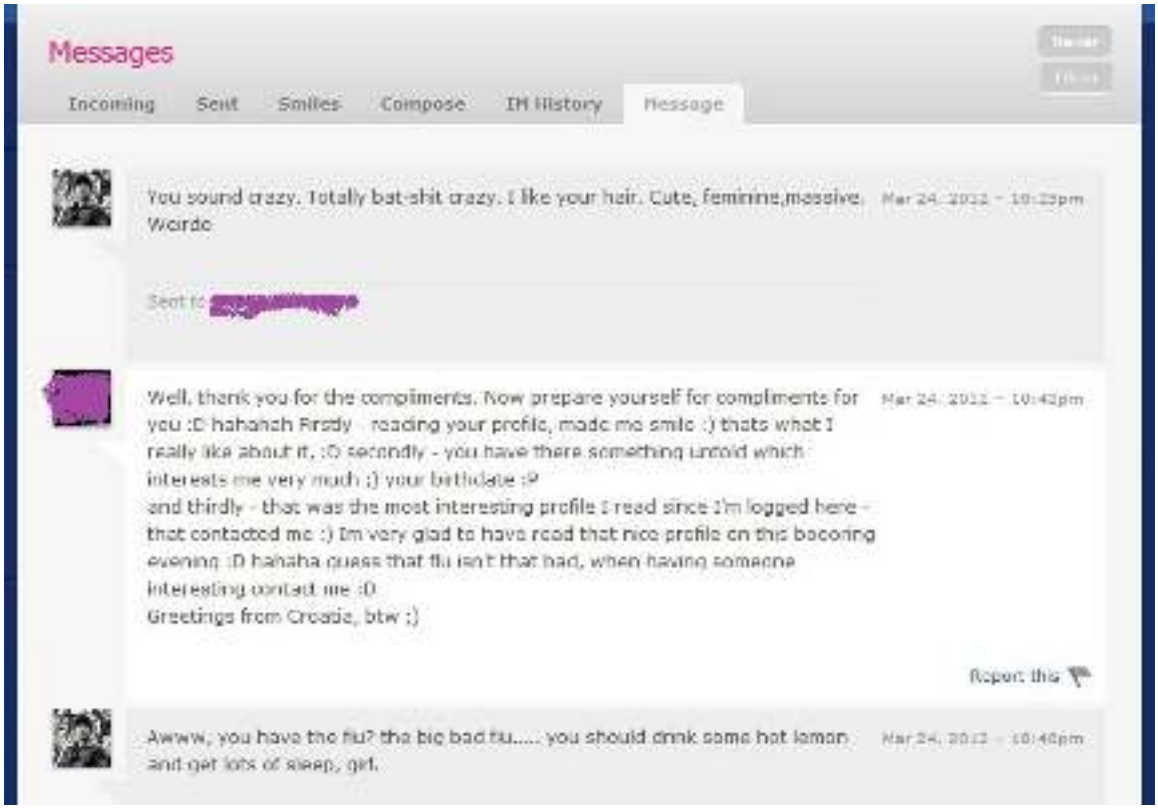
Here's a short video showing the kind of work we've been doing in coffee shops lately. Unfortunately we didn't actually video the best sets and this one is merely so-so. For example we were too lazy to do the preapproach value properly (Only one half-arsed sentence for the DHV when it should be an animated conversation).

Still, total dogshit or not, it shows the first half of what we were doing.

I bang my first 21yr old Bosnian prom queen

krauserpua · 18 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This lay is interesting to post up because of how unusual the girl is and it's an example of pipelining. I hit her up on a dating site as one of many mails thrown out and score a big direct hit with my opening message (as she later related to me):



I realise later she is a bit crazy and considers her hair her best feature. She sends me a long enthusiastic reply and I gradually pilot her into a date on our second day in her city. I've appended a sample of the messages (skipping about 50% of it).



Awww, you have the flu? the big bad flu..... you should drink some hot lemon and get lots of sleep, girl.

Me and my friend are arriv[redacted]tomorrow afternoon. We've never been before. You have the good luck to be my travel advisor. It's an awesome responsibility that I don't confer lightly.

So, tell me the best bar and best club to visit.

I hold you 100% responsible if we don't like it!

Hahahah, not really bad one, the worst is behind me ;) i turned into a lemon :P and yes, I'm sleeping like for 16 h but on monday i have really to be fit ;) having some Uni obligations :P
Well, thats well said - responsibility :P ouhh thats a really hard and heavy word ;) I can advise you like cyber, or show you the town :) but I do not like meat unknown people, I get scarred easily :) and am afraid of the unknown ;)
but i like the adrenalins.
The best bar, and best club? - there is NONE. in my opinion [redacted] like for 6 yrs while i went there to highschool and now university. there are a few nice bars to lay down and spend the afternoons in the sun, and clubs, pfff. the kind of partys i like, there are not. But it can get very comfy and cool also very fun, in clubs name[redacted] and if you like VERY crowded places on thursday ther[redacted]

Report this



[redacted]Nice one. +5 points for you. We'll probably get a rental apartment once we've checked out the town.

Yes, Monday. You'll probably want to wash your hair in the morning to get it just right. Hair is very important on a girl. More important than the ass. We'll have a pierce coffee and then try out a quiet bar.

If you have any cute friends I can help out because my roommate is a very charming character too.

Check my profile again. Remember the rules. I shall tolerate no naughtiness, mischief or other misbehaviour, young lady.

Hahahahha I agree on that, that hair is very important. It has a very deep meaning for me, and also symbolises a lot of things. but... I'll keep my secrets for me :)
Well I do not have a lot of friends but I have one, thats very funny and we have like very similar personalities that differ also a LOT :D thos very nice.

WHY CHECKING OUT THE RULES? we're not having a date :D hehehheh and bow - date or not - usually I'm afraid of the rule no 4.

And yes, I love, and like a lot when people behave nice, and following the rules of bonton. :) that matters a lot for me. I do not want to be treated like a queen was in victorian ages, but i like the ways they were treated then :)
These days, everyone is just rude, has no manners, and that annoys me a lot :(makes me sad also. But sometimes I ask myself the question, how can I miss something that I haven't ever felt, I've just read it in the books and saw it in the movies, but that was acting :) hehehe..
I know how to behave :D no problems gonna happen with that rule



Jambone and I roll up in our sartorial elegance threads for a date with her in a lounge bar then proceed to drop DHV after DHV, all while making a big deal of being English gentleman. The women find themselves compared to various kinds of wildlife and constantly admonished to make sandwiches and know their place. We move on to walk around the old town and Jambone nicely stalls the best friend to give me valuable isolation to build deep rapport. We end the date there satisfied to be somewhere in C2.

Next night I meet her late one on one and now it's proper date game. She's very bookish and intelligent, into all her philosophy and (unfortunately) esoteric mystical stuff. It's pretty harmless, just her way of understanding the world. She gives me a moonstone to keep near my heart to absorb bad energy or somesuch. After a couple of drinks she comes back to my hostel room but is flightly on kino and sits at the edge of the bed. After an hour or so I walk her halfway home and she's weird about the kiss. Just standing there with lips tight together but not trying to get away. Similar to what I had on my first day with the Kazhak/Finn. Just for lulz I test her by grabbing her tits and ass. She's fine with it. Bizarre. I put it down to intimacy issues and let it go. While she gives me a long tight hug goodnight she tells me I "can see her so well I feel naked" and "what you said was like a bullet in my head" and other things showing unexpectedly deep rapport.

We leave her town the next morning but stay in Facebook contact. Jambone reckons I should be able to bang her next time. A week later we roll back into town and I've framed her for a night of drinking where she supplies the wine and me the whiskey. I've already decide that come what may I shall caveman her once in isolation.



This but with an overbite that drops her down a point or two

We have a few whiskeys in a bar and she lets slip how obsessed she's been with me. I'm irresistable to women, better than her in every way, nobody has ever made her feel how I do etc. I take these as IOIs. I walk her around a while then back to my room. Now there's no rush. Jambone makes himself scarce while we watch Black Sabbath then I make the big move.

It takes longer than I expect. She's putting up token resistance at every step. Jambone is freezing himself walking the town to give me isolation and eventually comes back to lock himself in the communal toilet with his laptop and an electric heater. That's the only reason he's written some blogposts. Finally she's naked in my bed and I get my cock in. Once I've got my two strokes in F-Town belongs to me. She's crying at first (really) saying she resisted because she's worried if she puts out she'll never see me again. But then her blood rises and she becomes an absolute hellcat in bed. Fuck me, it was like a space hopper fucking a kangaroo on a trampoline.

Jambone keeps texting asking me to hurry up. I figure a couple of pints the next night will pacify him. A few days later on facebook I ask her about the night. She tells me…



An I've stopped soul collecting....

Pimpin' ain't easy

krauserpua · 29 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

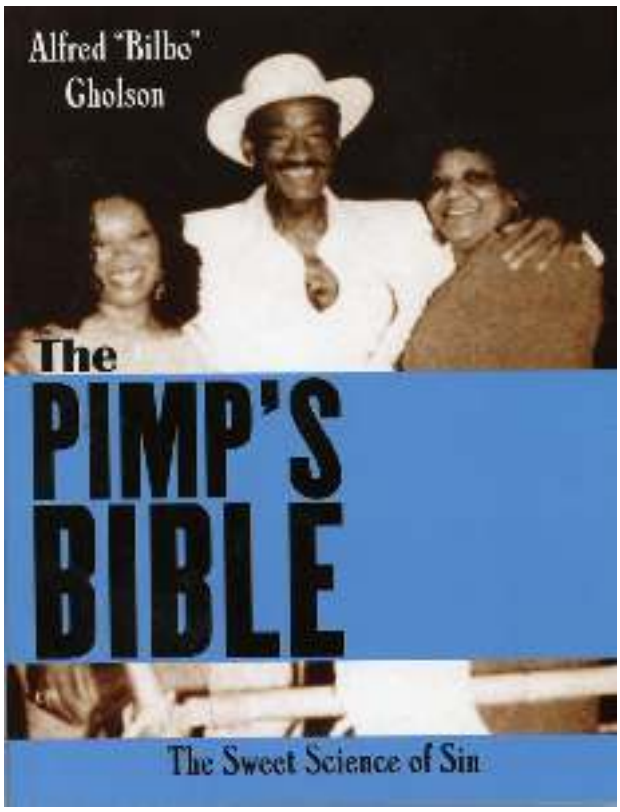
I've been reading up on pimping again. Many of my readers will be aware of Iceberg Slim's classic autobiography Pimp, a book I heartily recommend for it's portrayal of the dark side of male-female attraction. Mr Slim had certainly mastered the dance of the wounded souls and although it ultimately ruined his life and made him a deeply regretful man, at least he had plenty of lulz.



Intrigued by the skills and attitudes of these men I bought a few more related books. Right now I'm reading The Pimp's Bible by Alfred "Bilbo" Gholson. Although he looks like a black hobbit his woman-skills are rather better than those of the Shire, who ought to stick to protecting the One Ring rather than running a stable of bitches. I haven't finished the book yet but it's a strikingly interestingly read.

Unsurprisingly it's a mea culpa of Gholson's life. Most first-person crime books are, because the worthless scoundrels who write them wish to preserve their self-opinion as worthwhile humans. I'm sure even Heinrich Himmler considered himself doing good and unjustly put-upon from the world at large. When you have your boot on someone's neck, you find a way to blame it on them. Eddie Bunker novels are a great example of petty trash blaming unfortunate circumstances for all their violent avarice.

Gholson has a strong frame and a silver tongue, he's a **successful pimp** remember. So his big reframe isn't bad luck, it's providence. *God* wanted him to be a pimp and *God* wants him to now set the world's misapprehensions about pimpin' to rights. Oh, how selfless of him. It makes for a fun read though. The whole book is a No True Scotsman move in which all the bad aspects of pimping (violence, drug-dealing, larcenry etc) are ringfenced as the work of dirty low-down wannabe pimps while "high class pimps" are providing a public service with the blessing of everyone involved. Rather than bang on about him analytically, I'll revert to his words. Some choice quotes:



On going down on a woman: “Higher class pimps wouldn’t dare let his women become equal with him. He believes that any man that has oral love with his woman is her human douchebag. High class pimps are under the impression that a woman’s body accepts so much filth during a month’s time, that nature forces a cleaning out period once a month. Doctors say it’s acceptable but that doctors aren’t God and most high class pimps have their own opinion about it.”

On laziness: “Pimping is his job and a pimp works. He constantly deals with seven or more female minds, when the average layman cannot deal with one. If anyone thinks it’s not work, let them try it.”

On public opinion: “The pimp has always been the tenth wonder of the world. Only three people understand a pimp – God, his women, and another pimp.”

On the decline of morals in pimping: “But if I was pimping today, dead whores would turn over in their graves if they thought I was being treated like the modern day pimp, and the old ones who are still out there would come out of the woodwork to protest.”

On homely women: “You may not have a pretty face or a lovely body but don’t forget everyone has a brain. Some women resort to their brain department.”

From the 12 commandments: “He strikes his females only to shock them back to reality. Toss a bottle at her; hit at her head with a golf club, break a mirror over her head; but make sure you don’t strike her – that is called a king pimps whipping.”

On types of women: “The prostitute is secretive and typically gets her money with a taste of class. The whore is lewd, cunning, sneaky and gets her money any way she can.”

On sluts: “It is incredible what a fifth of whiskey, wine or drugs can make some loose women do.”

To an air hostess he just banged: “Baby, you could make alot of money if you stop giving this heaven away and start selling it. Pretty as you are, you could make a mint”

My online dating profile

krauserpua · 30 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Jambone, Robusto and I recently finished our online dating book. Keep your eyes peeled for when we decide to offer it to the public. In the meantime, here's an old profile I used to use. It's not the one from the book nor is it the one I use now. But it's still pretty good and got me plenty of lulz……. Note how I immediately jump into a questionnaire. None of this "I've never done online dating before but here goes…."

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First I need to know about you with an overly complicated quiz. Put your hand on your heart and swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. No cheating. Tot up your points as given.

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Qu.1 – Which of the following animals do you like? (1 point for each)
a. Panda
b. Penguin
c. Squirrel
d. Cat (-1 point)
Qu.2 – Have you ever stolen sweets from a shop?
a. Yes, but I felt really guilty afterwards (+1)
b. Yes, I still do (+0)
c. No, I'm too scared I'll go to hell (+1)
d. I don't eat sweets. I prefer low calorie yoghurt (-1)

Qu.3 – People usually describe you as:
a. Sweet and feminine (+2)
b. Feisty, fun and rambunctous (+1)
c. Determined and independent (0)
d. Like, totally random (-10)

Qu.4 – It's our first date and you are waiting patiently, looking cute. I text to say I'm running really late. Do you:
a. Wait longer (+1)
b. Take the opportunity to retouch your makeup and hair. Then wait longer (+2)

If you're already on five points, drop me a line. I think we are destined for great things. Perhaps. If you're still struggling then don't give up – there's a few more chances left. But don't cheat!

Qu.5 – You like your man to communicate to you primarily with: (1 point each)
a. Grunts
b. Shoves
c. Pushes
d. Winks

Qu.6 – When you cook our first meal is it:
a. A traditional recipe passed down from your grandmother (+3)
b. Carefully selected from your library of cook books and from original ingredients (+2)
c. Reheated from M&S (-5)
d. Contains mushrooms or red peppers (-10)

Okay, we're nearly done. I admire your spirit.

Qu.7 – What is the first thing you buy for me?
a. A night of drinks so you can get me drunk and trick me into your bed (+2 for directness)

b. Tickets to a girly date movie so you can get me feeling romantic and trick me into your bed (+2 for your noble intentions)
c. An expensive cool gadget so you can get me excited and trick me into your bed (+2 for creativity)

Qu.8 – When we have sex you prefer it to involve (1 point for all that apply)
a. Grabbing
b. Biting
c. Scratching
d. Panting

OK girl, total up those scores and see how well you've done. I'm gonna assume scouts honour and you've answered carefully and honestly like the good girl I know you are.

22+ : You can't count. Go back to school.
21: You would be my perfect woman if you weren't such a naughty cheater.
15-20: Yeah, you're cool. Drop me a line.
11-14: I dunno, you seem kinda sketchy
10: Sorry.

ABOUT ME: I read, kickbox, talk lots and can be quite impulsive.

First Date
We'll drive my vintage Bentley out to the windswept cliffs for dinner at my favourite castle. We'll have a hearty roast and then as we gaze longingly into each others eyes we sip the finest red wine.
Together we walk hand in hand along the cliff edge and take the steps down to the shore. As the waves lap our feet and the sun slowly sets, we laugh and cavort. Two soulmates connecting like stars in the heavens.

Alternatively, I could take you to a pub and then give you a rogering in the bathrooms.

The tired sex worker look

krauserpua · 1 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Women possess a short fragile bloom of youth. From about age fifteen their body begins to take on a woman's shape but it takes time for her to grow into it – to lose the puppy fat, have her hips widen, and develop the poise of a real woman – so she is kinda cute but not really able to inspire lust. Depending on the girl she'll hit her true bloom somewhere near nineteen years old and hold it for a maximum of five years. She can continue to be sexy into her late twenties but the unmistakeable radiance diminishes.

I believe how a woman conducts herself determines the length of her bloom.

Put simply, "good girls" who follow a healthy lifestyle and identify with the feminine last longer than "bad girls" who chart a path through hedonistic waters. The following bad habits ravage a girl's radiance:

- **Excessive drinking**. Men are constituionally ***far*** more capable of holding their beer over time than women. It's not merely because a man's physique is less important in determining his overall value. Women who drink even 10 units a week are seriously messing up their hormones, their shape, and their skin.
- **Excessive cock-hopping**. Sex in itself adds to a woman's glow but sex with *different men* detracts from it. A woman who gets herself fucked 500 times by one guy she loves will look good. If the same woman spreads those fucks across 30 guys she will look like shit.
- **Excessive careerism**. Women are not designed to carry the weight of the world on their shoulders. Look at photos of Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson. When a man carries responsibility he takes on a weathered look that adds value. A weathered woman looks horrible.



Weathered, yesteryear

The extreme case of such short-blooming women are sex industry workers. The ones who rise to prominence, whether as whores or porno actresses, usually do so because in the beginning they have beauty and radiance. They inspire lust in men who then vote with their wallets. But after a few years on the game these girls unravel. Years of new cock, sexual depravity, hustling for cash, drugs, partying…. these girls become empty shells. Consider Lenka Gabarova.



Nom nom nom

As a debutante I'd put her at a solid nine. My current girlfriend has a very similar look and I dare say that was probably in my mind when I elevated her above the others. She has a clear bloom – fresh skin, sparkling eyes, soft manner.

Now look at her several years later. At first blush she just seems to have degraded slightly through age. But look again, feel the difference. Note her hard eyes and disillusioned posture. This girl's vibe is now just going through the motions without any joy de vivre.



Not even with a borrowed cock

Sluts have the same problem, just less marked. The typically inexperienced beta male is so overwhelmed by her basic beauty that he can't read the subtle slut indicators. A few girls come to mind…. Last year I threesomed a Romanian girl who was loaned to me by a wing. She was 21, university educated, well-mannered and to all external appearances a "good girl". Fully in her bloom. However she was a genuine nympho with self-esteem issues. Although she was an incredible fuck and great company, within months she unravelled. My wing told me she was now getting herself beaten up by violent boyfriends and turning up at his door at 3am high on cocaine, ranting and raving, then disappearing for weeks on end. Needless to say her bloom withered. Another girl (also Romanian, as it happens) was almost threesomed by a buddy of mine two months ago but was on the rag and just settled for giving blowjobs. She's another hot 21 year-old girl in bloom. She's also a raving nympho. Last three stories I heard about her were….. caught giving blowjobs to a roomfull of guys in a house party…. SNL'd from a goth club by a tattooed/pierced freak who fucked her so hard she couldn't walk the next day and she immediately fell in love with him…. rescued from a crack house where she was wandering around naked, fucked on drugs. This girl is already coming apart physically.

I've picked extreme examples but just watch for it. Notice the difference between girls in bloom and girls who squandered it. Once it's gone, it's gone forever.

My sticking point is.....

krauserpua · 2 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's alot of guys out there who are hitting the streets on a regular basis, opening sets, running the model and…… not getting laid. Oh dear.

Daygame is not a hobby. If you're approaching it with the same attitude you'd take to aircraft modelling, video games, stamp collecting or whatever then you are hamstringing yourself. I understand why people do it this way. It's new, it's exciting and you have approach anxiety so you have to make a game of it to reduce the ego strain. I get that. Fine. But at some point you have to move past it.

One of the biggest problems you have to work past in daygame is coming across as lightweight, as a pushover man. In bar game you can prop yourself up at a bar and laugh with all your friends, taking as much time as you wish to build vibe and draw IOIs. In street game you have to approach the girl out of nothing. It's so easy to make the following mistakes:

- Throw loads of fake positive energy at her, responding "awesome!" to every utterance to fall out of her mouth
- Keep complimenting her past the original opening statement
- Telegraph a lack of confidence in having killed her momentum through filling all the silences and imploring her with your eyes.

I often see guys running up and down Oxford Street like buzzing beta bees. A strong gust of wind would knock them off their feet. They are too excitable, too boyish, too lightweight. If you are one of these guys…. sort it out.



Lightweight

A common misconception in Game is that you're not getting laid because you have a "sticking point" somewhere in your model. Your model is an end-to-end tactical plan in which you shuttle the girl from stage to stage. It's all tactics and techniques. So if you are struggling to reach hook point you work on that. If you are getting flakey numbers you need an anti-flake technique. Your success is determined by what you do in set and thus if you just keep approaching, you'll fix it.

No. No. No.

You aren't getting laid because you aren't man enough for the quality of girls you are approaching.

There will be sets where you are merely fucking up your in-set process and thus you can iron out the flaws but these are ***a tiny minority***. Mostly your sets fail because either (i) the girl isn't available (a high proportion of them) or (ii) she's not into you. When a girl is available and into you the set will be extremely easy. She'll cooperate with you to remove all the obstacles between your cock and her fanny. That's why guys who are good with women seem so smooth and effortless.

High value women do not sleep with low value men.

It's easy to forget this. Most of the guys you see bragging on internet forums about getting laid are not providing photos. If they did you'd be rather unimpressed. Many of the guys producing flashy moves in the street or in the bar do not actually bang the girls. Even the big names – they aren't getting laid as much or as with as high quality as they'd like you to believe. Certainly the ones I've met aren't.

Believing the hype encourages you to believe a central misdirection in Game that what you do in set is important.

Yes, competent execution of the model is important but it is nowhere near as important as being a high value man. My personal metaphor is of a sports car. Imagine you want to win Le Mans 24 Hour. So you take your car onto the racetrack several times a week and hone your driving skills. You spend your evenings on race simulators and make some trips to the Le Mans circuit to drive the real track and research the brake distances and racing lines. After a while you'll be a great driver and know exactly how to drive the track in an optimal manner.

Then you show up one June weekend for the race. With your Ford Focus. And wonder what sticking point stopped you winning the race.



but amazing in-set....

There's alot of pussy hounds on the streets relentlessly approaching girls. Some of them, especially the ones who "get it" and don't act like overexcitable hobbyists, develop finely-honed skills and expert calibration. They get laid. But they don't get laid *as much as they could* because they are still lightweight one-dimensional men. So every lay is a grind, a limp payoff for hours and hours of drudgework. Usually with the bottom end of the quality pool that they approached.

If you want to up your success, take a break from approaching. Figure out how to be more of a man.

Self-diagnosing your inner game vulnerabilities

krauserpua · 6 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

At a talk I gave yesterday for the LSS I briefly went into that I consider the basic phases of a man's journey through game. Namely:

Beginner's Hell —–> Adventure —–> Maturity

So in the beginning everything is new and exciting but you have all kinds of problems. The psychology of unplugging from the matrix is complex and difficult because you have such a strong ego investment in your AFC ways. Most guys get enough ego payoff from their existing (mostly unsuccessful) attitudes that they can reframe themselves away from making any changes. **Rollo Tomassi** is probably the best writer on this topic. It's not until a guy hits rock bottom and his ego is completely crushed by life events (such as my divorce) that he faces up to the reality that the current way isn't getting him the life he wants.

Insanity: doing the same thing over and over while expecting a different result

So during the beginner's hell phase you can have a swirling cocktail of thoughts and emotions. Your ego is trying to trap you into giving up and falling back into comfortable AFC patterns, your social circle is trying to put you back into your cage, you get constant bad feedback from girls because by approaching you have removed your buffers against rejection and suddenly discover you're far less talented that you'd tricked yourself to believe, you have existential doubt from being unable to distinguish between good and bad advice….. fuck me the pain period is tough.

If you make it through (most don't) things begin to click and you start having **adventures**. This is a really fun stage. You start pulling off stunts you'd have never thought possible, like same day lays or banging your first stripper. For the first time your identity changes and your subconscious begins to accept *you can be the guy who is good with women*. The biggest risk in this stage is turning to the Dark Side. Like a fatty discovering his first pie, the frequent-but-irregular payout of external validation and hedonistic pleasure becomes addictive. It's easy to let your life slide and become Mr SNL or Mr Daygame. If you have an addictive or compulsive personality, you'll suddenly find your whole life dedicated to the hunt for pussy.

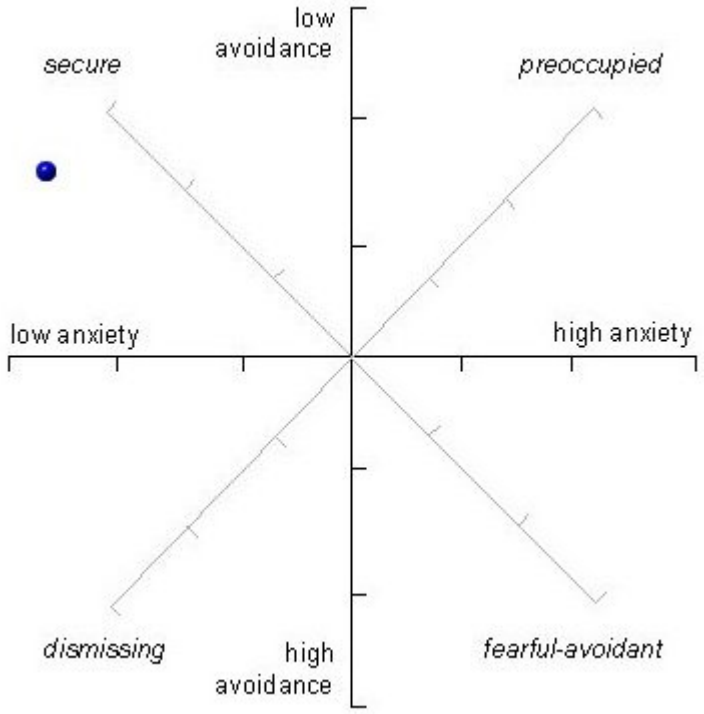
Hopefully, you'll eventually progress to the stage of **Maturity**. Banging women is put back into perspective with everthing else in life. You start to realise that this newfound power you have can be used for both good and bad, that it can mess up your life as well as the mess up the girls. I can't write too much about this stage because I'm still bumbling through it myself. I have my ideas, but that's all they are.

A blog I've recently started reading gives lots of advice for guys looking to transition from Adventure to Maturity. I've just read his post on attachment theory which, though it's basically a restatement of the A-level textbook, offers some good insight to self diagnose what risks you specific to your situation. I liked this quote:

"For instance, a man may be more or less secure, get married to an anxious type, bring her up to a more secure level, but when they run into money trouble she falls back to her anxious level, cheats on him and then divorces him for all of his money, sending him into a tailspin of avoidance. He goes on to ignore intimacy and pump-and-dump women for the next 10 years, afraid to become intimate with any of them."

That would be me if I stayed in the Adventure stage (in spirit, not specific details, my wife wasn't a cheater or divorce-thief). He also links to an online test of your attachment type. Take the test. The goal is to transform yourself into a low-anxiety / secure man. If you score as "dismissive avoidant" you'll ruin a generation of women while feeling empty and unhappy. If you score "fearful avoidant" you'll likely regress into solitude and not approaching. The "preoccupied" quadrant suggests you are likely to get repeated oneitis and no matter how successful you become at getting girls, they'll always ruin you.

Here's how I scored. Three years ago I'd have been strongly dismissive-avoidant.



* Another good blog is Roosh. He doesn't conceptualise his journey into these stages but over the past 2 years you can see, in the subtext, his gradual transition from Adventure to Maturity

Daygame, masculinity and identity

krauserpua · 11 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Recent readers will be aware I gave a talk recently to a get-together of London daygame guys. It's a weekly event that's grown out of the "find a wing" function of the local forum and has recently begun inviting speakers for a pre-infield talk. So here's the video of my talk.



Krauser, Saturday

There's not much to add aside to what's already on the tape. There's a section with lots of background noise from roadworks.

Don’t trust girls who won’t offer blowjobs

krauserpua · 20 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The subtext of courtship is in drawing a woman into your reality. An obvious question is *how do you know when a woman is nestled comfortably in that reality*. It’s a calibration question. So long as a girl has one foot outside the relationship, some island of independence and non-submission to your authority, she will remain a flight risk and will be less fun to be with. Consider this list:

1. She gives blowjobs. This is the single biggest indicator. Never trust a girl who wont get on her knees and suck your cock whenever you demand it. Ideally she will proactively offer. Blowjobs, among normal non-slutty chicks, are more submissive and a greater signal of soul-surrender than sexual intercourse. Don’t ever believe a woman who claims she dislikes or is *ideologically opposed* to putting a man’s cock in her mouth. I’ve had many girls who had never sucked cock before fall in love with it, and other fairly bolshy girls who claim they dislike it then suddenly can’t get enough. It’s a pure submission thing. If she’s not sucking your cock, she hasn’t submitted. If she hasn’t submitted, she’s not in your reality.

2. Her eyes don’t wander. A girl who is completely comfortable in your reality has eyes for no-one else. All of the attraction points she has to offer the world have been given to you. If you’re out in a bar and you notice your girl’s eyes wander, or if she’s tolerating (or worse, *encouraging*) beta orbiters / competing males on her Facebook, then she’s not fully in your reality. Once in love, women are terrified of suffering your disapproval and thus will actively deflect other men lest you think her a slut. Like beta males, a woman in love believes that her best chance of keeping you is to convince you of her devotion. Unlike beta males, she’s right.

3. She offers constant PDA. Somewhere in her hindbrain the girl wants to mark you as her man in order to repel other women. This will surface as constant public touching and orbiting plus things such as Facebook wall posts and tagging your in photos. It’s not simply Macchiavellian strategy. She also **enjoys** basking in your presence. She wants to be near you and draw off your male energy. Your job is to tolerate it and offer occasional encouragement.

4. Does as she’s told. Literally. When you say “come here”, she comes. When you say “cook me breakfast”, she cooks. She takes great pleasure in pleasing her boss to win his approval. If she doesn’t feel that drive it’s because you’re not her boss, and she’s thus not in your reality.



Earning approval

5. She revels in callback humour. Girls love to create special secrets that only the two of you share such as pet names, running gags, and predicting each other’s behaviour. She’ll begin pushing a pet name onto you in text messages and beaming with joy when you call her monkeypants or Little Miss Sandwich or a hamster. If she tells you you’re being childish, she’s still got a foot outside.

6. Content to just hang around you, silent. In the beginning of courtship there’s not alot of dead time between you. You’ll always be doing something together, going somewhere, talking and so on. When you find her blissfully

happy just sitting next to you on a sofa while you check your mails and scratch your arse, she's in your reality.

A girl who displays all the above signs is ***not*** a cheating risk. Not in the slightest. It's a PUA myth that girls are ready to step out on their boyfriends at the next alpha to come along. That only happens when the girl already has a foot outside.

London Real interview on the PUA lifestyle

krauserpua · 21 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It would appear that the world at large is more interested to hear me talk than the dickheads I live with. Here's a recent interview I did with the London Real boys. They do a regular radio-style interview program based around male development with guests such as Olympians, MMA fighters, yoga instructors and so on. This week was your humble writer here.

Thanks to Nic and Brian for the invitation and delicious thai green curry.

Infield with the London Real guys

krauserpua · 25 May 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Ok chaps, I've been busy enjoying this excessively hot London weather sipping Pimms from my hammock. Not much going on and not much I have to talk about. So here's a little infield video with the LondonReal guys.

I was quite surprised by the uniformly positive response to the interview. Decidedly less haters than I'd have expected the topic to attract.

This is my dream harem

krauserpua · 13 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not sure what most men's fantasy harem is like. Looking around popular culture, talking to friends, it would appear that most of us would like a big Turkish-style palace with lush gardens and a room full of purple divans, serving wenches, and perhaps a nubian eunuch keeping gard outside. As the wheel of time turns it would appear we've lost that opportunity forever…. grrrr…..

My ego still pops up now and then telling me to try harder with women and achieve more. I simply will not settle for a long term exclusive relationship with a woman. Maybe later, but for now I have an ego to feed. So for now I'm working towards what I call the "import model" which is uniquely suited to the specifics of my lifestyle (well, and Jambone and Robusto who are also doing it).

I live in London and travel around Europe almost every month. I'm pretty good at meeting women. I have lots of free time. I live in a big house. I'm good at keeping women once I have them. So how do I used that to get what I want? Ideally, my love life will look something like this:

- Two girls in London who I date reasonably regularly
- Five girls spread around Europe who I import into London for a week at a time on rotation, taking advantage of Ryanair cheap flights
- Occasionally looking for SDLs / SNLs if the opportunity arises

I apologise in advance to the six men who will be frozen out of the sexual marketplace by my hogging of excess women. This idea came to me when watching the old Macarena video. **Oh my god those women are my type**… it's like the ideal type of a Krauser Harem. Cute feminine girls of every nationality happily co-existing with each other. Yes it's fantasy but I wants it. I will try to gets it.

Just incase you're wondering, my favourites are the grey-suited Brazilian, the pink-vested chink, the pineapple-headed African and the one with blue hair. Nom nom nom.

There's downsides to this harem business. Probably the main one is it's feeding my ego rather than destroying it. The main countermeasure is to be honest with everyone involved and to make sure I have one favourite girl who I exchange the most affection with. We shall see. At the moment I'm shopping for the London candidates and have two on import.

You’re obviously a crazy Russian sex maniac

krauserpua · 14 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I’ve been dicking around on a Russian dating site recently filtering for the ones who live near London. Just a way of occupying my time for an hour while I wait for Jambone to wake up and drive us to LeMans. Here’s a few of the exchanges. Now, I’m not holding this up as an example of excellent online game – it’s just some fun. All the girls are stunningly hot.



A sex maniac, this morning

I sent out ten mails, and got 4 chats like this. Will wait an see if anything comes of it. Here’s another girl who I’d put at a high 8 / low 9.



They are everywhere

Some rare bootcamps

krauserpua · 14 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

My ~~friend~~ housemate Robusto is getting off his lazy fat arse and teaching a few bootcamps this month in London, inbetween stuffing lots of pies down his neck. They follow the usual format – lectures, daygame / nightgame infields – over a weekend. **I am not personally involved in these ones** because unlike Robusto I'm not a penniless scrounging Aussie, so I'll be on holiday in the Land of Beautiful Women.

However, Robusto adheres to all the same concepts and principles I do and his daygame in particular is just like mine. I also vouch for his ability and personal integrity. Go have a look here.

Just make sure you hide your money under the soap.

Do you tell a girl about your lifestyle?

krauserpua · 22 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I won't compromise my integrity as a man in order to get a girl into my bed. When I first got into Game I was living in scarcity and *just getting laid* was the order of the day. As time went on it became easy to let principles slide, tell a few white lies, and try to weasel into a girl's knickers. I found that as I reached greater abundance with women this didn't sit right with me. I'd never been comfortable in the Dark Side but I'd learned to revel in the seediness of it. Eventually the cognitive dissonance between who I wanted to be and how I chose to live were just too far apart. Something had to give. At around that time I was dating a girl I really liked and had met two more good girls who I really liked.

The easiest way out of the Dark Side is to develop affection for a girl you genuinely like. I started to pull out…. and then two of them found my blog, **including their own lay reports**. I was in the tricky situation of explaining who I was and what I was up to. You can imagine they were a little surprised, and none too keen to have their photos online.

So I told them. I went into detail about my life as a dating coach, my journey from the low point of my divorce to rebuilding myself into the man I wanted to be. I explained how my teaching method involves discovering your core identity and then conveying it effectively to the girl, without hiding anything. How my students were often good men who were broken in some way or had their heads stuffed full of odious fem-centric conditioning and I was helping them straighten out, develop confidence and poise, learn how to lead and manage women – I was putting more charming confident men into the world for women to choose from, and encouraging them to relate openly and honestly.

It seems obvious now, but at the time I was surprised by how positively the girls responded to my explanations. They became supportive and hungry to know more, quite rightly realising that the flip side of learning to be a man who can attract beautiful women is learning to be a woman who can attract and keep high value men. It was around this time I really started to absorb Skeletor's lesson about Game being a win-win proposition for both men and women rather than a value-taking scam to grab more than you have earned.

When you are confident in your identity, comfortable with your life choices, and proud of what you do…. you feel bulletproof. You know you can walk up to a top-rank woman of beauty and poise **and fully expect her to like you**. My friend Steve calls it the "twelve cornerstones" of masculinity and ranks honesty near the top of the list. Why should you give a fuck about "my friend Steve"? Well…. because that's him in the video and just look how open he is and how agreeable the girl is to him in full awareness of his lifestyle.

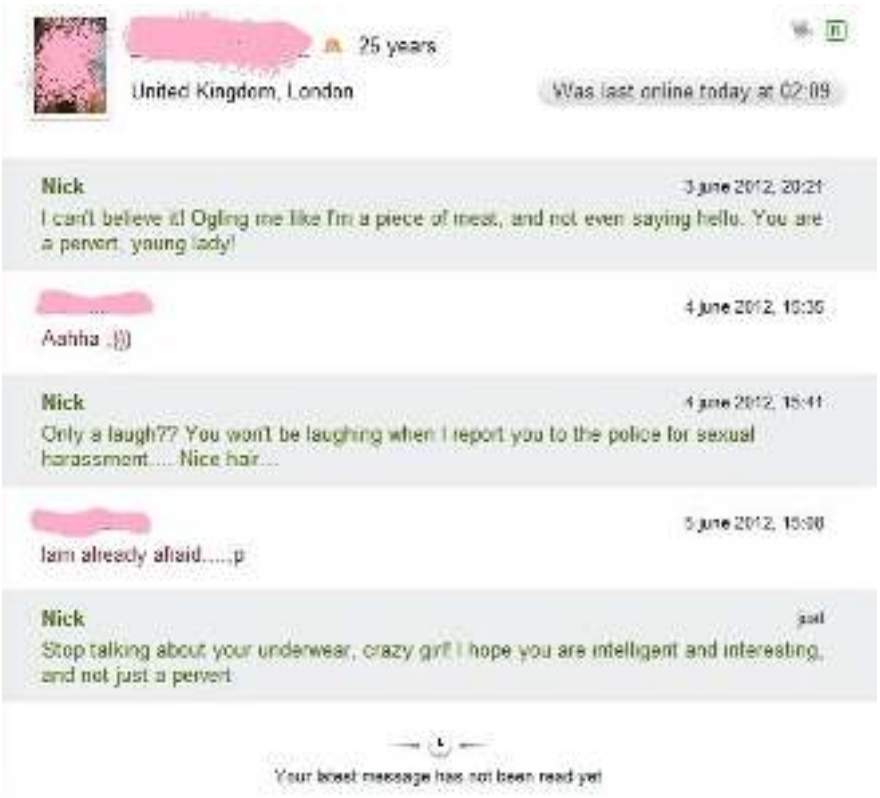
Dark Side doesn't get you girls of that calibre and it doesn't get win-win life enriching relationships with them. For that you need to build up a strong identity and a code of personal honour.

More online dating silliness with hot Russians

krauserpua · 28 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I am utterly indifferent to getting hot birds out onto dates from teh interwebs. Don't mistake me – I want to bang hot slavic girls. In fact I'd happily book a week off work and lock myself into a hotel room with a dozen fine fillies. But online dating? meh…. that's just for losers who can't street approach. So I use dating sites primarily for lulz, to troll some lonely ladies. And funnily enough that attitude is precisely the one that intrigues them. So here's a few conversations I've been having. Haven't met any of them yet. All are 8s.

From a technical point of view note that most of my messaging is push-pull-push, and that I frequently reject the first bit of rapport-seeking from her, but let her in a little. At no point do I sound like a care about meeting her. At no point does it sound like I've done anything except look at her profile photo.







[redacted] 26 years

United Kingdom, Peterborough

Was last online yesterday at 21:10

Nick 3 june 2012, 20:26

Why are you hiding behind a tree? Are you a burglar?

You're cute. But if you hide in my garden, I'll chase you away

[redacted] 3 june 2012, 21:52

i'm not a burglar....:) thanks for your complement

Nick 3 june 2012, 22:00

then perhaps a gnome?



This post was inspired by the utterly uninspired gambits the commentors were putting in Roissy's recent post on OkCupid

I bang my first 19 year old Spanish exchange student

krauserpua · 29 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Robusto recently unearthed a great bar in London which gets alot of foreign students so we've been down there the past two weeks. One of the arguments in favour of daygame is that you don't have to deal with the energy-sapping problems of London bars, namely:

1. Fat ugly English girls
2. Loud music that prevents comfortable conversation
3. Stand-offish behaviour from girls when you open

All those problems miraculously disappeared in this bar cos it was teeming with young fresh new foreign girls really keen to talk in English and the music is dailed right down. Beauty. I walk in with Bhodi about 8pm and we immediately install ourselves at the bar to "build our vibe" by talking animatedly to each other, ignoring the room, and not value-scanning. Pretty soon we catch girls looking over at us. It's a bit cock-heavy tonight but there's a **cute little Spanish brunette** standing right infront of me talking to a Mexican and a Turkish orbiter. During a high point of banter between Bhodi and I she turns her head and gives me a look, then repeats it about thirty seconds later. Clearly she's tiring of dealing with the omnipresence orbiter game and quite intrigued by me. So I open with something really lame:

"Let me see. You're both Spanish and you are…. Turkish?"

That simple. The guys don't realise I'm about to steal the girl and she gets animated really quick. Her English is painfully bad but she's trying hard, bless her. I get the Mexican dude to translate everything for me so he's soon removed from contention as I get him to pass on my teases and DHVs to her. It's all polite and I'm sure to include the Turk guy too because they are pleasant people and I don't want to be a dickhead, plus I want to make the Spaniard work.



Like this, but a bit smaller

A side-benefit is I'm locked in at the bar with a horseshoe around me dancing to my tune. That's something I picked

up off Jimbo. I spend about half an hour running textbook bargame before rolling off and finding Robusto elsewhere in the bar. I know all my work is done and just need to go back to collect contact details. Another half hour passes and I see that as see moved her orbiters trailed behind. I say “it was a pleasure to meet you all, I’ll see you around” knowing full well how Spaniard will respond:

“Do you have Facebook? I have skype too! Here’s my phone number. And can we take a photo?”

Looking promising but there’s time pressure. She has one week in London and I’m leaving for the continent too. She opens me that night with a Skype video chat so I let it run for an hour of consulting google translate, letting the comfort build, seeing how hard she’s investing. Then a morning chat and I slot her into my dating calendar for the evening.

Immediately upon meeting, near her place, I know it’s **on**. Not necessarily one for that night, but she’s a horny young thing who has fuck energy bubbling underneath everything she does. We make out and she’s soon climbing all over me in the bar. One thing I really enjoy is having the girl chase, so I lean back and act like a dickhead, pushing her away with a cad’s grin on my face. Nineteen year old and horny means *she loves it*. But she won’t fuck….

The next day she tells me she’s only had sex with one guy before, who she was in a relationship for two years with and turned down his *marriage proposal*. Apparently they only had sex towards the middle of the second year and she’s barely done it…. hmmmm… I do seem to attract the inexperienced girls. So over the next three days I meet her once more in a pub, once back at my house and I gradually progress to having her semi-naked on my bed. It’s tortuous stuff and if I’d known how long it would take I might’ve passed up on it, but **in for a penny in for a pound** I think.

Fourth night and before she comes round I tell her that if I see her again I’ll fuck her. She knows its her last chance with me and after an hour of canoodling and several half-hearted “we aren’t having sex” protests, I have my cock in her. It’s crappy sex too. She’s totally inexperienced and as tight as a budgie’s arse. It’s a physical struggle to get in there and the poor girl is in some discomfort throughout. She takes it like a trooper, bless her. Then an hour later I bundle her into a taxi and return to Dark Souls.

+1 but not very memorable. She wants to go onto my import roster but I’m not sure.

Ah, the memories of daygame bootcamps

krauserpua · 29 June 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I suppose of late I've come off sounding a little dismissive of daygame techniques, with all the talk I've given towards masculine development and frame. This isn't representative. I think technique is ***very important*** for pretty much everyone who hasn't already reached the pinnacle of manliness. It's all well and good to say "be natural", "be in the moment" and other such advice but it's kinda like telling a boxer "just knock him out". There's the big question of ***how***? It's not until you've internalised the right way to do things that you can hit unconscious competence.

I'd also forgotten what it was like to be new to this stuff. That awe-inspiring sense of realising what's possible, seeing coaches performing what looks like street magic in front of your disbelieving eyes. So when I was watching this Daygame.com documentary this morning, it all came flooding back.

There's alot of guys out there who don't really know what bootcamps are like, the actually nuts'n'bolts of what happens on the day, how it feels, how impactful the experience can be. This documentary puts you into the middle of it very effectively. *They really are like this*. I taught a couple of them with Tom and John last summer.

Note how timid and nervous the students are in the beginning, almost not daring to hope. Then the wide-eyed wonder when suddenly they are talking to hot girls and getting positive responses. See how they look up to the coaches and follow instructions then come back with beaming smiles after getting a girl's number. Obviously this is a marketing video so it remains upbeat, glossing over the tough times such as the frustration when all the instant dates turn into flakes, the Day2s leading to snubbed kiss close attempts, the difficulty of dragging yourself into town to begin opening some days, all the self doubt. These students are so full of positivity they don't realise how much further they have to travel to progress from "nice friendly five minute chat" to "banging pretty girls regularly".

But fuck it, that is a character building journey in itself. Good luck guys, you've gotten off to a flying start.

It's great marketing though, isn't it? You can *feel* the camardarie develop over the weekend, see the guy's demeanour shift as they come out of good sets, and there's a few nice vignettes where John and Tom give really accurate on-the-fly technical advice. Both are good solid teachers which comes out well in the video. For example at 35:58 John gets it absolute bang-on correct and you can see the concentration and passion for teaching in his demeanour.

So worth watching if you're new to this and a bit nervous about signing up for training, or an old hand whose lost a bit of love for the Game.

A small pool of mediocrity in an ocean of brilliance

krauserpua · 5 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out on the continent hitting on unsuspecting women. It's roasting hot. We've been dragging our sweat-soaked blistered bodies from cafe to cafe, street-stopping girls inbetween. It's a glorious holiday with my compadres. Both the quality and quantity of women is outrageous. Girls we would chase down the street in London don't even turn our heads here, so inured to the quality are we after just two days.

I find it takes a couple of days to dial in my calibration for a new country. There's been a few very good sets, some solid leads and……. sets like this one which will likely go nowhere. However its the only full set I've recorded so far so I've thrown it up anyway.

I'd put my game at 5/10 here. Workman-like, lacking in creativity. Don't let it be said I cherry-pick what I post.

A fun first Facebook message

krauserpua · 16 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Out here in Zagreb we've been rustling up lots of leads but getting absolutely killed by logistics. Almost every girl I've stopped has been headed out to the coast within a day or two. You can actually see the city empty day by day. So I've resigned myself to working Facebook more than numbers, hoping to get a few solid leads going and then have a sweep-up week later. Time will tell.

I had a few new high value targets who took the Facebook add and I wanted some way to keep them keen without actually pushing for the (currently unfeasible) meet. Jimbo is always good for inspiration and a solid frame so he said

Find something women are really bad at and then ask advice about it

Ok, how about driving? I sent this message out to four girls. Three got back immediately with good responses.



International fashion model



Actress (not famous)



Great ass

I probably messed up the first one with my subsequent chat which sucks because she's a genuine international fashion model / cover girl. Time will tell, it's not dead just feels like it might run cold. Second one is biting hard in subsequent chat, and third one was the strongest street vibe but Facebook chat hasn't warmed up yet because I can't catch her online.

In all three cases I was a bit nervous sending the message out, lest the girl didn't get the joke and found it aggressive. What needless worry. As a man, you have to take a chance and risk losing her. Even the one I might've lost, well, with a play-it-safe attitude I'd have never attracted her in the first place.

I bang my first 18 year old Czech tourist. Anally.

krauserpua · 16 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's same-day-lay time, my favourite time of the week! I'm out in Zagreb with the usual cunts and a couple of students. It's been a funny week. For some reason we've been at each other's throats non stop with brutal amogging and state-leeching. It's out of character for a group of guys who are usually such a finely-honed team. I'm guessing Jimbo has invested too much of his dreams in it and Robusto is still on a comedown from his big Central American jaunt. Whatever it is, it's not been pretty.

Yesterday I binned the lot of them and went solo, desperately trying to recover my vibe. We've been really fucked over by logistics too – pretty much every girl we talked to was a day or two away from adjourning to the seaside foe weeks. Crushing. Under a normal (London) state of affairs I'd have been laid four times already but things just vanished… like Keyser Shose.

So, on to today. We make a real mental effort to cut the negativity and boost each other's state. I leave the lunchtime restaurant buzzing. And I mean **buzzing**. I feel indestructable. I could fuck the Queen I'm so high on vibe. If you gave my vibe to Mehow even ***he*** would get laid. I'm walking down the street shooting six-guns from my fingers, hopping up and down, singing to myself. I do a couple of sets. Nothing solid but good reactions and a solid number. I'm doing high quality work so I just need to find an available girl who is into me. Not long before I get to the train station the girl appears. Eighteen, Czech, slim, a bit punky, and cracking tits. I'm not letting this vibe go to waste so I pounce.

It's a solid ten minutes. I know she fancies me. Suddenly all the SDL planets align. She's just arrived in Zagreb an hour ago, her mum doesn't know she's here, she just wants a look around for a day… she's got nothing better to do. Her eyelids bat, she giggles at some jokes and suddenly she's on an idate with me. I text Jimbo to keep the apartment clear and find the F-town tags.

I feel the vibe, spider-sense tingling. It's hard to put my finger on the details but she's kinda chill, putting up no obstacles, and when I throw out a couple of feelers ("Sorry, I was just looking at your breasts"…. "I like your ass. Let me have another look") she takes them without blocking. She orders tequila and lets herself get a little drunk. This is clearly a girl who wants me to fuck her so I ramp it up a little with the "what's the craziest thing you ever did" for which mine is Robusto's Havana story, with me in the leading role.

When I go inside to pay the bill I tell her "this is your chance to escape. if you are still here when I come back I shall assume you like me." On the way to the second bar I tell her she is in danger of being kissed at some point this afternoon, and when she asks what type of victim she will be I reply "sexual". These are green lights. Next bar I kiss her and she's massively into it so from this point its just a case of managing the forebrain/LMR and leading her to my flat. We get a taxi and I babble forebrain distraction bullshit just to be on the safe side.

Back in the flat it's quickly sexual but she gets the wobbles, saying she's on the rag. I ask if she's done anal and that freaks her a little. So I have to sit her down and appease the hamster for ten minutes until her hindbrain overules it and she's back on me. Cock in mouth, then ass, and it's done. +1, new flag, and most important of all F-town

I dump 2 weeks of unused cum over her face and tits. Poor girl. I put her at a mid-seven.

Cold reading for daygame street stops

krauserpua · 18 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm a big believer in cold reading but not as a PUA-y gimmick to impress birds with palmistry nor as a weirdo speed seduction thing to mesmerise a girl. Rather, I think it's a great way to screen girls so you don't waste time on ones you don't like and can instead focus laser-like on the girls who really get your blood bubbling. So let's define terms.

Mentalist books would call cold reading "the process by which the reader creates the effect that he has knowledge of an unknown subject's life – past, present and future." For their purposes this is true. For pickup it's more about showing you understand the girl, can build rapport quickly, and learn about who she is. I don't like the mystical side at all. To break it down further we need to consult Sherlock Holmes who outlines three pieces to the science of deduction:

Observation + Deduction + Knowledge



Is that a Holmes or a Watson girl?

While **observation** tells you a girl with a rucksack and a map of London is a tourist, **deduction** tells you that when she's still alone at 8pm wearing shorts and trainers with slightly dishevelled hair then she's been out all day, done lots of tourist sites, and is now pretty bored and starved of social contact. That's a girl who will open and idate easier than average. **Knowledge** requires you to really learn about people from watching and talking to them, a side effect of doing lots of sets. You just get a feel for the girl's biography and character as you pick up all kinds of incidental details about her country and identity. I'm not suggesting you have to take it as far as Holmes and research a monograph on "the influence upon trade upon the form of the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers, and diamond-polishers" (Sign of the Four) but keep your eyes and ears open.

So with this in mind lets apply cold reading to the beginning of the street pick-up. I dislike the old PUA mindset of "get any girl" by figuring her out and then changing your character and technique to fit her. I think it's bad for inner game and will lead to unsatisfying lays with girls you have no chemistry with, and it's inefficient to boot. I believe

the main purpose of a cold read is screening. You maximise your own personal qualities and then turn over stones (opening) until you find a girl that matches you. So I've broken it down into stages. I don't consciously follow these stages (I try to be natural and intuitive) but for intermediate guys it might help clarify the underlying dynamics.

Stage 1 – Introspection

So many students / regular guys seem to have little idea of what they want in a woman. These are men who probably have extremely finessed tastes in music, books, clothes, video games and porn….. but women? Scarcity mentality means they'll fuck anything vaguely pretty. So, have a good think about all the women who ever turned your head, the ones who you feel good around, and boil it down until you can articulate what you like. Here's mine:

- High oestrogen
- Feminine essence
- 18-25 years old
- Introversion / thoughfulness
- Respect for male authority



I'll have one of those please

Once you've narrowed the field you've also narrowed the amount of knowledge you need to acquire. I've never bothered learning about career women, native English speakers, party girls and so on because I'm just not interested in dating them. I learn what is relevant to the girls I like. You'd be surprised how much I know about Eastern European culture and history, for example. Also, you are now ready to learn to recognise these girls. You have to be able to pick them out of a crowd and confirm your guesses while talking. Examples from my list:

- **High oestrogen –** long silky hair, bright eyes, wide hips, radiant skin
- **Feminine essence –** lilting walk, shows her shape through clothes, often bare legged, girly clothes, soft body language
- **18-25 years old –** smooth skin, inexpensive clothes, signs of her identity subculture / hobbies in her dress and accessories
- **Introversion / thoughfulness –** alone, preoccupied in thought, slow aimless walk, carrying a book, muted colours, lack of makeup
- **Respect for male authority –** looking down or around, absence of any outward display of defiance (e.g. look-at-me slogan t-shirts)

Again I stress that these are not conscious thoughts in my mind when I look at a girl, it's a feeling I get where the emotion comes first (the "that's a Krauser girl" feel) and it's only now I'm explicitly trying to unpack the feeling that

I'm able to make the list.

Stage Two – Observe and Deduce

So you've picked out a likely target and are commited to opening. Take a few moments to see as much information as possible and then apply your knowledge of girls to make a few working assumptions. This is an art that requires considerable practice. As homework I'd recommend you sit by the window in a cafe and just watch people interact, trying to invent biographies for them. It doesn't really matter if you are right, just get your brain into the Sherlock Holmes groove of seeing the elusive obvious and applying knowledge. Here's a few ways to make working assumptions on a girl's logistics, country and mood:

Logistics

- Rucksack + slow walk + evening = a solo tourist likely bored and aching feet from walking around all day
- Camera + guidebook + shopping bag from Harrods = also a tourist, somewhat adventurous
- Union jack or "I love London" souvenier clothing = anglophile who'd love to speak English and get an English boyfriend
- Striding purposefully + eyes fixed ahead = somewhere to go, things to do
- Chatting on phone + checks watch + headed in direction of station = meeting someone or going home

Country

- Scarf around neck, elegant fashion, jacket over blouse or t-shirt, handbag, smoking = French
- Flowing thick black hair, dark colouring, good fashion, black eye liner = Italian
- Flowing thick black hair in a strange / punky style, big eyes = Spanish
- Long shiny black hair, beautiful striking eyes, heavy make-up, slightly gaudy fashion, skin mostly covered = Persian
- Long slim legs, efficient fashion with few items, heels, high cheekbones = Slavic
- Tall with good proportions, a bit chubby, not as hot as you'd expect from a distance, quite expensive clothing, shopping bags = Nordic

Mood

- Slow walk with wandering eyes, frequent impulsive stops to look at shops, changes of direction = bored foreigner
- Slow walk listening to music on headset, fully-stuffed handbag or visible book = has been or expects to be by herself for a while and currently starved of social contact
- Hips sway during walk, showing more skin than other girls today, attention-getting behaviours such as tossing hair, fussing with bag, big smile = horny and happy

None of this is science. You are working probabilities and intuitive feel. Ask any student who has been out with me and I can normally sum up a girl in a couple of seconds before I send him in to open. There's probably a way to spot which university an American girl attends or which coast she's from, but I've never learned it because I don't talk to native English speakers. Learn the knowledge right for you.

Stage Three – Calibrate you energy, teasing, directness and friendliness

You are working from an initial assumption about the girl which, under my method, informs your choice of opener and in particular the details of the compliment and tease. Based on your initial profile, a knowledge of psychology and current trends, you are able to make a number of opening statements about the girl. These will intersperse specific information about the girl (based on your observation) with fun assumptions (based on your deduction and

knowledge) and general assertions that are likely to be true about almost anyone in that demographic. Probative statements will follow in which you read the feedback for hits / misses and try to get her to open up. Everyone likes talking about themselves so if the girl has any attraction for you at all (even if she's already taken) you can expect her to start giving answers that help you make your reads warmer and warmer. Here's a few tips for how you open:

1. Easily approachable girls, shorter than you, around 6-7 in hotness will generally stop with any kind of opener and should only be mildly complimented. They will find a strong compliment disingenuous. Make sure any teases are soft and not too direct to her sexual value.
2. Purposeful girls who are in a hurry need a strong commanding stop and you need to quickly imply / outright state that you are hitting on them with a fairly direct compliment.
3. Tall trophy girls who fit the archetype of highly-sought-after need far more masculine dominance and eye contact to stop them, a clearly direct opener and make sure the tease is quite personal. Take a risk then hold your frame against a challenge.

My usual London opener has me saying a simple deduction (e.g "You look Spanish") then three observations (e.g "It's your long black hair, big eyes, and silly shoes") but there's no neeed to stick closely to that model, especially if you have something more inspired spring to mind.

Stage Four – Try ons and Ropers

Now that you are starting to branch into a real conversation through the assumption stack you can get a bit more creative, more fun, and start prodding her to give information back. It's at this point that it becomes more important to figure out where she is on the introversion/extroversion scale. Now, I much prefer introverted girls because being an introvert myself I prefer girls who have a long concentration span, are thoughtful, and not into attention-seeking. Few things kill my attraction quicker than a girl who won't give me her full attention. There's a few early indicators to pick up:

Introvert: muted clothing, lack of jewellry, closed body language, startles a little when you open her, looks down or away alot in the beginning, lets you lead the conversation, gives you full attention

Extrovert: mostly the opposite, so loud clothing, brash jewellry, opens up immediately, offers information unbidden quickly and soon tries to redirect conversation, checks phone

I'll only pursue an extrovert if her interest level is high. They make for excellent high energy sets but I generally tire quickly around these girls. Each to his own. With introverts you can really get the slow verbal game going and slide into deep rapport without too much silly vibing which suits me because I like to drop the game and get real as soon as possible. Assuming you've picked an introvert (bear in mind extroverts overwhelm them 3-to-1) it's easy to drop in character reads by rephrasing these tendencies to relate to her:

- You are more comfortable alone than in a crowd
- You tend to draw your energy from personal activites such as reading, listening to music, computers, or working on little projects
- You have a few select long time friends
- You become drained of energy when you are out in large groups
- When your study and family require you to be outgoing you need to take time off alone to recharge your energy

So just pick out little bits of her life and retell it to her with one of these themes, for example if she tells you she's out for a walk around, say "I often like to just stroll around cities, by myself, absorbing the atmosphere of the culture and seeing interesting buildings. It's often nice just to be in my thoughts, not talking to anyone, enjoying the anonymity of it." Boom, instant commonality and rapport. Remember the goal is to relax her, get her to open up, and to build rapport. You are not trying to impress her with feats of intuitive ingenuity – that's performance art and

try-hard, which will prevent a successful flipping of the script. Don't go directly into mentalist statements, just ask questions and apply many of the cold reads to yourself so that she agrees and finds commonality.



Might be a few thoughts in there

Stage Five – Hopes and Dreams

People like to consider themselves unique but in aggregate they are hugely predictable and both society and the human life-cycle tend to shunt people through the same critical stages. The challenges, dreams, hopes and regrets differ for each stage but the one that interests me is of course women 18-25. What concerns them? Here's a relevant summary from a Cold Reading textbook:

"Before 18, the beginning of young adulthood – the battle cry is often, "I must get away from my parents!" However, there is seldom any real action behind the words. After that point, most people "do" begin the process of physically breaking away from the parental bonds of childhood. A person may go away to college, go into military service, take short-term trips, or lease an apartment.

During this period, young adults seek to establish a base of their own, while separating their views of the world from those of their parents. While "testing those beliefs," according to Sheehy, young adults are likely to be "drawn to fads, preferably those most mysterious and inaccessible to their parents." All the while, however, these young adults harbor a secret fear that they cannot really make it in the adult world – that they are still children. These feelings are masked by defiant behavior and acts of false bravado.

Young adults look for friends and peers whose views mesh with their own and for a time, they serve as a surrogate family. At some point, these friends may have a falling out – resulting in a return to the comfort and safety of the family home. "Rebounds are common between the ages of 18 and 22."

At the end of this "test" period of independence, the young adult is better prepared to leave home from both a physical and emotional standpoint. Again, according to Sheehy, "A stormy passage…will probably facilitate the normal progression of the adult life cycle." Conversely, those who fail to break the parental bonds during this period are destined to face an even harsher transition down the road."

This will help you relate to her and allows you to again take a punt at framing her the direction you want as the idate progresses. It's tough to frame a girl against her basic character but quite easy to nudge her closer to the desired frame if you are beginning with a legitimate dream of hers. For example:

- Focus on her identity and hobbies, the things that define her in opposition to her parents, and reassure her it's good to break away and be a bit naughty at times

- She probably finds boys her own age immature. Frame them as lacking confidence, direction and experience, and instead full of fragile bravado. Position yourself as a man of the world who has accumulated wisdom
- She'll be thirsting for new experiences and adventures. You are it. Let her know this is just an adventure and doesn't define her character, making her a girl who "usually does that." It's always good to answer the question "what if?" rather than wish you had
- She's restricted by family and societal rules. Give her permission to live a secret life with you. Pitch it as freedom and finding herself.
- Young girls rarely have money and still reliant on parents and part time work. Most would love to travel but haven't been adult long enough to follow their dreams. So get them talking about it. There'll be maybe one trip they've already done that holds strong sentimental value so get her talking about it.
- Never take a girl seriously as a relationship expert. She's likely dating a boy from her social circle who was simply the best available at the time and she's still learning how to date and doesn't particularly like him. She hasn't really found her type. So even if she says she's been dating him a few years it's better to assume (and frame) her as bored rather than in love. If she is in love, there's nothing you could've done anyway
- Assume she sees you as a powerful, intriguing man of the world. It's easy to forget how young people look up to and overestimate older people. That means it's good to frame her as a silly little girl who doesn't know anything. She knows that relative to you, she doesn't. If she challenges give her qualified assurance that she's very knowledgeable for a young girl.

Ok, that's enough for now. I could write a book on how to cold read all the way through to a complete soul collection / deep conversion but I shan't. That enough to see you through the first hour.

I bang my first 26 year old Sarajevan muslim

krauserpua · 22 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Team Krauser has been out in Sarajevo for a few days, mainly because Jimbo is obsessed with the place and wanted to do the night train from Zagreb. I've had a week in Turkey visiting a girl then I roll in 9pm on Friday night. Apparently it's impossible to get laid in Sarajevo…. according to this guy on the internet:

"Leave – ASAP! Let me be frank. Just forget Serbia, as well as Bosnia and Croatia.

You will never get any girl from there, if you are aiming above 3 in grade out of 10 (and I guess most of us aim for at least 7 or .

I have lived there, studied there, know the language, been there almost ten times now, know their songs, their culture, their politics, whatever, and also have some kind of network there.

But, their women – just forget it. Their culture, their society, will not allow it.

What we will be offered, if not living there for like 20 years, and really play their slooow game, is "kaka", that is shit. So, no need to read any more threads about the former republics of Yugoslavia. Just get your bag and leave! If you are there hunting women, so to speak."

I'm pretty sure that sex and tourism forums are where the ***high value men*** hang out. Probably George Clooney and Cary Grant have a few posts on which Serbian dive bars to find grotty 6s….. but I digress. There's no question Yugoslavia is a difficult place to get laid if you are after high quality non-slutty locals and only in town a couple of weeks. Sarajevo is an order of magnitude harder than Zagreb. Bhodi goes so far as to offer a bet that he'll drink a glass of his own cum if one of us fucks a Bosnian non-rotter in Sarajevo. Stakes are too high for me seeing we only expect a long weekend here.



Not easy

So Friday night rolls around, I've been in town only a few hours when we hit the bars. Jimbo and Robusto get into a really good set with two beauties, girls who'd turn heads in every London club and it's going great until the inevitable friction…. both in serious relationships to local guys and just not willing to cheat. This isn't the UK. When girls say that here it means something. So the boys eject and we try to find a club on the first day of Ramadan. It's pretty dead. We end up downstairs in some rubbishy nightclub playing folk dance music. There's only ten people and only one set – four girls of whom two are pretty hot. Robusto and I are figuring out how to open when some Spanish guy opens me and brings his Bosnian girlfriend over. Just friendly people wanting to chat so I reciprocate knowing it's making me look social. But then the girls leave.

This is where I become something of a cunt and break the hallowed wing rules. Robusto follows them out and opens before they can jump in a taxi. The set has a weak hook but hook nonetheless. As I sidle up some gypsy beggar boy slides into the middle to hijack it. I **fucking hate gypsies**. Really despise them. Robusto proceeds to neutralise him while I notice the prettiest girl is looking at me alot and has the "up for it" vibe. I eyefuck her ragged and chat about nonsense, tooling her and being a dick. I hear Robusto in the background calling me a goblin (code for set-stealing) with steam coming out his ears. One week of blueballs, several hours of cocktails, and a hot Krauser girl returning my eyefucking…. I just don't care. I steamroller the set and shut him out.

This is diabolical behaviour. I have no excuse at all. After taking her number I get a well deserved dressing down from Jimbo while Robusto mostly just calls me a cunt. There's no answer to it.



A high seven version of this

It's a hot lead. Text chat goes well and at 5pm on Saturday I meet her for drinks, already halfcut from cocktails with Jimbo the previous two hours. Conversation goes great. My date game is focused and on point so she keeps cooing "you're so self confident". That's the best thing you can hear from a girl until "do you have a condom?" She takes me to the best little cafe in Sarajevo, real Austro-Hungarian style place, and I just know its **on**. I do my usual verbal escalation. Things like:

- Sorry, I just looked at your breasts. I'll keep my eyes up
- I can see you are very introverted. I like it. You can really focus your attention and make interesting conversation
- When you go to the bathroom I'm gonna check you out. [when she comes back I stare at her legs and give an approving nod]
- I'm going to kiss you in the next bar

These have a dual function as compliance tests. If the girl doesn't want to fuck, she'll block or evade. Instead I was getting smiles, thanks, reciprocal compliments, and good sexual tension. Finally two hours in I kiss her on the street, planning to do one more bar but my spidersense tells me she's ready to extract. So I suggest mixing cocktails. She's easy about going to my house or back to her flat. When she tells me she lives alone I realise that's better than trying to text three buddies and have them desert my apartment. Also, I want to fuck her in a soviet era block… my little fuck you to Socialism.

Back in the house it seems like plain sailing with the usual music, youtube videos and vodka oranges to get her ready. We makeout and I gradually escalate when the inevitable LMR comes up. This is Sarajevo not London. She puts her bra back on and I have to lean back for a while. With most girls there are a couple of key moments in the escalation where doing the wrong thing will set you back an hour or two by triggering ASD. I spot this one and just change the subject, put new music on and let her lean into me. My vibe works well and twenty minutes later I've got her top off again. I finger fuck her to orgasm but get more LMR. So another step back and we sit in the kitchen chatting, her sitting on my leg. Another half hour and now there's time pressure because her friends are due around. We go back to the lounge and I've pretty much accepted the moment is gone… I'll have to close tomorrow and risk her not contacting me. Bugger.

And then it all turns. I sense her horniness. Finally the hindbrain has overpowered the forebrain and she ***really*** wants to fuck. The clearest non-verbal signal a girl will give you that she's finally ready to fuck (after a few knock backs) is she'll proactively grab your cock and start rubbing it. Almost a 100% sign. So I push her over, pull the strides down and get my cock in her. +1.

Three minutes later her doorbell rings and I have to pull out with blue balls. It's physically painful for the rest of the night. It's about 10pm so I chat to her friend and then taxi home to join the gang. Got my lay but a bit unsatisfied. Bhodi weasels out of drinking his own cum on a technicality. I consider replying to the chode forum post above. I've knobbed a local Sarajevan good girl in less than 24 hours in the city. Surely I deserve a medal.



That's me on the ninth floor, third left

I can't gloat because it should've been Robusto with his dick in her. So my mission tonight is to make right my bad behaviour. The town is much busier on Saturday and it's easy to open some sets and let him take over. Nothing really sticks, same old story. Hot girls, good conversation, plenty of attraction but overbearing social pressure cockblocking it. Around midnight my girl texts to say she's in Hacienda bar with her friends and would we like to join? I remember she said her blonde friend (a solid seven) is a dirty ho so I figure I can strike off my debt. My girl has clearly been spending the past few hours sharing her story with her friends and DHVing us by proxy so when we roll up this blonde immediately fancies Robusto.

We run the set for an hour or two and he pairs off into isolation and dirty talks the blonde. He winks and lets me

know its on. So I suggest a four-handed drinking party back at the girl's flat and we taxi there. It's a done deal. After a drink in the lounge we pair off. While I'm fucking my girl over her chest of drawers I get the "F-town" text. Nice one. I finish my girl off and dump another week's work of cum on her tits, in her eyes and up her nose.

Lovely girl. She tells me her Number is "much lower than ten" and this is her first chance to tick the "get taken home by new guy" and "fuck foreign guy" checkboxes. Bhodi refuses the drinking the glass a second time.

Are you a man's man?

krauserpua · 24 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

While in conversation with one of my buddies it occured to me that a man's man is quite different from a woman's man, and have different routes to getting there. Quite a few times I've met guys who are successful with women but who I have no respect for and look down on, while other guy's its the reverse. Only just now have I figured out how to put words onto this feeling.



A man's man (MM) exemplifies those qualities men respect in other men such as honour, work ethic, dependibility, state control, toughness, interesting conversation, life experience and so on. These are guys you want to hang out with, the first guy you ring up when you want a few beers and also when you are in trouble. You want a MM behind you in the foxhole or a bar scuffle.

A woman's man (WM) exemplifies those qualities women respond to sexually such as aloofness, strong frame, emotional highs and lows, full attention, touchy, passionate, complex. Girls get roped in and try to solve his mystery in all it's angst-ridden, creative, whimsical glory. To say I don't trust these men is an understatement.



They love women and orient their life around them. They are the guys with extremely high (100+) lay counts. Some of them are good company but there's always that feeling that they aren't ***right.*** That they'll throw you under a bus for pussy, fail to repay a loan, disappear when the shit goes down, get all temperamental and throw a hissy fit etc.

I think it's due to an identification with the feminine which is a double-edged sword. An ability to adore and understand the feminine smoothes out all obstacles to a woman's pussy. The over-identification that comes with natural seducers often leaves them failing to develop the normal structures of a man's life: career, mission, friendship circle, hobbies. In contrast I know men who are *great company* but simply cannot translate the high esteem with which men hold them into an ability to close women. I wonder of the two archetypes of MM and WM are mutually exclusive or can be transcended to become a James Bond-esque man that "all men want to be and all women want in their bed."

One of many cute young Croatian girls

krauserpua · 26 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm out in Zagreb by the train station when I notice a film crew shooting in the park, lots of them lolling about on fold-up chairs lined up on the pavement. A girl I like the look of walks past – shortish, curvy, slim, mousey hair – just my type so I stop her. I'm about two feet away from a pair of camera guys so they can watch and listen to the whole thing.

I run a near-perfect set. Compliments, teases, humour, rapport, leading, everything. The girls is giggling and cooing and the guys are well impressed. Probably the highlight is when she shows me her university report card so I read it aloud, inserting my own comments (e.g. "Biotechnology, F. She keeps texting boys on her mobile phone. Must try harder"). I take the number and what a surprise she's leaving Zagreb that afternoon for the coast. As good as the set is, I don't expect much. Just another roll of the dice. I write this one up because of the interesting text chat that ensued.

Note I haven't fucked this girl, or even seen her. She's still at the coast. Hopefully something will happen when we are in the same city.

Me: So this is the cute little Dubrovnikian… *[standard follow-up, leave no doubt about man/woman frame]*

Her: Ouh yes London man i am in cinema watching a cool romantic film *[warm response, good]*

Me: Ugh… Romance *[set up first challenge, a bit of hard dominance]*

Her: heh, it was good, not too much pathetic. Uh… I am ready for sweet dreams

Me: Hahaha. Girls really like the romance *[soft dominance]*

Me: I'm sitting in History bar, sipping coffee, being very civilised *[a window into my world]*

Her: Nice, good time with your friends. I am going to bed now, zzzzz

Me: Sleep well

So far so good, but the next day the logistics fail….

Her: Hi Nick, I changed the plan and today I am going to Dubrovnik. Have a good time in Zagreb these few days. And I hope you will welcome me when I come to visit London soon, hehe *[sounds like she's happy for long game, her giving the come on, a good sign]*

Me: Young lady, you will be my honoured guest Enjoy Dubrovnik!

Her: O thank you, older man

This is progressing like a normal set, gradually easing into flirting and rapport while waiting for logistics to pan out. I add her to skype and settle in for the long game. Then, out the blue I get a spider-sense tingle that she's more sexual than I'd first figured, so I test it with an overtly sexual comment….

Her: Hi Nick, are you still in Zagreb? Some Englishmen are sitting in front of me in bus, so I think of you Today is friday 13th, be careful *[another IOI and a nice jumping off point to try sexualisation]*

Me: Be careful of what, young lady? Of a cute little sex maniac? *[I usually accuse them of being sex maniacs]*

Her: Haha. Which sex maniac? Me? Oh, you uncover me. I was that sex maniac who spy on you last night *[she plays along rather than backpedal, another good sign]*

Me: I thought I heard some heavy breathing and moaning from my closet. I thought it was a bear. *[don't jump in too eagerly]*

Her: Haha, maybe it was your friend with his girlfriend

Me: OMG you really are crazy. How is Dubrovnik? *[and snip, so I don't look too keen. I want her to feel like its a mutual sexualisation]*

Her: Hahah. Sorry,I am sometimes a little bit kinky *[brilliant!]* it's ok, sunshine, hot.. later i will go on the beach to swim and sunbathe…Jeej

Me: I shall require a bikini picture, of course. That's one of the rules.

Her: I have a small breasts, so i can't show you topless picture, haha. Ok, we will see, you must deserve that with nice and polite behaviour *[trying to get me jumping through her hoops, a reflexive behaviour to see what I'm made of]*

Me: Nice and polite? I think you have me confused with someone else *[so I refuse]*

Clearly the sexualisation was accepted and I was able to push, though I was careful not to break rapport or sound too keen. I'm just a sexual man who doesn't mind letting the girl know I like sex. A couple of incidental rapport texts fly and then it gets ramped up again….

Her: You are man of the world And I wish to travel, but when I grow up, someone could kidnap me *[another come-on from her]*

Me: I thought we already agreed… I'm going to kidnap you. You'd be my cook and sex slave… Beware! *[I always throw in cooking with the sex to look more demanding and position her into a womanly role]*

Her: I will fulfill your every pervesian fantasy and order. It will be my pleasure… my dear lord *[she likes it, great. If this comes off, I think I'll really like her]*

Me: +10 I'll keep you very busy. I'm not easily satisfied! *[but in for a penny, in for a pound. So I continue to frame her as chasing and qualifying because ultimately that's what we both want]*

Her: Don't doubt in me. I know what I need to do I am going to take a shower, I am salty of the sea

From then on I'm out the country so it moves over to Skype chat. I figure there's a total green light here because she fancies me and is liberal about sex. I might put up a post of those chats too. Anyway, to cut a long story short this one is still in the balance. She's obviously up for it but there's not getting around the fact we've only met for ten minutes and have horrible logistics. Time will tell.

I bang my first large-breasted Serbian teacher

krauserpua · 29 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I've been in Serbia a little less than a week and feeling properly run down. Yesterday's escapades (post coming) were great fun but left me with a minging hangover, blue balls, and less than three hours sleep…. and suddenly it's Saturday which ought to be the best day. Robusto and I do a few half-arsed opens mid-afternoon but there's not much to shoot at and our heart isn't in it anymore. I've been ground down having spent a week or two in each of Lithuania, Croatia, Turkey, Bosnia and Serbia without a night in my own bed back in glorious London.

My cute Serbian librarian starts missing me and decides she does actually need a revision break and would love to meet me for coffee at 8pm. I tell her to wear a dress so I can see her legs and to style her hair down. She follows instructions admirably. This girl is really falling hard for me, giving me a carefully chosen book as a leaving present, her favourite bookmark and an inscription of romantic poetry. She's adorable too, fitting my newly-defined type exactly – exotic look, introverted, thoughtful, innocent. I know pulling her home is too soon so I just fingerfuck her in the cafe and say my goodbyes. She gets parked into long game and a possible import.



Banged a high six version of this

The main reason I cut that date short is because my Hail Mary text to yesterday's SDL-near miss results in a 10pm date. I'd already told her I want to fuck her so there's no question what's up. She's either DTF or wants me to validate her all night and it's up to me to figure out which.

We have drinks in one of the many pavement cafes then I move her on to a bar near my apartment. It's on. Easy, really. She downs a couple of vodkas then tells me she doesn't want to go to an apartment I share with other men but will happily take a cab home to her own apartment where she lives alone. So we go. It's effortless, all the work having been done the day before. Afterwards I cab it back. I'd put her as a high six, probably late-twenties.

I get my Serbian flag, +1, regain F-town. Sometimes it's that simple.

+1 and a rapid snatchback from Robusto

krauserpua · 31 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

In the last 9 days I've banged a Bosnian in Sarajevo, a Serb in Belgrade, and a Croat in Zagreb. Surely I get to keep the matchball?

Story to follow. A same day lay.

I bang my first 24 year old Croatian cocktail waitress

krauserpua · 1 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's the end of my holiday and everyone is tired. Bhodi has a bad case of weasel flu and Robusto is just dreaming of his oneitis down on the coast who he'll visit in a few days. I'm worn out after a hard weekend followed by a rickety bus ride from Belgrade to Zagreb. I polish off a bowl of pasta in our favourite lunch spot then Robusto wants to do sets.

My intent is somewhere around zero. It's late-trip, I'm tired, and I've gotten two new notches in seven days, a bunch of makeouts, two new (as yet unfucked) girls in love with me and all I can think about now is getting home to Dark Souls. So I game vicariously through Robusto, picking out sets for him with my superior hawk-like eyesight. He's having a good day, harvesting numbers from good looking girls.



Dark Souls > Yugoslav Girls

He's in set with a cute little squirrel when a tall girl walks past and I feel the familiar blood-bubble. I know I can't weasel this set. She's 5'9″, beautiful swimsuit model proportions, flowing black hair, and under her thin skirt I can see a perfect ass. I give chase. Sometimes life is just nice to you and within two minutes I know this is a Set of Glory. She's loving it and everything she says or does confirms she's my type of girl. I see Robusto hanging out five yards away until I finish but instead I walk her off onto an idate, giving him a stupid grin.

I lean back, sip coffee and run my usual idate game (I'll probably post more detail on my model soon). She's leaning into me, filling silences, opening up and gradually falling for me. I'm the shiniest coolest thing she's seen in years. After a half hour or so I walk her down to Alcatraz bar where I am quickly developing a reputation with the staff (it's been my kiss close venue for the past five dates). The whole date feels like freewheeling downhill to glory and my SDL sensors are buzzing…. but then logistics intervene and I have to take the number and a promise to meet later that night. Ten minutes after letting her go I send my follow up text.

Me: It was a pleasure to meet you [her name]

Her: It was pleasure to meet you, Nick. Thanks for kisses, very, very nice… ummm,

Simple nice guy stuff. Later we set up an 11pm and she ditches her friends at a house party to see me. She's got an early train leaving town the next day so this is saying two things to me :

1. She's up for it
2. No time to waste

I walk her to a bar and we get some rum down our necks. There's lots of kissing and we enter that strange vibe

where our brains shut down and she's just leaning in on me, quietly, while I scratch her head and let her absorb my presence. Very little talking. My main enemy is her forebrain. The hindbrain is ready to go but that pesky forebrain critter is telling her it's too soon, reminding her of the boyfriend, and so on. We try to get another drink but it's past last orders. I know it's in the balance and my conduct over the next half hour with be the decider.



Knock off one point, and this is what I had beneath me

We walk to a park next to my apartment then lay on the grass. My whole plan is to let her absorb the masculine energy until her hindbrain overpowers the forebrain. We kiss, lie together, I suck on her tits…. the hindbrain is winning. I can see the fog come over her eyes. She's like an open book. A beautiful girl, a pleasure to have next to me, and I see the forebrain pack it's bags and sleep in the spare room.

So I walk her upstairs, texting Robusto and Bhodi to clear out. On the bed, a bit of Fleetwood Mac, and I'm quickly undressing her. Stunning figure and a good lay. Afterwards she's kneeling wide-eyed next to me muttering "I can't believe I just did that. I never do this". Cue comfort, showing her Facebook photos, swapping youtube music videos, then I parade her past the boys ("low eight") and walk her to the taxi.

I feel invincible. It's like I couldn't fuck up a set if I tried. If only life was always like this….

This is what sigma looks like

krauserpua · 2 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I first heard the term sigma reading Vox Day's blog when he tried to unpack Roissy's definition of the male hierarchy, believing the latter had over-simplified things. The defining essence of the sigma is *fierce autonomy*. He alone stands outside the male domination hierarchy. It's easier to show examples of sigma rather than explain

- **Sigma**: Han Solo, Bobo Fett, Wolverine, Batman, Sherlock Holmes, Tyler Durden (early movie), James Bond
- **Alpha**: Yoda, Luke Skywalker (trainee), Darth Vader, Cyclops, Tyler Durden (late movie)



A sigma, wandering

It's harder to find alpha movie characters because sigma is waaaaaay cooler. Whereas an alpha goes into a social situation expecting to dominate it, like an irresistable force, the sigma resists being drawn into any situations, like an immovable object. He is transient and self-absorbed.

Lately I've been thinking **sigma and alpha are really just the introversion and extraversion ends of the same spectrum**. The sigma mostly wants to be left alone to forge his own path and is troubled by society's constant attempted to draw him back in, imposing restrictions and demands on his time and freedom. The alpha actively engages in society to create or subvert these restrictions for his own gratification. Considered another way, the sigma is channelling Warrior energy and the alpha is channelling King energy.

We were just watching A Fistfull of Dollars in our cinema room this evening and I was reminded what a perfect outline of the sigma archetype Clint Eastwood paints with his character. Just watch these opening scenes. Slow movement, disinterest, self-absorption, wanderlust, reluctance to get involved….. all so effortlessly cool.

You'll never get laid in this town

krauserpua · 4 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Three weeks in and I've been pretty unlucky on this month-long Yugoslav jaunt. Under normal circumstances I'd expect such a good set of leads to result in 7-10 lays. That's not my normal hit rate, far from it, but I've had an *unusually good* set of leads…. and then fucked by logistics, friction, and just plain bad luck. Whatever. I'm quite used to picking myself back up and making things happen from zero. No point having a hissy fit and blaming the world.



toys already thrown from pram

My first Friday in Belgrade was an example of how tiny variations in luck can mean the difference between zero and hero, standing on the precipe of greatness and then tumbling arse over tit into the muddy swamps of mediocrity.

Set One – Curvy Serby

Robusto is still in bed recovering from our great night out at a salsa bar so I decide to try a little solo early-afternoon street game. My state isn't good, I'm tired and a bit frustrated because this city is full of smoking hot women but its so hard to get at them unless you're willing to do patient coffee shop game. We simply haven't got time to slowly convert leads. I keep running into the same problems over and over agin, mostly a boyfriend of >3 years. I knock out a few sets and finally get some good luck…. a curvy brunette with massive tits and wide hips bursting out of her short shorts. She's no stunner, I'd say just a little below the "would date for a while" threshold but quite respectable as a pump 'n' dump. She oozes sex and oestrogen which is what turned my head initially, responding great to my opener – "You have the sexiest walk I've seen all day". She's available and horny. An easy idate.



This image is so close it gives me the chills

Her phone blows up with messages from the friends she's supposed to meet so I know I'm up against the clock, even though all the planets are aligned for the SDL. I bounce her to a bar opposite my apartment where she kinos me, laughs alot, and throws back two vodkas. My spider-sense is triggered, I just ***know*** this girl is on but also I know that even if a girl has made an early "I'll fuck this guy" determination she still needs to be led down the winding path without shortcuts before her legs will actually open. There's a technical dilemma over how fast to extract her. I'd like to let another hour pass but her phone keeps ringing and at any moment her friend's may pluck her from my fiendish grasp. I may never get this love bubble going again. So I rush. She refuses to enter my apartment. We make out on the stairs, I tell her I want to fuck her, then take a number. Bah!

Set Two – Nerdy Serby

Yesterday I'd idated a cute little munchkin. Walking along the main pedestrian area I clocked a disguised Krauser girl – just come back from belly dance class with no makeup, hair pulled into a harsh bun, loose-fitting tracksuit. If that was her normal state it would scream "girl uncomfortable with her femininity" and strike her off, but I can tell it's only a situational outlier. I'm gonna open that, I tell Robusto and he's "why?". *He can't see what I see*. She loves it and the idate goes great. No kino or kiss but I'm liking her. So next day (after blowing out with Curvy Serby) I meet my librarian girl for a late coffee. It's a date I have little expectations of becuase she seems so shy and nice. I just figure I'll do my work and enjoy her company whatever happens.



Looks just like this

She prettied herself up nicely and after coffee walks me past her university. I kiss her. Great, it's on. My social conditioning is interfering with me. A common problem I have is I assume Good Girls are not sexual. Silly, I know. We sit down in a bar and there's a great moment – she tells me she's reading Fifty Shades of Grey and loves it. Poor girl has just handed me the opportunity to sexualise that I was looking for. I run with it and we talk dirty and kiss alot. My house is 50m away. I whisk her up to the bedroom. She's topless on my bed and….. LMR. Bah! As I walk her back to the bus stop she turns her head up to look lovingly into my eyes and says "thanks for not raping me"

Set Three – Dancy Serby

So I have 10pm blue balls but it's Friday night and I head out to the nightclub boats with Robusto and Bhodi. The signs are good – lot's of dolly birds tottering in their high heels on the wide strip of riverside grass outside the line of ten nightclubs. First boat we board turns out to be the best club. We make our circle and have fun… thus distinguishing ourselves from every other man in the club. Girls notice and IOIs follow. I get drunk. My state bubbles and suddenly I'm opening everything. Before long I want to start rapid escalating so I run off a few sets. No blowouts but nothing quite sticking and then I get my Set of Glory.

A few girls are dancing with a few guys suspecting little and then I'm like those liveleak videos you see of convenience store workers blindsided by trucks crashing through the windows. I crash into set and immediately harrass the hottest girl. After a brief deer-in-headlights panic she goes for it. I'm too drunk to see anything that's not directly infront of me but the girl must've eye-coded her friends cos they leave us in isolation. It's a blur but I remember being locked in to the wall while she dances in front of me, leans on me, and kisses me. Attraction is super high. Bhodi is lying drunk under a tree hallucinating after twenty vodkas. Robusto is canoodling with some Russian blonde. I pull my girl onto the grass outside and roll around with her. Ten minutes later I hear a couple walk past:

- **Girl**: Ugh…. that's disgusting, those two kissing in the dirt like that
- **Man**: Yes, disgusting….. hang on, that's my friend. Nick!

I can't extract. Her friends come out a few times and I befriend them then we end up in a house party deep in the darkest soviet projects. Fun times with fun people but the social pressure is just enough to keep her legs together. Another hot 21 year old semi-naked on the bed with me and another LMR fail. Bah!

Epilogue – I bang Curvy Serby the next night, Nerdy Serby is in love with me doing sex chats, and Dancy Serby is falling for me.

Date model

krauserpua · 4 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This holds true whether you are on an idate or a Day 2. There's really not much that needs to be done on a date so long as you have the basics handled which are:

- the girl likes you
- you genuinely like her
- you don't fuck up the escalation

Over the years I've had *many* failed dates and almost without exception they failed because one of these conditions wasn't met. I'd chase girls who were merely curious and were sitting in front of me because I'd **gamed** them onto a date they weren't much enthused by. I'd be trying to fuck girls I clearly only spoke to for the notch and struggled to hide how little I cared about them. And then many times I simply escalated awkwardly, or too fast, or too slow and her emotions were left flashing "don't sleep with him". So like many skills, dating is really simple and easy once you know how to do it, and *bloody hard* when you're learning.

In my first year I struggled to even kiss a girl on a date, striking out far more than not. In my last five days in Yugoslavia I kissed seven girls on seven dates and banged two. Only one of them has dropped off the radar. So, what was I doing right?



Doing it wrong, yesterday

Phase 1 – Screening

Do not waste your time on No girls or Weak-Maybe girls. It's a huge amount of effort for precious little reward. Approach the girls you fancy and if they aren't giving you fairly positive responses within the first five minutes, just walk away. Almost every girl I ever banged made it easy for me once I got over the initial hurdle. The medium is the message. When a girl is tardy in responding, giving little value, and flaking dates then she simply doesn't like you much. Don't waste your time. This means that the girls you *do* get onto dates are *hoping* you will lead them to your bedroom. They are hoping you can convince their hindbrain to sleep with you. They are on your side, rooting for you to win.

It's a strange quirk of nature that women have a forebrain and hindbrain. Listen to girls talk about upcoming dates and they say things like "I hope he can win me over". This sounds ridiculous to a man because for a man to even utter such words mean he's already decided. But women are like monkeys riding an elephant. They can't really choose who they want to have sex with, they can only give men a chance and hope he beats them into submission. Bizarre, but life.

Phase 2 – Early Date

Default to a dating structure of three venues. First is a light public environment with non-alcoholic choices (such as a cafe), second is a fairly light public environment with alcohol (such as a pub) and third is a dark semi-private environment with alcohol (the corner of a dark pub). As the girl becomes increasingly attracted and comfortable she will allow you to lead her into increasingly intimate environments. This is especially important for idates where she'll be more nervous than a Day 2.

So early on just sit back, sip coffee, and run mostly comfort and DHVs. Let her get to know you as you gradually allow her to tease the real you out. Her choice of drink helps calibrate her – if she goes immediately for alcohol its probably on because that's her pretext for "it just happened". If she orders non-alcoholic drinks she's still undecided. Do not rush the early part of the date. Don't sexualise, don't escalate. Just weave a web with your words and draw her in. Gradually get her investing. Let her talk. I drop in most of my DHVs early and run the whole gamut. My main stories I've used recently (all true) are:

- Teaching my two nephews judo and kickboxing
- Travelling around Yugoslavia to find a city to live in for a few months
- My passion for learning while at university
- Getting chased out of Havana by Cuban guys for clacking their women

There's lots more and the purpose is to ground me in reality and show who I am. I let the girl gradually reveal herself too. Do one drink in each venue.



Bright non-alcoholic first venue

Phase 3 – Mid Date

By the time you reach the second venue the barriers are down and you're building deep rapport. Now I start testing with some sexualisation. Depending on my mood I'll use either the four-step model from my book or the three-step model from Jambone. The latter is this. When she's talking about her passions and interests, compliment her on them and make her feel special. Then later compliment her on something womanly but not physical, such as her dress sense or mannerisms. Lastly, compliment her on her body. For example:

- That's what I thought when I first saw you. You're very introverted and thoughtful so I'm not surprised you have a passion for reading. I love sitting down in a cafe with a good book and just letting myself get drawn into the different world.
- I like your dress. There's something about colourful flowing summer dresses that is very attractive on a woman. I like how they swish when you walk.
- I just checked out your ass. I approve. Sexy.

The main thing to look for when verbally escalating is does she block or evade it? If a girl sits, listens, and gives no clear rebuff then that is a green light. Don't over do it. You only need to tell a girl each thing once for her to get the idea. Overloading her with escalation and compliments makes you sound uncertain and like a pussy hound.

I like to hold good solid eye contact with a girl throughout the date and don't let her rock me off balance with any of her games. If she leans away, I don't follow. If she comes onto me, I don't rush in blindly. Gradually, her frame will break. It's designed to and that's what she wants to happen. If it's on you'll get a hypnotic scanning moment when you both hold deep eye contact and you can feel electricity crackle. That's the big signal. If it's strong I say "I want to kiss you now" and then go for it. If it's weak I say "I'm going to kiss you in the next bar / soon" and then go for it next time there's that moment. Don't try to kiss on a lull. Wait for the moment. It's in the eyes not the body so don't be afraid of reaching over even if she's on the other side of the table.



about now….

Phase 4 – Late Date

By this time you should both know it's on so concentrate on getting some alcohol inside you both and escalating kino. You'll be making out alot. I rarely touch a girl's pussy on the date but I tend to hold strong posture and let her bend into me. Alternate comfort (verbal, and head scratching etc) with seduction (dirty talk, making out). The alcohol is a mutual pretext so she doesn't feel slutty. If she's up for it she'll get herself drunk. If she's holding back on the drink it's because she wants to stay in control which means she's not sold – so more comfort, qualification and dirty talk is needed.

You'll probably get into a vibe where neither of you talks much, your brains have shut down and you are mostly just touching and chilling. I like to draw her in and whisper dirty talk about what I intend to do. I always phrase it as "I'd like to" such as:

"I'd like to rip your clothes off. Within one minute of taking you home I'll have you naked on my bed. I'll be looking at your sexy body, watching your chest heave as you breath heavily. Seeing you hot and horny."

Don't worry if she verbally refuses. Just hold your frame and restate yourself in different words. Often I say "I know. I'm telling you what I'd *like* to do". Your entire strategy is to set her hindbrain against her forebrain and let them fight it out until the forebrain surrenders. She wants you to win her but she needs your help defeating her forebrain. So use kino, eye contact, dirty talk…. and just wait. It's a siege mentality. At some point the fires burning in her loins will overpower her logical and she'll go for it.

Once she's grabbing your cock it's time to extract. If she's not grabbing it but you think she wants it, just put her hand on it and tell her "that's how much you turn me on". At the peak of her passion say "Come on, let's go" and lead lead lead. Here you simply want her momentum to follow you rather than any explicit verbal agreement. Just lead, have her follow and you'll somehow end up back at your place. This is the time to fill her forebrain with distraction bullshit and ask her questions about any old shit just to get her talking.

Phase 5 – Closing

Once back at your apartment one of two things will happen. Best case is she's super horny and ready to go in which case you just lead her straight to your bedroom, put some music on, and start undressing her. If she's a bit resistant to going straight to the bedroom you need to back off and make her feel safe. The following helps:

- Put the computer on youtube and go make a drink. Talk lightly with her about what music she likes. No sexual stuff.
- Go to the bathroom and clean your teeth. By being in a separate room her hindbrain knows she is free to leave and because of that she'll relax and stay.
- Sit with her leaning up against you while she shows you here favourite youtube videos. Kiss her forehead, scratch her hair at the temple and back of the neck.

A little of this and she'll relax, calm down, and jump you. Then fuck her.

Some video of an idate

krauserpua · 6 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a so-so instant date video from my first week in Croatia, about a month ago. It was a roasting hot day and we were still struggling to get some decent leads. I tried camping out at a cafe near the train station when I saw this girl walk past. Something in her walk really appealed, very sultry, and I knew she was one for me. Unfortunately she'd ducked into a library before I caught up.

So I just sipped my coffee some more and got lucky that she came right back past me. I was very sexual in my subcommunication and making some overt sexual compliments on her sexy walk, legs, and the way she pushes her breasts up at times. Simple idate. After a couple of hours I thought I was on for an SDL but logisitcs intervened. Benefit of hindsight maybe it wasn't really on anyway.

We had a good makeout and the next evening a date that went well but she was making a big deal out of saying she won't have sex with me. Couldn't extract and had to make do with sucking her tits in the park while she rubbed my cock. Squalid guttersniping fun.

Thug-fucking 101 – A display of hard dominance

krauserpua · 15 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Much is made of "alpha" within the manosphere. With it being a desired label for many men, both for the ego and it's promises of access to unlimited hot girls, there are competing and often self-serving definitions. I'm not immune to this but I do find alot of misleading rubbish it written on the term. Here's some of it:

- **Alpha female**. There is no such thing because women do not have a dominance hierarchy. There is a mother hen who, in the absence of a willing male, will take upon herself the male leadership role. There are strong independent women of the feminist wet dream but these females are considerably less attractive than their peers and utterly unable to command attractive male followers. There's also incredibly hot tier-1 women but that's all they are – hot women – they are not leaders who use that leadership to raise their sexual market value. Alpha only applies to males.
- **Hero alpha**. The squad leader who charges the machine gun nest and wins a Victoria Cross is not necessarily alpha. He is a high-level beta who channels Warrior energy. For all his stand-out bravery (which I don't denigrate, it's very admirable) he is following someone else's cause. That's beta.
- **Ghetto alpha**. The Rawness did a great post on the myth of the ghetto alpha (think of lesser 50 Cents or Kanye West type characters). He describes it better than me but the summary is that they are mommies boys, products of fatherless homes, who grow into a testosterone-fuelled cariacture of masculinity. That's why accomplished men instinctively look down on them and the girls they pull are trash.



Some non-alphas, yesterday

In the UK we have our own version of the ghetto alpha who is spawned by the suffocating welfare state, ruined school system, and chav-farming of the socialist client state. They are found deep within social housing estates, a product of three generations of unemployment. Most such men become withdrawn, nervous husks but some are able to work their ecosystem well to impregnate many low class women and foist child-rearing costs onto the honest taxpayer. Those of you with a passion for wading through the scum of society needs only search for Jeremy Kyle on youtube. He's a freak-wrangler of the highest order. Here's a clip where one such "alpha" makes an appearance. It's an educational video. Watch for all his flashes of hard dominance as the video progresses. I in no way suggest readers emulate this dickhead but there's a reason men like this score pussy. My commentary is below.

0:05 – The whole issue is he seems to be cheating on his girl and fathering children. Pre-selection, abundance, untameable.

0:10 – unhurried arrogant shuffle into the studio and unfazed by crowd. He's already aggressively pushing his frame out.

0:15 – WhiteKnight host immediately tries a frame grab and amog. Instinctive push-back and state control, strong eye contact. He's not letting WK pull him into the accusational moralistic frame.

0:24 – This is very aggressive amogging from the WK on his own turf, with a pre-heated waiting-to-be-outraged lynch mob, and burly security. GA lets it roll off and doesn't break. His frame is holding.

0:27 – Laconic sprawling body language and counter-challenge. He knows the host is trying to belittle him so he confronts it. He's not conforming to the Polite Guest frame.

0:33 – He's right. The host is giving him a dirty look. Can't let it go unchallenged.

0:36 – That's a pretty girl. Ostensibly way out of his class, and she's tingling at this display of hard dominance.

0:46 – At this point the chav has done nothing wrong and he hasn't lost his rag.

1:15 – A take-away. He's utterly unwilling to let his frame be broken. This is going to mess up the host's show. While the whole of the situation is designed to render him powerless, he knows the one this he has is the ability to withhold drama from a drama-hungry audience.

1:40 – Finally, he concedes some frame. Remember I'm not holding him up as a hero, merely an interesting example of a ghetto alpha.

1:50 – As an aside, who do you think is banging hotter and more plentiful young women, the chav or the white knight? Actually it's a tough call. Jeremy Kyle has done better than the average man with the masculinised old woman he wifed up.



2:54 – Deny deny deny. No supplication.

4:28 – He'd rather spend money on aftershave than buy stuff for the baby. Deplorable….. self absorption.

4:50 – Notice he still hasn't shifted out of his laconic, even-voiced, barely-moving state while everyone around him gets agitated. Also notice how cowed the girl is, unwilling to join the witchunt against her man.

6:06 – "Why are you going around having unprotected sex with women when you can't even run you own life effectively". Of course the women have no responsibility for getting themselves pregnant. The host doesn't seem to

realise he's DHVing his guest.

7:44 – Predictable lack of outrage from the girl. She knows and her hindbrain doesn't care. She's using this show to try to keep him, not push him away.

9:28 – He's the proud father-to-be of two. Job done, go home. Frame remains intact.

Chatting to girls while on magic mushrooms

krauserpua · 18 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I've stumbled back into abundance lately. Before I went out to Croatia I had very little going on, just a Saudi girl in London I'd had a couple of dates with, a young little Spaniard in Madrid I may or may not see again, and a Bosnian completely obsessed with me but quite far away. Not exactly swimming in girls. Croatia went well, to put it mildly, then I did a couple of half-arsed daygame sessions with Robusto and got some good leads.

One lead was a little Hungarian 20yr old who looks just like the dappy tarts who show up for Pierre Woodman castings videos to earn a crust. Apparently Hungary is porn casting capital of Europe and no surprise when you see the birds – that correct mix of curvy, hot, and slutty looking that could stock the stripclubs of the world ten times over. I wasn't overly enamoured with her character on the couple of pre-date Facebook chats but no real red flags. Just a cute little girl from a country I haven't flagged. So we arrange a date for 7pm in Camden.



this sort of thing

- 7:05pm she texts: Sorry. I will be late.. i will tell you
- 7:35pm: I leave warrenn street
- 8:01pm: Here. Long story

No doubt you're wondering why I was still there one hour after the time. Me too. I'd taken half an hour and £3 to get there and was commited to the same to get home. The market was on so I could look at the stalls while I waited. And she's physically completely my type. I reply:

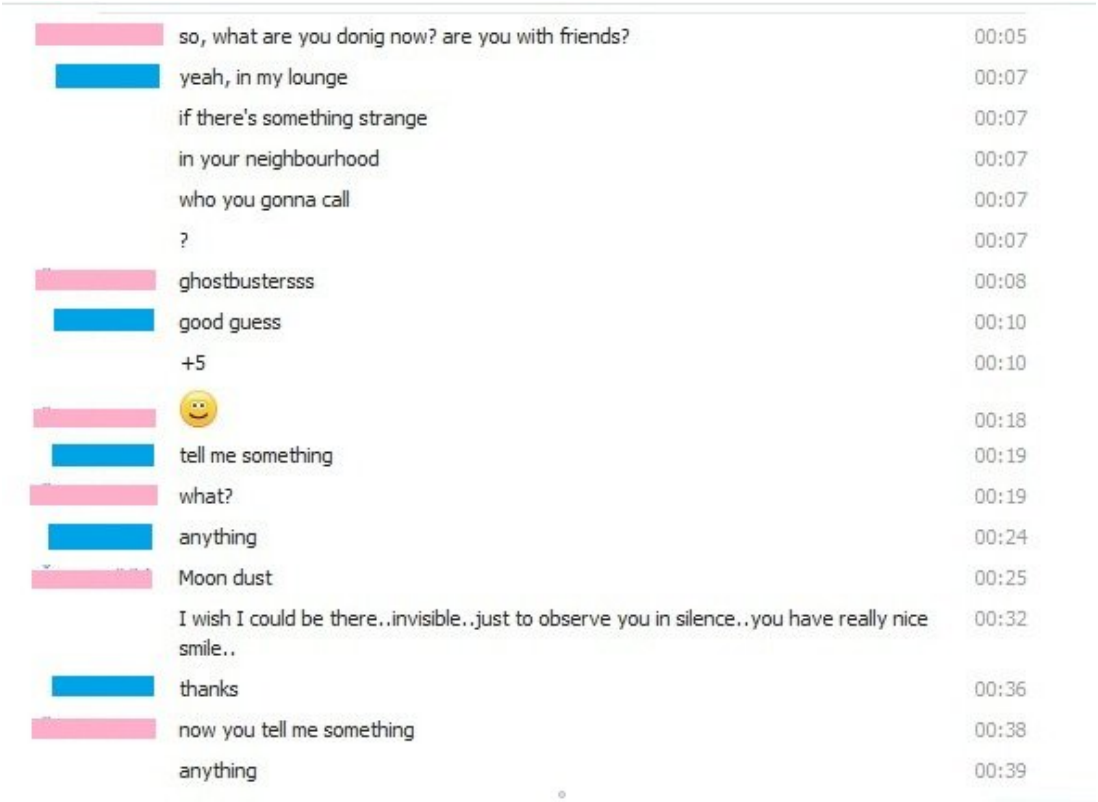
- Wait 5 min while I walk back to station, then I'll hear the story

She smiles as I arrive but I can already detect insolence. I refuse to go into the pub until she tells her story, which she does in a half-arsed unapologetic manner. She's an au pair, the host family came back late, and she didn't have her own keys to lock up.

- **Me:** Didn't your phone work?

- **Her:** What do you mean?
- **Me:** You could have texted me much earlier to reschedule
- **Her:** *shrug*
- **Me:** One hour is very late
- **Her:** *shrug*
- **Me:** You don't seem to care
- **Her:** *shrug*
- **Me:** And you haven't apologised for being so late
- **Her:** *shrug*
- **Me:** No. I'm going home. Goodbye

So I walk off. Back to Chateau RSG to join Bhodi and Robusto for magic mushrooms. I haven't had any since I was 16 and it's fun. Round about the peak, my Spaniard skype calls me because she's arriving in London to see me the next afternoon. I'm just singing Boney M songs and writing gibberish to other girls on text chat. Here's a few of them.



Serb who LMR'd me… but has since fallen hard

	thanks	00:36
	now you tell me something	00:38
	anything	00:39
	I ate 2 bags of Flamin' Hot flavoured Monster Munch this evening	00:39
	http://www.cinemasnacks.co.uk/images/669853.jpg	00:40
	and some german peppered salami	00:40
	mmmmmm	00:40
	Don't do that to me,it reminds me of being hungry, but it's too late for me to eat now..	00:41
	so I shan't tell you about the Haribo tangfastics	00:43
	noooo....	00:43
	it makes me think of chvartzi	00:44
	what are you wearing?	00:52
	same leggings like yesterday and a pink top, without bra..and those red slippers with full high heel(don't know how else to describe them) you've seen on one of my pics	00:55
	an unusual combination. Do the colours work?	00:55
	what do you mean do they work?	00:56
	this shade of pink is simillar to red, so there's nothing wrong about it	01:01

… obviously the link is to a packet of Monster Munch

There's a Malaysian singer who I opened waaaaay back while she was on holiday and logistics have finally turned my way. We've chatted only a few times in the past year but because I made a strong impression and maintained frame, she hits me up when she's coming to London.



New flag pending

Lastly, some readers with remember the tall smoking-hot Belorussian I met in a Lithuania nightclub. She visited London last summer for 2 weeks and I very nearly banged her but only got one thrust before she went mental and I

threw her out. She's back in London but a couple of months ago I got tired of her shit and put my foot in her arse (literally, sending her skidding across a nightclub dancefloor) and cut her off. After two months of sulking she's started chasing me again.



She knows I've taken mushrooms



I'm utterly indifferent about where this goes



So let her chase

I'm not sure there's any lessons to be learned from this tomfoolery but if you can find them, you're welcome.

Street kiss close video of..... my friend

krauserpua · 21 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I've not put up many infield videos of late. Despite doing plenty of sets in Croatia *while I was wearing my watchcam*, I kept forgetting to press the record button before stopping the girl. Clearly this isn't absentmindedness, I've just had an aversion to doing so. Recording yourself takes you out of the moment and hurts your authenticity. My plan was to get some girls, not impress my long-suffering readers.

Fortunately my buddy Steve has given me a fallback with one of his own videos.



Approach with sexual intent

Steve's a bit of a legendary figure in the London community. Back when pickup was new to Europe there weren't any domestic companies here except regional offshoots from the big US companies like Mystery Method, RSD, and Shit Systems. Then along came a guy called Richard La Ruina who created the behemoth that is now PUATraining, the gorilla in the UK pickup room, a company that most of the big name UK guys passed through at some point (Beckster, Adam Lyons, Yad, Uncle B etc).

I hear conflicting things about Richard's pick-up prowess and business ethics. I've never met him personally so anything I can add is just hearsay. However, Richard often makes reference to a "natural" he met years ago who is amazing with women and taught him everything he knows. That's Steve. I do know Steve personally and I know the top fashion model he's dating too. It's not hearsay when I opine that he's the real deal.

So here's some flash game…. a quickie street kiss close… with my commentary. The man himself gives a detailed breakdown here. It's solid stuff, just bear in mind it's his commercial site. He's my buddy but I don't get a penny from any of this. Maybe I can twist his arm to have him cook me a steak for every 1,000 hits I send his way. That'll get me in the shadowy PUA SEO cartel!

0:02 – Not every street stop has to be a run-around-jump-in-front. This is still a clear attempt to command her attention but done casually from comfortable distance. It's still important to show conviction rather than timidly bend over like a chugger.

0:10 – And here's the clear Stop command. There must always be one, preferably early, to avoid falling into her frame. It's also a compliance test for initial availability which will save you wasting time.

0:24 – The main value is in the confident body language, early touch, and closing down of distance so it's slightly invasive but not scary. Her beaming smile is a green light. She already fancies him. You can rely on this when you've built up your personal charismatic value so high that you assume good-looking women will fancy you. Old school game is designed for people who don't believe they have that value. Times have changed.

0:30 – Lots of daygame IOIs are in the legs. Any kind of twitching, nervous energy or movement that is not indicating a motion to leave is an IOI.

0:33 – Bold pull, followed by a push away. This is a combination of intent and the fact the girl is so clearly receptive it's possible to move quick.

0:36 – Note the constant eye contact from Steve even when she's looking away. She can feel this and it'll quickly spazz her out. This is textbook indirect-direct – he hasn't overtly hit on her but there's absolutely no question in her mind that he fancies her.

0:46 – Confirmation of hook point. "Where are you from?"

0:52 – Her tongue is almost hanging out at this point. She's already decided she'll fuck him so long as he escalates correctly, though maybe her forebrain hasn't yet received the memo. This is what I mean about projecting a masculine vibe. It's taken her less than a minute to reach this point because of how Steve projects himself. It's presence and vibe. The intrigue and mastery will come later.

1:00 – The verbals are boring as shit and limited by language. Although verbal dexterity is a great plus it isn't necessary when the subcommunication and intent is strong. This conversation is between two hindbrains.

1:05 – This is something I've only recently added into my game – unabashed, almost child-like directness about intention and emotion. There's no coyness. No I-won't-tell-her-I-like-her-until-she-IOIs-me. Just come out and say it with clarity. It's not a vulgar "I want to fuck you" it's an authentic statement of interest.

1:18 – There are no DHVs, no attempt to impress her. The attraction was completed within the first ten seconds

I bang my first leggy 23 year old Belorussian nightclub dancer

krauserpua · 27 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Robusto and I have recently been dating tall Belorussian girls. His was a street stop in Central London a couple of months ago while mine was an *old old* set from a Lithuanian nightclub two years ago. Lots happened inbetween but suddenly both of us found ourselves bearing down on the finish line neck-and-neck this week. Finally it comes to the wire when we take some mushrooms for an inner game exercise on Saturday night (I might post about that, mushrooms are an inner game accelerant). Robusto gets a strange message from some old dude who tells him his girl is married (to some provider guy) while old dude is her sugar daddy. It spirals out of control and Robusto drops her like the soap in an Aussie prison shower. As he relates this unexpected turn of events, my girl messages me about how she wants to come around the next night. Game on.

Closing this girl was a **nightmare**. It all began in July 2010 when I show up to a Vilnius nightclub with one girl on my arm then bump into a different girl I'd made out the night before. I'm soon dancing with both of them and preselecting myself to fuck allowing me to catch IOIs off the prettiest girl in the club. I open with a John Travolta point and hip shake. I take a flaky facebook at the end of the night and forget about it. Just one of many sets that go nowhere at a time in my development when I couldn't close an open window.



I really did open with this

Fast forward a year (and only a handful of Facebook chats) and this Belorussian visits London for a fortnight to study English. I'm the only person she knows but while I ought to be able to work her at my leisure it's complicated by my dating a different girl who I was far more interested in…… long story short is Belorussian stays over at my house three times and gives hardcore LMR three times until I have to throw her out, my last words being "I'll never see you again". She leaves London. We'll call that **Push Away #1**.

Fast forward another year and to the following summer. She comes back to London this April, to stay a year. I meet her at the airport and generally plan to look after her a bit but when she bristles when I touch her I get that sinking feeling like I've been wasting my time again. Hmmmmm, I'm sick of this hot-cold thing and it blows up a week later when Jimmy and I are out clubbing. We're drunk as skunks, hooting and hollering when Belorussian shows up past midnight to see me. She starts her sexy dancing in front of me, turning away and shaking her ass. The whole club is looking because she's far and away the hottest girl there. Not sure what comes over me but I plant my foot in her ass and send her *flying* across the dancefloor. She turns around in outrage, thunder in her eyes. Jimmy and I crack up laughing and she storms out. Radio silence for two months. I don't bother contacting her. For the third time I assume its over. We'll call this **Push Away #2**.



This in brunette

Freeze outs and strong push-aways work. A couple of weeks ago she breaks radio silence and starts liking some of my Facebook photos then soon begins chatting. I've long since decided that I'm not going to invest any emotion or effort into this girl, so tired am I of the coquettry. Several times she tries to entice me into inviting her out and I don't take the bait until finally she has to invite herself out. We meet for coffee a short walk from my house. It's alot of fun to make a girl chase when you really don't give a fuck how things turn out. Last summer this girl was a real head-turner – a solid long-legged eight – but a year of drinking wine has added a few kilos and now she's simply *fairly hot*. Let's say a mid seven. I'm LJBFing her hard which gets her pawing at me and verbally IOIing. So I take her back to my house and let the tension build, never touching or kissing. Steam is coming out of her ears she's so hot, her eyes spazzing. *Finally* in my room I think she's a volcano about to erupt and I go for it.

LMR for the ***fourth*** time….

I would've kicked her out there and then but she gives me a long passionate monologue about how she wants to have sex but something is holding her back at the last minute. Seeing the wild swings of emotions in her eyes – fear, excitement, confusion, affection – I believe she's not playing games. I let her stay over.

Then tonight she invites herself back. Within half an hour we are on my bed and this time its just token. Close. Finally. *Two years on.* She's a pretty wild fuck too, the crazy ones always are. Plus one, new flag. I've now reached my lay target for 2012.

Lessons Learned

- Don't bother with crazy girls. Even though I closed her and had great sex, it simply wasn't worth the total investment of my time and emotion
- That said, it's good to have a few crazy girls as a lesson in games playing and to appreciate the authenticity of non-crazies
- Nothing beats LMR better than high attraction followed by a strong push-away. The key is to really mean it, be outcome independent, and force her to re-initiate
- Once the girl re-initiates, the frame is yours. Keep her in that chasing role.
- You'll only get one really good chance to make the big LMR-busting move before the frame is at risk again. So time it well. Keep her chasing and heating herself up then take her at the flood

My boy lollipop with never leave me, because it would grieve me

krauserpua · 5 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a while since I've talked about femininity. One thing I've noticed over the past couple of years is that all of my friends / wings who initially got into Game to rack up notches and have wild adventures have now all zeroed in on the same goal – finding girls with strong positive femininity. All the other stuff like height, curves, ethnicity is just details. When we go out we are scanning and screening hard for ***feminine essence***.

Bhodi talks about girls dripping in oestrogen (figuratively). Now that I'm attuned to it I can pick these girls out of a crowd. Long flowing soft hair, glowing skin, relaxed strut, gentle facial expressions. Just as you can sense a man with raging testosterone you can also sense a girl with an oestrogen overload.

Men are not comfortable receiving affection from sluts or aggressive masculinised women. We all really really enjoy being around feminine energy, it's like recharging your batteries and puts a spring in your step. That's why I say I'd rather be on a (no sex) date with a purely feminine girl than fuck a masculinised slut. Even the posterboy of the high-notch ONS lifestyle wants to keep sweet feminine girls around him.

While on mushrooms I watched alot of Millie. Compare this girl to the likes of Beyonce. Think for a moment which one you'd prefer in your bed for ten years when you finally decide to marry. Do I even need to analyse the videos step by step? It's pretty obvious to the Red Pill crowd why the guy in the Beyonce video doesn't love her when everything she's doing is drenched in masculine attitude.

Girls, if you want to keep a man around you need to boost your feminine essence. To do so I recommend the following:

- Read The Rules Revisted and be prepared to learn from it rather than salve your ego by rejecting it. If you disagree with any post there it means**you are wrong**.
- Change your diet away from man foods. Get more fresh vegetables, fruit, water, white meats.
- Stop drinking alcohol. Really, try to entirely cut alcohol out of your life. If you must drink, avoid beers and lagers at all costs. More then anything else, alcohol and cigarettes ruin a girl's hormone balance.
- Don't lift weights, circuit train or jog. Which girls have the most sexy feminine bodies? Yes, dancers, aerobics instructors and pilates girls. Joggers always look like shit.
- Take pleasure in learning to cook and other girly hobbies. Make a real skill out of it. It's so easy to set yourself apart from, and above, the crowd of girls with androgynous or masculine hobbies.

Magic mushrooms as an inner game accelerant

krauserpua · 5 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Robusto and Bhodi recently roped me into an evening on magic mushroom truffles (still legal in the UK). I was hesitant because I hold druggies in contempt. For all the hippy talk about expanding your mind, I don't take hallucogens for the same reason I'm not into Buddhism and Zen…. it's all just the oblivion of the opium den. There's a tension in much of the Eastern-influence philosophy. On one side are tools which help address the imbalances and stresses of modern Western life, in particular ways to achieve mindfulness and live in the Now. I strongly urge men to read Osho and Tolle in order to unburden themselves of needless resistance against immoveable objects. But there's another side. Tolle lived on a park bench for two years – basically a vagrant – and the hippy Mecca of India is in fact a dirty festering shithole where a billion inbred illiterates live in filth and bathe in a river full of upstream faeces. You need to come out of the Now to get things done.



Living in the Now has its drawbacks

I had an unremarkable trip, sitting in the lounge of Chateau RSG listening to music, chatting, on Facebook. Bhodi locked himself away in his room to "play chess with his Ego" and had an incredible time. He came round to my room the next morning waxing lyrical about all his inner game breakthroughs…. hmmmmmm….. so a week later I try it. Here's my inner game recipe for mushrooms.

**warning* – if you have no experience of hallucenogens, or even worse you often have bad trips, then don't do this*

- Take the normal regular dose. There's precious little advantage from doubling it.
- You must control your environment to have only the stimuli you want. This means stay in your bedroom, turn the lights off, and have Spotify / a music player open. The music will determine your mood so have a wide selection for different emotions. You will be providing the triggers to access the emotions you want – you will be controlling this trip.
- Be alone. There should be one non-tripping friend nearby to check in on your occasionally and he should be someone you trust not to fuck with you.
- Have a notepad or some other means of recording your ideas.

Mushrooms are an inner game accelerant. From discussion with Robusto and Bhodi it seems we all achieved a similar effect. Men have a module in their brains that allows us to interact with the real world and impose our will upon it. It bestows logic, discipline, third-person observing ego upon us. This is what I mean when I say men live in their logical forebrains. Women don't have it. *Mushrooms remove that module*. The effect is profound for inner game because suddenly:

- Empathy shoots *right* up. I remember listening to some upbeat dance music and really getting into it, feeling it in my bones, letting my whole body absorb itself. Suddenly I realised that this is what women mean when they go to dance clubs to dance all night and lose themselves in the music.
- Everything is symbolic. You can deeply read life's lessons from the tiniest of events or triggers. The downside is that your mood is determined and amplified from tiny shifts in the tide and you also lose the ability to critically separate the profound from the ridiculous… just like a woman.
- The ego dies. You no longer have the little voice trying to repress or fool your core emotions. You can dive right into those emotions and let them loose.
- Without that **Real World Man Module** (RWMM), you become shockingly aware of how incompetent and vulnerable you are. I knew when I got hungry that I couldn't be trusted to cook a tin of beans on the hob without supervision from a non-tripping housemate. I knew I couldn't win a fight. It's a strange feeling to be unable to confidently impose yourself onto the real world. Again, this is how women feel all day every day.
- The RWMM necessarily creates emotional distance because lots of the things we have to do tread on other people's toes. You can't fight and kill easily when you are emotionally connected to your enemy. You can't discipline a wayward child without detachment. This is a feature not a bug and women don't have it. Women have unfiltered emotion. It's only when mushrooms remove the RWMM that those structures dissolve and you acheive deep emotional connection.

So the 'shrooms are giving you a simulation of the emotional impact of thinking / feeling like a woman, an archetype you can refer to when trying to understand their behaviour and needs, while also internally letting you connect to your masculine core without hinderance from your ego and it's elaborate structures. Imagine if you could learn to turn off the RWMM at will (non-assisted). That's what it's like to be a ladies man.

One of the hardest processes in Game is to allow your new target identity to form. Think of your inner game as three concentric circles. On the outside is your **Behaviours** (stand like this, hold vocal tone like that, approach etc) which are a relatively quick and easy fix. However it's hard to stay on point because those behaviours are informed by the next inner cricle of **Beliefs** (what women want, how dating works etc). The Red Pill normally deals with the beliefs and has a positive knock-on effect with the behaviours taking you closer to being a natural. However the beliefs themselves are driven by the deep inner circle of your **Identity** (who you are, what you want). It's only when all three are congruent that you can unburden yourself and live the life you really desire. Changing identity is very very difficult. It's a long hard process with many ego traps on the way.

The traditional method of identity change is to obtain reference experiences (e.g. to change beliefs that young women want to fuck mature men, you have to fuck a few. To change your identity that you are a man who young women want to fuck takes even longer) and then let them perculate, gradually bedding in and taking root until they are part of you.



Inner game, yesterday

Mushrooms accelerate this process of bedding down identity. It's one thing to intellectually reach a helpful conclusion. It's another thing, an order of magnitude above, to truly *feel* that conclusion in your bones.

Bhodi gave me two good metaphors. Imagine your inner game is like lasagne. You have different layers of pasta separating the meat, the top layers representing weakly-held easily-broken beliefs and lower levels being strong core beliefs that can't be budged. Or imagine a big tall ceiling-less empty room where feathers (representing beliefs) are dropped in from above and gradually fall to make a big soft cushioned floor (your identity). When first dropped there's always a risk that gusts of wind will blow them out of the room entirely, lost forever, but as they fall further that risk reduces.

Mushrooms make those feathers drop like stones. It's an accelerant. While on mushrooms a whole flurry of feathers will drop and hopefully when you wake up the next day some of them have stayed there, some of the beliefs sunk to a lower pasta slice.

Relentless Notch-Count Hyena

krauserpua · 6 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I recently tweeted:

What is your magic number that, once hit, takes away the relentless urge to bang more girls? Mine was 50. For a few friends it was 100.

Every man with 100+ lays is either a fuck up or a former fuck up

Sitting in my lounge yesterday with my buddies listening to music it occured to me that although my lay count is huge compared to "normal men" it was by far the lowest in the room. There's Lee with 100+ at the tender age of twenty four. Robusto is on 98, Jambone somewhere north of 150, both Tony and Steve are considerably above 300. No wonder girls are a little intimidated when they come to my house, they can sniff out the sexual experience like dogs.

To an outside observer, or a wannabe PUA still struggling to knock over a new girl every few months, it's easy to be impressed with these notch counts. You may have even just subconsciously ranked the men in my house placing Steve and Tony at the top (and me at the bottom!). If so then I'm afraid you've been cognitively captured by the weirdness of the PUA lifestyle and fallen into it's messed-up frame. Lays are like money – the people with the most of it don't think it's such a big deal and don't go round conspicuously bragging, they tend to be distrustful of the men who shout it from the rooftops. All the men I named have moved on from relentlessly acquiring notches.



gratuitous

As soon as Lee hit 100 (I think she was a girl in Malia he fucked in the nightclub toilets. He was the inbetween fuck of her three lays that night) he wanted a girlfriend. A switch flipped in his mind and he no longer cared about SNLing, even turning them down frequently. He's now in a long relationship with a girl he likes.

Robusto has fallen big-time for a sweetly feminine Croatian girl. He wants to make her number 100 when they are in the same city again, so he's knocking over a couple of sure things to get to 99 before boarding the flight. Yes, that's both messed up and very romantic. I wonder if she wins a new car too. We don't see Jambone much but he's

much more interested in running his businesses and setting up his geographical and financial independence. He's turned down alot of lays in 2012. Tony is doing his own version of the same, far more interested in his personal interests and lifestyle design than clacking new birds. Steve is also in an exclusive relationship and has written about his laycount here.

So why is it that a group of guys with hard-earned finely-honed skills to bang women, a skill most of you dear readers would love to have, are basically refusing to use that skill? Based on conversations with these and other guys, plus my own person experience I'd put it this way….

All men are hard-wired with desire to sow their seed widely and constantly chase sexual novelty. Most of the time society sets restrictions on how much you can do this (e.g. social conventions on monogamy and dating) or sublimates it into over avenues (e.g. porn) which results in societally wide low median laycounts. Some men stumble upon success with women and break out. It's exciting, like being let loose in a supermarket sweep, so we run hog wild clacking everything we can. It's tremendously ego-gratifying. The problem is that men who are capable of forming secure attachments will quite quickly run into a woman they really like and want to date. This temporarily eliminates one of the necessary conditions to achieving a high laycount – time in the field. Dating just one girl for a year can knock 10-60 lays off a player's final count as an opportunity cost.

Thus most guys with very high laycounts are the ones with attachment issues, men who have studiously avoided dating nice women and pushed them away. It's a strange metaphor but I think the psychology is similar to serial killers. These men tend to be drifters and don't hold down real career jobs, often forming fleeting alliances with other like-minded males. They are also driven by a relentless pressure to keep finding new girls, like wolves at their door. I don't want to overstate the case – players are just having fun with women, not murdering them!



Each lay is delivering a dopamine hit, placating **Relentless Notch Count Hyena** for another week, pouring more water into the leaky bucket. And then at some point you turn a corner, whether it's a change in your life circumstances, the result of conscious inner game work, a good trip on mushrooms….. the leaks get plugged. Then you hit your magic number and RNCH packs his bags and slinks away tail between his legs. As he disappears from view you hear some yapping behind you. You turn around and meet **Secure Attachment Pug** wagging his little tail and licking your hand with his little tongue.



While this process is ongoing you'll find your attitudes to women and sex change. In the beginning you select women for silly reasons (mostly availability) and treat every moment between opener and f-close as a grind to be endured. It's a quantity-based approach to pour as much filthy water into the leaky bucket as possible. Gradually you transition towards quality as you become competent enough to insist upon it. The water is cleaner but the bucket is still leaky. And then finally, like Angelsinn commented here, you are no longer screening based on quantity or quality – you are zeroing in on precisely the feminine girls you like because now every moment between opener and f-close is a pleasure. The leaky bucket is repaired, RNCH makes way for SAP, and while your notch rate slows your overall satisfaction with life rises.

A simple facebook sexualisation routine

krauserpua · 7 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Here's something I stumbled upon while facebooking chatting an ex-GF. Say words to the effect of "I found a great website today. It's a collection of sex-themed photos where the writer leaves a comment telling you the one thing she loves about the photo. Some are porn but alot are just art or fashion" then send her this link (NSFW). Direct her to choose her favourite / most interesting five photos and tell you why she likes them. Then you can do the same. Apart from being a fun lively chat, it also achieves the following.



The tamest on the site

1. Normalises sex and in particular kinky sex. By presenting all different kinds of sexual themes in one highly cheerful / positive site, you are giving yourselves permission to talk about stuff that might be difficult without such a prop.
2. You are eliciting values to find out the kind of things she's into where taking them all in combination you really get a feel for how she is sexually wired. Your choices do that same.
3. She'll get turned on and associate sex with you. In this state of heightened arousal barriers come down and you can progress the sexualisation, maybe turn it into a sex chat (which itself is based on the information you now know about what she likes – women will tell you how to seduce them).
4. By getting her to go first (or take turns, her first) you can calibrate your responses if you're not sure she'll go for it. If she chooses the non-porn images you know to soft-pedal a little, maybe wait until your fourth or fifth choice to choose a porn image.
5. You both have plausible deniability. It's generalised sex talk (to use my verbal escalation terminology). You are commenting on someone else's content.



It gets far steamier

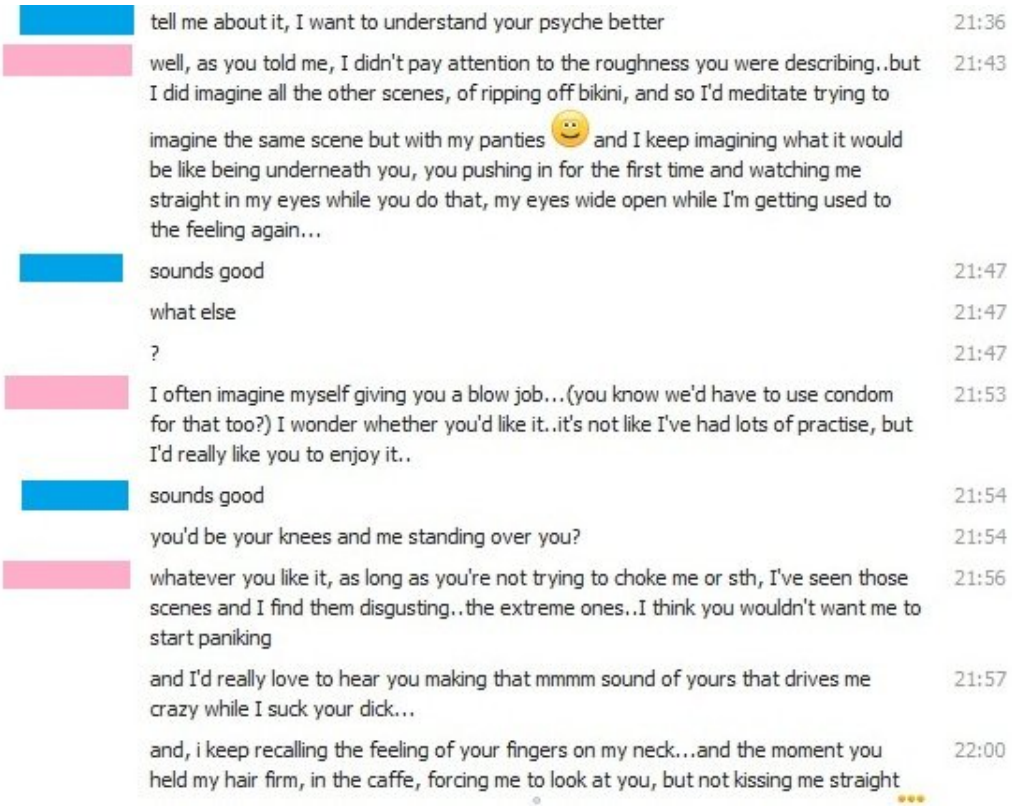
I wouldn't break this stuff out until you've already reached the point where you are fucking (and thus this is spice to your future sex) or you've basically got her to the point of wanting to fuck (e.g. late stage of **Long Game**) and you are getting her off sexually in the interim while waiting for the logistics to clear.

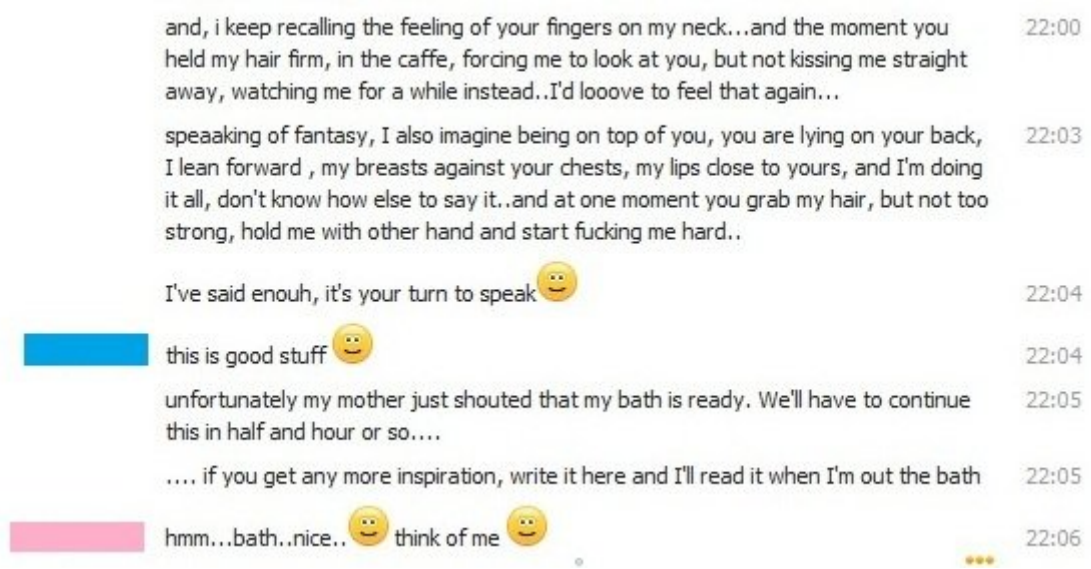
Dirty bitches love it in the ass*

krauserpua · 11 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I came back from Yugoslavia with four very hot leads in addition to the girls I'd already knocked over. These are all young very pretty girls who are massively into me but I'd run out of time to clack them. A classic case of "park them in long-game". These days I'm more aggressive in sexualising girls over teh interwebs, probably because I have greater abundance (and thus care less about losing them) and also I know I'm more attractive than I used to be so the girls are more into me. All four had been giving me heavy makeouts before I hightailed it out their country.

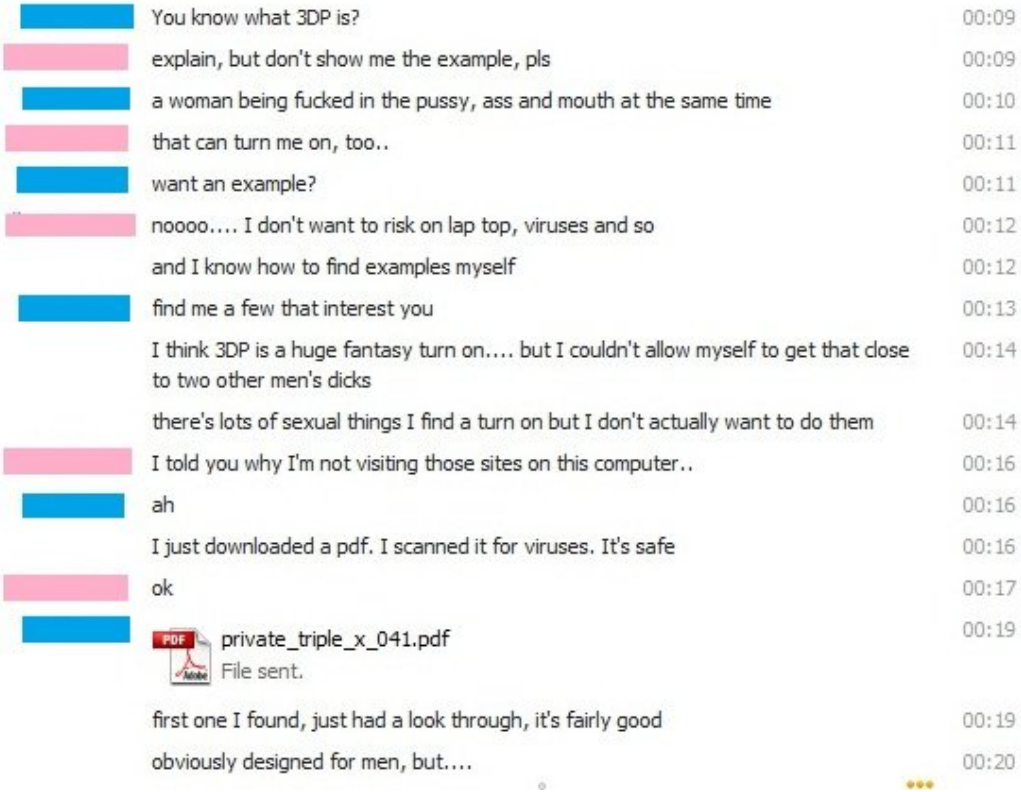
My usual pattern is to draw them into my world, run rapport, and spike the conversation with silly attraction material. Once they are chatting to me regularly I get them to describe what they are wearing, do a sex chat, and get them masturbating. Around this time I'll find out more about what they like sexually and commence turning them out by chipping away at their barriers to expressing their true sexuality. It's powerful stuff. Here's some screen shots of one of my two Serbs chatting…. I begin by asking for feedback on our most recent sex chat from a couple of days earlier. Note how much anchoring she's been doing while I'm not even there.



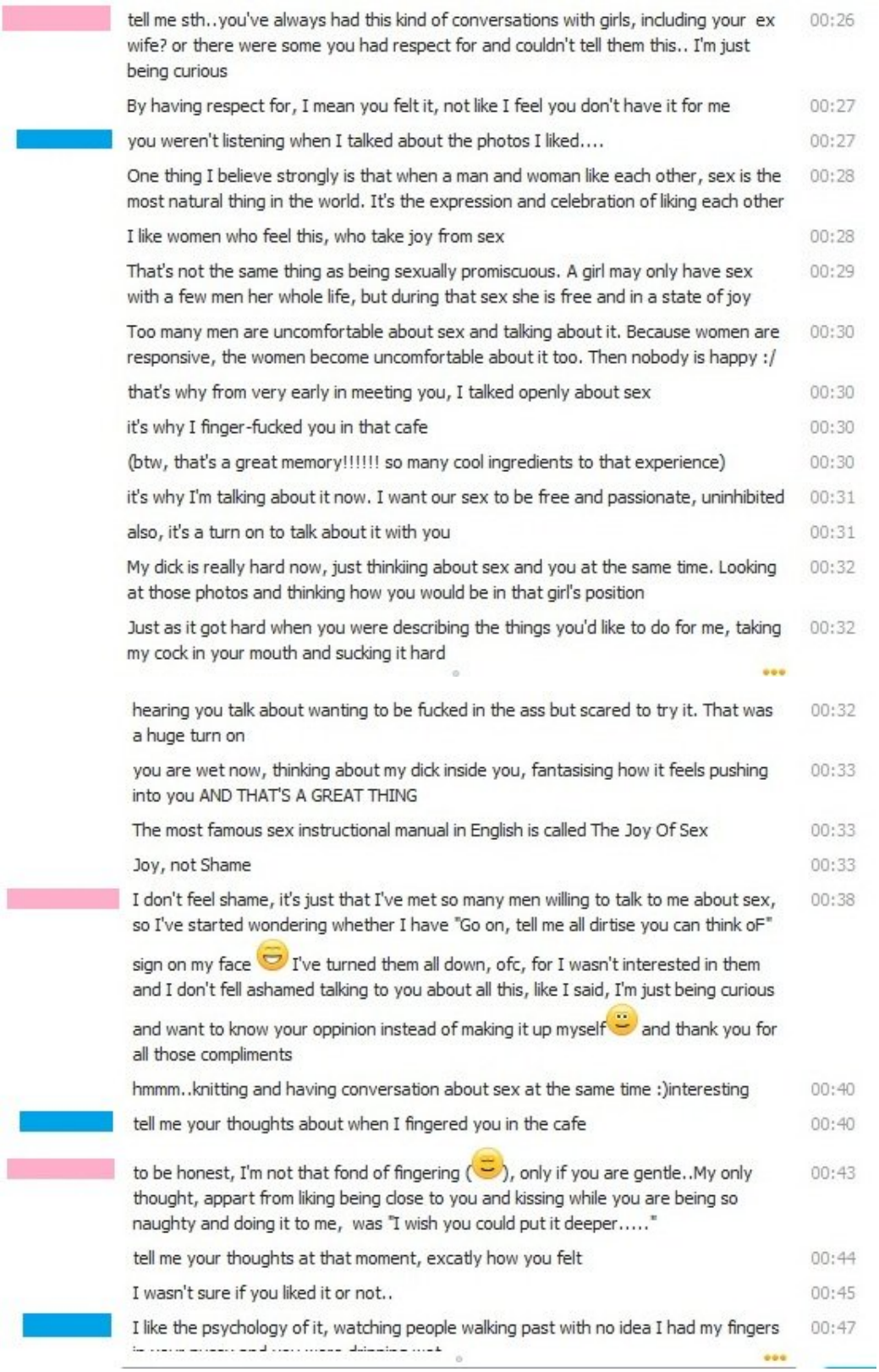


It should be pretty clear that girls fantasise alot about sex. This girl is the prototypical Good Girl – she's 23 and had only one sexual partner, looks quite nerdy. For a long time I struggled with the madonna-whore complex, struggling to believe that good girls love sex. 60 Years of Challenge explains that one well. Men have trouble accepting affection from sluts because they have a natural aversion to forming a long-lasting emotional attachment to a girl who shows signals of likely sleeping-around / cuckoldry. Women know a child is theirs but a man never does and **this simple fact explains about half the difference in male and female sexuality**. Thus men are inclined to sort women into mutually exclusive categories of those who love sex (Bad Girls) and those who are marriageable (Good Girls). It's wrong but it took me a long time to unburden myself of this notion – it's a pretty lie that doesn't want to perish because men don't want to give up on the hope that women can really love them unconditionally.

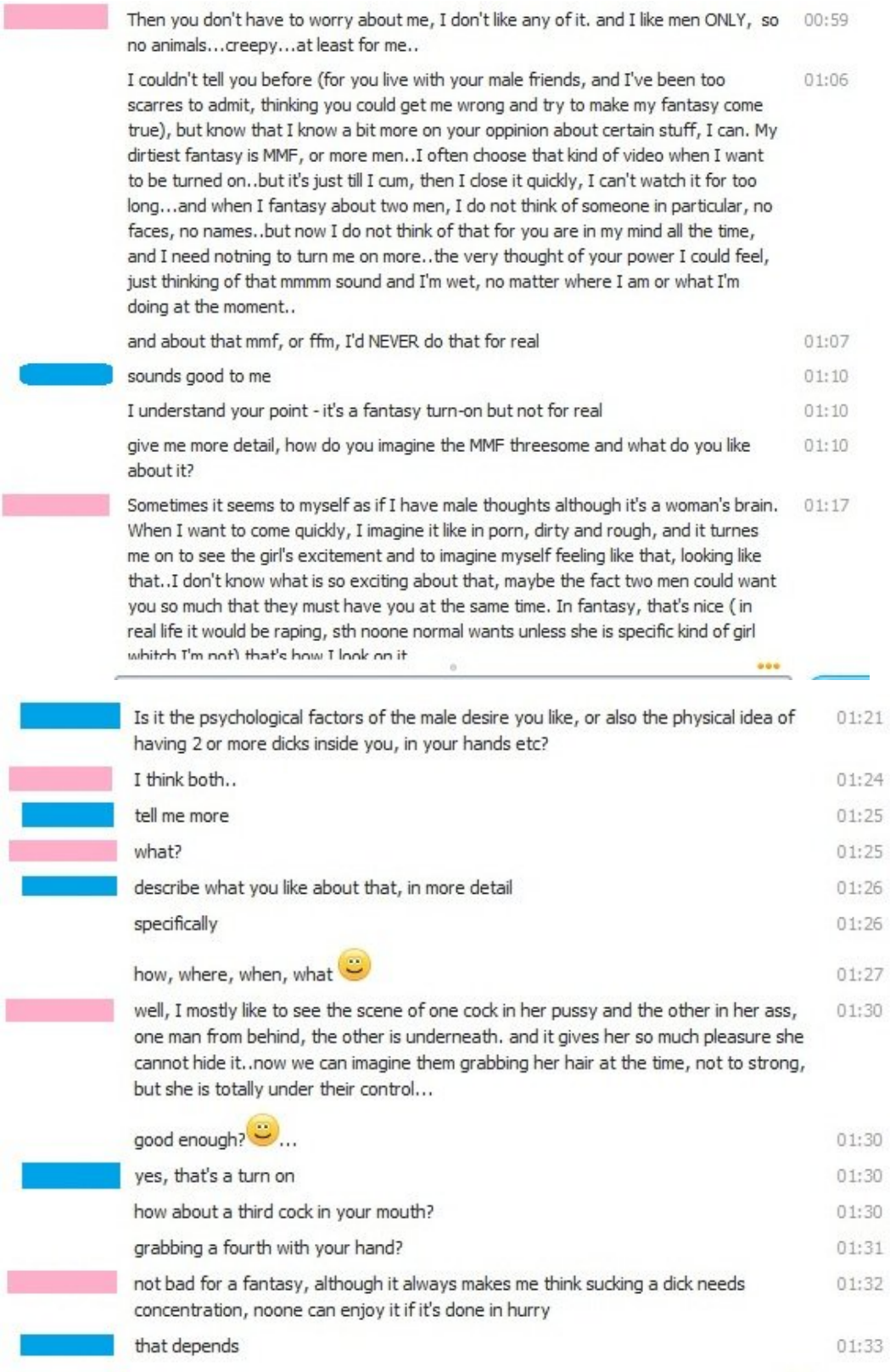
After an hour of running my sexualisation photo routine, which has her well-horny, I start pushing further to see how many barriers I can dissolve in her state of heightened arousal. It's pretty eye-opening. Note how I'm leading her and giving implicit permission to admit to liking it without incurring my disapproval.



At some point you will trigger her ASD and she'll wonder whether she's making a fool out of herself for opening up so much, and whether you do this with all the girls. Expect it. I've never ***not*** had a girl pull up and question me. Here's how I handle it, by imposing my frame that this is completely natural and sprinkling in some compliments and triggering memories.



Although I want her to open up I also have to set a few limits so she doesn't say anything which genuinely disgusts me so I give her a few limits (no bestiality or scat) then we get the ***ker-ching moment*** when she finally admits to something big….



For a long time I was hesitant to go so deep with girls because I simply didn't understand how dirty they are. I've since had a bunch of Good Girls admit to this kind of thing. They love it in the ass, DP, all kinds of things. Mostly they are keeping their secret fantasies and don't even realise themselves that this is what they actually want in reality (the number of times I've heard a fantasy related with "I'd never actually do this" and then she subsequently does it). My Secret Garden is for real. Hopefully this chat will make it more real for you guys.

** Irony of post title should now be clear*

Deep Conversion

krauserpua · 12 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Total submission of body and soul in which the woman trusts and admires you so much she presents her whole being to you to do as you please.

If there's one thing I do better than everyone else I've ever met, and do to a level where I don't think I need ever improve, it is to deeply convert a girl. I used to call it **Soul Collection** and I'd gotten halfway through writing a book on it before Skeletor persuaded me not to. There's plenty of guys out there who are better than me at *getting* women whether its lone-wolfing in bars/clubs or creaming off the top tier girls with little effort. That's fine. I do my best and it's acceptable to me. Game isn't about gangbanging supermodels every weekend, it's about improving your access to women over and above what you'd otherwise get.

But sometimes I shake my head when I hear how little control some guys have over their women, ending in a lose-lose inverse/low polarity relationship rather than a win-win balanced maledomfemsub. As Tolstoy remarked in opening Anna Karenina:

Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Done correctly courting and relationships are plain sailing. Done incorrectly the pressure builds and bursts out in all manner of unpleasant acting out from disobedient women, lost in existential directionless dread, and pissing and moaning from delusional men. Things like:

- MRAs whining about getting divorce raped or losing their oneitis
- PUAs jumping through endless hoops to score a little extra pussy
- Name PUAs redefining their end goals to deny happy committed girls can be kept in that state long term
- Manosphere speculation on women's incapacity to love men as they wish to be loved

All four of these problems are real and unavoidable within their own terms and in very specific cases. I don't deny the legal system is anti-male, nor do I deny the rigmarole of dealing with bitchy shit-testing women, or the deep-seated genuine differences between male and female hardwiring for love. But these are extremes. *The men who suffer most are those who have conditioned themselves to be soft targets, oblivious to danger signals*. Even in the depths of the Great Depression, male unemployment was never above 25%, meaning 3/4 of men had jobs. It's the weak and stupid who bear the brunt so while it's worth outlining exactly what that brunt is, don't become obsessed with it. If you know how to deeply convert a girl you are managing the risk to **almost zero**. Listen to the lyrics of these two songs. This is what a deeply converted girl sounds like. It's in their soul to crave it.

Most guys are simply incapable of inspiring this kind of total soul surrender and devotion in a women. Most women never get to feel it and instead must get off on Deep Conversion Lite through sugar-rush books like 50 Shades of Grey. It's the difference between spinning plates with fuck buddies and having a genuine harem where all your girls are exclusive to you. The women aren't aligning with you out of cold calculation or temporary strung-out groupie lust, the connection runs far far deeper and feels wholesome to both of you.

Done correctly deep conversion is the most satisfying experience possible between a man and a woman. So long as you keep the elements in place, it has no natural time limit. I had my ex-wife in this state for eight of the nine years we were together (losing it only when I lost my mojo) and I've had four girlfriends in the past two years in the same position. I've got a few more on the boil now. It's really not very hard to do if you have the following core competencies in place:

1. **An unshakeably strong frame**. You are special, you know you're special, and your masculinity is stratospheric compared to the chumps around you.

2. **Cheerful misogyny**. You love women but don't take them seriously. This is more than just the attraction phase teasing. You genuinely believe women are more like dogs or children, meaning they are a delight when well-lead and a nightmare when left ill-disciplined without a pack leader. It's empathetic but not weak or equalist.
3. **Direction**. Your life must be a straight line in a Deida-esque manner. Whether it's your music, philosophy, career, fitness your life contains several arrows pointing the same direction… towards building the archetype of a fully developed man. If you are one-dimensional the girl will hold back.
4. **Sexual mastery**. Understand that women crave dominance above all else in the bedroom. Give her the kind of sex that penetrates her soul. This isn't high-fitness sport sex and G-spot finding. Those men will keep a woman around as her sexual provider, the guy she goes to when she wants a good fucking, the bedroom equivalent of a qualifying beta chump. A sexual master rocks a girl psychologically so even a half-assed knee trembler in a public toilet has her dreaming for weeks afterwards. The girl dreams of pleasing him, not him pleasing her.

All four elements increase with age if you live your life correctly. I don't want to write too much about it and certainly the book will never be released. Just be aware that it has it's own ego traps, its own risks…. but **it is possible**. When you're tired of the notch-carousel you might want to look into it.

Arbeit macht frei

krauserpua · 20 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I recently went back to work after over two years of leisure. I didn't need to, I could've easily continued my merry wanderings for several more years, but my subconscious was giving me an ever louder signal that I need to put on a suit and submit myself to some internally-directed accomplishment and some externally-provided discipline. Your subconscious will first speak to you in fleeting murmurs, then husky growls before eventually building up to a crashing cacophony of deafening proportions. It's your masculine core and it exists to stop your logical forebrain making a mess of the navigation process delegated to it.



pre-Lehman banking

Your ego, logical forebrain and masculine core are all your friend. Yes, *even your ego*. It requires an occasional sedative but it's evolved inside you for good reasons. **Everything** inside you has evolved for the purposes of keeping you alive and getting your seed into some nubile young maidens. It's not the ego itself to fear, but the various twists and kinks that send it off on fools errands. Slay the demons, sedate (don't kill) the ego.

So three years ago I'd begun to feel like my career was an unnecessary rat race and my job a chore. Growing up as a smart, well-educated middle class boy the rewards of a higher-beta lifestyle were always going to appeal to me. I expected career success, pots of cash, status increments and all the other accoutrements of mainstream success. Thus I channeled myself down the **Attainment Path** without ever giving thought to alternatives. For a while my deal with society seemed to work. I got cash, security, gadgets and status while society got a higher-beta workhorse to obey the laws, create wealth, and tax to penury to pay for all the freeloaders. I even got The Girl, for a while (though as I subsequently discovered the Attainment Path was coincidence not a cause of that).

Then when The Girl left I realised that 60-hour workweeks, deadline pressure, 50% taxation and the much higher "cultural enrichment" tax of paying obscene amounts in rent, travel and entertainment to stay safe inside the law-abiding white-man coccoon….. it wasn't worth it to come back to an empty home, spend a few hours watching TV / playing PS3, then go to bed to respawn next day for another crack at pushing the boulder up the mountainside. It took my subconscious about six months to transition from quiet murmours into deafening roars, and then I quit.

My revulsion for civilisation had peaked. I looked for another way.

For a while I considered Freedom Porn. To cut a long story short it's bullshit. There is no better or more efficient way of earning cash than learning a trade / expert system and then exchanging your skills for an hourly/daily wage. Freedom pornographers would have you believe the answer is starting an online business, affiliate marketing, coaching or whatever. It's bullshit. Like the crack-dealer business model, there's only a few spots at the top of any particular accumulation pyramid. There's only one Roosh. Only one Richard La Ruina. The pickup pyramid isn't even a lucrative one. Unless you are able to dislodge one of the top guys then the best money remains in coaching bootcamps, residentials and one-on-ones…. which is exchanging your skill in an expert system for an hourly/daily wage. But I digress.

The office cubicle is a physical and mental prison. Manosphere guys write plenty about the latter, how by suppressing your natural inclinations to fit into corporate culture you are betatising yourself and allowing yourself to be sucked into a hoop-jumping frame of *work hard – take orders – get rewarded by status increment*. I agree, mostly. It's also a physical prison because you lock you body into a seated position for hours away from natural sunlight and fossilise. When I woke up that first bright morning after resigning, the office shackles casts off, I immediately set about shaking off the cobwebs and stretching my limbs.

For two years I answered to no-one. My life was an unbroken flow of doing whatever the fuck I wanted whenever the fuck I wanted. It was liberating. I shook off the beta, I shook off the worker-drone frame, and I developed that chill relaxed self-satisfied vibe that attracts women. I recommend it to anyone who has the financial means to do so. But it comes with downsides.



You'll be wanting coffee and porridge after such a long sleep?

While my vibe and health improved, my subconscious went into a Cthulhu sleep. Enjoy it, it's what you need, he said and began his centuries slumber. But after a while he began to stir. The problem of foregoing all external discipline is that you must generate it internally. Introverted, motivated, high-self regulators like me can do so for long periods without folding in on themselves. But there are limits. There's always **Dissipation Monkey** chattering in your ear… "Ease off, you've earned it"… "Might as well drink the whole bottle of whiskey, it's not like you need to get up for work tomorrow"…. "No need to shower. Skyrim doesn't care if you smell"… left unchecked the little

bastard will dissolve your work ethic and go-getting masculine energy until you become a wop.

I started to feel it. Two years living in a bubble without accountability and I could feel myself wopping out. I'd quit my job to build up the masculine pillars in my life, to gain independence and a good vibe, to get more time to live my life well, but I was neglecting the most important pillar of all – self-sufficiency. Men are the power stations of humanity, self-motivated machines of economic surplus which the herd lives off (i.e. women and children). The male drive is to produce and to stand independent. Lose that and you lose much of your masculine confidence. There's a reason we all look down on losers.



Non-Italian woppery

As I felt my subconscious awaken I knew where it was headed. I'd need to go back to work. The question wasn't ***if***, it was on ***what terms***. Fortunately together with my buddy Bhodi we'd thrashed out the concept of **Expert System Energy Husky**. We'd identified this male need to master a system and then produce surplus with it. We'd identified the joy that comes from grappling with an amorphous blob of uncooperative reality until our application of skill and sweat fashioned it into a useful outcome to serve our needs. Your husky needs to go for walkies. You can ask him to lie by the sofa for a while and he'll obey, but left idle long enough he'll get agitated. First a whimper and scratching of paws, and eventually yelping and barking at the door to go out. ESEH can be trained. As my revulsion for the corporate world wore off I started to find reasons to like going back to my career.

- It's mentally challenging.
- I have lots of responsibility.
- I get to wear cool suits.
- I'm surrounded by high-achieving, reliable, competent men.
- I learn new things about new businesses every day.
- My brain gets a workout that will protect it's higher order functionings as I age.
- I get to deploy technical skills I spent years acquiring.

You can NLP yourself into enjoying your job. Dale Carnegie wrote a book about it. It's part of a wider process of Reality Weaving (post to come). I very consciously NLP'd myself based on the rewards of mastering an expert system and not on the cash. It's so wrong to put yourself into the frame of *this is an unpleasant imposition I grind though only because it pays the bills*. That's pronouncing a death sentence on your vibe.

Much of this came to me while on mushrooms.

Reality Weaving – Introduction

krauserpua · 21 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm always looking for the next theoretical leap forward in Game, the concept widely construed as ways of developing positive masculinity and relations with women. The latest concept Bhodi and I have been fleshing out is the meta-game of **Reality Weaving**. Bear in mind this is an embryonic concept so I'm using my blog to think out loud rather than presenting you will a polished end product. I'll also be prone to flights of fancy.



Now put a fucking awesome statue on the top

Let's consider Game as an ancient Greek temple. Numerous pillars stand rooted into the ground upon which a roof rests. These are your **pillars of masculine development** which you could categorise as finance, health, career, family, friendships, lifestyle for example. When you are an unemployed loser your career and financial pillars are crumbling, or you may institute a juicing program and workout routine to strengthen your health pillars. Ever the iconoclast, over at Count Cervantes I cut the pie according to the personal qualities that emerge when all the pillars are in place, namely **presence**, **vibe**, **intrigue** and **mastery**. However you operationalise the pillars the central point is that you identify the key areas that build you as a worthwhile man and then set about strengthening your value proposition and excising the tumours. I sometimes call this "building your value"

Resting across the pillars is the roof of Game as traditionally construed. This represents your technical competence in set as expressed in what you do. Are you going out and approaching women? What do you open with? How well do you calibrate to the moment? These are all competencies which are seperately learnable (and analytical entities in themselves) but their ultimate success, their ability to facillitate drawing the woman to you, depend upon how stable the roof rests on the pillars. Put another way, if your value is low it doesn't much matter what you do in set.

I've recently figured out that the temple doesn't stop at the roof. It's got a statue on top as the final flourish and this is your Reality Weaving. Perhaps my metaphor is limited, I'm sure I'll eventually develop a better one, but for current purposes assume I'm essentially talking about another level of Game, something that's analytically distinct and can be independently improved upon. This is the subject of today's post

Reality Weaving: Constructing self-perpetuating environmental and behavioural conditions that continually reinforce

your active efforts to achieve your goals

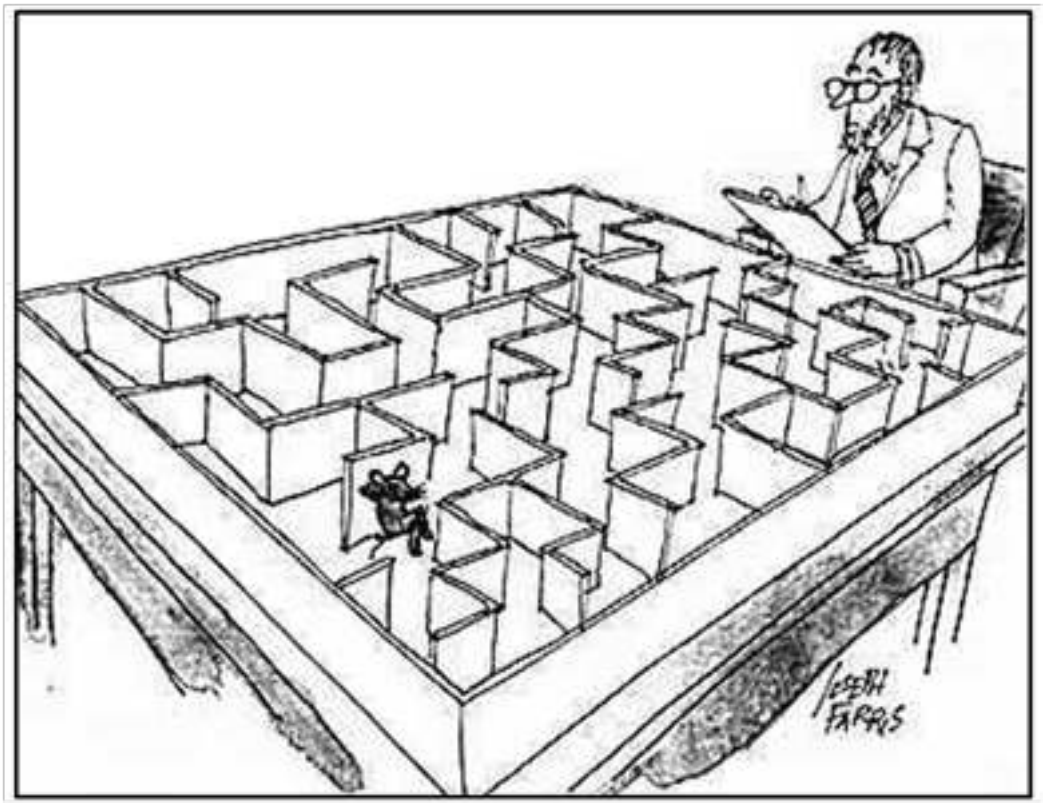
Reality Weaving (RW) is the set-design on the stage upon which you perform your life's play, it's the director who makes minor adjustments, it's the choice of cast around you and also it is the self-talk you use to intepret it all. This will take some unpacking….

Evolution has equipped us with a logical forebrain and an emotional hindbrain. Bhodi calls it the monkey (FB) riding the elephant (HB). I think of the forebrain like a dynamic computer processor with access to numerous databanks, able to react on-the-fly to novel situations and the hindbrain as a reactive slumbering Cthulhu-eqsue monster that roars, groans and purrs depending on how it's inertia-ridden dreams are disturbed by the happenings above the oceanline. Mostly it's asleep but when things get too far off-course, it rises up and smashes the puny humans. Evolutionarily speaking this duality was an adaptive response to changing environmental situations. Animals directed purely by instinct can only survive in the limited environments that bred them whereas creating a delegation general purpose problem tool called the brain allows humans to live across most physical landscapes and even to reconstruct those landscapes to better fit (e.g. cutting a clearing in a forest to build huts, to dredging Tokyo Bay to make artificial islands). Human evolution went so far as to create sophisticated self-wareness which leads to two interesting points:

- Your hindbrain is the boss and your forebrain is the delegated task master, however
- You (as in, who you refer to when you conceptualise the self) is what lives in the forebrain

Interesting this presents a tension. Your hindbrain doles out rewards and punishments (in the form of happiness, excitement, satisfaction, sadness, pain, anxiety etc) for skillfully / incompetently executing his plans. This makes the hindbrain your partner, but it also makes him your enemy. Where is your loyalty? Do you really care about continuing your genetic line or do you care about being happy and obtaining the postive emotions that are doled out by the hindbrain without much care about the genetics? Much as men are attracted to the signals of fertility rather than actual fertility, I'll propose that what we really want is happiness.

So let's clarify – reality weaving is a tool designed to managed, control, cajole and sedate the hindbrain in order to obtain from it the positive emotions that will aid your forebrain in carrying out the forebrain's agenda. Leave determinist thought of genetic lineage behind. I am talking about liberating the freedom of the will. Let's bring it back to earth with an example and a metaphor:



looks like Max Stirner

Metaphor: Your hindbrain is a hungry rat placed in a maze, the maze is the environment and your forebrain is the observing scientist who built the maze. The rat will just react to stimuli in the moment going wherever it damn well pleases on a whim. If he can smell food he'll move towards it, if he has an electric shock behind him he'll move away from it. At every turn the structure of the maze can channel him down particular paths which the scientist favours. Thus he who controls the maze can exert considerable influence upon he who walks through it. Consider Inception. Or Takeshi's Castle.

Example: Imagine a fatty who eats rather too much chocolate. To remove in the moment temptation to scoff Dairy Milks the maze can be constructed in ways such as: (i) do not buy reserve stores of chocolate to keep around the house, thus increasing the likelihood that your momentary weakness passes before you put your shoes on and walk to the corner shop (ii) plot a route to work that avoids newspaper shops so you are never in a position of being able to pop in for a snack (iii) avoid the colour purple if it triggers associations with the Dairy Milk brand.

I've deliberately used a trite example. All three strategies are enabling the greatest powers of your forebrain (logical processing, long time-orientation) in order to make preparations while the hindbrain is asleep so that when it wakes up it's passing fancies cannot be enabled. You make hay while the sun shines. Another example…. consider you have approach anxiety / apathy caused by the negative emotions produced by your hindbrain when walking towards girls. Two common strategies for dealing with this are:

- Don't masturbate for a week so your horniness overcomes your anxiety
- Give a friend £200 at the beginning of the day and he repays you £20 for every approach you do

Both strategies are classic maze-construction. In the former you are creating a sexual energy (positive) that overrules your anxiety and in the second you are creating a fear of loss (negative) that outweighs your fear of approach. Either way you are anticipating your hindbrain's in the moment response by predeploying against it. Bhodi has my favourite version – A commitment to donate £200 to the spiteful feminist Fawcett Society if he doesn't complete ten approaches. So that is creating a strong disgust response to overwhelm the anxiety.

These are just snippets of what a full reality weaving looks like, a glimpse of the elephants ear without seeing the

full beast yet. I'll get more into it in another post and try to lay out a conceptual model.

Cheerful misogyny

krauserpua · 25 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A key element of Deep Conversion is what I call cheerful misogyny. This is essentially a paternalistic empathetic attitude towards women in which you recognise their relative strengths and weaknesses and do not pander. To achieve cheerful misogyny you must unapologetically believe men are better than women at certain things, so you can then be dismissive of those women who try their hand where they don't belong. Mostly this involves deprogramming your forebrain. So with that in mind, here is my deprogramming suggestion on the topic of women in the workplace.



TLDR version

Feminists have made much of alleged patriarchal dominance in the workplace. Roughly summarised they claim women have been excluded from the workplace and public office so that men can keep all the benefits of money, status and power to themselves. This has been achieved by outright exclusion (working men's clubs, Old Boy network, discriminatory hiring practices), social engineering (denying women suitable education to compete for these positions) and cultural disapproval (pushing traditional gender roles as desirable). One criticism that makes feminists feel *really* clever, like they are unearthing some hidden deep conspiracy, is that the workplace and public sphere have been masculinised and designed in ways that promote men's interests at the expense of women's.

The more crazy feminists (i.e. those tweeting from nests feathered by university money) have claimed logic and scientific knowledge are themselves sexist because they discriminated against women's ways of knowing. Essentially that fact-based decision making is sexist because it undermines women's intuitiveness. These crazies are at the extreme.

I'd like to submit an alternative explanation for the traditional male dominance of the public sphere. Men are better at getting things done.

Men deal with the world directly. Nature is red in tooth and claw, unforgiving and uncaring, so to scrape a living men must understand reality and the rules by which it operates. This means reading skies to forecast rains, tracking animal spoor, fashioning tools…. all the way to the ultimate abstraction of physics and back again with engineering

tools and structures to claim control over the environment. Men's deep-seated interest in how things work and their drive to master their environment leads them to social behaviours such as nerdiness and to life-choices such as studying maths, science and engineering which allow them to harness these nature-oriented drives. Men are producers.

Women deal with the world indirectly, through men. They live inside the protective bubble of men and thus gravitate towards the private sphere of the home and the knitting circle. Mostly they are recipients of men's provisioning and thus take little interest in that part of the outside world where human meets nature – the coal face of men's struggle against the elements. Their attention is caught only when their results of male provisioning are mismatched or inadequate to their needs, then they wish something to be done onto the world through the agency of men. "Can you put up those shelves, please?" Women's deep-seated interest in how people work and their drive to manipulate channels of provisioning leads them to social behaviours such as solipsism and to life-choices such as studying psychology, marketing and human resources which allow them to harness these people-oriented drives. Women are consumers.



An opportunity to redress imagined slights

Thus are the natural abilties and inclinations of men and women. So let's consider what the public sphere actually entails. The workplace is the location in which people are assembled together to complete a range of tasks. Let's take as an AtlasShrugged-y example building a bridge across a gorge to allow a railway to connect two towns. The project requires people to design a bridge that will support the train, map out the materials needed, engage physical labour to do the building, extract the materials from the earth, forge steel, logistics to transport the men, materials and energy to the worksite, direct the work and so on. All of these activites interface with the real world with outcomes that can be measured and the ultimate proof in whether the bridge stands or falls. Construction companies are masculine because they must harness masculine skills to complete the project. Not because the men involved specifically wish to exclude women *for the sake of it*. Women are excluded because they are inadequate in these roles.

So the workplace takes on masculine energy as a necessary condition of getting the job done effectively. Red Pill Room calls this the **Sandbox** (an excellent post). The moment you force femininity into the workplace you dilute the effectiveness of a business's ability to impose itself upon the world. So is there a place for women in the workplace? Let's get this question framed correctly. The demands of the project are what shapes the culture of a

business, rather than the habits and fancies of men. Men do not fashion business as their private fiefdom or they'll go out of business under market competition. The men take on the shape of the environment. It's a common feminist misconception that men love going to work and having their Old Boy's playground, as if working down the mines or in an office cubicle are some kind of recreational activity. To disabuse yourself of this notion just ride an Underground train during rush hour and watch all the tired slouched men traipsing into the office at 9am then coming home worn-out and defeated from a hard day's graft. Most men don't take joy from their work, they do it because it's their role and a means to an end. They are fitting themselves to the shape of the workplace realities.

Women are solipsistic by nature and thus operate from a "what's in it for me?" frame. The workplace is an environment to be shaped to suit their tastes and damn the consequences to the project. Red Pill Room calls this the **Swingset** and it's disruptive by nature. So let's not ask what work can do for women but rather what women can do for work. In a free market that's how it goes – you are hired according to your abilities as required by the firm. Assuming an honest intention by the woman to contribute, what can she actually do?….. History has already answered that for us. Considering the business as it's own *pseudo-household*, women are deployed in internal-facing roles that manage the warmness of the environment ro support the external-facing men. Typing, filing, photocopying, tea-making and crucially… looking pretty around the office to make it a pleasant place to be.



Office beautification in 3.. 2.. 1…

There are some exceptions, when a business is particularly people focused such as marketing firms, PR, events management and so on. These are more like outsourced elements what are usually people-focused sides of business whose main activity is world-focused. And what a surprise that women gravitate to these roles. The public sector is another (grossly enlarged) outlier. Free men in free markets hire workers for what they can do – there is a purity of connection. The government hires workers for political purposes and then allows trades unions to inflict producer capture upon the organisation and redeploy it as a source of feathering the nests of it's employees rather than getting the job done. And what a surprise that women gravitate to these roles.

Real work is a male endeavour. To the extent women can perform adequately they must take on male characteristics by accessing their reserve masculine core. This masculines them, kills their femininity. There are only two choices for society in allowing women to work while retaining their femininity: (i) feminise the culture of work so the women are happy but nothing gets done efficiently or (ii) limit women to particular tightly-fenced roles

until they get married off and leave the workforce. The latter is the only choice acceptable to me.

Some common myths in Game

krauserpua · 26 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

1. Daygame grants you access to hotter women

There's a rapidly forming consensus in corners of the manosphere that bars are full of ugly annoying sluts while stunning feminine models frollic gazelle-like across every intersection in the daytime. I do believe you get access to better women when the sun is up but let's not pretend the streets are dripping in quality pussy. Lots of people dislike nightgame due to the loud music, club entry fees, toxic effects of alcohol and bitchy slags with bad attitudes. There's lots to like about nightgame but these downsides can tend to make you overly-extoll the virtues of daygame as an escape from the dreaded bars. For nightgame to be truly awful you must make daygame seem truly beautiful, and that's overstating the case. For example the Daygame.com guys market the dream that you can go out for your daily errands and bump into a dozen models willing to give up their numbers (I exaggerate, sorry Andy). It's not that simple. Not to knock Daygame – their material is excellent and both Tom and Jon are top quality coaches – but they are invested in building the marketing myth that daygame is a panacea. It's kinda necessary. Daygaming beautiful women sober is a terrifying experience for most men so you have to draw them in with a very shiny lure.



Oxford Street, 2pm, Saturday

Reality – High value women do not sleep with low value men, no matter the time of day. In the beginning you will overestimate your success on the streets because many pretty women are surprised at your pseudo-bold approach and generally happy to extend social politeness. As you improve they'll see you as an interesting diversion from their day and perhaps even a new friend. But to actually *get laid* you need a whole lot more and that will take most of you years of hard graft to acquire. Ask yourself why even though on any given weekend one of Daygame, Sasha, PUAmethod, Saturday Sarge or god knows how many others will be running a bootcamp on Oxford Street yet there are still hardly any guys out approaching. The attrition rate is horrendous, well over 90% within a few months. That's because daygame is *no easier than nightgame*. When you escape the pressures of nightgame you are just trading them for a different set of pressures. Every top London daygamer went through a long hard grind before he got consistent success. Just like every top nightgamer did.

2. Eastern Europe is the promised land

Quite a few guys are ex-patting whether they be whoremongers, love tourists, or international men of mystery. The

case for goes like this: Feminism has ruined Western women, turning them into shreiking bitchy fat sluts who massively overvalue themselves. They'll make your pick-up a joyless grind and are unsuitable for relationships anyway. In contrast EE is untouched by the evil paw of feminism, still with traditional gender roles intact and many genetically gifted women staying slim, working hard on their appearance, and engaging themselves in genuine hobbies with genuine social skills. In it's delusional game-denying extreme this myth states that "economic disparities" allow any Western man to just show up, flash his passport and *instantly* commence the gangbanging of supermodels.

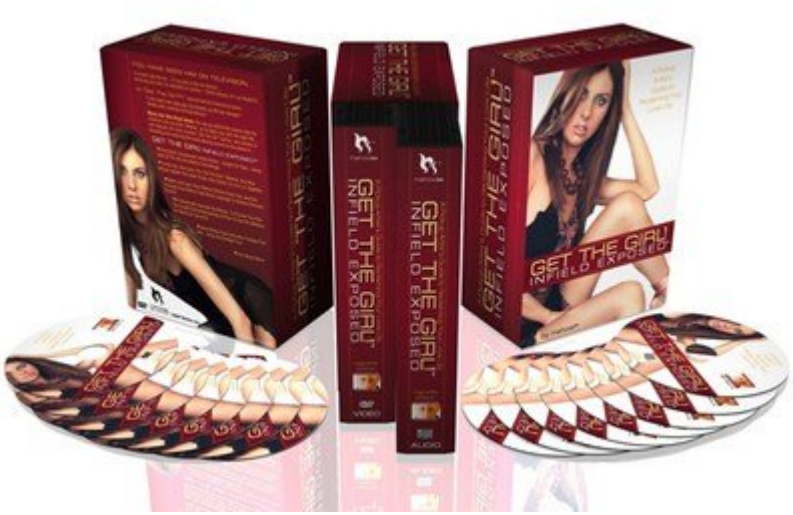


That'll be the British embassy in the background

Reality **–** If you can't get laid in your home country you won't get laid abroad (the usual "unless you massively lower your standards" exception applies, but anytime I talk about getting laid I always mean with acceptable quality unless otherwise stated). I knocked over four new girls in four weeks in Yugoslavia this summer with probably two more girls to knock over at a later date to make six in total. In terms of quality and quantity its my best performance so far. Robusto did three in the same period and knocked over a fourth in a return sweep-up. Roosh is coy about giving specific numbers but he has written at length about his experiences in the same country. I had broadly similar experiences in Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia, Poland etc. Generally, if I go somewhere for one week and give it a good try I'll probably get laid once. This seems to be the experience of most decent players who don't fuck mingers. My success in Europe is only marginally better than in London. If I was to break it into numbers I'd say in any given one hour period I'll likely see four times as many hot girls in EE and they are generally a point or two hotter *but actually getting my dick into them is no easier than London*. I've got more to shoot at but any given girl is equally difficult to knock over as her London-based compatriot. Which goes back to my answer to myth one – high value women do not sleep with low value men.

3. There is a secret code called Game that, once deployed, will get you girls

Mystery is to blame for this one as he constructed a whole system around suppressing his own childhood trauma by impressing his parents through the proxy of club tarts. Game became a secret system, some kind of Da Vinci Code. Depending on your awareness and budget you can pay a major commercial outfit a thousand notes to attend a mind-blowing reality-shaking pussy-pounding bootcamp, you can self-medicate through the free advice of the manosphere, or perhaps sign into a major forum and take your chances with the blind keyboard jockeys leading the blind lurkers. Whichever route you choose you are peeling back the curtain to view forbidden knowledge and uncover the *Blueprint,* the algorithms that govern attraction, mastery over which will grant unlimited access to fresh pussy.



hahahaahahahahahaahaha

Reality – The world really does operate according to barely-understood and rarely-expressed rules that most people are privy only to a small glimpse of. Much of the manosphere is dedicated to excavating these rules, discussing them in a bloggers version of peer review, until a concept is well formed. See the recent discussions on solipsism. However social science is not mathematics, nor even physics. People are reflexive creatures with considerable distribution across many different scales. A deterministic algorithm (such as Mystery Method, or in its most laughable nerd-state Get The Girl) will not get the girl. It's just a map. There is no secret code that inverts the primary rule of Game that high value women do not sleep with low value men. Knowledge is not execution. In theory there's no difference between theory and practice. In practice there usually is.



Obscure reference in practice

I'm rather labouring the point here but I suspect most Game myths come from the wishful thinking that there is a shortcut (or "hack", god I hate that word when applied to the social world) that allows men to circumvent the normal quality control that beautiful high-esteem women employ. **When low value PUAs fail to fuck beautiful women, that is an example of the sexual marketplace functioning correctly**. Women are designed to weed out

the losers upon pain of beta-pregnancy. Much of what comes under the technical advice of Game could be broken down into the following:

- Neutralisation of anti-game, i.e. how not to fuck up and cripple your own value
- Deprograming of feminised thought and behaviour patterns that men develop when captured by the feminine imperative
- Simple rote-learnable examples of things to say and do that help put concepts into practical steps
- A focus on approaching, and how to psych yourself up to do so

None of this is magic. You still need the value.

The Ego and Its Own

krauserpua · 27 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

One of my startling realisations while doing the Advanced Inner Game Acceleration Program was that **my ego is my friend**. Received wisdom in the Game community identifies Ego as an enemy to be dropped or killed before you'll be free to identify your problems and set about fixing them. This is half true. It's certainly a necessary part of the process. In my case it was only after my wife left me in 2009 that I realised I was not the well-rounded awesome man I thought I was. Her presence, support and sexual provision satiated my ego's cravings while shielding me from all the negative real-world consequences that could've dented it. Long dry spells have a way of forcing introspection but having hot sex with a hot girl who adores you has a way of blunting such self assessment. Like sportsmen tell you, losing is a better teacher than winning. So when she walked out and I spiralled downhill, my Ego was starved and in it's weakened state I overcame it long enough to turn the tanker around.



The african savannah, yesterday

Your ego is responsible for two **fixing** processes that can be turned to either good or ill, depending how channeled. First, your ego provides the boundary control that allows **percolation** to occur. Second, it's your primary resource in **managing social position**. I'd best explain my terms but first consider an obvious evolutionary psychology paradox – *If you are evolved to execute the survive and reproduce program why have you developed a mental structure that greatly inhibits your ability to do so?* Makes no sense. Common explanations for the Ego's existence come down to situational mismatches and twisted socialisation. Captain Caveman will tell you the Ego is evolved for life on the African savannah in tribes of 50-100 people but the pace of social development under civilisation has rendered it obsolete, requiring inner game workarounds. Captain Manosphere will tell you boys are socialised into an unnatural role and their natural drives suppressed by the feminine imperative and this the Ego has a stunted growth, becoming an unruly child. Both are kinda true but my AIGAP tells me a third way.

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Your Ego is the friend you didn't know you had. Consider the strongly positive influences your Ego can have on your life. Here's some random thoughts your ego may trigger:

- I've made my mind up about something and I'm gonna stick to it. If all those other people want to disagree with

me, good luck to them. I know what's best for me.

- I'm not falling for that rubbish.
- Sorry pal, you tried to steal my girlfriend. I'll have nothing more to do with you
- You called me a cunt in public. Them's fightin' words.
- I want to make VP and get the corner office.
- This suit makes me look way cooler than all the other guys round here
- Do I look like James Bond when I stand like this?

Essentially your ego is what drives you to struggle and excel against other men. It's your primary weapon in meeting women's hypergamy needs. It's what gets your back up and stops the world / other people from rolling you over and stealing your lunch money. When a woman you've approached in a bar does something outrageously rude it's the feeling in your gut that says "Fuck this. I don't care how hot she is, I'm not having that!" Like fire, the Ego needs to be trained and channeled so it will cook your food and heat your home, rather than burn your fingers. Your ego is the drive to conquer.



… and hear the lamentations of their women

So I use the term **fixing** to mean the crystalisation of your identity and it's resistance to degeneration over time or from outside influence. Think of your identity as a big pot of gold sitting in a field you own. People are gonna fuck with it and steal your gold so the first order of business is to put a big fence around it. Some barbed wire, sentries, attack dogs, suitcase turret guns whatever. You need to enforce boundary control over your life so you can choose who gets in and you can choose to dole out your treasure on your terms. Hopefully you'll make a rather better job of it than the UK Border Agency does at a national level. Your ego is the mental structure that keeps your boundary wall in place. When people fuck with you, your ego gets indignant. When people manipulate you, your ego gets suspicious. When people take advantage of you to steal your treasure, your ego does the stocktake and notices the pot of gold emptier than records suggest. Crucially, it also controls the flow of ideas into your neural net. A man who stands for nothing will fall for anything.



I owned this one once

Percolation is my term for the slow and steady acceptance of new ideas, people and behaviours into your life. Literally, imagine a coffee percolator. To make your morning coffee you get some beans, grind them, fill up the filter, and add water. Then press Go and wait five minutes as it hisses, spurts, and a steady trickle of coffee drips into the jug. It is only then, *after every drop of water is filtered and every gram of coffee run through the filter paper* that you pour it into your cup and drink. What you don't do is dump a few teaspoons of instant Nescafe into the cup. Well, you could but it'll be a shit cup of coffee. Percolation is an important boundary management tool because it allows you to take onboard new life-improving features while still aggressively screening at the point of entry. Taking the Instant route of downloading your opinions, friends, lifestyle choices is relying on a pre-filter by people who don't have your interests at heart. Without a solid base, you will be tossed around on the waves of fashion. Without a solid change management process, you will acquire more parasites and viruses than a London council estate.

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My friends are aware that I never concede a key pillar of my case while I am still in an argument. Yet I am not so inflexible as to never admit I'm wrong. My strategy is to defend my boundaries and hold my frame during the argument while taking receipt of their ideas in a quarantined holding cell. Those ideas are the coffee beans. Over the days and weeks that follow their ideas will percolate through and, if they are right, I'll change my mind. Thus I avoid the twin extremes of obsessive frame control / not bending until you break in a spectacular meltdown and also being a total pushover open to anything. It should be clear how this helps your frame when dealing with women.

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The second core function of your ego is to drive you to engage and win in the male dominance hierarchy. You're probably aware that Echart Tolle spent two years living on a park bench while Buddha was a fat fucker and all those Indian mystics live in filth-ridden caves. That's the problem with killing your ego, you achieve nothing. I suspect those guys don't get laid, and if they do it'll be because the ego is re-activated to set up a Guru-Acolyte frame for deep conversion. Sneaky fuckers. But weirdo hippies aside, a life without ego is a life without purpose. You need that nagging feeling that other men are doing better than you, having more fun than you, earning more money than you, fucking more girls than you, getting better work assignments than you… that's what gets you competing and achieving. You just have to know when to turn it off. Don't take your work home with you. Once **Ego**

Achievement Monkey has advanced your station in life you put him back in the cage until you need him again.



Please sit in reception until called

To summarise. Your Ego is your friend. He exists because he fortifies you against external frame control threats. A strong well-managed ego is your personal hard dominance tool that secures your pot of gold. Problems only occur when he's allowed to run rampant. When monkeys run the zoo they just fling shit at each other. So don't make your frame so strong it can't respond to real-world opportunities to improve nor make your drive for social position so strong that it steamrolls your life purpose.

Put no man's judgement above your own

krauserpua · 28 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I try to be an easy-going chap, holding my frame and my positive mood above all the life's little attempts to chip away and drag it down. Life is a constant struggle of maintaining order against the ~~first~~ / ~~second~~ / third* law of thermodynamics that leads to atrophy and chaos. Writ large in society barbarism is natural. Civilisation is but a whim of circumstance and in the end barbarism always wins. In microcosm your personal life is a never-ending struggle to maintain standards against constant woppery and inertia. So when I'm walking through a crowded underground platform in rush hour I don't let the grey misery of my fellow man pull me down. When a train is two minutes late I don't mutter and curse. If I get caught in the rain on my walk home I just hold my head high and enjoy the refreshing drizzle. Happiness is an internal state that (barring extreme outside intervention) is entirely within your control.



My typical office demeanour

But some things annoy the fuck out of me. Today it's the **Guru-Acolyte** dynamic.

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Men are social animals designed to fit into hierarchies. The sorting princple in the Excel spreadsheet of life can be column A (expertise), column F (power), column G (social status), column Z (age) or whatever. Yes, I just made that up. The point is we have an innate need to serve a higher cause and an innate coping strategy of slotting into our position in the hierarchy to faciliate the smooth operation of the social machine. A big part of taking the Red Pill is recognising a different position entitles you to different rewards and then wrenching yourself out of the structure for reinsertion at a higher point (or for sigmas, permament outsider status). Beginning from childhood you look up to the older kids and accept instruction from them. Nothing wrong there, social conditioning is an effective shortcut to learning and if the older boys avoid Mad Norman's back garden because he shoots his air rifle at pesky kids then you are better off listening to them rather than risk a few pellets in the torso by going it alone. It's natural to look up to the guy in your office who is more experienced than you. He has knowledge, you want it.



A self-important dickhead, yesteryear

Like many natural and useful social conventions this one can mess you up and in the self-development community we have gurus. Consider a normal path in Game.

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A guy learns about community. Before long he becomes aware of the big names (Mystery, AFC Adam, David DeAngelo, Vince Kelvin etc) but lacks the judgement and experience to make his own assessment of who to listen to. So he timidly agrees with community consensus and buys the usual material, learns the familiar tropes of the community. Chances are he's in a bit of a vulnerable way when he entered the community so he's a bit of a sucker for the charlatans selling impossible dreams on one side and the denialist haters on the other. A rudderless ship. Eventually he'll find some way of reaching a decision to discriminate between ideas and then likely decide to follow one particular guy for a while.

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Oh dear. The guru trap.

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It's an irony of expertise is that by the time you've figured out which expert to listen to you've already learned enough that you needn't bother. Life is full of wannabe gurus seeking to vacuum money, attention and validation out of unsuspecting acolytes. Each side to this co-dependence has their own goals. The acolyte is ostensibly seeking knowledge but emotionally is seeking reassurance and approval. Striking out on your own outside your comfort zone is a lonely job, a foreboding wander through desolate lands as you seek meaning, direction and nourishment for the soul. It's far easier to turn back to your warm bed in that comfortable spot in the matrix you already know and love. So the acolyte attaches himself to a guru who fulfills his emotional needs without forcing him to recognise the ego trap he just set himself. The guru gets his own ego payoff. He thinks he's near the end of his journey but hasn't really filled that empty hole inside, which he believes he ought to have filled by now. Ostensibly he's found his zen inner peace but emotionally he's fraught with doubt. So the guru procures acolytes who will mirror his idealised self image of how awesome he is without forcing him to turn inward and confront his own doubts. Another ego trap.


Zagreb old town in mid-July

The PUA industry is set up to reinforce this mentality. A wannabe guru can widely advertise his skills and while remaining coy about details and evidence he can lure in the acolytes. Watch for it when at a bootcamp. The guru will stand infield like the Pied Piper with a phalanx of little pushovers around him waiting expectantly for leadership. The same little pushovers will approach coach for him and big up about how much he's changed their lives and how awesome he is (just like in traditional martial arts all the senior grades gush about sensei being the toughest guy in the world). These pushovers will invade forums to defend their guru's honour against any slight. Consider forum hierarchies. There's always a load of gushing pushovers struggling to elbow each other out of the way to win access to their guru's attention. They'll reference him in their field reports, giggle excitedly when he posts, and just generally supplicate in a sickening manner.

.

Ugh.

.

Never put another man's judgement above your own. If you go through life readily accepting other men as your betters then you've already lost. You're another brick in the wall. By all means seek advice from men who are further down a road than yourself but the responsibility to assess their advice is yours and yours alone. Feel free to reject it. I'd happily seek out Roger Federer's advice on how to play tennis, how to stay fit as a professional athlete, how to handle success or any one of a number of topics where he has proven success or (if failure) hard-won experience. But I won't ask him how to street stop girls, and if he gives me retarded advice within his own field of expertise I'll park it in the holding cell until I'm better able to assess it. I won't be downloading my opinions from him. By all means seek out mentors, or if you're an expert wishing to pass on knowledge find yourself a protege. But never surrender your own responsibility for thinking. And never seek another man to surrender his.

.

** I haven't a bastard clue which one it is*

Long game and deep conversion: Serb singer

krauserpua · 2 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I came back from Belgrade with two solid leads of high quality classy girls. One of them I've already talked about. This is the other girl. I met her in a Belgrade nightclub by steamrolling her group and rapid escalating. I'll start off here with the very first Facebook chat about a week later. I haven't banged her yet… just had her topless on a bed in her friends' house party. The chat starts out pretty boring, just watch for how she gradually gets sucked in and lets her defences down.

.

Me: what are you wearing?
Her: my pajamas
Me: …. not sexy at all -5 points
Her: we can stop talking if you expect from me to have with you some special sexi relation on the face book i cant say to you – well I am wearind – notinig wearing – sorry
Me: haha…… so prudish!
Her: i am disappointing your expectations I know, but that is me
Me: (link)



Her: you can allways say to me – look girl you are board to me, I wont some sexy and brutal girl for fun
Me: you are very serious today
Her: I will not be offended
Me: what's today's plan for you?
Her: I just I never spoked with some of my sex appeal exept with my ex boyfrined, you flatter me but still I am not good in this I feel good when you say that I am pretty and good looking, you are too by the way
Me: thank you can you understand my English ok?

.

I've miscalibrated my opening, trying to position her as a wild girl and she's resisting. So I take a different tack a few days later…

.

Me: hey, serb!

Her: hey what`s up
Me: I've just been to Hampstead village to see a friend. He has been living in Japan for 6 months, and is visiting London for a week you?
Her: ok, you and your friends love japan, that`s the most popular coutry today i am resting, today it was tough day I have a headache couse of the sun
Me: Probably, your head looks like a tomato
Her: Nick can you wait for a secund i must go the kitchen
Me: ..
Her: … my head is not like tomatoes!!my head is beautofull… then your head is like an egg ,,:)) you give me weird comments ,you know
Me: my head does not look like an egg it looks like a potato
Her: you just sad that my head look like potato
Me: tomato
Her: ooo my god, i am tired ok it looks like potato ilittle I must practice English because I work with people from Egypt and Tunisia, Russia … I am volunteer at school but I still can not think so fast in English
Me: how old are the children at this school
Her: (redacted)… I am very happy to work with kids
Me: yeah, I liked teaching children when I was in Japan. Kids have a good energy and a love for life
Her: Yes they are so innocent but still very smart
Me: I'm listening to Doo Wop music now. Do you know it?
Her: blah blah blah…. ok i must go now it was a pleasure talking with you
Me: you too, have fun! :
Her: see you on fb panda bear



This in low-8 form

So I'm dropping in DHVs and running playful comfort without any sexualisation. We've found some connection over working with kids and she's showing me a but more of her life. Everything is still a bit short, clipped an superficial. A few days later….

.

Me: hey I'm busy exercising, but want to say hi
Her: ok hi Nick that`s nice I am chating with kids how can you multitask I can not imagine exercise and tipping at the same time
Me: taking a break. Doing kickboxing training
Her: Ok that was logical… otherwise you would have to be a Bonaparta to do several things in the same time. I am going to sleep now. Good night
.
Just touching base, drop a DHV, keep myself in her mind without making any demands. A few days later….
.
Me: oi Serb!
Her: hi how are you
Me: I'm good, enjoying great weather, sitting in the garden with friends you?
Her: i am ok, I am home with my parents now, came out from the city where I study where i go to college I am checking one song, I applied for a talent show
Me: mmmm, that'll be interesting which song?
Her: that is a problem I do not know yet, I have a couple of them, I caught a cold a lot my throat is not good but i can sing now this song wait a secund
Me: ok
Her: (redacted link) my voice is deep now and i love [black jazz singer]
Me: it's good I remember you have a very sexy voice when you were singing
Her: i am a liitle bit nervous about kompetition hahaha tnx
Me: when is it?
Her: for 2 weeks I think they will call me but in belgrade i was singing a serbian traditional songs, that can not be sexy, but yes i could have sexy voice i remember that night everythink about me was sexy for you nick my sister calls me i must go sorry
Me: ok
Her: we will chat I like to talk with you by
.
I'm putting out more happy vibes and I can feel her starting to warm to it. A few days later I put up a photo from boxing sparring where I have a big long bruise/scrape across my forehead. Now she finally lets her id run free and invests big time. She lets on how much she's been thinking about me, trying to solve the puzzle of me, and wondering what I think of her. This is where I know the only thing between now and sex is logistics.
.
Her: how did your friend make you this bad scar
Me: punching my head
Her: I noticed that you're not a man who likes to talk a lot, most of the time I'm talking or gibbering, and when i ask you something you give me the obvious answer, and then somehow i feel uncomfortable because it turns out to ask a stupid question. Sometimes when I see you on fb I would like to speak but I stop because I do not know what to say and then it turns out I'm talking more than you do and that could look like selfishly I found that you are an introvert. phlegmatic, calm person and I can not exactly figure out why are you interested in me, because I can be annoying a little (like now) and my English is bad…, I even think that you laugh often when I write something wrong. And now I probably ruined our spontaneous talking in the future but that is me. Worry when I don`t no need to worry. But you can still anwer with – OK on this message ( i will understand), like you did that night in Belgrade when you didn`t escape from me and many guys would couse of my unexpected behavior. Ok, I think that I cross the line now. I speak too much. Good night
Me: Don't worry [her name]. I'm quite happy for you to talk alot. Chat to me anytime I guess you really like me
Her: Ok this is better than OK in your stille af course i can ask the same questione
Me: You're a lovely girl. I like you. I'm usually good at judging people, so I'm confident I am right about you
Her: ok, I am glad that you dont think I am crazy. I am usually very suspicious and paranoid about people, i

allways think that it is not like it seems…but I like U to. too – sorry
Me: Have you thought about our night together much?
Her: i will talk about that later, i must go know.
Me: ok
Her: nick I didn`t ignore your questione, it became crowd in my room,I want to answer you are when averyone is not all around me.
Me: no problem
Her: ..Sometimes..I do. From several different perspectives. One – it was wonderfull and passionate …secund – it was different, i broke down my life rutine and rules. That is really refreshing!! It is good to know you fit in society, whatever it is, and I dissagree with today's standards of conduct in particular the girl`s behavior. I totally condemn today's criteria of normality.Today everything is upside down. Values are mixed and warped. And… I am a control freak and that night was different And you were kind and patient but I am not suprised, you are older and familiar with the female world . And yes you are good looking guy (but again you could be a psychopath – because I dont know you :)). This raises your ego and you already are too confident. If you're in the mood, replies to me why you think women should follow the instructions of man. This is typical for the Balkans attitude, it is strange to me the English have the same opinion. Of course you are not obliged to write essays like I do :))
Me: I'm happy that you had a good time with me Men are designed to lead. To go into the world and take what they need. To make decisions and to have a direction. Women are designed to choose a man and then follow him. They don't like the responsibility of leadership and can feel uncomfortable and alone, without direction A woman feels happiest when she is inside the world of a strong kind man she loves. She feels protected from the danger of the world, and has freedom to give her affection and love to him unfortunately, there's lots of feminist bullshit that tries to convince women that it is bad to be feminine. Feminism tries to fool women into becoming like men And when women try to be men, they become very unhappy that's why there are no young, pretty, happy feminists feminists are always old, ugly, and angry because they have wasted their life following a false god of Equality
Her: …..Wait to absorb this . you write an essay for the first time. But I`ll give you the answer for shure ok I agree with you in some parts…neo-feminism has ruined the relationship between women and men I am a child from a traditional family… in college I studyi todays family that has totally lost its identity….. I even enjoyed reading something you wrote, but…. men who have a similar attitude as you, often minimize women abilities
Her: "A woman feels happiest when she is inside the world of a strong kind man she loves. She feels protected from the danger of the world, and has freedom to give her affection and love to him
unfortunately, there's lots of feminist bullshit that tries to convince women that it is bad to be feminin" – true
Me: women are perfectly designed for their natural role. They have exactly the abilities they need also, women can deputise for men when they need to. But they aren't as good at men's things, and they feel uncomfortable doing it
Modern men are weak and feminine. It's embarassing It's so difficult for a woman to find a man who has all of the positive attributes When a woman dates a weak modern man, she doesn't feel secure. She is constantly stressed and agitated because she can't trust him so she'll often misbehave, nag, complain, and do annoying things to release the nervous energy and usually, because the man is weak, he will accept it and apologise. This further display of weakness makes the girl even more agitated I see so many relationships like this. Totall unhappy, no natural balance
Her: I deffinitaly love to talk with you I need time to read and understade and to write but I can mannage There is a book, written by one Japanies writter … which is inspired by today's chaos in society – " the way to a society without fathers" I have hole seminar on that subject but I must go know I send you greetings !!
.
A few days later she's entered chase mode…
.
Her: hi Nick how are you we didnt chat for a while…
Me: hi I just got home how are you?

Her: i thought you dont want to talk with me I am fine you dont need my picture, we can just stay in touch from time to time It means something to me, I do not know exactly whay why * and what never minde i must go
Me: Sorry, I'm chatting with a few friends talk soon!
Her: ok I understand, it was little uncomfortable while I was waitting, but that happens on fb, it`s ok, doesnt matter .
Next day…
.
Her: ok it is very hard to beat you in conversatione when I dont know english enough, but on Serbian I am veery good, no one can compare with me you imagine somethin to talk with it means we are boring this is difficulte never minde, I need words.. and we dont undestand each other
Me: no problem I know English is not your first language. So don't be shy about it I get frustrated when I speak Japanese and can't express myself properly
Her: thats helping thank you. I'll be honest … when I talk to you its like I'm not in the real world, everything is like in another dimension, i am shure this is funny to you, or it does not mean anything to you, and I am just one silly Serbian girl
Me: how do you mean "another dimension"? does it feel good?
Her: i dont know why I sent this
Me: I'm curious. I am interested in you
Her: omg I can not explain
Me: try
Her: I can actually but…
Me: … shy?
Her: sorry I lost net conectione no i an not shy i am insane
Me: I'll try to guess……
Her: you dont have to wait to asnwer you
Me: ok?
Her: You might be explicit, and I am shure it si not what you think but ok, I ollow you
Me: I think you are normally quiet a strong-minded person. You are often confident, bossy, and independent but with me, your character changes. You become shy, girly, silly, giggly you like how you feel with me, but it's so different. You don't feel like your normal self *quite
Her: I am not in love with you Nick you describe that…I told you I am crazy…but you are not wrong totally I will answer you when I can concertrate… otherwise you will wait for an answer for ages…. joke , i must write proparly haha How can you know I am bossy you're right, I love to dominate I know …..you're good at judging people Nick I must go know my sister needs lap top but we will chat are you there?
Me: yeah, no problem
Her: Why you have an angry face smile goodby
Her: to some extent you're right …. because I like to feel that way, I'm very disappointed in the new type of men, mollusks. I'm strong and I need someone who is stronger than me but more patient and calm. You represent someone in whom I could fall in love, if he lives in in country where I live, some younger and if there is an opportunity to really get to know. I didn't idealised you, I am reasonable persone but in basic you are alfa meal and older, sophisticate, you have personality, confidence. (but I have a question – why are you such a chauvinist?) I dont know how much is wise to keep in touch, as much as today there are so many maniacs (I watch Criminal Minds all the time) and you're constantly wondering what I am wearing, do I have some sexy pictures….) It may be because of your normal high level of testosterone, higher sexual appetite which is normal for a strong man, but that can be you're a sociopath too (sorry I don't want to offend you, I just try to think – what if you are ….) I do not know why I worry when we just chat and nothing more, there is small possibilityfor danger. and that's why I am sayig I'm crazy and naive because. But yes I feellike that when I talk to you… There is one thing more. Since I was little, 14th I'm in love with Mr Darcy (Pride and Prejudice), that's why I love English British so much, and

when you spoked to me that night it was like in a fairy tale. You didn't say things like Darcy did To Elizabeth , you were more like – You are so sexy and things like that but I am not Elizabeth Bennet and this is 21 century. there you go, You Know now who are you dealing with You may say something to convince me not to be paranoid
Me: It's interesting the examples you use and the way you speak. Alot of your analysis is accurate Are you staying awake? You know I'm not a sociopath because you've seen my photos. You've seen how I look when I'm with my family, my nephews, my friends. But I can understand why you choose that word because some of the characteristics sociopaths have are also what I have I have a high opinion of myself, I believe in my own judgement, I like to travel, I don't waste time on flowery meaningless conversation…. so these things are shared with sociopaths But the big defining feature of a sociopath is an inability to empathise with people – sociopaths are indifferent to people's emotions, such as pleasure and pain. I'm the opposite. I'm hyper-sensitive to it (like most introverts) so I am careful in choosing who I allow to touch my nerves.
Her: I am night bird, I go to bad very late allways. I know all that facts about sociopath.They would do anything to get their rewards and thats wy I m scaring….I'm sorry I will not say that anymore I must say you are very gentle with your nephuws, lovely pictures really.
.
Drop another DHV….
.
Me: I was in a couple of movies when I was 13, in tiny roles
Her: really? You've been an actor why you didnt continiue
Me: it was just kid's stuff, nothing special
Her: i loved to act when i was little , prepared show for my family show, I mimicked the famous singers I must go, its strart to be crowd in my room
Me: ok, no problem. We'll talk another time have fun!
Her: bye my good-looking English friend
.
I figure it's time to work on the logistics. Previously the hook and connection didn't feel strong enough but at some point I have to progress things and keep the momentum going forward so I plant the seed. I don't push hard, just put the seed in and give it time to work. So much of long game is incepting ideas and let her own imagination and hindbrain do the work.
.
Me: my favourite Serb
Her: i just wanted to say hello to you my GLEF is your interview for a job tomorow ?
Me: yes, I'm in Starbucks now doing some preparation
Her: ok I wish you good luck ! do you know what is GLEF i think you understud
Me: Green Lost Elephant Farmer
Her: ahahahahha you are good how did you know ??? you are write thats much more better then good looking english friend
Me: I know everything I'm going to show you around London
Her: of course, there is no doubt what ? yes in another life
Me: No. I want to see you. I'll be working soon, so the best answer is to bring you to London for a holiday
Her: Nick…my chances to see London and you is the same as I was a ballerina in my past life and I dont believe in past life….my heart beat fast…you know….I take that as a compliment I really do but….
Me: Really. I'll bring you over and pay for it. It's only fair, because you'll be investing your time in the journey
Her: if you're not serious you wouldnt say that… ok… I'm nervous, I did not expect this and I have very big imagination
Me: Take your time and think about it. You don't have to answer now I like you, so I want to show you my city and how I live
Her: Nick I appreciate…really you are great guy…but those things, they just dont work that way…..for me not. Maybe one day I will come, with my money, for example student exchange…I dont know You're confusing me

sorry but I must ask you something… and be honest…do you usually bring girls to your town, girls you met…this is maybe stupid questione…
Me: Not often. But if I like a girl enough, I do. And sometimes I'll visit her in her country. Long distance relationships are possible in this era of cheap flights
Her: OK.. I will not say that that is inpossible to happened but it is chanse are minimal
Me: unfortunately it'll have to wait because I'm about to log off and go home. We'll talk soon
Her: ok we will chat soon bye
Her: I'll definitely think about this, but I think we'll both be disappointed. I'd like to see you, and seing London for me is something unrealistic. Its funny but since I met you I automatically memorize all interesting things that has conectione with London. For example- Did you know that (you certanly did, because you know eveuthing) London completely burnt in1666 and that was the fault of the baker and his oven !! That fatal year was good in fact, because the plague vanished because of the fire… Ok Im babbling now but I needed a deflection. Good luck tomorow I am shure they will realised you are the best persone for that job
.
Another upside of these chats is she's displayed lots of her character. I now know she's introverted, feminine, passionate, educated and polite. All good signs that she's worth spending time with. This post was end of August. I might put up material from September to let you all know how it's progressing deeper.

How to get a girl masturbating over facebook

krauserpua · 9 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Here's another sex chat I did with a girl a few months ago. The usual ewwww warnings apply. Feel free to copy/paste with your own targets, just bear in mind the girl may google it. Everything is my words. Her responses are taken out, was mostly just expressing satisfaction. So we begin….

probably worth getting your vibrator if it's nearby

So we are on holiday in Mexico, staying at some beach huts in the middle of nowhere. We've been there a week already

already done sightseeing and diving

We've been swimming in the sea today. I'm wearing my grey surf shorts. You're in a bikini

what colour?

We haven't seen anyone all day. It's a completely secret part of the beach

Just us, playing around, swimming, eating sandwiches

We pop back into the beach hut to collect a bottle of vodka

We have a quick shower together, to freshen up. Still wearing our swimwear

When the cool water is splashing onto your head and shoulders, running down between your breasts…

… I like it

I can see your nipples go hard

We are looking at each other, a quick kiss

We both know we want sex right now, but we'll wait a little

We don't bother drying. We just grab the bottle of vodka and a towel, then go back out, walking along the beach

It's getting a bit darker now. The air feels cooler on our skin

We are walking along the beach, feeling the soft sand between our toes, listenign to the crashing of the waves

Around the corner, there's an old Mayan temple ruins. We visited it a few days ago to take photos

it's closed now. We have better plans for it

We sneak up the path quietly, watching carefully to see if there's any security

there isn't. It's completely empty

the only sounds we hear are the ocean waves and the animals moving around in the trees

We both take a sip of vodka. You are giggling at being so naughty

Soon we are at the top of the hill, where a big Mayan temple is

you've been drinking more vodka. Already you feel a bit drunk



like this

The sun has gone down but it’s not so dark yet. Just dusk. There’s still some rays of sunshine coming over the horizon

the temple seems to catch them

I take your hand. You think we are going to walk up

No. I pick you up and throw you over my shoulder. You are going to be my human sacrifice tonight

well, the sword is meat, not metal…..

so I’m climbing up the stairs with you on my shoulder

every now and then I stop and you pour some vodka into my mouth

and I slap your ass

Finallywe reach the top and I lay you down on the altar…. exactly where they used to kill people. You feel tingly and weird, but very hot

I take your hands and stretch them over your head, holding them down

you feel like this



so I rip your bikini top off

not untie. I rip it

so your breasts spill out

hard nipples

you are already writhing and grinding your hips, moaning softly

I'm still holding your hands down against the cold stone. You can feel it cold against your ass

With my free hand I roughly caress your body, feeling every curve

You are looking into my face, and the sky, imagining how the Mexican virgins felt when they were killed here

wondering if they were raped first

it turns you on. it's just so dangerous….

I kiss your breasts, and drag the tip of my tongue down your stomach… it tickles a little

I bite your hips and thighs

now I'm holding your legs down too, at your ankles

I keep kissing down the length of your leg, down the calves, down to your ankles

you are struggling to control yourself now, you keep staring at my cock, waiting for it to come out

now I rip your bikini bottoms off. It's violent and leaves a pink mark on your skin

you are naked, panting, lifting your head up to look at me

The sunlight catches against the line of my shoulders, and my cheeks

I look powerful and determined, you know there's nothing you can do to stop this

how do you feel?

You struggle your hands against my grip, but you aren't strong enough

I force your legs apart and put my hand against you

You gasp in shock, and suddenly you are twice as hot

I can feel how wet you are, you grinding yourself against me

I let you do it

I help a little, rubbing you, pushing my fingers into you

there's some resistance, but not much, and I slide them in deep, feeling how warm you are

Then I move around to your head

I'm behind you now, you are still on your back, looking behind

I grab your hair and slide you to the end of the altar. Your head is hanging over the side

I pull down my shorts and force my cock into your mouth, your head upside down

I stuff it in hard, and you are immediately full, almost gagging

it feels like it's going all the way down your throat

so deep you feel my balls against your nose

then I put a hand on each breast, flick your nipples, and start fucking your face

You've got both hands on your pussy now, playing with it, making yourself hotter and hotter

I take a drink of vodka, then poor some over your breasts and stomach

I'm laughing now, "murdering" my innocent victim on the altar

You can just feel my cock going in and out, choking you, your tongue licking and you're sucking hard

Every thrust shakes your body, sometimes scratching you on the cold hard stone, but you don't care

I pour the rest of the vodka over you. Your skin shines with the liquid in the low light

It feels cold and refreshing on your hot skin

Then I take the neck of the bottle and push it into your pussy

You gasp at first. Unbelieving, that I did it

It feels cold. My cock is now hot in your mouth, and the bottle is cold inside the other end

But soon your relax and accept it. It's just a unique vibrator!

So you are rubbing your clitoris while I push the bottle in and out, and keep fucking your poor face….

Then I change my mind

I pull out, and drag you to your feet by your hair, then bend you over the altar

You don't like being suddenly empty. You flail your hands around, searching for my cock

I put your arms behind your back and then take you from behind. You squeal as my cock slides all the way inside your pussy. Finally, you have what you want

I slide in so you feel my balls against your pussy and my hips pushing your ass flat

how about now?

So I'm fucking you hard now

It's pretty violent, but your body is strong enough

You haven't been fucked properly for months and now you are getting the fuck of your life

You are moaning hard

I slap your ass and you scream. So loud some birds fly away out of a tree

I'm holding your hands, pinned behind your back, with one hand, and grabbing your hair with the other, pushing your cheek against the cold stone

but you aren't thinking about the cold stone. Your whole mind and spirit is thinking about my cock, slamming into you hard, over and over again

shaking your world

I let one hand free and you start rubbing your pussy

bringing yourself closer and closer to orgasm

I can feel your pussy tightening against my cock, trying to suck the cum into you

You try to push your ass back into me, getting me as deep as possible, waiting until I fill you full of my cum

your whole body is going red, it's so hot

So it's just my cock now, hard and fast

sweat is dripping off you, your pussy is so wet it's dripping

you are screaming my name

Then I pull out, and before you can think, I bury my cock deep into your ass

You almost rip in half as my hard cock forces into your ass

your knees shake

you let out a long deep moan, and close your eyes so tight I see tears

you are rubbing your pussy harder now

enjoying the twin pleasure, all the hottness between you legs

You feel much tighter now. I'm invading you

I don't let you relax. I'm fucking you hard and harder, like a wild animal

Your eyes are spinning. You try to look ahead, focusing on the bricks in the temple, the trees behind it, anything,

Your whole body is shaking. It's like a volcano about to explode

The pressure is rising

I can feel it too. I'm enjoying this. Looking at your young innocent body beneath me, as I ravage it, and treat it so roughly

Watching and hearing your pleasure at what I'm doing to you

finally it's too much to me. I need to shower you with all my cum

I pull out and release you. You immediately spin around, on your knees, and almost swallow my whole cock

You are sucking it hard, rubbing your pussy, making yourself cum while you suck my cock

You've completely lost control now. All you care about is winning my cum

It's so animal. Quite quickly I feel the familiar pressure and finally I come

I splash you all over. Your face, your breasts, your hair. My thick hot cum covers you

You gasp and smile as each blast hits you

And that sends you over the edge…..

Your whole body shivers, your knees knock together

and you let out a massive cry of pleasure

Your body shakes for a minute, a long hot orgasm

you are rubbing your pussy with one hand, and rubbing my cum into your skin with the other, enjoying your victory

……

Belgrade Diaries

krauserpua · 10 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sitting in Zagreb airport sipping a Cedevita orange drink waiting for my gate call, one week after beginning this short jaunt out of London. An unexpected window opened up in my job schedule so with only a few day's notice I'd gotten in touch with my top Belgrade girl and informed her of an impending whirlwind visit. Pre-framing myself that this wasn't a gaming holiday I set myself easily attainable goals. Just frollick through the city with her for a few days, taking in the sights, smells and tastes while I catch up on my reading in the pavement cafes when she's at university. That would be the first five days and then catch two days in Zagreb with my top girl there. I'd consider it a successful trip if I knocked over either girl, finished three books, and washed off the memory of work. I very much pre-framed myself out of doing daygame because I just didn't want the pressure of relentlessly approaching 'till I got laid. This was about relaxation.

It turned out a little different.



First night I walk out my little private apartment and onto the main promenade to meet my girl (we'll call her **Myrka**, after the porno actress she closely resembles), the streets bustling with the early evening crowd. Already my head is turning *every minute* as another beautiful Krauser girl totters past. London this is not. In the short walk to Coffee Dream I've seen at least twenty girls who excite me more than the girl I'm about to meet. It's reminiscent of my July trip in Istanbul where I was walking around with my Turkish ex, a famous actress, and while every male head was turning to gawp at her my head was gawping at the young tight Turkish girls who made my blood bubble far more than the older lady I was with. I know there's a problem. I shouldn't feel like this on the way to a date with a girl I feel genuine affection for, a low-eight. Certainly not a grotty pump'n'dump candidate.

After eating in the traditional restaurant district I take Myrka home and fuck her. She's completely deeply converted, more than willing to let me defile every orifice and treat her however I deem appropriate. But I just don't have the will for it. I send her home and I've already lost interest in her. It's not a nice feeling. Much soul searching follows.

My number two Serb confirms she's not making the 4-hour trip from her hometown because she can't face lying to her parents about it. I'll get this girl next time but I'm not sure if I should. I'm feeling quite dark sided and uncomfortable with it.

Next day I can no longer resist so I knock out five or six sets until I get a weak-looking number from a smoking hot volleyball player (we'll call her **Maria**, after the fitness model she closely resembles) and a dappy 18 year old tart I

idate for an hour. The latter seems like a solid prospect but her mum calls and cockblocks. She goes on to facebook for long game and mummy's visit means I don't see her again this trip. I meet Myrka again to test my feelings, see if I'm just getting a low-libido revulsion and that I actually still fancy her but no, it's gone. I'm cold. We watch the new Total Recall in the cinema and the whole time my mind is on hitting the streets to rustle up new targets. Secure Attachment Pug is off chasing cars, Relentless Notch Count Hyena is scratching at the door for the first time in months. I tell Myrka its over and she nearly collapses. A new alpha widow.

The third day rolls around and I try to recover my original plan, sipping coffee and working through my books. It's impossible. Hot girls are *everywhere*. Not necessarily approacheable because Belgrade girls rarely walk solo but enough to keep my attention wandering. I see a hot solo girl go past and put down my book to give chase….. and some awkward asian guy flies past and opens her with a really clumsy street stop. Harrumph! Once you've daygamed you always recognise it so I look around for his coach and who may that be but James Marshall. I'm not letting these streets go uncontested! A smoking hot Krauser Girl ambles by and I claim her. Nice girl, but its not on. I do a few more sets and end up with another two numbers while Maria is returning my texts. She seems keen.



I'm at a low point now. It's the first time in three years I've gamed a foreign country without a wing. Solo foreign daygame is hard. You have to really control your state. There's a whole mix of emotions mostly trying to talk myself out of gaming ("this is meant to be a reading holiday") knowing full well that my core is driving me to find new girls. Maria texts to say she's finished university late (this is Friday evening) and is going home. My Hail Mary invite hits and she comes out to meet me late on. As she struts across Republica Square many heads turn and I congratulate myself inwardly. The date goes very well, stretching out till past midnight and several bars. She's got a tight rein on herself so I know there's no hope of a first night lay. Perhaps someone of Steve's calibre could pull it off, but I'm at the stage where knocking over eights is usually a multi-date challenge. Deep rapport goes beautifully and she really warms to the questions game telling me it's a month since she had sex (her only ever sexual partner), she's only ever kissed ten boys, and her most embarrassing secret is she likes to lock herself in the bathroom and dance to her ipod. The date ends with a non-committal peck on the lips but I know this girl is well into me. A couple more dates and there'll be another deep conversion. My mood has lifted.

Saturday comes and I struggle out of bed at noon. I'm still having the internal to-daygame-or-not-to-daygame struggle. As I walk to Coffee Dream for late breakfast the choice is made for me when another cute Krauser Girl

goes by. Another number. Over coffee Maria texts to request a second date within the hour. Ok, suits me. James Marshall walks past me with another student so I introduce myself then head off to the date.

I have the most enjoyable afternoon of the trip, walking along the river, through quaint streets, sharing coffee, sitting in the park. It's five hours of delightful company with Maria on my arm. My ego loves how many passersby clock us and head turn. Every time a hot girl does it I go into my little chick crack routine:

- **Me**: I know what she's thinking, you know
- **Her**: What?
- **Me**: She's looking at you and thinking "how the hell did she find a guy like *him*? where can I get one?"

I still don't fuck her but this is Belgrade not LA. She asks for my email and we've been chatting since. So I leave Belgrade having upgraded my local girl from a low-eight to a high-eight. I feel mercenary. The bus trundles on towards Zagreb and I have low expectations for the two days I'll be there. No time to game and only 70% sure my top target will turn up as promised on the last day (she's off in her hometown for the weekend)…. to be continued…..

Zagreb diaries

krauserpua · 10 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

First night in Zagreb is a thunderstorm. Excited teenagers huddle under shop awnings as their Sunday night plans are washed away. I head out to my favourite restaurant for steak and spend the rest of the night at my apartment, chatting on Facebook. Things unexpectedly perk up. Not only does my top girl confirm our Monday evening meeting but another cold lead, a stunningly beautiful Audrey Hepburn-alike, hits me up out of nowhere with “Hey, I see from your status you’re in Zagreb. Sorry I never replied to your messages but I don’t like Facebook chat. Do you want to meet?”. Fuck yeah, she’s a solid nine. I can’t stress enough how much she looks like Audrey Hepburn. It’s not a mere resemblance, she’s a *spitting double*. I hail mary all the other vaguely-warm Zagreb leads in my phonebook and get four responses out of ten but logistics eventually puts them all on the backburner.



I shit you not

Monday lunchtime **Audrey** shows up and we spend five hours drinking coffee, then whiskey and finally rum. It’s a funny old date. There’s no question she fancies me but I can feel a barrier and know it’s not on. Deep rapport is perfect and within two hours we are strongly connected and sharing alot of our identities. I really like this girl. But the kino isn’t there, she isn’t reciprocating the verbal escalation and she deftly maintains social distance. This presents something of a quandry. I can’t smoothly escalate but nor can I allow this date to end without making an unambiguous statement of intent. She has to know she’s dealing with a man, not a wuss. So three hours in I make my big move. I’m waiting for a hypnotic scanning moment but several times it almost happens and then she breaks it off just before it gets intense. So next time it happens I just tell her:

- **Me**: I want to kiss you now
- **Her**: You shouldn’t try
- **Me**: **vacuum eyes**
- **Her**: I can tell you why, if you want
- **Me**: Tell me

She launches into a long explanation about how she does find me attractive and if I’d done this earlier in the year she’d have had sex with me but at the moment she’s hung up on her ex boyfriend and trying to get him back. Harumph! She orders another drink and I just go back to rapport and framing. My best bet is this is 50-50, when

logistics clear. That's better than the 0% I rated it 24 hours earlier. But we say our goodbyes and my mind quickly turns to **Vampira** (I'll let a picture of her lookalike explain it)



One in the middle

She's smoking hot. Properly jaw-dropping sultry beauty in a little ballerina-sized body. Imagine a slavic version of Penelope Cruz in From Dusk Till Dawn. Now *this* is how it looks when a girl is up for it! We meet in a whiskey bar at 8pm and she's dolled up well and immediately giving me the eye. She's in the fashion industry and looks it, dressed like a comic book siren. So I settle into my drink and just let things unfold. She's knocking the vodka back fast. I know what **that** means. I hold position and let her come to me. Within an hour she's climbing over me in the bar so I start looking towards extracting her. She insists on showing me a nearby bar which serves a blueberry liquor (tasty, as it happens) and agrees to the short five minute walk to my apartment giving herself the pretext that she wants to watch the Mad Max 1 rerun that starts two hours later. Pretty quickly she's topless on my bed and I start breaking down the LMR.

It's here that something just clicks into place mentally. I suddenly figure out what it is about this girl (and other previous girls) that I really liked sexually versus the girls who I quickly tired of. Vampira has a tight little ballerina's body but her hips and breasts are almost bursting out of her clothes. They aren't big per se but there's a buxom quality to her proportions and skin tone. The closest analogy I can conjure is to imagine an inflated beachball. When fully (perhaps over-) inflated the rubber is struggling to contain the air pushing against it from inside and it takes on a tight stretched look with all the wrinkles pushed out of it. In a girl this is like smooth vibrant skin with good subcuteous fat and strong curves. The girl seems totally in bloom. This I like. **Vampira** had such a tight young body I was slavering like a hungry wolf. In contrast **Myrka** looked great in clothes but once they came off she had a slightly deflated look. The taut stretchy vibrance just wasn't there. And that, dear readers, drains me of the will to fuck a girl.

I made a mental note of it then started biting her ass. "Harder, leave marks" she purrs.



Artist's impression, yesterday

Just as I start yanking her tights down she tells me "I promised myself I wouldn't go that far tonight", and that's that. I set her hindbrain against it but she's not budging. So we roll around a bit having our jollies but I'm gonna have to wait another date to fuck her. Harumph!

Next day I drink coffee and fly home to the land of ugly women. God save the queen.

Chick Crack: How to make a girl laugh on a date

krauserpua · 14 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I've been back out on a few dates lately and in high spirits after a period of utter laziness and apathy with women. Looking back, I think I was overdoing the poker-face / uninvested aura where I'd not say much, move slowly, and make the girls invest. There's nothing wrong with it but I have more fun when I'm being active and teasing, making the girl giggle, squeal and pout. So the last few dates I shook off the lethargy and dusted off my old Chick Crack mini-routines. These are little pre-scripted routines you can drop into a conversation at opportune moments to give it spice, up the alpha, and hit an attraction spike. Recent ones I used…



Out shopping

1. That's so cool

Imagine you're pottering around a shopping mall or market, looking at clothes, accessories and whatnot. Your attention is suddenly taken by something against the far wall. You tap her shoulder and indicate

- **Me:** "Wow, that's really cool!"
- **Her:** "What? What is it?" *(comes closer)*
- **Me:** "Oh… no…. it's just me" *(point at reflection, chuckle)*

Do that three or four times during the date as you pass reflective surfaces.

2. I know what she's thinking

You are walking down the street with the girl on your arm or perhaps sitting on an underground carriage with her leaning into you. You notice some passerby looking at you both, perhaps out of curiosity or boredom. You whisper into your girl's ear:

- **Me:** "That girl is totally checking us out"
- **Her:** "Yes, I noticed"

- **Me:** “I know what she’s thinking. I can tell”
- **Her:** “What?”
- **Me:** “She’s thinking how on earth did she find such a cool guy. She’s jealous”

Again rinse repeat several times during the date until it’s a running joke.

3. That’s because you’re a woman

You’ll be in conversation about how your day went, your future plans and so on. Quite naturally she’ll tell you her minor worries such as trying to decide what to get a friend as a birthday present, or completing some application forms for a job. When she verbalises her confusion or anxiety:

- **Me:** That’s quite understandable really
- **Her:** Mmm…..
- **Me:** With you being a woman
- **Her:** *(doesn’t know what you mean)*
- **Me:** And only having a little woman-sized brain. Like a pea. It can’t be easy using it to make decisions

Hold your ground with a frame of cheerful misogyny and give physical comfort like a little squeeze on her hand or shoulder.

4. That spot over there

I’m walking through Camden Market with my Russian girl spouting the usual jibber-jabber about the area such as this place used to be a stables or that place sells good leather jackets. I point out a stall ten metres away.

- **Me:** Can you see that retro clothes shop over there, with the red and white sign?
- **Her:** Yes, I think so
- **Me:** When we get to that shop, I’m going to kiss you

Then take your sweet time getting there, looking at all sorts of tat in the other stalls while she gets impatient for the kiss.

5. I’m tough

Anytime you are describing an experience that involves (mild) fear or pain, such as a horror movie, a rollercoaster ride, stubbing your toe getting out the bath finish with this flourish:

- **Me:** There were ten of us in the cinema room with all the lights out watching the movie. It was pretty scary
- **Her:** *(listens)*
- **Me:** Well, I wasn’t scared. Obviously. I’m tough. But everyone else was scared. Possibly even crying.

or



- **Me:** The sparring was quite hard. We did about twenty minutes in three minute rounds. At one point Lee caught me with a clean right hand, right on the nose
- **Her:** ouch!
- **Me:** I didn't feel anything. Obviously. I'm rock. But it would've knocked out a normal man.
- **Her:** *(giggles)*
- **Me:** He probably hurt his hand. My body is like high tensile steel. Touch here. See! It's like touching a tank isn't it.

I bang my first 23yr old Yugoslav dancer

krauserpua · 16 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I've held off writing this report because most of the seduction has been covered in other posts, and because I have some regrets over getting involved with this girl. When I initially got into Game / PUA I had relatively undefined goals. Mixed in with my general desire to make up for lost time (having been in a relationship 9 years and a serial monogamist for most of my adult life) was a more existential desire to bring my love life under my locus o control. In early 2009 I felt powerless and at a loose end, thrust back onto the dating market without any skills to compete. Just go back to my very early posts to get a window into what a low ebb I was at. The Mighty Krauser of today is utterly assured around hot young women and pretty damn confident that a good portion of them will fancy, flirt and fuck him. The Lowly Krauser of 2009 would've been happy with 30-year old table scraps. The journey changes who you are and what you feel entitled to.



What I'm entitled to

If you were to roll up my goals and desires in 2009 you'd find a seething tangled toxic mess of desperation, neediness, bitterness and powerlust. Ok, I exaggerate but I had a negative frame and was easy pickings for the siren voices of the Dark Side. My first eye-opening realisation from summer 2009 was that I could start and hold conversations with precisely the pretty young girls that I fancied. That motivated me to keep plugging away through wind, sleet and snow. As summer 2010 arrived I was dating a sweet 22 year old Thai girl that Bhodi probably still fraps off to (if only he had my extensive sex video collection of her). That relationship ran on 8 non-exclusive months while I also had a concurrent relationship with an even sweeter 19 year old French girl. Not only was I getting regular sex with girls who one year ago would've seemed forever off-limits, but I had a second eye-opening realisation… these girls were madly in love with me. I'd discovered my natural gift for ~~soul collection~~ deep conversion.

This was a sweet realisation because all my power-hungry fantasies came true. I guess I still had some abandonment issues from my divorce, these issues constantly reinforced in my forebrain by all the MRA websites I was reading at the time. I was seriously mistrustful of women both in the abstract and in person so I built a hard shell around myself as protection and also deliberately screened for young niave girls with limited sexual experience. The Thai

had one previous sexual partner four years before meeting me, and the Frenchie one partner a few month earlier. So I developed my Soul Collection theories (and even a six hour presentation on how to do it) and set about a one year reign of terror amongst women's hearts. It's well over a year since I last ran amok with these powers and I've tried hard to manage girls' expectations to prevent the kind of destructive heartbreaks I left in my wake. I firmly believe that every time a girl gives herself to a man with love, she gives a bit of her heart. Her capacity to feel niave blissful love for the next guy is permanently diminished by that extent.

It would appear my enduring character traits still steer me towards deep conversion, as my new Yugoslav girl showed.

While touring the former Yugoslavia in July I'd ended up walking down the main promenade with Robusto doing some half-arsed daygame. I pick my girl out a crowd despite her lack of makeup, tightly-pulled ponytail and loose-fitting gym clothes. I just ***know*** from her walk, figure and facial structure that she's my kind of girl. It's the genuine DNA-tug I discuss in my book. The stop hits well and we idate in a nearby cafe for an hour. She's hit all my tickboxes:

- introverted
- intelligent
- bookish
- long legged
- exotic look, especially high cheekbones and cat-like eyes
- sexually inexperienced

There's something bubbling under the surface, a hot spring of sexual energy waiting to be unleashed. We meet again the next night and I get my kiss close and some really good deep rapport. I use her reading of Fifty Shades Of Grey to handle my verbal escalation and sexual naturalisation. She comes to my room but won't bang just yet. Next evening I finger her in the cafe to give her a Fifty moment. She begs me to stay but I have to go off to another date / lay. Our relationship continues on Skype.

I'm fully expecting to make this girl my new girlfriend. Not exclusively, she overtly confesses she doesn't expect or require me to stay monogamous although she will, but I'm giving this girl real affection and building an emotional connection I expect to maintain. Quiet whispers from my subconscious are conflicting me but they are so weak as to be easily ignored. I want a girl in Belgrade **so I'll damn well have one**. Things progress until we are talking openly about sex, she's masturbating to text chat, and also she does a video striptease. Things are proceeding swimmingly. We agree for her to come visit me in London for a week (at my expense, she's a student) so she begins the visa application. She's thrilled. Not only has she totally fallen for me but she's never travelled outside Serbia before and London is so so shiny to her. Unexpectedly, a ten day window opens up at work so on a whim I decide to go visit her. My doubts and conduct are discussed here so I'll not repeat it.

I close her.



A real one, this time

The next evening when I tell her my feelings have died she is mortified. I can read in her eyes, almost see an image of her future crashing down about her. I feel awful but I've painted myself into a corner. Her previous (and only) sexual partner treated her like shit, apparently, and dumped her hard. She once told me if I did the same to her she'd break into little pieces so please don't. I want to let her down gently but that's like kicking her to death while wearing slippers. There's only two ways to transition a girl out of a deep conversion:

1. Patiently over several months allow her emotions and forebrain to disengage from you of their own accord. This requires reducing the frequency of contact (much easier when in different countries), refraining from gathering anymore heart strings in your grasp, reframing towards being a big brother rather than a boyfriend (so she still feels cared for and inside your reality but with diminished sexual energy), and logically clearing her to feel attraction for other men without feeling guilt. Doing this requires months of paying attention to the girl and even then it's not a smooth ride for her. For a few girls I've been more than happy to do so because I retained not just a strong affection for them as people but also decent levels of sexual interest.
2. Dump her hard and fast. The important cruel-to-be-kind point is that you crush all hope immediately so she has nothing to cling on to that will inhibit the grieving process. So tell her your feelings have died and they won't rekindle, cut off contact (meaning don't keep inquiring to her wellbeing or trying to be friends), and leave well alone. In these cases expect the girl to have a traumatic three-week purging process of tears and pleas for reconciliation. Maintain a stony-faced disengagement. Suddenly her feelings will turn and she'll be over you.

I had zero interest in my Yugoslav girl after the first lay. I think my mind was made up halfway through, actually. I just felt a revulsion to her. It's a really weird feeling because logically I could see she was still the very pretty girl I felt uninterrupted strong desire for the preceeding three months. Her behaviour was impeccable. There was literally nothing she could've done differently to keep me. It must be so frustrating for her. My mind made up I just had to sack up and tell her. Timing is important. Having sex with a girl triggers a cascade of hormonal and emotional responses in her that are not present prior to sex. Players are well aware of the sudden dramatic shift in power in a relationship after the initial lay. The effect is doubly pronounced once you've banged her three times as the oxytocin addicition takes over and her final barriers crumble. An old pre-game maxim of mine is bang a girl three times and you own her.

So if you're gonna cut a girl off hard, do it as soon as you realise that's the outcome. I did it after the first time. That doesn't make it painless but considerably less so than if I'd strung her along the rest of the holiday. As a postscript, I've heard nothing back from her at all. I think she's wise enough to know it wouldn't help her recovery. I feel chastened. My own progress is less advanced than I'd come to believe if I'm lacking the self-awareness to know when I'm deep converting a girl I don't wish to keep. Perhaps my hunger for power blinds me to the warnings of my core.

Reasons why a woman will have sex with you

krauserpua · 17 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Men usually have sex for one reason and one alone: he fancies the girl. That's it. Certainly in my case. Unlike blue pill betas I look at gigolos and male strippers with disgust rather than awe. There are few things I can imagine worse than having sex with an unattractive woman or cavorting around like a clown to a load of vile hootering 'n' hollering hen party slags. Seriously, I'd rather flip burgers for minimum wage than get the £75ph these jokers make. Degenerates aside, men have sex for one reason. In contrast, consider this list of reasons girls have given me after I banged them:

- Felt trapped and stale in long-term relationship. Wanted something new and exciting
- Anglophile with fantasy of dating English gentleman
- Seeking to align with a knowledgeable and wise man to guide her life
- Used to controlling men and fascinated by the challenge of seeing if she can do the same to me
- So frustrated after years of avoiding sex because the men are inadequate, ready to jump at the chance as soon as it comes
- On a short holiday and looking for adventure
- Engaged to be married in a traditional country and wants one last taste of freedom
- Good friends with me for a long time and thinking of taking a souvenier memory home when her visa expires
- Loves being dominated against her will so thirsting to be taken
- On holiday out of sight from an extremely restrictive home country so took a rare chance at hedonism
- Wanted to have a threesome and I was the only available man above her attraction threshold
- Unbelieveably turned on by me specifically
- Totally inexperienced and wanted to be broken in by an experienced man
- Boyfriend was out of town and the unexpected chance for consequence-free variety presented itself
- Been reading Fifty Shades Of Grey and on the lookout for someone fitting the bill of her own Christian Grey
- Stressed out from overwork and not getting a chance to meet anyone
- Feeling alone and unappreciated in a foreign country so looking for someone's life to attach to
- Friends cajoling her to get an English boyfriend
- Never had an SNL before and wondered what it's like

This is not to deny basic principles that girls only have sex with men who meet their attraction criteria and with whom they feel sufficiently comfortable. However, it's never as simple as "she likes me". Men use sex for the physical pleasure and for the psychological validation. Women have many many reasons because it's a tool to them. Sometimes those reasons are simply to secure positive emotions (or suppress negative emotions) but often they are incomprehensible.

Not only do I bang sluts, but I'm rubbish in bed too

krauserpua · 18 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

My site analytics showed me I'd gotten a bunch of hits from this guy linking me:

- **SadVirgin** whines: Why oh why do us sad lonely male nerds struggle while jerks like this get all the hot beautiful women? *(link to my last lay report)*
- **I reply**: Because jerks like me put in the hard work to become a sexworthy man. If you shifted your ass and did what I did, you'd get what I get.



Exhibit A

This quite understandably triggers a few responses. Now seeing as a couple of them are reasonably thought out, I think perhaps there's decent people involved in this website so I invest a little time explaining myself. Here's some of the early comments. First a reasonable but slightly blue-pill guy:

> **Anthony**: It is absolutely true that you put the work and effort in to becoming 'sexworthy.' But your attitude isn't helpful. Under one caption on your site, it read "I'm entitled to this" or something along those lines. Which is complete bullshit. You're entitled to your opinion, that's about it. If you want to break away from the norm and date lots of women and have casual sex, there is nothing wrong with that. More power to you if you can achieve it. But when you have the attitude that you're entitled or owed sex? Then you're treading into asshole territory.
>
> There isn't anything inherently wrong with what you do (the sleeping with women part – the general disregard for their feelings [and I realize it isn't quite that simple], that's a different story), but your attitude makes you a jerk. So, I understand why unsuccessful men would take their anger out on you. It's ill-placed, because being angry at you won't help them get girls. But, some (if not most) of the hate you receive is well-earned.

Then a hater:

> **Commonly Known As X**: I'm sure you can be the sad old git picking up insecure young women without two much trouble, especially if you travel to places where poverty or recent civil wars mean there is a lot more vulnerable youn women. The women will probably learn a sad lesson in what to avoid as they grow up.
>
> IF of course this whole scenario is real. PUAs almost always remind me of really dorky teenagers bragging about their imaginary conquests. I mean, did he really dump this young hottie or did she suddenly realise that not only was this guy twice her age and half her maturity level, but he was completely selfish in bed. An interest in "sexually inexperienced" women seems like a red-flag for not very good at giving pleasure.

And then a fairly red-pill woman:

> **Eselle28**: Hot beautiful women aren't rationed out based on the recipient's moral worth. The jerk in question approaches lots of women, has either developed or learned to fake appealing qualities, and is fishing in waters where he may have a certain extra appeal as an exotic foreigner. I'd say the first step for sad lonely male nerds is to develop a persona beyond "sad lonely" – that's not a combination anyone finds very attractive.
>
> I think I'd also suggest taking some of these stories with a grain of salt. I suspect that the writer experienced some harsh rejections he's leaving out, and that at least some of the women he mentions may be more interested in having an exciting fling than suffering from hopeless, virginal love.

So I dispense my opinions in a long reply. I incorrectly assume the above hater is a man(gina), btw, so it's best to treat my response as a generic rant cos it was off target this time. Oops.

> ***Krauserpua*** writes:
>
> Anthony – I mostly agree, but I think you also missed most of my humour regarding things like the "entitled" caption. Understandable if you've dropped into my blog and haven't read it long enough to get my writing style. A strong sense of entitlement is actually very important to develop if you want to date hot women – if you don't believe you deserve them, you won't push past their screening tests and they'll agree you don't deserve them. The hate I receive is mostly from manginas like Commonly Known As X – these are perenial losers who project their own self-loathing onto me and are utterly callous about it. Their total disrespect for anyone they see as non-humans (namely, anyone who enjoys their life) is part of the hateful victim vibe that repels women.
>
> CMaX – You'd kill to experience the sexual abundance I do, as everybody who reads your comment knows full well. The fact I bang hot girls and you don't burns you up inside because it shakes your whole reality. Let me tell you why. You think you're special and nicer than every other guy and you double-down on identifying with the feminine to try to get laid. Yet it doesn't work. So you fall back onto the pretty lie that success in dating is just luck, outside your control. That allows you to avoid taking responsibility for your failures, and you are a failure. Then people like me come along who not only bang girls that you think I shouldn't be able to, but I even lay out a clear path for how you too can achieve the same success….. if only you put in the same hard work I did. But you're not willing to do that because you'd prefer to be a loser with pretty lies than go through this tough transition period. Hence you have cognitive dissonance. Rather than resolve it with a winner's attitude of "lets learn from this" you resolve it with a losers attitude of "lets try to deny and belittle the achievement". Pure sour grapes. I have no respect for losers like you at all.
>
> Eselle28 – Totally agreed with paragraph one. Paragraph two is usually true but I'm the wrong example. I've hyper-documented my blog over 480 posts with infield videos, text message exchanges, facebook chat screenshots, post-lay interviews. I've also talked plenty about the harsh rejections. No probs if you didn't know this, can't expect everyone to be interested enough in my blog to read every post!
>
> I've written 480 posts on how to get good with women and my own personal journey from when I initially couldn't get laid. My technical mindset ought to appeal to nerds. My journey ought to inspire readers here that they too can succeed. Anthony is quite ironically wrong in saying my attitude is unhelpful – I've donated

> hundred of hours of my time to providing a free online resource that any guy can use to improve his success with women. I'm really fucking helpful to those among you who are willing to put in the hard work. I'm really fucking unhelpful to the spiteful pussies among you who just wanna hate and play victim

I don't know how long this thread will run, but here it is to follow yourselves:

And to dispense with the red flag about not being good in bed. Damn, you caught me bang to rights, as this girl proves from tonight's Facebook chat



Girls reading this who wish to be well-serviced: email and photo to krauser[at]rocksolidgame[dot]co[dot]uk. You must be pretty, agreeable and under 27 years old.

Aggressive commuting

krauserpua · 29 October 2012 · Archived copy · Original

On my way to work I like to take a leisurely stroll to the Underground station so I can get a little sun and fresh air, stretch my legs a little. I find it helps orient me to the day and negate the stress of the London rush hour. You get to see people at their most dispirited and iritable early on a Monday morning. Once such recent encounter gave me pause for thought in how certain behaviours give you a window into a person's world.

So I approach the station around 8am and my Oyster card has expired so I proceed to the ticket machines, two of them side-by-side near the station entrance. Both are busy and a thirty-ish chubby Asian man is trying to straddle both queues (he is the only person waiting) by standing between the machines. Immediately I peg him as unsatisfied with his life as he is shuffling hurriedly and craning his neck over the other passenger's shoulders willing them to complete their ticket purchases faster. So I know this man is passive-aggressive and unhappy with his lot in life. I have no time for people who breach the standard codes of daily life, whether they jabber on their mobile phones while at a cash register (and thus disrespect the staff) or in this case trying to hold two queues up to save time by externalising his impatience onto other passengers. I walk directly to the right-hand machine to wait. He turns to face me and says "I'm waiting for that one".



A non-managed ticket queue, yesterday

This surprises me a little. London commuters are a timid bunch and even the passive-aggressive ones are usually so passive they won't say anything or hold eye contact.

"OK" I reply, and move towards the left-hand machine.

"I'm queueing for both of them" he says and physically moves to block me.

"No you're not. Choose a queue" I reply.

He whines about something but halfway through one of the women in front finishes her purchase so I move to that machine. The guy dodges in front and rushes to the machine. What a dickhead, I think, and give him a light shove as he brushes past me and then I wait for the girl infront of my machine to finish. He pipes up, something along the

lines of:

> **Him:** You just hit me
>
> **Me:** No I didn't it was a light shove as you pushed past me
>
> **Him:** That's assault. I'll make a citizen's arrest if you hit me again
>
> **Me:** *(now making my ticket purchase)* I didn't hit you and I'm not going to touch you
>
> **Him:** You hit me. I'll have you arrested. I'll take you into custody until the police come
>
> **Me:** If you touch me I'll knock you out
>
> **Him:** I am going to take your photo *(starts fumbling with phone camera)*
>
> **Me:** No you're not. I don't give you permission *(lightly swat his phone down, but not so hard that he drops it)*

I forget the exact words but he was bleating and prattling, much longer sentences than I've written here. He walks off and then turns to take a photo from a distance *then* waits for me at the top of the platform steps so he can then prattle on next to me about how he's going to have me arrested. Next he pretends to call the Transport Police giving them my description and agreeing a rendezvous at the next station. I've already back-turned him. Nothing more comes of it.



but wearing a tailored Italian suit

My reason for relaying this story isn't to position myself as some kind of champion of social justice. He was a pushover gamma male showing a rare appetite for confrontation, hardly a threat even in this country of officious law enforcement that seek to harass law-abiding tax-payers rather than stop real crime. Rather, what did this incident show me about this man's reality? My thoughts:

- He has a generally bitter view of the world where other people, and probably fate generally, are assumed to be against him. He is under attack and every now and then needs to fight back
- He will breach social convention in the grey areas (i.e. straddling two queues) in order to gain a marginal advantage. This is value-taking. I suspect he'd also not tell checkout staff if he received too much change on his

groceries and likely is an inconsiderate driver

- When in a confrontation his instinct is passive-aggressive and to tell teacher. His attempt to reframe himself as the victim of a physical attack was laughable, even Premiership footballers don't play act that obviously. Despite initiating both the circumstances of the confrontation (through his value-taking) *and* the explicit confrontation itself (telling me to play by his rules then jumping in front of me) *and* the first physical nudge *and* the prolonging of it (the photo and threats) he was determined to frame **himself** as the victim.
- His shrill references to having me arrested were just telling teacher. He is not a man who handles his own confrontations. It's easy to play brave when you have an army behind you. There's nothing badass about strutting infront of a (perceived) helpless victim like you're a warrior
- The attempts to photograph me show his classic gamma traits. When people self-define as a victim they often award themselves a moral carte-blanche to ruthlessly attack their supposed-oppressors without honour or proportionality. Just look at "anti-fascist" or "anti-homophobia" demonstrators and how they try to hound normal men out of their livelihoods. This betrays the deep-seated misanthropy behind the victim identity.
- He told a blatant lie in carrying on his sham phone call. So not only does he play fast and loose with the truth but the whole charade was designed to try to worry me and ruin my day. So he was ***not*** motivated by defending himself or seeing an aggressor brought to justice. No, he was motivated by the ego payoff of trying to be a winner in a confrontation and to make me feel bad.

These are the same character traits which guarantee failure with women. It was pretty obvious looking at him that he doesn't fuck hot girls. Much of the rage and feminised desire for indignation that led him to act out will have been driven by his sexual poverty. The lesson for my dear readers is this: *Who you are, how you orient to the world, is a direct determinant of your success with women*. Everything about this man and his behaviour was woman-repellant.

Guys who are knocking over hot women on the regular are chill, relaxed, pleasant men. It's both cause and effect. They don't seek unnecessary confrontations but when they do they handle it themselves, out in the open.

[Edit – Due to my gamma contingent not understanding the physical layout of a train station and the queueing system in place, I've added a photo of a similar such layout. K.]

We are now operating under my rules

krauserpua · 1 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

One of the higher-level skills in pickup and any ensuing relationship is frame control. For the most part men don't fully sense the dynamics at play and thus don't know there's a tug of war going on…. this leads to losing the battle by not turning up for the fight. Writ large in society the Feminine Imperative has snatched the frame such that most men so thoroughly identify with femcentric values that their loss of frame permuates every fibre of their being from career choice, capital accumulation to relationship conduct.

- Are you studying hard at university so you can get a well-paid job in order to accumulate the wealth to buy a nice house and a fast car, so that the women will come? *You've lost the frame.*
- Are you feeling guilty because you are attracted to twenty-year old women for casual sex rather than 30+ women for exclusive monogamous LTRs leading to marriage? *You've lost the frame.*

"In this country, you gotta make the money first. Then when you get the money, you get the power. Then when you get the power, then you get the women." *Even Scarface lost the frame*. You do not exist to serve female goals. If you can't see this, head on over to Rollo for a crash course. For now, I'll consider frame control purely on the interpersonal level in dating using some recent examples:



provider

Belorussian

The lay report here goes into detail about the frame war we had before she finally broke. A few other anecdotes from once we were regularly fucking….

- Bhodi comes into my room one evening to ask me something. The scene that confronts him is Belorussian standing against my window with a glass of wine against her chest and a look of smouldering sexual desire and frustration. I'm on the bed with a grin on my face and an Xbox controller in my hand, playing Dark Souls. Belorussian is confused and horny, unable to figure out why I'm not jumping her.
- In my lounge I'm lazily draped over a sofa, eating some pate on bread. Belorussian is flitting around the room, asking Steve about his website (god help her, she doesn't know how long he can talk about his google adwords, site layout, click throughs and so on!) and seeing what Robusto is cooking. The whole time I'm just eating my pate. Finally I call her over and she drapes herself around me.

This girl has her playbook and its utterly ineffectual. The strategies she uses on beta males come up short on a man who doesn't put her on a pedestal, doesn't fear losing her, and most importantly is wise to her game. Frustration

aside she likes this. She *wants* to lose the frame so she can bask in the glory of submission. In conversation she has explicitly said this is why she likes me more than every other guy she ever met. I'm the one she can't control so she was drawn in, tried to maintain distance as she continued to fight for the frame, and then finally surrendered and came chasing my cock.



I usually do a split down the centre

Serb

This girl is twenty years old, tall and leggy, with a beautiful face. I rate her as a high 8 on account that she still carries some puppy fat but she'll immediately become a 9 when that's boiled off. All through my first date with her she was holding herself back, letting silences develop, walking off slightly to see if I'd follow. It continued on the second date when we had a five hour walk around Belgrade. Some examples:

- Crossing the road ahead of me. My response was to lightly pull her back and playfully admonish "I think you forget who is the man" or "You may be wearing trousers but you don't wear the trousers". She'd smile and obey.
- As we approached a tram stop she stopped several yards before it and perched up against the railing. I continued walking to the stop and perched up at a much more suitable position. She remained where she was for a few minutes then came over and joined me
- Walking along the riverside she frequently walked ahead of me (I'd stop to feign interest in something till she came back or waited for me), wandered off to one side to look at something (I'd keep to my line) and in one case when we passed a child's play area I sat on a swing and she took a while coming to join me (I told her to sit down then I pushed her on the swing till she was whooping and laughing.

This girl has already fashioned a playbook of ploys that get men dancing to her tune. I could feel the pressure of discomfort. She was creating a gap that I was supposed to fall into. See how she describes it later on Skype as I ask her what she likes in a man's eyes:

> **Her:** talk to mee I LIKE TO LISTEN YOU
>
> **Me:** REALLY?
>
> **Her:** yeah
>
> **Me:** It must be my accent. I sound like Prince Harry or Hugh Grant or the Queen
>
> **Her:** green shining eyes or how you call it

Me: describe it please

Her: ask me?

Me: don't worry if your language sounds awkward. I'll try to understand the underlying meaning

Her: I am not used to it When man is watching me I decide what next is going to happened

Me: What you will do next, or what he will do next?

Her: he because I have power over him or how you say it but that is not happening with you you're the lead role and that is making me crazy

Me: I am impressed that you can explicitly acknowledge this about yourself please continue your explanation

Her: And you don't give up why are you doing it?

Me: give up what?

Her: let me do things with my pritty eyes and you pretend to be like every other man

Me: so you want me to change myself, and become one of those men you can easily control?

Her: I won't do that always! promise! just kidding be yourself But I feel with you as you love to have me under control in some way and i am not used to it

Me: how does it make you feel, apart from "going crazy"?

Her: Like you are taking away my freedom (not so serious), no one has such an influence on me this is not well written don't get me wrong

Me: I think I understand so you feel different with me than the other guys you know, and you feel more in my power, and it creates unexpected feelings inside you? take your time, it's fine

Her: you are the first who did not give up in front of me I mean, in the end I'm the leader always.. with you is a little more difficult.. no, it's impossible but that is not bad you're becoming moore and more interesting to me it's because i can't turn you in my way

Me: You like it that you can't control me. You like pushing against my character, to feel it's strength. It frustrates you, but it gives you a feeling of existential safety

Her: well , I don't like it very much it's a little disappointment to me

Me: why a disappointment?

Her: I can't control you like I used to do *[wth other men]*

Me: So when did you realise I was different? Obviously in the beginning you were overwhelmed by my good looks and sharp fashion…

Her: When you told me that I'm not fashion designer *[My standard tease early in a set, when I try to guess her job / study I look her up and down and say "Not fashion, obviously"]* LOOK AT HIM.. HE KNOWS in some other case I could change somebody's mind in 5 minutes

Me: Sometimes I watch boys when they meet women, and they just kiss her ass it seems so…… unmanly I feel sorry for the girl I think "she wants a man, not a scared little boy who falls over easily"

Her: you think it about me or generaly?

Me: All girls want approximately the same things, but with some variation for taste and style I think that because you needed to be quite independent from a young age, and because you are tall, you find it quite easy to control men lower the camera so I can see your breasts better lower

Her: because I 'm tall.. say please

Me: lower camera first

Her: that's it! that is what I'm talknig about

> **Me:** I know

You'll see the important of the tease in the early stages of a daygame set. Usually it's not enought to just show confidence and interest in a girl upon opening, you have to give her a little glimpse of the boundaries you set and your internal strength. Many many times girls have told me they really perked up the first time I teased them. Like a sleeping dog's ears rising to a distant noise, girls suddenly get the "woah!… this guy is different" response.

English

Here's a girl I haven't managed to fuck yet. As with the other two girls she's twenty, tall, and surrounded by oribiters. A solid 8 who could be a 9 if she does everything right. She's just come out of a nine month relationship with a guy she moved in with. He bought her the house and doted on her until finally his beta weakness repelled her. I got a play-by-play from beginning to end as it happened so I know this girl really wanted things to work and yet now consider her feelings for him:

> **Her:** [ex-BF] has started calling my ex-stepdad to say how depressed he is without me and lonely. Ew.
>
> **Me:** What a pussy
>
> **Her:** I know I am so turned off its gross. I have nightmares sometimes that I'm still with him. Makes my stomach turn
>
> **Me:** Haha.. Are they like Prometheus where you are carrying a slimy alien baby?
>
> **Her:** Hahahahaha no I'm just like "I don't understand why I'm still here"
>
> **Me:** I wonder if an alien baby is more gross than a wuss's baby
>
> **Her:** No. Such a vagine-ugh
>
> **Me:** Heh. Must be terrifying to think you nearly had beta seed in you. Kinda like how I feel about dodging a false rape claim
>
> **Her:** Hahahahaahahahaha

Earlier…

> **Me:** I'm on a steak and whiskey diet. I think my balls are getting bigger
>
> **Her:** Ha that's so hot

These three girls are interesting because they are very well practiced at controlling men and can explicitly articulate what they feel and why they do it.

Facebook sex chat for a shy girl: Part One

krauserpua · 3 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Here's another facebook sex chat. The girl in question is my new favourite Serb, a 20 year old student and volleyball player that I met in October. We had two long dates together on my last two days in town and the crucial thing is ***we never kissed***. I went for it, obviously, but she was playing a very guarded hand. I know she's massively into me but something is holding her back.

So it leaves me with an escalation problem. We aren't far enough along for her to come visit me in London (plus there's massive friction because of her age and parents), and I'm not going out there to see a girl I haven't kissed. The solution is to escalate over Facebook with classic Long Game until I can get her masturbating and sending naked photos. Once those are filed away I know it'll be worth a trip. I do like this girl so I'm not going to blow it off with a "she wouldn't kiss, what a time waster" type ego trip.

I decided to work a smooth and long escalation by putting alot of time into the atmosphere, pacing and leading her emotions so every little step forwards seems natural,not asking for much input from her. For the first 2/3 of this the video was on too so I could calibrate to her actions as she lay in bed. It was interesting to see her eyes widen, cheeks flush, and body language become more sensual as the chat progressed. Once it was fairly heavy the video went off – possibly a recurring bandwith problem, perhaps she was shy about me seeing her so turned on. So, here it is. I did the usual "lets imagine a perfect holiday" entrypoint and got her to choose the location (Sicily):

Me: So we'll arrive by boat. A little local ferry, driven by an ancient Sicilian guy with a flat hat and tanned weather-beaten face We'll have old fashioned suitcases, leather ones with brass buckles and leather straps I'll be wearing a panama hat and beige suit like this it's hot tell me what you'll wear



Her: *(link)*



Me: ok you'll probably need a hat too so we'll get a local taxi to drive us up the hillside to our hotel a little old 1970s Fiat with a coughing engine and sticky plastic seats bad air conditioning struggling to get up the hill, and the driver speaking random stuff in Italian saying "mama mia" alot Finally we 'll walk through reception. We'll have to sign in as Mr & Mrs Black, to protect appearances and your honour but not spies or perhaps we are

Her: like a movie

Me: Yes, Mrs Black we'll take our own suitcases to our rooms, because they are heavy with all our spy stuff and guns I'll be all hot and sweaty so I'll immediately jump in the shower

Her: me first

Me: as you unpack the clothes you'll hear me singing you know my shower song?

Her: be a gentleman you told me

Me: *(link to Right Said Fred – I'm Too Sexy)* so I'll walk around the room in my towel, like James Bond, while you undress and get in the shower you'll enjoy the cold water on your skin, washing off all the travel very refreshing cooling you down so when you put on your evening dress, it feels soft and cold show me what you'll wear. We'll be going out for dinner at a restaurant by the sea it's getting late, the sun is going down and splashing the sky red

Her: *(link)*



Me: nice you'll have earings and a sparkling necklace too so we'll walk out into the cooling evening air, still a bit hot. Me striding ahead, my chin up, looking at the buildings around us. You on my arm, tottering on your high heels to keep up we'll walk through cobbled streets, row upon row of small white houses, some with washing hanging from the balcony a couple of dogs running around, radio sounds of a football match then we get to a seaside restaurant and sit at a table on the patio, just a few feet from the soft waves splashing against the sea wall the waiter looks like this



he hands us handwritten menus in Italian, we try to order what do you ask for?

Her: pasta

Me: what sauce? it'll be fish probably, next to the sea chilli fish I'll get a steak so we sit and eat, washing it down with local wine. We can see the vineyards up on the hill getting a little drunk as the sun goes down and the sky turns a dark blue already there's music coming from the bars, some of it live and groups of local musicians move from table to table playing requests we finish up and move on to the most fun-sounding bar

Her: *(link to Luna Rossa)* that's south italian music i want that song in this night

Me: yeah, I've heard that before. I like it they'll be playing it on little guitars and accordians here I have to put my hand on your shoulder to stop you getting up and dancing before we've finished eating there'll be time for that later

Her: but you can not stop me you are standing up and starting to dance with me

Me: Just this once I watch you moving your weight, gradually getting into the music, your hips beginning to sway, your head moving to shake your hair As you loosen up and feels the beat, I pull you in to me so we can dance together a little I let your hand rest on my shoulder while you pick up your wine glass for a sip my hand on your hip and the other holding my drink we dance a bit more, the music stops but we don't really notice just enjoying the feeling of the cool breeze from the sea, the slapping sound of the waves, and the distant sounds of music and laughter from the bars it's a beautiful scene and we are happy to be there so I give you a quick kiss on the forehead, take your hand, and we walk off to a bar

Her: and?

Me: well, we are laughing now. We feel free like this but busier I order a double whiskey for myself. What cocktail do you drink?



Her: find some darker place.. with low lights

Me: I looked. Can you find one?

Her: ill try

Me: ok, how aout this? so, what drink do you have?



Her: i take wine

Me: ok so we take our drinks into the darkest corner we can find

Her: yes

Me: some soft red velvet seats, the material worn thin by use over thirty years the bar is busy, lots of chatting and shouting, everyone having fun it's all in Italian they don't notice us, too busy with each other we don't care, we came here to be alone so we sit and drink, not talking much now, just enjoying sitting with each other I like looking at you, with your hair and makeup done nice, and an elegant evening dress you like absorbing my male energy, leaning against me soon you feel so relaxed your head is resting on my shoulder as my arm is around you we look around us, at the posters on the walls, the local people – fishermen, builders, waiters, wine makers, tailors… the local colour of life everything else seems so far away I'm stroking your hair now, scratching the side of your head softly like you are a cat sipping my whiskey you feel so warm and relaxed, you just want me to kiss you I notice this, I can see your eyes soften and your pupils dilate your lips moisten so I hook my finger softly under your chin, raise it upwards so you are looking up into my eyes, and I give you a kiss not too much, yet. I don't want you to be greedy then I call to the barman to give us another round of drinks and some peanuts salted you ask for cookies but he doesn't understand you he brings you an old leather shoe we drink a bit more. we are silent now we don't need to talk, there's nothing to say. we just enjoy the atmosphere around us after our drink it's getting late, time to walk home it's only a short walk but I see a young boy riding a bicycle I tell him I'll give him £10 if he lets us borrow his bike. He laughs and grabs the money, a big smile on his face, and I get on the bike While I hold it steady and lean forward, you get on the back and sit in the seat, your feet on the back wheelnuts it shakes side to side a bit as I start to pedal, the cobbles rattling the wheels, you squeal a little worried you'll fall but as we pick up speed it gets better and your squeals of fear become squeals of delight, like a little girl being given a cookie so I pedal up to the hotel and park the bike outside reception the garden looks exactly like this now



there's noone around, it's abotu 11pm and everyone is either in bed, or out by the sea your heart is still beating fast from the bike ride, and hanging onto me you grab onto my arm as we walk up the steps. I stop at the top and turn towards you, see you looking up at me with anticipation somewhere in the tree nearby a bird chirps this time I give you a proper kiss, deep and long, until you feel your heart flutter and you struggle for breath your resist a little at first, pushing against my manliness, to see how I am, to enjoy psychologically feeling my male energy you push me away a little with your hands on my chest, not really trying, just a symbolic effort for a few seconds you keep your lips tightly closed but a few seconds is all you can resist, then you have to surrender to what you've been feeling all day and you fall into the kiss, your hands snaking around behind my neck, as I put my hands on you it seems like time stops and then I pull away, leaving you gasping, and lead you into our room I kick off my shoes, as do you open up my suitcase to take out a bottle of good scottish whiskey and pour a glass you are standing by the window looking outside looking at the stars, the twinkling lights of the seaside, and far in the distance some lights on the cruise ships at anchor your dress feels nice on you, you like how you feel and, catching your reflection in the glass you like how you look reflected in the glass, you see me walk over to you you stay looking outside, waiting for me to reach you, anticipating the little spark of electricity through your skin as my hand touchs your shoulder slowly traces a line down your spine and then rests softly on your hip your whole body shudders a little, a warm flow of energy through your stomach and down your arms the you can feel my other hand sweeping your hair away from your neck you are still looking forwardyou really want to turn around, to look at me, to grab me, to kiss me but you also enjoy this feeling of denying yourself holding yourself steady, eyes fixed ahead, a test of your mental discipline and you know I like it too I bend my head towards you. My lips are only millimetres above your skin you can feel my breath against your neck, almost wet little goosebumps rise your chest feels hot and flushed now I slowly blow air onto your skin, moving my mouth up and down from the top of your neck and along your shoulder I can sense you shivering, your knees weak I glance upwards for a moment at the window to see your reflection. I see you biting your lip, a pained expression in your eyes I smile and softly bite your neck, at the same time as I tighten my grip on your hip then I spin you slowly around to face me you are looking up into my eyes now it's like the rest of the world is a blur… all you can see is my eyes vividly, filling your vision, very sharp and looking deep into your soul for a moment I let this happen then I pull you to me I feel your whole body fall into my shape your chest against mine, your stomach touching mine, even your thighs pushed against my thighs and of course our lips touching now we kiss much harder there's no restraint now, just the bursting of the dam, the gate flying open it's passionate and high energy, I take a handful of your hair and pull you tighter into me as my tongue pushes further into you you can feel the sting in your hair but it's not really hurting just like spice on food, it's more exciting

(video link goes off)

so now you are grabbing me, your hands running up and down my arms, along my shoulders feeling the shape of my muscles beneath my shirt squeezing, testing the strength wondering how it feels to be held, crushed, in those arms knowing you'll find out soon I put my hands under your ass and lift you up, you jump onto me, legs wrapped around while I stand you're hanging onto me tight, slightly above me know, bending your head down to kiss me and grab my head squeezing your legs together to avoid falling I turn around and throw you back onto the bed you land with a big thump and let out an excited squeal I undo my shirt now you push yourself back against the headboard, reaching behind you to stack up the pillows behind your head, not taking your eyes off me watching as I unbutton my shirt and throw it over a chair I pull off my trousers too so just my boxer shorts I'm wearing my sexiest shorts you've already pulled your dress off, so I can see you lying there in just your underwear what colour is it?



Her: black

Me: nice, I like black. it matches your hair well so you are looking up at me, taking in the shape of my wide shoulders the determined thoughtful look on my face and the intense interest I'm looking at you you know I desire you you like to be desired by me it makes you feel like a woman I'm looking at you on my bed, lying there, semi-naked your chest rising and falling heavily with your breathing a soft red flush on your cheeks and chest smooth female curves of your shoulders, breasts, hips and calves I look at you waiting for me and know I want to take you so I put my knee onto the bed and lean over, my face just a few cm above yours then I climb over, get into bed, and fall asleep Part 2 will have to wait for another time how was my story?

Her: it was like real like it's happening now to me

Me: you have good imagination, I like that

Her: always

Me: Something strange happened. As I was writing the story, you seemed to get prettier

Her: really?

Me: I think it was your facial expression you began to look softer, happier, a very natural smile and your body language became looser it's attractive you are cutest when you are less guarded like now

Her: i know

Me: I like to see you like this. I knew it was there, but would take some time to express itself

Her: when i show this part of me it doesn't finish very well for me do you know what i want to say?

Me: I think so it's natural I think as a girl you want to find a good guy who you respect, trust, and are attracted to

you want to fall into his world, experience how he lives, how he sees the world give yourself to him, like a present of love to reward him for how he makes you feel but to do that, you must surrender some of your will, some of your independence and it makes you vulnerable is that what you mean?

Her: something like that thay use it against me so it's better to pretend that i'm cold one

Me: in the beginning, perhaps to reject all the men you don't want

Her: i don't know where am i wrong

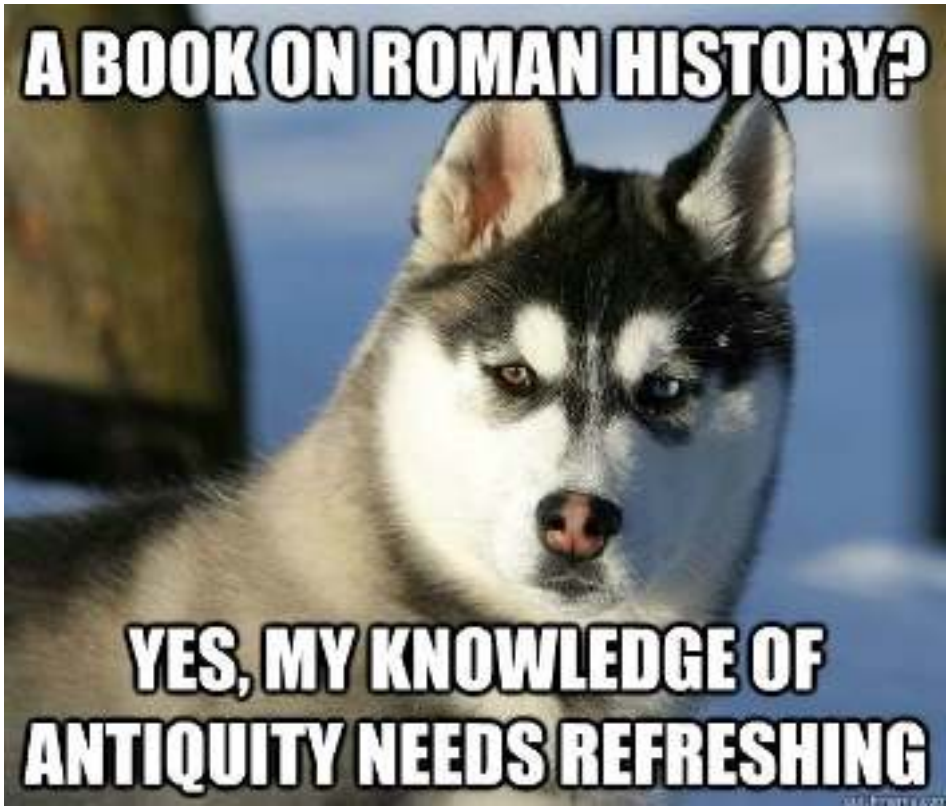
Me: you're not wrong, you are just inexperienced

…… I wrap up this part with ten minutes talking about comfort stuff and further qualification. Part two soon……

Easing my way into a well-worn rut

krauserpua · 5 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm working these days so I've not got much time or inclination for chasing girls. For a couple of years while I was building up the various pillars of my life (health, romance, travel etc) it was all coming at the cost of my Career/Financial pillar slowly eroding. The transition from go-getting professional banker to lazy hammock-sleeping wop is a gradual process so it took a while to realise **Expert System Energy Husky** was becoming increasingly agitated. I refuse to be one of those pussy-hounds that the Community so lionises, who do the "300 Day Challenge" or other such ego-ridden nonsense that results in your whole identity being wrapped up in chasing women. Men who'll find themselves hitting their mid-thirties prime with loserness having crept up on them by squandering their 20s on the pussy carousel.



My ego demands *entirely* different gratification! I still work towards the Cervantes-esque male development model and right now that means topping up my career and savings. There's something purposeful and satisfying about making my early morning walk to work and then coming home that evening with a pocketful of loot and the serene calm of having participated in a high-level value exchange. Manly pride has to be earned in manly arenas. Women can't provide it.

So I plan to work until Christmas and then begin 2013 with a long sabbatical. Until then I'm just keeping my existing women ticking over. Here's a sample of how I do it. I've put a focus on their hamsterbation.

Belorussian

> **Her**: How is it today?
>
> **Me**: relaxed I'm writing a report and I have to go to a client office next to [redacted] for a meeting at 4pm what are you wearing?
>
> **Her**: Nick)) ahahah)) I'm wearing the leggings in which my ass looks especially appetizing and a long sweater)
>
> **Me**: Hmmm….. I won't undress you. I'll just rip a hole in the leggings big enough to squeeze my dick through

> and roll up your sweater
>
> **Her**: such a pervert)
>
> **Me**: yes you are
>
> **Her**: he)) Others usually call me an angel
>
> **Me**: heh
>
> **Her**: My teachers from Uni are so lazy that I will write the recommendation letters for me instead them Going to do it in English it means the teachers will never know what's written there I need it for Uni in Uk
>
> **Me**: how is your escape plan so far? I'm quite impressed that you are doing all of this hard work to try to get back into my bed
>
> **Her**: ahaha)) I'm not gonna say no and ruin your fantasy)
>
> **Me**: Maybe I'll buy a blow-up sex doll and give it the same haircut as you, same clothes… same tarty facial expression then I'll abuse it and lock it in my cellar
>
> **Her**: ahaha! Nick! you're awful ! too much sometimes I gonna to to my dance class

A few days later after a Skype call….

> **Her**: It was nice to see your british face yesterday
>
> **Me**: yeah, I liked chatting with you. It's a bit difficult, now I'm starting to like you….
>
> **Her**: Don't play games with me, Nick You do It's warning))
>
> **Me**: i'm playing xbox games
>
> **Her**: YOU ARE THE REASON OF MY BRAIN EXPLOSION
>
> **Me**: heh!
>
> **Her**: I'm totally lost somewhere between Russia and UK
>
> **Me**: look at some photos of me, and you'll feeling better
>
> **Her**: ahaha) worse all your photos are full of Slavic beaches =D
>
> **Me**: beaches or bitches?
>
> **Her**: ahahaha)) sorry And you also don't want to date with me such a bastard)) Probably I should delete you on the facebook and sleep well then)))
>
> **Me**: you're in Russia, what do you expect me to do? buy an NKVD cap and Nagan revolver, call everyone "comrade"?
>
> **Her**: hehe))) I don't expect anything It'd be quite stupid)) You give me a lot of emotions doing nothing) it's obviously a talent =D
>
> **Me**: the English word is "charisma" I just ordered a big fat pizza mmmmmm
>
> **Her**: lucky you)

and a few days after that….

> **Me**: buy some Union Jack underwear next time you are here
>
> **Her**: then I'll be look like a typical UK tourist in your bed ! =D
>
> **Me**: I like those Union Jack things. Top left *(link to girl's vest with British flag)*
>
> **Her**: no)) I already passed 'typical tourist step of being in England' no british flag on my clothes any more)

Me: I insist

Her: If you insist you can buy it for me)

Me: I might

Her: Really ?)))

Me: I want you to look good when I fuck you, so maybe I'll buy you things

Her: ahahah))) don't make excuses never will believe that this buying of Union Jack is because you want to be with me forever and die in one day together =D

Me: that's scary

Her: for sure)

Me: so now you dream of marrying me I should run away

Her: ahaha) I was sure that you know me better)

Me: I had two girls ask to marry me in October. Don't want any more in November

Her: I could ask you to marry me for getting UK citizenship only, but you would ask to much money I guess =D no choice only free sex and probable Union Jack underwear as a bonus)

Me: I might start charging you money to have sex with me too

Her: those women who asked you to marry them were crazy or drank or both?

Me: an ex-girlfriend (Russian), who still loves me and wants my children and an English girl who I never dated but she thinks I'm the perfect husband, like Darcy or Heathcliffe

Her: hm…curious) too much attention for one terrible person but unfortunately guys who have wanted to marry me I was playing 'good girl game' with)

Me: I can imagine nice guys would want to marry you. And also that you control them and make them do lots of things for you they probably all call you an angel too

Her: no the last time I was talking with my boyfriend he called me terrible and soulless bitch =D I don't think that I'm like this, honestly… I'm close to an angel)

Me: he probably called you that because he now realises he was wrong about you, and can't accept responsibility for his own inability to understand women

Her: I don't think so i gave you his expression without context doesn't matter you're much worse than I am My personality is still depending on people (especially men) who surround me the influence can change me i'm not fixed yet… but you're already formed by your experience and it's an irrepairable damage [image] I should run away from you

Serb B

Her: hey Nick I have one message for you, it`s long, dont be scare

Me: ok

Her: I know this is my usually story, but this time I want to be determined. I don't t think its normal that I miss something it doesn't exist actually…. People miss things if they care about and like something what they have in their lives, or what they gat use to…I don't want either of that with something I don't feel it`s real. You exist here only as a word, sentence and picture.

I've said this several times and always break my rule, because it was – "I am about losing control but I think I like it"…. I cant even explain how you don't think something is weird. I see that I am doing things which I usually do with people who are around me, for example sharing a great news, saying how I feel…and that is not normal.

> Having fun is ok, that's one thing, but living in illusion is wrong..every level or type of illusion. I have to go
>
> **Me**: There is no illusion. I like you, you like me. Communication is about words, thoughts, and feelings. We share those now. When we video chat on Skype we can also share the face-to-face contact and see each other. These are good feelings. We don't need a purpose or a mission. Happiness is it's own goal and when we talk we like the feeling it gives. When you eat delicious food or listen to sweet music do you think "this is an illusion" or "what is the future"? No. You enjoy the feeling it gives you in the moment. Too many people live with their minds in the future or the past. Happiness is when you live in the present and enjoy the moments as they come to you.

And life goes on….

I bang my first 29 year old Portuguese waitress

krauserpua · 19 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I'm bored on Saturday evening with nothing better to do than troll OKcupid. Makes a change from running my usual daygame. I send out about thirty messages all exactly the same, to see what happens. About six girls hook and I start a chat with some black American girl. It's a car crash, she's just so unfeminine and utterly unable to flirt. What do they teach girls over the Pond? Are they *all* so vile and unattractive? Everything is a challenge with her so I say no deal and to be frank I don't think she cares in the slightest. In contrast, this Euro-girl is the very picture of shy femininity. Witness the entire exchange:



That's classic textbook online game. Really, we wrote an online game book over a year ago and this is precisely the method. Just a shame it'll never be released. But I digress……Her photos don't mean much to me one way or the other. There's a few full-face shots in daylight plus two full body, all with a camera timestamp from within two months. Ok, she's not bad. Somewhere between 6 and 7 in the way you simply can't tell online. She'll do. I'm wavering on whether I can be bothered to go out to meet her but this little text exchange convinces me I'll enjoy her company:

> **Her:** Hey 8pm its fine i just need to find out where is that station but i will see that when i get home later. You are making me laugh. Are you always like this? "tomorrow. 6pm. Oxford circus." "give yours"… it seem i am in the army ah ah ah OK ok yes Sir
>
> **Me:** Good work, soldier
>
> **Her:** Ah ah ah Miss soldier please
>
> **Me:** What's your name?
>
> **Her:** [weird name] ? yours?
>
> **Me:** I see. I shall have trouble pronouncing that. I'm Nick
>
> **Her:** You can call me [less weird name] if you think is more easier for you….

> **Me:** We shall see, young lady. Are you Spanish?
>
> **Her:** No, I'm from Portugal. And you?
>
> **Me:** Just so you know, we shall have no talk of Cristiano Ronaldo or cork
>
> **Her:** Yes Sir. Anything else i should know?
>
> **Me:** Yes. Dress cute, hair down, and laugh at my jokes. Then I'll be nice to you
>
> **Her:** So should I start laughing now? Well i am cute no matter what i have dressed. Have you thought what is cute for me can not be cute for you? I won't laugh at your jokes if i won't understand them u have to consider i am not from here and there are a lot of things that i just don't get it, so i will ask if i don't get it. Are you willing to explain? Or you just don't have patience for that? If embarrass you is not sing dance or swear we going to ok because i am too shy to do those things in the first date. Just for you to know so you don't be disappointed after I don't use make up or high heels.
>
> **Me:** Hmmmmm….. Portuguese girls…
>
> **Her:** ??? Anything wrong with the Portuguese girls?
>
> **Me:** My mum told me they are all sex maniacs
>
> **Her:** Ah ah ah but there is any problem in look like a sweet little librarian but in private with you bf, husband, partner whatever being a sex maniac?
>
> **Me:** I think I'm starting to like you, you cheeky Portuguese minx
>
> **Her:** I see the things like this, for example i am too shy its difficult for me to look to a guy straight in his eyes (if i don't know him) and i don't like to go some place and everyone looks at me i feel embarrassed i like to go unnoticed but when i find someone with who i feel comfortable well that is a different story lol
>
> **Me:** I should warn you that although my grandmother says I'm a wonderful boy, I can also be a hungry wolf
>
> **Her:** For our grandmothers and mothers we are always an sweet angel lolololol but there comes a time when a hungry wolf come and change everything but they don't need to know that
>
> **Me:** Grrrrrrrrr….
>
> **Her:** Ah ah ah easy tiger ah ah ah

Can't really ask for better than that. She's coming virtually to my door, at my convenience, and very much pre-framed for casual sex. So I put on my woolly hat and jumper and take a chance. Internet dating always feels like filling out a ticket for Argos… chances are it's nothing like it looked in the catalogue. Upon meeting my first feeling is relief – she's not bad at all. High six. Cute face, lovely manner, slightly overweight but not ***English*** overweight. Time for the pub.



This sort of thing

Right from the off I know I have her. Sitting at the bar I begin to rev up the usual DHVs plus I'm riding a wave of outcome independence. Within five minutes she's staring into my eyes with the "I can't believe I'm so lucky" gaze. I play with her hair a bit, my latest pre-kiss kino gambit. It's all childs play, more effort for me to recount here than it was to perform on the date itself. An hour in when I finally kiss her it's like a dam breaking. She can't stop nuzzling me, running her hands over my face, scratching my beard….

Next pub is just making out and verbally escalating. Because of her age there's no way I'll date her properly but she's getting prettier and prettier as her femininity peaks. I'm dirty talking then accusing her of being a pervert trying to seduce me, then pull her in and tell her to grab my cock. The usual stuff. Then she tells me she's on the rag. Hmmmmm. I am not a fan of that. I cool her off and little, do some comfort, and by 11pm send her home. She's very much uninhibited with her texts the next day so we arrange to meet for sex. Pretty blatant stuff until 2 hours before, I get this:

> Hey, I'm sorry I can't do this. You are amazing, physical you have everything I like in one man but this is not what I'm looking for. I tried to tell to myself I could do it, go there have some sex fun whatever and come back home like nothing happen but I can't.

A firm no, you'd think? A few reframes later and we meet for a drink. I walk her back to my place for the second drink and close the deal. +1, new flag.

Reframing away a girl's anti-slut defense

krauserpua · 21 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's unlike me to respond directly to appeals from the unwashed masses but I suppose my last lay report was rather tantalising in omitting details of a pivotal moment – turning her firm no into a firmer yes on the sex date. There's no magic here but I'll transcribe the full text chat and add commentary:

> **Her:** *(16:39)* Hey, I'm sorry I can't do this. You are amazing, physical you have everything I like in one man but this is not what I am looking for, I tried to tell to myself I could do it, go there have some sex fun whatever and come back home like nothing happen but I can't.

Deconstructing her girl-talk I read her mental state as follows:

- Major anti-slut defense / cold feet as the moment of truth approaches. It's easy to fantasize about bravery from a distance but once you get up close your hindbrain kicks in. I'd worked this girl so her mind is flooded with mental images of hot sex and she's naturally enjoyed daydreaming about fantasy sex. But once cold logistics take over, ASD rears its head. This was partly my own fault because I'd framed hard on the casual sex so as not to lead her on into expecting a relationship. If I'd gone full Dark Side with empty promises and sweet nothings this would've never come up.
- It's a big ask to require a girl to come directly to your house on a second date, especially when you tell her you have to kick her out at 10pm. There's a dividing line between enjoyable degradation by an aloof asshole and simply feeling cheap and desperate Girls follow happy feelings and avoid bad feelings.
- Major IOIs. No worries at all about attraction nor escalation.
- She's verbalising her inner conflict between arousal and self-image. If you read between the lines girls will tell you how to seduce them. She's telling me she needs more comfort. Note she's not telling me I need to promise a relationship – she *wants* to come but her ASD is holding her back. I see this as her presenting me with a problem she hopes I can solve for her, rather than a firm no. She wants me to overcome her objections.

With this in mind I reply

> **Me:** *(16:51)* So that sexy underwear and fiery passion will go to waste tonight [image] how disappointing!

Just a few words but consider what is conveyed:

- No uncertainty or self-doubt. I'm not fretting that she doesn't like me enough or that I did something wrong.
- Do not ***ever*** beg for sex. Whining (*"oh, but you promised"*), wheedling (*"Sweetie, but you are so sexy"*), negotiating (*"How about I cook a slap up meal"*) and convincing (*"This will be so much fun for you"*) don't work. I accept sex will not happen tonight because pushing hard will come off needy but I don't accept her frame that sex won't happen at all. Assume the sale.
- Focus on how we are losing out on a chance for something great. Seduction is a win-win sport so I focus on the (frustrated) mutually beneficial reward.
- Keep it positive. Although I express disappointment it's done playfully rather than all butt-hurt.
- Make her feel good with the compliment / qualification. Comfort.
- Don't directly engage in her objections. Her ASD isn't a real principled objection so addressing it directly will just give it shape and make it harder to shift. Far better to deflect and let it wither. She's got two basic emotions pulling in opposite directions: arousal to be fucked and anxiety that she'll feel bad for having casual sex. I focus on heating up the former so it consumes the latter.

> **Her:** *(17:28)* I'm sorry to disappoint you but im crazy i love sex but not like this. You turn me on a lot you have no idea i think you are a very interesting person but i can't do it going out from work and go running to have sex with someone i just don't know. Not so that crazy. Lol

Does this sound like a girl who doesn't want sex? Of course not, she's *hoping* I came overcome the ASD. She's apologetic and complimentary, feeling bad about disappointing me and hoping I won't disapprove. She's still in my frame so I can put her on a compliance ladder to build back up to the booty call, though I don't want a booty call frame. To deflect this I need to reframe it as a date and apply comfort. Plausible deniability. She knows full well that next time we meet it's about the sex but if I can throw her hamster a bone, she can quieten him down enough to clear the way for the sex that she so wants.

> **Me:** *(17:37)* I think you'll be masturbating this evening I hope you have a good imagination, so you can vividly feel my hard dick as it slides into you… in and out… until you can't control your screams
>
> **Her:** *(18:30)* Is nothing that i don't used to do in this last months ah ahahahah and i am good doing it
>
> **Me:** *(18:51)* Imagine I'm in my suit, back from a hard day at the office…
>
> **Her:** *(1853)* You are trouble for me…
>
> **Me:** *(18:54)* So I put down my briefcase, I'm a bit distracted.. Tell me what you'll be wearing
>
> **Her:** *(18:55)* Just an apron and high heel (just today)

This is all about holding my frame, directing the conversation towards sex, and heating up her arousal. The compliance test is quite mild at first. She wants to be led to my bedroom and I've managed to deflect the entire ASD objection without ever directly engaging it. Make your frame a force of nature that cannot be resisted. After a few more sex texts I go to bed. Next afternoon I suggest a date and the rest is simple logistics. I know not to invite her directly to my house lest I revive the same objections so we meet for a drink and then I just lead her home with an air of inevitability.

Ask yourself if your PUA method is a load of shit

krauserpua · 26 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A few weeks ago Roosh was in town so me and my buddy Steve had a few beers with him. It turned into quite a spirited chat on travel, girls and game. One topic was on what I label "**value-based game**". Much of pick up teaching is focused on the in-set technical behaviours that are meant to shuttle you through the stages of your model. Taken to extremes this can lead you to becoming an *approach machine*, obsessing over micro-managing your technique and over-thinking it all. I'm all in favour of getting the technique right but lets not kid ourselves over it's importance.

Men can mentally undress women in seconds. No amount of makeup and careful fashion styling can fool a sober man in the cold light of day. We are hard-wired to deconstruct a woman's facial symmetry, proportions, posture, body fat, skin elasticity and so on. Where her grooming hides something we are instinctively attuned to watch for any movement, gesture or ray of light that fills in that blank. Put simply, men know how to assess the physical value of a women very very quickly. And once sussed out, 90% of women have already been screened in or out. It's only in the grey areas, at the fringes of indecision, where grooming is make or break (extreme faux pas aside).



A low-value PUA method

Women are the same. They are hardwired to sniff out your value. If you don't have it, all the technique in the world won't save you. Being overly reliant on technique makes you one of those clowns running up and down Oxford Street opening 100 women in order to get one lay with the 95th-ugliest of them. As I've said before, you do have to put the time in. Just keep it in proportion while you also work on your value.

Unfortunately, marketing a PUA method towards the Technique Junkies is an easy sell. It requires the student ask few hard questions of himself and make few changes to his life. You may think you are giving it 100% by going out several times a week but unless you are assessing your whole life pattern, chances are you're setting yourself an Ego Trap to avoid dealing with the main issues, issues that are still to painful to address.

The PUA industry has created its own little sub-ecosystem of junkies and enablers. Small companies of pretenders use smoke 'n' mirrors marketing guff to get technique junkies to pay to feel like they are really making changes.

Think of it as the PUA version of a strip mall ninjitsu / tae kwon do club – the teachers pretend to teach and the students pretend to learn. If enough cheques clear, the student advances up the belt structure until he's a fully-fledged blackbelt…. *who can't fight.* This business model works because it requires little skill from the instructors and neatly sidesteps all the tough grind for the students. In sharp contrast, the attrition rate in a BJJ or boxing gym is horrendous. The brutal ego destruction students receive first time they step on a BJJ mat is enough to send most of them back into the fantasy world of the Karate Kid.

Youtube is full of promo come-ons for rubbishy instructors. My dear readers should be sufficiently savvy to recognise a two-bit operation when they see one so I'll resist the urge to point and laugh. Women can sniff out the men who aren't getting laid. Before you hand over money to a coach just size him up and ask yourself "does he look like the kind of guy a hot woman would fuck"?

* ***EDIT*** *– I removed direct references to one particular company and instructor.*

When deep conversion goes wrong, it does so dramatically

krauserpua · 26 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I've had alot of emails asking me for the inside track on Deep Conversion / Soul Collection, as I'm constantly talking around the subject on this blog. Yes I have a fully fledged how-to theory and yes it's broken down into six one-hour powerpoint presentations. Yes I could write a book about it.



Yes, I turned down seconds.

But really, I'm not going to share this information. It's powerful stuff and very damaging in the wrong hands. Sometimes those wrong hands are my own. Consider this message from a girl I hadn't heard from at all since dumping her:



It’s bad enough that I sometimes create such bad feeling. Women are no angels. For as long as they are allowed to vote, drive and own shares then they’ll have to also be responsible for their own lives. So I’m not beating myself up over this one. But I’m not sharing.

I bang my first 21 year old Serbian volleyball player

krauserpua · 28 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Another day, another Serb.

The Lord's year of 2012 has been an interesting one in my upward ascent towards achieving the success with women that I'd like. Scanning back through my voluminous archives a keen observer could characterise 2009 as my **Beginner's Hell**. That's when I first learned about Game and committed to a program of cold approaching and skills acquisition, self-consciously trying to become a PUA. *I didn't get laid at all in 2009*, running around like the kind of clueless dickhead I now make fun of. It was a rough year and *by far* the longest dry spell of my adult life. I rang in 2010 by knobbing a chubby black chick I'd brought home after a New Years Eve party, my first game-inspired lay. You could characterise this second year as being my transition from chode to pussyhound, hardly an honourable title but the rewards had begun to trickle in. From May that year I began a one-year spree of knocking over at least one new girl every single calendar month, none of them rotters. I was obsessed with chasing women, reshaping my whole life around it, determined to "get this area handled". 2011 continued the batting streak but with a notable jump in quality and also a jump in the fun I was having. Inner game work was paying off and reference experiences piled up. I no longer felt broken inside. My personal version of game was fine-tuned to get the women I want in the way I want them.



What I want, where I want it

2012 has been my year of maturity…. to the extent that banging a load of women and then posting about it on the internet can be called mature. This year has slightly edged out 2011 in ***both*** quantity and quality but with a work rate ***far far*** below the previous three years. Pulling a random number out my arse, I'd say I've churned out only 30% as many approaches I did in years 2010/11 and about the same fraction of dates. I've focused on lifestyle choices (non-girl related) yet somehow managed to score *younger-hotter-tighter* with only a fraction of the effort. Now this new Serb girl let me close out the year with a bang (so to speak). Hottest girl of the year. Pull up a chair, ease into your favourite slippers, and I'll recount the tale…..

As an international man of mystery I take great pleasure in wandering the globe, setting up little hubs of familiarity

where I can retreat when London life tires me. Lithuania and Croatia top my list but I'm on the lookout for others. While driving around the former-Yugoslavia in April Jimmy and I squeezed in a day in Belgrade. It seemed promising so I went back with Bhodi and Robusto for a week in July, knocking over a local girl and getting some hot leads that justified a return. Return I did, somewhat tramuatising another local girl and it was then, in September, that I met **Giraffe**.



Add a little puppy fat and that's her

Giraffe is a sweet young student with long long legs and smooth clean lines. Quite the head turner, my head was turned as she walked down the main shopping street so I gave chase and ran my usual street patter. She's the kind of girl who is so striking that it's easy to bail out assuming she's too hot, but 2012 is the year I came to really feel I am the best offer a girl will ever get. I took a number then had a Day 2 later that evening and spent most of the next afternoon (my last) walking the riverfront. No kiss.

This presents a problem best solved by Long Game. Much of my early Facebook stuff on this blog went nowhere, clumsy attempts to stumble in the dark as I figure out how to use the medium. By the time I get Giraffe online I'm working to a well-practiced system so we are soon sex-chatting. Concurrently, I have another Serb in a holding pattern (also beautiful) so I apply myself to setting up a Belgrade visit for November. It's a logistic and frame control nightmare to handle the following problems:

- Serb A (Giraffe) has never kissed me and is still doing some push-back on the frame. If I'm going all the way to Belgrade *just to see her* I might as well toss the frame into the river. I need an additional lure.
- Serb B (Singer) lives in a small town several hours from Belgrade and tells me her traditional parents won't allow her to see me, so can I come to her town?
- Serb A has only slept with one man. Girls like that are quite a challenge to close quickly
- Serb B is verbalising her hamster spins with an effective push-pull of liking me but not being "that kind of girl"

Things eventually get to a point where Serb B has gotten permission from her parents to visit Belgrade so she will spend Friday and Saturday with me. Serb A will clear her Sunday for me. Because I rate both girls highly (solid 8s, and very pleasant people) I'm not looking for a pump'n'dump. Also, being somewhat chastised by my experience with the previous Serb (Dancer) I really hope things will go well into the medium term. I tell both girls I'll be

meeting other friends in Belgrade and Zagreb hence my narrow window of availability, keeping it vague.

Three days before the trip Serb B bails, saying her parents revoked permission. I'm *not* impressed and tell her as much. It's one thing to be easy going and "nothing is ever a big deal" but quite another when you explicitly tell a girl you are coming to visit her specifically, she agrees, you buy a ticket, then she bails. I tell her we shouldn't talk to each other again. It's not just a gamey push-away (though it works to that effect), I'm no longer willing to put myself out for this girl. She's obviously in a spin over the whole situation and ends up confronting her parents and compromising with a daytrip (Saturday)…. but I have a new headache because I'd since told Serb A I have all weekend free…… I fly into Belgrade considering the following as an acceptable holiday-success scenario:

- Eat good food and read a book
- Advance both girls to the point where next time is a guaranteed lay
- Get one promising new lead from street game

I needn't have worried.

Right from my arrival, Giraffe is well into me. She's cleared her diary completely so as to spend every minute with me. Early afternoon she meets me at my apartment then we head out for lunch at a lovely old bistro where I'm buzzing with positive energy. She looks great, the vibe is great, and I just love being in downtown Belgrade eating good food and sipping local coffee. I do a little kino testing, playing with her hair and fingers, then we mutually suggest returning to my apartment to sleep off the food. Lying next to her on the bed, fully clothed, listening to Spotify, I'm still acutely aware we haven't even kissed. How difficult is this woman? You lose nothing as a man by pushing so I pull her in and kiss close. She's enthusiastic so I keep pushing. There's a few mutterings of "this is fast" and "we should slow down" but within twenty minutes I'm banging her.

Glory be, praise the Lord! It's such a fulfilling experience to look down at a beautiful young woman writhing and moaning underneath you, knowing it's all happened because you saw her in the street and made it happen. Lovely girl, great fuck. We chill out for another hour or two, have a nap, then more of the same. We spend most of the weekend together in cafes, fancy restaurants, and walking by the river. It fits my image exactly of the kind of guy I want to be, living the kind of life I want to live. Dozens of times over the weekend I find myself looking at her nuzzled up in the crook of my arm with a satisfied smile, padding around my apartment in her underwear singing, on my arm in the street as the locals give us inquisitive looks, and think "fuck me, I'm really living this".



Fuck me, I'm really living this

Saturday lunchtime I send her home for a few hours so I can meet Serb B. As I wait in a cafe off Republic Square I'm wondering where I'm at. Mostly I'm gratified that I didn't get player ennui with Giraffe. Even in the ten minute window after shooting my muck over her (usually my extreme low point of interest in a girl) I felt satisfied having her around, a feeling I interpret to mean the quality and suitability of the girl is crucial to me and *yet another reason not to bang rotters*. My thoughts turn to Singer and whether it'll be the satisfaction or the ennui with her, and how interested canI be in a girl I only saw while drunk one night? Then she glides into the seat next to me and all doubts vanish – she's ***lovely***. Beautiful, elegant, immaculately dressed… she's like a Serbian Kate Bush. Far more chatty than Giraffe I get a completely different (and just as pleasant) vibe as we progress to lunch. She won't come into my apartment and is quite pressed for time so we walk around the old fort. It's really quite romantic, enough to warm the cold hard rock I have for a heart.



but speaks Cyrillic

I put her in a taxi knowing full well this is proceeding nicely. It'll have to wait a while, but this girl will be part of my 2013. I see out the remainder of the weekend with Giraffe then jet home on Monday with a rucksack full of fine whiskey and a heart full of song. Life is good.

Game theory has its own life cycle

krauserpua · 30 November 2012 · Archived copy · Original

C. Wright Mills popularised the idea of the sociological imagination, the central idea being he "felt that the central task for sociology and sociologists was to find (and articulate) the connections between the particular social environments of individuals (also known as "milieu") and the wider social and historical forces in which they are enmeshed." In many respects this means observing humans as **actors within small ecosystems** with feedback loops and risk/reward systems. It's common to take this perspective when analysing society through the Game lens. It's also interesting to zoom out on a meta-level and apply it to the community itself.

The original meta-frame of Mystery/Style/DavidDeAngelo-era Game was pretty simple and sometimes explicitly stated: *young beautiful women have a higher SMV than men and thus efforts must be made to bridge the gap until a small window of opportunity arises where relative values are close enough to open her legs, at which point you close*. That gap can be bridged by chipping down her value with negs, raising you value with routines / preselection, or even controlling the environment to provide your own pedestal (such as entourage game). Consider the ecosystem from which this frame arose.



Self improvement begins with an ill-fitting blue shirt on every fucking video

Reading through the seminal The Game book it's obviously ***not*** the story of the world's coolest seducers clacking scores of hot women. The 2002 community was the story of nerdy losers tired of having their heads flushed down the toilet at school and decamping to LA to circle-jerk. A LAN party without the computers. They'd then go out every night and feed women social fuel, considering a success any interaction that doesn't involve getting laughed at and their head flushed down the toilet. **These were insecure men with very low expectations**. Hardly anyone gets laid in The Game and the two hottest chicks are a thoroughly unpleasant and mediocre Katya (Mystery's oneitis) and a vile mannish trollop (Style's eventual oneitis). Look at the women the original gurus date and you'll see low expectations written all over the project. I'll call this Aspy Game and it's characterised by:

- Obsession with linear programming / engineering of secret systems that simply need to be learned and applied (e.g. the M3 model)
- Dogmatic literal interpretation of evolutionary biology
- Commodifying human interaction into programmable units that are endlessly sub-divisable (e.g the Opener, the forward stack, the roll-off)
- Dehumanising the participants as mere occupants of a social role such as PUA, HB, Wing, Cockblock, AFC,

AMOG etc



AMOGed and herbified by a raging manjaw

I don't mean to deny this phase had value (I still rate Mystery's original book as a core text) but it's quite clearly an infant discipline, somewhat analogous to the functionalism movement in sociology (try reading Talcott Parsons to see the same mindset in action). The main outcome and undeclared purpose of the whole meta-frame is to depersonalise and externalise Game. It is something **outside you**.

Action leads to reaction so by the mid-2000s there was the pushback and phase two being the RSD-led hippy touchy-feely natural game. This is roughly analogous to the ethnomethodology / interactionist movement in sociology that sprung up in the late 60s. They rejected the cold impersonal system-building of the functionalists and zoomed in on the energy flow and symbolism of small-scale social action. The meta-frame of Mystical Game is that we are all in our heads, these structures don't really exist but are illusory and constantly renegotiated between the participants. It's characterised by:

- Obsession with rejecting and transgressing social norms (e.g. beasting, AA-busting pranks)
- An overestimation of internal state and it's ability to suck people in, an underestimation of social structures and people's stubborn insistence on clinging to them
- Fluid equivocating definitions of terms. It's all a flow. Read more Tolle
- Self acceptance and living to your own values
- Reading the social matrix at the level of small groups of actors (e.g. in a club)

This is quite understandable as a reaction to Aspy Game as those dedicated original LA nerds had internalised the lessons of 2002-era game well enough to jettison their original low expectations and look for the next plateau-busting themes. Tyler explicitly explains their motivations in the first hour of The Blueprint Decoded. The big problem with ignoring the real world of value and social structure, however, is it bites you in the ass. RSD-types are weird cultist self-helpy schlubs (e.g. Roger) or embarrassing awkward social violators (the Beasts). Denying reality is a fast-track to disappearing up your own arse.



An Eastern guru worth following

Towards 2008 we got the next wave, the meta-frame of Alpha Asshole. Social structure was back in focus but with *conflict* at its heart. The 2002 guys viewed themselves as outsiders in a system they otherwise mostly accepted as legitimate – functionalists are interested in the forces that keep society functioning. The 2008 guys are more like the Marxists of sociology (ironically) in which society is by nature antagonistic, full of competing interest groups jostling for advantage (men, women, feminists, MRAs, white knights, betas, douchebags, bad boys, nice guys, cougars etc). The Alpha Assholes describe the faultlines of social conflict and then advise how to secure membership of the likely winner – the aloof game-adept alpha bad boy. Like most social theories you can quickly understand it's flavour by looking at the time and place it developed – east coast metropolitan America – and the men who created it – early middle-age white professional men. The meta-frame is characterised by:

- Obsession with sexual market rank, in particular to achieve Alpha and reject Beta
- An overestimation of people's adversarial and self-interested intention to screw you over
- Humorous, non-PC, taboo-breaking definitions of people and their behaviour
- Embracing high self-regard
- Reading the social matrix at a macro-level (e.g. demographic trends)

I think this wave will run its course soon. The internet is a fast-moving place and literally hundreds of blogs are rapidly mapping out the territory until there'll be nothing left to say within that paradigm. It's also gradually being replaced by the latest meta-frame of Galt Game. While the Alpha Assholes are learning to work the Western niche to score skanky bar pussy, ever-increasing numbers of men are looking to redesign their lives to insert themselves into favourable environments (e.g. ex-pats) and to unplug from the corporate grind. Mostly a younger generation who completely missed 2002 and 2006 Game these men don't aspire to the white-picket fence respectability of their grandfathers. The meta-frame is characterised by:

- Obsession with finding the mythical pussy paradise
- An overestimation of no-skill "hacks" and passive income, an underestimation of the need to have a real employable skill

- Glorification of freedom, travel and living life on your own terms
- Tension between laziness to get things easy, and genuine drive towards self-improvement (gym, grooming, wide reading etc)
- Dispensing with grand theory and looking to accumulate cliffs notes on “what works”



It represents an individual solution of “how do I get mine” rather than still holding on to the male role as a provider, protector and participant in public life. The big weakness with Galt Game will come down to age differences – it’s quite easy for a 35 year old man to shake off the parasites and live as an international man of mystery. He has already spent his 20s building a marketable career skill (or his own business) and developed fluid intelligence. 35 years of accumulation can now be cashed in. A 22 year old boy seduced by the same freedom porn is like a 19 year old hottie seduced by the cock carousel, unaware that the ride has to end. What is fresh and exciting at 22 is often loserdom at 35. Galting your way through your twenties without an accumulation phase will lead to:

- Severly constrained job opportunities and thus inability to switch paths
- Rootless, aimless life where no place is home and no strong social group you can claim as your own
- Player ennui from addiction to the dopamine hit of new women
- Misanthropy from conceiving yourself as an outsider and from reducing male-female contact to a frenzied animal coupling
- Existential angst from linking your self-esteem to your success with women

That’s the glass-is-half-empty version for young kids to avoid. The glass-half-full-version is very satisfying indeed. I don’t mean to disparage any meta-frame unduly. It simply interests me to see the long-term trends in social thought and how they develop. One characteristic of the wise man is his ability to step back and understand not just the rules of the game but who created those rules and whose interests they serve.

Mythologies

krauserpua · 2 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

While I was living in Tokyo my co-worker told me about a highly regarded domestic whiskey called Yamazaki. It has a peaty smokey taste coming from an unusual casking procedure up in the mountainous hot springs region slightly north of Tokyo. While I was travelling up in Nikko I visited one of the small hole-in-the-wall whiskey joints they have around the rural train station square and fell into conversation with the owner. He must've been into his seventies but still had that gruff clipped demeanour of the old generation – the yamato damashi Japanese spirit. When I asked for a Yamazaki single malt his eyes lit up and he regalled me with the history of the drink.



Total war

Back in the Meiji Restoration (1868) the Emperor waged a power struggle with the Shogun that culminated in a major battle as depicted in the Tom Cruise movie **The Last Samurai**. Leading up to this samurai showdown was a strange stand-off just twenty kilometres south of where I sat on my tatami mat sipping the whiskey. The Emperor's army had moved north supported by American rifles and camped out on the south of two large thinly-wooded hills. The Shogun host was on the north side. It was a standoff because whoever advanced into the marshy clearing between was at significant disadvantage.

A local whiskey maker, just a ramshackle operation out of one large barn, had begun to supply both sides. As the standoff stretched from one day to a whole week the amassed troops eagerly bought whatever he put in front of them. Before long he was sourcing whiskey from nearby villages and having it shuttled through forest trails at night under cover of darkness, a team of local boys carrying small casks on their backs as they slip past bribed sentries. For a week raucus singing was heard around campfires and the local whiskey maker Shigeru Yamazki filled his coffers…. then suddenly one day the armies moved, a decisive battle was fought, and like a passing tornado the villages were returned to their normal quiet state.

Mr Yamazaki had positioned himself as the biggest whiskey maker in the district, a position his descendents hold to this day. He's since sold on the brand to Japan's huge corporation Suntory. Locals of Nikko still remember the story.



Deep and rich, like my bank account

Ok, I lied. Every word of the above is a sheer fabrication. But ask yourself this given the following two choices:

1. Suntory Yamazaki 12 year malt or
2. Sainsbury's own brand

Which one will give you the greater satisfaction when putting a slug of whiskey over some ice cubes then sitting back, your feet up, unwinding after a day in the office? Marketers know that we prefer to buy experiences and symbols than mere products. I'd rather smoke a Cohiba Esplendido as smoked by Fidel Castro and Che Guevara, plugging myself into the long lineage of Cuban culture than an equally fine Honduran cigar form Carlos de No-Name's plantation.

One question I'm asked about Game is **how do you avoid player ennui?** How do you avoid that empty feeling that its all pointless and women are just stimulus-responders to run the same model on over and over again until you just want to shut yourself into a room and cry. My answer is to mythologise them.

Mythology Game: Create grand narratives of evocative symbolism, sweeping histories that you can insert the woman into and give her a role to strive to fill

This is value-added game. Reductionists will dehumanise interactions to reduce Game down to a mechanical system – a blueprint, a sequence, a secret code. You apply the code on the lizards / HBs / sluts / girls until you achieve your notch. If you reduce male-female interactions down to the notch you are painting yourself into a corner. You'll find:

- You target venues where women are at their least interesting, such as nightclubs or online dating sites. Not only are you positioning yourself into a millieu which dehumanises the experience but you are also self-selecting the worst of women
- Your game model funnels girls into a particular role – the target. She understands this. At a meta-level you are leading her to be a co-participant in squalid meaningless sex. Girls who reject this position will be screened out. Girls who are in the grey area are stripped of their better features
- The experience is framed as squalid, so you pilot it that direction

Run this over and over again and of course you'll have no respect for the women you fuck and this will soon bleed out into a lack of respect for yourself. ***You are NLPing yourself into misery***. Compound this with the dopamine addiction of new lays. Not good. Why not make the process work for you by directing it towards increasing your long-term satisfaction? That's reality weaving, what I consider to be the next jump forwards in Game.

Try to find the good in everybody and everything that you interact with

Say you are lying on your bed now, your logical forebrain in control. Perhaps you worry about a deadline at work or you are mentally reorganising your Xbox gaming schedule to make sure you can level up on Black Ops 2 but still finish Hitman Absolution. Pull your mind out of the future and live the power of now. Feel your toes. Wiggle them. Enjoy the sensation of sending signals to your toes and making them move. Feel the cotton duvet under your fingertips, the soft duck down of the pillow as it cushions your head. There's a satisfying plume of heat blowing out the fan of your laptop, like warming your hands over a radiator on a snowy winter's day after your breath has formed perspiration clouds in the crisp air.

You get to decide how much you enjoy your experiences. You get to decide the symbolism you put onto them. Use that to make your life richer.



KGB 2012 collection

Use symbolism to make your girl more interesting to you. She's Romanian? Slip in callback humour about her being a vampire. Build a whole mythology around it. She's the last of a long line of vampires from a dark old castle tucked deep in the Carpathian mountains. At night when she closes her Skype she walks over to the windows and looks for miles across dark forests, mist swirling around the treetops and over the vines that snake up the cliff face. Keep the symbolism going, embellish it, get her playing along. She's Russian? Now she's a KGB agent like Xenia Onatopp, a top assassin who seduces high-placed diplomats in casinos on the French riviera. Get her talking in an exaggerated Russian accent, encourage her to wear fur hats, call her Comrade when you're in restaurants.

Women spend their whole lives daydreaming of romance stories. They are desperate to be whisked out of the dreary monotony of the daily grind. Whisk her away mentally. Importantly, you are doing this for yourself. By bringing out the best in her, by fitting her into your favourite mythology, you enrich the experience for yourself. She's no longer "girl A". You are co-conspirators in an adventure full of fire, passion and imagination.

Consider routine mechanical dating to be like reading a school textbook or the local free newspaper. Like a repetitive modern dance song. It's a passionless mediocre affair. How much more fun it is to read a ripping yarn, an adventurous period piece (say Count of Monte Cristo) or to immerse yourself in an amazing song. It's still just you lying on your bed in your dressing gown but your mind is in the clouds and your heart is beating with the blood of a thousand warriors.

Bring the best out of your women. Mythologise your dating life.

* NSFW link to those Russian birds.

Your life is a project..... foundations

krauserpua · 7 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I recently parsed the history of Game, drawing out macro themes that emerge from the busywork of thousands of individual explorers, theorists and deniers. Painting in such wide brushstrokes necessarily ignores nuance and diversity so my apologies to those of your who feel your school of thought was unfairly represented. Not that I give a fuck. The obvious question is **what comes next?**

Predictions are difficult to make, especially about the future. Rather I'll address a question that gets directed my way regularly through emails and comments: *I'm a young guy setting off on the path, what should I do?* So here I'll set up a high-level view of one solution. It's heavily informed by my own experiences and interests so feel free to flex it to your own circumstances. I haven't followed this path exactly – it's an idealised version based on learning from the mistakes of myself and others. First internalise the following axioms:

- A woman's value is mostly fixed at birth. Her strategy is to maintain that value, prevent it's erosion (e.g. through bad diet or feminism), and learn how to present it to men. Conversely **a man's value is mostly built through his life choices**. A high value man is the outcome of a long process relying upon part genetics, part mentoring, part luck, and lots and lots of self-directed hard work. This is why Eastern European women (and women from low-middle GDP countries generally) are so much higher value than their men – the conditions for creating high value women are abundant whereas the specific circumstances to get the best out of men are rare.
- Your life is a project to be managed according to goals of your choosing. In psycho-babble **the locus of control is internal**. Does a top poker player bemoan his hand and resign himself to defeat? No, he plays his cards the best he can and pounces on the opportunities that arise. A wise man once said "investment success is not about winning more than you lose. It's how much you win when you're right, and how much you lose when you're wrong." You must take control of your life's path.
- There are three phases to a man's life: foundation, accumulation and maintenance. Roughly analogous to a farmer ploughing the field, sowing the seed, and reaping the harvest. The limits to each phase are set by how well you executed the preceding phase.
- Working smarter is better than working harder, but you'll still have to work hard. Do not search for a Wop Paradise where you can lie in a hammock and everything just comes to you.

1. Foundation (birth to first real job)

Chances are you will have already completed this phase before reaching the maturity and self-awareness necessary to know there was even a process to follow. If so, console yourself by knowing you can now mentor the younger generation to steer the boys you care about onto the right path. Modern society gives you fifteen years of free education and fifteen years of free time with which to pursue it. This is an opportunity you will never get again – your bills paid for you and no expectation except to learn. Yes the education system is fucked, yes university is a long-con, and yes most teachers are socialist parasites but you can still make it work for you. Enjoy your study, keep focused on the prize, and do not fall into the slacker frame of "it's all bullshit" and you need to "keep it real" on the streetz, yo. So what is the goal?

***Goal**: Build the basic foundational skills that society expects of all its functioning members.*

It's not rocket science yet. Example… Learn to read actively. It's easy to doze off in class and let your eyes just wander down the page, passively letting the words float over you. No. Approach each text as a potential solution to the problems your mind has identified. Most of you theory-junkies here are passionate about Game theory because you can sense it's giving you real answers to real problems. Approach academic study the same way. Life is full of hugely interesting side stories if you'll just allow yourself to enjoy them. Most of my school friends found History boring – just a bunch of old stuff of little relevance. For me, each module was a self-contained tapestry of stories and biography. Think of all the richness and colour of human experience in Napoleon's march on Moscow, or the

technical excellence of Nelson's strategy in the Battle of Trafalgar. Consider the politicking and economics of the Corn Laws and their eventual repeal. Every subject is what you make it. Ask yourself the right questions going into it, set yourself the right frame, and you can strike your own personal gold from your education. This will translate into good academic scores, win-win relationships to teachers, and planting the seeds of excellence into a fertile mind. The main risks here are (i) your classmates – you need to avoid social exclusion while not letting the crabs pull you back into the barrel (ii) maintaining motivation when you're still a young man who isn't sure of himself.

As you approach your late teenage years choices open up over what you study and where, such as choosing a university. It's vital that you take control of your choices. Don't sleepwalk into a university course. Do not choose a course to learn about society / philosophy / arts / literature / sociology. The reason for the latter is that there are much cheaper, much better ways to get that education on the side while reserving your large time-cost university investment into a subject that results in marketable skills. If you're really curious about liberal arts type stuff follow this plan in your free time:

- Find a course you're interested in and obtain the reading list (and if possible lecture notes) then read on your own time whatever looks interesting
- Find blogs by experts in the field and read them
- Over time you'll learn how to research a field and obtain the books you need.

But when it comes to university or an apprenticeship focus on real-world marketable skills and dedicate yourself to **the pursuit of excellence**. Not only will your competitive male instincts be harnessed but you'll build your confidence in line with your competence. So consider what you are good at and what things tend to interest you (e.g. do you like sitting down for several hours single-mindedly solving technical problems, do you like tinkering and getting your hands dirty on machines, do you like glad-handing other people and running events?) then research careers. Don't wait for it to come to you through a careers department – seek out more experienced men in those fields to advise you. Adult men take great satisfaction in mentoring bright young men, passing on their legacy. As a kid you might think "what do I have to offer this successful adult man?" and psych yourself out. Don't. Skilled men take pleasure in exercising that skill just for its own sake. You'll find some experts willing to mentor you.

Another foundational skill is **cost control / downshifting**. Matrix plug-ins buy into the frame that higher levels of consumption are the route to happiness and social acceptance. This leads their cost base to bloat with high fixed payments for a mortgage, car, cable tv add-ons, taxis home from the pub and so on. Due to the principle of hedonic adjustment you won't actually experience any greater happiness from this bloated consumption but you will paralyse yourself financially. A man's happiness requires freedom. Keep your cost base low and flexible. As a teenager you set these foundations mainly by disinvesting your ego from consumption and instead placing a high value on flexibility. Minimise your entanglements by remaining debt-free, do not get sucked into a web of collectivist obligations and counter-obligations from your family, girlfriends, mates or political groups. Late teenage is the time that collectivist parasites will try to suck you in to fight their battles and promise your resources to them. Resist it. The only person with your self-interest at heart is yourself. Do not allow yourself to be shamed for it. The world doesn't owe you a living and you don't owe the world. Ask not what your country can do for you. Just tell it to fuck off and mind it's own business.

This is also the time to set yourself onto **the low-tax low-reliance path**. Consider your health, skills and personality to be your pension. As a kid it's easy to take your health for granted but like a woman's beauty, once it's gone it's gone forever. When racked with ill-health everything in life takes on an unpleasant tone so avoid it at all costs. This means get yourself to the gym. I'd recommend focusing your energies into a sport that you enjoy rather than gym-for-gym's sake which few young men have sufficiently developed mental discipline to stick through. Play football, boxing or whatever it is you enjoy but make sure it's manly, fun, and carries a low risk of catastrophic injury (i.e. where a bad move can ruin your life, e.g. a bad fall in skiing). This sport will greatly aid your social acceptance while building the health, confidence and responsibility for your own performance that will pay dividends the rest of your life. Be aware of diminishing returns so don't aim for mastery, aim for "very competent".

Mastery is a timesink that will draw resources away from other equally vital projects.

None of the above needs to be rushed. Just choose the right start lines and set off in the right direction. Youth is impetuous while maturity is patient. Just keep doing the right things in the right balance knowing this is money in the bank as you approach the accumulation phase.

to be continued….

Thy name is Gamma

krauserpua · 8 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

We all have our interests and peculiarities. Something I realised from an early age is I'm a system-builder. I take great interest in identifying domains which have learnable skillsets and analytically separate units that can be assembled into a big picture system. Hence I gravitated to sociology as a teenager and ten years later took a deep dive into global economic analysis. In sport I was fascinated with Brazilian Ju-Jitsu. It's who I am and regular readers can readily see this peculiarity colour my blog writing. Other system-builders in the manosphere include Rollo Tomassi and Vox Day. It's to the latter I now turn as the lead in to the concept of the gamma male. His original definition:

> "The introspective, the unusual, the unattractive, and all too often the bitter. Gammas are often intelligent, usually unsuccessful with women, and not uncommonly all but invisible to them, the gamma alternates between placing women on pedestals and hating the entire sex. This mostly depends upon whether an attractive woman happened to notice his existence or not that day. Too introspective for their own good, gammas are the men who obsess over individual women for extended periods of time and supply the ranks of stalkers, psycho-jealous ex-boyfriends, and the authors of excruciatingly romantic rhyming doggerel. In the unlikely event they are at the party, they are probably in the corner muttering darkly about the behavior of everyone else there… sometimes to themselves. Gammas tend to have have a worship/hate relationship with women, the current direction of which is directly tied to their present situation. However, they are sexual rejects, not social rejects"

When I'm out in the big wide world I sometimes play "spot the alpha", clocking the men I see and placing them in the socio-sexual hierarchy. Unsuprisingly betas are everywhere but once you add gammas to the mix it can be hard to split hairs correctly. So allow me to present a visual guide.







What you should be looking for as classic gamma physical traits: Soft smooth skin like it's fresh from the spa having never experienced rugged outdoor environments; penetrating eyes with barely veiled self-righteous rage, passive-aggressive body posture braced for a snarky comeback, weak shoulders and neck. Like spotting alphas its a holistic impressions and thus easier to show examples than to define isolated traits. Gammas are often found weaseling in on what they perceive to be easy targets for their overidentifiaction with the feminine (thus their presence on feminist rallies and around Asian women to play the role of Charisma Man).



So a gamma male writing about gamma males…

The main differences between beta and gamma are:

Beta – He doesn't have the accumulated rage seeping out of his every look. Betas are generally so oblivious to their role as societal workhorse they can't see how they get taken advantage of. Every knock back, every LJBF and he's thinking "what did I do wrong?"

Gamma – The whole world is against them, it's all stupid. The gamma thinks he's smarter and better than everybody else and the world is stupid for not understanding this and bestowing rewards upon them. Every knock back is the world being wrong. A decade of this leads to a build up toxic misanthropy

Beta – His obliviousness extends to his general willingness to follow rules, accept his position (and the societally-approved mechanisms for advancing it), and find a bigger cause to serve. This leads to positive masculine behaviours such as team-playing, strong work ethic, protectiveness over the weak. The world is a generally fair place. His response to failure is to try harder next time and to observe rules of universal justice, even when they work against his immediate interest.

Gamma – His brain is female (hence why gammas often look like homosexuals). He's a chancer with a penchant for underhanded conniving, a love of Robert Greene books. He takes on the appearance of team play while looking to chisel out personal advantage. Cannot be trusted, ever. His response to failure tends to be whining and moaning, holding other people to moral standards he'd never think to apply to himself.

Lots of gamma males turn to game seeking the magic pill secret system because it promises the kind of underhand manipulative advantage they crave. Then when it fails they fall back onto player-hate and go join a hater forum. I repeat, gammas are not to be trusted. Rollo outlines why:

> Every random chump within earshot of your conversation about Game, about your 'changed' way of seeing inter-gender relations, about your most objective critical observations of how women 'are', etc. – understand, that chump waits everyday for an opportunity to "correct" you in as public a way as he's able to muster. That AFC who's been fed on a steady diet of noble intent, with ambitions of endearing a woman's intimacy through his unique form of chivalry; that guy, he's aching for an opportunity to prove his quality by publicly redressing a "villain" like you for your chauvinism. Even under the conditions of relative anonymity (like the internet), he'll still cling to that want of proving his uniqueness just on the off chance that a woman might read his rebuff and be fatefully attracted to him.

I leave you with two of my favourite Gamma moments. Here's the classic Dear Woman video that went around the manosphere last year in which a veritable coven of gammas beg for sex, and a photo of a Gamma my buddy Bhodi found cracking onto his girl.



Omega left, Gamma top

Alpha, Sigma, Beta, Gamma, Omega.... It's all mindset.

krauserpua · 8 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's rare that I directly post about a reader comment but this last one epitomises the *just doesn't get it* tone that I often read on the manosphere. Stop thinking about alpha like it is a function of money, fame, good looks or toughness.

Alpha is a mindset. Alpha is expressed through posture, composure of facial muscles, body language, vocal tone…. in short Alpha is a characteristic of your personality. Consider this lost soul referring to this post, I'll respond in sections:

> I find it confusing that in your article, you base alpha, beta, gamma and omega by behavior but it pictures you label men based on their level of attractiveness. For example, how cold Colbert-A multimillionaire with a huge following and his own Super-PAC- be anything BUT an alpha?

No. You can guarantee Colbert is a whiny freak around other men and women, hence why he associates with low-testosterone liberals. Find a real man on the Daily Show. You can't, they are all snarky, pertulant liberals. Heartiste wrote about paper alphas and Rollo wrote about situational alphas. Just look at Colbert's wife and think will all that fame and those millions, that's the best he could do. He's another Zuckerberg.



> Also, the picture of the Asian and white dudes with the two Asian girls, you label the Asian as omega. From the looks of him, no amount of alpha behavior would make him attractive to the opposite sex except having a massive bank account, but of course if women date him for money, then he is clearly beta.

He could work out, dress well, put himself about a bit in his physicality, and take that retarded look off his face. Consider these two asians. Imanari is not as good looking as the beta guy but clearly exudes alpha. Just watch his highlight reel for how this expresses itself in his fighting style



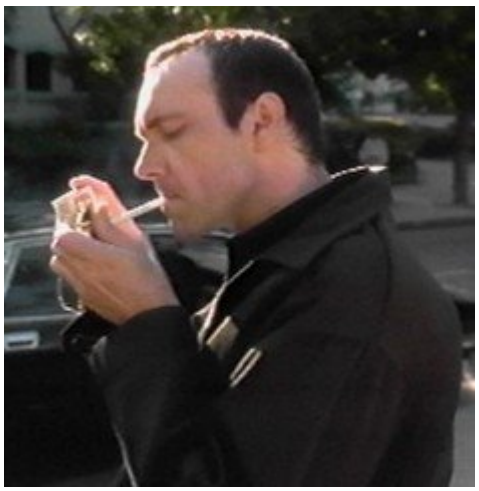
Random Asian and Masakazu Imanari

> My point is, alpha, beta, etc. is tied to behavior, BUT it is more massively weighted towards physical appearance and build. In my opinion, there's not a damn thing that Asian guy could do to get massive amounts of alpha level attention because his build, bone structure, height and skull is too small relative to other men.He could be a leader in the workplace due to intelligence but he will never pull quality random girls on the street or in the clubs/bars. His best bet is to go back to Asia carrying American money and status with him.
>
> I'm interested in getting your perspective on this.

Being short, thin and bald is not the end of the world. It's how you carry yourself, as Keyser Soze shows:



Short bald and weak done wrong



and done right

Reality Weaving Principles: Cocooning

krauserpua · 13 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I have a female friend who works in mental health. All day, everyday she is conducting interviews, assessments and site visits for problem families. Everyday she is wallowing in the filth of society's dregs: junkies, alcoholics, wife-beaters, husband-beaters, child abusers. In her spare time she reads books about famous serial killers or Silence of the Lambs type fiction about serial killers and for TV watches Eastenders. This is a woman who thoroughly enjoys an environment filled with human scum.

I have another female friend who works in fashion. All day, everyday she is at fittings, castings and catwalk shows. Everyday she is engaged in the superficial concerns of styling, hairdressing and make-believe images of beauty, surrounded by homosexual men, vapid models, chancer agents and none of them capable of turning up on time for an appointment nor getting through the day without at least one hissy-fit. This woman deals with such shallow characters by retreating into her thoughts and reading books during breaks.

I work in the banking industry in a job where I'm in constant contact with senior management and team leaders in highly technical fields. I live in a house full of friends in one of London's nicer areas. I socialise in entertainment hubs such as Soho and Covent Garden. So I'm waking up every morning in a nice house in a nice area and chatting to some carefully-selected friends over breakfast. I shuttle into work on the rush hour commuter train with other gainfully employed people, arriving in the City – a concentration of high-earning high-skilled law-abiding tax payers. All day I deal with highly intelligent men with solid upper-tier university educations and 10+ years of dedicated career experience. These men are typically well groomed, in decent shape and take great satifaction from the job responsibilities they hold and the daily exercise of their hard-won skillset.

These are examples of what I call **cocooning**, a fundamental tool in reality weaving. The first example shows strange priorities but she's crafted the environment that gives her pleasure. The second example is a failure to cocoon and it brings her down, forcing defensive behaviour on a daily basis. The later is done well to my priorities.



Why would this be a bad thing?

***Cocooning**: Structuring your social environment so you only come into contact with the people you like in situations*

which bring out their best.

London is a multi-cultural socialist cesspit yet it also contains some of the world's best and brightest. If you can organise your life so you never need engage with (or even see) the capital's scum then you are not dragged down by them. A wise man said **you are the average of the five people you spend most time with**. True. You are what you eat. True. Additionally, you take on the colour of your surroundings. Once of humanity's greatest adaptative strengths is our ability to mold ourselves to the environment and at the same time symbiotically shape it to our needs. That's why eskimo kids grow up loving snow while Brazilian kids love football.

Reality weaving means structuring your reality to constantly reinforce the identity you want, the emotions you want, so right action becomes effortless. Consider some "big issue" choices you can make:

Accommodation: Do you want a bigger apartment in a shitty part of town or a small room in a nice part? Both are acceptable but consider the implications. The bigger apartment is suitable if you expect to spend most of your downtime there as a commuter dormitory and are willing to pimp it up. If you like to go outside and hang out with your neighbours you'll lean towards the smaller room.

Workplace: We don't all get to choose our employer but often you'll be sitting on a few job offers and the company culture differs. Say you're an IT programmer. Do you want to work in a fast-paced investment bank surrounded by the elite minds of your industry and high levels of professionalism, an office where you take lunch in a City enclave like Paul or M&S. Or perhaps you prefer to be a top guy in a team of mongs knowing you'll get an easy ride and less stress, but you'll have to take lunch alone rather than listen to prattling office gossip. It's a choice.

Entertainment: This is an easy fix. Channel hopping through cable for prole shows like X-Factor, Britains Next Top Mong and Jeremy Kyle will invite sloth and degeneracy into your mind. I like to absorb cultural products that involve special people achieving special things even if that's just Jack Bauer being very good at smoking terrorists. Entertainment that creates its dramatic tension by having mediocre people fucking up or vomiting up the dreary minutae of their dreary lives dulls me into apathy.

Travel: We live in an age where we can easy forage far and wide. I used to quip "I only go out drinking when I'm in a foreign country". You may decide to place your work cocoon in a high-pay/high-cost environment such as London and set up social cocoons in low-pay/low-cost environments such as Latvia and Bulgaria. A typical partying weekend in London could easily be:

- Beers after work: £20
- Club Entry: £20
- Cocktails: £40
- Curry: £30
- Taxi home: £20
- **Total: £130**

That's not even extravagant but it's £130 to go to shitty bars full of unpleasant unattractive women and be subject to the mongs and immigrants of the general poplace. It's just as easy to spend the weekend as:

- Flight to Zadar: £50
- Transfers: £20
- Airbnb room: £20
- Drinks: £30
- Food: £10
- **Total: £130**

Same price but you've travelled to a monoculture in a civilised country with beautiful women and pleasant environs.

Each to his own, but that's what I prefer.



Welcome to Zadar

There's no rocket science in cocooning. Most of us already tend towards it through our daily preferences. I'd just say be aware how powerful a self-aware engagement with these principles can be as choices arise and you do occasional cocooning audits of your life to map out where you are relative to where you wish to be.

Little Miss Frame-Controlled

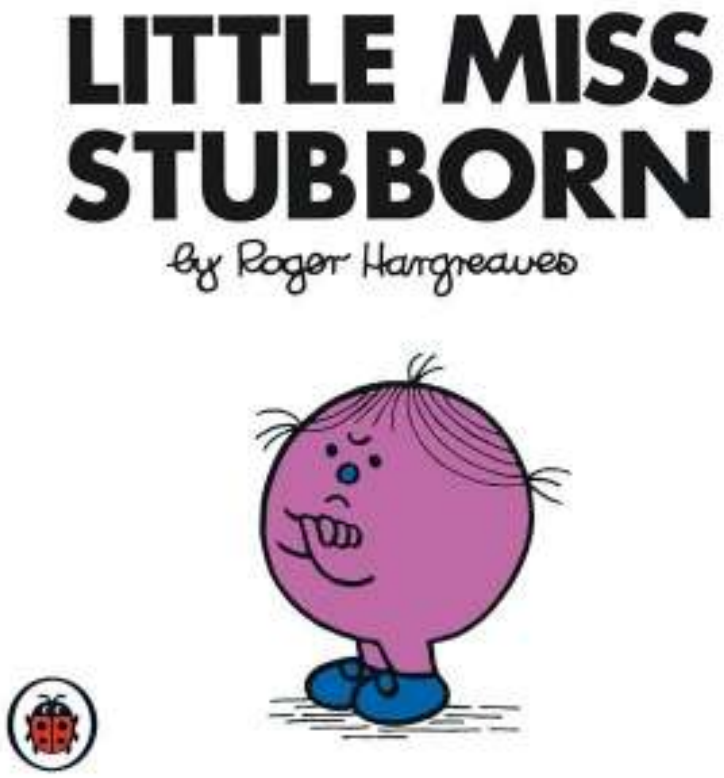
krauserpua · 16 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

There's a convention in the community to refer to "attraction" and "comfort" as separate stages in a seduction. While generally true, it's also fair to say once a relationship is progressing you can easily mix them together in the same action. Spice it up with a little frame control and away you go. Here's something Athol would call an **alpha move**, then probably scratch his bald head and also say it has lashing of beta.

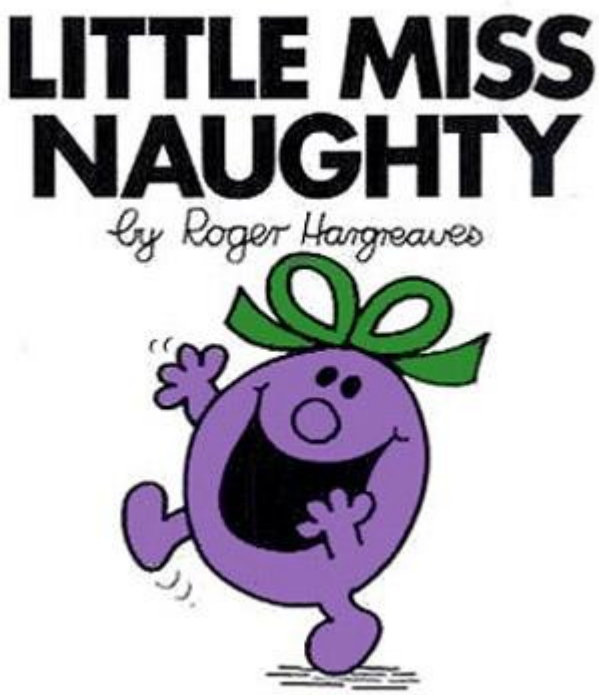
How to buy a girl a present.

Rule #1 is don't spend much time, effort or money on it. It's either an afterthought when you saw it and realised it's suitability. Or, you're just amusing yourself to playfully mess with her.

There's no Rule #2. An easy go-to are the Little Miss books. Whatever characteristic of her you want to mock and frame control her with, you can bet she's got a Little Miss named after it. I recently bought girls these:



Serb A



Serb B

If she's a more introverted girl who doesn't take teasing well, consider a more gentle rub. My Serb C is still lacking comfort so I've got her Little Miss Sunshine. £2 per book, light to carry in your pocket, and she'll invest herself reading and re-reading it while Roger Hargreaves does all the reframing for you.

I bang my first 23 yr old Serbian singer

krauserpua · 20 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

This one was tough but *oh so satisfying*. Those of you working towards increased success with women will be familiar with the anti-game hater, that squalid little gamma who resents every sliver of success as it reminds him what a hopeless loser he is and worse that he won't take charge of his own love life. A common hater refrain / reframe is "any westerner can fuck East European supermodels just by flashing his passport. Prove your skills by fucking fat vile Anglophone tarts." Apparently porking an unpleasant slut with a cock-count >30 is ***more difficult*** than a chaste EE girl with an N of <5.

Men who are commited to improving their game will also be familiar with quality plateaus. In the beginning you may struggle to have sex with pretty girls. Once that nut is cracked you may find a fairly easy calculus of **X approaches leads to Y amount of interest and Z amount of lays**. You can sustain yourself indefinately on workrate alone. Good luck to you. Most of us get frustrated that this path doesn't let you crack the next level of quality. So after some frustration we retool and take another run at the summit.



A metaphor, yesterday

As I lay in bed this afternoon with Serb C nuzzled up against me, her clothes strewn across my apartment floor, I ruminate on how not only is she a chaste girl who just moments ago doubled her lifetime cock-count but also that she is of quite astonishing quality. Not merely hot. Hot and elegant and talented and womanly and intelligent. The type of girl last seen in England circa 1960. The haters can keep their fatties. The pussy hounds can keep their weekly grot-fucks. I shall work my niche of monthly Slavic princesses.

Anyhow, I digress. So to this story….



You'd be like that too

During my August tour of the former Yugoslavia I pulled a quite-uncharacteristic nightclub rapid escalation. Belgrade has flotsam and jetsam of nightclub boats pushed up against the riverside which are perfect in summer. After necking lots of cheap vodka with Bhodi and Robusto I start rapid escalating. One particular girl responds great and I end up in a afterparty with all her friends in a soviet-era tenement block. Heavy makeouts but no sex. We keep up some occasional facebook chat but she is super-flighty. Her traditional parents micro-manage her life, she doesn't see any real future in our keeping contact, and she's an all-round neurotic type. Beneath all this is a sweet charming lady. She performs folk songs with the sweetest soft voice and dances gracefully. I recognise quality. I know when I've found a genuinely interesting girl. So I perserve.

Next time I'm in Belgrade she doesn't want to bus in from her town to see me (well, more like a village). The time after that she agrees to the weekend but her parents forbid it and all we manage is a coffee and stroll through the Belgrade fortress grounds. Her hamster is spinning hard verbalising classic forebrain-hindbrain conflict. As you get more calibrated and speak womanese you'll find the girl telling you how to seduce her. This one was lacking comfort. She desperately wanted me but future-projected her buyer's remorse and conflict with her family.

I end up in Belgrade again for the fourth time, mostly to visit Serb A who I closed last time. It interests me greatly how different both girls are yet both are my type. I must really intoxicate myself with females now, savouring the taste like a single malt rolled around my palate. I rent a top floor apartment and she agrees to spend three days with me (but not staying over). I'm certain I'll fuck her.



This sort of thing

Day One – She meets me at the bus station and drops me off at my apartment *which she had scouted in advance on her father's orders*. I settle in for a few hours until she finishes her family obligations and we meet for dinner. I'm mythologising this girl, delving deep in our interests, finding connection. I don't forget the fundamentals of body language, vocal tone etc but that stuff comes reflexively now and attraction isn't the sticking point with her. I think more along Steve Jabba lines – *what place is my behaviour coming from? am I connecting to my authentic emotions for her?* It's easy because I genuinely like this girl. We end up at my apartment making out and her hindbrain is taking over, grinding her crotch into me, breathing heavy. I count my chickens and then……. forebrain overide, she scuttles back and it's gone. Too much ASD. I let her go home.

Day Two – I've set her hindbrain going so I know it'll eventually overpower her forebrain resistance. I don't even need to be physically present. Sure enough the next day she's slightly further down that road. We have coffee in a fantastic basement place. I'm sitting back sipping my drink, chatting, looking around and so tranquil. This is exactly the life I want to live. Civilisation is still intact in Serbia. I see masculine men and feminine women everywhere. Of the ten girls in this cafe, if you took any of the top seven into a London nightclub they'd shine like shooting stars putting all the local trollops to shame. We eat late lunch and break for a few hours so I can be alone. She's back around for the evening so we eat dinner and head back to my place.

As confident I am of the eventual lay – she's clearly crossed the bridge of inevitability – I just don't know if it will happen fast enough to get it done this holiday. I'm a patient man but……

Spotify is on with Robusto's love-making playlist and we dance playfully until I break out a power move and lift her up in a fireman's carry, spinning her as she hoots and hollers to be let down. Big time arousal. Then I push hard on the kissing, waiting for her hands to start exploring hungrily. That's the moment I want so I know to push the final mile. I grab her trousers at the belt and as expected she reaches down and unbuttons her jeans. Now is not the time to play it cool. I undress her.

She's covering her face, shy. She definitely needs to be pushed. So I push. And….. close.

Afterwards she verbalises all the ASD and buyer's remorse. She's like a drunk driver on black ice with two shredded tires, careening this way and that out of control. Poor girl. Deep down I can sense her satisfaction and liberation. From hereon it's all comfort, stroking her hair and pulling her into me. No more sexual stuff. No more bad boy.

Day Three – She's back around at lunchtime so I kiss her immediately, gauging her mood. She softens and soon stiffens (in the right way). So I push. More sex, better sex. It's a done deal. Midway through she covers her face so I playfully chastise her shyness. "I've only been with one man before" she says. The rest of the day is spent walking around a park, having coffee, feeding of that wonderful compliment of masculine-feminine energy now all the barriers are down. It's a sweet feeling.

That's three Serbs out of the last four closes. Every one of them 170cm+, twenty-three or less, and with one prior sexual partner. Have I found my niche?

How to be a sex god

krauserpua · 24 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

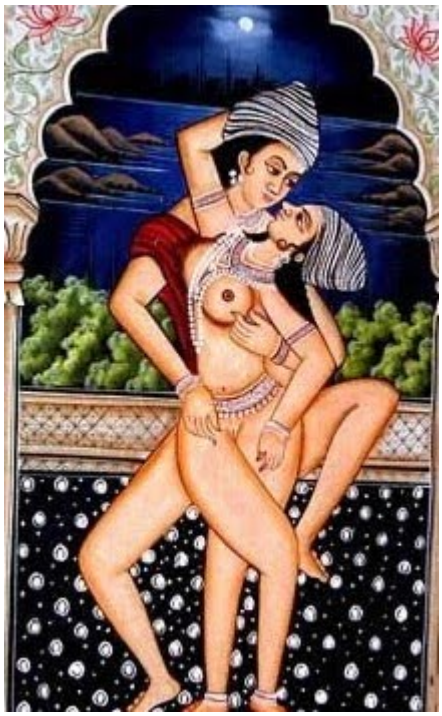
Rather a grandiose title but it is something of an intriguing question – how does a 37 year old office worker (rather than say 22 year old star athlete) continually get told by SMV-prime young women that he's the best sex they ever had? I hear it from about 50% of them. Now some of this will be that I clack low-N girls who thus have a limited frame of reference. I'll freely admit there'll be men out there who do it better than me. Nonetheless, I'll share my thoughts on why I repeatedly have this effect on girls.

- Rule #1 – Her perception of your value is more important than your technique
- Rule #2 – Domination is the biggest turn on
- Rule #3 – Please yourself above pleasing her
- Rule #4 – Have full control of your touch

Let's run through these in turn.

Rule #1 – Her perception of your value is more important than your technique

A common misconception in the Blue Pill world is that you improve her estimation of your sexual ability by becoming better at bedroom gymnastics, whether this be through tantric weirdness, karma sutra positional knowledge, finding the g-spot, or a viagra-enhanced longevity. That's all supplicating bullshit. Her estimation is overwhelmingly determined by how high value she thinks you are. Just think back to selected highlights of your own sex life. I'll bet money that the top three memories are the top three hottest women no matter how they performed. Just as fat old hags are wasting their time learning better blowjob skills, qualifying spineless men are wasting their time reading techniques of sexual mastery. Improve your value, project it well, and hold the frame. In short, extend your Game to the bedroom.



The frame fell off

Rule #2 – Domination is the biggest turn on

I haven't talked much about 50 Shades of Grey on this blog due to my instinctual distaste to be letting my mind be led by popular trends. I'm the guy who doesn't buy Black Ops 2 until six months after release. Nonetheless I have

dipped into that book and can see why it's a cause celebre. It's served me as a jump off point with a few girls to turn conversations sexual and explore their limits. The key takeaway, of course, is dominance. Fix this before you move onto the lower-order technques. This means things like:

– ***Never ask permission***. You'll need calibration to learn when to move forwards and when to play it safe but even when the latter never actually ask permission, just don't take that step forward until her mood is right. If you must ask it's not "Can I…?" or "Shall we…?" it is "I want to…." and leave the question hanging in the air unasked. Growl into her ear "I'm going to (something explicit)" then slowly begin doing it. Her opportunity to say no is in the time delay of escalation. If she really wants to say no, you'll hear it then.

– ***Only "Stop", "No" and a deliberate physical disengagement count as non-consent.*** Girls will give you all kinds off soft refusals that are meant to be overridden. It's just her forebrain-hindbrain conflict resolving itself outloud by giving herself plausible deniability. Often the refusal is part of her enjoyment in rubbing up against your manhood. So ignore "we shouldn't do this" or "this is too fast" or "we should go back downstairs" etc. If her hands are still exploring and her crotch still grinding then proceed as planned. If that stuff stops you need to slow down and add a little comfort such as stroking her hair, kissing her forehead or looking into her eyes and giving a gentle smile. A firm no will come in a firm non-sexual tone of voice. A token no still rings with passion. You'll know the difference. If in any doubt use the *fire escape move* – get up and go to the bathroom leaving her a clear line to the exit. If she hasn't taken it within a minute or so, return as your were. A girl giving a firm no will quickly rearrange her clothes and remove herself from the area of sexual conquest. If she doesn't do so take it as a green light.

– ***Always lead.*** You are a tsunami of sexual power sweeping her little fishing boat of innocence along an irresistable wave. She needs this to feel the thrill of submission. Make her feel the inevitability of eventual surrender because this'll excite her far more than an explicit mutual consent. This isn't a freely-entered sexual union of equals. No sir, you are ravishing her against her better judgement.



A ravishing, yesterday

Rule #3 – Please yourself above pleasing her

I *never* go down on a girl. I don't think I've done it in five years and I'm not about to start now. *Surely* I'm selfish. *Surely* girls will hold that against me when dispensing their own sexual favours……. no. Far be it for me to advise

you against going down if you happen to enjoy doing so. I just find it unappealing and unbecoming of a man. I associate going down with supplication.

Women will often mid-ravishment blurt out words to the effect of “use me for your pleasure!” That’s the hindbrain talking. Women know they exist to satisfy the man in their lives be it ironing his shirts or swallowing his cum. Her hardwired state-of-nature survival strategy is to attach to a man and then make sure to keep him happy so he allows her to remain attached rather than casting her out into a world she is ill-equipped to navigate alone. Keep this in mind in your bedroom. She is there to satisfy ***you***. Thanks to the wonder of nature her satisfying you will give her satisfaction and you don’t lose the frame.

Men who dedicate themselve to giving women orgasms, oral sex and longevity are just beta-boy sexual providers. It’s a sport fuck to her. Little different from going to the spa to have some maids pamper her with a different kind of facial. She’ll enjoy it, you’ll get sex, and the chemical reaction may even keep her around but you’ll have no domination. She’ll be her own woman, not your woman.

Fuck the girl like she’s a rag doll. Do whatever turns you on. Finish whenever you’re ready. When she asks for something don’t give it right away. When girls give me a sexual request e.g. “I want you behind me” I’ll look into her eyes, smirk, and say “I know”. Maybe I’ll do it later, maybe I won’t. If she gets a little insistent grab her rougher and as you look into her eyes give her a really hard thrust. That’s a way of saying shut up that she appreciates.

Come wherever you want to. If she’s dodging having it on her face then go for the breasts, making sure an accidental spurt gets some of her face. If she’ll take it on the face try and get a little bit in her eye or up her nose. Unapologetically.



Something to wipe your cock on. If she has no curtains.

The one big caveat in all this is – *let her know you are enjoying her*. Breath heavy into her ear, give some low growls of satisfaction, smirk, give the occasional flattering compliment (“I love fucking you”). The woman needs to know you appreciate her offering herself up for a ravishing. She wants to fantasise herself being used, not to actually be used. So mix a little velvet in with the steel.

Rule #4 – Have full control of your touch

A strange observation in my life has been that Brazilian Ju Jitsu has offered me far greater profit in the bedroom than it ever has on the street. I spent a couple of years rolling around on the mats in my angry white pyjamas

slapping on armbars and triangle chokes, learning a half-guard game and all sorts of other such stuff. Yet I haven't had a streetfight in ten years. It's an entirely different blogpost why this is (basically, hard targetting and good control of my monkey brain) but one of the ironies of MMA is you take a far greater accummulated punishment in self defense training than you ever would if you were just a fag hipster who accepted his periodic street beatings.

But when it comes to sex, nothing beats a solid MMA background.

Part of it comes into 1) because MMA raises your physical confidence. Partly it's 2) because you've already learned dominance over other men and she can feel your strength. Most of all you are bringing physical competence into the bedroom. MMA gives you exceptional hand-eye coordination, balance, control of your weight distribution and the ability to efficiently move another person's body around. Here's a few of the techniques I employ:

– ***Grip:*** Women love to be held firm, crushed in a man's arms but they recoil from actual physical pain. Consider how to grab a woman's wrist when you want to pin her hand to the mattress, do you use your fingers or palm? I grip her the same way I'd grip a man when applying a kimura or chicken wing. Study the diagrams. Often when on top I'll hook my arm around her neck and pull her close but I'll use the same grip as a rear-naked choke (but reversed).



imperfect technique

– ***Pins:*** BJJ teaches you to hold people down. Women love being pinned to the mattress unable to move, its why they like being tied up. So remember her four points (two shoulders, two hips) are more solid pins than her wrists and ankles. I often press my forearm onto the front of her shoulder and grab a handful of hair at the base of her skull (same hand). This pins her upper torso, immobilises the head and she fucking loves it. Sometimes I press down on one side of the hip as if to begin a guard pass. All of this can be done without any pain to her. She feels roughed up and steamrolled but no acute pain. This is the physical expression of steel and velvet.

– ***Weight:*** MMA fighters hear common refrains such as how when on top you should seek to be as heavy as possible and close down space (bottom game is the reverse – don't be flatbacked, get the weight off you, and create some distance). During sex you should be in full control of your weight at all times. Mix it up. When your tempo is hard and fast, crush her with your superior size. When you ease off, rise back and take off the pressure. Like riding a horse you have to listen to the feedback to know how hard you can push her. Ease up occassionaly so she doesn't faint.

– ***Control:*** Put her body where you want it. When you're standing, walk her backwards into a wall and push her against it. When you want to put her on the bed, pick her up and throw her there. When she's lying on her back naked and you're about to stick it in DO NOT go to her. Hook a hand under each thigh and pull her to you in one

alarming motion. When you've finished slamming her missionary style, shrug her leg over a shoulder and turn her over. She should feel her body completely under your control at all times. This turns her on. If she rises up put your hand on her sternum and push her back down. Put your palm over her ear/temple area and push her face into the mattress (side-on, so as not to interfere with her breathing) and keep it there.



Yes, it's a girl on the right

Lastly, I'll finish with a few little power moves I like to do:

1. This can be done pre-sex or while standing up during sex. Grab her neck like a one-handed rapist choke (remember the grip! powerful but not painful, don't actually squeeze) and straight-arm her back into a wall. Look powerfully into her eyes and, still pinning her to the wall, reach down with your other hand to pick up your whiskey glass and take a measured drink. Put the glass down, turn back towards her, and violently kiss.

2. In a standing hug / smooch do a few tender touches like running your fingertips through her hair at your temple, kissing the forehead. Then abruptly hoist her up in a fireman's carry and do a slow helicopter spin. Deposit her on a nearby sofa or bed.

3. During a rough-hard tempo of the sex when she's gasping and moaning take a handful of hair at the base of her skull and yank it so her face is looking up at yours. Do some variation of the following – pausing for her responses:

> Look at me (hold dominant eye contact) Look at me. (slowly pull your cock almost completely out and leave it out for a few seconds, continuing to look at her. She'll usually give an imploring look. In your own time, slam her really hard with one long thrust that moves her whole body halfway up the bed. Treat it like a punishment. Rinse and repeat a few times).
>
> Look at me. You like my cock in you, don't you. You like it hard and deep. You like it sliding in and out. Moving your body with my power. You like feeling my strength don't you etc
>
> Look at me, woman. Whose woman are you? You're my woman, aren't you. Say it. Say you're my woman. (replace "woman" with "dirty bitch" if appropriate). Yes, you're my woman. Your job is to please me. And when you please me, I reward you with my cock.

Once sex is finished always give her comfort. Lie on your back like a king and pull her into you until she's nuzzling

against your chest. Stay like that for ten minutes, absent-mindedly stroking her hair and softly running your fingers along her arms. This is where you get the double-whammy of oxytocin-bonding and a balance of soft dominance to offset the hard dominance of the rough sex.

That ought to give you dear readers a flavour of it.

Your life is a project.... accumulation

krauserpua · 26 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I have written how I consider men's lives to follow three fundamental phases: foundations, accumulation and maintainance. Don't overthink this it's just a convenient mental map to be deployed where useful. So let's consider the second stage which typically begins upon graduating university or beginning an apprenticeship.

***Goal**: Max out your manly talents of intelligence, creativity, wealth-generation, physical competence*

The accumulation phase could equally be described as "setting yourself up for life" or "becoming the best man you can be". It'll typically take you the whole of your twenties. Whereas the foundational phase was building the well-rounded basic skills of life taking advantage of the general education granted to children while side-stepping the weakness inherent in kids of not knowing who they are or what direction they wish to go in, the accumulation phase is about ***specialisation***. Society channels you down predetermined tunnels as a kid fixing everyone on more or less the same generic path. Where foundation is Call of Duty ("follow the NPC") accumulation is Deus Ex ("augument and choose"). I'll let you in on a little secret right now:

There's no money and no status to be had from being a generalist. All the upside is in specialisation.



Specialisation, in the future

1. Choices

What does that mean to you, dear reader? First off you have to carefully marshall your intellectual, physical and emotional resources. Make careful decisions on what skills you seek to acquire.

- The payoff for any given skill is wildly disproportionate to its difficulty
- If something is enjoyable, its probably not lucrative. Expect to make tradeoffs
- Scaleable skillsets are a huge gamble

Consider language learning. It's a difficult task involving hundred of classroom hours and, to be fluent, living in a country where its spoken as a native. I had university friends doing language degrees and almost exclusively the only ones who got good jobs did a joint honours *with another skill*. Spanish on its own will help you navigate South America but it won't add a penny to your salary unless it's combined with a real money-making skill such as accounting, engineering or law. Speaking of language, they are not all created equal. Japanese takes approximately three times longer to learn than Spanish or French and it's only useful for one country. Serbian is bloody difficult and only useful in one small country where per capita income is only $11,000 and they all speak English anyway. Why on earth would anyone learn Serbian unless they are fully commited to living there for years on end? It's just a

dumb waste of effort.

Consider the UFC. That's the biggest-paying promotion for the sport of MMA. There's only one PPV every six weeks or so which only has six TV fights per show across all weight divisions. So that's twelve fighters getting TV-level paydays per show making an annual total of TV-paydays about 104 slots. Assuming you are fighting at that level and get offered a slot, it'll be a minimum of six week's training with its attendant costs. Probably 20% goes to your manager and gym. Assuming no medical costs or long injury-related layoffs, fight four times a year, and assuming you win every fight (so statistically 75% of fighters won't manage even this) you are spending 24 weeks in training and getting by on four paydays. Now go look at how much these guys get paid.

Shocking. Truly shocking. And this is at the most lucrative end of the sport. The top guys do fine (well, not compared to £80k per week footballers but fine compared to normal guys) but look past the top 5 names. Most MMA guys are taking <£10,000 a fight. Drop down to the next level of show and its <£1,000. For six week's work. I make that in two days sitting at my desk. When I have a bad day at the office I don't get beat up too.

The lesson isn't that I'm awesome and fighters suck. The lesson is some careers are ***far better*** than others despite being considerably easier and considerably less risk. The 437th-best lawyer in London earns considerably more than the 10th-best London MMA fighter and that income is far more stable. My advice is treat the exciting careers as a hobby.

Nicolas Taleb writes well on the risk/reward payoffs of scaleable careers. The general self-improvement advice is choose a business / career where you can scale upwards. Acting, music, software are classically scaleable careers. If you can be Seinfeld (syndicated worldwide), or have Gangnam Style (200+ million youtube views), or write the next Angry Birds then you can rest on your royalties. The problem is survivor bias and winner-takes-all. The very nature of a pyramid business structure is that only one pharoah is buried in it. Freakonmics has a great essay on how the scaleability of the drug dealer business model means almost everyone earns less than minimum wage and sustains themselves on the dream of being the one Mister Big. Don't gamble your life's trajectory on being that one guy. If you truly believe you'll overcome unsurmountable odds buy a lottery ticket. And stay away from battlefields.



Yes, that's me

In summary, choose your career wisely. Don't be afraid to switch careers before you become too committed. Your risk appetite likely differs to mine but here's my dream list of career conditions:

- Based on a real skillset that is difficult to learn (e.g. accounting, medicine, architecture)
- Most of the population is literally unable to compete (e.g. requires too much abstract thinking, training period is too stressful, entry costs are too high, apprenticeship is difficult to obtain)
- Nature of the job cannot be adequately offshored or automated because it relies on high-trust thinking, verbal knowledge, quality decision making, and personal contact (e.g. law, computer programming)
- Stable income stream with a large pool of commoditised jobs (e.g. accounting, contract law, computer

programming, consulting)

- EDIT: I haven't read this book but it looks like a great resource for choosing a career: "Worthless"

2. Excellence

Once you've started on your career your main goal is to become really good at it. Shine your star as bright as you can. Take real passion in excellence for its own sake. Ignore all those office-politics TV shows and books that would convince you advancement is all about who you know. No. Right up until you hit senior management advancement is **what you know**. Consider pick-up: what is the more successful strategy (i) learn the secret code to bullshit women into your bed or (ii) become the kind of high value man that pretty women want to sleep with? Precisely. When you know full well that every single day you go into the office you are producing high quality work, when every single product you deliver to a customer is best-in-class…. the money will keep rolling in. I've read all of Robert Green's books. He's right in his **48 Laws of Power** and his **33 Strategies of War** but these are only effective at the margins. Consider them defensive positioning so that the passive-aggressive office freaks can't hurt you. Do not willingly engage in such petty power games or you'll take on the character of your opponents. Never wrestle a pig. You both end up covered in shit but the pig likes it.



An internet forum HB8

At the beginning of your career things are rather nebulous. Your academic record matters but both you and your prospective employer know your basically a know-nothing kid who needs to be trained up on the job. So heading into an interview your vibe, character and potential matter alot. Five years down the line it's all about genuine markers of geniune skill. Do you have the industry-standard qualification? Do you write the industry-leading program code? How many sales did you bring to your last company? Whatever the metric is, you are on stronger ground having acheived the matric through being excellent at your job than bullshitting your way through with gambits you learned in a self-help book. The business world is not as dumb as you may think.

3. Intelligence

Your twenties are your peak brain-forming years. You can google yourself all the studies showing how artists are most productive in their twenties, how creative thinking is maxed out in those years. By spending your twenties

feeding your mind you will become more intelligent. I'm lucky – I spent the whole of my twenties straining and challenging my mind quite naturally by taking a difficult study-intensive job, reading hundreds of books, writing for several publications, learning a foreign language, cerebrally learning martial arts (in addition to the raw physical side), playing intellectually engaging video games etc. I was not simply sitting on my sofa with a bag of Wotsits watching X-Factor. You must find challenge in your twenties. Work is a great place for it but also consider your leisure time. Learn expert systems. Take joy in it, whether it be chess, crossword puzzles or Starcraft. You must read alot, with a good portion of those books being stimulating rather than mere entertainment. Set yourself little projects within your hobbies. Here's a sample of what I did in my twenties:

- Learn how global financial and economic flows work. I found five top quality technical blogs to read daily and deepened my knowledge of sectors through reading about 45 books. It took eighteen months.
- A deep dive into Japanese culture. I studied the language at a school, watched lots of anime with English subtitles, and read English-language translations of major Japanese fiction.
- Micro-analyse fighting arts. I watched a few hundred MMA and kickboxing shows live, analysing the fights as I watched rather than limit myself to letting in wash over me. I read theory pieces on technique, followed the major magazines, learned what I could from fighter records (and to predict future fights), tried to pick out moves in fights to practice in the gym etc.

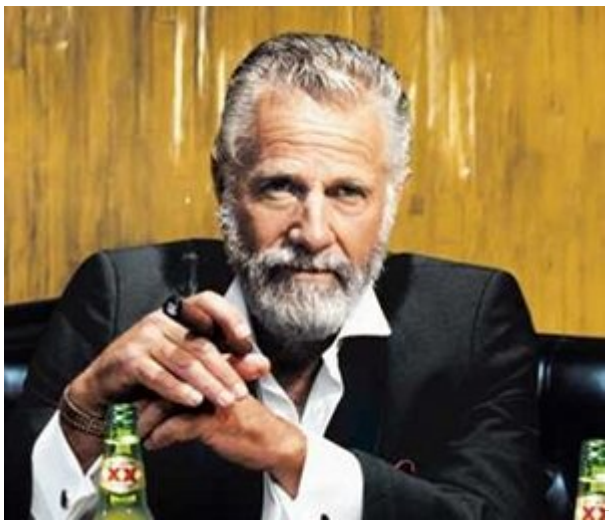
Those are my hobbies, don't feel obliged to mimick them. Notice a common trend is my frame was to *identify intriguing questions and then set out to answer them*. Even the dryest blogpost on sub-prime ALT-A mortgage servicing fees becomes fascinating when it's the answer to a question you've been asking yourself. That's how your brain glows.

Accumulation is by its nature a forward-thinking phase with considerable deferred gratification. You'll take alot of manly pride in building your castle but there's no getting away from the fact that it's alot of hard graft. You must be prepared to work hard. There is no shortcut because your brain and body require the hard work in order to reach their potential. Even if somehow inexplicably you were to stumble upon a suitcase full of millions you could not shortcut this process. Sure, you'd be financially set for life but all those other male attributes would wither on the vine.

Done correctly, you will end the accumulation phase towards your early thirties with the following dimensions to your character:

- Clever as fuck
- A highly marketable skill set so you need never fear unemployment
- A huge reservoir of interesting knowledge about the world, it's culture and history

Congratulations. You are now entering your SMV prime holding four aces.



Becoming closer to this

NB *– I didn't touch on physical culture, fashion or other lifestyle areas. I'm assuming you know you should continue working out and learn to dress well. By necessity this post can only touch a few concepts so don't think this is all there is. And of course don't get married. I'd also add don't buy a house or do anything else that ties you long-term to one place and high monthly payments. I'll discuss that more in the final part…….. and btw, this is my 500th post.*

Don’t judge women for their beauty

krauserpua · 10 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes when I look at beautiful women and then frumpy women, and then back again, I’m overwhelmed by the feeling that I’m looking at a different species. A different breed. Just as the elegant athletic lines and purposeful snout of a Siberian husky are worlds apart from a waddling bootfaced pug, the clean curves and majestic features of a top-drawer woman are worlds apart from the stove-pipe block that is a modern woman. Miss Worlds apart.

In the unlikely event Hugo Chavez rolls his fat thieving socialist arse out of the hospital bed he’ll surely attempt to make Miss Venezuela – now Miss World – his concubine. I certainly would. Just look at her. Beautiful.

Look.



I once dated a 3rd-placer in Miss World

Who could possibly object to such a fine specimen of female beauty gracing the world’s stage, shining her star for the pleasure of millions of men and a role model for young girls to aspire to.

Oh, someone objects.

Look.



Jesus fucking Christ. My eyes!

Two different breeds.

What possible motive could this ugly rabble of halfwits have to wish to stop women being judged on their beauty? Would they perhaps be making a virtue out of necessity?

Look at them.



These wimmin need MORE power

Telling the world you aren't ugly doesn't make it so. If any readers stumble upon a photo of a beautiful feminist, please let me know. Photos of unicorns, bigfoot, or a PUA Hater's girlfriend also welcome.

Excessive self-regard and male power

krauserpua · 14 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I just had a bit of a ding-dong with **Steve Jabba** over breakfast this morning as we were discussing some of the implications of his recent post on the three levels of Game. I thought I'd put a few notes down here for my readers' edification.

My mother is a shrewish frame-controlling narcissist. Well up into my mid-twenties I'd not even seen anything unusual about this so thoroughly had I bought her frame as normal. Gradually as I got more life experience, discussed things with my brother, and spent longer periods of time away from her due to my living away from my hometown I started to see her behaviour more objectively. Don't get me wrong she *wasn't* a malignant narcissist and she has always been very giving in putting her children's interests first. For a long time I even considered my childhood idyliic. But that frame-controlling…… here's a sample conversation:

> **Her:** How was your day?
>
> **Me:** Pretty good. I've been looking for a new camera for a while. There's a new Nikon advance companct I think I'll buy
>
> **Her:** um *[impatient]*
>
> **Me:** I want something that'll fit in my pocket but is pretty good at taking photos in low light, because then I'll be able to carry it around on my travels but still get decent photos when I'm in pubs and
>
> **Her:** *[interrupt]* Yes, pubs. You'll love this new client at work. The family is…
>
> **Me:** *[interrupt]* That's got nothing to do with what we're talking about.
>
> **Her:** Yes, yes yes. So this new client…. *[prattles on for half an hour about her job while I overtly show no interest]*

My mother is incapable of talking about anything except herself and in particular whatever is at the front of her mind at that moment in time. She's also got an extremely aggressive frame-push conbined with zero calibration and a refusal to listen to or learn anything new. Her reality is so strong that absolutely nothing can penetrate it unless there's a predetermined spot prepared for that new information to occupy. Like transplanting an organ if there's the slightest incompatibility the new information will be rejected out of hand. The frame-push is so strong she'll constantly interrupt people and follow them around the house to keep chipping away. I'll say things like "Stop talking to me. I'm trying to read" and it'll just bounce off. She cannot process the world as it is. Feedback is not allowed into her complex reality-weave.

I consider this a learning disability. In earlier times she'd likely have been murdered.

So that's what I grew up with. Whereas my father just rolled over and "yes dear"ed his way through the marriage I fought it the whole way through my childhood until I'd internalised the same frame. Narcissistic contagion. *A strong frame combined with zero calibration is a recipe for social ostracisation* as you dominate social gatherings without taking due care that others are enjoying the situation. Before long they just avoid you. I do that now with frame-controlling weirdos – although I can easily rip the frame off them I just see no point in expending the energy so I just freeze them out of my life.

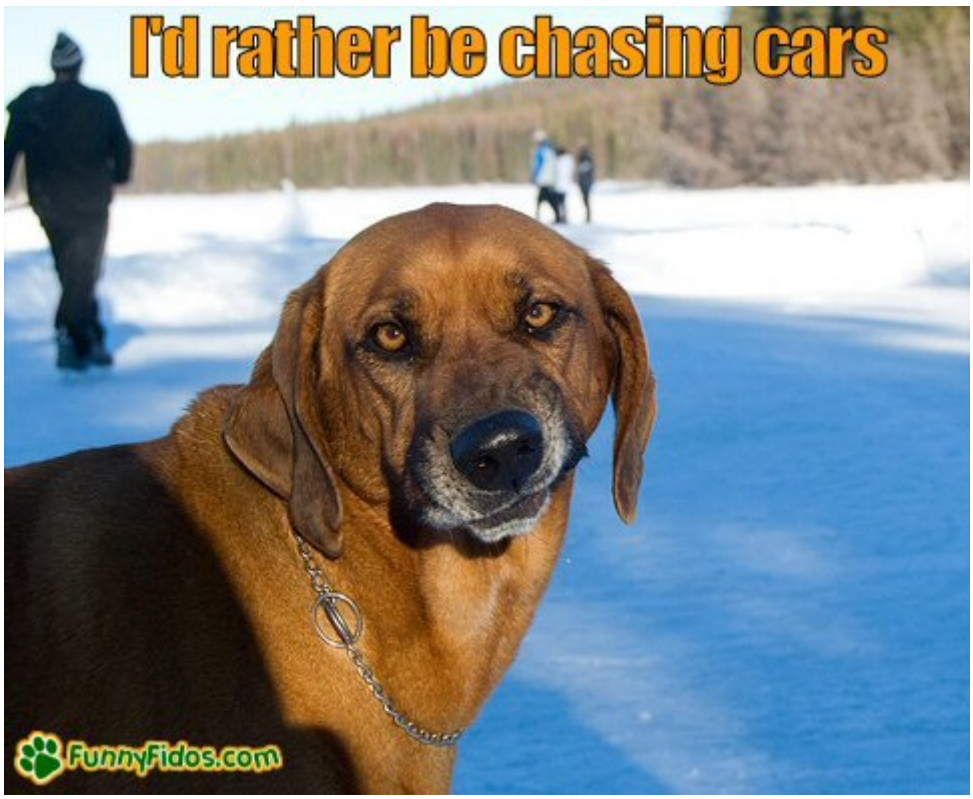


The trappings of civilisation

The manosphere didn't exist in my twenties. I had no vocabulary to describe these dynamics, just blue pill psychology. It never crossed my mind that twenty-five years of resisting a frame-controlling narcissist had a hugely positive silver lining: (i) a bulletproof frame (ii) a strong regard for protecting my own self interest. I struggled to reconcile these attributes with society's expectations and my own moral code. Put simply, I felt like my animal brain was a barely-domesticated pitbull straining on a leash held by my human brain. The thin veneer of civilisation that covered the beast inside existed only because of a constant restraining effort on the part of my learned logical forebrain. If I let the pitbull off the leash it would just run amok. Not high-school-shooting-amok (I felt no hate to society or urge towards violence) but that the pitbull would just run directly to whatever it wants and take it, consequences be damned. Then like a dog owner cleaning his dog's shit off someone else's front lawn, I'd have to deal with embarassment and social fallout as I try to return my self-opinion to that of a gentleman. A respectable member of the community. So I consciously learned to moderate by behaviour to prevent the pendulum to swing out to the extremes – I came to deny myself both exhuberance and anger. I learned state control and a poker face.

Of course this barely-civilised barbarian schtick is a big part of why women fell for me. Blue pill beta that I was I felt it but couldn't get it into my logical brain.

Many men remember their first encounter with the manosphere (taking the red pill) as a **Great Liberation**. It's the moment when a respected elder teacher puts his arm around your shoulder and says "It's ok to feel like this. You aren't the only one. Your feelings and secret theories are right. It's the world that's wrong." Women get the same immense relief when I put them in their place.



in touch with his core

Now I see that men are ***supposed*** to impose themselves upon the world. Men are ***supposed*** to put their own interested front and centre. Women are attracted by men who do this and feel secure around them. You do need to put the leash on the pitbull in order to navigate through society. Unrestrained alphas don't last long in modern society – sure we can point to some apex alphas who are killing it, but that's survivor bias. The road to successful alphadom is littered with the graves of failures. To build the metaphor further, you need to accept your inner pitbull. Accept the aggression. Accept the animal spirits. Accept the urge to chase the car down the street and piss against a lampost. Don't forget you'll need a wise owner on the end of the leash lest the exterminators come around with a court order.

And don't for a moment consider exchanging the pitbull for a poodle.

I bang my first 24 year old Chilean tourist

krauserpua · 16 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Here's another textbook same day lay. Learning Daygame is as much a habit as it is a skill so having not done any in London since last summer I was getting rusty. Avoidance weasel was getting vocal

> It's winter. Your libido is supposed to be low. Just wait till it warms up
>
> There's no pretty girls out in cold weather. Just look at that snow!
>
> What's the rush? You don't care about notches anyway. Didn't you write a post on it?

He's a difficult chap this weasel, always finding reasons not to approach women. So I overrule him. It's a new year and I've quit my job. All the girls on my rotation live in Central Europe so I've got nothing going on in London. I no longer daygame in London for "the lifestyle" and the identity. I don't go out to *improve my skills*. That phase is long behind me. Now I go out if I'm in a good mood, or in this case if I have an empty bed. I go out to get a new girl.



Marginally warmer than this

Textbook Tip #1 – Go out. You need to make things happen.

I'm shivering under a thick woolly hat, my nose going numb. Piles of slush still lie against the kerb from last night's snow. Not alot of people on Oxford Street. I force myself to open the first decent girl I see – a cute unassuming French twenty-year old. She likes me, there's that flicker in the eye contact, but it's logistically horrible. She's about to meet the male "friend" she's visiting and returns to Paris tomorrow. Either he's fucking her or trying to. Either way I doubt I'd get her away from him so I take a flaky facebook. Next three sets are just unlucky. Nice girls, big smiles, but all in a hurry and not much into me.

I remind myself daygame is about flipping over stones. Just keep doing decent work, keep approaching and eventually I'll encounter a girl who is available and into me. Then I'm in like Jimmy Saville. However, I'm over an hour into it and getting cold. There's precious little to shoot at. I drift towards the Caffe Nero in Trafalgar Square to warm up and read my book. It's awfully comfortable in those soft leather sofas.

Textbook Tip #2 – If your state is dropping, take a break. Regroup.

The sky darkens outside, the winter nights cutting in. I'm a little restless. I came out to find a girl and here I am sitting reading the autobiography of an Italian bank robber. I remind myself of my reference experiences. *Daygame isn't so tough. I've done it plenty. All four girls I spoke to today enjoyed the interaction. All were very pretty.* ***Just keep churning it out***. The pitbull is straining at the leash again. So I put my coat on and step outside…. into a blast of icy air… brrrrrrrrrr. A bus passes by and stops five metres up the road, like a siren song singing me to the warmth of my home. I resist. "Walk up to Bond Street at least, then get a bus" I tell myself and trudge out. I only need one scrap of good fortune. One girl.

Textbook Tip #3 – Choose your targets wisely, especially if your state is borderline.

I don't kid myself that I'm shooting for the fences here. If I see a ten I'll open just on general principle but I'm not in the mood for a challenge. I'm scanning for my favourite type of girl and as I reach Piccadilly Circus she appears in front of me like an apparition. She checks all the boxes:

- Dark features with coffee skin and long black hair
- Soft feminine dress sense with a cute little woolly hat
- Wandering around aimlessly, eyes wandering to all the old buildings
- Sensible shoes, jeans, warm clothes. Urban hiking gear

Over a year ago I once asked Tom from Daygame to write a list of characteristics identifying the best candidates for an SDL. He calls them "vulnerable". Operationalise it, I asked. So he wrote a list and this girl checked most of the boxes. She's clearly a tourist who is visiting London alone and spent the past several hours walking around. She's cold, her legs ache, and she hasn't had a real conversation all day. Hello, I'm Nick…..



.. and I'm a cute Chilean bird

Textbook Tip #4 – If you can't organically build momentum, you'll have to force it

It's a slow start. She's from Chile, in London for two days before returning to her friend in Paris to continue a Euro tour. She's not giving off any IOIs except the most important one – making no effort to leave. Five minutes or so on

the street and I feel just about enough of a hook to bounce to the idate, a pub 50m up the road. We settle in the upstairs lounge and she has a half pint of bitter (her first time in an English pub). Conversation is fine but twenty minutes in I realise I'm too logical, not drawing her onto the right topics so I shift gear. Classic forced-rapport questions:

> If your friends were to describe you in three words, what would they be? (answer: intelligent, friendly, crazy)
>
> How old were your friends in Chile when they first kissed boys? (answer: 11)
>
> How do boys and girls meet in Santiago? Is it a bar culture? (answer: same as most countries)

She's soon perked up and we've got good rapport. I kino test a few times. Oh, those owl earings are nice, let me see. Oh, take your hat off so I can see your hair (and then I fluff her hair up a bit). Oh, show me that ring. All I'm looking for is to touch her and see if she flinches away. Nope, she likes it. Green light.

I'm in full-on leading mode now and take her to a second bar where we sit side-by-side. More plausibly-deniable touching and I just sense the moment. I kiss her.

> **Her:** You're crazy!
>
> **Me:** Yes
>
> **Her:** This is so unexpected
>
> **Me:** Yes. It's fast
>
> **Her:** You could be a dangerous killer
>
> **Me:** Yes. I am

She can't get enough of me now. Verbal rapport gives way to physical rapport as I pull her in, stroke her hair, hold her hand. Everything I can do to accelerate the comfort. I'm still not thinking of the SDL because she just doesn't seem up for it. She's too shy, giving too few signals. Avoidance weasel tells me to take a Facebook – as if I'll ever see her again when she lives and works in Chile. Fuck that. I'm gonna push and push. I seed a bar halfway home. My biggest obstacle is distance because I don't live in the city centre. It'll be a long bus journey.

Textbook Tip #5 – There's usually at least one big leap of faith in the escalation

We walk out to the bus stop on Oxford Street. She's compliant and raising no fuss. As we buy a ticket and board she doesn't seem too worried about the destination. In for a penny in for a pound – I decide to stay on the bus all the way home and forget the idea of a third pub. Now I shift into verbal bamboozlement mode to occupy her mind. Twenty minutes into the journey she's finally a little antsy and realises we aren't headed to this pub.

> **Her:** [looking out the window] Where are we going?
>
> **Me:** My place
>
> **Her:** [long pensive look] Ok

We get wine from the corner shop and proceed directly to my room. I take off my shoes and tell her to do likewise then I disappear for five minutes to find wine glasses. It's good form to leave a girl alone in your room for a while – her hindbrain calms itself with the knowledge she is free to leave. They never do leave. Halfway through the wine I pull her in and go for it. Ten minutes of half-arsed LMR and I'm banging her. Mid-bang I conduct a short interview:

> **Me:** At what moment did you realise I was going to fuck you?
>
> **Her:** During the bus journey

> **Me:** At what moment did you look at me and think “yeah, I could fuck this guy”?
>
> **Her:** In the second pub but it wasn’t conscious
>
> **Me:** You like it that I just picked you up off the street and now I’m fucking you, don’t you
>
> **Her:** Yes!



She never does this

Textbook Tip #6 – She’ll usually reconcile herself to the prospect of fucking you quite early on, before you’ve made any big moves

After she’s wiped my muck off her breasts and face she gives that dazed and confused look I’ve seen so many times on SDLs. *What just happened? I can’t believe I did that! I never do this!* She tells me I’m the eighth guy to fuck her and the first non-boyfriend.

> **Her:** It’s so strange. One month before I came here I met a boy. I think I’m in love with him. So this is very unusual to me.
>
> **Me:** I get what I want

+1. New flag. Seventh approach of 2013.

My loveable Fiat Punto

krauserpua · 21 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I've just come back from an idate with a cute little Italian girl I picked up at Trafalgar Square. In itself nothing remarkable so you'll only hear the story if I end up banging her. As I was ramping up the verbal escalation to test for the SDL she started telling me how her first boyfriend (of six years) was pretty boring and didn't inspire her to try hard in the bedroom. When I get a girl on this topic I usually start the sexual framing where I'm the superhero and every other guy is shit.I also trotted out this story:



lovable and dependable

> Imagine you've just passed your driving test so you go out and buy yourself a Fiat Punto. It's cute and you drive it around the city for a while. You like driving. It's pleasant, you like being behind the wheel. You like your Punto. After a few years its getting old so you buy another car. You like Puntos, so you buy a newer one. You drive that around some more. It's comfortable and you're used to it. You're a Punto fan.
>
> One day, your friend throws you his car keys. "Here, try my Ferrari"



Me, in metaphor

> You get behind the wheel, put your foot down and ….. wow! It's amazing. You can feel the raw power of the engine throbbing through the seat, your hands shaking as they grip the wheel. Every turn is a perfect grip. The feeling of control and of riding the power is incredible.
>
> You finish the drive with your breath coming fast. Your heart beating. You feel exhillarated. Like walking on air. You throw the keys back to your friend, a huge smile on your face.
>
> And then walk back to your Punto. Your little, cute, slow Punto. It's just not the same anymore.

Needless to say she was dripping wet at the end of this little story, biting her lips, her mind racing frantically.

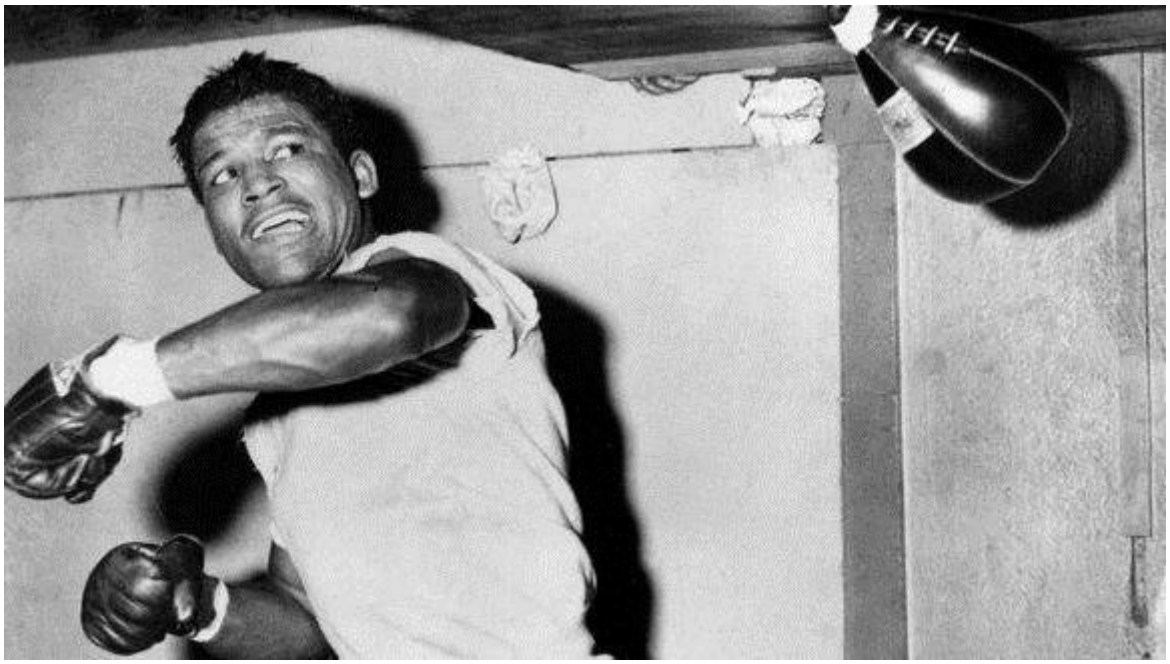
My year's stats in review

krauserpua · 24 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I've long believed that I should be ending each year in a better position than I started it according to whatever metrics I deem relevant. My pillars of finance, health, career, social, girls…. whatever it happens to be. The metrics will change over my life cycle and according to interests. A man's life must be an arrow travelling forwards. He needs a mission. Should you ever take your foot off the pedal then the forces of lethargy and mediocrity will take root.

That's a long-winded way of saying I was thinking about my girl stats for 2012.

Long-suffering readers will be aware how the tone of my blog changed in late 2011 as I went through a cycle of game-revulsion. I changed from the high-approach/high-adventure phase to a low-approach/maturity phase. At the time I thought it was a permanent shift, now I'm not so sure. Perhaps its cyclical. A couple of weeks ago I started reading Tom Torero's daygame book and it rekindled the old hunger. Like when I walk into a boxing gym and smell the dried sweat on leather, hear the thumping of bagwork, the whistle of a jump rope and I'm immediately in state to train. I was reading his lay reports, his joy/obsession for going out every day, and it reminded me how much I enjoyed it.



The greatest

2012 was the year I switched gears. 2010 was brute-force approaching to get the sets in the bank, with some decent success. 2011 was more brute-force but developing the artistry side and upping the quality. But by the end of 2011 I was still thinking "it shouldn't have to be such hard work". There must be a way of making it all easier and more efficient. Thus 2012 I worked hard on lifestyle, masculine value, and removing my niggling career doubts. I cut the approaches right down. Here's my stats. Estimates because I never tracked numbers.

- **Approachs**: I'd estimate 250 in total, about 200 outside of the UK. Of the total about 150 went nowhere, 20 idates, about 100 numbers/facebooks with vaying degrees of flakiness.
- **Dates:** I had day twos with about ten girls who I made out with / got sexual with but didn't actually bang. There were another five girls where the day two went nowhere at all. The remaining dates led to sex.
- **Sex:** Seventeen new girls, plus a few continuing on rotation from 2011.

Overall the lesson is I had more sex, better sex, more fun and with higher quality girls. Nonetheless I gradually got

the nagging feeling of scarcity as I stopped approaching. It's important to feel abundance in lead-creation, not merely abundance in having regulars on rotation.

Bedtime stories for big girls

krauserpua · 25 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Lately I've been rather uninspired in my Skype chats, not really feeling the pull to be fun and creative. That's not an especially good thing when you want to keep your Euro harem happy. So tonight as I lay tired on my bed with Serb A pestering me for a video chat I decided to leverage the wonders of the internet with these two aids.

A quick google search of "bedtime stories" found some free sites with illustrated stories. I told her to brew a cup of tea, get comfortable and imagine she's lying next to me as I read a story. Girls like the sound of a man's slow deep voice, especially non-native speakers because they love the accent and the perfection in a native speaker's delivery. Then there's the obvious framing of when her dad used to read her stories. Big time rapport on the cheap.



I read her Pickles The Cat. What a great story for winter when she's couped up in her apartment most of the day. Framing the big bad world outside as scary and exciting. Get the girl to open the link to read as she listens to you.

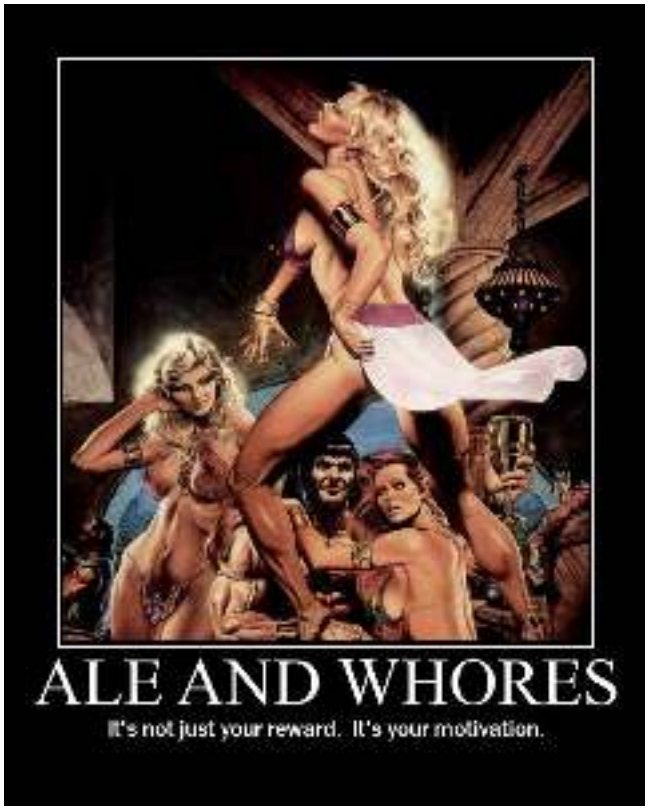
Next I teased her a little on how when she's being feisty she reminds my of Droopy the Dog, then sent her this clip to watch together (from 2:12). Vintage kids cartoons are great for that.

Easy rapport. Everyone's happy.

I bang my first 28 yr old Colombian architect

krauserpua · 1 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm afraid I'm uninspired to write this lay report. It was fun and I went to bed afterwards with a smile of satisfaction at a perfectly-executed run through my model but….. it was just workman-like. Nothing special in the circumstance nor the girl. Like Arsenal eking out a 1-0 win away from home in a match that sends the fans to sleep. If you keep going out you'll rack up many sets like this. Grist to the mill. I'm out with an old buddy SubZero trying to grind my way through some street approaches to build some long term momentum. I feel off the pace, like a footballer trying to get match fit after a long term injury. There's a niggling approach anxiety, nothing like it used to be a few years ago but enough that there's still some emotional cost of opening. Once I'm in set everything is calm and relaxed. The old magic is still there but buried undercobwebs.



After a couple of sets I hook a cute petite Colombian girl outside John Lewis. It's dark now, light streaming from shop windows to give that gutter-game feel. She's giggling, bantering and its a pretty solid ten minute set. We swap numbers. I continue the banter over a couple of texts then invite her out.

She cancels the first date a few hours in advance because her father has had a stroke. She says she'll still come out but doesn't expect to be good company. Naturally I tell her its fine to reschedule. So a couple of days later we meet in front of Top Shop. I don't get nervous on dates anymore. Its all grist to the mill. She's a little stand-offish at first which I put down to nerves so I walk her up to The Cock and make idle chit-chat. It's rammed so we stand at the bar and I begin to lay my vibe on her.

> **Me:** You look like a squirrel. Those big cheeks *[I grab her cheek between thumb and forefinger]*
>
> **Her:** No I don't!
>
> **Me:** There's a famous TV character just like you. He's called Rocky *[shows google image on phone]*
>
> **Her:** I do not! *[playful hitting]*

Ten minutes later while doing some comfort on her background

> **Me:** What's Bogota like? I've never been.
>
> **Her:** It's quite a big city, up in the mountains. It's 2,000 feet above see level
>
> **Me:** So you do live in the mountains, in a tree. Is that where you store your nuts?
>
> **Her:** aaaaaaargghh. Stop it!



too easy

This is just routine stuff I lay onto any girl who is a bit short and curvy. Easy meat. Within ten minutes or so she's in a nice playful vibe and starting to fall into my frame. I'm kino testing early with her hair and hands. Within half an hour I know its on to kiss but I wait till I've led her to a darker more seductive bar. I know its in the bag, just a case of how hard I push this meeting.

Conversation comes easy, the kind of things I've written about many times here. I mix up comfort with attraction, playfully push her away, frame her as crazy and a sex maniac. Then halfway through the second pint I pull her in to kiss. She tells me she's going back to Colombia 5am the next morning. I'm faced with the dilemma of every player when the girl is good enough to bang but not really a serious dating contender. She's a cute little six. Girly, feminine, pretty face but just not enough to bring out my A game.

I decide to push. I need more rapid escalation practicce. I need to bed down the willingness to push for the lay on first date. I've had plenty of practice doing the three-date girlfriend route. Time to switch up. So I put more beer in her, put her legs over mine and scratch her temple. The usual. I guess I might as well lay out the specifics for my dear readers.

- King's throne posture, with the girl pulled into me
- With my arm around her, pull her head onto my shoulder and scratch her temple
- Alternate proper makeouts with soft kisses on the forehead
- Occasionally grab her hair at the back of the neck and hold her tight for a strong kiss
- Peek down the front of her shirt once or twice

I've never been a big fan of physical escalation but these days I use it when I'm gunning it full steam ahead to close that night. I stop short of direct sexualisation – no fondling of her breasts or touching between the legs, no overt "I'm going to fuck you" talk. She's got too many good-girl barriers to pull that stuff out on the first date. I'd rather keep it covert so she just ends up at my place. Halfway through a pint at the third bar I decide its time for the leap of faith. It's 10pm and she's thinking of her flight.

There's always a moment where you step off the cliff. This was it.

> **Me:** Come on, next place. *[Puts on coat and waits for her to do the same]*
>
> **Her:** Where are we going?
>
> **Me:** Next place. Then I shall return you home in an hour.
>
> **Her:** I need to be up at 5am for my flight
>
> **Me:** I know, just one more drink. Hurry up *[we walk outside, I flag a taxi, open the door and bundle her in]*
>
> **Her:** Where are we going?
>
> **Me:** Disneyland

In between kissing me and feeling my leg she tells me I'm a bad man and I'm kidnapping her. I agree on both counts. Then its back to my room, shoes off, leave her alone a few minutes to get wine glasses, and time to escalate. It takes two hours of token resistance at each step until I'm fucking her.

Really, sometimes its like these girls are working to exactly the same blueprint. This lay was almost identical to my last SDL. Every step of the way, the timing, her moods, the words. I wonder if it'll ever get boring….. After the usual bedroom naughtiness I see her onto the nightbus. A new flag, a new notch. I don't feel the urge to run around my room cheering. Just another workman-like set where the pieces fell into place. The biggest learning point was that every single phase required me to consciously push forwards. At no moment did the lay "just happen". There was no organic momentum. It was like pushing a boulder up a hill.

I bang my first 31 year old Swiss ballerina

krauserpua · 12 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Already I can hear a collective sharp intake of breath throughout the manosphere. ***Thirty one!*** I guess this post will be equal parts lay report and mea culpa.

As my long-suffering readership is aware I have been easing my way back into the life of London daygame. Cold, wet, miserable but I feel the nagging pull to get some girls on the go and add a few notches. It's gone well. The streets are not exactly brimming with flange but if you stay out long enough and look hard enough there's usually enough girls to make it worth the effort. Land Of The Tens it isn't. More like Village Of The Sevens. Round about my third day out I spot the usual target walking past the National Portrait Gallery. My assumption stack bombs horribly but that's the point of the stack… you just transition off her answers no matter how wrong you were.

> **Me:** Hi. I want to tell you something. I just noticed you walking up there and thought you look cute. Very Polish.
>
> **Her:** I'm Swiss.
>
> **Me:** Perhaps, but you look Polish. I think its the light skin, wide eyes, and neat clothes. You look like a Polish librarian. A cute one.
>
> **Her:** Yes. But I'm Swiss.
>
> **Me:** Then that means…. you like….. mountains…. chocolate…. and collecting Nazi gold.
>
> **Her:** Haha (etc)…..

Did I ever tell you the reason to assumption stack? In the beginning you both have nothing to talk about so you have to create something out of nothing. The whole point is to get into a conversation – find a subject to talk about. Naturally you'll talk about her because that's what you're interested in. So you make an assumption (I recommend her nationality) and then tell her three reasons why based on three things you can see. Make the last one a light tease to show a little backbone, a little push to perk up her interest.



I've never been, but I imagine it's…

If your assumption gets *any traction at all*, no matter if you were right or wrong, stick with it. Use that as the topic. Many guys get too excited about their creativity and keep making new assumptions like they're Derren Brown. No

no no. You aren't trying to impress her, *you are trying to get into a conversation with her*. Less is more. Once you've got her real nationality its easy to then list three things you "heard" about her country… make them borderline racist stereotypes.

- **Romanian:** In my mind its full of towering mountains, vampires and gypsies
- **Russian:** I think of Russia being all snow, vodka and KGB
- **Brazilian:** I imagine Brazil as one long beach where everyone drinks Caprianhas and plays football.

Just stick with the first stereotypes that come into your head. So long as you deliver it with a playful smirk and drag it out slowly then she'll laugh. If you're stuck, go to the Emergency Krauser Stack:

> My mum told me to be careful of girls from [country]. She said three things. They are all beautiful…. good cooks…. and sex maniacs.

So back to the story. She's very shy and demure which I like. After ten minutes or so the hook feels good but she seems to lack any real flirting ability. The whole thing feels a bit flat. Nonetheless I bounce her across the road to a pub where we chat for an hour or so. She's new in town, just here for a couple of weeks to find a university. The spark isn't there. I just can't read her interest levels. I seriously think she's too oblivious to realise what's going on and I'm on only my second instant date of the year and very rusty. I take a number thinking I may have dropped the ball. Sometimes you just never know. Still waters run deep. This girl is very shy and thoughtful, kinda mousy. She's into reading, ballet, and gives me classic introvert answers to my probing. She must've hooked strong as I discover during the texting. I'll give an entire transcript so you can see how I'm able to turn it around and get the frame right. I see lots of bad text game in blog comments.



In front of Top Shop, 7pm

> **Me:** So this is my cute new Swiss friend… it was a pleasure *[Remember this is a "nice girl" from an idate that had little spark. It's important to be the same guy in texts as you were in person. I start soft with the aim of gradually ramping it up]*

> **Her:** It was a pleasure for me too, thank you. How are you, cheeky Englishman? *[Good sign]*
>
> **Me:** Good morning! I'm having coffee while I look at all the snow in my garden. How are you? *[A ping text. Give a little window into your life]*
>
> **Her:** Hello! That sounds very relaxed.. I am in the Shakespeare Globe and recovering my slight cold… are you interested in visiting the theatre for a play? *[An invitation. I don't want to go to the theatre, that's all wrong for a date. Wrong activity and in her frame. I don't like theatre. I shall have to refuse.]*
>
> **Me:** I'm more of a movie person. Take care of yourself with that cold. I want you looking your prettiest when we meet! *[Making it clear that it'll be a date, not friends.]*
>
> **Me:** Hey crazy. I made a snowman today. *[Ping text I sent to four girls the next day]*
>
> **Her:** We will see, how I will fulfill your desire.. I think being healthy is sufficient for our appointment. Are you in the city next week? *[Keen]*
>
> **Me:** Young lady, I'm sure we shall have the pleasure of each other's company this week. What is your eta for a full recovery… Tuesday? *[She's letting me take the frame now]*
>
> **Her:** Good evening, how do you do? London is really exciting. There is sooo much to discover, incredible.. should we meet each other this week once? It would be a pleasure. *[Keen]*
>
> **Me:** Hey I'm quite busy this week, but Thursday evening is good. 8pm?
>
> **Me:** I just bought a black biker jacket. I'm now officially a bad boy! *[No reply to my invite so I leave it two days and ping with this]*
>
> **Her:** Hi Nick, you scared me a 2nd time! bad boy, good girl. Did you receive my message?
>
> **Me:** Hey. I never got a message. What was it?
>
> **Her:** Really? I asked if you have a time to meet each other once… do you?
>
> **Me:** I replied. I can meet you Friday *[Logistics]*
>
> **Her:** What about Saturday? Would it be also possible?
>
> **Me:** Hmmm.. Will you wear your prettiest dress and brightest smile? *[Restate the frame that its a date and I expect her to play into it]*
>
> **Her:** Almost surely I've a new haircut! *[Frame accepted]*
>
> **Me:** I look forward to messing it up with my hands Saturday, 7pm, Oxford Circus
>
> **Her:** I warn you. Cool, Sat 7 at tube station

I then completely forget about the date. I gatecrash one of Tom and Jon's bootcamps and chatting to them on the walk back to the Daygame HQ when I realise I'm supposed to meet this bird in half an hour. Oops. So I throw out a ping to check its on. I'm not much fussed about it having already got laid two days earlier with the Colombian.

> **Me:** Hey, you good?
>
> **Her:** Yes, c u at 7
>
> **Me:** Cool. And no mischief, girl!



Imagine this as a 7, partially obscured with my hairy arse

Once I meet her it goes more or less the same as my last two girls. A drink in a normal pub, walk her to a darker bar. This time she's hungry so we stop off at a Chinese fusion place. She's difficult with kino so except for the usual hair-touching I focus on the verbals. Generalised sex talk, laying the man vibe on her etc. Then in the second pub I pull her in to kiss. Finally she loosens up. Her eyes spazz, she becomes touchy-feelly, her knees touch mine constantly… I start to think maybe I can take her home. I remember writing these texts to Bhodi while I was on the date, because he often gets stuck in date escalation so I wanted him to get a window into how I think during a date:

> *[Just before the date]* **Me:** She's well into me, very shy, and goes back to Switzerland next week…. Hmmmmm…
>
> **Him:** Fuck. I wanted to play Black Ops 2
>
> *[An hour in]* **Me:** This one s awkward as hell. She wants it and I like her, but she has huge nerd barriers. Haven't kissed yet.
>
> **Him:** Just get her back, whatever the excuse, then try it on. Once she's thru the door the chances of fucking go up astronomically
>
> **Me:** True. Gonna take the leap regardless
>
> *[Two hours in]* **Me:** K close but still tough
>
> **Him:** Unless its a def second date then just go all out
>
> *[Three hours in]* **Me:** I had an Its On Moment and 3 cabs stolen under my nose….
>
> **Him:** agh

We are walking up Tottenham Court Road while I blab on about finding another pub while keeping my eye out for a cab to hustle her into. None show up. The world is against me. Somehow I persuade her to get the tube back to mine and then a bus up the bank. It's all about leading and brass-necking my way until she's in my room with her shoes off.

Then it's an hour of pretty real LMR and I send Bhodi the +1 text. Really nice tight slim body. She looks good when I'm fucking her. Proof of lay.

I bang my first 26 year old Brazilian carnival girl

krauserpua · 13 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It would appear I've gotten off to a flyer in 2013.

Here in Brazil, samba is in the air. Street parties, sweltering hot sunshine and then me and my ~~pasty~~ high-status skin colour. Who would suffer the cold of February in London when the promised land of Brazilian ass lies just a plane ticket away? I've barely touched down home from a romantic weekend in Barcelona with Belorussian before I'm packing my flip-flops and suncream to go visit my old buddy Suave. Ah, life is good!



You look very…..

I don't speak a word of Portuguese but the local girls seem to find me shiny and exotic. You have to take your good luck when it comes. First night I make out with a tall leggy office girl who would've been good to go if her sister didn't cockblock. Next night I get a super-cute university student but more sisterly cockblocking knocks that on the head. Third night I'm in Suave's hometown and headed into the centre for a long street party. I'm excited.

Then he twists his ankle stepping off a kerb, hobbling himself. Our mightly plans to work the party evaporate. He hobbles home to ice it. **Fuck**. I'm left with a couple of his friends I just met who are making a good effort at looking after me but its a vibe-killer for game. Time to mentally reframe myself. *Fate has forced me out of my comfort zone. All growth happens outside the comfort zone. OK, get into the Now, chat to these people, just enjoy the carnival like a normal tourist.* So for an hour I'm following these people around and maintaining a faltering conversation. I really appreciate them taking the time with me. One is a woman who looks about mid-thirties but has kept herself in great shape, from mid-range she looks really hot in her short-shorts but just doesn't maintain my boner up close. She clearly fancies me. And thus begins an internal tug-of-war.

This girl is smiling, dancing, making sure I don't lose her. She's a nice person having a good time. But my eyes constantly wander over all the hot young uni students also here, the girls Suave and I would've been making a crack at. So much supple young skin on show. I don't see many eights but there's a sea of young sixes and sevens. I'm at sixes and sevens now, looking at it but unable to touch lest I seem ungrateful to my hosts by ditching them.

And my vibe is flat. I doubt I'd make a good job of it.

Then two things change in rapid succession. I enter that magical beer-zone of just-pissed-enough that my social inhibitions drop. Then that girl makes a stronger play for me and I'm kissing her within a throng of party-goers. **Click! I hit state**. She goes off to dance leaving me with some dark skinned girl in a short wedding dress / tiara combo who responds splendidly to my reflexive attraction material. She's touching, pawing, leading me by the hand through the crowd. Instinctively I know she's a player, I recognise all the little touches to pull me off balance and into her frame so I backturn, talk to others, push away in correct measure. Mentally I have her recorded as a strong lead for an hour down the line. And then I'm just social-opening everyone, stealing girl's hats, teasing. I spend ten minutes sitting on a kerb with a super cute little uni student dressed as a butterfly with colourful paint all over her. She's into me but resists the kiss.

I'm buzzing. The new friends I'm with bump into me every now and then with a look of incredulity that this is the same guy who was so serious and taciturn less than two hours earlier. My comfort zone has stretched. And then I see something that occupies the very centre of the most comfortable zone I have.

A solo girl walking alongside the carnival throng, in the opposite direction, going somewhere. Wearing a rucksack.

A fucking ***rucksack***. Every London daygamer's dream signal.



in low-7 form

I cut through the throng like Rickson through a black belt and appear in front of her. Immediately its just **on**. Her eyes sparkle, she has a huge smile, and my patter is perfect. I kino fast with side hugs, hair-messing and so on. She's got little Lara Croft shorts and schoolgirl socks pulled up to her knees. Little hamster-y face. My type all over, probably a low-7. She's not drunk but on her way to pick up some clothes before starting work at 6:30am (it's about half four now).

I kiss her less than five minutes in then bounce across the road for a sit down. I run comfort, kiss more, and start thinking about a fast street-to-bed. She's agreed in principle so we start walking. I try to lie her down in the middle of a park but she's not having it. So I try to drag her into a supermarket carpark. Not having that either. I can feel its on the edge, her desire to fuck exactly equal to the opposite anxiety over not being *that kind of girl*. We sit down on

a bench and I pull her onto my lap. She's verbalising how she loves sex but it has to be nice, not squalid. The window is closing, I think it won't happen.

"We should go to a motel," she says.

Brilliant. Flag down a taxi, jump in, and within half an hour I've got her face pushed into the pillow while I plow her from behind. Some seconds in the shower and then she has to get dressed for work. One hour street to bed, maybe faster. I'd like the **Game Adjudication Committee** to rule on whether this constitutes an SDL or an SNL. Essentially, this was a fast street-stop that happended at night, when I was drunk. On such details rests the fate of nations.

I bang my first vengeful Brazilian wife

krauserpua · 15 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm still in a small town in Brazil, marking time before hitting Rio. Outside the sun is so oppressive that even the locals are indoors, collapsed on sofas with the fans humming. My buddy Suave suggests we hit a couple of bars towards midnight just as an excuse to get outside. So we roll up. On the way in some girl eyes me up. Standing at the bar another girl eyes me up as she walks past holding her boyfriend's hand. "Brazil must be the only country in the world where I've gotten approach invitations" I tell Suave. Really, I just ***never*** get them. Every piece of attraction I get must be earned through game.



but bigger tits

Standing outside an hour later some curvy black chick ambles past and gives me a long solid look. Really solid. I ask Suave if she's a whore, it seems too strong to be legit. She doesn't have the tart look and he says no she's just a normal bird. Ten metres away I can see her still looking at me intensely, like I do when the new Bioshock is released. Hmmmm. Couldn't rate her higher than a six but she's got big tits and a Brazilian ass. Also, I don't fuck enough black girls. I wave her over and she comes obediently.

It's immediately apparent she doesn't speak a word of English. She blabs on in some monologue the jist of which is she's not a whore, she won't have sex with me, but she's just had an argument with her husband and stormed out the house and wants to talk to people. What's that rule in Game?

When a woman tells you unbidden that she won't have sex with you, it means she's thinking of having sex with you.

I look at Suave. He shrugs. We know this is there for the taking.

A surreal conversation ensues in which I speak English against her Portuguese and neither of us has any idea what's going on except the pieces Suave translates. She suggests we go for a drive somewhere. While waiting for Suave to bring his car up next to hers I kiss close. About ten minutes in. Then we follow him home to his buddy's house I'm staying at. He leaves on the pretext of picking up a girlfriend and then me and the girl just sit in the front seats of her car listening to samba on the radio and sharing a can of Brahma.



and a car

There's really very little to write about this. I needed no Game beyond recognising she's up for it and then escalating correctly. I'm a talker but this didn't even need words, relying upon me saying any old shit in a low seductive tone while eye fucking her. Soon we are on the back seats and she gives perfunctory LMR before I've got her riding me. It's very very good sex. Squalid and dirty, me slamming her hard while I push her face into the seat, little moans of "ai ai" coming out her mouth like a metronome. *I'm fucking some girl who picked me up on* ***Valentine's Day*** *after an argument with her husband.*

What did he do wrong? The chocolate wasn't expensive enough? The reservation at the restaurant too close to the kitchen? Poor guy.

The sheer squalid lunacy of the situation appeals to me. Not one to miss a moment I make sure some of my cum misses her tits and face and hits the windows. Clean that off in the morning, hon. And don't forget to pick up the condom off the floor before you give the car keys back to hubby.

This is what its like for good-looking guys. A girl goes to a bar DTF and then comes onto a guy she likes the look of. So you isolate, escalate and fuck. There's no game at all. I will now no longer listen to good looking guys on anything except calibration and escalation. They don't know what its like to actually *win a girl over*.

This was child's play. Its a shame that when I return to Europe, I'll return to reality.

** No idea of her age, or name, or anything else. Could be anywhere between 25-35. She wasn't very happy when I pulled up my trousers, said thanks for the ride home, then disappeared inside to sleep.*

I bang my first 24 year old Brazilian law student

krauserpua · 28 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'll admit I've been having a tough time of it in Brazil. English men my age grew up with images of beautiful women on carnival floats, amazing asses hanging out of thongs on the beach, and the magic of the Socrates-Falco-Zico class of '82. Brazil is an iconic country for us, one long beach where everyone plays volleyball and sips caipirinhas.



Scored more world cup goals than Plato and Aristotle combined

So I've been thoroughly disappointed by the women. Something went wrong between my idealised teenage vision and the actual boots-on-the-floor reality of fat grotty women. Perhaps my tastes have changed cos the hostel chodes here swear there's lots of hotties. Just this afternoon I bumped into a US pickup coach (I spotted him taking a number of some bird in Starbucks so I said hello afterwards) and he was telling me all the hot girls are on Ipanema beach 9. Ummmmm….. not while I was there. I didn't see *anything* worth talking to in two full afternoons of looking. They all had huge asses (in the wrong sense) and big flabby guts.

I've been looking, really I have. I spent two hours walking up Ipanema high street today and only opened six girls. That's without weaseling a single set. Only one of them gave me the DNA-tug. Most other days I've seen even less.



About as representative as Austin Powers is of London

So I'm pissing and moaning, blaming the world for my ills. My state is flat. Despite all this I get a stroke of luck. Often you just don't know which girls will turn out well. As of this afternoon I'd only gotten three good leads in Rio.

Girl 1 – While up at Botafogo shopping mall (don't bother) I do two sets. One is a super hot dancer who from her facebook appears to be quite famous. We spent twenty minutes chatting, her touching my arm alot and good eye contact but then she doesn't reply to my texts. Second girl is a young student who is clad in lycra and about to start her daily run. A good set and I meet her the next night for a date where I kiss close. If I'd had better logistics I'd have pulled the trigger but I didn't (long boring story).

Girl 2 – I'm sitting at a fruit juice stand mid-afternoon with Suave when an 18 year old buxom chick strolls past and gives me a long look. She's a solid eight. I give chase and do a strong eye-fucking open. She speaks zero English. So I used non-verbals and the Google Translate app on my phone. It's tortuous but her interest is so strong it works. After taking her number and facebook, I kiss close her on the street. Lots of people are watching. As I walk back to Suave some street performer who has been doing tricks with a mini-football, a middle-aged crusty black dude, comes over and shakes my hand, babbling congratulations in a toothless Portuguese.

Girl 3 – On Saturday night in Lapa I'm pretty drunk. Suave points out a curvy black girl he thinks I'll like so I give chase. Its an easy stop and she has faltering English. I'm full of ballsy insolence and soon mini-bounce her to the kerb. Ten minutes chat and I take a number and bounce again to a nearby bar then soon kiss close. The party is winding down by 3am, an hour or so later, so I suggest a motel. She says no. I lead her to a cab and try to bundle her in. She runs away.

So which girls seems most solid?

- **Girl 1** invites me to a Sunday night full moon party on Ipanema rocks. I show up and she's lost in the crowd and makes no effort to find me, apologising three hours later by text to say she was meditating and didn't want to check her phone. Stupid cunt.
- **Girl 2** chats to me plenty on Facebook over the following day (using Google Translate) and enthusiastically agrees to a date. Then she doesn't show. No texts to cancel. Stupid cunt.

- **Girl 3** swaps occasional texts over the following few days and seems unenthusiastic. And then tonight she agrees to come out. She tries to cancel claiming no money but I tell her she must have enough for the bus and I'll get the drinks. She texts back "OK, what is your address?" That's the extraction handled, then.

As soon as I see her I know its on, token resistance aside. She's dolled up nice and has tight figure-hugging clothes on. My big issue is logistics – I'm staying in a busy hostel sharing a room for eight. I decide to brass-neck it. I walk her into the lounge area where a chode-party is already in full swing (it's past 9pm) and I'm scanning for the reception and door guys to see if they disappprove. They don't seem to notice. Halfway into the first drink I walk her directly upstairs on the thin pretext of checking out my Facebook photos. Two lads are lying on their bunks but know not to interrupt. I've got my big towel hanging like a curtain over the bunk so its pretty much private. Everything following is standard escalation until half an hour later I'm fucking her.



Younger, high-6 version, sans manjaw

For lulz I tell her not to make a sound. We can hear people coming in and out of the room. She's loving the danger of it, possible to get caught at any moment. Good sex. She tells me I'm her first gringo and it was "different" to Brazilians.

So that's three locals in a bit under three weeks here. Pretty good score considering the scraps I'm working with. I put her as a high six. No shame but I doubt I'll call her up for seconds.

Learning points

- Even when you are struggling to find targets and leads, things turn up
- Some thought, and balls, can solve shitty logistics
- When you know a girl has come to fuck don't waste time running a long-winded date model
- Even though I pulled the trigger too fast on the idate, it didn't wreck the set

I bang my first 28 year old Japanese tourist

krauserpua · 13 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Have you heard the term “gutter game”?

Well if you haven’t allow me to educate you. While I was mid-way through my daygame apprenticeship my blog had started to pick up steam (I was still putting up alot of infields then, before it became mainstream) and I was attracting attention from other London daygamers. This is a small world, after all. So one day I get an email from “Antony”, a locally based daygamer who’s at my level and going the same route as me. After the obligatory I-like-your-blog stuff he attaches a private youtube link to two of his infields. I’m expecting him to be some useless duffer but no – he’s ***really good***. And….. different. Him and his buddy Tom Torero want to meet up with me.

Bear in mind this is pre-daygame.com Tom Torero. All I knew was his lay reports on the LSS forum and the occasional long-distance street sighting.

So we meet, have a drink, and do some sets. It’s great. I’ve met a pair of guys around my level doing the same thing I do. Even now there’s precious few guys in London who can competently daygame and are fun to hang out with. We spend the next six months meeting up every now and then, doing sets, knocking our heads together to figure out theoretical points. The glory days of London street game, when my RSG gang is also active.

Why the long preamble you no doubt wonder. Antony has kinda dropped out of the community but Tom is a big name now, deservedly so (and yes, that’s me referenced on pages 368 and 372 of his book). Tom was really hitting it hard back in 2011 racking up the sets and lays. He’d really figured out how to do **Same Day Lays** and I wanted to know his secret. This was back when I’d only had a handful whereas he was well into double figures on them. Surprisingly he said it wasn’t so hard, it was all about the timing and then spotting the signals. He’d coined the term **Gutter Game**.



Open the one on the left

Gutter Game: Late evening street game, technically similar to normal daygame but with a heavy emphasis on target selection, logistic probing, momentum and ……. balls of steel.

He can explain it better than me but here's my take on it:

- As the sun begins to set the vibe on the street changes. All the worker drones have gone home, the shops are closing, the street begins to empty out. The sexual vibe creeps upwards. You can feel it in your bones.
- You must make a firm resolution that you are looking for sex. Not numbers, not facebooks. You want to make sweet love. There's alot of sex out on the street and you want yours.
- This is not the time for two-sets, tall leggy eights, fashionable girls. You are looking for vulnerable isolated girls, especially tourists. Forget quality, types, observational openers etc. Look for girls who seemed bored, lost and horny. Most will be sixes and sevens. Fine. You aren't marrying them.
- When you open you are looking for the eye sparkle, that crackle of electricity that lets you know its on. This whole shebang has to be done and dusted in a few hours so if the girl's vibe is flat and can't be spiked you'll need to take a number and move on to the next one.

So you go in and open, eye-fuck, throw out some light sexualisation and see what happens. If you're getting long deep eye contact and feeling the its-on-DTF vibe then you start the ball rolling and then its all about momentum and accelerated comfort. Get her in a pub (not a cafe), ask some simple logistical questions (where does she live, what is she doing tonight, when does she leave town, when does she need to be home) and put your balls on the line.

Generally speaking I'd say you want to spend about ten minutes on the street and one hour in the pub running comfort and flirting before you pull the trigger on the kiss close. Once you have the kiss physical comfort becomes extremely important. Stroke her head, kiss her forehead, play with interlocking fingers. Tell her its so fast, its crazy. Tell her the best thing about London is it's so anonymous that you can do crazy things and nobody is watching, that its best to take a chance in life and follow your emotion rather than being all serious and regret letting life slip by. Blah blah blah. And then when you've kissed a bit (but not over-escalated) suggest "the next place" and hop in a cab. This is real balls-on-the-line stuff. It ***never*** feels certain. You're always stepping off the cliff.

But fuck me, you'd be so surprised how many of them step into that taxi, put their head on your shoulder, and allow themselves to be whisked away to the sex location. Even now when it happens I surprise myself. As Bhodi says, once you get them through your door the odds of sex rise exponentially. So anyway if you get a gutter game SDL and want to send me royalities – don't. Buy Tom's book. It's his concept. So on with this particular lay report……



Add a red hat and drop a point

I'm having a fucking *terrible* day. There's something weird about 2013 where most of my sets are weak and yet I'm getting laid at an astonishingly high open-to-lay ratio. Perhaps I'm coming in so strong that the girls are either in or out within the first ten seconds. Fuck knows. So today I do ten sets. Five straight-out harsh blowouts. Ouch. I get an idate with a wop and another long set with another wop. Both have long-term wop boyfriends. Now that London has been invaded by cute slim Italians and Spanish (always with boyfriends) I'm thinking of developing a long-term boyfriend-destroyer wop game. We shall see. But whatever, it's pushing 9pm, I've been out four hours and although my mood is good my vibe is off.

It's gutter game time. There's sex out there, **I want mine**.

Walking past John Lewis on Oxford Street I see a slim Japanese girl dressed like an indie kid with a big woolly red hat and long soft hair. I open and ***bang!*** its on. Not please-fuck-me-on but I can see the subtle signals, the easy-going vibe, the questions to fill my silences. This girl is on a ten-day trip to London visiting a friend, leaving tomorrow. That friend is working so my Jap has to occupy the days with wandering. Sweet. I promise an offering to the Gods Of Pickup in thanks.



I probably owe them something

Then I follow the model outlined above. Ten minutes on the street. Light kino-testing on her painted fingernails. Bounce to the Argyll Arms to get alcohol in her and start laying on the man-vibe. She obediently follows me to Bradleys Spanish Bar (seductive close location) for more drinks and I kiss close. Easy. This girl's hindbrain has already decided to fuck but its not until I bundle her into the taxi that the forebrain gets the memo. It really is easy. Not the slightest quiver or LMR. She doesn't give me any green lights or help with the escalation – all of it has to be the time-old combination of **balls + calibration**. I chat to the taxi driver (his wife went to school close to my parent's house) and get an easy lay. No LMR at all. Not in the slightest. I think that's a Japanese thing, they have a guilt-free sex culture even though the girls have low-Ns.

I fuck the shit out of her, her eyes opening so wide she looks almost European. During my mid-fuck debrief she tells me I'm the fifth guy to fuck her and first foreigner (and first non-BF). It's her first nanpa. She even tells me "I don't know how this happened". She's never had it rough so I oblige her with a rousting. Her first facefucking, first vibrator, first anal, first cum-swallowing.

I'll admit it. I like being the bad guy.

Several times during the evening I keep thinking that almost all of my recent lays follow the same pattern, especially the SDLs…….

Shit day —> Lots of blowouts —> One set of glory —> Get laid

Never give up, guys. When you're gutter gaming, there's always a horny tourist around the next corner.

Daygame infield video analysis: An intermediate guy

krauserpua · 14 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm aware that six lay reports in a row could make my blog a little one-dimensional. Let's have some theory….. The community grinds ever onwards and as new guys come through the ranks they tend to set up little coaching businesses, usually a bit earlier than they should. I've been guilty of that myself. I keep my eyes peeled, curious to see what these new guys bring to the table. Here's an infield I saw for the first time last night. I'll put in a commentary.

Overall I give it 5/10. Servicable. Approach 100 girls like this and you'll get ten decent numbers, *if you're as good-looking as this guy*. It does enough to convert girls who quite like the look of you, are available, and open to the idea of a street stop. It's how to get a **Yes Girl** without fucking up too badly. However if the girl is unconvinced or a bit difficult (a **Maybe Girl**) then the inauthenticity, lack of higher level social creativity, and general lack of electricity will turn her off.

0:05 – Graphics tip you off that these are intermediate guys who are getting some success but still captured by cheesy community values.

0:11 – Look at her clothes and mood relative to everyone else in the shop. She's showing lots of skin and immediately sparkles. This girl is likely DTF so you should sexualise early and see how she takes it.

0:12 – It already sounds fake and boilerplate but to give him credit he's gotten his intent out early. The opener is a chance to inject some humour, creativity and make it specific to the girl. So only rely on canned openers if your mind has gone blank.

0:18 – The interview begins, putting the onus on her to do the work before she's really figured out who she's dealing with. I prefer to spend more time assumption-stacking so I can take it out of the boring daily chit-chat and put some electricity into it. Vibing is meant to be fun. The fact she accepts the invasive early questioning is another clue she's DTF.

0:21 – Item one on the cheesy PUA shopping list of phrases. It's too much of a leap from the flow of conversation. However despite this being a mediocre set so far she's still laughing and responding well. Mostly that's expressing pleasant surprise that a man is chatting her up rather than attraction to this particular man but its still a positive emotion so he can work with it.

0:25 – Cheesy PUA shopping list spike #2

0:31 – Cheesy PUA shopping list spike #3. We've now confirmed that this set is a fake showy chit-chat with no authenticity or sexual tension. It's too light, it's not grounded. He's going to have to dial that down or end up with a flaky number (he does, a bit).

0:37 – I like his solid unreactive body language and although he's dressed a bit cheesy-PUA at least he has a look that will polarise girls. I suspect this set is surviving entirely on the body language and balls of opening direct rather than the lame shit he's spouting.

0:52 – I dislike how clumsy the "tell me about yourself" is, but I also like that its finally introduced authenticity and not trying to be too smooth

0:56 – Qualification, which she rebuts with a question about him. This set isn't a car crash because he's got enough fundamentals and she's the right girl in the right mood. It's still going well.

0:59 – Rapport laughter from him. There really needs to be some drive-by sexualisation now. The girl seems generally DTF and she's testing to see if he'll be the guy who offers her the dick she hasn't had for a while.

1:24 – This is a great time to get her investing and opening up but he keeps interrupting. Control the urge to talk.

My rule is never interrupt her when she's speaking unless you are deliberately breaking rapport. Whoever is talking is qualifying.

1:34 – DLV about not commiting to surfing and then awkward laugh. When you talk about yourself you should be giving little glimpses of your life as the Most Interesting Man In The World. Don't overegg it, just glimpses. Control the urge to politely self-deprecate.

1:43 – DLVing again by positioning her above. Now there's a chance that he's got a cheeky grin and eyes that say "I'm only saying this because I'm so confident I can patronise you", so this could be either way. The video isn't sharp enough to know which.

1:46 – She's snatching the frame to direct the conversation

2:03 – After running with it, he snatches the frame back with an investment question. Good move. His body language is very relaxed now as he's realised she's there for the taking and her momentum is completely killed.

2:12 – Too agreeable. This is where the London School would be giving non-commital nods and say "ok"

2:23 – "That's awesome". He's found a DTF girl who just likes the look of him and now he's in danger of wrecking it by seeming too impressed with her and too happy just-to-be-there.

2:42 – She's biting on the qualification

2:54 – She's rapport-seeking, which is a great sign. Rather than accept and mirror it I'd suggest vacuuming, being an uncommited listener, and saving the approval for the date. This girl is actively trying to get herself laid.

2:58 – He's totally unreactive to all the people milling around so the love bubble never pops. That's good work.

3:09 – He's got attraction, rapport and investment so this is a good time to go for the number. I think this girl has idate and SDL written all over her so I'd have stretched it out another couple of minutes then bounced. But maybe he's the one with a time constraint, in which case I'd set up a Same Day De-Lay by meeting her later that afternoon.

3:36 – This is an IOI ***and also*** a warning that his material is too fake. Throughout this set we are seeing a mixture of good work and bad missteps. It goes to show that if a girl is right for you, you don't need to be perfect. Anytime he drops the ball, she picks it up and hands it back to him.

3:40 – Cheesy PUA shopping list spike #3

3:52 – Destroying the earlier authenticity and she responds with nervous laughter. You don't need that overgaming attraction shit when you've already moved into authentic communication. It telegraphs a lack of belief that you already have the girl.

So to recap

Strengths

- Solid polarising look that distinguishes him from all the schlubs and shows he's taken care of his image (and is therefore invested in himself).
- Direct open and doesn't undermine himself by neutralising that intent and becoming the gay-best-friend later in set.
- Relaxed non-reactive body language and eye contact. Imposes frame that it's completely normal to chat to her in a supermarket.
- Moves the interaction along through vibing, investment and rapport before picking the right time to take the number.

Weaknesses

- Very fake. Almost everything he says is a mini-routine from an internet forum. There's no flow.

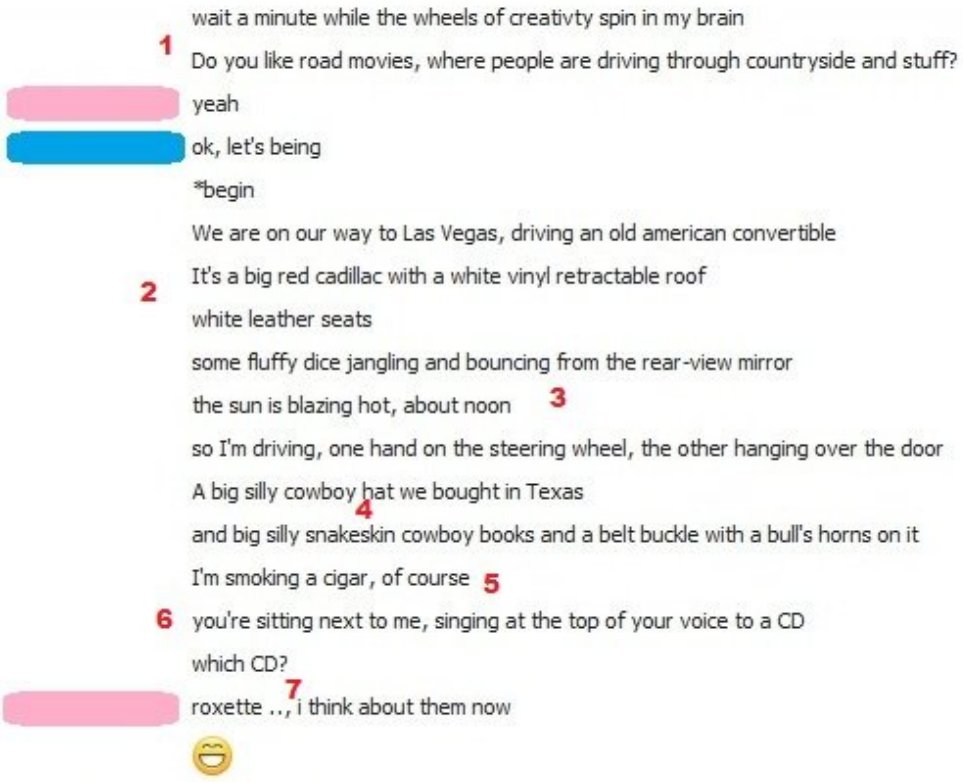
- Much too agreeable. Where's the sexual tension?
- It's a missed opportunity. This girl was DTF and could've been bounced. By failing to see this there's a good chance she's disappointed in him and will flake in favour of a man who will give her the dick.
- Mentally subtract his look and body language and instead focus on what he said. Was there a single ounce of creativity or interesting conversation there? No. He hasn't displayed high level social skills or given a window into his world either overtly nor covertly.

Videos like this are good for the intermediate guys to compare themselves against. You can see which bits are getting you your results but also see what needs to be eliminated or built upon to get to the next level. This guy is doing quite well and seems to have the right attitude. We'll likely hear more from him in a year or so.

Setting the frame in Skype sex chat

krauserpua · 24 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

An integral part of maintaing a Euro-harem is facebook and skype. Such a wonderful technology for building rapport, attraction and keeping yourself entertained over long distances. As a favour to my dear readers I'll go into detail on how to set up a good sex chat. Remember that birds don't think like us and get turned on by different things. Keep this in mind at all times. How do you want her to feel, how do you want to move things along…. Girls get turned on by the psychological interplay and environmental scenario of sex. You want to be getting that right before moving on to the in-out part of the sex. Here's a chat from last night where I had Serb A masturbating. Read and learn.



1. I want to pull her in with something that has immediate buy-in while also covertly emphasising that I'm making this up as I go along and thus its showing my spontaneous creativity. She has no doubts this is a personalised experience so that ups the attraction and rapport.

2. Details, details, details! You are feeding her imagination, in this case the archetypal road trip. I had in mind the road scene from Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas. Picture it in your own mind and then paint a picture with a few brush strokes. Make those details masculine and cool.

3. Don't forget her other senses. Men are visual but women want to know the touch and smell.

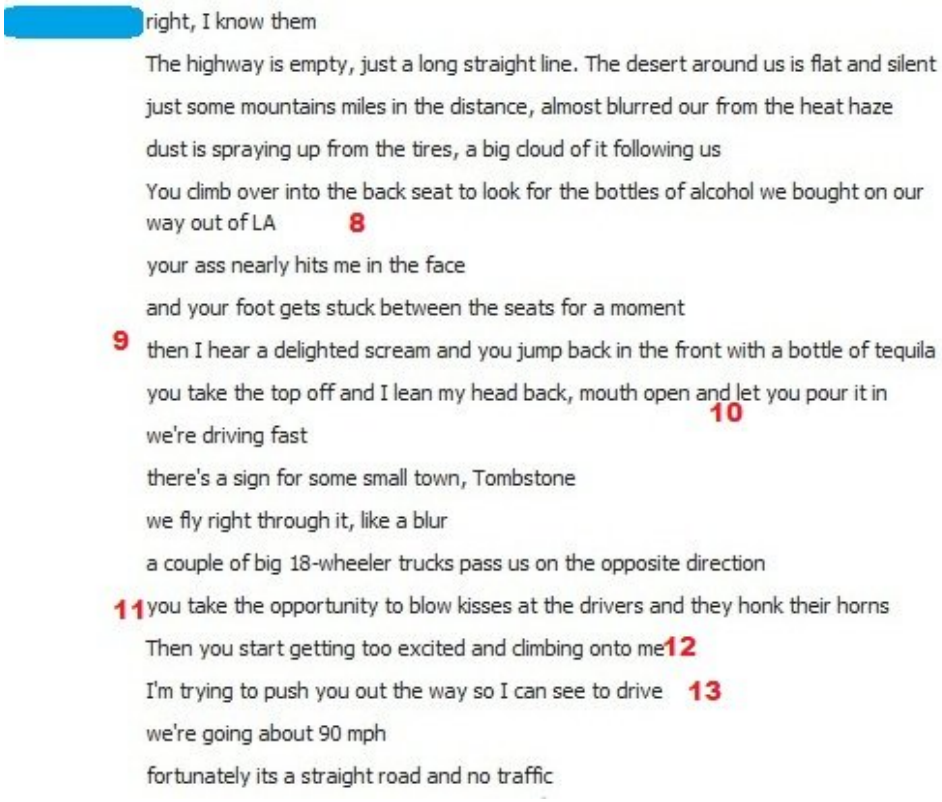
4. It's playful. Don't take yourself seriously. Give her little images that bind her to you specifically, imagining how ***you*** are not just a random male.

5. Drop in your own habits that she knows you have. Girls know I care about good whiskey and Cuban cigars. It all builds that little world to suck her in and feel right there, next to you.

6. Tell her what she's doing. What she's doing in the story sets the frame for how she will act, which part of her character will come out. How would this story go differently if I'd said "You have your head buried in a book, something long-winded from Tolstoy"? Not necessarily worse but all the details need to be consistent with where you plan on taking this. I want it to be a wild adventurous story. If I'd wanted to paint her as timid and nerdy I'd

have used the Tolstoy line.

7. Bring her in as a co-creator on the non-essential elements, make her work a little and feel some influence.



8. Future projections always have an element of farce from her. She's a silly little girl who would soon send the world spiralling into chaos without your firm hand to keep things in order. Put her in the clumsy box.

9. This is telling her which character to play and how to feel. The energy is high, flirty, adventurous. Much different to her pulling out a flask of cold tea (which would subconsciously lead to a relaxed, not hot, vibe).

10. This time I'm playing up her agency, letting her be predator. It suits her temperament and switches things up from the usual where I dominate everything. This story is about her being wild and horny, chasing me, impressing herself upon me because she wants the sex. A nice frame.

11. More colour to feed her imagination, more fleshing out of the uninhibited bad girl character I'm setting her up as. While typing I considered having her flash her tits at the drivers but it felt wrong so I toned it down.

12. Tell her how to feel. You tell her to be hot, excited, sexy, hungry, desperate or whatever. Not bored. Never bored. You are building the emotional linkage now for how you want her to generally feel around you in future.

13. I'm reluctant. I have a mission that she's distracting me from. Ease her into that qualifying frame where you have the value and *she's* trying to persuade *you* to have sex. Notice I've built up to it, after scene setting. It feels natural within the story.

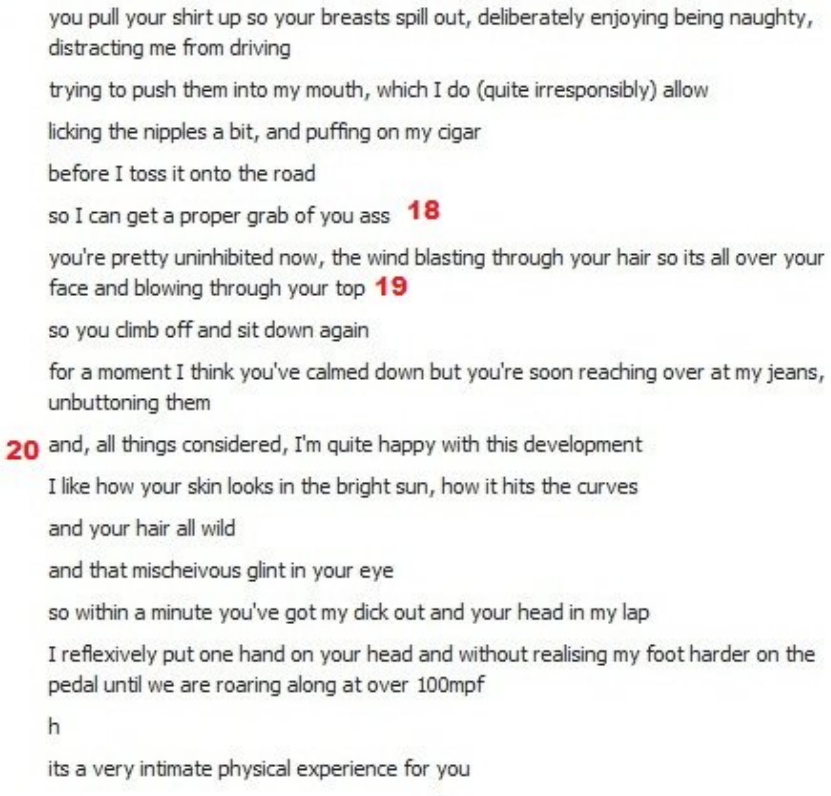


14. Playfully reassert the frame that she's a force of chaos.

15. She needs a reward for this sexually exciting behviour. She wants you to be turned on at the thought of fucking her. And girls get a spike from hearing about hard dicks.

16. Don't lose track of the little environmental details that make the story feel real. I get more inconsequential buy-in from her.

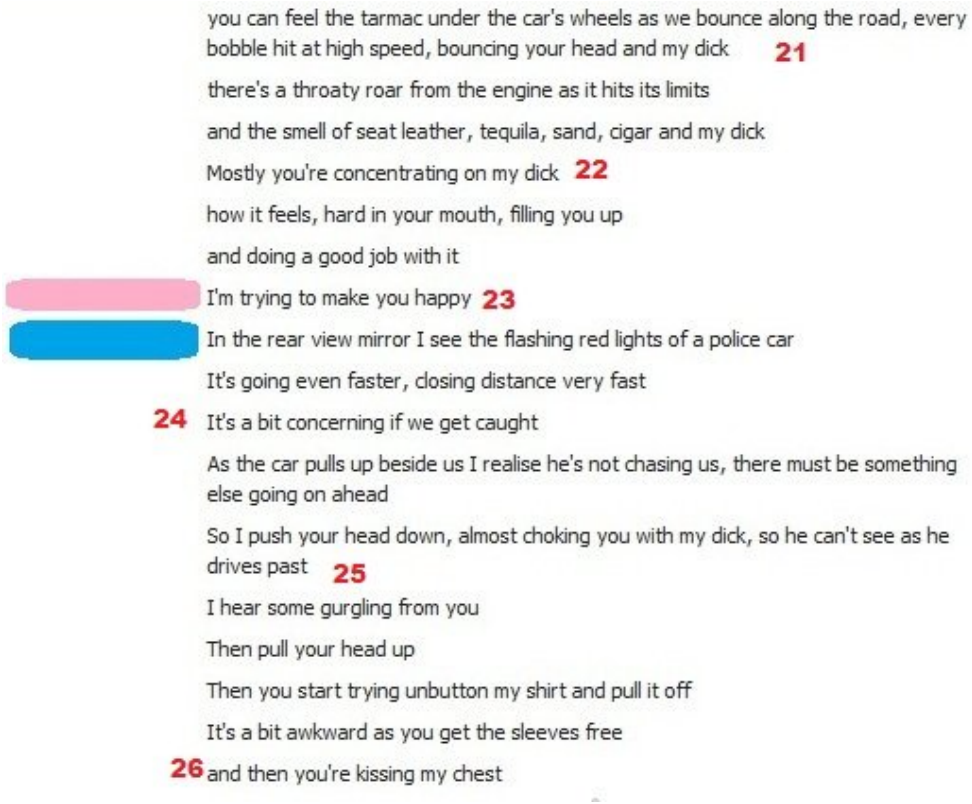
17. More of her as sexual predator, escalating.



18. She's winning me over now. I'm finally throwing away my cigar and turning my mind to fucking her. She gets the thrill of validation.

19. Continuing on the theme of her being the wild uninhibited ball of steamy sexual energy. I want her to know she can be like this with me in real life. It's all a set-up for future actual sex. Giving her permission to bring out this side of her.

20. Reward and qualification. Tell the girl what you like about her, what turns you on. You'll get more of it in future.



21. Detail, detail, detail. Put yourself into the story and communicate with your senses. Pick out a smell, a touch, a quirky detail and make it come alive. Girls put themselves deep into the story so feed that.

22. At several points in the story I hammer home her obsession with my dick. Girls are obsessed with dick, that's just life. Play on it, position her as obsessed with ***your*** dick. Frame her as worshipping the cock, her biggest source of happiness.

23. You'll get this alot. Accept it, enjoy it. Girls want to work for you.

24. Ah, the danger element of public sex. I like to throw in unforeseen plot elements. A few weeks earlier we were having sex in an underground hidden WWII-era Luftwaffe airfield. Mid-way through she clumsily kicked over a helmet and the resulting clang woke up the Nazi zombies. Plot twists!

25. A roughness-dominance spike that flows seamlessly from the narrative.

26. Still letting her be the predator.

then you are pulling your top off, throwing it in the back seat

shuffling out of your shorts and knickers

so you're naked except the boots, suddenly feeling the coarse hard leather on your ass **27**

and under your thighs

its really hot from the sun

this is getting out of control **28**

you are just looking at me, a "fuck me" mischevious look on your face

naked in the seat, licking your lips

something has to be done

There's a town coming up in the distance, I can see some of the taller buildings a few miles away

hmmmmm

29 I slow down a little

and then I see a phone box by the side of the road

one of those silver metal ones with a folding door and small glass windows

I slam my foot on the brake, the car skidding to a stop next to it, kicking up a cloud of dust

I get out, slamming my door **30**

then walk around to your side, you still sitting naked and naughty in the seat

27. We are a long way into this story and I still haven't fucked her. As the storyteller, I'm making her wait, building up her anticipation, letting her get wetter and wetter. This is frame control – the sex proceeds on my timetable. She's naked before me.

28. Hammering the frame of wildness. Telling her how desperate she is for my dick inside her.

29. I'm taking control. She's turned me on enough to earn a fuck so now she's going to get one. She's no longer the predator, I'm driving this figuratively as well as literally.

30. Decisive manly action. I'm in charge now so the little details reflect that. She's going into the docile "waiting to be fucked" mode. Which she wants. No girl can remain predator with me.

What your choice of video game says about your SMP rank

krauserpua · 27 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm in a frivilous mood so here's an idea I'm throwing out only half-seriously, one that came to me while trying to decide which game to play once I've finished the new Rage DLC (scorchers). The male domination hierarchy drives not just how women respond to you sexually but also your self-image, other men's reactions, and the type of entertainment you'll pursue. Our identities are expressed through our consumption choices, our fashion choices, and how we spend our time. So let's apply that to video games.

Alpha: *Command & Conquer, Rome Total War, Evil Genius*



Bang! Smash! Kill!

The alpha male sits atop the male hierarchy giving orders to his lackeys then sitting back to smoke a cigar while he watches the world be remade in his image. He's intensely competitive and loves to exercise his will upon a hostile world. He seeks decisive victory. Thus what better games than those where he commands armies, ripping thousands of little computer people from their little computer homes and sending them to certain death as they scythe through enemy lands looting and pillaging.

Sigma: *Far Cry 3, Hitman Absolution, Dark Souls*



Hunt and kill

The sigma walks alone on the fringes of society, heedless of its demands and determined to make his own way. The world is a playground and his mission to perfect his own skills for his own sake, to extract from it the little he needs to get by. He wishes for no affiliations, no crusade to join. So what better games than an open world sandbox with animals to hunt, pirates to assassinate, factions to play off against each other and the whole thing played at your own pace, free to pick and choose your own action? Who is a more symbolic archetype of the sigma mindset than the international assassin?

Beta: *Gears of War, Call of Duty (single player), Battlefield*



Yes, there's a woman in there. Sassy.

Beta males are followers. They are looking for a cause higher than their own, to be pointed in a direction then sent

off to surmount the obstacles and prove their worth. Thus we have long-winded save-the-world campaigns where you slot into a fire-team and play “follow the NPC”. There’s so much gushing about defending your homeland, team spirit and yes…. duty. I’ve replaced COD multiplayer (a lone-wolf twitch-fest) with Battlefield because the later better expresses the coordinated teamwork and class-based role-following that appeals to the beta drone.

Gamma: *Final Fantasy, Mass Effect, Metal Gear Solid*



Low testosterone environment

The gamma male is tortured by the cognitive dissonance between his self-perceived superiority (springing from his high intelligence) and his actual lowly SMP rank (springing from his feminisation). This conflict expresses itself in snark, excessive complication, and an appreciation for labyrinthian story-based RPGs that reward obsessive play. If the boring long-winded too-smart-by-half snarky lefty anti-capitalist message of MGS isn’t proof enough, just look at a photo of its creator Hideo Kojima. A high-acheiving gamma if ever there was one. Gammas want to play games that remind them how clever they are. They want to be the reluctant hero who saves the world he holds in contempt. They want the final cut-scene that vindicates them for being right all along. And they really like feminised bland characters.

Omega: *World of Warcraft, Skyrim*



No toilets to get your head flushed down

The thing omegas have far more than everyone else is time. With no social life to distract them the omega is free to over-invest in endless grinding RPGs, building a virtual self that can rank higher than his real-world incarnation. Online, no-one knows you're a dog. The omega can access social communication through MMORPGs but with buffers that avoid the real world rejection he is used to. In Skyrim he can lose himself completely in a fully-featured virtual world where he is always the hero. This is the true escapism.

An overreach?

BTW, I'd love to know how the Sci-Fi and Fantasy genres are mapped by SMP rank. I don't read much but I'd guess Asimov is for gammas, Herbert for betas, Star Trek for manginas and Doctor Who for omegas. However, I don't know the scene well enough to judge.

I bang my first 30 year old Romanian princess

krauserpua · 29 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

That's a figurative use of princess, by the way.

Imagine a leggy former model who has recently ended her relationship with a super-rich bachelor. Over the past five or so years she's only ever travelled by limousine or private jet. She can't remember the last time she looked at a price tag or paid cash, prefering to just sign for her luxuries in the high fashion boutiques. On her wrist is a diamond-encrusted Swiss timepiece costing more than many sports cars. More diamonds around her neck. Her dress costs more than the median average salary of her countrymen. But she walked away from it all, feeling trapped (but keeping the wardrobe, of course). Always on the boyfriend's schedule, her life planned six months in advance. Always careful not to let slip private information about their lives lest a nosey maid or maitre d' sell it to a scammer. Always a paparazzi trying to get some photos. She tired of the unreality of it all. She's changed her number to stop her lovesick boyfriend pestering her.



Add five years to the brunette

Her holiday in London is almost over. It's a breath of fresh air to walk around free and anonymous. She's had a Starbucks and eavesdropped on the proles lamenting their mundane concerns. Now she's eating a sandwich in the basement cafe in Top Shop. She checks her watch and decides to browse more high street fashion. As she begins to walk further into the shop, displaying a sultry long-legged strut, a man taps her arm.

> "Hi. I have to tell you something. You have a lovely walk. Like an angry cat."
>
> She blushes, eyes wide open. "Um…. thank you."
>
> "You look Serbian" he guesses. "It's the black hair, long legs, and crazy eyes."
>
> She giggles. "No. I'm Romanian"
>
> He seems crestfallen. "Oh no. My mum warned me about Romanian girls. She said three things. They are all sexy". He checks her out from head to toe. "Good at cooking. And sex maniacs."

Yes chaps, it really was ***that*** romantic.

Her eyes spazz out immediately, the crackle of DNA-matching fizzing across the air. I ***know*** this girl really fancies me. After finding out her crappy logistics I take a number and suggest meeting later the same evening. Surprisingly she tells me the hotel she's staying at (five star, Kensington) and suggest I call her in a few hours. I do. Perhaps over-emboldened from my recent run of SDLs I think its on for another but….. no. We have a few drinks in her hotel lobby and just kiss. The emotional connection is good. I have no trouble showing the right mix of confidence and vulnerability. Bhodi has his little theory about these types of girls – **greyhounds**, I think the term is. Girls who have:

- Beautiful proportions mixing long legs, good height but also real curves
- Intelligence and a well-rounded education
- Social and physical grace
- Always an 8 or better



Many vampire jokes were told

He opines that such high quality girls are extremely difficult for the average player to catch but counter-intuitively ***easier*** for men like me. As Sherlock Holmes said "Mediocrity cannot recognise anything higher than itself. Talent recognises genius." These girls just smell the quality on me and want it. My Euro-harem is stocked with them and they all look from the same mould. It goes well and I think I might get the lay but she controls herself and eventually runs off to her room. Bugger. As I take the night bus home alone we fall into a text exchange:

> **Me:** You had difficulty controlling yourself there
>
> **Her:** Yes. I succeeds
>
> **Me:** Does that make you a lucky or unlucky girl? Anyway, it was a lovely evening. Sweet dreams.
>
> **Her:** I've never slept with a stranger. I don't know how I would feel next day. You were very disappointed I think.
>
> **Me:** You didn't disappoint me. It's just bad luck we don't have time
>
> **Her:** Yes. But you can visit Romania perhaps

> **Me:** That's too much too soon, girl. I know some good English pubs.
>
> **Her:** Nice We can talk tomorrow
>
> **Me:** Between now and then, get some sleep. I expect interesting conversation.
>
> **Her:** Between now and then I shall masturbate
>
> **Me:** Send me a text when you're done
>
> **Her:** *(half an hour later)* I'm done!
>
> **Me:** I approve. Good girl

Next evening she comes around to my part of town on a promise of coffee and Italian food. She texts to ask if its a high class place that requires heels. I say wear heels because you're a feminine woman who likes to look nice. As soon as she shows up in the pub *all the heads are turning*. She has that imperious air of a woman used to commanding attention and being waited on. One hell of a strut. As she sits down she tells me to order her a glass of wine. "The bar is over there" I reply, not moving. After a pout she orders, fending off two different chodes who can't help but open her.

I walk her to Pizza Express. Classy. We split the bill. She tells me that's never happened before. I drink her wine too.

Back at my house we are soon in bed but I'm on the receiving end of hardcore LMR. It turns out she's on the rag too so I settle for a blowjob in the morning before packing her off in a taxi and a few hours later she's jetting back to Transylvania. I'm mildly put out that I didn't close her. She's a tough nut, having had only two partners in the past ten years, but I did have her in bed overnight so…. meh! Chalk it to the game.

We Skype for a couple of days. It's snowing outside my window and the weather forecast is for zero degrees the coming week. Spain and Greece at +20C…. my mind turns. I fancy some hot weather and duty-free whiskey. A bit more on Skype and we agree to meet for a couple of nights in the Med. I book a double room. There's a different wrinkle added to game when you actually travel to close a girl… the frame is very different. There's alot riding on it. Different pitfalls to avoid.



Her hometown, yesterday

Down in the Med we check in and then explore the town. Some local cuisine and I hit the beer a bit harder than planned. She's keeping a slow pace. I hit a rich vein of form and I swear this girl has never been gamed before.

Every spike hits. Every joke. Every push-pull. She's eating out of my hand. There's a multi-millionaire a short private jet ride away pining for her, a guy who showered her with the best life can buy – Ferraris, Canne's Film Festival VIP rooms, holiday homes in the tropics… and here she is drinking cheap lager in a dive bar with me, cooing and laughing when I call her a gypsy giraffe. Personal charismatic value > Money.

Game works. Never forget that.

Back at the hotel I fuck her senseless. What a cracking figure! Gazelle-like in the smooth long limbs and an expertly installed set of falsies. There's literally not a single thing I'd change on her body. The sex is rough. I have her telling me she's my bitch. After, I read her a Little Miss book (you can probably guess which one) which hits beautifully, making her jump me again. While I'm slamming her over the writing desk she gasps "You are hurting my ovaries!"

Lying stretched out in bed with her, both of us glistening with post-fuck sweat:

> **Me:** Put one hand on my cock, and the other on my balls.
>
> **Her:** Why? Does that turn you on?
>
> **Me:** No. You're Romanian and I don't want to get up to lock my wallet in the safe.

Heh!

Just stop for a moment to think…. **how thoroughly I broke her frame**. She's a chaste girl, a monogamist who spent her twenties with only two men. People defer to her constantly. And I douchebag-gamed her into putting out on the third date. Big time. Inevitably there's blow back.

It begins as I'm trying to sleep. She sobs, tells me it was never in her plan to have sex. She can't sleep all night. In the morning she gives me shit all the way to lunch. She's angry, she tells me. I remain unapologetic and unreactive, letting the hamster run itself into exhaustion. It's a major shit test, trying to reassert her princess frame that I should dance to her tune. I flat out tell her she's only angry because I fucked her on my timetable not hers. Gradually she softens. Then its business as usual.

The strongest reality always wins.

I bang my first 22 year old Filipino-Canadian nurse

krauserpua · 1 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

First off I must tip my hat to Bhodi for serving this girl up to me. It took tight game to get this girl into bed (in under three hours from meeting) but this is a story best viewed as the power of simple wing work.

It all begins on Saturday afternoon in central London as we are hitting some daygame. My first set is excellent, a solid number from a beautiful young Bulgarian, but it tumbles downhill afterwards as a combination of cold miserable weather and huge gaps between finding targets all conspires to kill my state. Two hours in we are at Trafalgar Square when my finely-attuned radar spots a pretty Asian wandering alone. A close look suggests she's American-Asian (I strongly dislike them) so, seeing as my state is shit anyway, I point her out to Bhodi.

Surprisingly she hooks well for him and is very friendly. I see an idate in the offing and shuffle off. Sure enough he texts me as such. They chat a couple of hours and he escalates her pretty well with dirty talk and kissing then she has to head off to meet friends – its a tour group from the US, headed to Paris the next day. By that time I'm up at Daygame.com HQ doing a podcast with Tom and John.

As we finish around 10pm I see Bhodi has been blowing up my phone with missed calls. Turns out this girl (hereafter Girl A) is drunk in her hotel bar with a crowd of chodes and American girls and bailing on meeting him alone, instead doing the "come join us" bullshit. Treacherous ground. We conspire the best move and I advise thus:

- **Plan A –** Get her to meet in the nearest pub to her hotel, alone.
- **Plan B –** Go into the bar, shrug off the crowd and pull her out to a nearby pub

Neither plan works. Instead he calls for our address, informing us he might be bringing a few drunk girls. Tom and John agree to run interference if extra bodies are needed. I get the following texts…. its all going pear-shaped but is certainly salvageable.

> **Him**: en route eta 5-10 min one hot young asian high 8 plus my target
>
> **Me**: cool
>
> **Him**: mine is the tall one. the other one is an attention whore
>
> **Me**: 2 girls or 3?
>
> **Him**: 2

Meeting them downstairs I'm pleased at how the obstacle looks – a short asian hamster with nice curves and glowing skin. It turns out she's refused to let Girl A leave the hotel alone, seeing her as the lifeline to escape the chodes and have some fun. Then in the taxi over here she had made herself the centre of attention and cockblocked. Typical American-Asian then….



Very very close to this

I decide I must crush her frame.

Right from the off I'm push-pulling, at times dismissive of her witterings yet genial and showing social interest in her. We sit around a table at a nearby English pub. It's pretty easy to lead the chat and drop intellectual mastery on her – she appears to know nothing that Europeans would call "history" or "geography". While I'm reeling off an elaborate Yugoslavia DHV story it becomes obvious she doesn't know where Bosnia is, that Sarajevo was beseiged, that Tito was dictator, that Franz Ferdinand wasn't just a band and was shot in Sarajevo. Its so easy to get her dangling on the end of my line, reeling her in. She briefly touches my arm as we talk. I know she fancies me.

Nonetheless nothing about this set was simple. The girls only met each other an hour earlier as the tour group aligned on racial grounds and the asians drifted together. Minor hiccups in the vibe and seating stall our momentum and things go stale. Suddenly we seem to be reaching in, leaning too much into them (figuratively). Something needs to change. This girl is a first-class attention whore. While my initial blitz had caught her off-balance and pushed her into submissiveness, the slight relenting of pressure gives her space to begin recovering her sense of self-importance. I know we are losing the set. No way will she let her new friend have sex unless she is happy herself. Bhodi had already kiss-closed Girl A on the idate but now she's maintaining a cold distance and won't kiss again. This is getting awkward. The following texts get pinged between us under the table as the next ten minutes tick away:

> **Me:** Ok. Mine likes me. Potential. You lead for a bit
>
> **Me:** Work for isolation
>
> **Me:** Energy sucks. Bad seating. I suggest a bounce to nearby pub to refresh vibe
>
> **Him:** agree but dont know any places
>
> **Me:** My read is they don't know each other but don't want to appear slutty for rest of holiday. Need to separate them, even if only within same bar.
>
> **Me:** We walked past one. If we walk to Marble Arch will find one. Tons of pubs in the area and they are bewildered on location.

We bounce. It's almost midnight so its no surprise the first bar is shutting up. Second place is open. Upon buying my drink I shuttle my girl to a booth where she'll be next to me and Girl A next to Bhodi. Its fairly easy to have pair of separate conversations. I have to start escalating.

I brush her hair out of her face, call her a chipmunk, play with her bracelet, ask her if her handbag is full of nuts for winter, touch her thigh….. normal push-pull as I escalate kino. She's accepting it all. I make a joke about looking down her shirt. Finally I'm confident I have my moment. I inquire whether Bhodi has ice in his vodka – "ice" being code word for him to move his girl into isolation. He takes her to the bar.

This is now the moment of truth. If my girl won't kiss, she'll cockblock and its game over for us both. I ask her what she thinks of English men, whether we are gentlemen. Then tell her I'm not one, that I'm a bad man – "Like this, for example" and lift her chin up for a kiss. She meets me enthusiastically. Great. I do The Stone and she comments my dick is a perfect size. Ok, in for a penny in for a pound. I pull the trigger:

> **Me**: I should tell you… I'm having rude thoughts right now.
>
> **Her**: Tell me about them.
>
> **Me**: Well, mostly they involve my dick **puts her hand on my dick** inside your pussy **put my hand on her pussy**
>
> **Her**: **laughs** I can't believe you said that.
>
> **Me**: I suppose I could poeticise it. Make it romantic. But essentially it all comes down to my dick, deep and hard inside your pussy.

That's 80% of my wingwork done. I'm confident I can hold her long enough for Bhodi to extract. Almost telepathically he returns with his girl. Clearly she's relented on the kissing, her face is quite flushed. "Excuse me, young lady" he address Girl B. "Would you mind terribly if I whisk your friend away for a nightcap before returning her to you in an hour or so?"

Zero cockblocking ensues. Bhodi gets his extraction.



Definitely nice having her underneath me

Just as I think I'm on for mine she pipes up with "I need to get back to my hotel now." I'll hear this line at least ten more times in the next half-hour. I suggest a nightcap. An important part of the extraction is to find out what time she needs to be back home then promise you'll have her there then. More kissing and she agrees to the nightcap. Into a taxi we go. The whole way back she's piping up with the "I need to go back to my hotel now" to which I agree, kiss her, verbally bamboozle, pull her close and then she'll pipe up again. Rinse, repeat. We half the taxi fare and she comes into my house without a fuss.

It's still on the knife-edge. She's one miscalibration away from just leaving. She knows she can. She's accepting my lead but she's not at all cowed. I walk her up to my room and leave her alone a few minutes. Then shoes off, music on. She accepts some rum. Everything now is soft and comfortable:

- When handing her rum I say "don't worry if you can't finish it"
- When she protests its too strong neat, I water it down for her. I'm not trying to get her drunker, the rum is just for her own self-rationalisation
- She sits on the edge of the bed so I lie down at the other end, giving her lots of space.
- As she gradually edges towards me over the course of five minutes conversation I stay still, lying back non-threateningly.
- When she tells me she isn't staying long, I offer to call her a cab "soon"
- When she's comfortable enough to kiss, I pull her onto me so she's in the more dominant position.

Its time for the final push, inching forward step-by-step. I flip her over so I'm on top, then I'm running my hands all over her body, then feeling her tits, then undoing the bra…. its methodical work and I'm hearing the "I can't have sex with you" line alot. At the point I'm trying to pull her strides down she comes close to a real "no". A bit of fingering, her hand on my dick, and then just generally putting my dick near her mouth…. she starts sucking me off, I frig her close to orgasm (careful not to put her over the edge and make her too satisfied) and then its done. Strides off, cock in, notch gained.

It's an awesome fuck. I brutalise her. She's screaming, gasping, begging to be fucked harder. Loving it. I give her the memory of a lifetime. My phone buzzes.

> **Him**: Status?
>
> **Me**: +1. In my room
>
> **Him**: ha ha u owe me one. Just fucked mine in the hotel toilets! HOLY SHIT! *[It's his first SDL]*
>
> **Me:** Great work. Putting mine in a cab now.
>
> **Him:** Wait up with a celebratory whiskey.

This set was always one misstep from disaster. I thoroughly neutralised the cockblock and even got my end away from it, but it took some sterling work. There were long periods when it never seemed likely to happen for either of us.



The taste of victory

Learning points

- Girls will spitefully cockblock out of reflex and yet, if handled correctly, will be sweet and up for it.
- You need communication and teamwork with your wing. With me having been through these situations more than Bhodi I could correctly call the key shots.
- Some extractions and closes are more on-edge than others. Be careful.

An interview with Daygame.com

krauserpua · 3 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I tend not to do any talks or interviews anymore but after putting a few beers down my neck, Tom Torero persuaded me to chip in on the latest of Daygame.com's weekly-ish podcasts. We spent about an hour discussing the topic of Long Game and in particular the lifestyle of travelling internationally to clack girls. Listen to it here



I bang my first 29 year old Lithuanian office girl

krauserpua · 29 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I've been corralled onto a short FSU tour by the indefatigable **Tom Torero**. We'd been chatting over beer in London around the time of our Long Game podcast and I'd lamented how my usual gang have all been indisposed with full-time jobs that inhibit their travel. Well, seems the Welshman was planning his own trip and thus I came on board.



The street stop, actual

My first stop is Vilnius where I catch up with a couple of girls I've been seeing on and off for over a year. The streets are reasonably busy and my street stops hit quite well. Outside McDonalds I spot a greyhound and dive in. She hooks strong, giggling and giving me the "just thrilled to be here" giddy look. As I'm taking the number Tom is observing and later tells me she had a dreamy expression like her Prince Charming had arrived. Text game is easy as I play chode game:

> **Me:** Hi. It was a pleasure to meet you Are you always so friendly to strangers?
>
> **Her:** It is a national trait
>
> **Me:** I've been exploring. Parks and wide public squares. Very Russian!
>
> **Me:** Good morning It's another great day! How are you?
>
> **Her:** Morning! I'm fine. I'm going to build exhibition. Have a good day
>
> **Me:** Thanks
>
> **Me:** I walked so much my head is sunburned, like a tomato [image]
>
> **Her:** I also walked a lot today. But my head looks good
>
> **Me:** I like this city. It's very calm and clean. I've already found some good bars
>
> **Her:** Yes, it's calm. Your phone will go home with you *[a callback reference to when I told her I was robbed in Brazil]* Which bars do you like?

> **Me:** There's a secret bar I want to show you. It has a James Bond theme
>
> **Her:** I am happy to meet with Mr Bond Maybe this evening?
>
> **Me:** Hmmm… Will you dress like a Bond girl?
>
> **Her:** You mean, evening dress, long hair and sexy lingerie? I have only the third
>
> **Me:** Put some clothes over your lingerie, it's a nice place! 6pm, outside the town hall
>
> **Her:** Ok. I'll be there.

With the benefit of hindsight this set was more ***on*** than I realised. That reference to lingerie was her sexualising and her volunteering meeting soon shows keeness. But I knew I had a couple of days left before the next stop so I didn't push it as hard as I could've. Watch for these little tells in a girls texts or conversation, little slips that let you know she's up for it without much more preamble. Game can be boiled down to one long compliance test where the beginning is "hello" and the end is sex. Game is only required when she's not complying. For as long as she's letting you lead her towards the bedroom you needn't put on your PUA wizard hat and overgame the set.

Tip: Late 20s / early 30s FSU women are the best prospects for fast holiday lays. Being FSU they are still slim, pretty and well-dressed but they are also more sexually open, more decisive, and more accepting that they can't boyfriend you by holding out. They can already feel themselves losing the competition against their younger rivals so they'll latch onto your value much much quicker.

She turns up to the date in a union jack t-shirt that can barely contain her breasts. We sit across a table then I run the Date Model. Everything hits. She's cooperating to move it along fast so that within twenty minutes I just lean across the table and kiss her. Then I tell her to come around my side of the booth and we make out. It's on. I could've pulled the trigger here but didn't. After an hour mixing the usual rapport and spikes I let her go. We agree to meet the next night at 6pm



Age it to 29

At 6:05 she texts "five minutes!" At 6:15 I leave and go to a nearby bar. At 6:30 she calls asking where I am. I tell her. I'm pissed off. It's not an act. I really don't want to fuck her now. She senses this on arrival and for ten minutes

I'm frosty and she's pawing at me desperately, sensing she might not get her lay. Finally I tell her its ok and lets just get a bottle of wine. She agrees.

So we get some wine, walk the five minutes to my apartment. I give her the decency of pouring the wine and putting on some music before I make my move. She's so hot for it that she's grabbing at my belt within a minute. No LMR to deal with. I just carry her to the bedroom and have my wicked way. A very easy lay. In her 21yr old prime this girl would've turned heads on the street, a low nine. The intervening years dropped a point and robbed her skin of the springy quality that turns men into slavvering animals. But a good lay.

Learning points

- Try to read a girl's "go" signals. If she's thrilled on the stop, cooperates strongly on setting up a date, and then rolls out the red carpet on the date then yes, she wants to fuck soon.
- Read the girl's clothes on the date. Has she obviously taken alot of care in getting ready? Is she showing cleavage and leg? Is she wear an easy-lifted skirt? Does she mention nice underwear?
- Don't overcomplicate an easy set.

Reflections on daygame

krauserpua · 1 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

….After a year has passed since his wife's death, the King takes a new wife, who is beautiful but also unutterably wicked and vain. The new Queen possesses a Magic Mirror which she asks every morning: "Magic mirror in my hand, who is the fairest in the land?". The mirror always replies: "My Queen, ***you*** *are the fairest in the land." The Queen is always pleased with that, because the magic mirror never lies. But, when Snow White reaches the age of seven, she becomes as beautiful as the day and even more beautiful than the Queen and when the Queen asks her mirror, it responds: "My Queen, you are the fairest here so true. But Snow White is a thousand times more beautiful than you."*

*This gives the queen a great shock, and she becomes yellow and green with envy, and from that hour her heart turns against Snow White, and with every following day she hates Snow White more and more. Envy and pride, like ill weeds, grow in her heart taller every day, until she has no peace day or night. The Queen orders a huntsman to take Snow White into the deepest woods to be killed *…*



I used to be quite into Brazilian Ju Jitsu. Our local club had an horrific churn rate as new guys would come in to class and not come back. It was easy to know who would stick around – the unassuming guys who had come to learn. It was equally easy to predict the first day dropouts. They'd be wearing some tough guy clothes, perhaps insisting on wearing a coloured belt they'd picked up in a sports centre grading mill. They'd certainly have a stiff pride about them. Then one of our scrawny blue belts would wipe the mat with them. The ego death was simply too much to take. Their buffer had been overrun and their self-image could not take the real-world evidence that they simply weren't as tough as they thought they were. So it is with Game.

Newbies are often told that the girl isn't rejecting ***you***, she's rejecting your ***approach***. This is only half-true. When you street stop a girl she is holding a mirror up to you. Only it's not your flattering magic mirror telling you you're the coolest in the land. She's doesn't care for your buffers or your pretty lies. She feels an instinctive emotional reaction to what you present to her and she makes the flirt/escape decision in a heartbeat. **The mirror speaks the truth**.

It takes only one session of daygame, one run of five consecutive blowouts to realise *you ain't all that*. You are not

as high value as you led yourself to believe. The weak among you (most men) will scurry back behing the buffers. The stupid will plod on without processing the evidence becoming increasingly angry approach machines. Only the smart and dedicated will process the feedback honestly and realise “I have a lot of work to do on my value.”

When a girl rejects you she is giving an assessment on your entire sexual market value.

Now there are fine gradations of this and while its not necessarily true on any single set **it is true in aggregate over the session**. Even if she has a boyfriend you’ll see flickers of attraction if she fancies you. Even if she’s in a mad hurry you’ll see her light up a little. It’s only when your SMV is way below hers will she eye-roll, sigh and give you the “how dare you hit on me” response. If that happens, sure get angry that she’s a rude bitch if you want, but **process the feedback of why it happened**. You ain’t all that.

When a high value woman refuses to have sex with a low value PUA, that is the sexual market functioning correctly.

So granted that you are getting blown out alot and an uncomfortable rate of bad responses, what are you to do? Step one is **accept the reality**. If you’ve been hit by a bus its not bravery to throw yourself back in front of the next one. Self-diagnose your approach to see what was off about it. Was it shaky vocal delivery? weak eye contact? lack of intent? angry vibe? A good daygame approach requires hundreds of microbehaviours to align into a single well-delivered whole and that’s not easy at all.

If your technique was acceptable its time to look deeper. Did you fail to correctly calibrate to the context such as by opening her as she’s coming away from a cash machine, or chatting animatedly on a phone? Did you adopt a try-hard alpha posture as a buffer to rejection that is transparent to everyone but yourself? Get someone better than you to offer straight feedback.

The problem might be deeper still.You may be hitting on girls above your league. Oh sure, that’s PUA heresy that its not all in your head. Its manosphere heresy that a woman might be too good for you. But if you’re a runtish chode hitting on 19 year old models you should be expecting nothing but harsh blowouts. You’ve got nothing to offer her. Perhaps the answer is to stop approaching hotties and do some serious work on your value. Get to the gym, get a make-over, travel, educate yourself. Make yourself the kind of man a hot young girl would expect to be having sex with. I’m thirty-eight years old and usually hit on girls around their early twenties. This is a ***huge*** ask and I have to be bang on my vibe to pull it off.

All men build buffers around themselves to flatter their self esteem and avoid rejection. Every single one of us, myself included. Root them out. Figure out how you are fooling yourself. **The easiest single step is to go out into the street and open ten girls**. Welcome the responses they are giving you. The harsh blowouts and the flat zero-attraction chats are offering you far more constructive feedback than any online forum can. Compile a wealth of this information, figure out where you stand, and then make a promise to yourself that from this ground zero you will build yourself up.

Accept the reflection that stares back at you.

** Sending for the woodsman = getting angry at the players who are outperforming you. “But I’ve been doing game just as long as you, I’ve done just as many sets as you… why aren’t I banging hot girls…. waaaaahhhhhhh”. I’ll bet those other players process reality far better than you do.*

Enjoy The Decline – review

krauserpua · 2 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

As I lie here in my hammock listening to the clatter of squirrels running up and down my garden trees, soft jazz on my speakers, I consider getting up to replace the now-melting ice in my tumbler of Johnnie Walker Double Black. It's roasting hot, the London weather having finally turned good. Not that I was here for the bad weather. All of February was spent on the beaches of Rio, sandwiched on either side by two trips to Barcelona to bang my Belarussian and Romanian girls respectively. I guess there's alot of guys sitting in cubicles this afternoon. The lucky ones have window seats so they can at least look at the weather I'm enjoying.

But where was I? Ah…. something about enjoying the decline….

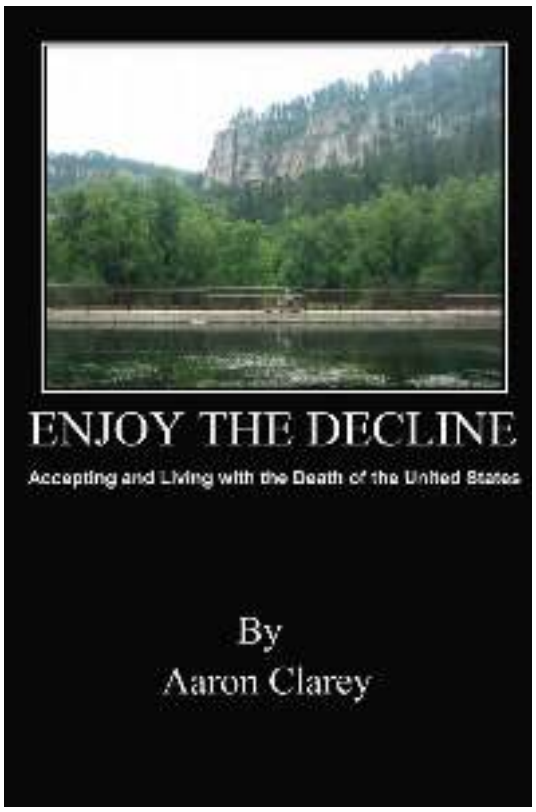


Not strictly accurate

A couple of weeks ago during my tour of several FSU countries I had one of those Fridays that stick in the memory. I woke up in my downtown apartment and shuffled off to a cafe for an 11am breakfast with Anastasia, a 21yr old Russian microbiologist. We had a walk around the nearby park, kissed a little then I let her go. 3pm was an afternoon coffee first date with Deria, a 23yr old fashion designer. We chatted, held hands a bit and then made out at the steps to her subway home. Just before that date I'd seen Dasha walking into a grocery store and introduced myself. She's a slim 23yr old too so we swapped numbers and I had a 4:30pm drink with her. Another makeout which she said was strange "because I have a boyfriend and we just met". Round about 6pm the sky takes on an early dusk tinge and my tummy is rumbling. So I take Elena out for pizza, my new 22yr old ballerina girlfriend. I round off the day with a two-hour 9pm cocktail bar drink with Inna, a tall 19 year old dancer who has her hand on my dick before rushing off to join her friends for some nightclubbing. I go home, close my eyes and wonder….. am I really living this?

I dated five "eights" in one day, all the right side of 25, all exquisitely feminine, all thrilled to be in my company and all good hard make outs. All on a multi-country Euro tour that I booked on a whim, without saving up and without asking permission from anybody.

I don't do this everyday, but it does happen.



Minimalists design their own covers

Aaron Clarey's new book Enjoy The Decline finishes with an impassioned plea to live life to its utmost because we only get one time on this earth and living well is the best revenge on the Leftists who have destroyed our civilisation. Judging by the hater comments I delete, I guess that's what I'm doing. I just finished his book in one sitting so I guess a review is in order.

Much has been made recently on the bitter taste of the red pill, that destabilising sense of loss as your pretty lies perish and you realise that as a right-of-the-bell-curve male **you** are the power plant that the rest of society lives off and yet…. you don't get to enjoy any of its fruits. How do you hold yourself together as reality crumbles and the white picket fence respectability you were taught to crave has been exposed as an unattainable high-risk at best, or a decorated gulag cabin at worst? How are we to navigate the minefield? I've written two of three parts on my path. Foundations. Accumulation… and I needn't write the last part because this book does a more comprehensive version that I'm about 90% in agreement with. Let's recap ~~Ayn Rand's~~ Aaron's basic thesis.

America (and construed widely, the West as a whole) has unequivocably and permanently chosen socialism. We are therefore fucked, the path to ruin and decivilisation locked in. As the producers of the world are we to throw ourselves under the bus for the good of the moochers and looters, or should we shrug as did Atlas? Aaron suggests we Go Galt and spends his book laying out the case.



That's you, that is

First up is an economic summary which will be familiar to Mish's readers. It's an Austrian-lite summary for non-specialists going through the basic problems of debt-to-GDP, unfunded liabilities, overtaxation and public sector crowding out. The economic conclusion is that employment opportunities in the traditional careers are dead, the boomer generation will milk its descendents dry and just don't bother. The American Dream is dead. It's all sound stuff. He seems to err towards inflationism whereas I'm of the opinion we are in a permanent deflationary spiral but that's a minor objection.

The solution is to embrace minimalism and self-interest. Declare to yourself that you live for yourself first. To throw off the parasites you will starve the beast by deliberately ratcheting down your income to the minimum threshold necessary for the quality of life you require. Efficient cost control keeps this number low in a Fight Club-esque "the stuff you own ends up owning you" mentality. The cost control side is low-tech and really just a psychological downshift. On the income side he recommends learning a trade (i.e. plumber, electrician) or STEM career or to hold off on careerism until you're 35 and just treat employment as a source of cash and no more.

Downshifting frees up your time and this is the major win of enjoying the decline. You no longer covet the McMansion, the new lease car, the caribbean family holiday. You no longer feel compelled to marry and have kids. From this expansion in your freedom comes a great peace with the world as all the stress of modern life evaporates. A single man needs very little to get by.

More chapters follow on psychological adaptation (mostly about accepting your mortality and therefore commiting to live your life now instead of constantly deferring your pleasure), the importance of high quality people in your life, and to avoid the temptation to build up a pot of gold that a future wife / socialist government can steal from you. This is all good advice. Strangely he doesn't mention Game despite his blog showing a clear awareness of it and Roosh's book being mentioned at the end. Perhaps he doesn't feel qualified to advise, or perhaps its to avoid tailoring the book to just single men – though it is this category who stands to win most from Going Galt because they are the host upon whom everyone else is a parasite.

Most of the book is accepted knowledge within the manosphere. I've written myself on the psychological declaration we must make when unplugging. I've written about the importance of building a group of high value

friends. I write about building the international lifestyle and turning yourself into the Most Interesting Man In The World. There's nothing new in Aaron's book. Nonetheless I still read it cover-to-cover in one sitting because it gives you two things that amply justify the cover price:

1. Another voice of a man who has been-there-done-it reassuring you that this is a great path to go down with rich rewards for your quality of life. We all get 4am moments, those dark nights of the soul, when we wonder Cypher-like "wouldn't it be better to plug back in". This book helps banish them for those of you still wavering. Aaron is one of the older guys who isn't bitter from divorce, isn't an ex-pat loser, and isn't a wannabe-baller. Just a regular guy who made smart choices and can pass on the thought process.
2. It's a concise single volume with relatively mild tone that can be passed on to a young lad you think ready for unplugging.

I bang my first Latvian 31 year old Julia Roberts lookalike

krauserpua · 7 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

My second day of daygame is going pretty well and on one narrow strip outside a shopping mall I take three solid numbers in about fifteen minutes. The pick of the bunch is an extremely leggy brunette with shoulder-length mousey hair and elegant retro fashion. I do a strong stop teasing her for being flamingo-like in her walk and for the whole five minutes she's cooing and giggling, utterly thrilled to be there. We swap numbers and facebook then she tells me she'll be on a business trip to St Petersburg for a few days but yes we should have a drink when she returns.



An easy go-to for long-legged girls

That Saturday night we meet up in a whiskey and cigar bar. It's busy so I take a bar stool which turns out to be a great move. I can face the barman when doing mild takeaways, giving her my shoulder and lazily running my eyes over the whiskey bottles racked against the wall mirror. The position also lets me test kino by touching my leg against hers, putting my foot on her stool footrest and easy upper body touching. So now as a general rule I think I'll do barstools or standing up in bars on first dates. Everything is easier without the barrier of a table.

For half an hour I run my usual patter dropping in DHVs on travel, lifestyle and funny lame-to-fame stories (mine include two members of the Rolling Stones apologising to me, almost having a fight with the reigning sumo champ in Tokyo, and using the same urinal as the football captain of England – all true). Her eyes are spazzing, she's fiddling with her drink, hair twirling. It's all there. This girl really fancies me. Unfortunately she has a cold. A high value man would not risk catching a cold just to kiss a girl. So my escalation flips over into eye contact and verbals only. She's on my arm as we walk down the street and everyone is staring. She looks just like Julia Roberts. Properly like her. Same endless legs, long arms, huge smile, eyes. She's tarted up in a green sleeveless cocktail dress and nice jewellry. Stunning, an archetypal greyhound. The only problem is her age – at 31 her skin is losing its vibrance.



But not a whore

At the second bar we are sitting across a table and now enter some strange territory. I can't physically escalate but I want to make my move so…. what to do? On this trip I've really upped the radical honesty and explicitly refering to the subtext of the situation. So for example I've frequently said to girls on the street things like "Do you have a boyfriend?" and "I'm talking to you as a man, because as a woman you are pretty" etc. I suggest the questions game to this girl as follows:

> Ok, let's play a question game. We'll take turns asking questions. You can ask me anything at all. I won't get angry and I'll tell you the absolute truth. Make them difficult questions. Think what you want to know about me.

We ping pong for over half an hour. I'm asking how old she was when she first kissed a boy, the most unusual place she had sex, what she looks for in a man, what she likes about me. We get into deeper and deeper rapport and she's getting turned on. I can see it in her eyes. I strongly recommend this game but you must really be truthful. For example she asked what I want from her so I replied "I'm not looking for anything serious. I find you sexually attractive and you have exactly the mix of height, class and introversion that I most like in a woman."

Then a switch is flipped. It's like she goes into a trance and barely speaks. We are just sitting across the table staring into each other's eyes. There's so many things going on at different levels and at different times. Sometimes its a shit test to see if I'll drop eye contact or break the sexual tension with an offhand comment. Other times it's hypnotic scanning to read my identity. Still other times she's thinking hard about what she wants. For my part I keep shifting the thoughts I project. Sometimes I eyefuck her and visualise how she'll look naked on my bed while I fuck her. Other times I soften up and invite her to read me. I also challenge a little by projecting "I can play this game better than you, woman. Every moment you stare you are falling into my trap."

She loves it. Electricity crackles. Finally she breaks and talks.

I ask her what she reads in me and her response is surprisingly accurate. She says I don't seem happy so I flesh it out a bit and say I'm happy because I'm living exactly the life I choose but I'm not satisfied because some of the things I want are impossible without trade-offs I refuse to make. She asks if I trust women and I say yes and no. On the one

hand they can't be trusted like men to be true to their word or to follow a code of morality but on the other hand I can trust them like I trust a dog, or a chair – I can trust them to follow their nature so by understanding that and holding them to those expectations I am never disappointed. Radical honesty. It melts her.

She asks what I read in her. I say something to the effect of:

> **Me:** You are fascinated by me. You find me attractive and very interesting, like no man you've met before. You've realised that we are not compatible in the long term but you are curious how it would be to have sex with me. So right now you are trying to decide whether to come home with me and have sex, or to go home and sleep.
>
> **Her:** Yes, that's about right.

After we get the bill she goes home saying she just doesn't feel well. We agree to meet again when she's recovered. A bit of texting back and forth establishes that she spent all of Sunday in bed and by Monday feels good. So we meet again in a cafe bar near my apartment. She's dolled up great again and her heels put her several inches above me. More heads turn. I look at her clothes and manner and it feels on.



This sort of figure

I get a lucky break because the cafe is closing at 10pm (it's 9:20 when we meet) due to a private event. So we have a drink, I keep fairly solid without too much pull and then towards ten I suggest a wine at my place.

> **Her:** You know I still haven't decided.
>
> **Me:** That's no problem. We'll just have a drink and listen to music.

So I lead her back and I know its a done deal. Up the stairs, shoes off, music on. Wine poured. Within five minutes she's lying on my sofa with her tongue down my throat. The escalation is fast. Five minutes later she's naked on my bed. Zero LMR. It's an earth-shattering fuck. She's screaming, climbing the walls, eyes popping out, scratching. I do her in the shower, on the floor and do a one-man DP that has her gasping in shocked ecstasy "what are you *doing* to me?". During a break she's just gazing at me, chin rested on her hands, massive smile that says "I can't believe

how lucky I am. Is it even possible for sex to be this good." I tell her "Now you know why I'm so confident."

I send her home with dried cum on her face. A very satisfying notch.

Frequently Asked Questions

krauserpua · 8 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Every day I delete at least one comment of some moron who hasn't bothered to read more than a handful of my posts and thus expects me to waste my own time answering a question already answered elsewhere on the blog. However I do appreciate that not everyone wants to read all 500+ posts on here. So I've decided to add a permanent FAQ. From now on I will not answer *any* comment that is already dealt with there. I'll probably update the page over time. This is draft one.

1. Comments

First and foremost understand that **I do not give a shit about you**. I have a one-way connection to the pickup community in which I write whatever I want and then you choose to read it or not. Don't for a moment think you have a stake in this blog or any kind of claim on my time. I do not have a Book Of Rules where you can point to *section 1.2 article A* to demand some kind of preferred behaviour from me. So if you act like a dickhead in the comments I'll ridicule you, debate you or delete you entirely depending on what I think is appropriate at that point in time. Regular readers with normal social skills will do fine.

I've been writing for years and chances are I've already answered your question somewhere in this blog. Therefore I will not waste my time on you just because you can't be bothered to do your own research.

I have no tolerance for comments from angry morons whose sole motivation for commenting is to tear down what I've painstakingly built. If my life shakes your reality, tough shit. Stop reading. If you find a less-than-satisfactory response to your comment ask yourself this – "what was I trying to achieve with my comment?" If the answer is showing off, nitpicking, gamma-raged reality-denying or any other such inauthentic emotion then you can be sure it was blindingly obvious to everyone reading it.

2. Who are my readers?

Despite the above I ***do*** care for some of my readers. Probably half of my motivation for writing is to provide a detailed path for well-intentioned disciplined guys who wish to follow in my footsteps. I've met with and had correspondance with such men and its rewarding for me to know they've sidestepped landmines I had to trod on myself. I find Game a topic of fascinating complexity and like any hobbyist talking shop I like to have an audience / peers of similar interests and sophistication.

My ideal reader, the guy I subconsciously imagine I'm writing for, is late 30s, average but unremarkable looks, >120 IQ and spent most of his life as a dependable blue pill worker. He's got the discipline to succeed in whatever he turns his mind to, the strength of character to persist against hardship, and the willingness to confront his own demons. He's probably also done ***at least*** 500 daygame sets and is getting laid occasionally with normal girls who aren't too bad to look at. I guess you could say I'm talking to intermediate players mostly.

3. Are you racist / sexist / homophobic?

Yes. That said, I reject the labels because rather than describing any kind of character trait or reality the "-ist" labels are really just smear weapons to shut down debate and force compliance of the subject in his own destruction. The worst discrimination in the UK is visited on white straight males. That's not to say we have the worst quality of life, just that when we succeed its due to the value we are able to give to the world rather than being propped up by value stolen by others.

There is unquestionably a Feminine Imperative attack on men. In the past 40 years there's been an unquestionable attack on white English with mass immigration and aggressively-foisted multiculturalism. Crime stats by race really do prove that ethnics are far far more criminal than whites in the UK. Blacks really do own shootings, stabbings, muggings, gang-rape and interracial street violence. Arabs and pakistanis own terrorism, ethnic cleansing of city districts and 10-on-1 street attacks. Fag culture really is a degenerate attack on all things civilised (see Jack

Donovan's "flamboyant dishonour" concept).

Any individual can transcend his race, just like any white person can shame his own. I judge people on their individual merits and find that the 50% of any given race who are right-side-of-the-bell-curve are generally law-abiding net-positive wealth creators. Hence I have (a few) black, arab and pakistani friends. I see the world as it really is and generally speaking what we call "civilisation" is really the product of a tiny group of historically great white European men. Nowhere else has ever produced it (I don't count the slave-based societies as civilised, nor those that got rich paying white men to extract their oil and then exchanging it for white-produced goods and managerial expertise). Even within the UK, probably less than 10% of men have the Civilisation Gene.

4. Where's the proof?

You missed it. For a couple of years I consistently posted infield videos of street pickups, dates, and lays. I also posted real photos of the girls and lengthy text and chat transcripts. Many of those have since been taken down. I don't have to prove anything to you. If you don't believe me, don't read me.

5. I need help with x, y, z

Tough shit. Pay a coach for his time or do your own research. I've written enough on this blog that my advice on your problem is somewhere on the site. Do some work. If you expect to come onto my blog and demand a freebie then here's my advice: *that attitude is precisely your problem and why you don't get laid*. There's nothing free in this world. Successful men must carve their own openings from a hostile unyielding world. If you think someone is just gonna drop their tools and come running to your aid then you have entitlement issues. You're probably gamma. As noted above, you have no claim on me. It's really messed-up to think that just because I offer lots of value for free that I'm therefore beholden to you to offer more. No. Fuck off.

6. The HB8.72 that I dated the other night said…

Three points:

1. If you are using the HBX.XX scale at all then you are rubbish at game and likely have the wrong mindset about how to acquire tight game
2. It's really obvious that you are qualifying to me and my readers, trying to elbow your way into being taken seriously. Stop doing it, it makes you look weak
3. I've already mentally subtracted three points from the score you gave her. Almost everyone on the internet is flat-out lying about the quality of women they consort with.

7. Do looks matter?

Yes, massively so. The dirty secret in the community is that almost all of the name players who get laid can fit into one of these categories:

1. Tall good-looking guy who really ought to be getting laid alot even without game.
2. Scenester who has an in with rock / indie / hipster girls. These are highly promiscuous social circles where no game is required.
3. Hard worker with no standards. This guy is relentlessly churning out sets and will fuck anything, though you'll only ever see photos of the very best girls he meets.
4. A liar.

There's *very very few* players out there who are getting laid primarily on the basis of their game. That's why my golden rule is you must be fucking girls who are physically better-looking than you are. Also the greater the age difference, the more impressive. It's incredibly easy for a 23yr old guy to bang a 21yr old women. I did it plenty with zero game when I was that age. Every five years you add to the age difference makes closing an order of magnitude harder. Banging a girl 15 years your junior is very difficult.

Game works. The above 1-3 guys will fail if their anti-game is so bad they constantly fuck up (which is most men) but don't assume just because a guy gets laid that he therefore has game. Lots of people get laid due to other reasons. Game is a value-add that gets you more women and better women. It gets you women without paying the "price" of exclusivity, waiting, losing the frame, spending money, losing your soul.

8. It's not fair! waaaaaaah!

Psychologists call this the "just world hypothesis" – a believe that the world has some kind of karmic-balancing force that rewards the just and punish the evil. Combine that with your own self-delusion and ego-protecting buffers and you'll naturally consider yourself as on the side of the just and owed a reward of pussy. The harder you work the greater the reward you demand and thus the angrier you get when it's not forthcoming. This is a vicious cycle of creepiness and avoidance. To break it just learn to accept reality as it really is and process the feedback it gives you.

When you see a winner, try to learn from him. I'll guarantee he didn't just spring into the world as a winner. What you see and envy now is the end product of years and years of hard graft, risks taken, and opportunities seized. That winner was a loser many times over but everytime he fell off the horse he got right back on.

9. How do record your sets?

Almost every video I've ever posted was recorded with a cheap 8GB watch camera or a small black gum cam. See this post for details. With these being cheap Chinese imports I never figured out how to set the text file to use the correct date. Thus most of the videos have a time stamp of 01/01/2008 or suchlike. The correct dates are within a month of the post itself.

10. What are your stats?

I have no idea. Click the lay reports tab to see most of my lays. There's about a dozen I never wrote up and another half dozen I wrote up and have since taken down. I'm not a high-notch guy. Don't get too tied up in the numbers or they'll hold you back. Much of your improvement with women will come from letting it all go and learning not to be so hard on yourself, to just be in the moment and focus on the ebbs and flows of the interaction. Keeping spreadsheets and tracking stats gives you extra things to worry about and the illusion of control. Ditch them.

11. You are my hero

There's a fine line between respecting a mentor and worshipping a guru. By all means learn from my successes and failures but don't kid yourself that I have all the answers. Use my blog for what you can learn from it but always keep an emotional distance and remain your own man. Some of the cornerstone characteristics of a sexually attractive male are his boundaries, sense of self, entitlement, stubborness, and refusal to live his life in service of others. Hero worship retards your development of those characteristics. Don't be retarded.

12. Why do you do daygame?

According to the Myers-Briggs personality test I am an INTJ. I strongly recommend all my readers to self-administer this test. My personality type is drawn towards lone wandering, deep authentic communication and independence. I can't stand nightclubs, cultivating social circles, status-whoring and other extroversions. Daygame perfectly synchs to my character. I like to walk around alone with my thoughts, stopping occassionally to talk to a girl. I don't like to make small talk with people I'll never see again. I don't like the demands on my attention of being in groups. Per Myers-Briggs only 4% of men have my character and thus my style is a niche taste. It might not be right for you.

On a more practical note, the best Game plays to your strengths. I am highly educated, intelligent, erudite, creative and above all a good talker. I am not tall, good looking, social or high energy. Thus I can best deliver my value on the streets one-to-one and sober. I struggle to get my value out in a nightclub.

13. What you said doesn't agree with Mystery / Style / Tyler / Roissy

Mystery and Style are bullshitters who wrote some good material and played a pivotal role in shaping the community but they were not good with women. Tyler is a fantastic analyst but strikes me as weird and not good with women. Roissy is a great writer but his brand of nihilistic game is better suited for where he shaped it – East coast metropolitan America.

Pick any pickup theorist and you'll find any number of legitimate reasons why they'd disagree with me. They have a different personality, are working a different social mileau, target different girls, want different things, have different strengths and weaknesses etc. In other cases they don't really disagree its just comparing apples to oranges. Read what you can and over time you'll formulate your own game.

14. What is your opinion on x, y, z

It's on my blog. Use the search function. If I haven't written about it already then likely I don't care / don't have an opinion, or I consider it outside the thematic scope of my blog. Just to contextualise my general worldview this might help. I believe the following:

- Government is intrinsically evil and inefficient. It's only legitimate functions are to protect the borders, maintain domestic order, and provide a means of settling contracts. The classic Nightwatchman State of philosophical liberalism. Thus I like Ayn Rand, John Locke and the unamended US Constitution.
- Free market capitalism is the greatest form of human organisation yet invented, providing the optimal balance between wealth creation and freedom of individual self-determination. History has shown every single departure from this model (feudalism, socialism, mercantalism, social democracy) significantly worsens the human condition and will lead to enslavement or collapse. Most western societies are closer to socialism than capitalism but its disguised. For example the Bank Of England is a fundamentally socialist institution – it centrally plans the most important price in the economy – the cost of money.
- The world is not fair and nature doesn't care if you're happy. You must set your own goals and try to achieve them. What we now call "morality" is basically a conflation of two different things 1) the intersection of mutual self-interest in a I-scratch-your-back-you-scratch-mine and I-won't-kill-you-if-you-don't-kill-me 2) a web of lies to encroach your frame and bullshit you into giving up your value to moochers and looters.

I don't care if you disagree with me. I've stated my opinions and its not open to debate. Feel free to disagree, just don't expect me to care.

I bang my first 25 yr old Russian aerobics instructor

krauserpua · 9 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's a manosphere truism that women love dominant men and yearn for someone strong enough that they can surrender to him and bask in the pleasant womanly feelings of submission. Girls can read you very quickly and become ruthlessly efficient at screening out the legions of pushover boring beta males. When you street stop her you've set yourself apart. When you tease early in the set her ears prick up. When you steamroll through her shit tests she becomes very interested. The girl begins to hope she's finally found a man worth submitting to. Then you have a strong hook.



This sort of thing

While walking into a cafe in some second-tier Western Russian city I see a cute little gypsy girl ambling along. She's got a petite dancer's body, ass-length thick black hair and wild fiery gypsy eyes. My type all over and quite a contrast to the usual greyhounds. I'm immediately cocky and she's pushing back from the beginning. There's a strong spark in the air, her showing far more fire than the usual Russian coldness. I take a number and move on for my coffee date with another girl. The texting goes well. I'll do a full transcript because it's instructive to see the balance of Russian chode game mixed with defiant cocky game. You can easily see the major phase shifts as the game turns further my way.

> **Me:** It was a pleasure, young lady
>
> **Her:** Really)
>
> **Me:** How is your friends' meeting? Lots of girl chatter, I think….
>
> **Her:** No, one girl, a lot of stories and sweets))) *[she looks keen]*
>
> **Me:** And probably a glass of wine
>
> **Her:** Without, and u
>
> **Me:** I met my friends in Red Star Cafe. It has a great atmosphere

> **Me:** *[next day]* Good afternoon my new gypsy-style friend How are you?
>
> **Her:** Hi, working
>
> **Me:** Let's get a quick drink after work. 6pm?
>
> **Her:** I work at the 2nd work) *[She's not investing and playing a little hard to get]*
>
> **Me:** ok *[**Shift 1**. I signal I'm not going to mess around and chase hard]*
>
> **Her:** Truly, I'm a trainer) after the main work *[she realises I won't be strung along, girls often need a soft push to give a fear of loss]*
>
> **Me:** When do you finish?
>
> **Her:** At 9, but then I run to the train – I go to parents)
>
> **Me:** I knew you were trouble when I saw you! *[**Shift 2** – reframe her difficulty showing social acuity and playfully changing the tone]*
>
> **Her:** Really))) I just don't seat at one place) *[she likes it, attraction is increased so she wants to test my value]*
>
> **Her:** And if I was so trouble, why u came to me *[test]*
>
> **Me:** Because you need a strong man to tame you *[lay on the man vibe]*
>
> **Her:** I didn't ask u, what do I need, I asked, why did u come) *[test]*
>
> **Me:** I already told you. You should pay more attention! *[smash it out the park]*
>
> **Her:** I shouldn't) *[test]*
>
> **Me:** You just earned your first ass-spanking, naughty girl *[escalate]*
>
> **Her:** U shouldn't talk so with me) *[test]*
>
> **Me:** Does that make me a bad man? *[reframe]*
>
> **Her:** A veeeery bad man)))) *[**Shift 3** – passed test, she's very interested now]*
>
> **Me:** Ha!
>
> **Her:** Ha?
>
> **Me:** It's a bad man laugh
>
> **Her:** I see

I've been averaging a few dates each day so I only give her two hours of my time when we meet the next afternoon. We begin sitting opposite each other on a high table in a cafe, it's about 6pm. I lean back and roll off a custom DHV and comfort stack. There's a great photobook of the city on the bookshelf so I take it down and make fun of how backward and commie her country is. This girl wants a master so I know to attack her frame. Every tease moves it further along. She'd later tell me she decided to fuck within the first twenty minutes of the date – "Once I realised how confident you are".

We go upstairs to the alcohol only section which has dark mood lighting and soft leather sofas. I'd already played with her hands and hair downstairs so once the waitress brings drinks I do the "floppy test" (credit Tom) and then kiss close. We make out alot while I pour in comfort. I take her for a short walk outside, pointing out my apartment in the distance. There's no time to push for a Day 2 lay (I have an 8pm date lined up) so I just lead her around and reinforce the frame. It's massively on. A sample from our chat as we walk:

> **Me:** I've noticed I attract lots of stares in this city. Even girls holding hands with their boyfriends check me out. *[this is true]*
>
> **Her:** It's easy to understand. It's obvious you are so much more confident than the other guys here. *[massive IOI and she's betraying how lucky she feels to be here]*

After a day of post-date comfort texting, I set up the next one. Note here how it's possible to agree to have sex without once mentioning it. Girls communicate covertly.

> **Me:** Are you at work?
>
> **Her:** Yes, I do
>
> **Me:** I want to meet you tonight. Dress pretty! *[forcing the dominance frame]*
>
> **Her:** Hm, why?)))
>
> **Me:** Because I like my girl to be pretty, of course. Do you have a favourite dress?
>
> **Her:** Ok, which do you want: short and sexy or elegant?
>
> **Me:** That's a tough choice! Short and sexy – just like you
>
> **Her:** Or something between 2 variants)
>
> **Me:** Which wine do you prefer, red or white? *[This is the covert signal that this is to be a sex date]*
>
> **Her:** Red
>
> **Me:** Me too. I'll get a bottle of German. Better than the Russian stuff… *[covert statement of intent]*
>
> **Her:** I don't drink Russian) *[acceptance]*
>
> **Me:** Vodka is the exception
>
> **Her:** Did u taste it?)
>
> **Me:** Of course. I love vodka. But more of a whiskey man
>
> **Her:** I mean Russian vodka
>
> **Me:** Russian vodka, Scottish whiskey
>
> **Her:**))) not bad mix)
>
> **Me:** I love to sit in a leather chair with a Cuban cigar and a good whiskey
>
> **Her:** Sounds great, who doesn't love this))
>
> **Me:** Meet me outside Double Coffee *[Note its outside, I intend to walk her directly to my apartment]*
>
> **Her:** when
>
> **Me:** 9pm
>
> **Her:** Ok. Red lips? *[covert confirmation of sex date]*
>
> **Me:** Yes! *[agreement]*

She shows up nicely dolled up so I give her a light kiss, put her on my arm and then walk her to a wine store on the short walk to my apartment. No resistance or questions – she's come to fuck. Up in my room I do the usual shoes off / music / leave her alone five minutes while I clean my teeth / pour wine. I sense she needs a little more comfort so I let her browse my facebook photos. Then close. Zero LMR.

Funnily I get a big dip in mood right after. She's pestering me for seconds but I just want rid of her. I don't realise until the next morning but I was coming down with a 'flu that would curtail my holiday gaming and render me a shivering sweating mess for a week. Three new girls in six days is too much for an old codger like me. Add in the relentless approaching, multi-date days, and the human body is simply not designed to have so many romantic interactions. I relapsed into a Gamer Shell Shock.

I add her to Facebook and later quiz her about the pickup. If you somehow don't believe in manosphere wisdom then hearing it explicitly stated by the girl herself ought to help:


i thought u dont like the fight inside
)
trully
but i enjoy pushing back and not a lot of men can do this
unfortunately
I like to be tested liked that, because I know I pass the test
its not a test
u know why?
tell me
as for me - i was looking for a person who is stronger, so its the victory from the beginning
naturally
u cant imagine, how i want to be weak. cause a strong character cant give me this opportunity
so its a fight
and i dont want to win)
but i can immidiatly understand - who can and who cant
I know all this. It's natural. You want to surrender to a stronger character
yes
and i know - u could)
you want to give up the responsibility and just enjoy being a woman
right
I could see this in you. Lots of strong push in the beginning, and than waiting for the time to give up
but i can understand from the beginning, with whom i will be a woman
u cant imagine how difficit it is))
yes, its instinctive. Most men are too weak and its obvious from the beginning


yes
or im too strong for them
that's why I was teasing you so hard. I could see it in you
)))
I understood, what have I done)
and I enjoyed it)
I like the electricity of it - of playing the dating dance, making a move and watching the girl respond
It's a fascinating performance, seeing the skill on both sides
and reading the information to predict how the sex will be
was it as u thoygnt?
thought?
Mostly
I thought I'd break you quicker, but you never quite surrendered. Almost
I wanted more)))

Stateless Game

krauserpua · 13 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Emotional control is the foundation upon which all game rests. By mastering your emotions you can direct your vibe which will in turn align all of the micro-behaviours that a girl's hindbrain reads. Good micro-behaviours (i.e. subcommunication) leads to imprinting the girl with a positive intuitive assessment of you and thus smoother interactions. This is why some men can do almost comically bad conversations and still get the girl – they were excelling at the 90% of communication that is non-verbal.

It's generally believed that achieving good state is the core of good game. The argument goes as follows: Wake up feeling good about yourself and head out onto the streets. After a few awkward warm-up sets you'll start to slip into a social vibe, gradually building momentum. Eventually a run of good interactions cause you to "hit state" and then you can open everything, hook everything and that's when the magical sets happen.

This is not wrong. It's just a ***massive*** pain in the arse.



Chasing state, yesterday

The reality of daygame is that there simply aren't enough pretty girls around to keep the momentum flowing. There aren't enough girls that you can afford to waste the first ten sets trying to hit state. Ok, you ***could*** do it but it's so wasteful. You know your game is getting tighter if you get more girls, better girls, and expend less effort. Hamstringing yourself to the goal of peak state prevents progress because:

- Trying to force yourself into state takes alot of emotional energy and is inauthentic. You are trying to make yourself feel something you don't actually feel.
- Once you start to improve your state you become outcome dependent on keeping that little glimmer alive. More emotional energy expended.
- In the long periods between sets you get into your head trying to keep your state. Holding your state up is like holding a medicine ball in the air. Eventually you tire and it drops.
- You can frame yourself over the long term into a negative thought pattern of "I'm only successful when I'm in state" or in the short term of "I won't approach this girl because I haven't hit state yet"
- Girls can sense the inauthenticity if you're trying to state leech from them, as with your wings. You can end up in destructive state wars with your wings until one or both of you crash (noobs should especially watch for this "value tap" behaviour from more experienced players)
- Daygame becomes much harder work than it ought to be. You are giving yourself an internal opponent to fight.

It's a fight that doesn't need to happen.

Peak state is good. When you hit it, embrace it. But don't try to manufacture it. Far better is to drill yourself in stateless game. It's advanced stuff and not for everyone but give it a try. Essentially you are following this principle:

I feel however I feel and that's okay. So I will use this authentically and rely on that authenticity to carry me through.

I'm coming to believe that **authenticity trumps state** (and is equal to vibe*). Forcing a high state is essentially qualifying to the girl by telling her "who I am at this moment is not good enough to get you, so I will expend great effort in forcing myself to be a happier version of myself just to impress you". Instead just accept your current state. For example:

- If you're feeling flat and low energy, work with that. Maybe do light side-on opens at a traffic light rather than run-around front stops. Let your vocal tone stay light, flat and disinterested.
- If you're feeling cocky, go that route. Ostentatiously stop a hard-walking girl, let your eyes shine, smirk insolently and use an outrageously teasing opener.
- If you're feeling horny, go sexual. Pick out a girl who has the ovulating vibe, eye fuck the hell out of her, encroach her space. Hold that hand a long time.
- If you're completely lacking creative inspiration just tell the girl she looks nice and drop a generic cold read and tease on her. Leave silences, let her talk.



Stateless game, today

Stateless game is not a list of instructions to follow, its a mindset. Fundamentally you are shrugging the weight of "hitting state" from your shoulders. Don't be so hard on yourself. Do you think those approach monkeys running up and down Oxford Street every evening are happy? Allow yourself to instead reach a zen-like calm of ***whatever will happen will happen***. Just flip over those stones, let your authentic state come out, and rely upon your well-drilled Game to just navigate the set for you without getting in your head about state. There's nothing to be scared of on the streets. Conserve your mental energy by exerting emotional control. You are not pushing water uphill, you are letting it find its natural level and then swimming in that.

And then should peak state ever creep up upon you, milk it while its there and don't mourn its absence when it leaves.

** Crudely put, **state** is the power of your energy glow / aura and your attunement to the micro-rhythms of the street. **Vibe** is your internal level of calm, balance and boundaries. State is far more volatile than vibe.*

The elephant in the room

krauserpua · 14 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I rarely solicit guest posts but sometimes I just ~~want the free content~~ come across a concept too good to ignore. Daygame.com's executive instructor **Tom Torero** has been exploring such a concept which we put to good use on our recent FSU tour. He'll need no introduction to most of my readers, being widely considered one of Europe's top daygamers and of course the author of the second best daygame book on the market. Tom, the floor is yours……



A street kiss close I caught *

***Elephant in the room**: a metaphorical idiom for an obvious truth that is either being ignored or going unaddressed. The idiomatic expression also applies to an obvious problem or risk no one wants to discuss.*

Smoke-and-mirrors, a masterful illusion, distraction and persuasion. Traditional Game involves getting a girl to comply to sex through the use of tools and techniques that sweep logic and reality under the carpet. It's no coincidence that the most notorious early pick up artists were magicians and persuasion practitioners. Artificially raise your value, cunningly lower hers, and let the reversal chase begin.

A massively underrated and underused concept in the seduction community is something I teach students called the **"Elephant In The Room"** (although I dissuade you, of course, from picking up elephants) where this traditional trickery is replaced with stone cold masculine honesty. Showing a girl how socially intelligent you are, and also how vulnerable you are, is massively attractive. More attractive than the perfect line or the whitest teeth. Honesty is the ultimate frame in that you're saying: *"I know that you know that I know what's going on. I'm direct with my intentions and I don't play games."*

The concept is especially applicable during the day, as there's no flashing lights, pumping music or alcohol to help mask from the girl from what's really going on. Stopping a girl on the street in the cold light of day encourages a student to refine his social intelligence and replace distraction with directness as there's nowhere to hide. Women have hyper sensitive radars when it comes to bullshit, and without the shiny la-la-land vibe of a club then they're even more clued up as to what's going on. If she thinks you're a pick-up artist on the street, then you're dead.



"say what you see"

So what are some practical examples of this concept in action? First off, a golden rule that I teach students is to *"say what you see."* This is much harder than it sounds in that you need to be fully relaxed and present to do this effectively, without the chattering monkey inside your head throwing PUA bananas at you.

Saying what you see and calling out awkwardness immediately diffuses whatever tricky situation you might come across, as it shows the girl you're socially savvy and smart enough to understand the intricacies and nuances of human behaviour.

Let's say you see a girl on her smoke break standing outside an office building. A beginner daygamer might charge up to her in approach machine mode and spurt out his usual lines about just seeing her and thinking she looked nice, then plough through her resistance with his usual structure and get frustrated when she stubs out her cigarette and nips back into work. Someone who understands the Elephant In The Room principle, however, would approach the girl with more of a twinkle in his eyes, a cocky smile and the following:

> "Hey, I know you're on your sacred smoke break and I'm taking away precious seconds, but I just saw you and think you look nice"

He'd then rapidly judge how she responded and tailor his conversation accordingly. Perhaps he'd call out how unusual it was for someone to come up to her, or the fact that all the other guys must think of doing it but they're not brave enough. The same applies if you see a girl at a bus stop (call out the fact that her bus is coming) or inside a store (call out the fact that it's unusual why you're in a women's clothing store). If you didn't call out the awkwardness of the situation then she'd be thinking it, and wondering why you didn't have the social saviness to spot it.

Here's some other examples of calling out the Elephant In The Room when you're out doing daygame:

- She's doing a particular activity, and you use that as a situational indirect-direct opener
- You run out of things to say, and you call it out: *"I'm sorry, my mind's just gone blank, help me out a bit!"*
- You feel heavy approach anxiety, and you call it out: *"I don't normally do this, and I'm pretty nervous right now…."*
- She keeps glancing down at her phone and you mention it playfully
- She slowly edges away as you're talking and you mention it playfully
- The interaction's going well but you suspect that she has a boyfriend based on her investment levels, so you call it out non-reactively

Notice how the Elephant In The Room principle needs to come from a place of flirtation, not one of cold logic. You're showing her that you are fluent in the secret language of seduction, not that you're a people-watching sociologist.


Spot the PUA forum HB7.75

Krauser and I recently spent a couple of weeks in Russia where we realised that the Elephant In The Room principle could be used to great effect. Slavic women are excellent for testing your masculinity in that they have zero-tolerance for bullshit and expect you to be crystal clear with your intentions. We made sure they new exactly what we wanted through calling out the following:

- the fact that this was a male-female interaction where we were attracted to them and wanted to date them, not give them free conversational English classes
- what their relationship status was, and whether they liked British guys
- if they had enough free time to come on a date with us in our time schedule

Now I'm not suggesting that you replace all unspoken, sexy emotional subtext with cold logic, but in countries where the women test your polarity every few seconds then there's less time for flowery language and vague flirtation. The same would apply in the UK or the USA if a girl is exhibiting Princess Behaviour and keeps trying to snatch the frame.

The Elephant In The Room applies to texting and to dating, right up until you're getting it on. Here are some more examples:

- she keeps flaking on date requests, so you text her: *"I didn't have you down as a flaker…my secretary is not happy ;-)"*
- she texts that she's going to be late, so you text her: *"Ok, but you buy the first drinks as punishment"*
- you spill the wine whilst trying to pour it elegantly and call it out
- she keeps taking long phone calls whilst on the date, and you call it out
- you're both a bit nervous on the date, and you call it out
- you realise you've got food stuck between your teeth, so you call it out
- you spot that she's hesitant to come back to yours, so you call it out: *"I know you're wondering if I'm a murderer, and I understand that this is all a bit fast, but come for one drink and I'll have you home in a cab by 12"*

Humility and honesty go a long way to cracking the code of last minute resistance in the bedroom. If a girl thinks it's all too planned or too slick, then the barriers come up. If you call out that it's *"so fast"* and that it's *"so random"* how you met then she admires your social intelligence. Tell her you're nervous if you're nervous, show her you're human.

An exception to the Elephant In The Room principle is breaking sexual tension. If you're sitting in the cocktail bar, looking deeply into each other's eyes, and there's the crackle of sex in the air, then there's no reason to call out the Elephant and say: *"I want to kiss you now then take you home and have sex."* That would be a sign of a complete lack of understanding when it comes to seduction. Rather than these situations and silences being elephants, I call them the panthers in the room. Dark, smouldering, powerful and sexy. And completely necessary.

Krauser used an extreme example of the Elephant In The Room on one of his recent dates, although this is not for the faint hearted or to be used by beginners:

> **K:** You are fascinated by me. You find me attractive and very interesting, like no man you've met before. You've realised that we are not compatible in the long term but you are curious how it would be to have sex with me. So right now you are trying to decide whether to come home with me and have sex, or to go home and sleep.
>
> **Her:** Yes, that's about right.

Call it out. Neutralise the awkwardness by commenting on it. Whether it's a pigeon shitting on your head mid set or the fact that she's too tall for you, say what you see and point out the elephant. Fingers crossed it will morph into a panther. Now that's magic.

Tom's book is available to buy from: Lulu

** Before you all ask, yes that was a legit street kiss close. Took about five minutes from the open. While observing I saw him do the eyes, the proximity and overheard him mutter something about "doing something crazy" so I knew to get the phone camera ready.*

Reeling in a difficult princess

krauserpua · 26 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I don't normally bother with princesses. They aren't any hotter than sweet feminine girls but bring all kinds of trouble. Type 2 (high beauty/low self esteem) just isn't a combination I care for. Nonetheless while out on Oxford Street a month ago I happened to open an incredibly leggy Baltic blonde. She has a catwalk figure, long flowing hair like Storm on X Men and is an all-round trophy catch. So naturally I'd rather fuck her than not.



Imagine this towering over you

Easier said than done. A girl like this has chodes hanging off her. Rich chodes, good looking chodes, hunk chodes, trader chodes…. the lot. Just two days ago she had to return an expensive necklace to a co-worker chode who didn't realise he was LJBFd. I've had a few Facebook chats with her but she doesn't invest much and is flightly about the Day 2. Psychologically it's easy to figure out her crude strategy (Type 2 girls are never as smart as they think they are). She wants to get me jumping through hoops, begging, chasing etc so she can milk me for validation and then move onto the next chode.

So she finally agrees to meet me on Saturday lunchtime. We are supposed to arrange time and place on Friday. Naturally that's precisely the time she chooses to be offline. A trap. Here's an unedited transcript of what followed. It went on a good while longer but I got tired of taking the screen grabs.



1. This is where I was opening the conversation in which we agree a time and place. She doesn't reply until 8pm the next day – princess behaviour and unacceptable. Obviously its a test to get me chasing.

2. Bullshit excuse, so I'm unreactive but slightly dismissive.

3. She's expecting me to be asking why she didn't respond, and perhaps get whiny. So I just accuse her of stupid shit like I don't care. My profile photo happens to be a funny dog.

4. She's really keen to find out if her stupid gameplaying worked. Type 2 girls aren't smart. Anyone can play games when all you have to do on your side is be obstructive.



5. Snip and stack with nonsense. She's expecting me to try to reschedule the date.

6. And definitely not expecting a push-back telling her she's wrong about something but as we all know women are intrigued by defiant men.

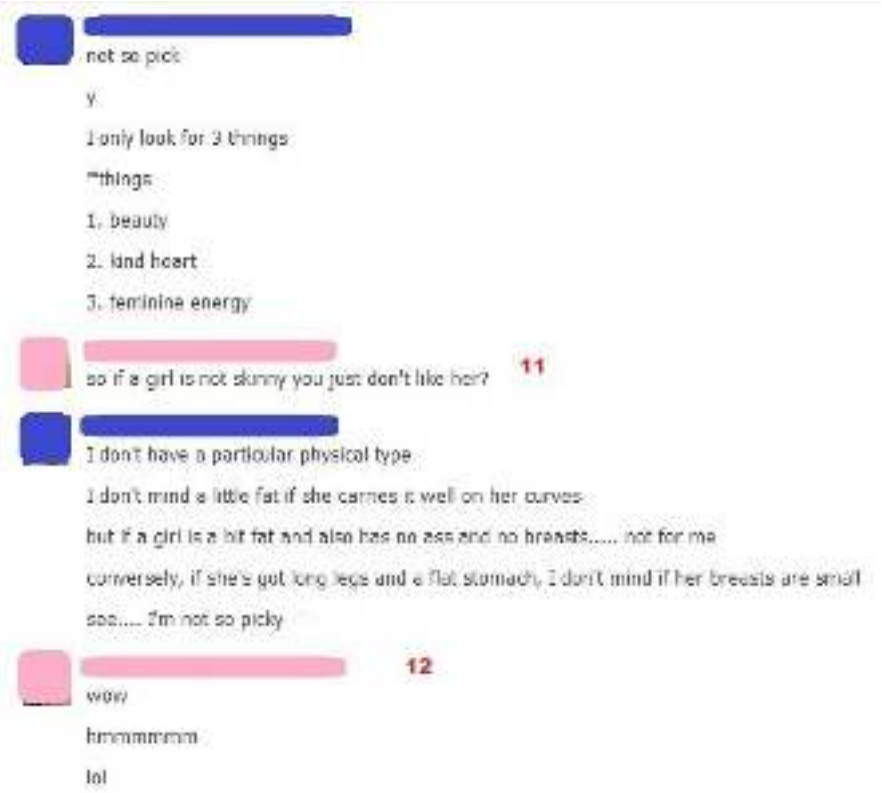
7. She's realising I don't give a shit about her antics and the lack of a date.



8. A pretty obvious preselection DHV that communicates "other women like me, you aren't important". It was true, too. None of this chat is a lie.

9. Deliberately answering the wrong question. Be pointlessly difficult at times, just for the sake of throwing up a barrier.

10. Implicit qualification by showing I have standards in women. She's biting now.



11. Her solipsism makes her incapable of reading comprehension. It's a shit test. She's interested.

12. She's long-legged with a flat stomach and small breasts. So I'm having a bit of a dig at her here. She loves it.



13. IOI followed by immediate shit test. She's enjoying this and hooking stronger.

14. So I slap her down harder. She's not used to being pushed against like this. Every push creates attraction but too much push loses them entirely. It's a calibration exercise.



15. This is standard female bullshit that she's used to spewing onto men and they agree with it all lest they upset her. So obviously I stand up to it.

16. Women like to be called on their bullshit. They know it's bullshit.



17. So she starts qualifying before she remembers she's supposed to be a princess chased by all suitors so tries a

lame preselection projection.

18. Don't rise to the bait. There's actually two pieces of beta bait in this. Firstly, don't fall into the frame and compliment her on her beauty and validate the "every guy chases me" reality. Second, don't get reactive and start trying to denigrate these imaginary men – that's qualifying yourself.

19. Put her into a box she doesn't like being in. Make her qualify her way out of it.



20. And predictably she qualifies her way out. She likes me now. Its far from a done deal but she knows I'm no chump.

21. More of me challenging and her qualifying. She's starting to show more attractive qualities now. Note how at no point in this chat have I complimented her. I've been borderline hostile throughout, but balanced so as not to be rude.



22. After so much push (necessary after her bad behaviour and crude shit tests) I have to do some pull and move into more authentic communication. This isn't a vile American cunt – she requires some pull.



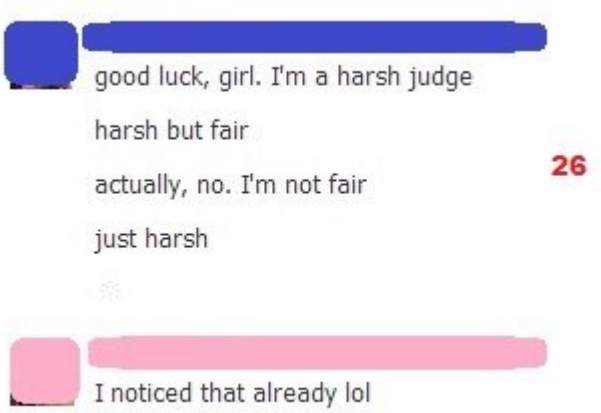
23. She wants me to like her, and to be impressed by her.



24. But I might as well be pushy. I'm not gonna hide my dick from this woman. After her messing me about she has to know exactly what she's getting should we have another date. I'll be escalating her from the beginning.

25. Brush aside her objection and keep going. She pauses a while then IOIs. She wants a strong man. She's six feet

tall so she's used to everyone just falling over in front of her.

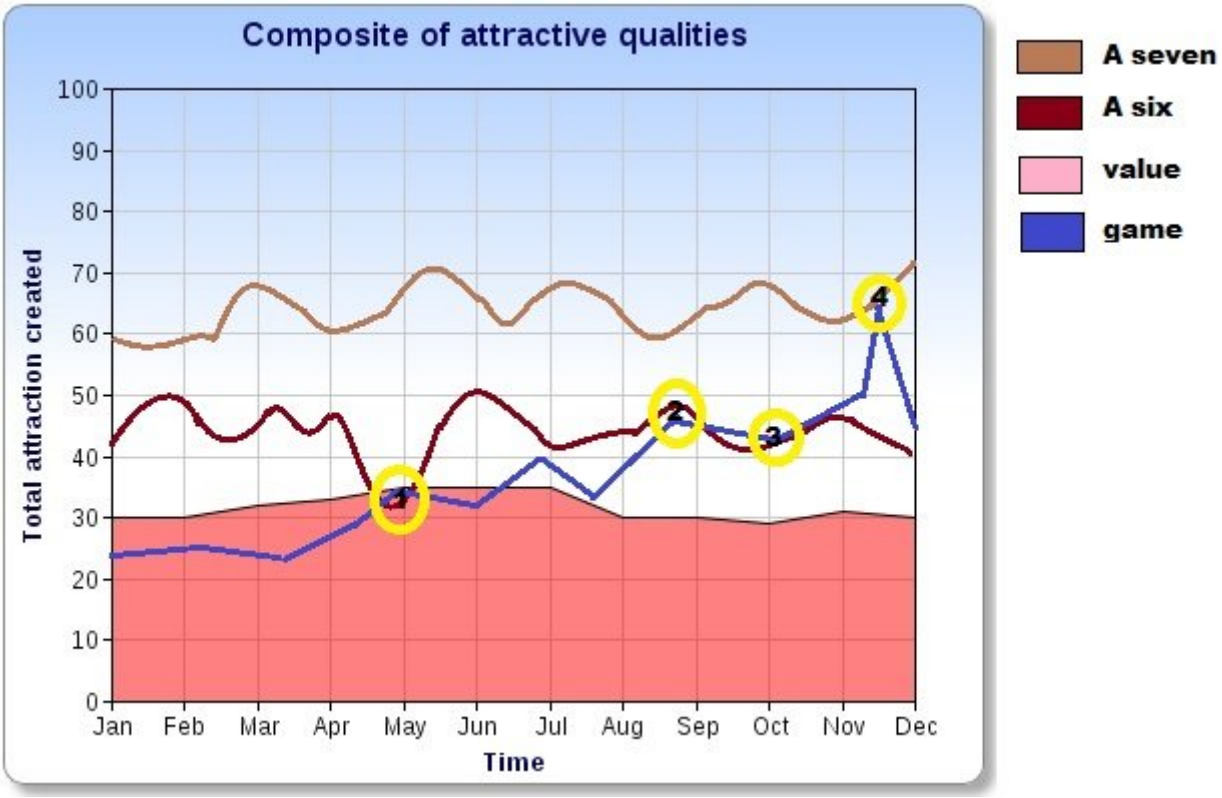


26. I'm basically rewarding her here while also setting up a nice frame for later. She comes back with an IOI. Now she is tamed and takes me seriously as a man. It's still a long way from fucking her but I'm a nowhere near the chump heap.

How your game stacks up

krauserpua · 27 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I just spent the last half hour sitting in my underwear on a bank holiday morning trying to draw a graph in Paint. Have a look at it. I was going to do more but its a massive fanny on, so one is all you get. This is my explanation for your lays / near lays as you develop in game. Don't pay too much attention to the details or numbers. Just try and draw out the general principles, which are…



Legend

This graph assumes the man is a run-of-the-mill male six with normal social skills and normal chode game. We track him through his first year of game, assuming slow progress. Up the left side is the total amount of attraction he can generate with a girl. So 100 is Jabba-esque and 0 is around the PUAhate level. The pink shaded area is the man's fundamental value being a combination of his looks, age, job, physique, fashion, vibe, character and all those other things that combine before you add your in-set technique. It's pretty stable over time unless you are actively working on it. Your value represents the tide upon which the boats float.

The blue line is your Game value-add. This rests upon your value and as your game gets better it can reach further and further above your core value. It's also volatile depending on your mood, state, circumstances and ability to think on your feet. You'd expect it to increase culmatively over time as your bank more sets.

Now we come to the female part of the graph. Every girl has an **Attraction Threshold** in which guys below her SMV requirements are blown out and guys above it are welcomed to play the game. Exceed it and you might fuck her. This AT is also volatile based on her monthly cycle, available options, weather and whatever other random shit buffets women around like a little boat in a storm. The key points are (1) it isn't a flat line and that (2) the hotter the girl, the higher the threshold.

So now lets draw some conclusions from my fictional guy.

- In the beginning he has anti-game, the blue line of "total game applied" being below his natural value. It's actually fucking up his results by doing all the stupid chode shit blogs like mine try to stop you doing.

- The second girl is only a six but she's hypergamous so under normal circumstances she won't fuck a male six. Note the gap between his line and the sixes' line during the early part of the year.
- But whoah, what's this **(circle 1)**. He improved his game a bit and happened to string together his A-game when it coincided with her being horny and needy. He gets laid!
- Now he's got laid his game gets better and he's getting closer and closer to repeating the trick with another six. The sevens are still blowouts or sets-to-nowhere. And then **(circle 2)** he comes really close to bagging another six. Tighter game but unlucky to get the girl at the wrong time. He can't quite exceed the AT and she gives him unbeatable LMR. Bad luck fella.
- He chalks it to the game and keeps trying. Despite not really being on top form he stumbles into another easy lay **(circle 3)** and keeps her on rotation for a month.
- As the year comes to a close he's on fire. Some really solid work, riding his luck, he gets a cute seven back to his room. He battles her LMR for a few hours, can't quite beat it, but she sucks his dick and he knows how close he came **(circle 4)**. One for the blog.

Okay, so this whole graph is rather facetious. My point is to lay out a basic visual aid so you can imagine how the graph can change over time. What happens when you work hard on your value? The pink shaded area rises higher, the tide raising the upward potential of your game and bringing the higher quality girls into reach. You should also see that relying on Game alone is not going to score the hotties. You'll also get a feel for how you can occasionally punch above your weight if you keep approaching but if you want consistent results you must claw your way above the Attraction Threshold and stay there.

This is why high value guys can have zero game and still score hotties, while low-value PUAchodes can do thousands of sets and get nothing.

What is the red pill?

krauserpua · 29 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's been all change in 2013 for the manosphere. Roosh has built Return Of Kings and appeared on national TV around Europe. Reddit has a burgeoning The Red Pill subreddit, Roissy continues to attract massive traffic. Like the UFC in 2005 was on the verge of mainstream and just needed the Bonnar-Griffin fight to tip it over the edge, the manosphere is poised waiting for that unpredictable conflux of events that send it viral. When it happens you can expect a seismic shift in society. Like Japan's upcoming currency crisis or the collapse of the EUSSR Brussels overlords, we can't predict which beat of a butterfly's wings will set off the chain of events.

On my side, I've noticed my blog traffic double in the past year despite me almost willfully trying not to grow it.

So there's alot of noobs out there with a newly-digested red pill sitting in their gut. Some are trying to cough it back up. Some have overdosed. Some are just confused. To extend the metaphor, some have been sold a faulty pill by a dodgy dealer. If you spend a few months reading the manosphere you'll learn to figure out who is right and who is full of shit. It's still the Wild West – an incredibly open and outspoken corner of the internet where men don't fear the reaper.

A year ago I tried to distill all my red pill / Game knowledge into a one hour video interview. It's the single best and most accessible introduction I've produced. I talk about my personal journey, sociological changes and how they affect men, what Game is and how to get it etc. Watch this and everything will fall into place.

** Thanks to Brian and Nic for being such perfect foils to get the content out.*

I bang my first 21 year old German intern

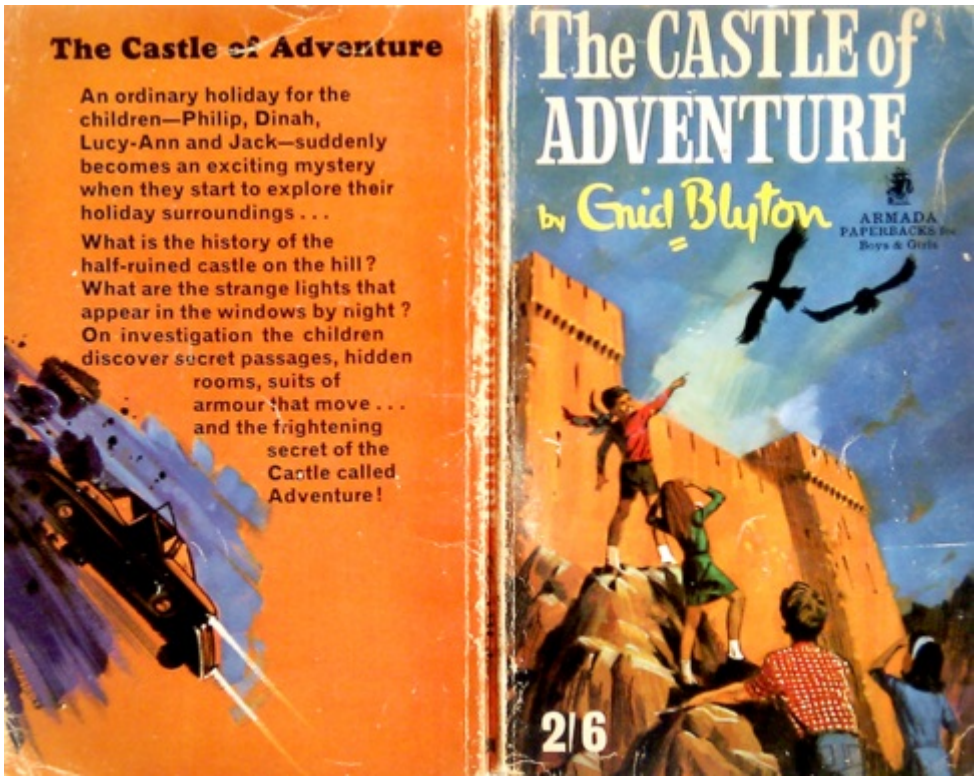
krauserpua · 14 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

***NB** – This report is out of sequence. The upcoming Italian report was four days earlier.*

It wasn't so long ago I was lamenting to my fellow daygamers that I have nothing going on in London – **no solid leads at all**. This is the downside of travelling so much. Taking a week off every month for away games disrupts the flow of your home game. So in mid-May I make a firm decision to hit the London streets until I've rebuilt a rotation. I have modest goals:

1. Three girls on a weekly rotation
2. Additional fast sex when the opportunity arises

That's not too much to ask. My first weekend is unlucky for all the usual reasons – girls have boyfriends or about to catch a flight home and so on. My street patter is ok so I don't take it personally. Then the next weekend my luck breaks. I do about ten sets, get four numbers and all four hold. First up is a Frenchie idate that doesn't quite work. Then there's a black African shopgirl giving me the eye as she walks past on Oxford Street (yes, I actually cop an IOI for a change) so that leads to a date and probably an upcoming blogpost. There's a nice Chinese girl and then a strong hook from an Italian. I'm pleased.



Every young girl wants adventure

After closing the Italian midweek I take my foot off the pedal. On Saturday I spend the afternoon in my favourite Caffe Nero reading an old Enid Blyton favourite until about 3pm when I shut the book. Decision time. Do I turn right towards my home and Bioshock Infinite or do I turn left towards the underground station and see what is on the streets? I turn left. Coming out of Green Park station I see the sun shining and people picnicking. I'm feeling chill and stateless. No intent but also no pressure. I slowly saunter through the park remembering **Jon Matrix**'s old advice of letting all your energy and weight sink down into your legs to relax you. Coming out to Buckingham Palace I see my dream set.

Tall. Brunette. Camera. Tour book. Sensible walking shoes. Tight jeans….. and a rucksack.

I'll say this again because it needs saying. Learn to cold read girls. Some of its obvious but ruminate on the clothing for a moment. A girl who puts on jeans and trainers has obviously planned to be walking around alot for sightseeing. She's not expecting to meet anyone. So when you encounter her at 4pm its a strong bet that she's been walking around for hours with no social contact, her feet hurt, and she'd love to idate.

My opener is the usual stuff about being an obvious tourist and I assumption stack on her being Central European, probably Slovakian. I "disbelieve" her on the "I'm German" because she doesn't have a square head or lederhosen. Easy hook. Turns out she's a competitive athlete. That explains the washboard stomach and toned legs. After ten minutes I walk her off through St James Park. As she keeps making conversation I know this is headed somewhere. Nonetheless it surprises me how fast.



Longer legs and drop a point

Venue 1 is the park. I just want her walking with me to build momentum. It then seems really natural to finish the walk in **Venue 2 –** the cafe inside the National Gallery at Trafalgar. Beforehand I'm framing her about acting like an English lady to drink real English tea. I send her to get seats while I order tea. That's a nice £4 idate. I'm doing mostly comfort with occasional spikes. She's sedate but interested so I tell her about Sherlock Holmes and bounce her to **Venue 3 –** the Sherlock Holmes pub. But its busy and I don't want to be jostled so we end up in another pub around the corner. I'm playing with her hands and hair now, with no flinching. Amber light, keep moving forwards. She knocks back a pint, saying its easy to drink English "pussy beer". Keep telling yourself that, love. So long as you drink…..

Venue 4 is a turkish souk in Covent Garden. Although the sun is beaming outside its dark inside and not the usual cloud of shisha smoke. She's sitting next to me now and I start the questions game. Even at this late a point, two hours in, I'm not sure. You always have to make a move so I kiss her. Great. It's on. Now the only question is SDL or Day 2. I'm starting to think about the African girl who is texting asking to meet after her work at 8pm. I decide to stall her until I know what's going on with the German.

Venue 5 is the Hawley Arms in Camden, the pub Amy Winehouse usually passed out in (that's part of my seeding of it). I want to get her closer to my house and also compliance test moving her. It's still sunshine so its no surprise she bites. She's been in London three days and is going to start a summer internship. She wants to look around. We

get the underground. Its far less pressure to get a tube to a daytime market than a nighttime taxi home. I just feel her momentum behind me like wind in my sails. *The girl has abdicated responsibility for her day*. She even tells me she has nothing to do and I have as long as I need with her (big green light).



DHV

We have a pint each in the Hawley, standing against a wall. I can now work little touches and squeezes on her while locking in and making her move around me in a nice oak-tree/squirrel dynamic. I'm closer and closer to pulling the trigger. Its hard to point to any identifiable signals but my intuition is telling me this girl wants her London adventure sex now. I walk her outside and notice a minicab office next door. I tell her "we're going to the next place" and walk in to order one, imploring the guy "as soon as possible". Trigger is pulled, now I must brazen it out, hold frame, and lead. When I come back outside she pipes up:

> **Her:** What did you do?
>
> **Me:** I ordered a taxi
>
> **Her:** Where to?
>
> **Me:** The next place
>
> **Her:** Where is that? (as we are getting into a waiting cab)
>
> **Me:** My garden
>
> **Her:** Ok

On the drive back I'm doing the usual bamboozlement to get her talking and not pushing any kino. We get wine in my local shop and then I give her the house tour ending at my room. Shoes off, music on, give her five minutes alone. She texts my address to her friend. The usual. The final escalation is quick. She lets me strip her naked with no fuss before I even have my t-shirt off. And then I'm fucking her.

She's tense. Halfway through she needs me to roll off so she can gather herself. We chat while I stroke her hair and give physical comfort.

> **Her:** I need to text my friend again. She wants to know I'm ok.
>
> **Me:** What will you tell her?

> **Her:** She'll love this story. It's so typical of me

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My heart stops. Did I fuck up my calibration so bad? She's got virginal written all over her and now she drops this bomb. Five minutes later I've got my dick in her again and I do the interview.

> **Me:** You haven't had much sex before, have you? (she has appalling technique, very stiff and clumsy)
>
> **Her:** No
>
> **Me:** Can you count how many times?
>
> **Her:** Twice
>
> **Me:** Two men?
>
> **Her:** Yes. One was my friends older brother. The other was a school friend. One time each.
>
> **Me:** What did you mean when you said your friend will love this story?
>
> **Her:** I'm quite impulsive and like adventure (I relax)
>
> **Me:** When did you know I'd be fucking you?
>
> **Her:** In the souk. Before then I still wasn't sure what you wanted

So there it is. Meet the girl at 4pm and fucking her by 9pm. A sweet leggy young German. Seeing as she's hot and I want her on my rotation I fuck her twice that night then meet her the next day for comfort in Hyde Park and another fuck at home. Add to skype before my holiday and there it is. A new girlfriend (of sorts).

The African texts at 9pm to say she's too tired after work and can we meet another day. A bird in the hand, and all that….

I bang my first 29 year old Italian school teacher

krauserpua · 18 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm very much into Mediterranean girls with their big thick black hair, dark eyes and olive skin. Doesn't matter if they are Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, whatever – so long as they have the wop blood in them I'll overlook their lazy hand-waving debt-repudiating cultural handicaps and focus on the dusky beauty.

I like wop girls. Wop men not so much. They are just half-adult mummy's boys.

However I have trouble ***actually snagging*** a hot wop despite the aforementioned economic troubles causing a veritable flood of 'em entering London to work at Caffe Nero. They now seem to outnumber the East Europeans. Getting attraction is easy, getting them away from their social circle-selected boyfriend another matter entirely. A conundrum.



but a low eight

So I'm walking through Leicester Square one sunny Sunday afternoon with Bhodi when I spot a seated Chinese girl I can set him on. That set hooks so I wander off towards Trafalgar Square and soon find just what I'm looking for: tall, slim, pretty, introverted and… woppy. I open telling her she looks Portuguese and it's a strong hook from the off. All green lights. She's full of energy and trying just as hard to make conversation as I am. My woptimism grows. After about ten minutes I take the number and suggest a coffee. Text game is easy.

> **Me:** Hey. It was nice to meet you. Are you always so friendly to strangers?
>
> **Her:** It was nice to talk to you, I'm glad you stopped me for a chat… very brave!
>
> **Me:** *[next day]* It's a lovely day □ I'm off to the park with friends.
>
> **Her:** Nice! Beautiful day! unfortunately today is house viewing day for me.. can't enjoy the sun properly! Fingers crossed for tomorrow… Enjoy the park and the lovely sun! □
>
> **Me:** Thanks hon. Good luck.
>
> **Me:** *[later that evening]* How's the viewing.. you still deciding between a palace and a cardboard box?
>
> **Her:** Hahaha! I'm more oriented on the cardboard box at the minute! □ how was your day at the park?

> **Me:** Sunny. Just having a beer now. Is tomorrow good? About 5pm
>
> **Her:** Fine with me! Let's see the weather and decide where to meet… what do you reckon?
>
> **Me:** Sure. I'll let you know tomorrow.

The sun is shining so I take the wopportunity to meet her in the park. It's just so ***on***, so fast. She's giving me green lights on everything. We lie on the grass by the lake and within five minutes I pull her down next to me and another five pass before we're kissing. I'm now left with a dilemma of whether I should try to take her home this date. I resist. Generally speaking if you fuck a Euro-girl on the first date or earlier its a one-off and she won't be back. That's not an iron rule but you've set the frame of adventure sport sex and she might demur from a repeat. Seeing as my goal is to build a rotation I hold fire and just keep it clean. Comfort, a walk, a drink and then send her home after two hours.

I'd been seeding the next date of her coming round to cook me Italian food. She's jumping at the chance. At no point did any of this feel like reaching for it. So two days later I meet her in town, walk her through a nice mom'n'pop Italian grocers for supplies, then the bus to my place. I've fucked her before we even unpack the shopping bags. Literally just did the house tour ending in my room and she was all over it once her ass hit my bed.

It's nice when it goes easy.

It's easy to be playful with this girl too. She's got a very pleasant chatty demeanour and takes the banter brilliantly. So while she's cooking she lets slip that she used to work for an NGO. A proper do-gooding lefty. She's 29 now and mostly grown out of it but I still mercilessly rib her for the next hour with every non-PC comment I can muster. Then I fuck her again and send her home.

There's not much in the way of learning points here. She was a Yes Girl from the very first moment so I just had to recognise that, restrain myself from overgaming, and shuttle her along the path to sex.

Be manly

krauserpua · 20 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

So you want to look more masculine? Here's the Krauser 4-Step Plan.

1. Get older
2. Grow a short beard / long stubble
3. If you're bald, crop your hair short. If you're receding, don't hide it.
4. Don't smile so much.

Just look at the difference in these Game of Thrones actors when clean cut (often in their younger incarnation) and when grizzled up.



Bronn



Davos



Jamie



Robb



Snow

I bang my first leggy 25 year old Russian programmer

krauserpua · 27 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes game comes down to recognising a small number of key signals and then acting accordingly. There's *always* a reason why girls behave the way they do. Even when the signal is buried in a wall of noise if you know what to look for and how to read it, you can make things happen.

I'm in Russia with Steve Jabba. It's my second day so I invite my gypsy fuck-buddy over for a rumble at 7pm. She's the fourth girl to receive Krauser-lovin' in the past nine days so when I've shot my bolt I collapse into bed and don't want to leave for love nor money. Then Jabba gets on the blower telling me how much we need to go nightclubbing. Fucking hell….. that's the ***last*** thing I want but he drags me out. We roll into one of the better clubs at 10pm on a Thursday night. It's far from rammed but enough hot girls to make it worth the effort and this is Russia, after all, so they are way way hotter than the equivalent London club.

After a quick look around I sidle up to a bar in a quieter room next door to the main dance floor room. Leaning over I order beer and see a leggy blonde come in. She stands next to me to order. I roll off and tell Jabba (half-heartedly) "I'll call that a proximity IOI". That's **Signal One**. At the time I'd have said it was 30% likely to have been a real IOI. She stays on her stool to drink. I'll call that **Signal Two**, essentially prolonging the proximity IOI and now I think its 50% that she's into me. She appears to be alone so far but its early days for the club. I open over my shoulder. Can't remember what I said but it was playfully accusatory.



with worse fashion

She hooks immediately. I can't quite believe it because she's taller than me, a typical long-legged Slav, and its not really in my reality to get girls like this in a club. So I stay diffident and low energy just pushing the conversation along then briefly bounce her to the nearby sofas. She wants to dance so I let her go. For the next twenty minutes or so I'm just talking to Steve from the edge of the dance floor.

> **Him:** Somethings not quite right.
>
> **Me:** What do you mean?
>
> **Him:** She's just dancing by herself on the edge of the dance floor. It's not right.
>
> **Me:** You think she's a tart? She's just in normal jeans, doesn't look like a tart to me.

> **Him:** Yes, but just something is a bit off.

I'm inclined to agree. A hot tall bird shouldn't be in the club by herself, dancing. We are looking for needlessly complicated answers when I find out later the real reason. She looks at me a few times (**Signal Three**). "Get on the dance floor" admonishes Steve so we both go on and do some low-technique don't-give-a-fuck dancing. Within a song or two the girl is dancing with us (**Signal Four**). She's facing me the whole time and when I'm off to the toilet she's doing the same to Steve. He later tells me she would've probably fucked both of us. I can believe it.

So I'm just dancing like a tool and it's stalling out a bit. I don't really know what I'm up to. It seems too easy, I can't believe it could be like this. I'm looking for too much confirmation, too much signal rather than just trusting in what is there. Steve has a more intuitive grasp and nudges me, "take her off the dance floor". So I do. She follows without a murmur.

We sit down on the sofas and I become more sure of myself. I give her five minutes of comfort, play with her hair and then kiss. She goes for it strongly. There's still no friends interfering. She really is here alone. I review the signals:

- Signal Zero: Girl comes alone to a nightclub on a Thursday night and just dances around by herself.
- Signal One: Girl locates herself next to guy to order drink despite the bar being empty with lots of space.
- Signal Two: Girl remains next to guy even though normal thing to do is take drink away from the bar.
- Signal Three: Girl continues to snatch glances at guy from dancefloor.
- Signal Four: Girl maneouvres into dancing close to the guy and smiles when he reciprocates. She doesn't leave.

So really is there any doubt? One or two signals you could make a case for coincidence or an alternate reading but all together they point in one direction: it's a DTF girl who fancies me. She's latched onto the first guy who hit on her. I tell her "let's go somewhere else" and she agrees. Taxi. Home. Shoes off. Music on. She just jumps me and tears my clothes off. She *really really* wants this. It's an earth-shattering fuck. She's gobbling my dick like a fatty at a McDonalds and screams in ecstasy anytime I touch her pussy. By the time I'm fucking her she's got her eyes popping out of her head, clawing my back and screaming the house down. Fuck me does that bolster one's confidence. Once I'm done she asks for my number and gets a taxi home.

Fuck me, that was easy.



Sure, I'll take that

Discussing it over coffee with Jabba the next day I ask him to give his analysis so I can bring out the learning points for my lay report. "There's nothing to analyse, she was just up for it" he says. Yup, it was that simple. It turns out she works hard as a computer programmer and just came out of a long relationship. She was due to return to her hometown for the weekend and wanted some fun. I was the right guy in the right place at the right time.

I meet her again a few days later for seconds. Over drinks she tells me "the sex was fantastic" and slips that she's been thinking about it non-stop since. I take her home for another blinder and get to practice my one-man-DP on her again (fuck me, she likes that).

The moral of the story is be alive to the signals when something falls into your lap. Don't overcomplicate it.

The Price Is Right

krauserpua · 28 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I remember back in 1998 when I first lived in London in a zone three houseshare one of the lads moved out and we put a classified ad up to replace him. One of the couples scoping the room was from Croatia. The dude was a normal guy. Tall-ish, slim, fairly well dressed. Nothing special one way or the other, seemed pleasant. The woman was stunning. Proper drop-dead gorgeous. At the time I wasn't envious. It never even entered my brain I could compete for a girl like that.



An exaggeration, yesterday

More recently (post-game) those girls have been in my sights. Since clambering up the fuck ladder from 6s, to 7s, to 8s I've been looking at the hotter girls of God's green earth feeling like that's what I ought to be dating. And occasionally I have. Sometimes, however, I'd see normal couples walking around where the girl is hot and I'd get a little pang of envy. Even if I'd fucked six girls of equal quality already that year I'd look at her, look at him, and get a bit narked. That's not good.

So my mind turns and I think about these couples. Mostly I realise this: when you see a fairly nondescript guy with a hot girlfriend you are seeing him at his peak. ***That is the hottest girl he'll ever fuck.*** He's probably hanging onto her for dear life, terrified that if he loses her then he'll never get such sweet pussy again. I'm talking about normal chodes here, not guys who clearly have their shit together. I know this because I was that chode when my ex-wife was a clear two points higher than any other girl I'd fucked at that point.

When we do game we are giving girls a proposition they wouldn't normally entertain:

- Talk to me, a guy you don't know from Adam, for a while and give your number
- Come on a date, maybe two…. then fuck
- And I promise you nothing

That's a mighty big ask. Sure, it's well within the realm of biomechanical parameters but it's still a big ask. And we expect to pull it off once or twice a month with the youngest-hottest-tightest girls that we meet. We are paying

peanuts and expecting princesses. Sometimes we pull it off.

Now put your Blue Pill glasses on and look at the price the typical chode pays for his girlfriend:

- Exclusivity
- Berated for looking at other girls
- Buying her stuff, meeting her family, going to Ikea on Saturday afternoon
- Putting up with her shit, and her insufferable friends' shit
- Letting her keep her own frame
- Spending all of his precious finite life with her

He's not doing her in the ass while slapping her face and calling her a bitch. She's not overwhelming him with thoughtful affection and favours. He's on a leash. That's the price he pays for his pussy. When you learn game there are simple metrics that measure your progress.

More girls, hotter girls, less work, less drama.

I bang my first 21 year old Lithuanian dressmaker

krauserpua · 29 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I was discussing with **Tom Torero** recently about what's the most effective model for banging top class tottie in foreign climes. Game is often taught like it's a linear process of A is followed by B then followed by C. Not so. He uses the 'air traffic control' analogy of having many planes in the air and you're watching them circle, keeping up radio chatter, waiting till one comes in to land. Some get diverted to another airport but so long as your airport is open you'll have throughput. This has implications for Euro-harem game.



Tom's new girl mgt app

One does not simply roll up in a foreign city, hit the streets, and come away with a top-quality notch. You might get lucky occasionally but it's not a consistent and repeatable model. Realistically this is how it works:

1. Number farm hard in the first couple of days. Open everything you'd fuck.
2. Let the numbers filter themselves. There'll be a few **Yes Girls** who are keenly responding and making things easy. Those are the girls you can fuck on this trip. If she's near 30 she's your hottest lead. Push for it. Kiss her first date. Fuck her second date.
3. Most of the girls will need time, especially the hotter girls and the younger girls. You are highly unlikely to knock them over within a ten-day stay. Take them on a coffee date for an hour. Then a pub second date. Run comfort, get a kiss, don't overescalate. Sink your hooks into her soul and get her on Facebook or Skype.
4. Chat to her late at night every couple of days. Get into her head. Explore her hopes and dreams. Be the mysterious distant Other. Sexualise it gently. Prime her for your return.

That's **Long Game**. If you expect to roll up into Oslo, Paris, Zagreb or wherever for a weekend and score a notch you are setting yourself up for a ***very very hard slog***. You're far better off leapfrogging visits. Budget the first trip to collect and filter leads then a second trip to close your top prospects (and preferably generate the next round of leads). So it was with this girl.

While on a Euro-tour with Tom I was walking down some steps into an underpass when a cute little squirrel of a girl comes flitting up the steps. Her fashion is like 1960s Paris. A soft bob, dainty shoes. So sweet and innocent. I

open her on the steps saying something complimentary about her style. She hooks but has atrocious English. I find out later she visited England when she was 12 with school and loved it. I bounce her to a nearby cafe and by now she's thrilled. We can barely communicate so she gets out a notebook and we draw pictures to convey information. I ask if she has a boyfriend and she almost screams "No!"

After an hour I take a number and send her home. She wouldn't put herself in a position where she could be kissed.



But Slavic and bigger tits

Next date is a nightmare. I have 'flu and she has clammed up and barely talks. I'm hungry but the first four restaurants are full so we're walking around deserted streets in the cold and its not good. Finally we end up in Chilli Pica, a low-rent pizza shop. I can hardly keep my eyes open I'm so ill and she won't talk. It's awkward as fuck. I can't put any kind of vibe or eye-mesmer onto her. After an hour or so I let her go. I swear to myself never to put myself through such a shambles again. I assume it's one big horrible DLV and the set is dead.

Things turn around on Facebook. She's an anglophile and just so completely thrilled to have a cool foreign guy as her little secret (she tells only her best-est friend about me). She's sweet and lives with her mum and works as a dressmaker. Clearly inexperienced with men as she confirms later saying she's had one boyfriend for four months when she was 19. The Facebook chats are limited to short sentences and 1000-word Ladder English vocabulary. Thank God for Google Translate. Nonetheless I'm warming to this girl. She's just so pure and straightforward, and clearly has the suppressed fire of sexuality common to nerdy introvert girls.

It's soon at the point where she's opening me every evening. Girls often have boring lives. Young girls are very restricted in what they can do – living with parents, no cash, university workload, social pressure. Having a cool interesting foreign guy on the other end of chat is like a shining beacon of excitement. It took me quite a few lays to realise that. Picture the girl's life. She comes home from work / uni on the normal bus to her pokey little room and starts checking her messages from the same boring old friends. What is the shiniest thing in that dull evening…… you!

I do the normal Facebook pattern. Talk about normal things for comfort, drop in some light DHVs about my life, ask her to choose a nice photo of her to send me, call her a squirrel to set up callback humour, put her on a points system, qualify her on cooking skills etc. Here's a sample, I'll let you pick out the Game lessons yourselves:

Her: Hi

Me: Hi I'm playing Resident Evil 6 boy's fun!

Her: I sew a new dress for myrself now

Me: nice what colour?

Her: white

Me: very innocent just like you

Her: dress of guipure

Me: *[after googling it]* old France style I have a question. How many boyfriends did you have?

Her: 1

Me: Lithuanian?

Her: yes

Me: ok Do I frighten you?

Her: a little

Me: that's natural, I think you are not experienced with men and I'm quite powerful

Her: ??? I did not understand the sentence

Me: I am an older man and I have lots of life experience So my character is strong and you feel that

Her: and?

Me: that's maybe why I frighten you a little

Her: yes

Me: you are brave

Her: yes

Me: What do you like about me?

Her: ears

Me: *[link]*



Her: Cheburashka with very big ears. your better

> **Me:** thanks +5
>
> **Her:** I think you have a good nature
>
> **Me:** thank you. Most people think I'm a bad boy. I'm not
>
> **Her:** Do you have children?
>
> **Me:** No
>
> **Her:** married?
>
> **Me:** No
>
> **Her:** why?
>
> **Me:** I was married, but I divorced 4 years ago how long were you with your boyfriend?
>
> **Her:** 4 months
>
> **Me:** was it a happy time?
>
> **Her:** very happy
>
> **Me:** nice do you like to walk around parks, go to the cinema, cook food together etc?
>
> **Her:** I love going to concerts, delicious food, a walk through the city and to dress
>
> **Me:** to dress? tell me more about that
>
> **Her:** at the school of my peers did not consider me a beautiful girl I decided to show everyone back I have things that are sewn to order I do not like black
>
> **Me:** what is your favourite dress?
>
> **Her:** orange-red

Then once I've arranged my next trip I start ramping it up a bit. Remember I hadn't kissed this girl and had an awful Day 2 with her. I've pegged her at being timid and inexperienced so my goal is just to move her along far enough to close on a third trip. Then I show up in Lithuania.

She makes herself as free as possible for me. First date we have coffee and a drink. Again the kino is awkward. I'm still thinking its a timewaster set but because I like her and she's so unbelieveably innocent-looking I persist. Second date I decide ahead of time I will get a makeout or burn it. She consents in the upstairs of a dingy cafe on some sofas, then admonishes me it's "too fast". Nonetheless she agrees to cook me scones the following afternoon. While cooking I do lots of light kino as I walk past her leaving an arm trailing across her lower back, or peer over her shoulder at the cooking so I'm breathing down her neck. She takes it all.

After food we are on the sofa watching pandas on youtube. Its a funny old vibe. The chat is stilted because of the language barrier but I can feel some deeply hidden electricity in the air. I pull her onto me so she's sitting in my lap and start escalating. It never stops. She's naked with barely a fuss. I stick my dick in her on the sofa to get my two strokes (for an officially-sanctioned notch) then carry her to the bedroom and ruin her. She fucking loves it. I was right – timid inexperienced introverts are a pent up volcano of sexual energy just waiting for a man to turn them out. Great sex. Great body. She does a really cute thing where every hard stroke her eyes spazz with shocked ecstasy.

Afterwards she's confused. She lies next to me so I can feed her oxytocin with comfort – I want to keep this girl around for more. She looks at me with furrowed brows, perplexion in her features, and then starts punching me. Not hard, just little love taps to express her frustration. My guess is she wasn't expecting sex but just fell into my mesmer stare and rolled over obediently. I think she's also shocked how much she liked it rough. A Fifty Shades moment for her.

I do her a few times the next day to solidify it. You don't own a woman until you've fucked her hard on three

seperate occasions. One of my top two girls so far this year.

Daygame infield video analysis – Sam Django

krauserpua · 4 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I was having my morning cuppa a couple of days ago when I get a text from Tom Torero, freshly returned from a Prague bootcamp, saying words to the effect of "check out Sam's infield we've just put up from yesterday". Check it out I do. Good gosh, the young whippersnapper has really come on leaps and bounds this year. So to do my dear readers a favour and protect them from all the charlatans and pretenders clogging up Youtube with shitty infields, let me introduce you to an (almost) textbook pickup in the London manner.

Play it again, Sam.

0:02 – Tom tells me she gave Sam a brief look as she walked past, pre-approach. Whether Sam was standing like this at the time is unknown to me.

0:17 – Note how empty and slow the street is in contrast to the bustle of Oxford Street on a Saturday afternoon. Sam adjusts his energy accordingly. A playful jog to keep his playful state but no big jump-infront, just the looping 'Torero Drift'

0:24 – I think her immediate laugh was in recognition that this is a guy she'd just smiled at. Girls giggle and laugh to communicate "I like this, please continue" rather than "this is funny". It's probably a Yes Girl, or at least a strong Maybe. He got major points from her for being savvy enough to recognise an approach invitation and ballsy enough to act upon it.

0:28 – She stops dead. A strong hook. Note he reels off the usual words, "really nice" rather than over-egging it even though she's a proper hottie.

0:31 – She's into it *immediately*. Sam's biggest challenge here is to control his state. He's got a very very hot girl infront of him and it seems to be hooking. I've been there – it's hard not to immediately run around with your shirt over your head celebrating. Or to let your voice crack and your eyes give you away. He must continue to project "I normally get this reaction from girls of your calibre." But inside, you know he's jumping for joy.

0:37 – Boilerplate language when she gives you her country is "I've never been to [country] but I imagine [assumption]". Like I said this is a textbook set. Note the tease on the end and the giggle it gets.

0:44 – "Where are you from?" is confirmation of hook point. He answers briefly and vacuums which draws another question from her and….. light kino. Girls *never* kino you by accident. It's a strong hook and she's beginning to invest.

0:56 – Her hand on the hip is another signal that she's into this.

1:05 – He turns it back onto her but note how he cheekily references her legs to sexualise slightly. Man-Woman vibe. Smooth. I'd have added "like a flamingo". Or a giraffe.

1:16 – This is a strange eventuality to analyse. She leads him which is far from ideal, but there was no other option to avoid the car so he reframes it playfully. It could also be read as investment from her.

1:23 – When she talks, let her talk. Whoever is talking is investing. He's just standing still and looking at her. Probably putting a bit of eye-mesmer onto her, but the video isn't clear enough to tell. Resist the temptation to do too much.

1:30 – Nice compliance test. You must always get a girl to remove her sunglasses asap or it'll prevent good eye contact. I'm guessing he tried the eye mesmer and realised the glasses had to go.

1:40 – Unimpressed by her modelling, reframed to make her self-conscious. A textbook covert withholding of validation.

1:46 – There's enough attraction now so Sam dials it down a bit with normal chat and probes logistics. It's always good to ask why she's there in case you get a "I leave tomorrow" and you have to shift gears into SDL / idate mode.

1:53 – "ok" and "I understand". The two most common things you'll say as you start to draw her into investing. Note how the relative work rate between them has flipped now.

2:01 – An attempt to prod her into more investment ("goulash") doesn't hit so he turns it into a mild challenge. She knows he's not gonna kiss her ass and agree with everything. This shows personal boundaries.

2:10 – Note her leg movement. Tom likens it to horses pawing the ground while they are excited. She's flush with adrenalin. You have to be careful here – if you are trying to spike then this is great. However too much of it will detract from your investment and settling her down enough to solidify the set.

2:21 – He turns it back to her again. Keep talking about the girl. Its hoists her by her own solipsism and also maintains a screening frame.

2:30 – Boom! We'll call that a spike. She immediately tries to break the sexual tension.

2:51 – This is the weakest portion of the set. Bumbling a little, sounding a bit too keen. It's really hard to keep on point the whole way through with a hot girl, especially when you're ad-libbing it all. What the set really needed now was some gravitas. Lower the voice, talk about more boring stuff. It's too fizzy for too long.

3:03 – I think Sam can feel the momentum slipping now. Ideally he'd want to stay another five or ten minutes to bed it down but that little bumbling moment has knocked him off-balance so he's decided to cut and run before he fucks up an otherwise professional piece of work. I know that feeling of suddenly having the play taken away from you and no longer having access to the free-wheeling analogue word-play. Better to take a number now than fuck it up and get dismissed later.

3:10 – You can feel the drop in conviction on the close. Deep down he's a bit pissed off he couldn't hold the frame better. He stumbles on his words a bit and uptalks.

3:17 – Little things like having her point out the paper stuck to his foot could be mismanaged. He handles this one fine. Don't deny the reality of the situation, don't try and pretend you are James Bond. He laughes it off, authentically.

3:23 – How little names actually matter.

3:27 – Yet another IOI. He's still in the game. Just remember street stops are a big ask. With a girl like this you are red-lining your car. Minor slips can send you skidding into the wall.

3:42 – Compare his vocal tone, pacing, and creativity to just thirty seconds ago. He's regained his mojo now she's agreed to exchange numbers. It's subtle but it's there.

4:33 – Ask yourself this question: "Does it look natural that a guy like him is with a girl like that?" I think it does. He's conveyed enough of his value in the past four minutes that she no longer seems out of his league.

4:49 – It's important to act like getting her number is no big deal. Sure, it's a postive but its not a major score. Hold the frame that a man like you expects to have girls like that. More grist to the mill.

5:00 – With a fully-returned mojo he decides to string it along a bit more, no longer in danger of blowing it.



Django, unchained

Overall I'm giving this set 7/10. It was textbook work on a top-tier girl with good attraction, decent investment and competent handling of a few curveballs. However it was still missing elements to lift it into excellence. Specifically, Sam would have benefitted from:

- Greater gravitas. His voice remained quite soft and high and his body language a bit weightless at times. He was more cheeky chappy than grizzly bear. Less movement, less uptalk, lower voice next time please.
- The energy wasn't sufficiently dialled down to engage in the boring chit-chat that characterises good investment. The beginning was beautifully pitched and fizzy but after about a minute that needs to be dialled down. When you're in investment you are lulling her to sleep. All those flashy vids you see on Youtube are bullshit. Tight game quickly becomes like two narcoleptics almost nodding off.
- He dropped his bottle half-way through and had to pull out a recovery. Tight game doesn't have those dramatics. The best sets are like the best defence in football – the opponents never gets into a position dangerous enough that the defender must make a last-ditch tackle. He needs more reference experiences with girls of this calibre to truly feel entitled to them.
- Ultimately she was a strong Maybe Girl. She made it relatively easy for him by complying from the beginning and putting alot of herself into the conversation. The real test is a girl who gives you the Russian Minute.

An interview with London daygamer Sam Django

krauserpua · 7 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's a small world out there. I'd estimate there's maybe ten guys in the whole of London who go out regularly and have consistent repeatable success at daygame. Guys sexing up genuinely pretty women who learned daygame in the PUA sense of the word. Sure there's a bunch of non-community guys getting laid off meeting girls in the street (naturals, good-lookers etc), a bunch getting one-in-a-million Hollywood moments but not consistently, and of course a bunch of extreme number farmers with little skill but high workrate. Oh, plus the PUA charlatans and the noobs.

However if you narrow the field to guys who have real daygame skill, can get laid regularly with desireable girls and actually choose that lifestyle then its a small world. And we all know each other. Here's an interview with the latest guy to join the club…..

If you haven't already then watch this infield first. That'll clear up the "who is this guy" question.

I probably didn't press Sam enough to bring out the hard facts but the TL:DR version is this: 19 year old virgin does a bootcamp and then commits to daygame. After six months the daygame lays begin to trickle in. Eighteen months later he's banged eighteen girls and is dating a catwalk model.

Ping texts

krauserpua · 7 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

One of these days I'll write a proper treatise on text game just so my name gets etched into the annals of history alongside Einstein, Copernicus and Shearer. My text game fucking rocks. But before that moment comes to pass let me just talk a little about the concept of ping texting. After taking a girl's number its usual to send out a confirmation / feeler text. The idea is to initiate a text chat which will result in setting up a date. The basic pattern goes like this:

> **You:** feeler
>
> **Her:** response, encourage
>
> **You:** acknowledge, stack
>
> **Her:** response, encourage
>
> **You:** acknowledge, seed date
>
> **Her:** response, encourage
>
> **You:** logistics time
>
> **Her:** accept
>
> **You:** logistics place, hoop
>
> **Her:** jump

That's extremely vague so here's an example. Bear in mind it's your job to initiate and to move the conversation along until its natural to invite her on the date. You are leading in a particular direction. Don't get hung up in endless chit-chat. The aim is to get a little playful momentum and proceed to the date invitation as soon as is natural.

> **You:** So this is the crazy French girl with crazy big hair. Nice meeting you, hon
>
> **Her:** Hahaha, what's so crazy about me???
>
> **You:** Everything. I'm scared. My mum warned me about French girls.
>
> **Her:** She's a smart lady!!!! Haha, be careful of us!!)))
>
> **You:** I shall. I wonder if you are capable of drinking an English tea like an English lady. Hmmmmm
>
> **Her:** Hmmm I don't know about that. I can try but usually I drink coffee.
>
> **You:** I guess we can try. Tuesday 6pm is good?
>
> **Her:** Yes, that's good. Where?
>
> **You:** Piccadilly Circus. Dress cute, so we match
>
> **Her:** I'm always cute!))))

This is assuming a Yes Girl giving full compliance which of course is only true for a small proportion of numbers. Realistically she's going to throw at least one spanner in the works be it mild (unavailable first time, suggests alternative) or strong (shit tests). That's where the craft comes into text game and one tool in your box is the ping text. I use it under the following circumstances:

1. The hook wasn't very strong and her reply to my feeler was non-committal or tardy. I feel its too early to push towards a date and she hasn't picked up on my thread.
2. She replied very late, such as a few days after my ping

3. We had momentum but then she dropped off and didn't respond.
4. She was too hard to pin down for a date either by declining the logistics or declining the date without giving a firm No.

So the ping text is a way of forcing yourself back into her mind without coming off needy and over-invested. Girls are creatures of the moment so if she's got alot on and you aren't a high priority then that number can go cold. So you ping her a statement about what you're up to and you don't ask a question. Just throw it out there. Examples:

- "I just saw a man walk into a lamppost. I thought that only happened in comedy shows"
- "Just saw a cat that walks like you… weird"
- "I'm lying in my hammock, sipping Pims. I love summer!!"
- "Don't ever join a queue behind a group of Italian tourists. Jesus, what a fanny on!"
- "There was a little girl sitting next to me throwing a tantrum. I gave her a stern look and she just stopped. I don't know if I'm a good or bad guy now."
- "There's a dog following me home from the shop. He's really big and shaggy. Cute."

If a number goes cold throw one of these out to see if she responds. If it's still blank give her a week's roll-off then try another. If that doesn't get a response, she's just not into you.

I deflower my first 22 year old Lithuanian ballerina

krauserpua · 9 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Since I first committed myself to the Game I had a goal in mind. At first it was nebulous and difficult to articulate but as time passed and experience was gained I started to see patterns in the girls I go for and what I want from them. Each man has his preferences and mine is very clearly towards this:

Deep conversion of a young, chaste and sweetly feminine girl

That's it, that's my Holy Grail. I'm not going to turn down globetrotting models or large-breasted strippers nor will I deny occasionally trawling the streets for a grot-fuck with a lost tourist but those are the side orders. My real motivation is a very particular type of catch. I guess I'm feeding my affection needs and persuading myself when the time is right to settle with a girl I can get what I want. In this respect this girl and the previous girl represent my crowning achievements so far.

It begins in Vilnius when I'm relaxing in a pizza restaurant after a heavy day of number farming. I'm worn out. Tom is out on a date somewhere so I'm just shovelling a pepperoni pizza down my neck and then make my way home. As I come up the steps onto the street outside the restaurant a girl strides past that triggers a full DNA-pull. It's 9pm, dusk, and I can't be bothered but I've learned not to ignore the blood-bubble so I open.



This kind of face

Super strong hook immediately. We chat five minutes then I bounce her to the nearest cafe. Sitting in a booth it all goes effortlessly so I can tease her, build rapport, everything. She uses her dictionary to tell me our meeting was "fate". I've caught the right girl at the right time in her life. After an hour I kiss her outside and let her go. It now becomes a long girlfriend experience…..

First date is in another cafe after her work. Within ten minutes she's behind my chair massaging my back so I misconstrue this as being "on", walking her to my apartment but she gets isolation anxiety and won't come up. We spend ten minutes sitting on a bench outside until she finally agrees. An hour of chatting, facebook photos, youtube and then I finger her to her first ever orgasm. Bloody hell she's sexual. Great fun. This is where she tells me she's

never been with a man. I'm grinning like a wanking Jap.

Second date is a walk around a big park where she's literally singing and dancing with joy. She frollicks off into the trees and returns with flowers for her hair. It's the sweetest most adorably feminine behaviour I've witnessed all year. She's just glowing with pleasure, reciting Russian love poems, and hanging off my arm. I deliberately back off on the escalation. Girls, if you want to know how to catch a man this is it. Everything about her energy was pulling me towards her, giving me warm feelings and bringing out my more noble intentions.

Third date I'm laid up with 'flu. She comes around my apartment for four or five hours to look after me and we watch The Dictator. I finger her to orgasm again but I'm physically not up for sex so don't push further. She takes me to the airport the next afternoon and we move onto Skype for Long Game. Were I a normal man I'd be in love already.



This kind of figure and manner

There's the usual Skype chats. I run rapport, give her teasing nicknames, gradually extract sexy photos from her and do all the usual future projection. She's a thoughtful girl who is unhappy with the current direction of her life. I'm her shining beacon of happiness and adventure to escape the daily grind. A month later I'm back in Lithuania with her my top target to knock over. I'm not pushing fast because I enjoy the chase. She gets a Little Miss Giggles book.

Fourth date is coffee, park and brief stop-off in my apartment. Finally I'm ready for the big move on the **fifth date**. We end up back at my place late evening and I just go for it – lead lead lead. She accepts everything without a trace of LMR. I can see she's quivering in fear (she later tells me she'd believed sex was much more painful than it turned out). I'm realising that often LMR occurs when you push faster than her timetable is comfortable with. A more drawn-out seduction is less likely to trigger it.

It interests me that even a girl with zero experience with men can immediately adapt to the sex. Within two minutes she'd thrown herself into it – screaming, gasping, moaning – and didn't mind being rag-dolled around at all. Figuring that she's just happy to follow my lead I do her quite rough and cum in her mouth to finish. Then we lie in bed to let all that oxytocin bubble through her system. During the interview she says things like:

> “My whole body is like hot jelly now”
>
> “I never liked men touching me. But there’s something about your touch, it makes me lose control”

I’m so pleased with myself. Only the day before I’d closed a similar girl. So I’ve just knocked off my top two targets for the trip. The next day she bumps into me while I’ve got the other girl on my arm…. and she doesn’t even mention it. It would seem both girls don’t feel entitled to exclusivity.

Learning points

- If you don’t need to rush a girl, don’t rush. Feeding your ego by pushing for the quickest possible lay can lose the girl or cheapen the experience.
- Nothing works better on a chaste girl than to spike her attraction and then burrow deep into her soul with deep rapport. I needed very little douchebag game here.
- She may be inexperienced and directionless for sex but she still has the same raging hormones as the sluttier girls. Work the hindbrain, lead…. and she’ll follow.

Daygame and Compliance

krauserpua · 13 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There's a long-standing fault line cleft through martial arts to separate them into **Dead** and **Alive**. So for example if you were to look at the tiny group of martial arts that are actually useful in a fight (and it's nearest proxy where it can actually be tested – the MMA cage) you'll see they all share several factors in common. Before you scroll down, just consider for yourself the commonalities between boxing, wrestling, judo, sambo, muay thai, Brazilian ju jitsu. Look at any decent MMA fighter and you'll find they specialise in one or two of these arts. Outliers are ***extremely*** rare.

So what do they have in common?

- A rule set that allows full-bore competition against an opponent who is trying to beat you… without incurring serious injury.

That was Jigoro Kano's revolutionary idea that led his tiny judo club to destroy all the ju-jitsu schools in the famous Tokyo Police competition. Remove the deadly techniques and leave the safe ones. While you can still kill someone with a BJJ choke, still knock someone senseless with a boxing left hook you can also control the environment so nobody is lethally injured in training. You cannot seriously train eye gouges and windpipe ripping without quickly running out of training partners. Kano made judo come **Alive**. Boxing was always alive. Fencing is alive. As is Kendo. The arena of competition (and sparring) inserts universal Darwinism into the fight game.



Back when Japan produced real badasses

Now consider the worthless martial arts…. Krav Maga, Karate, Ninjutsu, Aikido, Tae Kwon Do. What they all have in common? They are **Dead.** There is no serious competition (or in the case of TKD so removed from anything that resembles fighting it is simply the Dance Of The Foot Fairies). Dead martial arts fossilise. They have rigid grading hierarchies where senior grades don't have to prove themselves. The respect for teachers is fake. It's a bunch of guys who never get good at techniques that are never tested. It's Bullshido.

So why the long preamble?

Martial arts are simply one example of incorporating **compliance** as a principle in your life. I uses the term in a specific manner to mean one of two things:

1. Enticing another person to freely associate and cooperate with you.
2. Imposing your will onto another person in free competition.

It's free-market capitalism in the social world – people are either willingly cooperating in your enterprise or your enterprise is outperforming theirs under free competition. *Anything else is socialism*.* Now let's apply that to your personal life. **Are you avoiding the free market?**

There are many activities that can be stacked into a weekly routine that do not require winning compliance from other people nor besting them in honest competition. When you sit down in front of your Xbox that's just you and the games machine. The developer has even deliberately and painstakingly crafted an experience to make you feel like a hero. When you wank off to porn you are being guided along a sexual experience that does not require any compliance from a girl. When you read a book, even an intellectually challenging one that will improve your knowledge of life, you simply add it to your Amazon basket and send the money. You are living in a bubble where no-one needs agree with you.



Extortion and socialism, yesterday

Modern society has been crafted to allow people to live in bubbles of non-compliance. When they want something they pay for it, demand it from the government, or guilt-trip someone into giving it up. This is unlike traditional society which always had exams to pass, extended families to manage, neighbours to befriend, a neighbourhood to work with. We now live isolated lives where entire support systems exist to feed our delusions. We live in worlds where compliance is absent. A world where we don't need people to freely associate with us *because they like us and want to.*

- Unemployment and housing benefit for those too inept or lazy to work
- Socialised healthcare and pensions for those too unept or selfish to save
- Prostitutes and porn for those men too unattractive to find women
- Video games, movies, books for those too socially awkward to have friends

- Gym machines for those too lazy to do real exercise
- Martial arts for those too pussy to fight in a ring
- MGTOW ideologies for those too far into denial to turn around their life

There are plenty of upsides to this societal change but a major downside is you are removing sources of external feedback from your life. You are not getting that vital ping with the reality to find out where you stand and how good you are at being a man. In economic terms, without a market you don't have a price discovery mechanism. **You don't know your value**. Usually it's because you don't *want* to know your own value because deep down you suspect it's lower than your ego can handle.



My apology for springing a picture of pillow-biters on you above

Married guys are especially susceptible to this. Thinking they've escape the sexual marketplace, locked into a daily routine of boiling the frog, they are blissfully unaware of how they are degenerating and losing their SMV. Until divorce. So ask yourself are you a capitalist or socialist in your personal life? Are you seeking to avoid the marketplace, head in the sand? Just count off the activites that fill your week. How many of them require you to enlist the freely-given cooperation of others or for your team to best another team in honest competition. Examples of compliance / capitalism in action….

- Going out drinking with a bunch of friends
- A road trip with buddies
- Dating a hot girl
- Sparring at your boxing / BJJ class
- Winning an argument
- Having your work colleagues ask you to lead a project

Many activities which are good for your self-development and good for life-enrichment are also non-compliance / socialist activities.

- Reading / studying

- Writing a blog
- Travelling solo or always with the same friend
- Being disciplined about your nutrition
- Hitting the gym

Be careful with them. Its good to have a few but if you find you are always staying home to “work on my philosophy” rather than joining your friends at a party then you might have just life-weaseled yourself. Seek the feedback….. and what is the best possible source of feedback?

Daygame

When you step up to a girl and hit on her she will give you a comprehensive and accurate reality check. Daygame is your masculine mirror. When you are doing life right, the girls’ responses improve. There is no quicker way to rebase yourself than trying to get compliance from a girl you are trying to fuck. In daygame you can’t bully her with your seniority at work, you can’t buy her, you can’t out-maneouvre her in office politics. The only way you’ll get her to come on that idate with you is ***if she wants to***. Free association… the building block of prosperous societies.

** socialism widely construed as an attempt to avoid free association and honest competition, and to replace it with violence, guilt-tripping and denial of reality.*

The ultimate expression of gamma anti-game

krauserpua · 19 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes life really is stranger than fiction. I've been casting about of late trying to find some theoretical expression or model by which I can really bring out the distinctions between gammas and beta/deltas. They are not the same. Betas tend to be bumbling, clueless and follow rules so reflexively that it never occurs to them to want more than their measley lot in life. **Gammas think they are special**, by virtue of their higher intelligence and outsider status. They think the rules don't apply to them and will happily break social conventions (sneakily), always looking to weasel a little "in" to the palace of pussy. So classic gamma tricks:

- Learn a foreign language and do "language exchange" meetings to try to get in with girls
- Tantric massage to cheaply feel women's bodies and try to weasel into intimacy
- Adopting feminist-friendly clothes and speech to gain admission into the Wimmin's Club

They are sneaky fuckers. Sneaky, twisted, dastardly fuckers. In contrast betas are fairly salt-of-the-earth stand up guys. Nonetheless gammas are so clueless of intra-sexual relations and so lacking in self-awareness that they don't realise how creepy they are. Why do I know this?….. because I've long had many gamma traits that I've had to learn to root out and replace. Allow me to introduce **Captain Gamma**….. as to be expected he was unearthed residing in Asia. This guy really does exist and I got the low-down on him through three degrees of separation. No backstory…. just revel in his squalid loathesome Bottom-world existence. I'll add a few comments as I go. I tried to restrain myself in the interests of good taste but the thing with Gammas is they effortlessly rile me…. they have such punchable faces. So indulge me in some uncharacteristic hating, please. Every single thing I quote below was formerly available in public domain on his blog. Names removed to protect the girl.

> **ONE DAY, FOR THREE YEARS: LIZZIE, COME HOME**
>
> My dear, confused, darling, and forever L, *[Already setting the frame of her as confused rather than leaving him for good reasons]*



Note her coldness and his rage

> There are fewer than five days left before I leave, at which point this blog will be repurposed — put back to the original use, the use we always intended for it. The Broadcastaways project never had a chance to grow and develop, but it was one of the many plans we had over the years *[we we we…. constant loan-sharking to make her feel a debt to him]*. This story, now – about your sudden, unexplained, unexplainable, incomprehensible, unfathomable *[gammas never miss a chance to show their intelligence and education, but never in an attractive manner]* – withdrawal from me, and from the life we were crafting together, will end the eve of my departure. I regret – I do – that I am not yet well enough, repaired enough, to bring the narrative to an end any sooner than that *[this is 100% twat-speak, horrendous choice of words]*. How could I be? You were – you are – my everything; and not only am I still trying very hard to come to terms with the fact that you recklessly *[=lover attraction]* traded our rock-solid foundation *[=provider chode]* and deep understanding of each other for a boy – a boy – that you barely knew, and were smitten with because of some superficial similarities and raging physical attraction *[i.e. genuine attraction, not negotiated tolerance]*; I am trying very hard to make sense of how you could turn on a dime, how a woman who was so loved, so treasured, could whirl around like a dervish, and not care one bit, not one bit, about what your withdrawal and your sudden absence is doing to the man who was your best friend and unshakable ally *[= "you owe me". This whole paragraph is a not-so-subtle guilt trip to blame her for all his feelings whereas the obvious reality is she got sick of him and traded up to a man who actually made her happy]*.
>
> This is one of our many photos together, taken on the back lawn. As in the dozens of photos of us – to say nothing of the scores of beautiful portraits I have taken of you *[pedestalising female-centrism]* – we are a clear-eyed, clear-sighted couple, a team — a real team *[which is the problem, a woman needs a leader]*. Not a summer fling, not an explosion of sexual passion (although we were always that, and much more). We were a partnership — a field-tested, proven, come-hell-or-highwater partnership.



a motif, yesterday

> This photo is of the same spot on the lawn, taken yesterday. You will notice a bare strip — a track, which leads

to the edge of the property on one side, and the small hill on the other. It was not there on the 26th of June, the night you said farewell in a short, one-sided, and all-too-civil exchange, where you sat on my sofa – the place we last made love – and in clipped answers and replied served me cold words that I was then left to weave into a narrative, explanation, and apology. *[women grow very cold when attraction dies, especially as she never had any respect for this provider chump]*

The bare strip is actually part of a track, which runs end-to-end in the back yard, and makes an oval. It is in the center of which I have taken some of your most beautiful photos. *[Note his poetic attempts to weave a motif into the narrative, desperately trying to impress upon her what he no doubt considers his superior wit, elegance and rakeish charm]*

The track exists because, beginning on Thursday 25 June, the day after you caused my world to crumble, I have done nothing but pace *[that's an industrial-strength over-investment. Never make a girl your world. Of course he's playing the relationship equity game so he figures the more he sacrifices the more guilty she'll feel so he can manipulate her into intimacy]*. Barefoot, for hours every day, and sometimes into the darkness, I pace, and pace, in an anticlockwise circle, trying to work out how you could do this, how you could not spare me one night of your company, and one morning more, to let my love for you guide my compassion and my reason to a place of understanding, a place of bitter but wise acceptance *[he's full of blame and rage against her. Taking responsibility for their own actions is not a Gamma trait. They are too smart, too special. It's the whole world that is stupid.]*. Circles, circles, circles, in the sun when there is sun, in the showers when there is rain; in the first light of dawn, and at the last light of a receding day. I have burned a track into the grass, walking, pacing, thinking, forever thinking. Trying to understand, or at least, trying to cope. Trying – the gods know, trying so hard – to trick myself into believing It is all for the best, trying to find enough goodness and wisdom to let go of the pain, the rage, the humiliation, the frustration, and the crippling sadness to inhale deeply, and say She is happy, therefore, you too must be happy.

I have created a circle, and in the center of it – where once you stood – is a frightful vacuity. Three years, and thrown-away for a man of five days, without explanation, or a chance to understand everything from your point of view. *[Other dude probably had Game. Nice one fella]*

My day of pacing will begin shortly. It is all I can do. It is all there is left for me to do *[Really? Is there nothing in this sad castrati's life but walking. What about friends? Xbox? work? or god forbid…. approaching another girl?]*. The thoughts most of the time, frankly, are mingled also, always, with sadness for you — sadness for you, my L. The candle that burns twice as bright burns half as long. I love you, and could never deny you the chance to have what your heart wants. *[She doesn't need your sadness, chump. She left you for a better man. One who isn't a toxic rage-filled frame-controlling weirdo who traps her with guilt-tripping then wears down her soul over the years]*

I have never been such a monster, and could never be. I refused two full-time jobs in Asia, because I wanted to make sure that you would finish your last semester with flying-colors *[Femcentrism, overinvestment and now he's bitterly trying to make her feel guilty about it]*, and that as the stress began to accumulate for you I would be there, as I have always been. Always. And I always would be, will be — if you need me *[The frame is all wrong. He's still available to her and projecting that. The correct frame is "good riddance/next!"]*.

And you know, too, because I have told you, that I had pushed all Asia-plans to the very end of August, so that I could give you the option – if you wanted it – of having the entire Autumn to make what you like of your final months in school. If other people, new relationships, new opportunities presented themselves, I was prepared to give you the space to enjoy them, experiment with them, and pursue them — for all they might be worth to you *[This is a blatant lie, imho. He's an omnipresent orbiter who will be constantly stifling her]*. And you know, too, because we have talk about it, that my overarching goal – the one reason I stayed here in the US – was to get you to graduation, after which I was prepared to swallow the big bitter pill that might have been your announcement that you wanted to strike-out and accept the world on your own, and on your own terms. Such is my love for you — which up to this point has been complete unselfish, and you-focused. *[you-focused*

> *but utterly selfish. It was only by feigning sacrifice that the guilt-based rapport lasted so long]*
>
> But I pace with worry, too, because you have given heart, soul, body, and everything to a boy, too unseasoned to know what a treasure he has; a boy too untested by the exigencies of life to know how to support and encourage a woman *[unlike Captain Clueless here who **clearly** knows so much about women]*, and – whatever his charms and virtues, and I do not doubt that they are many; a boy who – at his age – will surely at some point want to explore his options, and see if there is yet somewhere in the world a better version of you awaiting him. These are not the words of spite, or anger. These are facts *[conveyed spitefully and angrily]*. And for that reason I cannot but be sad for your aggregate loss, a loss that is growing and become larger every day we are apart, and every day you revel in your rapture with him. Saddest of all, is that you cannot even see that this is unquestionably and undeniably the case. *[Very lame attempt to flip the script when he's obviously burning with loss while she is happily free]*
>
> I love you, L — for all the right reasons. I would have let you have your summer of passion and fun, and I would have girded myself for the possibility that your summer with the boy became an autumn and winter and spring with him. I would have smiled from the sidelines, knowing that he was better, and right, and that your preparedness for him – including your meeting in [redacted], which I encouraged you to attend at all costs – was made possible in some part by my support, my care, and above all my love for you. You never would have had to choose between the fresh, new, spirited, frenzied love of the young, and the sure, solid, proven, unselfish love of the man who created a life and world with you. The latter man – imperfect though he is – is wise enough to want your comprehensive happiness, even when he knows that your joys could require his sorrow; your sighs, his tears; your pleasure, his misery.
>
> i love you L, whether you want me to or not — for sure, you no longer care *[agreed]*. And I fear for you, whether you recognize or not that my fears for you are well-founded. And as the days continue, and the track in the grass becomes deeper, flatter, more sun-scorched, the chance that we can give our history – our wonderful, beautiful accumulated history – a fitting burial, or, appropriate place on some shelf, withers to nothing. And that, in months to come, will surely be the saddest and most regrettable part of this tragedy. *[His life is the tragedy]*
>
> I go, now, to pace, seeking peace where I cannot have answers, though you have taken from me even the hope of peace. *[If she ever had the power to take that away from him, then he's too weak to deserve a decent girl]*
>
> I love you.

Initally I wasn't going to post this but I heard through the grapevine that he is currently insinuating that he's committed suicide and gone into hiding in Asia to provoke her into chasing after him. What a loathsome despicable man. He deserves the scorn heaped upon him.

This is the end of the line for men who take the Gamma path. Obsession and oneitis to the rare women they encounter and constant malignant frame controlling. What a poor poor girl to spend three years in his world. In the unlikely event either party is reading, here is my advice:

Chode: Forget her. Learn game. I'm sure you're in the depths of despair now but it'll pass. You have the intelligence to fix yourself.

Her: Forget him. Enjoy your freedom.

Which brings me back to the Krauser/Bhodi golden rule of how to fix a damaged relationship: **Dump her and get a new girl**

Prague Stories #1

krauserpua · 20 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I recently came back from a three-day jaunt to Prague. It was a pretty good holiday but no outstanding sets or good luck with Yes Girls. Nonetheless some stories stick in the mind. Towards the end of the third day I'd finally hit a good vibe and rattled off a string of good sets with solid work. While headed up to my hostel I see a hot girl walking past. I open…..



Sigma, yesterday

There's strong eye contact, she's loving it and the whole vibe is subdued. Then a couple of minutes in she gives me the "I've got a boyfriend". That's where it becomes interesting.

> **Me:** Hmmmmm. Is it serious?
>
> **Her:** I guess. I've been living with him over a year.
>
> **Me:** So….. what's the chances of you being able to slip out of the window one night to come and have a drink with me?
>
> **Her:** *[actually thinks about it for five seconds]*. No, I can't. But maybe we can have coffee before you go?
>
> **Me:** Ok. Give me your number.
>
> **Her:** *[while putting her number in]*. You know it's really cool how direct you are. It's boring in a long relationship, guys don't tell you you're pretty.
>
> **Me:** I'll bet the sex gets boring too.
>
> **Her:** Yes.

So this girl has a foot outside the relationship or she'd have never entertained me. I fire out a text the next morning.

> **Me:** My last day so I must find goulash… nom nom nom

> **Her:** □ you should, its the best. blah blah blah *[very long text about restaurant advice]*
>
> **Me:** Thanks hon □ I'm going to the airport at 7pm. Wanna squeeze in a quick coffee?
>
> **Her:** Wish I could □ we're blah blah blah *[long apologetic excuse]*… Really do wish I could though. Are you often in Prague?
>
> **Me:** I expect to be back later this year □ I'll add you to Facebook when I'm back in London
>
> **Her:** □ Do that. There's a picture of my butt □ I hope to see you when you get back, then. I'm sorry about today, would love to go for a coffee but I really can't leave the house today.. I was hoping to get to England later this summer but finishing my work is taking much longer that I thought… Next year for sure, though.
>
> **Me:** *[back in England two days later]* I couldn't find a butt….
>
> **Her:** □ I guess only friends can see it, try it now *[accepts add]*

I then immediately take the conversation over to Facebook.



That escalated quickly…

A long dirty sex chat follows until Bhodi is knocking on my door to go outside and I have to bring it to a close.



We'll call this a boyfriend-destroyer

So this is the kind of bad luck I've been having. A hot bird who is absolutely gagging for it, would be a proper dirty whore in bed…. and ***logistics render it all impossible***. On the plus side I'm getting more dirty photos for my collection. My long wait for a proper Yes Girl continues. Sometimes the luck is against me.

Estrogen Slug

krauserpua · 22 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It has given me great pride over the years to introduce a few new terms into the manosphere lexicology. Nothing earth-shattering and some, like Avoidance Weasel, are not even my own. But I'm claiming this one.

Last winter while in Thailand I noticed a trend in nightclubs wherein a group of six or seven slim university girls would be huddled / dancing around a high table and seated amongst them would be a fat smooth-skinned male student with manbag, ill-fitting shirt and glasses. He'd be buying the big bottle of liquor the girls are making merry from. And he wouldn't get even a kiss for his troubles. Back in England I see more troubling examples. Mostly chubby Asian dorks being led around by the slim pretty girls who've LJBF'd them.

Just look at this guy. Lost, dazed, confused. Shuffling around indecisively like a lost panda bear. His pants recently shitted.

Then I noticed there's black, white and wop equivalents. Like a herbus maximus. So let's consider the defining features:

- Smooth blemish free skin that's never been soiled by stubble nor moustache
- Chubbiness that doesn't quite reach obesity but enough for the cheek fat to Japanicize the eyes
- Ill-fitting, cheap plain clothes often with white trainers and a backpack (sometimes worn backwards, across the chest)



only semi-reversible

Just imagine a male baby drenched in estrogen since suckling, perhaps with weekly dialysis to remove pesky testosterone build-up. He's not a herb. Herb's have castrated themselves with lifestyle choices. Estrogen slugs literally have a hormone imbalance. They are the polar opposite of narrow-hipped hairy-armed manjaws, the yin to their yang. But never ever seen together. This is what the modern Cartman-esque lifestyle of junk food, video games and porn can do to you.

Prague Stories #2

krauserpua · 24 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

On our first night we try a little gutter game. The sun has set but the streets are still buzzing. We get refused entry to a teenybopper bar because a chode pub crawl company has commandeered the whole bar. A snotty tart organising it nearly gets punched off Tom but while it's not the greatest emotional control I've ever seen at least the anger gets our state up. We head to the bridge and start pinging girls.

There's a solo South Korean taking photos. Tom sidles over and opens. It's a good hook. She's on her last day, by herself touring Europe. We inquire whether she likes adventure, whether she likes the anonymity of travelling alone where "anything can happen." Ten minutes later we are in a strip bar with her, escalating. Her verbals are all no-no-no but she's taking the physical escalation like a trooper. She's not so hot, a six. Young.



Not hot enough for this line up

Tom and I just keep hammering it, looking at each other and chuckling as we bring out all our cheesy gambits. Yes, she's a hamster. No, she's not dated an English guy. Yes, she is a rebel. No, she's a good girl. etc etc etc. It's like watching an SDL on 4x fast forward. We're amazed its getting as far as it does. After the beer we take her to look at the strippers. She likes the one on the right, she answers. Better legs, sexier dance. Fuck it, 45 minutes in we pull the trigger and walk her 50m to our apartment.

She won't come in. So two steps back, walk her to the main square to take photos. Tom's playing with her hands, I'm "driving" her using her shoulders. She's still accepting all the physical escalation. We are starting to believe she might be corraled into a spit roast and then……. pop! Her brain fuzz clears and the shutters slam down. No, she won't kiss me. No, she won't put her hand on my dick. And no, she won't come back to the apartment.

Next!

I bang my first 24 yr old Mexican intern

krauserpua · 26 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There's a whole world of sex out there.

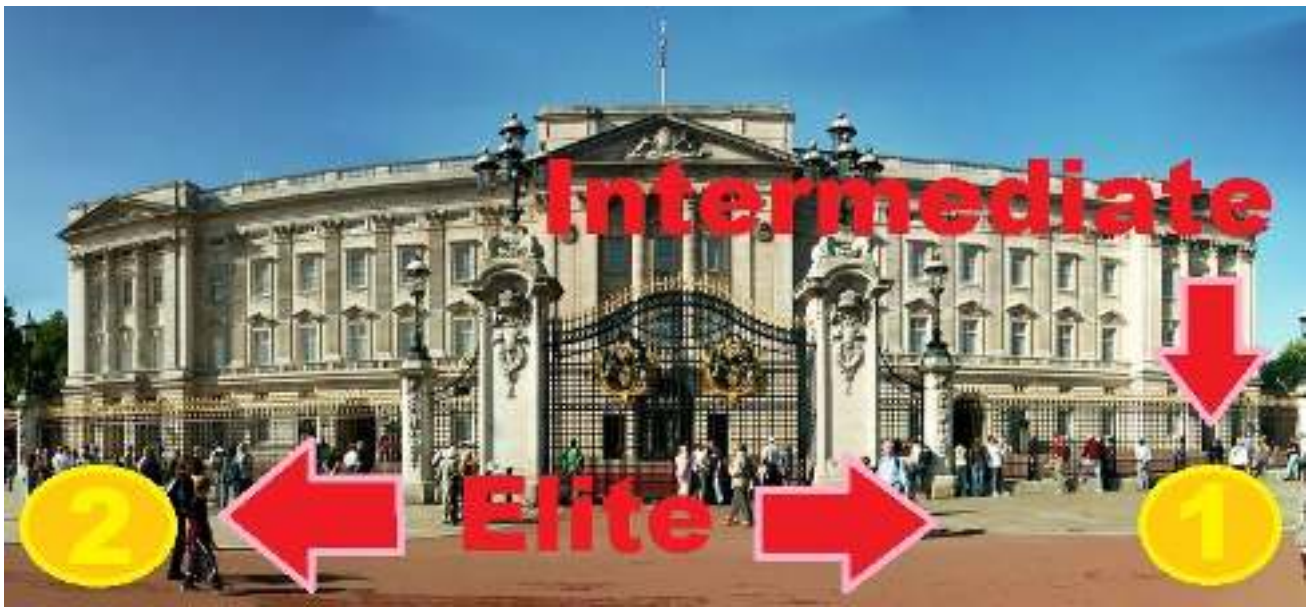
Back in my pre-game days I had the usual male views about girls' sexuality. I knew they liked sex and I knew they liked it rough but I never fully appreciated *how quickly* they'd decide they wanted it. I thought it was only easy girls who put out the first day you meet them. It's barely an exaggeration to say I thought threesomes only happened in pornos and toilet sex was an urban myth. How little I knew…..

My experiences in Game have taught me alot about female sexuality. I've learned that many girls want **Adventure Sex** to add sparkle to the dreary routine of their lives. They've read Jackie Collins and EL James and they want their story. They want their memory to get tingly flashbacks about while entering data into Excel at work. I sincerely believe that if you sit a normal girl down in a normal cafe to talk about it she really won't know where her sexual limits and proclivities are. She won't believe that she could be picked up one afternoon from the corner of Buckhingham Palace and then rousted in an stranger's bedroom before the night is out. That's why its so common to see confusion on a girl's face after she's been Same Day Laid. She didn't know she had it in her and yet here she is, wiping a stranger's cum out of her eyes with no idea which part of the city she's in. And she has to admit to herself that she enjoyed it.

Usually I make her admit it while I'm fucking her

> **Me:** "When you woke up this morning did you think you'd be in a stranger's bed, getting fucked hard?"
>
> **Her:** "No!"
>
> **Me:** "Did you think a stranger would pick you up from the street?"
>
> **Her:** "No!"
>
> **Me:** "You like it don't you. You like that I saw you, thought I want to fuck that, and now here you are, bouncing around with my dick deep inside you, don't you?"
>
> **Her:** "Yes! I love it!"

Such it was with this cute little girl. Definitely a Mexi-can not a Mexi-can't. So where were we…. yes the corner of Buckingham Palace…. readers of Tom Torero's ~~longwinded boring~~ comprehensive book will have heard how he picked up a Chilean tourist from the Green Park corner of Buckingham palace and SDL'd her. Good work, fella. I got a German from that corner. It's *fairly* tight game, junior instructor level. However real ***elite-level daygamers*** SDL tourists from **both** publically-accessible corners of Buckingham Palace.



Incontrovertible truth, yesterday

While out with Tom in early July it's about 2pm and the heat is burning us. After a cruise around the fountains opposite the Palace we decide to strike out towards Victoria. There's long processions of Portuguese and French schoolies cluttering the streets but as the masses part I see a cute little hamster ambling about on her own. I don't even need to describe to you dear readers how she was dressed or what she was carrying in her hands. I open.

My vibe is good, there's eye sparkle. After five minutes I take a number. Allow me to offer a small calibration tip for SDLing tourists…… It's 2pm, it's a beautiful day, and this girl just arrived in London late last night as a stopover before continuing on to West Africa tomorrow morning for a placement in an embassy. This is her one day in London, her first time in Europe.

Should I instant date her?


Quite similar to this but not hardened

If you answered anything other than “hell no” you need to go back to SDL school (or read the chapter on SDLs in my upcoming book, should I decide to release it). This girl has 24 precious hours in the city of her dreams and she’s only just begun exploring. She wants to see Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament, the Tower of London. She wants to walk around and absorb the atmosphere on a clear sunny day, snapping off pictures for the memories. Even if I do corral her into a cafe for a drink her mind will be constantly wandering to all those tourist sites she can’t see because she’s having coffee with me. The smart call is to bin the Same Day Lay and instead push for the **Same Day Delay**. That means agreeing to meet up with her later in the evening after all the sightseeing is done. Advantages?

- You don’t waste time trotting around tourist sites, time better spent opening other girls
- If she meets you later its more ***on*** because she’s had time to think about it and decided Yes. She’s passed through an additional early filter
- She’s not distracted. If anything she’s all touristed-out and just wants to relax over a drink or two
- She’s had a chance to go back to her hotel to shower, shave her pussy, and put on nice underwear
- It’s closer to nighttime and the sexual vibe it brings

So it looks good and I let her go, telling her to text me once she’s finished. Here’s the transcript:

> **Me:** [5pm] Hey. I’m in Trafalgar Square How is your adventure in London? *[ping text, frame it as adventure]*
>
> **Her:** [6pm] Hey it has been cool, im around piccadily, don’t kno where trafalgar is *[looks good]*
>
> **Me:** Meet me at Piccadilly at 7:30pm? *[push for logistics, we already agreed date in set]*
>
> **Her:** Bought ticket for the theatre 7:30, maybe afterwards? *[counter offer, happy to meet late, no complaining about tiredness and needing to sleep]*
>
> **Me:** Which show? *[bring logistics under my control]*
>
> **Her:** Let it be at savoy theatre
>
> **Me:** I know the savoy. I’ll meet you after the show *[remove chances for her to derail this, I’ll be right outside to intercept]*
>
> **Her:** Ok, let me know where. Barrery is dying ill turn it on after the show *[keen]*
>
> **Me:** I’ll be outside the savoy.

Lets pause and think what’s going on here. When you follow the usual two-date daygame model you’ve got margins for error. If things get a bit tangled in the texting phase you can give her a 48-hour roll-off and rebuild momentum with a ping text. If her calendar is blocked out you can wait for it to clear. If her phone runs out of battery there’s time for her to recharge it. In contrast, SDLing a tourist her last night in town is redlining your car. The slightest error, the slightest bump in the road and you’ll be spinning Artyon Senna-like into the wall. The single biggest source of fucking up an SDL is logistics. Where can this go wrong if I just suggest meeting at Trafalgar Square, a mere five minutes walk from the theatre?

She starts walking the wrong direction and gets lost. Her phone dies.

She starts walking after two hours sitting in a theatre chair. She realises her legs are tired and she wants to go home.

She is lulled into sleep in the theatre and can’t be bothered with a date. Might as well go home and text she feels tired.

One of the few things you can control in the Game is logistics. I could google the theatre, call them and find out what time the 7:30pm show finishes. Then at kicking out time there I am at the main entrance waiting for her. It’s not creepy because she agreed to it. What I’m doing is removing her weasel-room and general tourist/woman incompetence. So it goes smooth? No. She’s not there. I wait fifteen minutes, then text Tom “Was on time but a no show. What a surprise”

Fuck it, might as well fire out a message to her. I was surprised she got cold feet. It seemed on.

> **Me:** [15 minutes after finish, everyone has left theatre] Hey. I waited at savoy theatre but didn't see you
>
> **Her:** [immediate reply] Really? Me neither. where are u now?
>
> **Me:** Outside savoy. Come here
>
> **Her:** Im by the london eye. Somewhere in the middle?
>
> **Me:** Cross the white footbridge and wait at Embankment underground station entrance
>
> **Her:** Ok

Ah….. turns out she accidently went out the back exit. So we meet and I walk her along to an nice English pub. A textbook application of the SDL model ensues. Comfort, rapport, spiking. She's keeping herself quite restrained so I'm thinking its amber lights. At the second venue, a dark bar/club in Covent Garden which is nearly empty on a Wednesday night, I get good seductive isolation and kiss close. She responds well, murmuring something about it being fast but accepting it and kissing well. I put her legs across me and give lots of physical comfort.

By now it's pushing midnight and most bars are shut. We get turned away from a couple so I just pull the trigger faster than planned and push her into a taxi. She has no problem with it. Back in the house she needs twenty minutes on email and facebook to sort out her visa worries for the next day. No point trying to push her away from that – she's sitting on my bed looking comfortable. I can be patient.

Finally she resolves her admin to her satisfaction so I pull her down to me and escalate. She's naked very quickly. No LMR. There's the usual post-sex "how did this happen" and she tells me five prior sexual partnets. I text Tom

"Correction. +1. Mexican flag. SDL. Story to follow"

“Everyone is getting laid but me”

krauserpua · 28 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

After a run of approaches that go nowhere I sometimes tell myself “All I need is one girl and a tiny piece of luck”. If I find a Yes Girl I ***will*** fuck her. No question. All I need to get laid now is a girl who fancies me, is available, and no logistical barriers.



Throw me a little luck, please

But being a bald 38 year old man with unremarkable looks….. those conditions aren’t satisified anywhere near as often as they are for a tall, young good-looking guy. Nonetheless it’s the hand I’m dealt so that’s the hand I play and I do okay. Since my last new girl three weeks have passed without knobbing another. This is how close I’ve come:

- **Romanian 23 yr old** flashes me a barely perceptible IOI on Oxford Street. I jump on it. Very sexually charged from the beginning. Bounce her to a pub where I kiss close one hour in. Next pub she’s all over me. I’m one hour from pulling the trigger for an almost dead-cert SDL when her boss rings and harrangues her into joining a client dinner. Now she’s back in Romania.
- **Swiss 24 yr old** is ambling down the stairs in front of the National Gallery. I bounce her to the Sherlock Holmes pub then on to the Coal Hole where I kiss close. She’s sitting in my lap, making out, hand rubbing my dick. But she’s visiting a cousin who finishes work one hour later and they have plans. Now she’s back in Switzerland.
- **Ghanian 25 yr old** walking behind me on Oxford Street smiles when I turn around and notice her. Ten minute street stop and then on the first date she gives me the “I’m a good girl, I don’t kiss treatment”. Three hours later I’m in the hallway of her flatshare with her hands down my trousers. Then big time LMR. We’re still in touch. Might happen.
- **Guinean 24 yr old** flashes me IOI on Oxford Street so I open and we have a few dates. She’s massively into me. I get her on my bed and her open mouth is *one inch* from my dick before she suddenly changes her mind and there’s LMR. Over Whatsapp she sends me photos of her new haircut. I tell her she looks like Snoop Dogg. She refuses to talk to me again.
- **Russian 23 yr old** walks past me on Piccadilly at 9pm and gives the mother of all eye sparkles when I open. She’s lightly kinoing me. Super on. I’m already five minutes late for a date with a solid prospect so I put the Russian off until 11pm. We have a drink in an Irish Bar and I kiss close within ten minutes. She tells me she’s married. I reply “I don’t care”. She says “Neither do I”. Back in her hotel one drink later. Pushing her up against the wall, her tits out, her hands in my pants…. then she says she’s sharing a room with work collegues and won’t

fuck in the toilets. She leaves to Russia 6am the next morning.

- **Kazak 24 yr old** stunner stops for me in the Prague streets. She fancies me but she got married two months ago and is still in love. I break the fourth wall and start the "If you'd told me you were single, what I'd have done is….." and a minute in she starts blushing, giggling and eye sparkling. I idate her. Towards the end of it I make a big move with a covert proposition of sex behind an overt offer to get a drink this evening. She looks hard into my eyes for ten seconds, thinking, considering. Finally she says "No. I'm married". So so close.
- **Australian 22 yr old** in Prague lets me feel her tits and arse on the street stop, comes to idate and is all over it. But then a hotter Kazak calls me to say she's arrived for our Day 2 so I must choose a horse to back. I choose the Kazak because she's a point hotter and I don't ever break my word. Wrong move.

There's a couple of others. My point is this: *If I'd had slightly better luck, or slightly better game I'd have fucked four or five girls in the last two weeks*. Instead I fucked zero. It used to be extremely frustrating to get girls right to the edge of the cliff, one step away from tumbling all the way to the bottom, and then they pull back.



Me, many times recently

Emotional control is the most important part of the Game.

You have to get used to doing the work, pushing hard and then have things just fall apart in front of your disbelieving eyes. Charge it to the game. After a while it gets amusing. I used to get angry when a lay was snatched from my grasp. Now it's a good story.

Do you want to be taken seriously?

krauserpua · 30 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's commonly known that when surveying people about their sexual habits and history women will understate and men will overstate. File that in the drawer marked Obvious. Add internet anonymity and suddenly every man is ten feet tall, pulls in mad stacks, and is balling it with dimes.



Mad stacks and dimes, yesterday

Well in America, anyway. To paraphrase Robert E Howard*, "I've never met an American who wasn't fronting." Usually I don't mind such bullshitters because I mentally subtract three points from the girls they claim to be banging and long before I learned Game I never accepted the Argument From Authority. If you want to convince me of an argument I expect to see true premises (supported by evidence) woven into a conclusion with valid argument. I don't care who is presenting that argument.

I know within thirty seconds of meeting a man if he's doing well with women. I've met a bunch of name coaches, under-the-radar players, and bloggers of repute. Of those I know who has it and who doesn't. I can't say the same for commentors. So let me offer a little deal.

If you want to pull the argument from authority and be taken seriously on the basis of that alone, you must prove yourself to be an authority. That means you must send me (krauser@rocksolidgame.co.uk):

1. A photo of you that is representative of your SMV
2. Photos of the last three girls you fucked (for free), with a note of when you banged them
3. Your lifetime laycount and also over last twelve calendar months.

This information will be accepted on an honour basis, so I'll take you at your word. I figure liars and weasels will easily trap themselves in later comments. I promise to keep the specifics you provide private unless you give me express permission to publically mention it. I won't share the photos (even if we have a subsequent heated disagreement) and if I refer to your laycount it will be vague. I'll simply make occasional mention that I saw your evidence and where I rate you.

This is the only way I will take you seriously. Any other attempts to position yourself as a player will be met with derision.

This is entirely optional. Feel free to decline the offer. You are still welcome to comment. You will still be judged on the quality of your comments. Just don't expect anyone to accept "trust me, I bang hotties" type positioning. Top that, motherfuckers.

** "I've never met a wrestler who wasn't champion of something" from a classic Sailor Steve Costigan story.*

Texts from last night

krauserpua · 31 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Here's the complete text chat with Bhodi as we had unrelated first dates in different parts of town with girls we'd number-closed on the weekend.

15:35 **Him:** First selfie from *[recent close].…* I'm on with the yank for tonight, no mention of a double date. got butterflies

18:36 **Him:** what was that brooklyn joke again *[his date is from there – I retell the joke over a quick call]*

18:55 **Him:** hows it going with Secret Tits? this bitch just sprung a double date on me 10 mins b4 meet up. v. angry

19:17 ***Me:*** My date has at least one more drink. Just keep me up to date

20:07 ***Me:*** Attraction done. Intellectual mastery done. Frame controlled. Now I shall lean back, make her chase then cement it with a kiss.

20:22 **Him:** mine talks a lot

21:00 ***Me:*** A bit of trouble now from mine. Prolly shit test. The second bird showed up?

21:07 ***Me:*** She refused kiss and said what if I never feel like it. I punished her with bad vibe. Now she's buying me a drink when I expected her to make excuses and leave. Bitches be crazy.

21:12 **Him:** could be a meta shit test.

21:13 **Him:** i got kc at venue 2… heading to hawley arms for 1 then will try xtrct

21:14 **Him:** asking if her friend can come "for one" to hawley. im going to just forbid it.

21:26 ***Me:*** Don't lose your nerve

22:57 **Him:** extracting.

23:02 ***Me:*** Brass neck it. No fear. No apologies

00:00 ***Me:*** Going for shaky extraction. Expect refusal.

00:38 ***Me:*** Grrrrr. Had to stop taxi. Sitting outside Great Portland Street eating beef monster munch.



01:50 ***Me:*** Extracted….

02:04 **Him:** BOOM! +1, L-town

03:24 ***Me:*** Me too. +1. Good work

14:04 **Him:** notching american girls is like shooting fish in a barrel.

14:08 ***Me:*** but Game doesn't work on native speakers…..

18:41 ***Me:*** knobbed my German in the Charing Cross Hotel toilets. Decent 24 hours.

18:42 **Him:** lol. i'm exhausted but it's glorious

I bang my first 26 year old Suriname intern

krauserpua · 3 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

What begins with T, ends with T, and is full of T?

.

.

You were going to say “teapot” weren’t you? *

Last Saturday I’m walking through town with Bhodi doing my usual thing. It’s hot and the upcoming rainstorms haven’t hit. After wading through the usual clusters of PUAs I find myself walking along the grand boulevard leading to Buckhingham Palace. It’s not actually a good daygame venue because its too isolated, too quiet, and single girls are very few and far between. But I wanted a break from the crowds so there we are. I spot a lone girl on the opposite side of the road and chase her down.



This look, but less hot

There’s not much of note happening in the ten minutes we talk. She’s a mousey cute girl with wop hair and nice-girl clothes that don’t show any skin despite the hot sunny weather. I notice two large mounds under her sweater that betray some serious breast size. She lived a long time in Holland. I ask if she has a boyfriend:

> **Her:** No but there’s someone I like
>
> **Me:** Someone you’re seeing or trying to date?
>
> **Her:** We know each other but it’s more like I’m trying

We exchange numbers and a plan to meet for tea early in the week. I play the text game quite low key because it wasn’t a teasing set nor a strong hook:

> **Me:** Hey. It was nice to meet you

> **Her:** It was nice meeting you as well!
>
> **Me:** *[late next evening]* Just finished a BBQ. Five burgers I love summer in London! How are you?
>
> **Her:** *[early morning]* Hi, didn't see your message until late last night. I'm well. Sounds like you overdosed on meat! Best, [name]
>
> **Me:** I'm on a beef and eggs diet… and whisky you hard at work?
>
> **Me:** Probably making cheese in your windmill
>
> **Her:** Sounds like alot of protein. My activities right now are not quite as romantic as preparing food in idyllic surroundings unfortunately: I'm at the laundrette, does count as work though. You?
>
> **Me:** Stealing clothes from the dryer and selling them in Camden market? I'm shocked and appalled.
>
> **Me:** But mostly shocked :O
>
> **Me:** I'm writing and sipping coffee relaxing day
>
> **Her:** Well, that's just Monday. On Tuesdays I usually hang around Victoria station, trying to run off with other people's luggage. What are you writing?
>
> **Me:** Just some ideas on psychology. I forget, are you a tea or coffee girl?
>
> **Her:** Tea, preferably green or herbal. With biscuits. Very important.
>
> **Me:** Yes. Very important. How about tomorrow, 6pm?
>
> **Her:** Ok, where?



it begins….

So that's all plain sailing and we meet in Trafalgar then so straight to the cafe inside the National Gallery for tea. She's dressed nice but still covering all her skin. She's definitely not planning first date sex because her makeup, hair and clothes just don't give off any sexual vibe. She's…. nice. We spend a pot of tea sitting opposite on some rickety wooden chairs while I run the usual rapport, keeping it light with just mild spikes about her nice hair and fingernails. Then I walk her across the road to an English pub so we sit on some high stools against a wall. Second

venue is time to amp it up so I'm doing incidental kino and turning the conversation to be more intrusive and mildly sexual. She goes with all of it. She's quite a smart girl so the intellectual mastery just rolls off the tongue. There's a key moment where I see her look and body language change – she's definitely into me, sexually. Now we are almost two hours in but it doesn't seem right to kiss.



How I imagine Suriname

I walk her another five minutes to a dark lounge bar in Covent Garden that has lots of dark booths in the back. She orders a full glass of wine again so I'm heartened by her intention to get buzzed. We're sitting side by side and it's all amber lights. The question game goes on for over an hour during which I learn she's had sex with three men and hasn't had a dick in her for two years. I go for the kiss and suddenly the vibe screeches like fingernails drawn down a blackboard.

> **Her:** No, I don't feel it
>
> **Me:** What do you mean?
>
> **Her:** I don't feel like I want to kiss you.
>
> **Me:** Ok. No rush.
>
> **Her:** And what if I never feel like it? *[spoken like a precious princess]*
>
> **Me:** Then that's also ok. But I'm not going to be your friend. I'm on this date because I'm attracted to you as a woman.

The air thickens with discomfort so I just punish her covertly. I don't talk, I let my gaze wander to the other patrons, and I slowly sip my pint. I don't want to call her out and be all reactive but I also want to show her I'm comfortable with awkwardness and I have boundaries. After five minutes she makes some tentative attempts to restart the conversation which I accept. I'm expecting her to make her excuses and leave as she finishes her wine but instead she gets up and says "do you want a pint of the same?" and gets a round in.

Ok, that was a ***major*** moment. She tried a reflexive LJBF and got smashed. Now it's on.

As the next drink goes down things get dirtier and steamier. She's talking about 50 Shades of Grey, I'm constantly telling her I'm looking at her breasts, and of course we kiss. She really throws herself into it so I break my usual

rule and mash her breasts a bit. It's very on but she's unravelling under the pressure of it. It's like two years of celibacy and she can no longer control her hindbrain. I start seeding the extraction telling her we should get a nightcap at my place for tequila. She's become very timid now. At about midnight it seems as on as it ever will be. We finish our drinks and I pretty much tell her we are getting a nightcap. She goes to the bathroom while I flag a cab.

Five minutes pass. She doesn't show

Ten minutes pass. I'm apologising to the taxi driver for making him wait so long but I know that if he leaves and it takes more than thirty seconds to flag the next one, then the lay is gone.

Finally she emerges with teary eyes. She tells me she's been crying. I push her into the taxi.

For a while it's going fine as she's completely cowed by my presence but as we get to Goodge Street she's piping up that she's uncomfortable and wants to get out. I ignore the first two squeaks but she's insistent so I tell the cab to stop. We get out at Great Portland Street and spend just five minutes standing and hugging. It's so weird. She really wants to have sex but is just overwhelmed by it all, especially being so fast. So I ease off and don't sexualise for the next half hour as we sit on some stone steps outside the station. I know what she wants I just have to calm her down until she's ready.

Before long she's relaxed and we are talking normally. For reasons I don't quite know I just reach into her top and start feeling her breasts. She doesn't mind but just sits there unreactive. Then we are chatting again. Finally about an hour after we sat down she just breaks the conversation and says: "I think I'd like that tequila now"

Taxi!

Back in my house it's easy. She pours herself a few shots for courage and then takes it like a trooper. +1, new flag and the pride of creating something from nothing. Then when its all over we go downstairs and share a cup of tea in the garden until her taxi arrives.



It ends…..

Learning points

- Forebrain/hindbrain conflict is real. This girl really wanted sex but put herself under enormous pressure by making such a big deal of it.
- You have to surf her emotions at times, knowing when to ease off and when to push.
- Good girls still want to fuck. The longer its been since they did, the more amenable they are to you.

**or a TRT shot, I guess….*

Vince Kelvin – (not) getting laid in NYC

krauserpua · 7 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Those of you in the UK may have read The Daily Mash. For yanks, it's like The Onion. Sometimes vignettes of other people's lives make you feel like you've landed in Bizarro World where up is down and black is white. So it is with Vince Kelvin mPUA.

What a fucking clown.

While sitting in a Belgrade apartment overlooking parliament square Tom and I are talking about the realities of the pick-up community. There are some real businesses that produce good products from talented practictioners and then market them. That's what CocaCola and Apple do in their field. Real businesses. There's others who are pure internet scammers who have no real product but instead produce a masterful "long form sales" letters to funnel the lonely and the desperate into inputing credit card details to order a product they don't even watch.

And then there's low-IQ deluded chode wranglers who are so insanely lacking feedback from reality that they have become the PUA Spinal Tap. Reigning supreme amongst them is Vince Kelvin, the PUA oompa loompa. I had the honour of watching this video today. Imagine the worst dregs of spirtualism, NLP, Neil Strauss weirdo game, attempted rock star posturing all dumped into one swill bucket that's left in the mid-day sun.

0:04 – This the only compliance he gets from a girl in the entire twenty minutes. And later we'll see him fuck it up.

0:17 – This is the major smoke and mirrors trick he uses. Go up to girls, shower them with softly-sexualised attention and then do visual compliance tests for the camera. Note he never breaks social politeness so the girls will give soft compliance rather than be the social violators by refusing. Crucially, they don't move. He has to orbit them to keep the set going.

0:49 – Let's talk about calibration…… understanding the woman's position and what she will think of your approach…..

1:38 – Spiritual mumbo jumbo. As the video progresses you'll note a constant part of his reality-weave is to tell the chodes what they are seeing. A normal person may think "creepy guy hollering at uninterested girls" so they must be framed to see it as connection and outgoing behaviour.

3:01 – All the chodes have jobs to position Vince as the rock star pack leader. It's highly unlikely they are paying for this "boot camp". Really it's not a boot camp to teach the guys, it's a chode wrangle to patch up Vince's false idealised self…. disguised as a bootcamp.

3:19 – That's what fear looks like. Deep down his hindbrain isn't fooled but enough smoke has been blown up his arse that he can't trust his instinct and what his eyes are telling him about this grotesque parody he is living.

3:43 – This entire video, just like the "bootcamp", is the Vince-aggrandizing show. It's all about drawing narcisstic supply from the viewers and his chode hangers-on.

4:50 – The rock star arrives at the hotel…….. a two star hotel without any fans waiting…..

5:45 – This is why you should be sensitive to IODs in an ambush set. Look at how creeped-out she is.

6:55 – You may throw up into your mouth here. They all look so… uncomfortable. There's massive cognitive dissonance in the chodes' brains between the bullshit Vince has poured into their forebrain and the instinctive hindbrain reaction.

8:38 – If he talks enough about what *will* happen and reframes what *is happening* perhaps they won't realise **there are no women around.**

9:17 – The gap between myth and reality is astonishing. Look at the epic size of those dumbells.

10:09 – That's what creeped-out looks like

11:24 – More aggressive reality-weaving. So far it's a rock tour without the music or fans. It's literally 11 minutes of men talking to each other in cars, elevators, gym and hotel rooms about what's *gonna* happen (and doesn't actually happen). And occasionally creeping out a girl who gives no compliance.

12:21 – It's all pull. No push, no tease, no challenging.

12:58 – Have you seen the slightest look of interest or attraction on any of the girls' faces? They always have the look like they are thinking "Ok, just be polite, don't add anything, and hopefully he'll fuck off without causing a scene"

13:37 – We now enter the only section of the video where he has a girl attracted to him. Watch the girl in white carefully. She begins with good interest levels and is quite horny. Watch the eyes and subtle body language.

13:51 – That's interest. She's turned towards him, constantly looking at him, moves in close to look at texts. He's successfully pawned off all his chodes to make himself King Chode. So naturally the girl responds to this parasite game. Remember the chodes are there for the sole purpose of enabling Vince's delusional lifestyle.

14:07 – She's mesmerised. She wants to fuck. It's his to lose now.

14:21 – That's the fuck me look. She needs comfort, isolation and a close. This would be a great time to walk her to another part of the hotel on a thin pretext. But of course he can't do that because he's addicted to the validation hits of attraction material and he needs to perform for the chodes.

14:41 – Stop playing to the camera and close the girl.

14:52 – So far it's working. Now watch how he completely destroys the vibe by acting like a little kid who's just won a gold star. Each successive kiss has less compliance and more desperation from him. She senses he's fake as shit and doesn't usually get makeouts with young girls and thus he's far too proud of what's happening. Her alarm bells trigger and she disengages.

15:33 – Notice he's always leaning into her, going towards her, when he should be having her come to him. It's to cover the lack of compliance.

15:49 – He has to make an entrance, like a rock star.

15:53 – Note the aggressive framing and postioning. Most of the *ahem* mPUAs are really gaming men not women. It's chode wrangling. Little different to Hollywood moguls filling a silly girl's head full of dreams and bright lights to get a grot fuck in a parking lot. Sell the dream and empty the pockets. Even better, recruit the chodes as fuel for your delusions.

16:08 – Looking around the room my main advice to these bottom-feeders would be "don't bother". Really. Most guys are not cut out for Game. Most of these men just need a makeover, a workout plan and then very simple social skills. They'll find a chubby 6 who has hit 30 and needs a provider. They can marry her and have a reasonably happy life with some love and affection. Knocking over Hungarian teenagers in a coffee shop toilets will never be in their reality so stop selling them an impossible dream. It sounds harsh to mock Vince and his chode army but the simple fact is he is ruining these guys by filling their heads with unrealistic expectations and then stringing them along until they implode. It's not healthy.

16:18 – Note his head chodes are at the front table. Feed them minor status increments over the drone chodes.

16:29 – Do you think there's anyone on the other end of that call?

16:57 – …. ahem….. WTF? A chicken dance?

17:15 – And ironically some of his material is actually on the money. I agree with the basic thrust of this segment.

18:49 – Watch for some serious smoke and mirrors here. The editing and sequencing is designed to lead you into

thinking this is an extraction and close… which it clearly isn't. Of course if he had closed he'd find a way to prove it… such as by calling into his bedroom to get her to reply for the audio evidence there really is a girl in that room.

Scaling the heights – A guest post from Steve Jabba

krauserpua · 9 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

During my early twenties I followed boxing. Like all things I do I threw myself into it both in the training (action) and in watching and reading about it (theory). I'd buy the major monthly magazines such as Ring and KO, read the weekly Boxing News, and tape trade to get the latest fights.



Barkely, before enjoying his decline

One thing that always fascinated me was reading about the champions who derail their own lives and careers. Guys like Iran Barkley who was still functioning as a human punchbag into his early forties, unable to step away from the familiar sounds and smells of the gym and the glare of the ring lights. Guys like James Toney who could dazzle in winning a title and then need a gift decision to hand onto it against a journeyman with only a fraction of his talent. As Toney's old trainer once said:

"Once James became champion he forgot everything that got him there."

What is the psychological quirk in some high achievers that causes them to abandon a lifetime of struggle and dedicated work once they reach their goal? What does it feel like to dedicate twenty years to an Olympic dream and then finally stand on the podium to be awarded gold….. and mostly importantly, how does it feel the next morning when you shuffle into your bathroom in your boxer shorts to clean your teeth and see the gold medal lying on your table?

What happens when we achieve the goals we dedicated our lives to? We are standing on the top of Everest looking down. There are no higher summits left to scale. We've done it. What then?



Let me tell you about notch #176

Having dredged the PUA swamp for Vince Kelvin I thought we'd go to the other end of the spectrum and look at a man who has achieved every wannabe player's dream. He's accumulated the notch count. He's reached the upper tier of quality. What happens then? So let's turn it over to Steve Jabba……

Nick asked me to write this post, so here we are.

Scaling the heights : traversing the upper levels of PUA DOM. For the numbers oriented amongst you this means stuff like:

- Meeting and shagging girls within 40 minutes on a train (well it could be 43 minutes or less depending on the prevailing track conditions, wind speed etc). That ticks the box for speed seduction.
- Shagging 5 girls in a week from cold approach (multiple times) – low approaches/ result ratio
- Shagging 3 girls from one night out within a week, having met them all in the same venue – low approaches / results – nightgame
- Shagging 2 girls from 1.5 hour of daygame, 6 approaches, both hot girls, low approach / result ratio from daygame (publically available and peer reviewed evidence was posted on the LSS about 4 years ago for the REAL sticklers / doubting Thomas's (yes I have seen your comments on Nicks blog) It doesn't exist anymore so don't bother looking
- Shagging very very hot girls indeed – the elusive 8-10's that everyone talks about but virtually none can deliver – High quality


The 5:15 from Milton Keynes

So how does it feel to be in this situation? What's changed?

When I first found out about this stuff, I was something of a legend in my own mind. HA. A few close friends from my home town knew me as a guy who DID get results but also worked hard for it. From my own recollection I was plagued with social anxiety, depression and generally feeling like a square peg in a round hole.

Now, 8 years later, here I am:

- No social anxiety and a strategy for cutting depression off at the knees before it is allowed to develop. No real depressive interludes for 5 years now. I attribute this to persistence and hard work, but "game" was the unrelenting magnifying glass that FORCED me to figure this out. It's hard to pull AND sustain a relationship if you are insecure and depressed, like I used to be.
- Complete absence of jealousy / worry about where I am on the totem pole vis a vis… Everything. It started off about 4 years ago that I had core confidence – i.e. unshakable belief in my abilities with women. Now I am pleased to say this feeling has spread to other areas of my life.In other words, I am very biased towards feeling internally validated. Happy in my own skin, not needing approval off others, no nasty doubting myself internal dialogue. This wasn't always the case.
- I feel a little sorry for the headless chickens who don't have this bias i.e. they are playing someone else's game. Worrying about their peers, where they fit in, what car they drive, worry what their friends think, etc. They are playing by someone else's rules. What rubbish! Judge yourself by your own yardstick. Generally feeling content in my life – just liking myself. High self esteem.
- I have a little compartment of my mind called "women" and that part is marked "FIXED". I'm more interested in other areas now – making money and general personal growth and managing getting older. I am WELL aware that I am nearing 38 years of age and physical decline will come. It hasn't started – yet – but I know it is inevitable..I believe I have the right mindset in place to cope with this. The last thing I want to become is a sad reflection of my former self, reliving old glories.I want to age with dignity and still preserve what I have, as much as possible.
- Increased ability to sustain a monogamous relationship. 6-7 years ago I just couldn't do it – I had a genuine fear of commitment. Recognise this? I'm closer now than ever to being able to "hang up my boots" and say – right, I will give this relationship a go…Closer, but not totally there. Either way, it's big progress for me (I use the word progress advisedly).

Re women: I am much less active than I used to be. It takes really high quality girls to make me even be arsed to do

anything. I approach maybe 1 or 2 a month, right now. Often nothing. I am still at my peak, I just don't use it anymore and have far less inclination / motivation to do so.

Let me expand on this a little more…I still have love for this stuff. Beauty still moves me. When I get the chance, and I'm in a roomful of beautiful women I "switch on" …Nothing makes me feel more alive than doing my thing in these kind of situations. Now I have the maturity to be able to pull out my "best game" around the very hottest of women…It's a motivator, rather than making me nervous / tongue tied, whatever.



Quality, yesterday

The high standards were always there but what's changed is probably 2 things:

1. I feel I have nothing to prove to anyone, so the racking up the numbers drive is completely absent now
2. I feel like I have put in my time. On some level I feel tired of having to spend time in having to go out, cold approach.

It's time for something new, so right now I am actually strategising towards building a different kind of game – less reliant on cold approach. I'm aiming to build an ecosystem whereby very beautiful women come into my life by using

1. My inherent value as a man which i've built up over all my time on earth. Note this isNo1. Without this, nothing fucking works. It's the BASIS of everything else. Entourage game / social circle game junkies looking for a hack – take note!!
2. Intelligent deployment of resources to make it easier and more convenient to access these kind of women. (I have to get the resources first, of course. Attempting to build a passive income stream to facilitate this)
3. A well chosen location to live. London is not ideal, by the way. And no, I am not going to tell you where this is. I put my time in travelling as Nick has done. You must do the same!

The only remaining personality "issue" that I have is a very strong sense of entitlement. When I drink alcohol this comes to the fore and I can be quite unpleasant to be around…But it is this strong sense of entitlement that has driven me to where I want to be with women, and is now responsible for propelling me towards making a lot of

money, so I am not sure that I do want to tone it down. (Incidentally, I was advised to do this by a CBT therapist and tried..But failed.)

Over the years I've leaned more towards a white knight mindset. I do recognise that I have perhaps gone a little too far..I take on too much responsibility for looking out for girls, worrying about hurting them, to my own detriment and health…It never used to be this way. I've actually found recently that there are signs that girls now look up to me – almost like a father figure.

Let me expand on this…I think I see girls in a more "pure" way now….I still desire and love them, of course..Always have done. But I recognise how fragile they are too. The "power" that they supposedly have doesn't intimidate me, and I actually cheer for them when I see them revelling in it. A little wry smile appears. Girls are supposed to be coquettes sometimes, and tease boys…So I don't get resentful and think" bitches"….I think this is the natural order of things. It's their feminine essence.

Recognising this, I am also able to screen far more effectively and quicker than before. On the rare occasions that I see it, I now know when a girl is being a cunt. I can recognise a genuine cunt from a girl who is just reacting based on insecurity, feminine pride, etc. It's not my job to help the cunts, all I can do is remove myself and screen them out. It works beautifully well.

This has the knock on effect where I become somewhat enraged when I see misogyny in action – in real life and in the so called "manosphere". It should be renamed "littleboyosphere" in my view. I think that if you have these kind of views, you're not doing well with women, period. (Though I must confess I hardly ever bother reading or watching anyone else's stuff. Zero interest).

Those are the internal qualities. I'm writing this post stream of consciousness so you may find it interesting that I've always thought this way : i.e. how does this relate to ME. Solipsism in action.

So there we go. If you do well with women you become a smug, self satisfied, arrogantmonster who thinks everyone else is a muppet! What could be more compelling than that – get cracking!

Red pill bitterness – A guest post from Tom Torero

krauserpua · 13 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The manosphere has locked itself way in an isolated wood cabin deep in the forest, introspecting deeply. Roosh recently declared it lost. Danger & Play is taking out the trash. Vox is tired of the attention whoring. I suspect there will be a purge and reboot that takes the manosphere back to the male-only space it was a couple of years ago. For my own part I have no tolerance at all for women speaking out of turn nor whiny bitch men and internet alphas. I keep my blog on-message and that means improving your life and making a dedicated effort to bang more fine young fillies. With this in mind I've sought guest posts from two guys who *actually fuck hot women*. Surprise surprise you don't see these men menstruating all over the internet about how women are bitches. Steve's post is here. Now let's turn to *another* 150+notch self-made man to offer an outsider's view of the manosphere….. These are words from a man who banged three new girls in the past seven days (I was next door for two of them)… Take it away Tom….



All-time great defender. All-time great striker.

There's a good reason why top sports commentators are ex-pro sportsmen themselves. Years on the field, in the ring or inside the scrum have made them masters at their sport through ridiculous amounts of repetition, muscle memory, direct feedback and internalised technique. They've won their trophies, they have replaced skill with art, they've slaved at the coal face long enough to deserve their diamonds. Success tastes sweet precisely because of the hardships endured and lessons learned to get there.

Now take a look at the **Manosphere**. Blog after blog, comment after comment, by guys who've swallowed the red pill but complain that it tastes bitter. A painful divorce, a difficult run of relationships, one cunning girl who exploited provider tendencies – any of these things and more can trigger men to grab the medicine bottle and shove the red pill down their throats. What they didn't do was read the health warning on the side of the red pill box:

WARNING: *for this pill to work, it must be swallowed with a plentiful supply of action. Failure to take action will lead to the following side effects: bitterness, anger, keyboard jockeying and hate.*

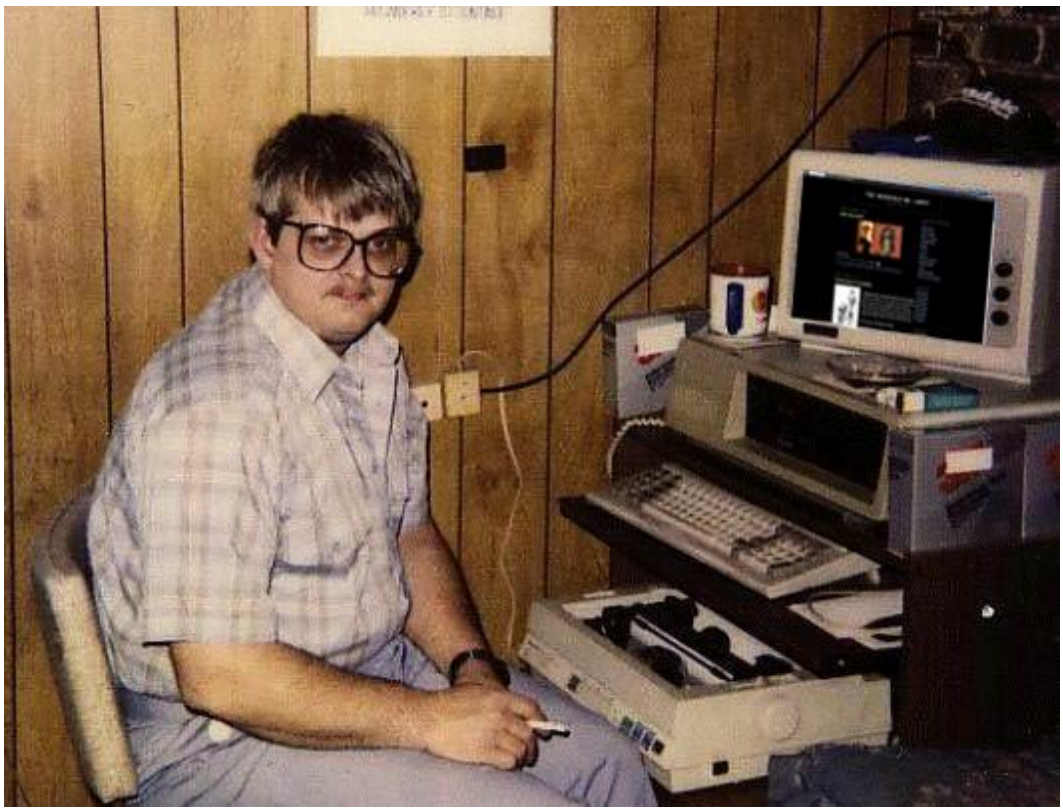


Roissy, circa-2009

Action means having to be “in it to win it.” To learn how to play tennis, you could read every book on technique out there, follow every tennis match on tv and learn past statistics for every tennis match ever played. But until you, yourself, pick up a racquet and face an opponent on a court, you won’t be able to play. A serve hitting you in the face is going to hurt. To be good at a skillset you need to fail. Lots. Again and again. It is this direct feedback that produces the muscle memory. A true understanding of Game can only come from “on the field” – it’s an experiential subject, much like a sport or a technical skill. That means thousands of hours of face-to-face interactions with women, usually over the period of one or two years. Not blog-to-blog hypothesising and debating with other bitter men online.

I’m not bragging when I say that I didn’t know what the Manosphere was until after my 80th daygame lay. Krauser’s blog introduced me to the concept and I was intrigued, although alarmed at how much online negativity and hate was involved. Same thing for the online PUA forums where keyboard jocks not only failed at taking real-world action, but amplified their woes through flame wars and bickering. An academic understanding and interest in Game is a comfort blanket, a shelter, which however leads to a sense of frustration about not playing it. Disappearing up your own arse in hypotheses and online debates is just another form of avoidance to taking action (which usually comes down to approach anxiety).

Log off. Close your laptop. Disconnect from your online life and hit the streets and bars to learn how to be social. The girl in front of you is a mirror to how you’re doing – her reactions are feedback that is worth a million times that of a commentator on your blog. Actions speak louder than words. Right now as you’re scrolling through post after post, there’s guys dragging hot girls into parks and toilets. The litmus test to whether you’re Sigma or Gamma is simply: do you spend more “Game” time offline or online?



The Gamma Manifesto, balling it with dimes

But Krauser has a blog? You write for a website? Isn't that hypocritical? Remember the **90-10 Rule**. 90% action (interactions with women) and 10% theory (blogging, commenting etc.). Any question you leave on a blog should have already been field tested by you at least five times. The reason Krauser and I don't blog more is that we're always outside, refining and tweaking our skillset on the streets. That's not blowing our own trumpets. That's a kick up the arse to get you doing the same.

When swallowed with action, the red pill becomes delicious and life-affirming. Its magical effects are beyond my wildest geek boy academic dreams. Read my journey from Oxford nerd to street seducer in my book Daygame. 100 lay reports, 464 pages, paperback.

I bang my first 22 year old Serbian dancer

krauserpua · 15 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Serbia has been giving me serious blue balls of late. I roll up solo on a Friday evening dragging a suitcase and bad attitude. I love the country but I'm worn out. It's not until Tom Torero flies in from Istanbul the next day that I rouse myself to do some sets. Over the next three days we are restricted to 7pm-11pm because of weather and footfall but we can still number farm the scorching-hot streets per the **Short Foreign Gaming Holiday** textbook. I collect something like 15 good numbers and the filtering process begins.

One tall girl goes past and I have the familiar DNA-pull but I think "no way, she's too hot". Yes readers I still get that feeling. It's not She's-so-hot-I'm-not-worthy jitters but more like She's-so-hot-it'll-be-tough. I go in, she hooks, I bounce her for a coffee. I lean back and rattle off some light DHVs while letting my eyes drift away and probing her with rapport questions. It goes well. She's a dancer and student, typical greyhound high esteem and +100 IQ. For half an hour I'm thinking it'll be surprisingly plain sailing and then abruptly she gets up, makes apologies and leaves. Strange.

Looking back I think she recognised someone and feared social pressure. Whatever. Text game doesn't really hit and I don't see her again.



and my height in flats

Tom gets laid on his 2nd and 3rd nights here. I'll leave the stories for him to tell but from my end I can just feel the competitive urges bubbling away. A week passes and now it's the next Thursday. My phone is full of good numbers, good text exchanges and I've been on a few dates with very attractive women…. but no sex and only two non-commital makeouts. I'm getting jitters. I've literally never failed to get laid in Serbia in my previous four trips. The quality is outrageous mixing the best of Slavic long legs / high cheekbones with the best of Turk black hair and fiery eyes. It doesn't seem right that I've got so many hot girls into me and ***zero sex***.

Thursday night is the worst. At 7pm I get a cute little blonde on a second date. I've got a side-project to fuck lookalikes of all my favourite mid-90s porn actresses from Private magazine (that's what I grew up on as a late teenager). I've already had Tania Russof, Aliza, Joy, Tabatha Cash, Myrka and Julia Channel. This blonde is a near-

double of **Gabriella Bond**. Tom had sat our student on the next table on the first date and given him a commentary on my date game and the same thing happens this time. Then I bounce her to a park bench and as it gets dark we make out. She's straddling me grinding my dick and letting me finger her but no sex. Harrumph!


Better than 007

At 10pm I have a first date with a cute skinny brunette. I bounce her to the same park bench and the same grinding, fingering and wanking off ensues with the same lack of sex. It's now midnight and I walk home alone with blue balls so bad it literally hurts. Tom is sleeping the "I already got laid twice" sleep. Bastard.

Tom heads off on Friday and I'm starting to move towards thinking I should just farm a few more high quality numbers and try to lock them down with a coffee date. Saturday night comes with a second date of the brunette. This time she's naked on my bed but still won't fuck. I walk her to the bus stop at midnight then home. Defeated. I will not be getting laid in Serbia.

So I review my phone. Are there any leads? Aha, that tall dancer bird I idated is at a birthday party today. She's back in contact with me:

> **Me 23:05 –** A good birthday party then
>
> **Her 23:06 –** Party is over we are now haveing the afterparty
>
> **Me 23:25 –** I think you'll be sleeping all through Sunday
>
> **Her 23:29 –** I'm working tomorrow what are u doing
>
> **Me 23:30 –** Last day so just relaxing. When do you finish?

This is where a misunderstanding really helps. Sometimes you get lucky. I'm asking her when she finishes *tomorrow* so I can set up a coffee date. Wires are crossed and she thinks I'm asking her about *tonight*.

> **Her 23:31 –** I don't know, about an hour, two
>
> **Me 23:34 –** If you're still in party mood afterwards, let me know
>
> **Her 23:35 –** Wana meet me 2night?
>
> **Me 23:36 –** Sure. I'm staying up late and I have some alcohol!
>
> **Her 23:37 –** Hahaha. Where?
>
> **Me 23:39 –** Hotel Moskova and we can go to the park nearby. What time can you get there?
>
> **Her 23:50 –** *[from a different phone]* in 5 min. My mobile doesn't work
>
> **Me 23:52 –** Ok. See you outside.

I got lucky, no doubt about it. She obviously fancied me from the idate but as I later found out she'd had a couple of dates with a local guy in the interim but disqualified him on "lack of chemistry". Now she's been drinking with her girls at a party, talking about boys, and getting horny. She hadn't been laid in six months. Astute readers will have noticed my 23:34 is a covert booty call and her 23:35 is the acceptance of sex. It was now mine to fuck up.



You'll do

I hurriedly dress and run down to the Hotel Moskova. She rolls up in high heels and *impeccable* dress. I double take at how hot she is. Decision time…. do I sit her down for a coffee or do I bounce immediately. I figure the walking momentum is already there so I just walk her to my apartment five minutes away. She naturally refuses to come up so I just pop in to get beers then sit her down on the same park bench as my previous two blue balls episodes.

What follows are high speed nuclear shit tests, including:

- "Those countries you told me you visited. Czech, Serbia, Russia. They are full of easy women. That's why you go isn't it?" (I call this the "Latvanian Whore" test – every girl thinks every *other* girl in her region is a raging slut)
- "I didn't like your texts. Always talking about eating beef steak. I thought you are a moron."

I can't remember them all but it's a fast barrage. I just stay unreactive and let her burn out. It's obvious she's just having a final brain-spazz to derail the train. To seal the deal I drop some intellectual mastery on her because she's seen Game Of Thrones and Lord Of The Rings so I can pull out my old Cervantes routine. That shuts her the fuck up and I can see the final light turn green. It really is that obvious. She's now realised I'm both tingly bad boy and TMIMITW. She softly rebuffs two kiss close attempts and then goes for it. I break both kisses first and lean back so she'll chase me.

Half an hour into the date she's softly stroking my shoulders. That's the fuck me signal.

"Let's get another beer from my house. Or would you prefer wine?"

She says wine and I walk her up into my lounge. From there I just chill, chat for five minutes then let her jump me. The sex is phenomenal as she unleashes six months of horniness onto me. I'm lying on my back watching her rodeo my dick thinking it shouldn't be so easy to get such a top tier girl. She's easily one of my five hottest lifetime lays. All I had to do was catch her at the right time and let her talk herself into fucking me. For my part I empty a week's worth of blue balls onto her face.

The Great Gatsby

krauserpua · 21 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

As you wander the streets of your hometown have a look around at the normal men and ask yourself "do they understand the concept of Value?" Generally, the answer will be no. They'll have ill-fitting dad jeans, white trainers, those strange shapeless box shirts with garish checked patterns and a haircut like Des from Neighbours.



Everybody needs good neighbours

At some point in their teen years their dad should've sat them down and said "son, this is what makes you a high value man….". Their dad failed. Likely *his* dad had never sat *him* down for the value chat either. So we have a legion of chodes whose every signal screams low value and unsurprisingly the women ignore them. Perhaps that was you. If you're reading this then likely you never really fitted into the blue pill world. You never quite dressed the same as the chodes, you probably had a problem with authority, and you probably tended to go do your own thing and **fuck the world**. So much latent alpha/sigma energy trapped inside without any guidance on which direction to release it. Then you discovered Game and it was like the value chat your dad never gave you.

Aloofness. Boundaries. Charisma. Leading. Teasing. Challenging. The Mission.

I sometimes trawl the manosphere curious to read other player's journey blogs. The quality varies widely but most share common themes of which a man discovering the concept of value and how to unlock / build his own is central to all. It's a bumbling stumbling journey at first. Concepts never fix the first time you encounter them. Like a newly-speaking child grasping irregular verbs you tend to overapply and misapply the rules before figuring it out. One of the hardest rules of value to grasp is the distinction between internal and external value. Once grasped intellectually it's even harder to believe in emotionally.

I'm often asked, usually by angry gammas, "what value are you offering the girls? you are barely employed, not good-looking, you don't marry them."

This question only makes sense to a chode. Once you grasp internal value, what I call Personal Charismatic Value, the question answers itself. It's at the core of the Lover / Provider dichotomy and **The Great Gatsby** is a great

example of value done wrong.



Blue pill, 1922

Gatsby is an ambitious delusional man from humble beginnings, his childhood spent aggressively reality-weaving his own mythology while living in a dingy shack. At the first opportunity he leaves home seeking…. something. The man is completely obsessed with external markers of value such as status, money, power and acceptance into exclusive social clubs. These are the things he was excluded from as a boy so from the outside looking in they seem to him like the real source of happiness. In local vernacular we'd call it a chip on his shoulder born of a nagging sense of not being good enough. "If I can only become that, I'll be happy."

This deep insecurity and self-loathing causes him to set up a false idealised self. If only he can become the Big Man people will accept him and then he can accept himself. He must swim through a sea of external validation in order to feed his false self – a grandiosity shark. He wants it too much so this causes tremendous cognitive dissonance between his repressed self-loathing / current position and his targeted future self. Just as with physical pain when men experience severe mental pain their moral code bends. He latches onto an eccentric millionaire during a chance meeting and then he's off and away.

Five years later he's Jay Gatsby, the richest and most connected man in New York. His life is one massive DHV. Exclusive parties, hobnobbing with senators and mayors, custom sports cars. beautiful girls….. and he never misses a chance to tell people he's arrived. His history is rewritten into a personal mythology of greatness. He is living the dream. The high value lifestyle.

But of course he's a deeply unhappy man and his life is a charade. A Potemkin Village.



A DHV story, yesterday

He has acquired all the external trappings of value without once digging deep to root out and destroy his inner demons. He has poor boundaries, fake rapport, low self-esteem and a barely suppressed rage against the world. Leonardo Di Caprio plays it beautifully to bring out the fundamental creepiness of his sham life. As an audience we are whisked into his (fake) reality via the audience identification character / empty vessel Toby Maguire. Gatsby is qualifying hard. “Look at me, look how I live! My life is so amazing!” Barely a minute goes by without dropping a grotesque DHV.

Unsurprisingly he has oneitis for some used-up tart. She represents the acceptance he can never give himself. If he can make Daisy love him again he will feel loveable. If she can deny her love for Tom then it will prove Gatsby is special. His whole reality and self-image is determined by Daisy’s evaluation. He breaks the central rule of inner game: Be more invested in yourself and your opinion of yourself than of other’s opinions of you. Most manosphere writers have brought out the movie’s lessons on female nature and oneitis. What interests me is the parallels with an intermediate player.

Gatsby worships external markers of value. He is externally referenced. He is the ultimate expression of acheiving the high value lifestyle but he’s still a chode who gets tooled by a girl.



The upper social tier, yesterday

When I read some player's journey blogs I see the same thing. When I read my own archives I see the same thing. After a lifetime of failing to understand value you read Mystery Method and discover the DHV. Aha!….. if I can learn to tell a DHV story about driving a ferrari with Colin Farrell around the Playboy mansion before taking a VIP table in a top nightclub….

It's all bullshit.

It took me a long time to figure it out. Little pieces dropped into place over the course of two years. At the risk of becoming a parody of the Grandiosity Shark I just outlined, let me recall some of the key moments that let me shift from the External Value frame to the Internal Value frame:

- My first catwalk model dated a successful businessman / politician for nine years. He was handsome, well-dressed, connected and flew her around the world first class for over a year before she let him fuck her. After I dumped her she dated a new millionaire former spetznas commander (now businessman) and I stole her back again to be my fuck buddy while he was proposing marriage and still hadn't even kissed her.
- One of my Russian girls had a serious long term wants-to-marry-her higher beta boyfriend and also a Moscow sugar daddy that paid her £25k pa for the privilege of fucking her for a couple of hours every few months. I was the Lover. These two chumps the Providers.
- A random Kazhak girl I dated but didn't fuck told me about our initial street meeting. "You had such powerful eyes. It's obvious you have a strong character."
- A girl I met in Top Shop had a lifestyle (provided by her ex-BF of five years) that would make Victoria Beckham blush. Several carribbean holiday homes on paradise islands. Private jets everywhere. She told me she preferred sitting in Starbucks with me. When I went to visit her for a few days she actually got a private doctor to give her injections of vitamin C to try to make her skin look better so as not to disappoint me (with hilarious after effects…)

And then the single most important piece was slotted into place last summer when I had a one-week holiday visiting my ex-GF who was the most trophy-like of trophy girls. She's a famous actress (always sex-siren roles) who was courted by a prince of Dubai and prior to me was dating the most eligible leading man in her country's movie industry. She is hounded by paparazzi, on TV talk shows and magazine front pages. One of her orbiters is a billionaire industrialist who throws ridiculous parties on his giant yacht. Think Megan Fox or Jessica Alba in her homeland. One day while we are eating breakfast on her balcony (yes, she cooked for me all week) she looks thoughtfully into the garden and says :

"Nick, you have the richest life of anyone I know. You are so free, so happy. You can do anything you want. I wish I had that."

As my haters correctly point out I am barely-employed, bald, average-looking and all my worldy possessions fit into the one tiny room I live in. I have few external markers of value. Yet I get SMV-prime hotly-contested women. Not everytime but enough times to know it's a real phenomenon. Why?

Internal value.

The very fact that I'm a man with testosterone in my system and a dick in my trousers means I have value to a woman. Then you add self-acceptance. I like who I am and how I live. Build on top of that the cornerstone characteristics of masculinity. Lastly, add the technical competence of Game in how to talk to women. That's all the value you'll ever need and it's massively more value than external props can ever give you.

Good is the enemy of great. Beware the intermediate player trap. I read guys banging on about how they are trying to build up an eco-system to meet women (fashion photography, nightclub host, DJ etc) and think "sure, it'll get you laid a little but at tremendous cost". It still won't help you crack the top tier because there always comes the moment when the girl looks deep into your eyes and reads your soul. Without internal value, she's gone. Well, the top tier girls are gone. I read guys banging on about how they've cracked into higher social circles and I think "chip on your shoulder, externally referenced". There are no higher social circles. I've spent a little time in them and once you strip away the fame, the money and the yachts they are just people. Often unhappy social climbers clinging to the greasy pole. They are no happier or cooler than people you can find sitting in Hyde Park eating cheese sandwiches from Greggs. Believing that this is a higher form of living is just strengthening your ego investment in external trappings as value and that's a road to nowhere.

Real value is not found in VIP rooms and party invitations any more than it's found in having 74 likes on your Facebook status. Trying to be the guy on the cover of Neil Strauss's book is a fool's errand. The Great Gatsby does a great job in teasing out this lesson. For as long as you focus on external value you'll remain Provider Chump. For as long as you are climbing the greasy pole of social elevation you'll have a chip on your shoulder. When you have internal value, Personal Charismatic Value, you need nothing more than the shirt on your back. YOU are the value. To the people in your life that is real value.

Walter White is not an alpha male

krauserpua · 29 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Ok, I'll bite.

The manosphere has rapidly degenerated into a gaggle of fools gossiping like women about things they don't understand. It's lost. Dead. I shall bury myself in a cave until the apes have overrun us and civilisation reboots. Until then, I wish to knock this Breaking Bad rubbish on the head. Yes, it's a great show. So great in fact that the writers really get the socio-sexual hierarchy and Walter White is as pure a gamma as ever puffed himself up on false pretentions. Let's first dispense the alpha myth and where better to go than the first great popularizer of alpha game… Roissy. Let's go to his enduring definition which is as accurate as you can get in so few words. A man's alphaness is judged on three criteria.

"how hot are the women he can attract, how strong is that attraction for him, and how many of those women find him attractive."

In five seasons Walter has sex with **one** used up old troll who treats him like shit until she becomes scared of him and then she merely exercises thinly-veiled contempt. And she cheats on him with an uber-chode. Look at her. A minger.



Why so serious?

No other women express any interest in him whatsoever. Even Lydia just finds him a provider chode and she's as broken and externally-referenced as despicable man-jaw femcunts can be. WW is an omega by Roissy standards.

How about the leader of men theory?

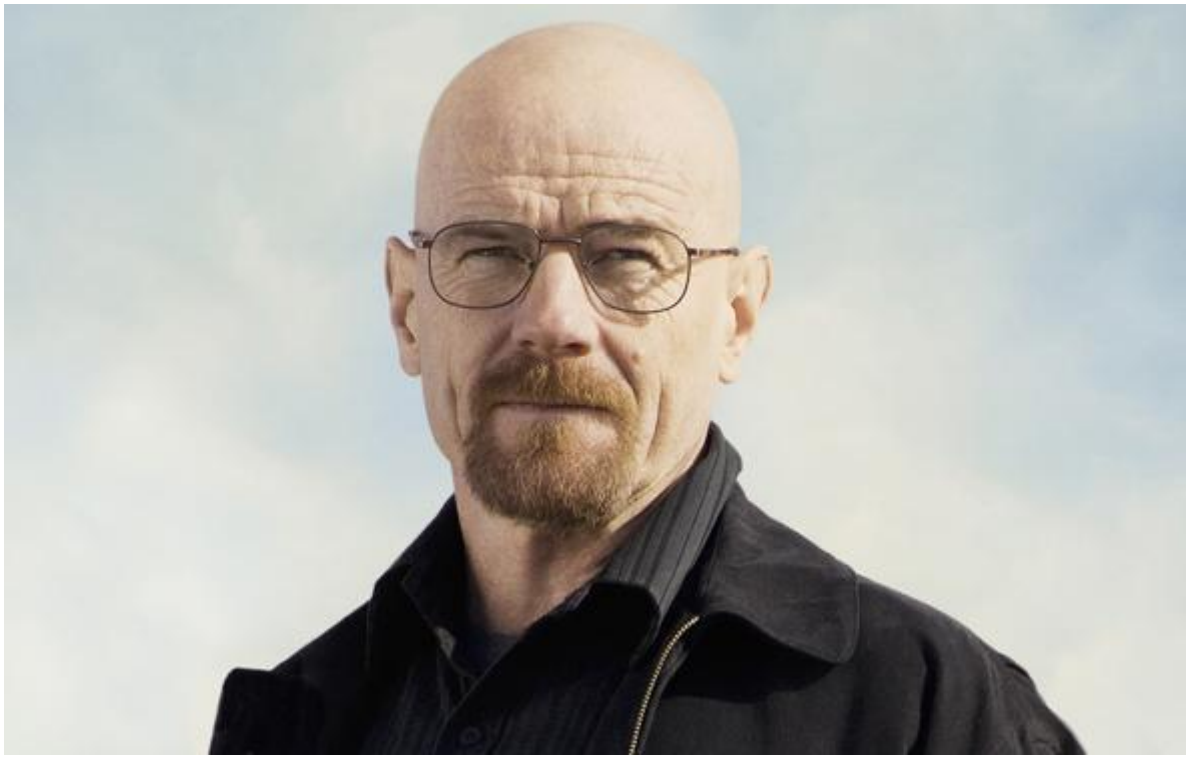
How many beta males look up to and respect Walt? How many high value men want to hang out with him as peers? How many men seek him out for the pleasure of his company? It's a big fat zero. People are repelled by his anti-charisma. Several men come into his orbit on the lure of using his chemistry genius to get rich (Saul, Gus, Tucco) and several are there because they are under orders (Mike, Victor) but all of them immediately find his character repellent and seek to distance themselves. The only two men who don't use him as a provider chump are a gay

fanboy nerd (Gail) and a little boy lost (Jesse). At least Scarface had bros and hos.

How about the empire building business?

Walt fails at everything he touches. His chemistry genius and gamma wiles get him out of near death situations several times but almost every sticky moment is of his own making because while a genius at chemistry he is a bumbling amateur at life. Selling out his shareholding in a soon-to-be billion dollar tech firm, destablising his cushy job cooking for Gus, bringing Hank back onto his trail just after he'd given up….. these are all Mensa member levels of total incompetence at life. Note how it takes him four seasons to break even on costs and when he does get money he can't launder it.

At no point does he change his life for the better. He is careening from crisis to crisis and dragging everything down with him. This is the beauty of the show because it shows how toxic Walter really is. At no point does it occur to him that he's incompetent. He wildly overstates his own ability to get things done.



Chode, yesterday

So no, Walter White is not an alpha male. The only way you could possibly think he is alpha is if you *misunderstand the whole point of the socio-sexual hierarchy*. I'm not trying to diss him on morality here. Sure he's a reprehensible character but that's neither here nor there. He has none of the alpha outcomes.

Girls don't fancy him. Men don't follow him. He doesn't have his shit together. He's deeply unhappy.

Go read Vox's outline of the gamma male traits. Then check them against Mr Heisenberg

- High intelligence that he overvalues the importance of
- God complex in his belief in his own omnipotence and failure to recognise his errors
- Relentless bullying of those further down the hierarchy
- Burning toxic rage against the world for failing to recognise his genius.
- Prickly pride that constantly causes him to sabotage otherwise smoothly functioning systems
- Creepily over-investing in the one woman who gives him interest

I pity new manosphere guys who are being fed such tosh.

*[**Edit:** About half the comments here show why the manosphere is just a knitting circle for whiny bitches.]*

Bottom Feeding

krauserpua · 3 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Just as Game is not one strategy for one type of hunter getting one type of prey, the PUA industry is not one type of business selling one type of product to one type of customer. It's a complex ecosystem.

So you've got some good products advising normal men how to get fairly hot girls. You've got Good-Looking-Guy game where the instructors are all tall, young, handsome guys who would get laid even without game. Then there's the dark dank depths of the bottom-feeders…. the Mehow's, the VinceKelvins, the RossJeffries of this world who empty the wallets of the lonely and the desperate.

I recently encountered a forthcoming infield daygame product* aimed at precisely this market **and I kind of see the point**. The type of Game I do will ***not*** let a short Indian chode bang tall prime Russians. That simply will **never** happen. It's so far removed from my reality that it never crossed my mind to actually spell it out…. but then I was watching the marketing guff for this product and realised that probably the biggest market to serve is precisely those at the bottom of the SMP pile. These are the guys who most need the help.

Consider Richie and Eddie from Bottom. There's a beautiful soliliqui two minutes into this clip on how desperate this life is.

They look at me (or Steve or Tom) travelling the world and clacking pretty respectable women and…. that's simply unattainable for a £15k per annum low level Java programmer in Milton Keynes or a guy who stacks shelves in Tesco on the night shift in some small Scottish town. It's easy to take for granted that I live near Central London and can jet off to Central Europe any time I please.

So a guy who looks like them, is almost as uncalibrated as them, getting the occasional girlfriend is actually a powerful motivation. That girl may be a porky 5 and she may demand exclusivity but for a guy who hasn't even knobbed a landwhale for two years…. that's still a massive improvement in his life. That porky five will give him attention, affection and if he squints his eyes and turns down the light she isn't too unpleasant to fuck. That's okay. Tell the truth, promise what you can deliver.

What does annoy me is PUA scammers who promise these guys non-stop sex with tens. Scammers selling the magic pill and impossible dreams. Guys doing just enough with the sales funnel to get the credit card details and then email a shitty v-log recorded on their iphone. If you want to market to the bottom of the SMP, solve the puzzle. Figure out what they need and how to deliver it.

** not The Girlfriend Sequence.*

Lean In

krauserpua · 7 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I've been writing my book of late, trying to pull all my little ideas out of my mind and get them onto paper. There's two principles I've been following. Everything I write must have a monkey-see-monkey-do application, and it must be what I actually do myself. So it's been an education. You don't really know something until you can teach it and many ideas that seem fully-formed in your mind simply aren't once you try and write them down. Writing definitely refines my Game.

So I recently finished the section on Attention. How to use body language to manage the attention you give to a girl so as to make her chase and keep the tension on the fishing line in the sweet spot as you reel her in. Seeing as I'm with Tom on holiday right now we've been talking about stuff, trying stuff out and he needs to churn out vlogs for his website.

So he roped me in and here's some of that chapter.

Riga Stories

krauserpua · 10 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

My oh my isn't Riga a misunderstood place. Roosh had some bad experiences here with stories of getting tooled by predatory two-sets who lure marks to clip joints. I certainly saw some of that going on but that's an exclusively nightgame phenomenon. At no point did any such tarts try it on with us. I've heard others wax lyrical about how easy it is here…. until you read between the lines and see how much flaking went on. My thoughts?

Riga gets a 7/10 for daygame. It's too small, not enough foot traffic and the girls not hot enough to justify their flake rates. And yet it's easy to collect numbers and once you do date the path to sex is fairly fast. I dated four local girls this week. I fucked two, got friend-zoned by one and then the fourth girl is coming out for a second date tonight so let's see what happens.



Probably the highlight of the week was on Sunday when a top Russian target took the train from St Petersburg to see me. I'd met this girl in Trafalgar Square during summer for an idate and a day two but she'd refused the kiss. This is entirely normal behaviour for a Russian girl – lots of nothing and then suddenly 0-100mph in seconds. So the facebook Long Game began and then she comes to me in Riga. I kiss closed her after an hour and almost fucked her after four but she's holding out to boyfriend me. Nonetheless it was a lovely day in the sun and reaffirmed my faith in feminine women (after having fucked a grotty drama queen the night before that left me feeling disgusted with myself).

I've got some leads to work. Two international catwalk models on Facebook, a couple of other dark beauties plus a few so-so girls. I won't know until I shake the Long Game tree and see what falls out.

I bang my first 21 year old Serbian exchange student

krauserpua · 11 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Daygaming solo in a foreign country is **tough**. It's easy to watch travelogues or read field reports where holidays sound like one long party with dozens of fine young fillies tittering and tottering around until a few are bagged and notched. Not so. As I write this I have five mosquito bites on my head and hands, all from last night when even wrapped up under my monster-proof duvet the little buzzing bastards still got at me. It itches like buggery. I'm still tired and worn out, the last effects of a hangover in my system and my stomach churns from unfamiliar food. There are many highlights to travelling but it grinds you down eventually. And then there's the actual women……



at some point you have to pick one and say hello

Knocking over a new local girl within a week (assuming acceptable quality) is not easy. You have to number farm, rush the text game, rush the dates and there's usually strong LMR to reflect the haste with which you're trying to poke the poor girl. But that's all assuming ***you're actually opening***. After all the anticipation and excitement of the trip there's that moment when you drop your bags at the apartment on day one and shit has become real. You have to go out there and open. It's a brave new world. Unsurprisingly, at times I let my avoidance weasel a little run out for a few hours. I just soak in the atmosphere, watch the girls and read a book in a cafe. I know I'm not going to pussy out forever and sometimes it's helpful to build a little weasel momentum. Let some hot girls walk by unmolested. Let yourself feel bad for wussing out. Before long you'll be ready to break the seal, and in this case it got me laid.

It begins with my very first set of the holiday is as I'm dragging my feet back to the apartment after a roasting hot afternoon reading in the patio cafes. I just haven't got my gameface on, haven't broken the seal. So I'm at a pedestrian crossing waiting for the green man when a cute slim young girl ambles past in tight short shorts. Great body, great legs, long hair. Ok, let's get off the mark…… It's a very strong hook. Easy number but she's just about to leave Belgrade for a week. Light text ensues. It's pretty obvious she's into me but logistics put it onto the backburner and over the course of the next five days she slips from my mind. Finally she pings me the "I'm back". Great. We arrange an evening drink at Hotel Moskova and I suggest Tom sits at a nearby table to talk the student through my date game live.

It's just so ***on*** from the beginning. I rarely get Yes Girls but I'm gradually encountering more.



You still haven't opened?

She's dolled up in the Serb girl summer uniform of Converse, tight denium shorts and a tight vest. A lovely slim figure with curves just right to hang onto. Her hair is long and thick. Lovely. She's really trying hard with conversation, laughing at all my jokes, leaning in…. my only concern is to move it along at the correct speed rather than getting lured into over-escalating. After two drinks I suggest a walk to the park outside my apartment.

She comes to my door but won't come in. I don't push and we end up sitting on a park bench. The escalation is smooth and we're soon making out. What follows is a two hour battle against LMR. I know her hindbrain wants it but the forebrain has it's rule so despite her straddling me and grinding away I just can't get her hands in my trousers. By midnight I have to put her on the bus.

The next evening she has a birthday party. While sitting in my boxer shorts in the apartment I hear the doorbell ring. Hmmm…. not expecting visitors. It's her in a cocktail dress with hair that probably took a salon two hours to fix. Her heart is thumping but not from the one-storey walk up my staircase. She blurts out that her friends are waiting downstairs but she wanted to say hi before going to the party. She kisses me and frollicks away.

Hmmmm… what does that mean?

I guess it's just a super strong hook. FSU girls often feel guilty for not putting out as early as they think we expect so this was her way of checking she hasn't blown it. The next night she agrees to a late meeting. This time I walk her directly to my apartment and we sip wine, watch youtube and I progressively get her undressed until she's naked on my bed with my dick in her mouth and my fingers up her chuff.

And still she won't allow the sex. Grrrrrrrrrrrr.



But a slightly harder face

I'm not put off though because I know we are aboard The Inevitable Express bound for New Notch City. All I need to do with this girl is run down the clock. She wants to fuck, she's proceeding in the right direction, but she's got her little milestones that must be checked off first. Sometimes girls require chronological time, sometimes a set number of dates, and othertimes certain reveals in your character. This girl was about the dates. She doesn't fuck before third date.

Fortunately I fuck a different new girl that night. The blue balls dissipate.

As expected on my last night she agrees to another date but it might as well be a booty call. I collect her, walk to my apartment and within twenty minutes we're fucking. No LMR this time. It's a funny old world.

I bang my first 29 year old Latvian fashion designer

krauserpua · 12 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

As you spend more time in the company of fellow daygamers, taking that long ~~sordid~~ fulfilling journey together, you start to encounter things the PUA marketing materials never prepared you for. All that polyanna-ish double-talk of banging tens every night with your rejection-free game, your rock-star level / instructor-level performance…. blah blah…. bullshit….. life just isn't like that. I'm reminded when I see painted advertising boards outside steak houses of happy-looking cows. I think… hang on, that cow could only be smiling like that if he doesn't know *he's about to be carved up and eaten.*



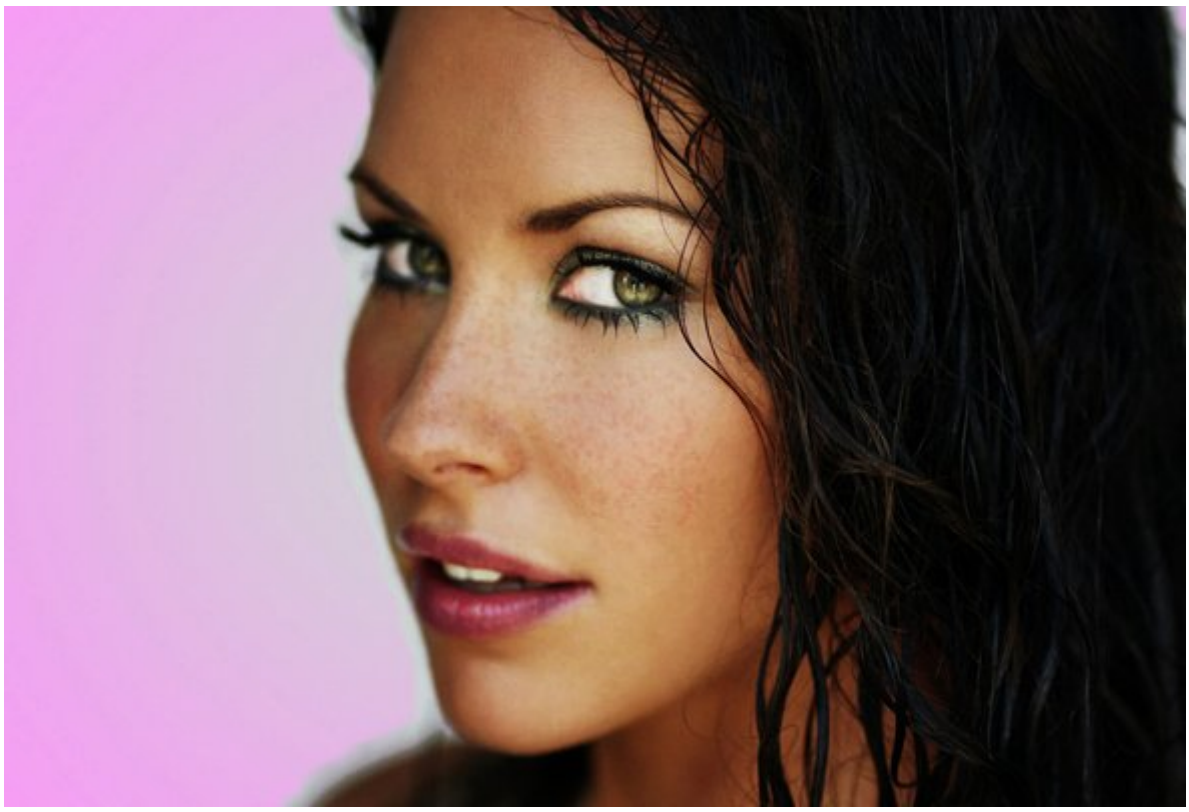
The Happy Cow Carvery

I digress.

Game is tough. Really really tough. For most men it's the toughest thing they'll ever do, casting aside their protective buffers and facing incredible levels of rejection and ego death. The rewards come in but you'd better prepare yourself for some long dark nights of the soul. So it's refreshing when I'm going through a rough patch and I hear Steve (or Tom, or Jon or whoever) talk about their own encounters with the darkness. There's so much PUA happy-talk and internet alpha posturing out there that an aspiring player could be forgiven for thinking he's the only guy in the community who can't hack it. Once you're in with a solid crew you quickly realise that ***everyone*** has their demons and everyone has their tough periods. That's normality.

Let me tell you about my most recent one.

I'm on my third day of number farming in Riga when I stop a dusky dark-haired beauty near the train station. It's super-on, eye-spazz, close-distance sparkle. We are deeply eye-fucking from the beginning. After ten minutes or so I take the number and we meet late that evening. It's my first date with a local. She takes me to a hotel rooftop bar where I force a kiss close in the lift on the way down to the second venue. I'm starting to see red flags but she's got just the look I like, almost Turkish. She's fighting off the kiss too much even though her hindbrain is well on, she tells me she's married but separated, and after the second drink I try to extract and she bursts into tears. Oh dear….. a drama queen with volatile emotions. I do sympathise because going through a divorce is tough so I give alot of comfort and decide to steer well clear.



but chubby

She adds me to Facebook and starts chasing, and then through text.

It's one of those weird scenarios where her forebrain is in full "don't fuck" mode but her hindbrain can't stop moving her feet closer to me. I'm occupied with other leads and by Saturday I'm suddenly six days into the holiday and haven't been laid. Tom sets up a double first date with a hot sleazy girl who has a boyfriend but is super horny. As we sit back on Cafe X sofas Tom's girl turns up with her blonde friend, about 9pm. Both girls are well up for it but it's *weird.* They are little madams and don't even order a drink. After twenty minutes or so of strong eye contact and subtle kino they suddenly put their coats on and leave. We don't chase. My girl has been texting for the past two hours to bait me into inviting her out so I get her to show up ten minutes later (with a blonde friend). The Cafe X staff are giving us funny looks because we've done almost all our dates here and without even getting out of our sofas we've just replaced a departing two-set with a new one.

The friend really likes Tom. She's no oil painting but at the borderline-boiler threshold where you start thinking "if it's easy, I'll have it". Inexplicably her brother shows up too. My girl is immediately on but I'm anticpating hardcore LMR so I decide to continue the pressure-cooker method, namely:

> Lull a girl into chasing your hard by keeping your text replies brief and never taking her bait to invite her out. If she really wants you she'll amp up her investment and make ever more blatant come-ons until she's inviting herself out. Then when she arrives, make her talk and use subcommunication to heat her up without ever giving her a kiss or a statement that releases the sexual tension. The idea is to build her pressure so high the slightest prick will cause the volcano to erupt (and ideally that overcomes the LMR).

So I'm eye-fucking her and we're just face-to-face on the sofa doing deep hypnotic scanning. Her face is fully monged with slack jaw, drooping eyes and lip-quivering. I boil her in that for twenty minutes before finally extracting. Tom decides to isolate his girl (it doesn't work out that way but that's a story for him to tell). So I walk my girl straight back to the apartment and into the bedroom. She's gagging for it but there's still a good fifteen minutes of LMR till I finally fuck her.

The moment I shoot my bolt I regret it. She's not ugly, far from it. Her face is a solid eight and even though she's

carrying a bit of chub she's still a respectable notch. The problem is the red flags that I ignored in my sex-goggled haze are now waving in full glory. All those little comments on dates and in texts about latching onto me and building it up like a Hollywood romance. Her clinginess. And then the final straw is when I walk her home. She's trying to call her friend to cockblock Tom out of malicious spite. Bitches be crazy. Fortunately he's in a basement nightclub somewhere so there's no reception and I persuade her to just go home to sleep, thinking that's the end of it. Oh no.

I'm feeling pretty grotty. I just pushed a vulnerable girl into fast sex and now she's latching on bigtime even though I never pretended it was anything other than sex. I didn't much enjoy the experience and now I'm in the post-sex low where my testosterone has dropped and I'm tired, thinking of ways to get rid of her. I figure I'm feeling so grotty I might as well revel in it so I head off to Hessburger and order the most unhealthy happy meal on the menu. As I'm sipping Coke and eating a past-midnight double cheeseburger Tom sends a text:



I'm lovin' it

"Your girl is cockblocking me. I'm outside the apartment."

Fuck. I've often written about wing rules and now I have to put my money where my mouth is and re-engage a girl I'm trying to shuffle quietly away from. I call her up knowing full-well this is just adding post-sex comfort that will latch her on like a barnacle to the hull of the goodship Krauser. I just need to keep her talking as long as possible to stop her using her phone to cockblock Tom. I spend ten minutes describing in detail my happy meal, getting her to translate the Hessburger nutrional information leaflets. Then another ten minutes trying to NLP her into going to sleep. Twenty minutes is all I can stand before leaving Tom to the vagaries of fate.

Sneaking back into the apartment there's two pairs of shoes by the door and my bedroom door is shut. Tom had needed to open the window to clear the sex smell (apparently it smelled so bad his girl wouldn't go in at first) and kick the period-blooded condom under the bed. As I tiptoe into the lounge when her phone rings loud enough to raise the dead and the caller ID says its my girl. I reject the call and power down her device then stretch out on the sofa hidden under a blanket until Tom finishes his dirty deed. Ten minutes later I hear two sets of footsteps and Tom whispering "that's Nick. He texted me he'd been drinking, so he'll be unconscious" while I feign snoring. The girl tiptoes out saying "My friend won't have had sex with him. She's still married" and "Don't tell her what

happened between us".

Tom later tells me his girl had been trying to ruthlessly cockblock me while mine did the same, calling his girl and saying things like "don't go into the apartment, come and have a tea with me".

What a squalid episode. I didn't get into the Game to clack girls like this. Tom and I commiserate each other on our shameful new notches then retire to our respective quarters. For at least an hour I can't sleep, just wondering what's driving me to put myself into these situations thousands of kilometres from home. Fortunately the events of the next two days completely restore my faith in humanity and the joy of chasing sweetly feminine girls. I put this down as a temporary wobble.

Signal and Noise

krauserpua · 14 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a short video I did on my last day in Riga talking about an analogy I used with our student between Game and your favourite sport. Imagine a guy first developing an interest in boxing. He doesn't really know what he's watching aside from the really obvious stuff like a knockdown. He's only capable of recognising the biggest most obvious signals. As he watches more fights (and even better, trains in a gym) he'll start to pick up on all kinds of weaker but crucial signals such as:

- One fighter is throwing lots of fast flashy punches everytime his opponent comes near but he's not setting his feet. This betrays his fear and lack of confidence in his power.
- The more aggressive fighter takes a hard counter right hand. His legs don't wobble and his face never changes expression but he suddenly stops coming forward. That one hurt.

As you intelligently learn your chosen sport you begin to see what others can't. For example, I'm told that Aussie Rules football is a deep technical game whereas to me it looks like one big fight with a football thrown into the middle. Guys who know the sport can see those subtle ebbs and flow that determine the game. So it is with The Game. The longer you spend in set, the more face-time you have with women, the more chances you take to provoke feedback…. the more you utilise your brain's inate pattern recognition system.

So to summarise the video, there are likely three reasons why you can' read the signal:

1. **Entitlement:** You don't believe a girl like that would be attracted to and have sex with you, so you can't process her signals telling you that's precisely her intention. You look for over-confirmation.
2. **Calibration:** You are too logical and too clueless, or perhaps too drunk. You simply don't know what you are looking for and how to distinguish the signal from the noise.
3. **Model:** You haven't been properly taught the technical progression of an effective seduction model. Perhaps you've been sidetracked with charlatan YouTube videos or the blind-leading-the-blind of internet forums. You don't have an expectation of what signals are thrown out by the girl and when so you aren't receptive to them.

I bang my first 25 year old Latvian cheerleader

krauserpua · 17 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes you're the good-looking guy.

Most girls most of the time are looking to derail the train. Encoded deep into their DNA is the mating strategy of **don't get fucked**. Considering how a young woman's life consists of non-stop daily offers of dick it makes sense that her default mode is disqualification. Too short, too fat, too old, too flashy, too boring. It doesn't matter how spurious the pretext, the girl is looking for ways to avoid being fucked by all those men who are trying. Vying with this is the reality that girls love sex and love fucking high value guys. When a girl has gone a long time without sex, her body starts screaming for a man. When she's ovulating, the screaming becomes deafening. She becomes a **Yes Girl**. Now all she needs is to find a man good enough. Even better, a man who fits one of her "the kind of guy I'd like to fuck" archetypes. How can you be that guy?



waiting to be knocked over

Plan A is to choose the right parents so you are born good-looking then every Yes Girl who ambles past is going to flash you an IOI. Learn to spot these and you'll have a never-ending stream of hot leads. Or go to a nightclub because there's always a small proportion of them there and your job is to simply filter out the timewasters to get to them.

Plan B is to be a relentless number-farmer. Hit the streets every day for hours on end, flipping over the stones until you turn up a Yes Girl. I don't recommend this because it'll burn you out and kill your vibe. I literally only know one such number farmer who still has a good pleasant vibe. The rest are pretty angry men.

Plan C is what I do. Optimise your look, go to places where hot girls walk, do bread-and-butter cold approach game and simply be alive to the occasional Yes Girl when you stumble into her. That's how I got this girl. Consider the Yes Girl checklist:

- She IOIs me before the open
- Immediately strong hook with eye spazz and full attention

- No obstacles raised at any point. No boyfriend, no time constraint. Just an easy chat she cooperates in building.
- She's relieved when I ask for her number
- She helps to set up the date by telling me the earliest opportunity she is free
- She immediately responds to my feeler text and puts energy and effort into her replies
- She turns up to the date dressed up pretty, wearing a dress and showing lots of skin
- No shit testing
- She baits me into inviting her home so she can eagerly accept
- No LMR

When you're out meeting girls and these ticks just keep appearing on your checklist it's a wonderful feeling. After so many sets that are blowouts or where you have to be really ***on*** or where the numbers flake….. to just have it all go smoothly is a great feeling. So it was with this girl.

I'm in a shopping mall with Tom and our student when I see a shop assistant flapping her gums with a friend. The place is almost empty so they are just gabbing on when the assistant tells a joke and pulls a funny face. At that moment I happen to walk past and catch her eye. She's totally busted pulling a face and cracks up in embarassed laughter. I keep walking with a smug smile on my face. At the very next shop there's a girl putting products onto a high shelf. Her RAS triggers and she looks over, flashing a beaming smile. I've accidently forced an IOI so I immediately walk into the shop and open, calling out the Elephant In The Room. Strong hook and I walk away five minutes later with a number. She told me she's busy the next day but free on Monday evening. I send the feeler on Sunday evening:

> **Me:** So this is the cute shop girl… how was the event?
>
> **Her:** Hi, it was good considering that i didn't train a long time before this. feeling so tired but proud of myself
>
> **Me:** You must be exhausted. A perfect time to sit in your favourite chair and relax by the fire
>
> **Her:** Too bad i don't have fire place… How was your day in boring Latvia?
>
> **Me:** I spent much of it lying in the sun. Great weather so tomorrow is good for you?
>
> **Her:** Yes tomorrow is good. what time?
>
> **Me:** 8pm, Cafe X?
>
> **Her:** Great I like Cafe X. See you there.
>
> **Me:**

Wise men amongst you will notice how simple the text game is. I played it very light, pretty close to deliberately over-choding it to counteract the player vibe. She shows up on the date in a beautiful short dress and heels, at least a point higher than I'd originally thought. She's a solid greyhound, later telling me she was a cheerleader in high school and university. Game on.



with slightly longer hair

I lean back and rattle off some light DHVs and I notice her vibe is slightly odd from the beginning. I can't quite figure it out. She looks nervous and twitchy, not quite relaxing into the conversation causing some awkward silences. She takes my verbal IOIs and her hands are soft when I find an excuse to touch her fingers but it's not quite right. Halfway through I tell her to join me on the sofa and there's still that distance. Admittedly I'm moving fast because a year of regular lays has made me overly impateint but this isn't right. Rather than overthink the set I just keep to my date model and open into the questions game. When the free-form analogue conversation isn't sticking and she's not opening up it can be helpful to have a more direct structure such as turn-taking questions. Finally she softens and I pull her in for a soft quick kiss. At the next venue, a dark secluded wine bar, I pull her closer and we are soon making out. She doesn't quite jump me but she's lightly scratching my forearm and putting her hands softly on my shoulders. Still she seems a bit nervous and finally I figure it out……

She came to fuck, from the very beginning. The nerves are anticipation.

Have you ever held the nuts in poker and see people throwing money at the pot. You start to dream of raking in fat stacks and suddenly your blood is pumping with anticipation. It takes surpreme self-control not to let your leg bounce up and down or your breath to quicken. That's what this girl was experiencing.

So I just push logistics and seed a drink at my place. She follows, I sit on the bed while she mixes a drink and after a couple of sips I just pull her in and close. A great night of sex. Very pleased with myself. Getting laid is one long compliance test. When she's complying, you don't need Game. Just lead.

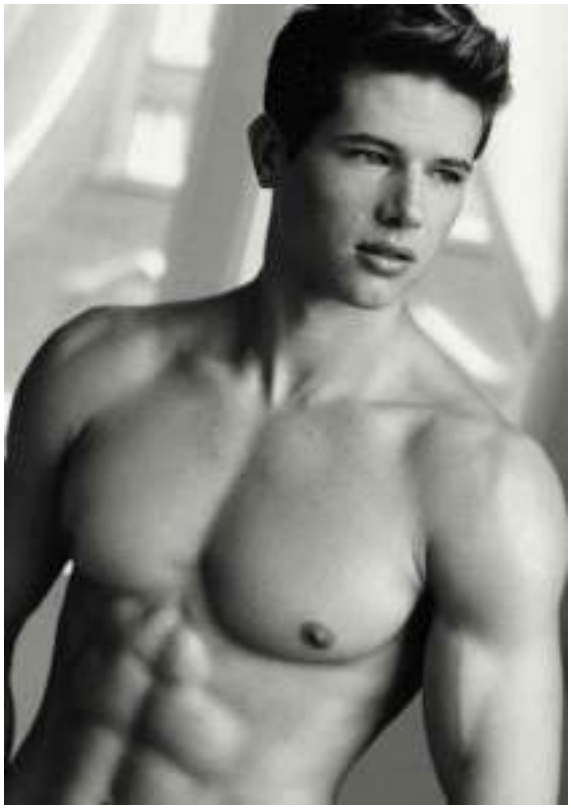
The Chosen Few

krauserpua · 7 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

You are either the chooser or the chosen. This holds in life generally and also in any given interaction with a girl.

- **Chosen:** Girl already fancies you and quite likely has already decided to sleep with you before you've even initiated the interaction.
- **Chooser:** Girl doesn't know or care about you until *you make her* want to sleep with you by running tight game.

So much of the apparently contradictory advice in the community straightens itself once you ask yourself ***"Is this Game tip for choosers or the chosen?"*** Let me give you some examples. My friend "Mark" is a 25 year old tall muscular good-looking guy. He's so good-looking that he does lots of catwalk shows as a male model. He's had a few amateur boxing bouts so he's no **Hollister Fag** either, he has functional muscularity. His Game is quite simple…. dress cool and walk into a nightclub. Stand around with a chill vibe scanning the crowd, waiting for the horny girls to IOI him. Then he walks over with a cocky smile and rapid escalates each girl in turn to filter out the timewasters and figure out which girl he's leaving with for an SNL. This works well because he's The Chosen. There was no attraction phase.



A Hollister Fag, yesterday

Conversely consider another friend, ~~Tom Torero~~ "Bob". He's a 34 year old teacher of average looks and physique. His game is to hit the streets and build good vibe, usually getting a bunch of blowouts as he's warming up until some girls hook. Then he runs the model to build attraction with teasing and challenging, rapport as a street intellectual, then takes a number. After a handful of numbers he sees what comes through the funnel and sets up a Day 2. This works well because he's The Chooser.

It should be pretty clear that both guys are playing to their strengths and doing what they have to do to make it work. Mark isn't much of a talker and he doesn't need to be. ~~Tom~~ Bob isn't much of a looker and he doesn't need to be. ***They are not playing the same game***. Let's break it down further.

The Chosen is any guy who is pre-selected *before he opens the girl*. The top DJ who has a line of girls waiting for

the afterparty, the pro wrestler with his adoring ring rats, the NBA star with his girl in every franchise city, the small-time Indie band bassist with name recognition with the local hipster crowd, the cool party guy at the university hall of residence, the well-connected fashion photographer…. these are all The Chosen. Some are chosen because of their looks, some for their social status, some for their role as gatekeeper to scarce rewards but ALL are able to get laid without Game. And there's nothing wrong with that. Game isn't the only way to get laid.



Building an eco-system, yesterday

Chosen One Game is by far the more efficient, assuming you enjoy the lifestyle and work required to build the little eco-system upon which it relies. Consider the rock guitarist at his concert. There may be 500 fans in the audience of whom 250 are females under thirty. Of those 250, perhaps 200 are in relationships they are happy with or simply don't fancy him. Of the 50 who are available and fancy him, maybe only 20 are hot. Of those 20 maybe 5 are horny and slutty.

A comprehensive filtering mechanism has taken place before the rock guitarist has even looked at the girls.

Those 5 horny and slutty girls *will come and find him*. They'll eye him up from the crowd and then hang around backstage waiting for him to notice them. It's only at this point that he begins the interaction. It's the warmest of possible opens because the only girls who enter his field of vision are girls who have already passed every filter:

- Fancies him
- Available
- Up for it
- Logistically convenient

Consider this screening mechanism for my friend Mark in a nightclub. He isn't working an environment quite so favourable (he has competition from other men, cockblocks, crappier logistics, less pre-selection) but most of those conditions are at least partially met. So long as he is alive to the IOIs he'll naturally filter his interactions so he only needs to open single horny girls who already fancy him.

Now let's consider **The Chooser** game.

When ~~Tom~~ Bob hits the streets the girls are unfiltered. They are just normal girls engrossed in their normal daily activities. There is no natural filter so he must apply his own. Look for the girls who are walking solo, or looking dreamy, or dressed to indicate horniness. Look for isolated girls such as tourists. Ultimately there's no reliable filter except opening itself – flip the stone and see if she's a Yes, Maybe or No girl. Most of the girls will be filtered out at this point by not hooking, indicating they aren't available or aren't into him. Of those remaining there may be mild interest which can be amplified by tight game. Sometimes a girl is so hot you aren't filtering her at all – you are putting out your best possible game and just hoping she likes it.

Chooser game is incredibly inefficient. But if you're not The Chosen you have to become The Chooser. Or else you don't get laid much.



Oxford Street, yesterday

I think of Chooser game like putting together an offensive drive in American Football. It's a series of plays designed to move the ball down the field / move the girl along the courtship ritual. At every step her instinct is a defensive line. The rule of nature is the male intitiates and pushes while the women reacts and resists until she's finally overcome. The male needs to create something out of nothing whereas the female can simple break up the plays and swat the ball out of the air. The Chooser needs Game.

In contrast The Chosen is in the "hot girl position". The female is trying to make a play *on him*. This is why Chosen game can be aloof and full of assholery. You can barely invest and just let her chase because the script was flipped before you said hello. The Chooser begins from zero. He must first establish a beach head (the opener) and funnel his value through as quickly as possible (the assumption stack) until he has an anchor in the interaction. It's only after this he can start to flip the script and become The Chosen.

> **Chosen**
>
> + Easy. High lay count. Almost entirely positive responses.
>
> – Doesn't travel outside the eco-system. By definition your value is higher than the girl's. Girls are banging the image of you rather than you. Not possible for most men.
>
> **Chooser**
>
> + Travels everywhere. Choice. Quality. Authentic connection.
>
> – Inefficient. Hard work. Flakes. LMR. Mostly negative responses (too many for most men to stick with it).

I don't recommend one over the other, just be aware which path is being addressed when you hear pick-up advice. Realistically you can do both at the same time. When a website is telling you to get jacked to improve the raw attractiveness of your physique that's Chosen game. When you're scoring a table behind the DJ in a status-whore club that's Chosen game. When you're using social skills to move a girl's emotions that's Chooser game.

Even in daygame you get **both** paths. Most of the time you are in Chooser mode but occasionally a girl simply IOIs you – when you jump on that it's Chosen game. Don't waste your time building attraction and winning her over because you already have an immediate hook. Instead you can screen hard and escalate fast.

Failure stories #1 – The New York student

krauserpua · 9 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm often accosted on the street in Central London by blog readers. Originally it was a surreal experience to have people want to talk to me based entirely on my online persona. I guess even more surreal than seeing forum posts arguing about what I would probably think on a topic:

> **Forum Guy A:** Krauser says x, y, z…. therefore a, b, c naturally follow
>
> **Forum Guy B:** No. I imagine Krauser probably thinks 1, 2, 3.

There's nothing at all wrong with this, it's just when you're the subject of it it feels weird. Two guys you've never met arguing about something you may or may not have said. It must be really weird when you're *genuinely* famous like Justin Bieber and having fans set up forums to discuss you 24/7. I guess I'm glad I don't run The Silk Road because when I cross paths with my online persona there are no SWAT teams or Russian mafia hitmen involved.

I've noticed the guys who accost me are of two types. The normal-looking guys politely catch my attention and apologise for interrupting me, try not to make any demands on my time and basically just say "I like your blog". Precisely because they are so polite and value-giving I tend to give them the time of day. Conversely the weird-looking guys tend to watch my sets, follow me down the street and then do some creepy opener on me while looking for any pretext to launch into their life story and extract a free consultation. They seem to think they have some kind of right to my time and attention. So I've started to blank them and may go the Steve Jabba route and start dishing out wedgies.



No, Achmed. You can't have a free 1-on-1

This long self-absorbed ramble is meandering it's way to my main point:

Almost without exception the normal guys mention that they are really happy to hear about my failures as well as my successes.

I don't mean they are churlish or resentful. It's because the pick-up community literature is extremely biased towards success stories and due to the human cognitive bias of The Availability Fallacy we absorb an impression that Game is easier than it is. And thus guys who are experiencing the harsh reality of cold approach can drop into the frame of "I suck. I'm ***the one guy*** who is getting blown out alot." So while guys like to be inspired by success

stories they also take heart from knowing that the better-known guys are still suffering blowouts, LMR and the usual emotional rollercoaster. So allow me to offer a recent failure story.

Two months ago I'm out at the British Museum with Bodi. It's Sunday afternoon and I'm feeling good. My first set is a wandering Russian tourist who looks about 25 and hooks strong giving me eye-spazzing and soft kino so naturally I take the number and try to set up a delayed idate. It's a highly promising ten minute set but it fritters away into nothing. After a few text exchanges that weekend she agrees to a date, flakes, and is soon back in Russia. This happens alot so I don't give it much thought. Half an hour later outside the museum I see a tall slim girl crossing the road and putting up her umbrella. My vibe is great so when I open she's beaming. She's from New York visiting for three weeks for a course and a definite anglophile. The set goes great with strong eyes, two-sided flirting and because she's a native speaker I can really let loose with the full gamut of nuance and cultural references (contrary to popular mythology, verbal game works better on native speakers once you've hooked because you can operate at the full extent of your intelligence and charm).



Pretty close to this

It's at the point of taking her number that I encounter the one tiny logitistical problem that eventually blows the set and costs me the lay. She doesn't have a UK SIM, her US SIM doesn't work in the UK, and she hasn't unlocked her iphone to take a UK SIM. The TL:DR is we have to communicate by whatsapp and only when she has wifi (no mobile internet). I tell her to buy a UK phone knowing it's falling on deaf ears.

First date is the next evening. We go to a blues bar behind Carnaby Street and I quickly decide it's a great venue. There's live music but not too loud, it's rammed with a buzzing energy, and we stand against a wall to chat. It's here that I develop a few tweaks to my theory of date game for my book (yes, I just plugged it again).

I run a perfect Day 2. Absolute dating mastery. I'm really proud of myself.

I do push-pull, douchebaggery, deep rapport, rapid kino escalation….. the whole time I've got her eating out of my hand with the tension on the fishing line at optimal levels throughout. After half an hour she's giving me strong kiss-me signals so as the music reaches a crescendo I pull her in and she just melts. It's an extremely hot romantic moment perfectly accentuated by the neon lighting of bar signs and the crashing blues music. I feel her go weak at the knees. Then I roll off and make her chase hard. She's pressed up against me and I do the Ramy line:

> **Me:** What do you like about me?
>
> **Her:** I like how confident you are. Arrogant even, but still with a very sweet side.
>
> **Me:** I'm modest. I only believe I'm half as good as I really am.
>
> **Her:** And you are so incredibly attractive!

We'll call that an IOI. It's getting late so we are struggling to find another bar. I walk her up Oxford Street to get closer to a taxi rank while searching for a pub. The only place still open is Carbon bar in the basement of a hotel. It's a chode hell but mercifully sparse. We get a booth and she's soon on my lap taking my dirty talk. She's boiling in her love juices so when the bar kicks out at midnight I try to put her in a taxi. She's already been giving me the "I'm not going home with you tonight" talk so I push as hard as I can but I don't want to snap the fishing line. We end up making out in a shop doorbar with her hands down my pants wanking me off as late-night revellers stumble by. And then she goes home.

It's a dead cert, I think.

She's working hard and claims tiredness but we agree to meet Friday night in Camden at 9pm. Plenty of time to reblow the love bubble, put some alcohol in her and end up in a taxi rank. The whatsapp dirty talk and logistics has already agreed this is a sex date. So I show up at 9pm, do a quick circuit of the bar (she hasn't arrived yet) then sit at a conspicuous seat at the bar. It's rammed. After half an hour I'm surprised and concerned she hasn't shown up but I stay with my pint. By 9:45pm I reluctantly write off the night. I'm fuming. It was so totally on and she didn't even show, despite reconfirming at 8:30pm.

I hate all women everywhere at this point.

So I get the bus home, tail between my legs. Around 10:15pm I'm almost home and my whatsapp buzzes.

> **Me:** What are you doing?
>
> **Her:** !!!! What happened?? I was there for like an hour… I looked everywhere for you
>
> **Me:** I was at the main bar. From 9pm. Red leather jacket.
>
> **Her:** Me too… I got there right on time. Then I walked around the bar a bit
>
> **Me:** Where are you now?
>
> **Her:** Back at my place.. where are you now?
>
> **Me:** Halfway home
>
> **Her:**
>
> **Me:** I can be back there in 20 minutes. You?
>
> **Her:** I just got food with my roomies….

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Because of her stupid US SIM I couldn't call her in the pub to find her. She couldn't contact me until she was back on WiFi at her home. And being a girl she's too much of a dumbass to properly search the pub for me or to ask a punter to borrow his phone for a second to make a call. This is why women should not occupy leadership positions or be allowed to vote.

I rebuild it all back over text and when in Latvia she's chasing me hard, dirty talking and soon masturbating over sexting. She's sending me messages like "You have no idea how badly I want to be on my knees in front of you" and "I had an amazing dream about you the other night" and "I came, but not as hard as I'm going to come when you're railing me with that big rock hard cock" and "I can't move right now. I want to be yours so bad, ready to do

whatever you want with me.” Seems pretty on. So I set up the date:

> **Her:** What do you want to do on Thursday?
>
> **Me:** Apart from the obvious? What time are you thinking, afternoon or night?
>
> **Her:** Night
>
> **Me:** Meet at X station. Drink in local bar. Build unbearable tension.
>
> **Her:** That won’t take very long
>
> **Me:** Feel you up at the bar where no one can see. Make you go to the bathroom and bring your panties back for me to keep
>
> **Her:** I like that idea
>
> **Me:** I might require you to discreetly finger yourself under the table
>
> **Her:** you know we’re not going to be able to stay out very long if you make me do that
>
> **Me:** While maintaining conversation so as not to arouse suspicion of other patrons
>
> **Her:** Good luck with that. I’m not very subtle. Or quiet
>
> **Me:** Hmmm…. perhaps you can bite your lip while I outline what I intend to do to you in a more private setting
>
> **Her:** I can’t wait to hear what you plan on doing to me once you have me alone
>
> **Me:** That’s enough for now
>
> **Her:** Oh my god you are killing me. You are making me want you so bad
>
> **Me:** Yes

I’ve returned from Latvia thinking it’s a dead cert. Thursday evening is set, I’m going to fuck her. And then the night before…….

> **Her:** I have some news for you. You’re not going to like it.
>
> **Me:** Ok.
>
> **Her:** It seems as if I’ve acquired a boyfriend.
>
> **Me:** Ok.
>
> **Her:** Someone who I was dating in NYC before I left, who asked me to make it official. So needless to say, I can’t see you….
>
> **Me:** No problem.
>
> **Her:** Ok.

And that’s the Game. I’ve had about fifteen lays collapse on me this year where the girls were ripe for plucking and something intervened. Like Tom said to me after we’d narrowly missed a same-day foursome with two beautiful Serbian teenagers we bounced back to our apartment, “Sometimes you do everything right and it still falls apart.”



Again

When that foursome collapsed the girls were sitting on our sofa, taking the kino, showing us dirty videos on the internet and then at the moment of truth refused to cheat on their boyfriends. We let them out the door, shrugged, and turned our attention to other things. One reason Game is such an emotional rollercoaster is you constantly maneouvre yourself into positions of great expectation only to have your hopes dashed.

Like Jabba says, emotional control is the most important part of Game.

Failure stories #2 – The Russian business girl

krauserpua · 13 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Here's another failure story for you eager beavers.

Three months ago I'm walking through Green Park with Bodi in early evening. I've had a decent day and collected a few hopeful numbers and even had an idate with a very very hot Mexican tourist whose short shorts and tight halter top had my tongue hanging out when I first saw her. The Mexican subsequently disappeared onto the next leg of her Euro-trip after a bit of inconclusive Facebook chat – her interest levels and availability weren't high enough to move things along to a Day 2. As we come out the top of the park Bodi sees an Italian girl waiting at the bus stop a micro-second before I do and he's in. Perfect prospect for daygame: squirrely, cute, bored, dreamy….. he gets a strong hook and bounces her to a nearby cafe.

So I'm left twiddling my thumbs and it starts to rain.

I walk towards Piccadilly and run into two cute smiley girls with long term boyfriends. Nice chats but nothing doing. So I settle down into Caffe Nero and go off the clock. My session is done, I'll just relax in a comfy chair and wait for Bodi to close out the idate. Half an hour later he shows up grumbling that she was eye-spazzing and loving it but commited to her boyfriend.



Sustaining weary daygamers since 2009

Those angry men in the "all girls are sluts" phase would do well to bear this in mind. For every girl I do fuck there's at least five who massively fancy me and would be massively up for it…. except they will not cheat on their boyfriends. And I do test them hard. I'm one of the sharks who smells blood in the water and can pry a girl away from her man but even then it fails far more times than it works. Maybe it's because I normally go after good girls and screen out slutty tattooed party girls. But also it's because most girls are not on the carousel. Girls are not notch-centric so when they have a good thing going with their boyfriend they'll turn down other offers. Carousel girls are a strangely masculinised bunch that are not representative of the wider female population.

The rain reduces to a drizzle and dusk settles over the streets of London. Black taxi cabs whizz past and office workers rush home protecting themself from the rain with a newspaper held over their heads. I have an 8pm date

with an Italian horror movie starlet (which goes nowhere, I find out later) and it's 7:50pm now. We walk outside.

Sitting at the bus stop is a lovely voluptuous girl, a Brazilian by my estimation. She seems to flash me a look but it's very subtle, possibly nothing at all, and I remind myself I'm off the clock. Then she looks at the timetable display, gets up and walks off a few yards behind us. Oh well, might as well flip the stone….

She gives immediate spazz-eyes and beaming smile. It's like the moment they turn on the Regent Street christmas lights. Wow, she's into this! She tells me she's Russian and here on business, leaving early tomorrow morning. I take a number and say we can meet later tonight for a drink. "Let's have the drink now" she says. Gritting my teeth I have to tell her no, I'm meeting friends. I calculate my Day 2 can be done within two hours and tell her let's meet 10pm. It's agreed.



Actual girl, in Krauser disguise

So I meet the Italian and do a decent job but it doesn't really click. My phone is almost dead when I text the Russian "where are you?" She waits outside a restaurant in Leicester Square until I collect her and walk to Waxy O'Connors, a dark Irish pub with some nicely secluded rooms. The checklist gets ticked off fast.

> **Her:** I'm married.
>
> **Me:** I don't care.
>
> **Her:** Neither do I. It's not going well. He's cheated on me and I've cheated on him.

She's lovely too, about 26 and with a flat stomach and great curves. I kiss her within half an hour and run accelerated rapport as the clock ticks. Her flight back to Moscow is 6am and she says she hasn't packed her suitcase. I give it two drinks in Waxy's until I seem to be getting green lights. It's now that I make a tiny mistake that causes my crucial judgement call ten minutes later to be the wrong play.

I fail to check her logistics. She tells me she's in a hotel in Ladbroke Grove (ten minute cab ride) but I fail to ask who she's staying with.

So when we go outside for a nightcap and taxi I tell the driver to go to her hotel. It's a difficult decision because my

place is three times the distance and with her early flight she's more likely to protest. I figure it's quicker to her place, she's more comfortable there, and it's less likely to trigger anxiety over not catching her flight.

As we arrive at her hotel I walk her to the lift and she pipes up "we can't go to my room, I'm sharing it with a work colleague". Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. One tiny mistake has jeopardised the whole SDL. I walk her to a disabled toilet and push her inside. She's horny and making out but giving it "No, not in a toilet". I try forcing it but she's giving a firm no so I have to relent.

Okay, one step back. We settled into the hotel bar for another drink. More rapport and comfort. More sex talk but the vibe is chilled as the relentless escalator to sex has been paused. I probe her further but get nothing I can use. So finally it's past midnight and I have to make a final play. I walk her around the hotel looking for anywhere sexworthy – a conference room, closet…. anything. There's nowhere to fuck her. I keep stopping her to make out. She's grabbing my dick, wanking me off, I've got her tits out and in my mouth in the hotel corridor but there's just nowhere to drag her. She won't go to her room, won't go to a bathroom, won't do it in the corridor. It's logistically fucked and she's massively horny.



How it should've ended, yesterday

She tells me she has to sleep and get her flight. She'll message me next time she's back in London. So far I haven't heard a peep. It's a dead lead.

I bang my first 23 year old Romanian street racer

krauserpua · 26 October 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Girls are designed to derail the train.

It's common to project our own thoughts and values onto others and to assume they share our outlook. The manosphere is full of much chortling at female rationalisations and solipsism such as how career women think men should value them for their intelligence, status and travel stories simply because that's what the women value in men. It's true. We men do have our own projection too though. Men are so completely **notch-centric** that we don't fully appreciate *how little women care about getting a new lay*. They really don't care if an interaction doesn't lead to sex. They can walk away at any time. It's only with tight game that you can get them invested enough to want to see it through.

A girl's default programming towards sex with a new man is non-neediness. She will happily toss a spanner into the works at most inopportune moments because she simply doesn't care if it all breaks down. A young hot girl will never run out of suitors. This Romanian girl was a hardcore derailer, worse than a band of WWII Ukranian partisans. She did the full inventory of derailments:

- Don't reply to messages
- Divert conversations into dead ends
- Leave the country
- Try to provoke arguments
- Try to annoy me so much I delete her number
- Cancel or reschedule dates



WWII-era cockblocks

In my new book I go into detail on what I call "playing silly buggers". It's not a shit test per se. She's not testing me for my value. This Romanian girl absolutely adored me and was like a meek little kitten in person, totally under my spell. But once she had the seperation of Whatsapp between us she became a derailment machine. So this was a

long battle…. full of emotional highs and lows… and then I won. Go me.

It begins on Oxford Street three months ago when the sun is shining and the streets are rammed with 7s. As I pick my way through a crowd I catch the faintest of IOIs from a slim brunette going the opposite direction. She's separated from me by about five feet and seven people but I'm alive to it and catch that sideways flicker of her eyes. I open with something accusatory for an easy hook. We chat five minutes and it's electric. She's a cat (more categorisation in my book) and lapping up the sexual energy so I bounce for the idate outside a nearby pub. We are propped up against the outside wall in mid-afternoon sunshine so I can easily test kino, build rapport and within an hour I've kissed her. It seems so on I'm looking for the SDL. We move to a second bar and I'm seeding the extraction then…. ring ring ring. Her boss calls to demand she attend a client dinner a couple of hours later. Everything fizzles. We swap numbers.



This sort of thing

As I walk her back to Oxford Circus she begins her silly buggers by crossing the street ahead of me and stomping along the pavement with a haughty expression while I hold my line on my side of the street. I've seen this game before. She wants to covertly induce me to following her. Nope, not me. After a few texts I quickly figure out her psychology. She loves to *rub up against a guy's manhood*. Intermediates are easily confused by this because it's pretty rare to find a girl who proactively and consistently does it and thus they mistake it for a shit test.

- **Shit test:** Your value is in doubt so she throws you a test and your answer allows her to better place your value.
- **The rub:** She enjoys the feeling of masculine dominance so she pushes a button precisely to trigger a slap down, because she loves the thrill of being slapped down.

In dysfunctional form The Rub is why battered women provoke violence from abusive boyfriends. This girl wasn't that bad, just a naughty minx. As we move to Whatsapp I see her profile picture is walking a rottweiler and she sends me a photo of her on the back of her cousin's superbike. Yes, her psychology is clear – she likes bad boys. Curiously there's a twist to her make-up because she's also very intelligent and has a real job that requires real administrative skill. She lets on she's read alot of the classics and surprises me a little with her historical and geographical knowledge.

By now I'm rubbing my hands in glee. She can only be attracted to men who have shedloads of bad boy dominance as well as well-rounded intellectual sophistication…. and how often does a girl find both in one man? My prediction turns out right – she can't stop messaging me and is like a moth drawn to a flame. The whatsapp messages are tremendously entertaining for me with a constant stream of her poking her head up and me slapping it down.

Logistics interfere horribly though and her business trip ends before we get a Day 2. She tells me she doesn't like London and will not return. Bugger. This news comes when I'm in a run of extremely bad luck of sets collapsing due to forces beyond my control. I write her off but the banter is good enough that I'm happy to keep the text messages going.

I get a few semi-naked selfies. She tells me she's had dirty dreams about me. I want to move things further along into authentic communication and deep rapport but part of her derailment is to hold things in a fizzy banter-ish mode. She's constantly breaking rapport and avoiding connection. Ok, I'm not going to force it. I've basically reached the point where the only reason I'm chatting to her is to test out new material and to pester her for naked photos. And then she gives me the news: "I'm coming to live in London." Game on.

Of course it was never going to be *that easy*. She claims her boss is constantly making her work late, and she has trouble house-hunting. Finally I get her out a week after she arrives. It goes great and she's bubbling with sexual energy. We have a civilised tea and then a pint, make-out but she hits me with another my-boss-needs-me-back-now evasion. Two weeks pass then she tells me she's leaving London soon. Bugger. It's such a pain to arrange things but finally we agree on Whatsapp to meet on Friday.



Some of my recent sets

She tries one more derailment by messaging me an hour before the date along the lines of "can we postpone till next week." I swear I nearly throw my phone at the nearest woman. I take deep breaths, compose myself, then tell her off. No, we won't postpone and it's too late to do so. So we meet in Camden.

And predictably, ***it's completely on***. I walk her around the market a bit, we have some street food then a coffee in the upstairs of a secluded souk. I have her tits in my mouth there and every fibre of her being is screaming "fuck me". So I walk her to the bus stop. "I'm not going back to your place" she pipes up but gets on the bus anyway. Back in my house it takes about half an hour of battling until finally I fuck her. It's not fast but it's definitely furious. A very hot young minx. I'm pleased with this one.

Learning points

- Spot the difference between a shit test and the rub.
- Strong leading remains essential when going for the close. Even in the texts before the sex date you may have to push hard with your logistics.

- UPDATE: A fortnight later when she’s around for sex she tells me I’m the third guy to ever fuck her. Previous two were LTRs.

I bang my first 28 year old Russian Miss Fitness competitor

krauserpua · 6 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Back when I was a ~~normal person~~ super-chode my life was a fairly unadventurous affair, something I still see in the dead-eyed shambling of all my coupled-up old friends. Monday to Friday is the corporate cubicle grind then a few drinks after work with other blue-shirted finance/programmer chodes in an All Bar One until each of my friends' "weekend passes" expired and Her Indoors summoned them home. Saturday and Sunday were mostly recovery from the week with a little shopping and cafe-dwelling mixed in.

A pretty boring life. I escaped that gulag four years ago and the Blue Pill Gestapo will never take me back alive.



Confined to solitary



Then an hour in the exercise yard

So I've been living the Euro-jaunt lifestyle. Every month or so I'll take a week or two's trip facilitated by budget airlines and airbnb. I'll number-farm, pick the low-hanging fruit and add the tougher, chaster and prettier girls to

Facebook and Skype to work them ready for a return trip. When you're a fan of the Euro-jaunt lifestyle, Long Game is indispensable. You have to learn your mistakes the hard way and few things are more depressing than working a girl over social media for two months, agreeing to meet in her country ***and then she doesn't put out***. It's only happened to me twice and it's very unpleasant… an "I suck" moment to beat all I suck moments. So I developed a Long Game checklist to be ticked off before booking flights and it's served me well. It's in the new book.

I wouldn't be an aspiring player if I didn't sometimes push the envelope, take a risk, and put myself into stupid situations. With this girl I decide to fly over to Estonia for a weekend with her when she hasn't ticked off a single item on the checklist. That's trouble. But before we get to the end let's go back to the beginning…..

It's late July and the sun is beating down on the paved streets around Trafalgar Square. Crowds of slim Euro-tourist girls amble around with cameras, guidebooks and Primark bags while Tom and I run amok. He opens some bint outside the National Gallery and hooks well so I go sit over on a nearby wall. He's got his girl laughing and tittering so I'm looking around for something to throw myself at….. and I see her. A diminutive little Russian strutting across the square in high heels and tight skirt. Imagine the bitchiest coldest-looking Russian catwalk model and then shrink her six inches and inflate her curves. She's got the severe makeup, cold eyes, high cheekbones and dark clipped fashion that you'd expect on Victoria Beckham but she's only 5'2″ tall bless her with hips and calves like a porno actress. Her features are like a blow-up doll. I open.

I genuinely expect to get blown out hard. She seems so severe.



In diminutive low-8 form

But no, she hooks easily and before bouncing her into the National Gallery cafe "for an English tea like an English lady" I see Tom glide past with his phone camera sneakily flashing. Later he shows up in the cafe after I text asking him to record a little idate footage.

After tea I walk her along the lakeside at St James Park and we sit on the grass. She deftly avoids being in kiss-close range but she's verbally IOIing me and there's no danger of her failing to understand my intent. But this is a Russian: you don't expect much from the first two dates. She's only in town a few more days as her three-week English course wraps up but I manage to get her on a Day 2 for a couple of hours. We have a beer in Waxy

O'Connors and she rebuffs my kiss-close in a "too soon" kind of manner. I move it to Facebook.

Back in Trotskygrad reality hits her like homebrewed vodka and she's loving the mysterious Englishman schtick. I run the usual Long Game in comparing her to a hamster and KGB agent. She sends me a two-page bio giving me a fantasy backstory (that's great investment and mythologising) and it all goes nicely. September rolls around and I'm in Latvia teaching a residential with Tom. I get my usual local lays and squeezed between them is a Sunday afternoon when my Russian buses into Riga for a daytrip. It's a delightful afternoon sitting in the sunshine by the river, taking photos around the Old Town and I get her semi-naked on my sofa. There's makin'-out aplenty but she's got rigid forebrain control to refuse the sex. I try everything. At one point I'm chasing her around the kitchen table and she tries to crawl away through my legs.

Another month of Facebook chat ensues then we agree to meet for a weekend in Tallinn. I know it's not a done deal not only because the checklist isn't ticked off but my whole gut feel is telling me it's a 50/50 bet she'll play the "I'm not that kind of girl game". She's clearly angling for commitment. However I'm on 25 of 26 targeted lays for the year, fancy getting out of London, and haven't been approaching for over a month so have no London leads. I take a punt.

Predictably she gives me the runaround. On paper it's a lovely evening – we stroll around the Old Town, take photos, eat in a medieval restaurant, have a few drinks and then roll around on my bed in the apartment but…. it's just one long ordeal for me. It's a very straightforward powerplay, conducted covertly.

I want to bang her. She wants to get commitment first.

As I'm walking her back to my place towards 10pm she tells me "I should be going back to my hotel". She comes inside "for a minute only". She won't take her coat or shoes off for the first hour. Every babystep forward is a grind. I try everything over three hours on my bed before finally giving up. She stays the night but never takes her tights off and in the morning I'm able to get a blowjob off her. It's so obvious she's gagging for it but her forebrain is truly impressive. There's a reason Russians like chess (and yes, she plays).

I get rid of her on Saturday afternoon because I need my own time and space. A couple of hours later she returns and the battle recommences. I sense a change this time. I've very consciously reminded myself to get back into the Now and make myself present, rather than my previously weird outcome-dependent distant vibe. She's also a little more broken-down than yesterday, her hindbrain having dissolved a few more layers of resistance. So we eat again and have another drink. The vibe has shifted noticeably. Her eyes are more sparkly, she feels closer, and I'm starting to sense the "fuck me" decision being made behind her eyes. The spider sense is tingling.

I take her home again and the same palaver ensues but in only a quarter of the time. Finally I decide for the big escalation push. I'm pretty brutal with her. Moving her body around, ripping her clothes off, giving her stern looks, holding her down. She resists mightily but everytime I release her she gives a mildly disappointed look. Twice I do the Fire Escape routine of going into the bathroom, closing the door and offering her an escape route should she really wish to leave. Both times I come back to find her still lying on the bed in exactly the state of undress in which I left her. She wants it.



This Conan scene is tame in comparison

So she gets it. She's saying "no, we shouldn't" right up until the moment I stick it in her and then – BAM! – She loves it. The barriers come tumbling down and she transforms into a hellcat. She's biting, scratching, moaning, screaming, begging for more. She loves it rough especially the choking. When I turn her over for doggy-style I see a tramp stamp above her ass…. "oh you deceitful dirty bitch" I think, "pretending you're a good girl wanting commitment while having *that* tattoo". So I stick it in her ass and give her a rough one-man DP. Needless to say she loves it.

Afterwards she snuggles up to me and coos "you're such a monster".

I'm grinning. "You look much happier now" she says. "Yes, I won" I reply.

Teasing the unique snowflake

krauserpua · 8 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

While on a recent trip I formularised a new little frame/tease to throw into sets. Nothing groundbreaking or conclusive, just nice spiking and framing. Allow me to share. One girl I'm working on long game has bright purple hair. Rid all images of face-pierced shaved-temple tattooed feminists from your mind. This is a delightful slim beautiful young Russian art student who is feminine in every respect….. she just happens to dye her long hair purple for aesthetic reasons. While on a short first coffee date:

> **Me:** You know, I've just realised *[chuckling to self]*…. when you walked in I knew you reminded me of someone famous but I couldn't remember who. Now I've got it!

…. tap tap tap into google image search on my phone….she's in rapt anticipation…



> **Her:** aaaaahahahahhahahhahaaahahaaaa!

A bit later on she's telling me about her art college in a different town.

> **Me:** I imagine it's a very different atmosphere over there having all those art students in one place. Here in Krakow it's quite traditional. Probably when you walk down the street with that purple hair old grannies tut and little children point. But I'll bet that in Lodz girls like you are ten-a-penny.
>
> **Her:** Haha etc
>
> **Me:** In Lodz you probably feel like when a girl who goes to a party and sees another girl in the same dress. There'll be all these purple-haired girls walking past and you're thinking "bitch". You don't feel like a special unique snowflake anymore. You're just common.

Thinking about this gave me an idea that this is a repeatable routine on any girl's deliberately affected quirks.

- Step 1: Identify a quirk. Perhaps it's her hair, or subculture fashion (punk, metalhead, goth etc), or other affectation.
- Step 2: Compliment her that it's nice
- Step 3: Playfully sympathise that it must be hard in tradtionally-minded towns. Use the tutting of grannies and pointing of small children.
- Step 4: Contrast it with how utterly common and non-special it is in her imagined chosen environment (town, social group etc).

This tease works because you are bouncing from opposite sides of the spectrum – she's both a misunderstood rebel and an utterly conformist bore – while giving her a playfully unflattering frame at both sides. You've got her bang to rights and women love being called on their shit in a non-angry way. You can generalise the theme further. Imagine you're chatting to a catwalk model. Obviously it's important not to be overawed by her job and presumed lifestyle. So run this pattern.

> **Me:** Catwalk, eh? Hmmmmm…. interesting. I suppose it must be quite a contrast in life. Here you are on Oxford Street striding down the street like an angry cat. Very pretty and stylish. You're the tallest girl here, like Gulliver being in Lilliput. All these other girls seem like oompa loompas and you're a giant, having to duck when you walk through shop doorways…. and then you go off to a casting and suddenly the whole room is full of giants. You're just another tall girl in a whole sea of tall girls, all scratching and biting to get the contract. That must be really difficult to get used to, going from being a unique snowflake to just another pretty girl.

You can always find a way to use a girl's unique high-value attributes as a playfully-framed negative, whether it's her large breasts, long legs, thick hair, big eyes, great fashion. Creatively invent dual scenarios where the attribute begins as a blessing and ends up as a curse.

I bang my first 30 year old Sri Lankan student

krauserpua · 9 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The player lifestyle is an emotional rollercoaster that throws up all kinds of unusual experiences. The typical chode has a love-life something like this, with some adjustment depending on how high his value is:

- Grind away with job, fashion, hobbies and gym until some girl chooses you
- Date girl in her frame until she gives up the sex and secures monogamous commitment from you
- Change Facebook status to “in a relationship”. Go to Adele concerts together, shopping malls, birthday parties and bore your co-workers with stories that begin with “we” and end with a damp squib of anti-climax.
- Get dumped. Come off the rails a while. Message some fatties on OkCupid. Stare with terror into the abyss of a long dry spell.
- Repeat once a year until married.

Perhaps I exaggerate but the chodes I know all have drearily predictable lives. Once you board the emotional rollercoaster that is Game it’s like a tiger raised in capitivity being released into the wild.



Beginners bootcamp, Covent Garden

The buffers are gone, the safe societally-sanctioned routine is gone and now you are confronted with the many opportunities and threats of the wildnerness. It’s exciting times. It’s a rollercoaster because you are now putting yourself into position to experience the extremes of success and failure. This is not a flat straight motorway with a car on cruise control. You are constantly forcing yourself into (relatively) high stakes situations where the difference between roaring success and shattering failure is razor thin. Just ask any player who has pulled off an SDL with a young hottie. Hence the old saying “emotional control is the foundation of Game.”

One such unusual experience is **sex with girls you don’t like**. In ChodeWorld it’s weird to have sex with a girl whose personality grates on him because he (i) believes the Disney romance myth and (ii) is chosen by girls partly on his agreeability to them. Players, however, have relentless notch-count hyena to feed and also far more stringent standards on who they like. It’s just that we’ll still fuck her anyway. Making a habit of enduring unpleasant women’s jibber-jabber just to get into their pants is a soul-destroying foolish errand but once in a while the grotty shamefullness of it is fun. So it was with this girl.

It begins normally enough at 10pm on Regent Street as I’m walking to the bus stop after a drink with friends. The streets have emptied out and from about twenty metres away I see a girl with exactly the silhouette I want – tall,

leggy, wide hips, breasts, long hair. As I see the whites of her eyes I see she's from the sub-continent and walks nice. So I open. My assumption story is dead-on that she's a student from Sri Lanka. She's surprised by my accuracy and she's a fairly smart girl so the banter is good (at first). She's loving it but a bit guarded and challenging. I take the number and she's keen in the texts. It goes downhill from there.



Perm the hair a bit

Every new fact I find out about her is either a red flag or an irritation. Over the course of a short Day 2 (one drink on a Friday night) and a longer Day 3 in a blues bar I discover the following:

- Her university course is a do-gooder socialist PC money pit.
- She's sexually experienced and "knows what she wants"
- She frequently spouts femthink to belittle and dismiss masculinity (in the abstract – she gets off on my masculinity in the specific)
- She has a large tattoo on her lower back
- She thinks she knows alot about politics, geography, history and psychology and yet every single assertion is gibberish.

I figure she's quite a slut so I shouldn't have to endure much before I get my notch and smoothly disappear from her life. The Day 3 is just a technical challenge of my ability to run the model and move things along against her resistance while suppressing my desire to dress her down and next her. I can deal with her obstructionism by the usual push-pull and dominance. I can deal with her femthink by holding my frame and not engaging. She's so set on keeping her frame that it's tough to break her down. She's desperately clinging on to the "I'm a girl. I'm the value. I'm choosing" script but I won't budge an inch and she grudgingly plays along, plotting and scheming ways to snatch back some frame.

It's quite a chore. I probably shouldn't bother but I want the Sri Lanka flag.

Day 4 is back at my house but she's getting off on stringing things out and denying the sex. I get her rather generous breasts out but not much more. She's gagging for it but the script matters more to her. Day 5 is in my house again and I'm decided that I'll next her if she doesn't put out. She doesn't put out. Next!

She's chasing hard by text. I give one-word answers, take hours to respond, don't take her bait to invite her out. I'm just sick of it. I cannot face the idea of rebuilding momentum just to spend another four hours on my sofa of her saying "no". She seems to get the message. She invites herself over one final time and then I fuck her within the hour. She makes a face-saving show of banter and reluctance but her eyes and mouth are a dead giveaway that she's come to fuck. It's actually a great lay. High energy, very physical, noisy. I put her into a taxi and delete her number.

Girls really ought to learn that how they act before the lay determines if they get called back. This one was just so precious, so inane, so poor at banter that I shut myself down and by Day 4 getting interest and affection from me was like blood from a stone. She's not a bad person, just a case of drinking every bottle of PC/feminist Kool Aid and wrecking her ability to inspire care and affection from a man. Poor girl.

+1. New flag.

Learning points

- Masculine girls are extremely annoying
- Obstructionism is not a strong frame. It's just obstructionism. Don't be in awe of it.
- Don't feel guilty about pumping and dumping a girl who has failed to earn your affections.

The journey is the destination

krauserpua · 11 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I recently likened the Player's Journey to a tiger raised in captivity being released from his cage into the wild. When an animal is raised in a zoo a routine and structure is imposed upon it by the zookeeper which removes risk such as through regular feeding (starvation risk) and controlled lodgings (exposure and predation risk) while also severely constraining the normal development of the animal. The animal's socialisation is retarded. The tiger doesn't get to roam the wilds, engage with it's fellows, absorb the sights, sounds and fauna of it's natural habitat. It's a house cat. It reminds me of a quote I heard on a boxing telecast twenty years ago. To paraphrase:

There's no such thing as a good boxer I don't know about. To get good you must fight good opposition and if you're fighting those guys, I'll have heard about you.

The idea that there's a talented well-developed fighter hidden Kung-Fu Panda-like deep inside an unknown prodigy is ridiculous. It's the very process of building a career against diverse progressively stiffer opposition that creates the fighter. Without the process, there is no fighter. The journey can't be skipped. The zoo-bound tiger is denied that process of growth and then suddenly released into the wild without the seasoning to compete. Freedom combined with skills is liberating. Freedom *without* skills is terrifying.



The Saturday Sarge

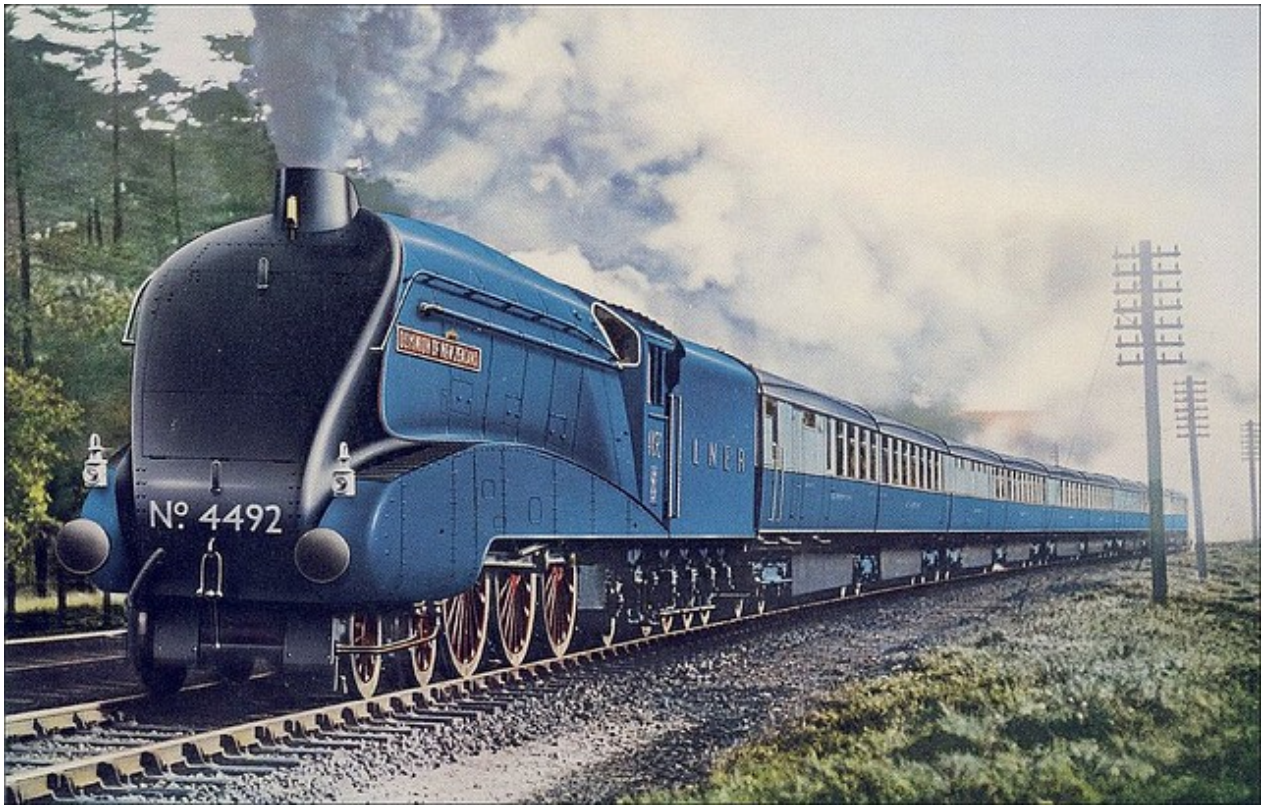
Prisoners and long-term hospital patients can suffer from institutionalisation. Humanity's greatest evolutionary advantage is our ability to adapt to new environments and modify our behaviours, thoughts and emotions to fit in. This becomes dysfunctional in periods of lifestyle upheaval as we clutch at lifelines of the old routine. The daily grind of an institution, be it prison, an LTR or the office, conditions us with certain expectations, partitions off other potential thoughts and behaviours and puts us into a comfortable well-worn rut. The normal pattern of modern social life functions precisely this way because modern city life is atomising. If you spend your whole live aboard the Blue Pill Express you have no control over the destination. Your life is merely passing each station in turn until the end of the line. Work, relationships, entertainment, socialising…. it's easy to passively accept the artificially narrow bounds upon which society has mapped out your life and to surrender decision-making.

This is why I call the Player's Journey an emotional rollercoaster – you break out of the zoo. A chode's life is

constrained by social conventions and office routine. Usually his day is planned quite literally to the minute.

- 7:00 – Alarm goes off.
- 7:10 – Put on coffee pot, eat Quakers Porridge with semi-skimmed milk
- 7:20 – Shower
- 7:35 – Open closet, pull out shirt, suit, shoes in that order. Hang them on back of door-frame.

I'll stop there. Most people's lives are extremely routinised. It's efficient and psychologically comforting. There's a spot for the long term girlfriend in that safe routine and by following social conventions we are deluding ourselves we have escaped the rigours of the sexual marketplace. Just because you ignore a risk, doesn't mean the environment isn't risky. Routine is a buffer.



Destination: 7 lifetime lays

So you step out of your gilded cage and into the wilds of Game. What happens then?

You realise your whole life is your responsibility. The zoo-keeper isn't feeding you or temperature-controlling your cage. ***It's all on you now***. Sex is something you have to go out and get. The nature of the relationship is for you to determine. Pretty quickly you realise girls are only part of the picture. Everything else is yours to determine:

- your fashion
- your body
- your work path
- you friends

Your life is a project to be managed ***not*** a series of orders to follow. Your happiness is your own responsibility. It's both liberating and a psychological burden. Like the tiger released into the wild you must catch-up and learn all those coping strategies that you should've learned as a cub. You can only learn by doing.

It's the very process of following the Player's Journey, with its myriad highs and lows, that builds character. Adversity makes the man.

You must go out and live the life. This is why you can't hide yourself behind internet forums and manosphere chatter. You can't just buy some cool clothes and VIP tickets. You can't just inject TRT/HGH and call it confidence. You can't just reality-weave yourself to strong inner-game. Unless you've actually gone out and done the real work the house is built on sand. Your ego will push you back into the gilded cage. Be ready for it. It's a natural response to the extreme emotional duress that Game places you under. Common traps include:

- Lionise a long term relationship with a "quality woman" and announce your exit from the Game. Fall back into the feminine imperative's frame and assume all the old chode-risks while telling yourself you have "won".
- Delusional ramblings about having become alpha / self-actualised, above the mere minions around you.
- Disappear into "value-building" hobbies that require no compliance from the world but give the illusion of moving forwards.

All three of the above are both buffers to patch up a delusional reality and ease away from the psychological rigours of the Game, and also (in rare cases) potentially pleasant end-states for men who have actually arrived there at the end of the rainbow. You really have to know the man to know which it is. Usually it's a buffer. The lady doth protest too much.

You'll become a better man by enduring the hardships, the introspection, the identity change and forming the mindsets and habits to cope in the Wild. It's tough. You must learn your lessons the hard way. The temptation to return to your gilded cage will be strong.

Failure stories #3 – The African minx

krauserpua · 13 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm walking along sunny Oxford Street in July with Bodi, my mind on video games and specifically whether I should get Dead Space 3 now or wait until I've completed Crysis 3 first. It's a tough choice. One constant in my life is wanting more. I get a buzz from buying a new game and booting it up, familiarising myself to new controls and new eye candy in the visual design. Usually the novelty wears off about three hours in and I get into the zone where the controller merges seamlessly with my hands, the TV screen no longer seperates me from the game world and I'm now fully immersed in the game. This flow state is immensely rewarding. Usually by the 50% complete mark (for a typical AAA game that's about seven hours in) I get restless. I'm so far in that I'm compelled to complete the game (I hate to leave anything unfinished in life) but the enjoyment is subject to diminishing returns due to overfamiliarity. Thus the constant tension between completing games I'm >50% through (Crysis 3) or buying a new one for the novelty buzz (Dead Space 3). Add in series loyalty from me having completed all previous games in both franchises and then reviews saying Dead Space 3 is a staggering twenty hours long – double normal AAA games – and I'm torn.

Such are the things which torment me.



Real beauty, better than any Russian model

Smarter readers will have distilled from this preamble the tension I have in Game. I want the buzz of new girls but I also enjoy the progressively deeper attachments with girls I like. It's a constant tension. So while thinking about video games I look behind us and see a hot African girl walking along. She's a little minx with big wide eyes, great curves, slim and dressed in an unexpected chic 60s Paris style. I double take and open. My vibe is great. She sounds smart and classy so within ten minutes we've hit it off well and I take a number. Texting is precise, so on-point from both of us that I use sections for my new book's Text Game chapter. We meet a few days later.

It's an excellent date. We have tea then move on to a couple of pubs. She's delightful company and full of confidence in her femininity. I've realised the differences between British black, American black and African black girls are like an abyss. Put crudely:

- **British black**: Insufferable princesses full of false bravado and hollow aggressive sexuality. Hot black women

immediately ditch their own race and try to date rich white professional guys.

- **American black**: I have little experience of these. They appear to be thick as shit and talk like drunken sailors. The few I've met professionally in the banking industry are basically men with braided hair. Think Condeleeza Rice.
- **African black**: Very nice cultured manner and speech patterns, pretty good education and a traditional vibe. I like them alot.

Does this make me racisss? Don't care. Perhaps it's just a self-selected sample because I'm never in the ghetto and I avoid the girls with vulgar street fashion. Who knows, who cares. This girl was nice.

So in the third venue I decide I need to be escalating. All the attraction and rapport has gone well. She's a graduate student from a nice neighbourhood in Ghana and she's constantly hammering me with the "I'm a good girl. No sex before marriage" story – which I don't believe for a moment. African girls always give you that spiel. I move in to kiss. She rebuffs a few times then the barriers are down. I'm still thinking this one will move slowly so at about 10pm we're leaving the last venue and I'm going to drop her off home (she lives very centrally).



Add 5kg

As we walk along the back alley by Revolution bar in Soho I push her against a wall and make-out. She's way hornier than I expected and the hindbrain is very excited. She's gasping, moaning, grabbing me. I put her hand on my dick and she's rubbing it hard. This girl is gagging for it. So I walk her all the way to her front door and try to get inside. She's holding me off on the pavement desperately trying to regain forebrain control. I get her into the hallway and there's more frantic making out. Then we're upstairs inside her apartment but unfortunately she shares with two flatmates so it's not a done deal. More making out and the forebrain shutters keep slamming down. She's genuinely torn between a raging horniness for fucking and a sensible good girl forebrain control. I get a real No and we're back in the hallway making out again. She's rubbing my dick so I try to get my hands down her pants for skin-on-skin. I'll happily fuck her there and then, it's reasonably private. The moment she feels the skin-on-skin she shuts down. I have to bid her adieur.

Next week is Day 3 and it's the same again. A civilised date, she asks me to walk her home and the forebrain shuts down again while we're in her hallway with her hand on my dick. It's achingly close. The contrast between her good

girl vibe and sudden wanton abandon is extreme. By Day 4 I decide I need to try a different tack – probably she needs more comfort – so we just have tea and walk through the park. I don't escalate beyond light kissing. I'm hopeful and then outside intervention busts it all.

I have a few foreign trips, she has family visiting, and we go three weeks without meeting. I sense distraction in her texts. She's not engaged to the same level but I get her to meet me near my house and after a couple of drinks we are on my sofa. I still sense reticence on her part but different to earlier. On the first few dates she was free to fuck but decided to slow down, this time I sense she's conflicted by outside forces. I push anyway. She's topless with her ample breasts in my mouth, straddling me and grinding on my dick but she's reticent to touch it with her hands and resists all efforts to unburden her of her jeans. She tells me she's not comfortable having sex today. Perhaps she's on the rag.



How bizarre

Another week of indifferent texts follow then she invites me out for a coffee. That's when I get the Speech. Her ex-boyfriend has asked if they can make it official again with proper monogamous dating. She knows I just want a casual fling so she'll take the surer bet. I don't have a counter-offer of monogamy, telling her instead that I like her and if she's single again to look me up. Next day her whatsapp profile photo is updated to show her with the guy. Typical good-looking professionally-competent African nice guy. They seem a good match.

The Ghana flag must wait. I think I played it as well as I could but the real world conspired against me.

The Badass Buddha – Uniting the contradictions of game

krauserpua · 15 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

For regular readers, Tom Torero needs no introduction. So I shan't give him one. Take it away, fella……

The amount of cognitive dissonance for someone new to Game is seemingly overwhelming. It's a nightmarish clashing of conflicting ideas from so many sources where you can't see the wood for the trees.

This confusion does nothing to help a guy who's getting into the swing of things and doing his first cold approaches trying to get the reference experiences under his belt. He's probably watched dozens of online infields, browsed hundreds of forum posts and amassed an impressive collection of books, PDFs and products that he hopes will make his journey easier.



And then the mind-fuck begins: should he be doing day or night game? Is indirect or direct better? Should he try pre-prepared material or attempt to be natural? Should he approach as much as possible or wait for the girls he really likes? Is verbal or non-verbal more important? Is it essential to be the bad boy or the good guy? Should he make girls laugh or keep a poker face? Is attraction or comfort more important? Should he go for Same Day / Night Lays or master dating? When should he pull the trigger – quickly or slowly? Is it better to immerse himself in Game for a long period or balance it with other interests? Should he take up kick-boxing or meditation to help him on his quest? Should he buy Krauser's "Daygame Nitro" or Tom Torero's "Daygame" book?!

It all comes down to being confused about knowing how to reconcile wanting the girl (the "pull") with not needing the girl (the "push"). How to walk the fine line between persistence and neediness. This forwards and backwards seductive dance is clumsy to begin with, but over time with massive amounts of repetition and practice, a balance begins to be struck. Conscious incompetency becomes conscious competency. The infield action taken internalises the theory, and out of structure comes freedom. Finally a Flow State is reached (unconscious competency) as the skillset is mastered. The sweet spot between pull (Badass) and push (Buddha) has been found. It's a razor's edge between the two that only a few will strike consistently, a narrow road between the traps of either extreme.

This table shows the components of both sides of the Badass Buddha:

BADASS (pull)	**BUDDHA (push)**
Persistence, pulling the trigger	Backing off, non-neediness
Direct	Indirect

Verbal	Non-verbal
Fast (SDL / SNL)	Slow (Dating model)
Bad boy (seduction) traits	Nice guy (rapport) traits
A sexual threat	Master of comfort
Punishing bad behaviour (maintaining “the hand”)	Non-reactive (losing the battle to win the war)
Cockiness, arrogance, solipsism	Connection, dropping the ego, vulnerability
Logistics, planning, detail	In the moment, letting go
Hedonistic, hitting it hard	Reflective, balanced life
Open everything, don’t be picky	Open the 9s and 10s
Full immersion.	Other pursuits and hobbies

Finding that sweet spot into a Flow State is what musicians call “freedom in the groove.” It’s what mountaineers talk about when they’re climbing on the razor’s edge between life and death. It’s what Ayrton Senna meant when he described his “tunnel vision” in Formula One. Having such a sensitivity to the sweet spot is what is meant by calibration, achieved through thousands of hours of refinement of the skill set through errors and corrections.

The Badass Buddha might sound like some New Age, Self-Help, Life Coaching bullshit but it’s quite the opposite. In fact, my aim with the concept is to ridicule and spotlight such mumbo-jumbo bollocks, internet marketing scams and chakra cleansing nonsense. I’m making the point that it’s ACTION that has to come first to achieve any kind of personal / psychological change. Not just action, but **relentless action***. You can’t have the Buddha before the Badass. It’s like trying to put the cart before the horse. Therein lies the spiritualist crap. A fluffy motivational quote you post on Facebook means nothing. Logging off, leaving your house and facing your fears (such as talking to girls through cold approach) is everything.

To a beginner or an intermediate daygamer reading this, I’d therefore stress that you need to go through the Badass stage first, taking on all the alpha-like traits that feel alien right now. Go too far, be massively persistent, be direct, be sexual, escalate fast, pull the trigger hard. Over time you’ll calibrate yourself back towards the Buddha, with abundance in your dating life giving you the freedom from outcome that is so key. You’ll learn the importance of non-verbal game, of slowing down, of mastering dating, of letting go in the wider sense.



Karmic rebalancing, yesterday

Fuck self help. Get help from the girls right in front of you that will show you the way much faster than any Tony Robbins seminar.

Earlier this year I reached 150 lays (144 of them in the last four years). An egotistical "notch count hyena" statistic on one level, but massive deep level personal changes on another level. In the last month alone I've had 5 new lays with the top-tier of girls around the world from London, Spain, the Baltics and Russia. 2013 was the year of really leaning into my edge, finding flow and hitting that sweet spot consistently. I know Krauser's had an outstanding year too, as I've had to listen to a lot of his escapades through rattling apartment walls we've shared.

With dedication and practice, the cognitive dissonance becomes clarity, the conflicting ideas distill into essences. The narrow road is there, hidden underneath the brambles and weeds of procrastination and confusion. Cut a path for yourself using the razor sharp blade of action, which alone will provide the answers you're looking for.

** Could those of you planning to take relentless action please not do so anywhere along the route from Primark at Marble Arch, along Oxford Street down Regent Street and ending at Trafalgar Square. Thanks – K.*

Ups and downs

krauserpua · 17 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

This blog represents my ideas as I formulate them. As I continue along my path of self-improvement I encounter new problems and new ideas. Sometimes I'll look back at an old idea and realise it was really a self-serving justification to feed my ego what it required at that time. We live our lives trapped in webs of self-deceit. Breaking free of those webs is an uncertain process. Sometimes we don't know where we're going, just that wherever we are now isn't the right place.



Summer….

For the past two summers I've had long periods of feeling invincible. In 2012 I came back from Yugoslavia having knocked over four girls in four weeks, three of whom were great scores, plus a bunch of dates and makeouts with girls of a calibre to make the typical man whimper. I felt I could do no wrong. Just walking down the street I had my chin up, chest forward and a spring in my step. Then came the inevitible downswing as I lost interest in approaching and relied on closing off existing leads for the rest of the year. 2013 has been a good run too. The highlight would have to be knocking over seven girls in fourteen days with really good quality. My **Invincibility Upswing** lasted longer this year but the seeds of destruction had been sown. As summer wore on I could feel my motivation flagging, suppressed self-doubts surfacing and my vibe deteriorating.



… autumn

For the past two months I've been atrocious. I had a week or two of dismal failure on the streets, dragging myself out through forebrain-willpower and then having a series of flat sets and flaky numbers. A few dates I couldn't concentrate on and finally I decided to go off the clock entirely for three weeks. Last weekend I gave it another try. 25 sets and no solid leads. My periods of good vibe were short and it seemed inevitable that when I did rattle off five great sets in a row on Saturday evening every single girl had a long term boyfriend. Bah!

Naturally I've tried to self-diagnose the problem. Why is it that at my peak this year (April) I dated twenty-one new girls in ten days and kissed almost all of them (and banged six) whereas the same number of opens in the past month netted me just three dates and no lays? It took a while to break through my own layers of self-deceit but I think I figured it out.

I'm not happy. I don't mean woe-is-me-my-life-sucks unhappy. More that I'm ***relatively*** unhappy. Allow me to explain.

I believe our moods naturally follow a wave-pattern of upswings and downswings. Anyone who tells you he's happy 100% of the time is lying to you whether he be a buddhist claiming nirvana or a player claiming self-actualisation. The human mind is not designed to be happy. It's designed to strive for more, doling out intermittent happiness as a reward for moving forwards. The precise timing and shape of the waves depends on many factors, such as:

- Health
- Family
- Abundance
- Problems

What confused me this year is that on paper I've had far and away the best year of my life. I've banged 26 new girls with an average quality higher than any previous year. I've travelled to Spain, Brazil, Russia, Romania, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Czech Republic and Serbia. I'll only work a total of three months with the other nine devoted to my own pursuits. I've written a new book (well 100,000 words of it so far). I've stayed in good shape. I see my family plenty and have some good friends. I completed Grand Theft Auto V.



Meh! I'll let you open her

So on paper all is great. Yet the past two months I've been miserable and lacking any desire to do things. My usual hobbies of video games and reading fail to stimulate me. I've had little love for daygame and found dates too boring to engage myself. I've started tippling whiskey every night. I'm lacking conviction. So what's the problem?

I've become bored with the New Normal. I'm restless.

I achieved the lifestyle I wanted and have been living it for about two years. The human brain responds to relative changes and thus tiny variations in success/failure are spun all out of proportion. It's in our nature to experience an upswing when achieveing goals and then to level out, take it for granted, and become restless about the next goal. Happiness isn't about getting what you want, it's about enjoying what you get. That's elusive.

So I've been meeting girls when my own head isn't straight. I've dragged myself out onto the streets against my hindbrain's inclination and I must be eminating miserable vibes. Why should I expect a woman to respond well to me when I'm disatisfied with my life? I'm inviting her to enter a reality I don't enjoy myself so of course she'll be reticent. Subtle changes in happiness are magnified through your vibe to create their impact on the girl. That's why when you feel great you catch more IOIs and hook more girls. And when you suck, you suck balls.

Perhaps you're wondering why I've written such a long self-absorbed ramble so here's the point: ***everyone has these downswings***. Game increases the volatility of your wave pattern with higher highs and lower lows (in emotional terms that is, the objective reality is higher highs and higher lows but it just doesn't feel that way). Don't be too hard on yourself when the struggle appears hopeless or just plain boring. So long as you are balancing work on your value (anabolic) with work on the streets (catabolic) you'll eventually hit the next upswing.

Emotional control is the foundation of Game. Don't let a downswing hand the reigns to avoidance weasel. Self-diagnose and figure out your action plan. Perhaps you need to push through more sets or perhaps you need to step away from the streets for a while. So long as you are implementing your Plan you can accept the downswing as a necessary purgatory while also not letting your upswings fool you into hubris.

** since writing this a week ago I can feel myself beginning an upswing*

Failure stories #4 – The Saudi virgin

krauserpua · 19 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm walking down Oxford Street near Selfridges in the summer of 2012. My approaching has already started to wind down after gorging myself in a month's tour of Yugoslavia. I'm relying on autopilot to push me along but it's still pleasant. I see a tall African girl dressed elegantly with a colourful headscarf.

Hmmmm. I believe in going after Unicorns. This means girls who are completely outside of my normal catchment demographic but of such rare and unusual beauty that I really ought to give it a go on general principle. I don't have any expectations of how they'll react or how well I can get them. Just push the comfort zone and chase the beauty.



Drop a point

So I open this Muslim telling her I love her stylish fashion. Probably I compare her to a giraffe. I forget. She loves it. Her accent is posh and measured, her dememour very classy…. she's just adorable. Sharp intelligent eyes, a free easy smile. Yummy. My humour is free-flowing and Im' feeling good:

> **Me:** I'm Nick
>
> **Her:** I'm Afaf
>
> **Me:** Haha… *[laughing]*
>
> **Her:** What? Why are you laughing?
>
> **Me:** That's not a name. That's the noise dogs make. Afafafafaf

Later when telling her friends they love it and make dog jokes when she tells them of dates. I keep a general "woof woof" theme of callback humour going throughout the dating. So I take the number and get her out a week later. I thoroughly stumped as to how to proceed. She's a proper five-prayers-a-day Muslim virgin of Somali background but grew up in Saudi Arabia. Culturally we are from different planets. I'm in my head about it.

Day 2 is a walk around a small park near Russell Square, sitting on a bench and later a coffee in Costa. I'm too

freaked out to escalate, the headscarf and virginity giving me a mental block. We finish in a pub but she doesn't drink alcohol and I overtly tell her I have no idea how to proceed. She's nice about it but I'm expecting to LJBF myself through incompetence. I'm puzzled why I don't feel the usual drive to just run the escalation model and push towards sex.

Day 3 is a nearby cinema to watch Judge Dredd. I hold her hand like a nervous teenager and then as we leave the darkened screen I kiss close her. Great, she takes it. She leans up against me in the bus stop and I send her home. From now on things are more like a normal girl but she's got this massive virginity block.



Tepid Escalation

We go to parks, eat in restaurants, have coffee. She comes round my house several times to watch movies and sit in my bedroom. It's the closest thing I've had to regular dating all year. I even take her to a friend's birthday party in Notting Hill. I've got a girlfriend. I like this. Autumn has come and I really don't feel like generating new leads through the street grind. I want to hibernate and just close off my remaining leads which at this point are:

- – Serb A, Serb B, Serb C
- – Russian A, Russian B
- – Croat A, Croat B

One of the Russians drift away after a solid Day 3 kiss close while both Croats fall off the radar. It's a shame because all are solid 8s but what can you do? I'm just happy to knock over four of seven. Autumn passes into winter and I've now been dating my Saudi once a week for about two months.

Every escalation is painfully slow. First time I kiss her it's soft. Second time there's tongues and a bit of groping. First time I get her home she cuddles up to me on the sofa but won't come to my bedroom. First time in the bedroom I get her tits out but no touching up downstairs. Later I finger her to orgasm through her jeans. Later again she wanks me off. Later again I get her face exploring around my dick but she won't put it in her mouth.

Weirdly, I'm not too upset about the slothlike pace of escalation. I like her company. She tells me I'm the first man to ever take her beyond kissing. Yes, at age 26 she has never had a man mash her tits, touch her pussy or wrap her long fingers around his cock. I feel like Captain Kirk exploring a new planet. It doesn't feel like failure. It's nice having her adore me.

Then things go suddenly wrong. I'm at the next push for escalation in my bedroom unbuttoning her jeans. She's so hot and horny I very nearly get her jeans off. She's on the edge of the cliff, one tiny step from going all the way over the edge into full sex. We both sense it. She shuts down. I have to back off. At the bus stop I give her a nice kiss before she waves goodbye and I shrug my shoulders – only a matter of time now.

She doesn't reply to any more texts. Complete radio silence. Unadds me from skype. She's gone without explanation or goodbye. A year later I'm out with Jabba in Selfridges cafe when she walks past with a friend. I see her, she sees me, she knows I know she knows I'm there. She completely blanks me.

I've since experienced similar behaviour from other chaste Africans. Their body pushes them to hot horny sex but their mind resists. Eventually they reach a moment where they know one more step will put them over the edge. They cool off back home and realise "if I see him again I'll end up fucking him". So they cut contact. They can't trust themselves not to get roped back in and deflowered. It sucks for me. If I'd figured out the solution to this puzzle I'd have had virgin flags fro Saudi Arabia, Ghana and Equitorial Guinea. Harumph!

Don't build your own prison and call it a home

krauserpua · 20 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

"Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen [pounds] nineteen [shillings] and six [pence], result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery." Charles Dickens, David Copperfield.

The essence of a bachelor's life is that he maintains control of his time and his freedom to maneouver. This is how you feel in control of your life and avoid the sense of being harried, put-upon and trapped. We are quite aware that getting married-up (the old "ball & chain") and having children are the two major ways in which a man can surrender his time and freedom to maneouver. If that's what you want in life, by all means go for it. This post is written for bachelors who have chosen to remain free of such entanglements for the foreseeable future. The two key principles are:

1. Get a secure high top-line income, preferably scaleable
2. Get a low fixed cost base. Convert fixed costs to variable costs.

This is talk from business financial planning so I ought to unpack it a little for non-bankers, beginning with considering a man who has it all wrong per Dickens. Imagine a caricatured cubicle-jockey who works full-time 48 weeks a year on a permanent-employee contract. He owns a suburban three-bedroomed house and both he and his wife have a lease car each, perhaps a couple of years old. They have a sky sports / entertainment subscription, 24-month 4G mobile phone contracts for both adults and both children. The mortgage has ten years paid and fifteen years remaining plus there are a few unsecured loans to cover big ticket expenses like the recent kitchen remodelling. What is the risk profile of this man's finances?

- Income is not scaleable – He is already working at his full capacity of 48 weeks a year of full-time working weeks.
- Income is all from one source, his salaried employment.
- Expenses are all high, fixed amounts with long duration. There is significant debt which is subject to (probably) floating interest rates.

What this means is the man has a very narrow margin of error. When expenses rise he had few options to absorb the change – does he try to get overtime at work or does he trade-off another expense? If his income drops (his hours are cut, he is fired) he has a huge monthly payment to meet and no means to do so. Not only that but by having equity in his home he has alot to lose in a home repossession. The man has no time and no freedom to maneouver. **This is why bachelors should be very wary of owning a home**. The things you own end up owning you.

One thing investment managers quickly adopt is the idea of asset classes. Everything is an investment and allocating funds to one asset class (e.g. equity) means less funds for another asset class (e.g. bonds). This is simple opportunity cost. Investment managers will take a strategic view on the likely performance of different asset classes and make their bets accordingly. You should be doing the same.

Property is not an emotion. It's not a symbol of success. It's not a part of your identity as a man. *It's just an asset class*. Depending on your life situation and the economy it's wise to be either long or short property. Usually it's better to be short (i.e. renting not buying), here's why.

Freedom

Buying a house locks you into one place and a high monthly fixed expense. For no reason other than that it is usually smart for the bachelor to avoid buying a house. When you tell your boss you have a mortgage you are telling him "I can't walk away from this job so please fuck me over with limitless demands, pressure and shitty projects.

I'll take it all while wearing a shit-eating grin because I know I don't have the option to walk away".

A man with a huge income-expense margin can accumulate a large pile of fuck-you money in his savings account. He can take time off work. A man on a six-month rental apartment can very easily trade down to a cheaper place if money is tight, trade up when he's flush or just go move to another country/city to follow a good job opportunity. As Robert De Niro advises in Heat: "Don't let yourself get attached to anything you are not willing to walk out on in 30 seconds flat if you feel the heat around the corner…. Now, if you're on me and you gotta move when I move, how do you expect to keep a… a marriage?"



On the lam

Taxation

The golden rule of taxation is that the burden falls heaviest on those least able to avoid it. The poor don't pay tax because they have little income to tax and little to lose by refusing to work. The rich don't pay tax because they can restructure their affairs to minimise it. Tax falls disproportionately upon the middle class for three simple reasons:

1. They earn high enough incomes to make their life significantly more comfortable from working than not working.
2. They have assets (housing, savings, pensions) that can be plundered and are too large to comfortably walk away from.
3. They own property. It is fixed in one location and cannot be moved offshore. Nor can they.

Buying a house positions yourself squarely into the cross-hairs of a thieving government whether overtly (property taxes, stamp duty, rates) or covertly (you are locked into place for all the personal taxes)

Asset bubbles

Property is just an asset class. Nobody buys a house outright in cash. Under periods of stable banking families will typically provide a 20% cash deposit and borrow the remaining 80% which any investment manager will tell you is 4x leverage. You have £4 of debt for every £1 of equity but still control (carry risk and rewards of) 100% of the investment. Let's consider a contrived example to clarify the maths:

> Your capital: £20k. Your mortagage: £80k. Your house price £100k.
>
> **Scenario 1:** House prices rise 10%. Your house is worth £110k. You now have £30k in equity (the debt didn't increase) This is £10k profit on an investment of £20k = 50% return.
>
> **Scenario 2:** House prices fall 10%. Your house is worth £90k. You now have £10k in equity. This is £10k loss on an investment of £20k = 50% loss.

The key characteristic of leverage is it magnifies the impact of asset price movements. A change of just 10% in house prices creates a 50% change in your wealth. We are so used to hearing risk-takers extoll the virtues of leverage in rising markets that we can forget ***leverage also works on the way down***. As many a leveraged hedge fund found out to their cost. The main point for the bachelor to process is this:

Buying a house is a highly leveraged bet on the direction of the housing market.

You are not reducing risk by buying a house. You are increasing it. This is before taking into account another factor: housing is a depreciating asset. Houses fall apart and become delapidated without regular maintenance and repairs. This truth is hidden in fast-rising markets because the net amount of house price rise minus maintenance costs will be positive. Thus accepting that buying a house is an ***investment*** decision, and in particular a speculative investment decision, we must understand how a house is valued. If your natural thought is "look in the estate agent's window for similar houses" you are a moron. There are three ways to price a house over the long term – all are ways to determine if the housing market in a given area is over- or under-valued at the time you are considering purchase.

1. Median house price to median salary ratio

It's an obvious truism that if the average person cannot afford the average home then house prices are going to drop. You can find long-term historical data (for example Case-Schiller) that gives a clear pattern for any region. Generally speaking in the US house prices will cost 3 times the salary of whoever lives in it. Pull up the graphs. Any time prices deviate there is a bubble or crash and eventual reversion to the mean. It's simple (effective) supply and (effective) demand. What can't happen won't and therefore when median house prices outstrip the median earner's capacity to pay **they don't pay**. There'll be a period of market breakdown as delusional sellers refuse to drop prices (the first sign of a house price crash is sharply reduced transaction volume – buyers and sellers can't agree a price) but then as the 3Ds come into effect (divorce, death, reDundancy) the forced sales pull the market down.



Find this for your region

2. Median salary to median mortage payment ratio

People have a comfort zone for how much of their monthly income they are willing to allocate to housing. Long

term statistics show that to be about 33% of take-home pay. The rest goes on food, entertainment, clothes, car whatever. Banks consider this ratio in making loans because as the % rises the borrower's wiggle room to deal with external shocks reduces as does their willingness to meet payments in times of duress. When you read stories of young couples paying 60% of take-home pay to meet mortgage payments then its a sure sign the market is overpriced and headed down.

3. Bank optimism

There are long-accepted rules in the banking industry and long-accepted ratios in determining loans. Put simply your banker assesses you on the three Cs

- **Collateral –** How much of a deposit or how valuable is the asset the loan is secured on. This is why they require a cash deposit. If you pay 20% deposit then the house value can drop 20% before the bank takes a loss. Your skin in the game is 20% and thus you are far less likely to walk away from your loan. Reduce that to 5% and the game has changed.
- **Cover –** How many times over can your take home pay cover your mortgage payment? If that number is low you will struggle when interest rates rise or your income takes a knock. You are fragile.
- **Credit –** What is your historical creditworthiness? Do you have a history of repaying your debts or welching on them?

House prices are determined by the availability of credit because it's the size of the mortgage the bank will give you that determines your effective demand to bid on a house. Thus when lending standards are lax (i.e. banks are optimistic) borrowers can get larger loans and thus bid up prices. When banks are aggressively marketing loans with 5% deposits or ALT-A interest-only repayment schedules, or the central bank is forcing down interest rates it is all pointing in one direction: houses are overpriced. Lax lending leads to high rates of bad debts and an inevitable banking contraction. Lending standards over-correct to the strict side and suddenly borrowers can no longer bid so high. House prices drop.



This is what a banking crisis looks like

There are many additional factors that impact house prices that I won't go into. For example consider how these

sociological changes affect prices:

– Expansion of public sector jobs in a particular region: Wages rise in that region leading to increased ability to bid-up house prices. When government contracts and fires those workers prices come back down.

– Mass immigration: Large numbers of wealth-destroying third world immigrants flood a country. For their housing demand to become “effective demand” (backed by the ability to pay) they must receive government housing benefit. This can only be funded by taxation (national debt is merely deferred taxation) which means the increase in effective demand by the colonists is offset by the decreased effective demand of the wealth-creators (when taxes rise, median salaries and interest cover falls – see above ratios).

– Debasement of the currency: Prolonged periods of quantitative easing artificially suppress interest rates which has the effect of (i) reducing monthly payments for borrowers on floating rates (ii) destroying yield on investments for savers. It’s a direct transfer of wealth from savers to borrowers. Effective demand is transfered from one group to another but not increased overall. When currency is debased house prices have the illusion of increasing because they are measured in a unit that loses it’s real-world value. For example in the UK the pound was devalued 25% in 2008-09 but house prices remained flat. The economic effect is house prices dropped 25%.

These are complex factors but I raise them to solidify the key point: Property is just an asset class and it’s a leveraged investment. It’s not an emotional decision or a rite of passage to becoming an adult. For most bachelors most of the time buying a house is suicide. It takes away your time and freedom to maneouvre. It will also very likely lose you money if you buy now.

** Anyone retarded enough to say “rent is just throwing your money away” will be sent to the spam queue.*

Bear baiting

krauserpua · 22 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Something just occured to me when reading Bodi's recent post on workplace woes. He discusses the baiting tactics of office gammas and deltas and one particular tactic sprang to mind. Now bear in mind I write this from intellectual curiosity in the games people play rather than as a severe warning of a likely risk. *I almost never encounter this tactic*, mainly because I never let myself get drawn into the killzone of it. Unless someone can point me to psychology literature beating me to the punch I'm going to coin the term: **The Bear Bait**. It's a way weak aggressive people can sway the crowd / bureaucratic institutions to dispose of a stronger opponent or to control the frame by the threat of such force. The tactic as explained from the position of the gamma / feminist aggressor:



A white man at an HR diversity seminar

Step One: Establish office reputation as harmless, helpful, normal person

Gammas are often excessively helpful to other staff when it's measurable and recordable (e.g. an email answer to a problem posed) while resentful and value-taking in mood (e.g. talking down to you as they do it). Understand their behaviour is based on denying their low SMV by constructing an elaborate delusional reality in which the world is stupid and they are better than everybody else. Thus they are stubborn and aggressive (a frame-push) but also fragile and terrified. As Ricky Raw correctly observes they don't feel guilt, just toxic shame. So you'll find gammas frequently glad-handing the office and conspicuously engaging in impression management.

Step Two: Identify victim

Gammas are always looking for a recipient of their frame-push because they need to position themselves above everyone. Busybody women are always looking for an outlet for the screams of their barren wombs. If you have little involvement with these people they'll leave you alone but if you find yourself sitting next to them or in regular team meetings you can expect trouble. Most office workers are spineless pushovers so their frame-push encounters no resistance but if you hold your frame expect them to make a project of you. This is why its best not to provide unnecessary ammunition from your personal life – don't talk about Game, don't offer political opinions and don't flaunt how much better your life is than theirs – these are all digs into their toxic shame that will make them more

resentful and more motivated to attack you because your very existence is an existential threat to their delusional reality.



Trouble brewing

Step Three: Engage victim in casual chat with other people in earshot

The aggressor will start chumming-up with you by making innocuous small-talk that gradually veers away from what is directly relevant to the job. Most of the time nothing comes of it except a mild pump for information to use against you later but every now and then the planets will align for them – you fall into a conversation and there's lots of people who can overhear. Now this is when the trigger is pulled and it suddenly becomes a bait-and-switch from friendly chat to deliberate malicious attack. Precisely the reason it works is it lulls the victim into the killzone by exploiting their friendliness and goodwill.

Step Four: Utter socially-conventional (but completely untrue or nonsensical) platitude that forces victim into hard choice to either concede the frame (a) or argue a position that constitutes thoughtcrime (b)

The aggressor will accept either of two outcomes. Either you accept the frame-push, dicktuck, and can then be bled dry for fuel to power their delusional reality (that they are above you) or you resist and they try to destroy your life. Being passive-aggressive they are seeking to recruit external forces as their cat's paw namely laws, social convention and HR departments. At a minimum they want co-workers to label you an outcast ("He's a bit weird, that guy. A racist/sexist/bigot") so they can use you as a foil for their own moral superiority when discussing you at the watercooler. The lottery jackpot is if they can twist something you say into an HR-actionable offence that has witnesses. Remember their reality can't tolerate your existence outside of their frame so they will be ruthless and vindictive about it. So, examples (I lay it on thick, in practice they'll be quite nuanced and subtle):

> **Him:** Did you see that slavery case in the news? Three women were held for thirty years by some man. It's horrific.
>
> **You:** Yes.
>
> **Him:** Don't you think it's awful that in this day and age we still have slavery and sex-trafficking in the UK? Men are still able to get away with it *(this is the frame-push)*
>
> **You (a):** Yes, it's terrible *(concede frame)*
>
> **You (b):** Well, we don't. These cases are extremely rare and are almost exclusively confined to immigrant populations from third-world countries. It's not a "UK" problem *(thoughtcrime)*

Step Five (a): Continue to push victim by heaping more platitudes on them until receiving concession

Once they sense your willingless to submit they'll demand total supplication because the further they beat you down the more superior they feel. Expect a long rant to consolidate their frame delivered with a watchful eye waiting for the slightest flicker in your eyes that allows them to bait you with a "don't you think so?". So for example:

> **Him:** Yes, it's terrible. There are still so many things wrong with this country from the legacy of colonialism. I think these women are very brave. The police should do more. I think those victims were ignored for so long because they are Malaysian and Irish. It's just like the Lawrence Report said – the police are institutionally racist…. blah blah….

They know full-well they are goading you. That's their pleasure – prodding a declawed bear with a pointed stick from safe distance.

Step Five (b): Feign incomprehension to draw out verboten opinion, making sure everyone in earshot hears and begins to pay attention.

The slightest crack in their reality causes them existential pain so if you push back at all they will try to destroy you. When you initially express crimethink they may leave you a bit more rope to hang yourself by nodding and making listening noises before suddenly raising their voice to paraphrase your opinion to the audience. Watch here for a deliberate attempt to squeeze your opinion under any thoughtcrime label e.g. racist, sexist, homophobic, right-wing, bigoted, reactionary, old-fashioned etc. Once the label is there the specifics of your opinion cease to matter and instead the "fact" of your "racist outburst" becomes part of the historical record.

Step Six: Immediately make it personal in a way that leaves victim false dilemma of either conceding frame (a) or making what can be twisted into a personal attack (b)

The next step is usually to either dredge up an identity politics card or to hypothetically create one. So for example:

> **Him:** Angelina Jolie is such a good actress and a very morally-inspiring women. She's really hot too.
>
> **You:** Not my type.
>
> **Him:** Why not? She's one of the most beautiful women in the world, always winning prizes for it. Of course you'd want to date her.
>
> **You:** She's old, unpleasant and raising a bunch of other men's children. I'm not interested.

He now has multiple lines of attack to pursure your verboten opinions and to make it personal. Such as:

- What have you got against mature women? They don't reach their sexual peak until forty you know. My girlfriend is 35 and in her prime. Are you saying she's worthless?
- What have you got against single mothers? She's a role model for struggling women everywhere. My sister/friend/neighbour is a single mother. Would you discriminate against her because she has a child?
- You only date silly young girls? Are you a paedophile or something?

Of course if you're being attacked by a woman she'll immediately find something about herself to personalise it along the lines of "you don't like X. I am X, so you think I'm a bad person?" be it body fat, age, bastard kids, divorce, paper-shuffling pointless career, worthless degrees…… she'll find a way to position herself as the subject of your "hate".

Note how the stakes are raised. He/She is betting the farm that you will either (i) back down from your position because continuing your case can only result in a personal insult in an environment that punishes personal insults or (ii) say something that can be reframed as a personal insult precisely to trigger that punishment by her cat's paws.

Step Seven: Condescending and self-congratulatory gloating (a) or immediately playing the defenceless victim (b)

So if you back down they'll preen themselves now they are positioned above you or seek to record the "personal attack" as a "fact" which can now be actioned against you. Either way they've won.



Victorious

Perhaps your first response is to think “no way are people that self-consciously manipulative” and if so, you’d be wrong. People are very devious. Just watch how naturally a pair of drunken bar thugs will execute a pincer movement on a victim with velociraptor-like telepathy. This stuff is hard-wired. The more oestrogen in a person’s system (i.e. women and gammas) the more likely they are to revert to this passive-aggressive aggressor-victim manipulation.

This tactic is writ large across the whole of society especially by race hustlers, feminists and the other Professionally Aggrieved and Offense Takers By Proxy. It’s utterly wicked because they know full well that the overwhelming social power is on their side yet they go out picking fights, little different to the packs of Pakistanis who go on the roam in Shadwell for solo white victims. The obvious question is how do I defend myself?

1. Don’t get set-up. The whole tactic is based on lulling a man into the killzone so learn to recognise the set-up. These gammas and women will throw out lots of little micro-tests to ping for your opinions. They’ll drop incidental comments expressing GoodThink then monitor if you enthusiastically agree or go silent – if its the latter they’ll mark your card for later. When you social acuity is tight you’ll spot these pings easily, as you’ll also spot the suppressed gamma rage / man-hate in their eyes and set of their jaw. I don’t rise to the comments and if they keep pushing I just tell them I don’t discuss that kind of thing at work.

2. Don’t take the bait. This should be obvious but when you feel the trigger being pulled, don’t do what they expect you to do. Don’t get involved. Make sure everyone can hear them needling you and trying to drag something out of you while you keep your opinions to yourself. If they are really insistent just call them out: “Just say what you mean” or “What are you trying to get me to say?”

3. Pull the Reardon Gambit. Assuming you got caught off guard and have now expressed CrimeThink in front of an audience, you are in damage control mode. Your best defence is to explictly and overtly describe the tactic back to the crowd by either being uninvolved: “It’s obvious what you’ve done. You pushed me into expressing an opinion publically precisely so you can take offense at it. I only told you because you asked. Stop playing these weird games and let me just get on with my job. I came here to work, not to play politics. You’re transparent” or if you’re sharp you can reframe them as the aggressor: “I don’t think this is appropriate for a professional environment. I’m trying

to do my job and I think it's unfair to single me out and try to publically shame me for privately-held opinions. People can see your game."

Whatever happens just know this person had it in for you from the moment they marked your card. If you must play this game it's best to just chip away at their frame daily with tiny getures and comments that position you above or outside their frame but never reach the threshold of being actionable against you. It's a bitch move but if they started it it's fun to keep shaking their reality for lulz.

There goes my marketing budget....

krauserpua · 30 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Daygame Mastery extract – The Secret Society

krauserpua · 4 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

My new book is a textbook. Every page offers specific actionable advice for what to say and do while interacting with a woman you're trying to seduce. To adequately convey this advice I need to bring my poor reader up to speed on key concepts and mindsets so I've been writing little "box out" sections as tangents to the body of the text. During my chapter on "daygame is dirty" I go into detail about the female's dualist sexual strategy:

- **R-selection:** Acquire high-quality DNA
- **K-selection:** Acquire long-term provision and protection.

This reminded me of the first time I ever heard PUAs reference what we now call the socio-sexual hierarchy. Tyler Durden wrote a celebrated post on the Bristol Lair called The Secret Society back when PUAs didn't really have the vocabulary to parse the concepts but they knew they'd discovered something real. I've used this as a jumping off point for this particular box out. So to whet my reader's appetites here's an extract from Daygame Mastery……..*



This idate is looking promising

Most men are, in carnival terms, rubes. They are easy marks. They have been brought up in a deeply fem-centric world and all of its delusions. They go to work, earn money, pay taxes, buy products, watch TV and have sex with a tiny number of homely women. Dysfunctional as this sounds it's exactly what the grand meta-narrative of the feminine imperative wants. It's a feature not a bug. It's no conspiracy. Most people have bought into the ideology implicitly and women can't even articulate why they want it this way, much less design and administer such a conspiracy.

What matters is the result: Most men don't **get it.**

Most men don't realise that **sex is everywhere**. That innocent-looking girl in a woolly jumper sitting in Starbucks reading Proust? Last week she was picked up in Hyde Park by a player who fucked her three hours later in the disabled toilet at Charing Cross Hotel. That Iranian girl with the head scarf and wide blue eyes? Once a month her father pays for her shopping trip to Harrods and she sneaks away to spend the night with a player who picked her up outside Knightsbridge underground station.

There is a world of sex going on underneath our noses. 99% of men have never participated in it and many don't even believe it exists. While waiting in the queue at Whole Foods they see the customer in front making small talk with the cashier as she bags his items. Oblivious, the man saw but **he didn't observe**. A keener eye would recognise that "small talk" was a flirty indirect-direct ping that raised a smile, followed up by some sparkling eye contact. The player was screening the cashier, giving her a come-on to gauge her interest. Sometimes a cashier gives her number and gets fucked in a hotel room three days later. Then she goes back to work with nobody the wiser.

All women have "indiscretions". These are her R-selected moments. It's just that she's not having them with the K-selected man so he doesn't even know they happen. There are precious few R-selected men in the world so they act as aggregators. Twenty women may each have only one indiscretion but they all happen with the same man. This is why when you become an Advanced Player you stories become literally unbelievable to the average man. He's literally never seen that world. He was never allowed into the Secret Society.

According to the UK Office Of National Statistics, 20% of all females living in the UK are aged between 15 and 30 years old. According to me, approximately 20% of them are a six or better in hotness. Depending who you believe women of that generation will have between 10 and 20 lifetime sexual partners on average. So let's run some simple maths (it's a crude sketch, social statisticians beware!):

- 4% of women in the UK are bangable (20% of 20%).
- Each of these women will average 1 new notch per year during their bangable window.

Let's assume half her notches are within stable LTRs with K-selected men while the other half are R-selected "indiscretions", thus each girl has one Player Notch every two years. This means for one player to score 20 notches per year he is aggregating 40 girl-years of indiscretions. He's stealing the lunch money of 39 other men. Not only that but we are only looking at the top 20% of the girls. Which leads us to quite a startling conclusion about R-selected men:

The hot girl population of the UK can only support a maximum of 0.1% of men being players before female notch-counts rise exponentially.

There's a reason the society is kept a secret.

** Smarter readers will have observed I've given away one of the few extracts of my book which uses ideas that are already public domain. It's not just the society that remains a secret!*

The Perma-Chode

krauserpua · 10 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Back when I was a scrawny teenager trying to find my way in the world I attended karate class with my brother. This was in 1991 and thus pre-UFC and the whole MMA revolution that followed. We'd all line up in the sports hall and throw crappy punches into the air, which seems rather quaint now. There was a guy in the class called Dan. Since continuing my martial arts education I've encountered lots of "Dans". They have some combination of the following:

- Late thirties or older
- Strange obsesso hobbies such as urban cycling or creating minimalist music
- Functioning social skills but rather bristly about doing things their own way

All classic gamma identifiers but not limited to that rank of the socio-sexual hierarchy. The reason Dan amused us so much was because of a predictable ritual that would happen every single class like clockwork.

1. Teacher shows us a new move or kata then patiently walks us through each step.
2. Teacher starts counting out ten repetions of said movement with class following along as best they can under teacher's eye.
3. Class continues to count out repetitions while teacher mingles with class to observe each student's technique in turn, making corrections or giving praise.
4. Dan is always doing it wrong, in some weird idiosyncratic manner. Teacher corrects him and Dan starts doing it right.
5. The moment the teacher turns his back, Dan goes back to his "I know best" weirdo-style.

Unsurprisingly Dan made zero progress in the six months it took me to realise karate is shit and to ditch it. I've now encountered Dan's brethren dozens of times in every martial art i ever studied. Game is full of Dans and this is the problem

They think they know best.

Dans display donkey-like stubborness and refusal to change. They may pretend to listen and follow instructions while under your watchful gaze but it's a sham. They have no interest in learning. Attending your bootcamp is just an elaborate reality-weave to convince themselves they are doing something about their lack of women. Deep in the dark recesses of their mind they think they are better than you. Who are the worst students on a bootcamp? Who is least likely to show up on the second day?

Funnily enough its not the five foot tall indo-chode. It's the white Euro guy who is pretty successful in another area of his life.

Normal men can take a telling. They can put their ego aside, recognise doing what they've always done will only get them what they've always gotten. Beta males are a pleasure to teach. Gammas / Higher betas / Dans are often a nightmare. They've acheived something in life (unrelated to women) so they stubbornly cling to the ***I know best*** frame:

- They've climbed Mount Everest
- They've built a successful business
- They have a ton of money

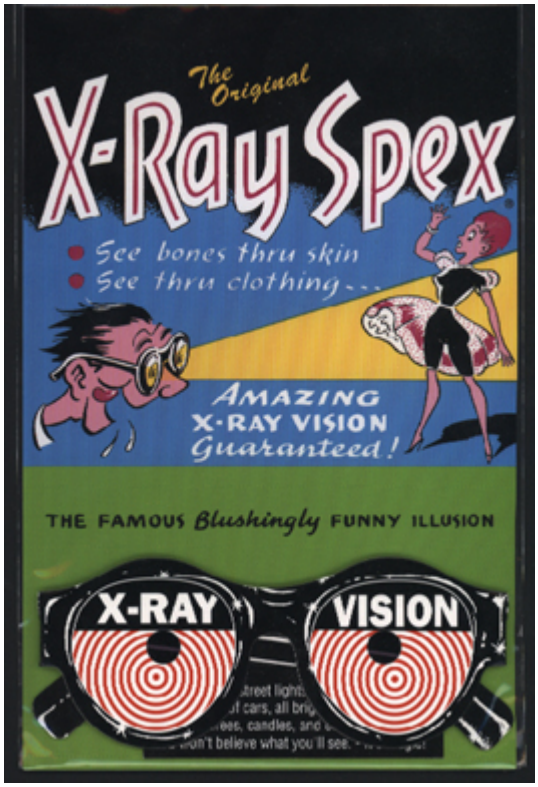
Whatever it is, these guys are Dans. They are a sub-set of the **Perma-Chode** family. This is the family of chodes who will simply *never get it*. No matter what you show them, how you drill them they simply don't have it in them to

become cool. Some are too short, too dumb, too anxious, too Indian or whatever. Some of them have all the physical and intellectual tools necessary but simply cannot face reality – They are Dans.

The Calibration Glasses

krauserpua · 15 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine if those x-ray glasses advertisements in the back of 1970s Marvel comics had been real. Imagine it was possible to don a pair of glasses that let you see through all the bullshit and see the world *as it really is*.



For back when women still had modesty

I had zero calibration as a child until well into my adult life. I'd run around doing my own thing, imposing my reality onto the world and then show total obliviousness to the responses of others. I never learned to read the subtle cues in peoples behaviour that betray what they really think. Perhaps I was an unusually blundering idiot but I think men generally are an oblivious bunch. We live in the world of direct obvious overt communication.

Two years into the Game I *still* marvelled at Jambone's ability to just **know** where a girl was at and whether she was up for it. To me it seemed he had a superpower but really he'd just taught himself calibration by fucking 150 girls since he started university. When you go through enough sets from beginning to end you get calibrated. When I asked him to deconstruct and list the signals he was reading he couldn't really do it. It was too internalised.

So one thing I'm doing with my book is deconstruction. I'm breaking everything down into tiny micro steps. Ultimately Game follows a simple mini-loop:

Provoke feedback -> Use girl's response to place her -> Make an informed next move

When you read her IOIs you are doing this. When you compliance test her you are doing this. The further you can deconstruct the steps and the more precisely you can sort the signal from the noise, the faster and more reliably you can move the girl forwards. That's the nuts and bolts of calibration but the end goal is to internalise it and make it intuitive.

As you get calibrated you see the world differently. It permeates your world view and can't be unseen.

You see a chode on a first date. Immediately you classify him on the socio-sexual hierarchy and you calculate relative SMVs with the girl. You know where the girl is and what she's looking for. You can future project the next ten years of their lives with actuarial certainty. You see people on the bus and you can see their inner game issues

written into their face, their posture and their clothing. You start to see men as women see them, seperating them into “gets laid” and “doesn’t get laid” buckets.

It’s weird. There’s an unbelievable amount of information transmitted if only you know what signal to detect and how to process it. The Red Pill does the same thing. You start to see what the office environment really is. You can almost see dollar signs being transferred from the middle-aged professionals across to the welfare housing a few streets across the office. You can see the cage office chodes build around themselves.

People talk about red pill bitterness, that emotional reaction to realising everyone’s lied to you every year of your life to pick your pockets and frustrate your ambitions. Perhaps we should also talk about red pill disengagement, that Cassandra Complex of seeing things as they really are but being powerless to change them. Watching the lemmings marching to the cliff and wondering why they can’t see they are marching into the abyss.

I love John Carpenter movies. Watching They Live as a teenager really got me thinking “what would it be like to have a pair of glasses like that?” Well, twenty years later after swallowing the red pull, learning game and the fundamentals of economics I get it. The world is so simple and it amazes me the elusive obvious is so well hidden from so many.

This is what a Maybe Girl sounds like

krauserpua · 16 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

It's pretty important to calibrate the girls you talk to. Roughly speaking you have **Yes Girls** who are available and into you and thus simply need to be shuttled along without fucking up. There's **No Girls** who are unavailable or not into you. You have to spot them and then gracefully depart before wasting any more of your time.

The interesting ones are the **Maybe Girls**. They are mildly attracted to you and might be available. They'll let you chat them up and see how their own emotions direct them. Tight game and a little luck will get them but it's still a roll of the dice. So how do you recognise a Maybe Girl?

- They stop and listen to you but make you work for hook point
- They'll give back in the conversation but are not overly enthusiastic or verbose
- They'll follow your lead after a few push-backs
- All the lights will be Amber

This is where the real game is played. It takes little skill to move along a Yes Girl because they'll pick up the ball any time you drop it and constantly give you state-pumping happy vibes. Maybe Girls require skill and finese.

So here's an example. She's a 21 year old Latvian blonde. Listen with an eye for how to calibrate her.

You'll note my game doesn't shift out of second gear. Sunday was dreary, rainy and I couldn't quite find my vibe. Perhaps fucking that new girl on Friday took away my conviction and intent. So I was feeling pretty chill and stateless. I just run the model and grind the set out. Perhaps a 6/10 for technique. She's been responding well to the texting.

** I'm quite happy to hear reader analysis on this set. Don't be shy. There was more going on than I noted in the subtitles.*

Celibacy Clubs

krauserpua · 18 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Allow me to offer a guest post from fellow daygamer and wing Bodi on a topic I've never heard discussed in the manosphere…..

Have you ever been in a crowded bar, a social place, full of noise and crammed with men and women all there with the express purpose of meeting each other yet observed a pair of girls, perhaps sitting at a small table, intensely locked in conversation with each other in their own little bubble. Perhaps you even opened them and were told briskly "they are not there to meet men".



No dick

Have you ever known a girl, in her late twenties and single, who starts to get more into her career. Perhaps she starts 'working all hours'. She may get a dog and/or even move out of the city into a small town. 'It's the only place I can afford the mortgage!' she'll say. She'll get into baking.



No dick here either

Perhaps you knew a girl who didn't go to bars and didn't get into her career, but she had a very close group of female friends and they did everything together, organizing character building activities each weekend and staying in close contact over social media. Most of them were single. They all went to Ascot and got tipsy on Champagne.

Or maybe you were out walking one day and noticed a girl wandering on her own through the park, dressed a little alternatively and taking endless same-ey photographs with a huge SLR camera. Maybe you even thought it was a perfect daygame set and opened her, to be shocked at how disinterested, flat and drained she seemed.

Congratulations, you have encountered a phenomena increasingly common in the feminist women's desperate attempts to ruin their own lives: the **Celibacy Club**. The common Celibacy Club is where a group of women (we'll address the Solo variant later) form an intense dynamic the essence of which is to ensure the ongoing celibacy of each member. They trade their own likelihood of success in acquiring a mate for ensuring the other member's celibacy. On a very simple level you've seen this behaviour before with generic nightgame cockblocking where girls will prevent friends from getting theirs if they've not had their own, or will even just cockblock out of spite for the sake of it. A Celibacy Club is a level beyond this, it's less ephemeral and the natural urge to cockblock metastatizes into an all encompassing subtle mechanism of group social control where member accepts celibacy as a fair price for ensuring their rival's celibacy too.

Celibacy Clubs are dysfunctional herds. Think of 'The Claw' in Toy Story.



A metaphor, yesterday

A bunch of tiny aliens live in one of those grabber machines. They are all identical. They are weirdly culty and wait in anticipation until The Claw drops one day and picks one of them, carrying them up and away to a better place. The lucky alien, The Chosen, will beam blissfuly as he is lifted up and say “Farewell friends, I am off to a better place” as his comrades all coo in rapture at the spiritual event.



Pre-date

This is a woman’s life: they bumble along together in little groups, like herds of zebras, waiting for the lucky day that a lion stalks alongside and pulls one of them away into his own life and reality. The problem with Celibacy Clubs is they derail this prime directive: a Celibacy Club would be the crabs-in-a-barrel phenomena whereby The Claw drops so all the other little aliens jealousy hold down anyone lucky enough to get clawed, thus preventing them being spirited away. The end result: *nobody gets Clawed*.

How would you recognize a Celibacy Club in action? Here are some tell-tale signs:

- Lack of dick. Lots of talk; not much dick. Most members (lol) are single and continue to be so.

- Subtle attempts to prevent each other from putting themselves in any situation where men could approach them. In a social place the intenso-bubble will form. The group will generally waste enormous amounts of time attempting to schedule activities, then all constantly reschedule and flake on each other. The end result: spending time at home with a box-set.
- High levels of social control: lots of contact through social media
- Subtle attempts to joint lower their SMV: group piggery in restaurants, excessive alcohol consumption, gradually lowering standards of dress and deportment, encouraging other members to pig out or not diet
- Group shaming of members trying to break away
- Outright cockblocking

Let's look at some examples of such clubs, all real examples that I have encountered:

- **Amanda, age 38** and feeling it. Gradually increases her working hours to help her ignore the fact her flat is cold and empty. Meets mid 40's agressive, loud, wealthy career saleswoman. They 'really hit if off' and then every other weekend is a trip away involving lots of champagne and huge dinners. The older woman 'really supports her' and often perks her up by telling her 'no man is good enough for her anyway'.
- **Kate, age 30** and single. Every Friday night it's drinks after work with a couple of the girls from work. It usually begins in the office with a bottle of wine and vague jokes about 'getting chatted up', but ends up in the corner of a pub in an intenso-huddle over a table and more wine, with orbiting males quickly repelled by the group force-field.
- **Michelle, age 25**, moves to London and doesn't know anybody. She joins a Swing dancing club 'to socialize' and even admits she'd like to meet men. The other girls there are very friendly and she swaps numbers, gradually getting to know them. Pretty soon they are helping each other pick appropriate fashions, travelling to dances together and forming an intenso-bubble of femininity at the crucial socialization times before and after the dance classes. She never quite meets a man. None of them do.
- **Clare, 28**, moves to London and doesn't know anybody. She joins a choir and sings and plays violin. She thinks it works but doesn't understand the implications when all her new friends are 35 year old, thick set and terribly posh home-counties girls, living off daddies money in their own little apartments in good areas of London. She starts socializing, but it's all dinner parties and drinks in nice, quiet restaurants in the suburbs. Weekends fill with choir practice and coffees in pleasant cafes by the park. In other words: a total absence of dick.

Why are Celibacy Clubs so initially tempting? Because of two things: firstly, the immediate throat-slitting joy of enforcing celibacy on other members. Second because it facilitates avoidance, and girls *love* avoidance. Girls all want to feel like they have unlimited time and unlimited options. It's hard to believe this if you sit in your flat every Friday night on your own watching ER on DVD and crying into a bottle of wine and a cheescake. Fill your life with noise and the signal gets harder to pick up, and let's not forget what we all learned when little: the thing that makes misfortune easier to deal with is having others have to deal with it as well. Remember, men's self-help is self-development, women's self-help is is self-acceptance.

After the initial two-pronged ego gratification of joining a Celibacy Club membership rapidly becomes quite stifling. Despite all the intenso-bonding a girl's hindbrain will be screaming at her that her vagina remains continually unfilled. It starts to feel wrong and the gnawing sensation of avoidance becomes harder and harder to ignore. A Celibacy Club is a prison, a prison whose walls are held up by women's adherence to The Female Groupthink and their intrinsic fear of non-conformance.



Smiling in hell

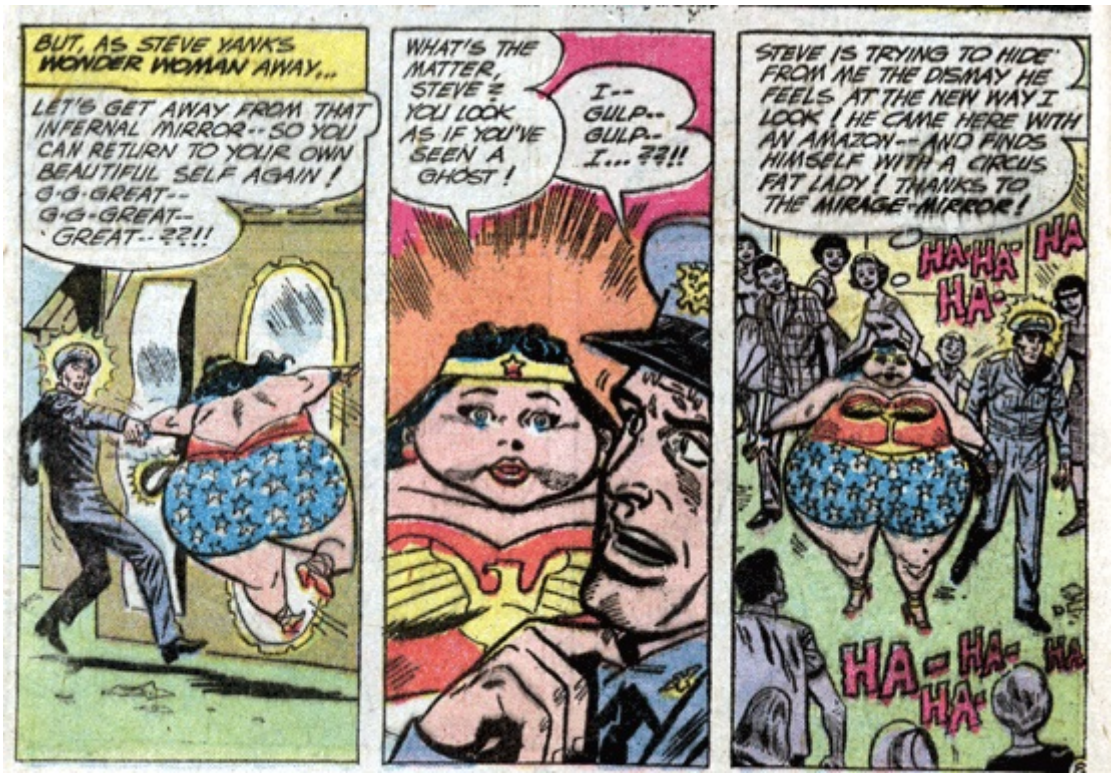
Eventually a girl in a Celibacy Club will begin to realize she ensuring her friends celibacy is not enough, and will try to break out of the club herself. She will try to pull away and sneak off and acquire herself a man, well aware that should she be caught by the Borg-mind she is part of she will endure their wrath. At the simplest level you have the classic scenario of a girl "losing her friends in a club". Believe me my friends, if you're ever in a club and you run across a girl who has 'lost her friends', STRIKE! Beyond this you get intermediate measures such as giving up or radically changing hobbies, increasing workload or time spent with families to avoid certain hobbies or obligations and at the highest level you quite often see girls make radical life changes: like changing career, going back to University or moving city or country. It's not easy though…and mull over this if you want a glimpse into horror: the reason girls go the toilet together in clubs is not to gossip, but so they don't want to leave each other alone for even one single minute.

In the next part: Solo Celibacy Clubs and why you should smash them

I bang my first 29 year old Cornish separatist

krauserpua · 20 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The internet would have you believe English girls possess sophisticated anti-Game powers that make them impervious to charisma. Anyone who has actually daygamed Europe will quickly tell you English girls aren't harder, they are just *unpleasant*. The moment you step out of the Anglosphere it's like stepping out the Fat Room of a carnival Hall of Mirrors and you realise it's not you, it's ***them***. Anglosphere society is broken and most women with it.



Wonder Woman, 2013 version

Most human traits follow bell-shaped normal distribution yet different demographics can shift the whole curve left or right (see for example IQ by country). 66% of people are within one standard deviation of the mean. For Euro-girls under thirty that mean is a high 6. For FSU-girls it's a high 7. For Brits, Yanks, Kiwis, Saffers, Aussies and Paddys it's a low 5. In a nutshell that's why it behooves every man to ignore native English-speaking girls. Exercise some cultural and geographical arbitrage to up the quality of the women in your life. I avoid English women. Their voice turns my stomach. Their frumpy ill-coordinated fashion hurts my eyes. They can't follow a man's lead and have nothing of interest to say. In general.



Pretend you didn't see this

So when I'm out one Saturday afternoon with Bodi near Buckingham Palace the last thing I'm expecting is to initiate an interaction with an English girl that ends with me fucking her a few days later. My vibe is still flat so when I see a Brazilian girl that's a bit chubby for my taste but otherwise screaming to be opened I let Bodi have her. As he wanders off on an idate I hang around looking for targets. Amongst the trees outside St James Park I see a French-looking girl alone, inspecting a plaque of the local wildlife. Sorted. I open.

Incredibly she's **English**. From Cornwall. I rapidly calculate that's as far from (literally and culturally) London as a Brit can be and it shows in her vibe. She's chatty, pleasant and (for a Brit) reasonably feminine. The set takes on that weird non-polarity English girls have where it's chatty and fast-paced but there's no crackle of man-woman vibe. She likes me. A Yes Girl. Text game progresses easily and I get her out a few days later…..

> **Me:** So this is the chatty Cornish separatist
> **Her:** Chatty? I could hardly get a word in!
> **Me:** How memory deceives us….
> **Me:** *[next day]* I'm sitting in a cafe with hot coffee and enthralling book how are you?
> **Her:** Sounds lovely. I've just had a very uninspiring Christmas lunch. Think I get to leave work early though, woo hoo!
> **Me:** Works lunch? I get restless at those
> **Her:** Desperate to leave! xxx
> **Me:** Steal the mince pies and sell them to tramps
> **Her:** I'm free! Nice plans this eve?
> **Me:** None at all. Maybe exercise and video games
> **Me:** Hang on… you're cadging a date invitation aren't you…. how smooth you move young lady
> **Her:** It may sound like that but actually I'm not free. You are very slow with your invites though. Where's my cup of tea?
> **Me:** Brewing
> **Her:** Very good. I need to work on my patience!
> **Me:** I approve

I'm really not much interested because I thought she's a mid-6 and didn't even have make-up on when I opened. She's new in town and doesn't know anyone. As 3pm rolls around my eyes wander to the darkening skies and bitter wind. I'm seriously thinking of flaking on her. Don't care for new notches this year. I've had my fill. I want to go home and finish Operation Flashpoint Red River.



But no makeup and unwashed hair

But I've literally just finished drawing my Krauser Daygame Model flowchart for the book. Wouldn't this be a great chance to run the model exactly as written in the model, step-by-step, with no variations. I could voice record it all and who knows, if I bang her on Day 2 it's a full uninterrupted audio of the model *. Maybe I'll meet her afterall. So I'm decided.

6pm in front of Top Shop on Friday evening and I walk her to a nearby tea shop. She's hotter than I remember – a respectable seven but being English she's still not wearing makeup and she came straight from uni with a hiking jacket, ill-fitting jeans and unwashed hair. It reminds me of one of my Serbs telling me about a day she visited her grandmother without putting on her makeup first ("How dare you come here looking like that?" Granny says, "Have some self respect, girl"). Enroute to Venue Zero, I actually say exactly the same dialogue examples as in my book. Over tea I follow the body language advice exactly. I bring up the same topics. I precisely monitor the energy levels per by model prediction. It's literally textbook game. She loves it.

Being English she's already derailing it, talking total gibberish that would quickly kill the vibe if I didn't haul her back on track. She likes me, she just doesn't know how to be attractively feminine – being English and all. Venue One passes the test so I walk her on to Venue Two for a bright alcoholic drink. I run the twin escalation ladders (verbal and physical) in precise order and get my amber lights. So I move her to Venue Three at a dark blues bar to run the Questions Game and go for the kiss.

Textbook. She even refused the kiss twice to allow me to do my little Recovery Loop and keep moving forwards.

The questions game starts to break the fourth wall. She's really loving it and starting to share such as her fantasy to have two men at once, how she just got out of a long long relationship, hasn't had sex in three months and hasn't had good sex in over a year. She masturbated last night to the fantasy of an investment banker she's messaged on Match.com but hasn't even met. She's gagging for it. Sexual and Ambient Logistics are perfect.

As we walk out up Regent Street I'm looking to flag a cab. Her next question is:

> "What do you think the odds are we have sex tonight?"

Of course my first thought is they just rose dramatically. I reply.

> **Me:** On my side it's 100%. I'm attracted to you, I like how we got on tonight, so I want to take you home and fuck you. On your side I think it's 70%. You want sex and you think I'm probably the right man right now but you have a few reservations. Probably you think it's a bit fast and you are concerned about adding to your Number.
>
> **Her:** No, I don't mind the number. I was in a very long relationship. And yes, I'm very horny these days. I fancy you but I think you're a bit of a wanker
>
> **Me:** Only a bit? Well, you're a bit of a hippy. When the revolution comes we'll be on opposite sides of the barricades
>
> **Her:** I like that
>
> **Me:** Yes. Forbidden fruit is the sweetest

A cab arrives and I push her in, saying she hasn't agreed to anything so I won't hold her to anything. Just a drink at my place and see how we feel. Back at my place I run the Venue Four bedroom escalation model. It's still textbook. Five minutes after sitting down she can't hold back and jumps me, initiating the kiss. Her clothes falls to the floor in seconds and she's on her knees sucking me off. Her body is a nice surprise – firm, flat stomach, vibrant tight skin – country living and hiking has kept her looking young. I take her next door to get the notch and that's it.

English girls are not harder. Just different.

** My phone runs out of battery midway through Venue Two.*

Daygame Mastery – Edging closer to completion

krauserpua · 27 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The book is now in its final post-production stage. The layout guy is almost finished, the final art is almost all in, and the text has long since been past a copy editor. Probably I'll release it mid-January.

If all goes to plan I will do a pre-release launch event in London in early January where fellow daygamers can join me for a meet'n'greet, look through a paper copy of the book, and perhaps I'll even do a presentation on the new Krauser Daygame Model. Hopefully there'll be some advance copies available to buy too. We shall see.

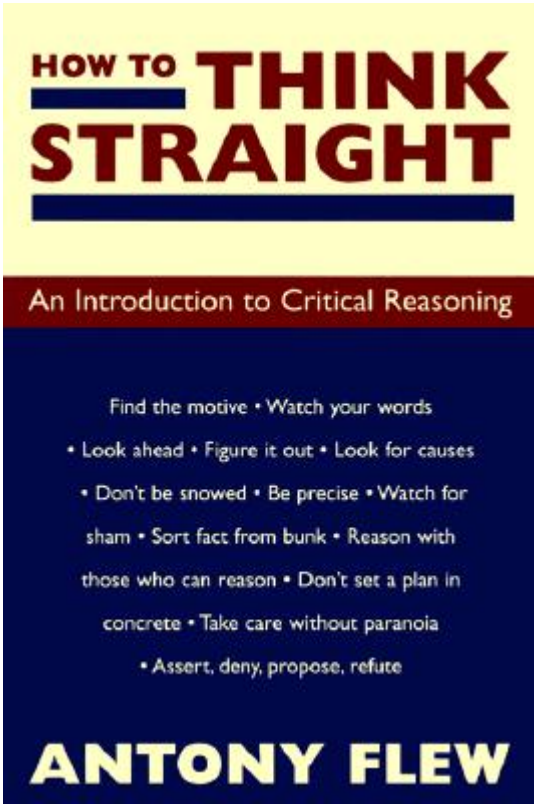
“I’m so awesome, everyone else is an idiot”

krauserpua · 27 December 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The pesky thing about our ego is that it deceives us. Most of the time we can’t see our own ego even though it’s transparent to even mildly-calibrated outside observers. When someone points it out we tend to bristle. This is all very normal. It happens to me despite my efforts to be mindful. Within the daygame world we call it Avoidance Weasel.

The smart move is to process the feedback from reality and then introspect. You needn’t roll over and let others walk over you but if the world keeps telling you an unwelcome message then at some point you need to bunker down and listen to it. I call it percolation. Like coffee dripping through a filter I won’t back down or accept criticism in the moment but ***it will register*** and eventually will percolate through and be absorbed.

I sincerely want to be right. That’s not the same thing as *winning the argument*, or *holding the frame*.



Ego Kryptonite

To continue the metaphor, some people’s coffee filter is impermeable. It’s plastic. It’s designed to stop that criticism filtering through. Why is that? The same reason for most weirdness: **low self-esteem**. Some people don’t want to face up to their deep-rooted feelings of low self-worth. So reality must be rebuffed. This is where the ego becomes very devious.

When you get into Game you develop a vocabulary to parse these ideas. Whether you’ve watched The Blueprint Decoded, Deep Inner Game or Tony Robbins they all give you heuristic devices, jargon and mindsets to achieve long-term conscious control over your mind. I call it **reflexivity**, the gradual expansion of the realm under your influence. You must master yourself before you master the world. So we can introspect and begin to confront our ego. Perhaps we’re a Northern working class lad who drinks to excess and finds himself in pointless Friday night punch-ups. Some introspection tells us we feel low self-esteem from growing up excluded from The Good Life down South. That’s why we talk with such bravado about football and denigrate Londoners as “soft southerners”, “spivs” and “yuppies”. It’s just externalising and projecting our own low self-esteem – sour grapes.

So then what happens? The ego retreats briefly and, like HeWhoCannotBeNamed, returns in disguised form. Now perhaps we openly talk about how London is a good place full of high achievers…… Then someone tells us we are acting overly superior, that we are now swanning around saying how we've "made it" and enjoy looking down on our former comrades up North as being "small-minded" and "parochial".

All that happened is our ego switched sides.

What was originally a self-important construct to valourise the identity of being a Northerner has morphed into a self-important construct to valourise the identity of being The Lad Who Done Good. The ego still achieves its two main goals:

1. Build up grandiosity and
2. Look down on the plebs

I use this example because it's what happened to me. It's very common. I'd suggest there's a circular pattern going on:

Hide low self-esteem with grandiosity armour -> Reality breaks through grandiosity armour -> Develop new grandiosity armour

At no point does the original low self-esteem get addressed. The ego has outwitted conscious attempts to control it by a man *who has both the inclination and guidance to try to control it.* Self deceit is a powerful adversary. A common Intermediate Player ego trap is:

> **Original armour:** Chode believes in Disney romance, pedestalises women and disparages anyone who would try self-improvement with a "just be yourself" dismissal
>
> **Reality:** Can't get laid. It knaws away. Probably a traumatic event (being dumped) forces them to confront the problem and they learn game.
>
> **New armour:** Relentless approaching, routines, the PUA wizard-hat Super Player persona.

I think we're all aware of that one so let's float out some others.

- A guy grows up as an unathletic meek pushover, ignored by girls and excluded from the Cool Kids parties. After experimenting with alternative subcultures he discovers the gym. He can religiously monitor his diet, enjoy a Calvinist moral rush from the pain of training, and get jacked. He feels big and important and draws lots of looks, many approving. Perhaps he jacks up further on steroids, HGH and TRT to approach hulking proportions. He's become a little boy in a gorilla suit.
- A guy is tired of being the soft kid at school. Always watching his mouth and backing down in case he gets into a fight he can't win. Never able to express himself. So he watches the UFC and figures MMA will solve his problems. Ten years later he's a BJJ black belt with decent hands. He's also neck-deep in a new cult with religious training and new community norms to follow. His identity is all about being tough, unlike those "idiot" traditional martial artists or "lazy" cubicle jockeys. Watch The Ultimate Fighter for a glimpse of these types.

At no point do I suggest getting a great physique or learning to fight are ***a bad idea***. Quite the contrary, both are noble pursuits that build value. The problem is leaving your inner game unaddressed. Your ego has just sent you on a wild goose chase and you're still the same chode with the same low self-esteem. It's just now you have a new hook upon which to hang your grandiosity. A new intellectual construct to blind you from your own idiocy. And everyone can still see right through you.

How to tell if you're mired in a new ego trap rather than making real inner game progress?

- You feel the need to constantly tell everyone how good you are
- You feel the need to constantly push everyone else beneath you

- You still bristle at criticism and go off on rants
- You still need to be the centre of attention and act out when the spotlight moves onto someone else
- You are a One True Way-er in whatever beliefs are important to you
- You need to set up a caricatured straw man of The Other to then gleefully tear down to prove to yourself that you aren't one of those idiots

I don't exclude myself from consideration from this list. While my inner game is 100x stronger than it was I still have my share of grandiosity moments. The important thing is to recognise Ego Traps and avoid what you can. You cannot address your inner game by papering over the cracks. No matter how elaborately you construct a reality-weave, at some point reality will break through and that will hurt.

> "Ego traps occur when you learn to recognize and try to combat one form of ego-driven superiority, only to have the ego reassert itself using sneaky, subtle disguised ways to take over your mind from new angles" – Ricky Raw

In the manosphere there's alot of external referencing masquerading as internal referencing. There's plenty of people telling you how high value they are while showing you the opposite. Ironically, they are often precisely the people calling out others for lack of transparency. Don't fall for it. Look inwards and concentrate on getting your own house in order. You're into Game to improve your happiness and your results, not to engage in pissing contests with self-aggrandising little boys with big mouths.

Men who have reached self-acceptance are chill, relaxed and non-reactive. They don't need to tell you how they are better than everyone else.

My 2013 daygame stats

krauserpua · 1 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

In the new book I write quite a lot about expectations and reality in daygame. It seems only fair that as 2013 draws to a close and I sit in my dressing gown sipping coffee, running a hot bath, I should offer some summary statistics for the year. Most of these numbers rely upon estimates because I didn't keep notes. *Only the final laycount is 100% reliable*.



My New Year's Eve

Opens: I racked my memory to estimate how many days I went out each month and roughly how many sets I did per day then multiplied one by the other. The only months I'm absolutely sure of are February (in Brazil, did almost nothing), April (I actually kept notes that month, I was very active), May, November and December (very little work). The rest is a blur. Most times when I do a "full session" I'll open 10-15 girls. Some days I do one open, get an idate and then I'm finished. *This opens number is accurate to the nearest 300.*

Numbers: I tend to get one phone number or social media add for every four girls I talk to. I rarely bother asking if she doesn't seem keen. So this total is just ¼ of the Opens estimate

Dates: I tend to bang half the girls I get onto a first date, so this is just double the lays number.

Lays: This number is exact. I kept notes and it's memorable enough that I don't really need the notes.

> Opens: 1,000
>
> Numbers: 250
>
> Dates: 60
>
> iDates: 15
>
> Lays: 27 new girls, 3 repeats from prior years

So that's one lay per 37 opens. It sounds about right. I think it's 1 in 20 on holiday and 1 in 50 in London. Now lets categorise the lays.

> SDL: 5

> SNL: 3
>
> Day 2 lay: 7
>
> Day 3+ lay: 7
>
> Long Game lay: 5

So there's no particular pattern there. Let's consider the geographical distribution:

> Sex in same country we met: 25
>
> Sex in different country to open: 2 (the two long game lays in neutral country)

And for the Long Game:

> Sex where she came back to London: 1
>
> Sex where I went back to her country: 2
>
> Sex where we both went to a neutral country: 2

Now lets get to the ages. I'm 38. The average age of girl I slept with was 25, making **a 13-year average age difference**. Only one girl didn't tell me her age, a Brazilian who didn't speak English. I'd estimate her as mid-twenties. More stats:

> Youngest: 20
>
> Oldest: 30
>
> Number of girls under 25: 14
>
> Number of girls over 25: 13

Let's consider nationalities (not ethnicity). I'd say the Slavs and Balkans were the hottest, averaging 8s. Overall I think twelve of the girls were legit 8s (I feel some pride having them on my arm), four were 6s (not too proud of myself) and the rest were 7s. I'm very strict on what I call a 9 (gobsmacking beauty that turns heads everywhere) and though I dated and made out with a few I never banged any in 2013:

> Slavic: 9
>
> Balkan: 4
>
> Western Europe: 4
>
> Anglosphere: 2
>
> Latino: 6
>
> Other: 2

I've also racked my brain for near misses. I only count them as a near miss if the girls was totally up for it, had her hand on my dick, I'd had my hand on her pussy, and she's either agreed to come to my place or we'd been in a sex location. It's a bit of a muddy definition but every single one of these girls I was ***certain*** I was going to fuck and then it fell apart at the last minute:

> Near misses: 12
>
> Failure due to LMR at sex location: 6
>
> Failure due to unexpected outside forces: 3

> Failure due to logistical errors: 3

I'd say I'm pretty happy with those stats. There's room for improvement but at the quality I'm tapping, it's nice to know I only have to open 40 girls to get laid once. That's basically two or three day's graft for a new girl and not many dates-to-nowhere.

Guest Post: Tom Torero's 2013 Daygame Stats

krauserpua · 2 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

'Tis the season to be nerdy. Krauser's asked me to compile my 2013 stats into some sort of document for ~~a free blog post and reader devouring~~ historic preservation. After his selfless proof-reading of my forthcoming daygame travel book, how could I say no?

Like him, I didn't keep exact records for number of opens, number of contacts or number of dates. The lays I wrote down and are thus 100% accurate. 2013 was a year of epic travelling for me teaching bootcamps and students in 25 countries and daygaming in 31 cities, from New York to Moscow. I got **30 new lays** in total.

I was lucky enough to travel with some solid mates and wings. My travelling compadres included Krauser (in Vilnius, Prague and Belgrade), Jon Matrix, Yad, Sam Django, Dave Diggler and Martin from the *daygame.com* team.

However, I did very few daygame sessions for myself. A lot of my time on the streets was with students (I taught 28 bootcamps, 64 private students and 2 week-long residentials). As part of the coaching I demoed and got numbers, but the only personal full-on number farming trips I had were with Krauser (Lithuania, Prague), Sam (Sweden, Prague) and Martin (New York). I'm not going to estimate how many girls I opened as I really don't have a clue, but I know it was much lower than 2012 and 2011 back in London.

I estimate that in addition to the above, I did 25 full days of daygame for myself (with the above wings). Including all the numbers from demos while coaching studentsm, I collected **between 280 and 300 contact details.** I estimate that I went on around **70 – 80 dates**. I did much fewer i-dates than in previous years because for a lot of the interactions I was demoing for students.

> New flags captured were: *Iran, Portugal, Egypt, Serbia and South Korea*.
>
> New lays with flags I'd already got were: *Great Britain, Russia, Germany, Italy, USA, Latvia, Lithuania, Ukraine, Czech Republic, Poland, Turkey, Brazil, Spain, Sweden and Finland*.

The dating breakdown of the lays was:

> SDLs :8
>
> D2 lays: 10
>
> D3+ lays: 12

I'm 34 years old. The oldest girl I slept with this year was a 34 year old MILF in London. The youngest was an 18 year old university student in New York.

> Number of girls under 25: 18
>
> Number of girls over 25: 12

The quality of the girls (as testified by my wings) was above average as I pushed myself through a self-imposed ceiling. 2 of the girls were "6s", 17 were "7s", 10 were "8s" and 1 was a "9."



The 9

Lay highlights included fucking the 21 year old “9” Go-Go dancer from Riga (see above), 3 new girls in 3 days, SDLing a cabin crew assistant from Turkish Airlines and laying the first girl that I approached on my last trip to New York. I also had a MMF with a flatmate.

Memorable failures included near-misses with two different potential foursomes (one with Sam in Prague and one with Krauser in Belgrade). I got punched twice (once by a girl’s husband in a Moscow club and once by a girl’s friend in Istanbul). I lost out on a lay with a “Yes Girl” model in Prague when the hotel I was staying at wouldn’t let her in as a guest.

My plans for 2014 are to open, date and try and close far fewer girls but of a consistently higher quality, pushing for more “9s.” After 150+ lays I’m done with the Notch-Count Hyena. It’s time for the **Quality Control Lion**. Grand, noble, patient, doing less but catching a tasty meal.



“Good work, my son”

I thought I’d sign-off by answering three predictable chode comments in advance that are often thrown in the direction of Krauser and I:

“You only travel / open / sleep with foreign girls because English girls are harder”

Girls are biologically all the same – if you’re a chode in your home country you’ll be a chode abroad. The real reason we travel / open / sleep with foreign girls is that they’re hotter. Don’t try daygame abroad until you’ve nailed the skillset where you live as it’s harder away from home: you have to act fast as the nomadic lover instead of the provider boyfriend, logistics and time are against you, you have to manage your state (which has an unhealthy focus on outcome through necessity) and you have to deal with the stresses and strains of travel. I’ve slept with many English girls (check out the lay reports in my first book) and daygame / dating works exactly the same.

“Girls sleep with you for your money / passport / accent”

High value girls sleep with high value guys. End of. The “pussy paradise” you’re imagining doesn’t exist, it’s a White Knight fantasy of a place with desperate girls that need rescuing from local guys. If you believe it’s so easy, go and try it. Paying the bar bill in some tittie bar and taking home a hooker in Thailand this is not. In places like the FSU, girls are much harder to daygame than in London. Many countries have cultures and religions where fast dating and quick sex is very rare. You’re trying to achieve in a few days what it takes local guys months or years to achieve. In many ways, western men are lower value than locals in FSU countries because of Feminism and sexual hangups. Go to Serbia and observe the men who you’re going head-to-head with . You’re also competing with the provider chumps offering these girls trips to Dubai or rides in their Ferrari. Remember that Moscow has the most billionaires in the world.

“You spam approach and open thousands of girls to get a date or a lay”

I wish I had the energy to open thousands a year. The more you do daygame, the more lethargic you get. In 2012 and 2013 I also continued to experience “Game revulsion” as I burnt out from all the travelling and teaching. I did a fraction of the opening I did when I was learning Game in 2010 and 2011. Compared to the guys in clubs who I see opening every set as part of their smash-and-grab beasting, or the approach machine robots I see on Oxford Street

at Saturday lunchtime, I open like a pensioner on weed.

Happy 2014 to you glorious bastards – onwards and inwards

Tom Torero

Daygame Mastery is finished!

krauserpua · 8 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The book is finished.

It's taken me six months of thinking, writing, editing, soliciting feedback, commissioning art, fine-tuning layout….. but that's all done now. My layout guy sent me the final PDF today and it's ready. In a week or so I'll received a test print from my publisher and, assuming no weird printing errors, I'll be ready to offer it to the world.

Offer it in stages, that is.

The final release schedule is subject to change but for now I expect it'll look like this:

1. Limited hardcover release to London daygamers, late January
2. Hardcover international release early February via online ordering system
3. Softcover international release early April
4. Kindle release Q3 2014. This will only happen if I'm satisfied with anti-piracy controls and a successful paper launch.

So let's talk about Stage One.

I'd like to reward all the hardworking daygamers of London with a launch event towards the end of this month. I'll hire a function room somewhere central on a Sunday afternoon and set up a projector. I'll present an hour or so explaining my model (using my fancy new infographics), how the book works and answer questions. Probably there'll be a couple of special guests giving short talks too. Consider it a meet'n'greet with extras.

I'll have some special limited edition hardback copies of the book to sell, which will be numbered. I'll even sign them if you're so inclined. This will be a pre-release version with a unique cover, the very first copies anyone will ever see. I'll pass one copy around for everyone to look at before parting with their cash. I'm pretty damn confident that anyone who lays eyes on this book with immediately begin reaching into their wallet.



Price? Haven't decided. Probably I'll only bring five or ten copies.

Pre-orders? Maybe. Leave a comment if you'd be interested in paying up front for one to collect in person on the day. If there's enough interest I'll figure out how to do it.

All relevant details will be announced on this blog in the next week or so. Time, place, seat availability and book price. 2014 is going to be a bumper year for daygame!

Daygame Mastery – London Book Launch

krauserpua · 18 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE: Email guest list is now closed. There may be space for people showing up on the day, but no guarantee.

The meet'n'greet event will be on **Sunday 26th January**. Email me to be put on the attendance list: krauser@rocksolidgame.co.uk with the subject heading "book launch". Cost is £5 on the list and £10 for turning up unannounced. Cash on the door in both cases.

Location will be central London and emailed one or two days before the event, and also announced on the blog. Probably the upstairs function room of a pub. I'll do it as near to Oxford Street as I can.

There'll be **ten copies only** of the book for sale at the event, the same hardcover version shown in this video. Selling £60 per copy. All numbered. Signed if you request it. This is an advance release, so you'll be the very first people to read it.

The event will feature a talk from me of about one hour and two shorter talks from guest speakers (also good daygamers).

Solo Celibacy Clubs

krauserpua · 20 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Here's part two of Bodi's guest post. Part One is here……

I know a girl called Maritsa. She comes from a small, traditional Slovenian countryside town. All of her family are parochial: she's the only one to have left and gone to University. Her sister and brother married young and have families. Her twenties were spent pursuing a nebulous "management" career as a means of fulfillment. The bullshit ERASMUS scheme found her travelling abroad and "working" in a manner of speaking in various roles, none of which anybody could quite understand doing what.

Around age 27 she moved to Bratislava and started dating a guy five years older than herself, actually from her hometown, who was a successful investment banker. Three years later they split up. He was a hometown boy and wanted a submissive, domestic wife. She put herself first and considered the maintenance of her emotional state, rather than his, to be the purpose of the relationship.

Now how did Maritsa respond? Let's say we were Martisa's wise, elder, red-pill brother and we didn't care about her wounded pride. What might we counsel?

I would tell her that she has right royally fucked up. I'd tell her that from now on every second counts and she has precious few remaining years of any worthwhile SMV left (and that's being kind). I'd impose a systematic campaign to find her a husband, doing two dates a week from online dating and MTLRing higher-beta guys who don't quite realise their potential.

But what did Maritsa do? First off she decided that her job was her problem and did not quite give her "the satisfaction she deserved". She quit and threw herself into starting up her own business. Almost immediately she was working eighty hour weeks. And her business? An online community based around encouraging women to start up their own businesses! All of her colleagues were post-middle aged hardened career women and all of her customers were lonely single women.

Given nobody can ever go bust pandering to women's solipsism the business started to do well and soon Maritsa was constantly travelling round Europe. She'd often drop in on friends, usually couples, but be off out at the crack of dawn for a day of "Feminine Yoga", or she'd spend all evening in Starbucks online, writing training courses telling women how to harness their Special Inbuilt Female Magic Powers to be successful in business. Speaking from her own huge personal experience of generating value that is…

Maritsa has no time in her life for anything but her work.

Maritsa is now thirty two.

Half as a favour to friends, half to try and bag an easy notch, I had a drinks date with Maritsa six months ago. She alienated me within half an hour by spouting world-destroying communist illogical poison then proceeded to patronize me as if I was the one with an IQ thirty points beneath my date, not the other way round. I was goulishly fascinated by her life choices and, slightly cruelly, asked her where she saw herself age 35. Her face took a disturbing, waxy hue and her eyes glazed over as if she was in a religious fervour and she told me she will be happily married, have three children and a husband.

I think Maritsa should learn to count backwards.

Maritsa and I have a set of friends in common: a now married couple. The wife in this couple, now that she has won and has a ring on her finger, has dropped her career like a hot potato, retrained as a Pilates teacher and become brutally Red Pill regarding women, careers and spinsterhood. I tactfully broached the subject of Maritsa and she immediately said:

"Her work is a substitute for something else. Her life is empty. She is scared".

Impressive insight and honesty. However we all know Maritsa's dreams are over. She just doesn't know it yet. She is the victim of her own avoidance and denial. She is the victim of her own little Celibacy Club of one, her 'Solo Celibacy Club' and the man she cheated out of a loving wife and the spectres of her children that will never be hate her; hate every, egotistical and moronic pore of her body.

Yes, believe it or not there is a form of Solo Celibacy Club and this is in fact extremely common. Whereas a classic Celibacy Club is where a group of women paying the admission price of their own celibacy in exchange for the celibacy of the other members, the Solo Celibacy Club is where a woman creates a scaffold of denial and avoidance around herself to prevent her having to face up to her main problem, her singleness, and to distract her from her main mission: to get fucked by a high value man (and hopefully retain him).

She isn't alone: this phenomena is very common when you know how to spot it. Only yesterday I was talking to Tom Torero and he was puzzled that a lot of the girls he almost but never ends up fucking share similar characteristics: they have something kooky about them, they seem distracted and have weird, unusual hobbies. These are celibacy clubs!

"Help me Bodi! I'm a woman who is single and it makes me feel scared and bad. How can I live in avoidance and sabotage my own happiness? How can I form my own 'Solo Celibacy Club'?

Well my dear you have come to the right person. I would be delighted to help. I will now take you through a quick course and we will have your temple of avoidance built in not time at all. Now my girl, have you ever seen a movie called The Prestige? The central theme of the movie will be used as a metaphor and structure for my patented Celibacy Clubs Training Course ©. I quote:

> "Every great magic trick consists of three parts or acts. The first part is called "The Pledge". The magician shows you something ordinary: a deck of cards, a bird or a man. He shows you this object. Perhaps he asks you to inspect it to see if it is indeed real, unaltered, normal. But of course… it probably isn't. The second act is called "The Turn". The magician takes the ordinary something and makes it do something extraordinary. Now you're looking for the secret… but you won't find it, because of course you're not really looking. You don't really want to know. You want to be fooled. But you wouldn't clap yet. Because making something disappear isn't enough; you have to bring it back. That's why every magic trick has a third act, the hardest part, the part we call "The Prestige"."

The Pledge: The Foundations

Let me take a girl, an ordinary girl. Now let us examine this girl and be sure we have the correct foundations:

1) Upbringing – You were indulged a little and made to feel special. Any remote artistic output was pounced upon and your parents announced you were 'different'. Strong male influence was very much lacking, and if it was there it was from your hopelessly fem-pedestalizing blue-pill dad, a perfectly nice guy from the pre-feminist era. You were never, EVER told that you had to get married and breed. Your parents raised you without any of the social conditioning they themselves were raised with.

2) Femininity – You were never trained to be feminine. You never learned how to appreciate masculinity. Because you can't understand maleness you do not yearn for it.

3) Culture – You don't get many Russian girls in celibacy clubs. Membership is primarily open to girls from the feminist Anglosphere, although we reserve special places for insane Japanese girls.

4) Stupidity – You're an idiot with piss poor future projection.

5) Egotism – Just like our friends the Gammas, underneath it all you will be dripping with ego.



Every magic trick….

The Turn: The Mindset

You have seen the girl, ladies and gentlemen…. let me now make her disappear!

Poof! A simple mental reframe and she is gone. Let me teach you how. Let's begin. Just tap into that inner egotism… good… now start to regard yourself as special. Simply side step the evidence of the world and from now on you will believe that you are:

- Special
- Unique
- Very feminine
- Very sensitive
- A free spirit
- Romantic

None of this requires any work or evidence; you're a woman: just believe it!

Now we have your mindsets in place you will now mythologise yourself. You will believe that you are not just single as a circumstance, oh no! you are single as an **identity**. Your identity is now built around your circumstance. Excellent.

You have your mindsets, so let's define your behaviour. Most importantly you will make zero effort to put yourself in any situation to meet men. Your entire life will be a dark reality weave to deny there is an 'issue' and any situation which could challenge this causes a dangerous ego threat and is therefore avoided. If you do end up in a situation involving potential dick, you must deliberately take actions to scupper your chances of meeting men, as a way to prove to the universe that she you do not need to work for it. Remember: admitting there is a problem will cause ego death.

And what does proving that you don't need to work for it show? It shows that you have unlimited time and unlimited option: the sweet dream of female avoidance!

The Prestige: the window-dressing

Now you are almost ready my precious. But being just a plain, ordinary, avoidant girl is not enough for our audience. We need to dress things up a little! Let's disguise the situation with some frills and fluff.

For a start change your fashion. Pick something you think is individualistic or anachronistic and make this your thing. Perhaps pick something a little bit girly or out of place, for example you could have a small teddy on your key ring, or have a slightly cutesy rucksack. Perhaps you'll start wearing crocheted cardigans, or dress in a fashionable French avant-garde style but always wear purple doctor martens. Or perhaps you'll wear deliberately childish hats or mittens.

Next we need some unusual hobbies or interests. Don't make the mistake of adopting ones that can bring you into contact with other people: girls may poke and prod your avoidance bubble and men, well of course men are to be avoided. So we need a solo hobby, and let's pick one that lets you, despite your pedestrian IQ and total lack of creativity, feed The Prestige and allows you to feel special and unique. Here are some suggestions:

- Photography
- Reading classic literature
- Going to exhibitions and museums
- Relentless solo travel
- Unusual tastes in music
- Charity work
- "Music"

And we're done! I hope you enjoyed the trick. See you when you're 35 and on Guardian Soulmates.



Testing for membership

There's a simple test to see if a girl is in a Solo Celibacy Club: how many of her activities put her in contact with potential males? Usually the answer is zero. Solo Celibacy Clubs are on the rise and personally I keep encountering them everywhere. I know of at least four examples from as many years just amongst my own social circle.

Here's one of the more interesting ones: my friend Hu. Now a 31 year old Chinese girl she was born gorgeous with full lips, lustrous hair, shapely body and massive, round tits.



Bodyfat a few percent higher and tits way, way bigger

Like a lot of modern Chinese girls she was raised as a faux-man: pushed academically and expected to achieve and oh yes all that other woman stuff will somehow fall into place. Her mother and grandmother had been raised by the guiding hand of heavy social pressure and male influence yet they raised her without any of this, expecting her to turn out a well balanced, smart young girl. They never really thought about the issue to be honest. The end result was she turned out a confused girl. By and large sweet and pleasant but desperately confused and dysfunctional about men. She has no value system by which to judge them so flails around and uses the only one she sees around her: who is hot and who is cool. Her twenties were spent with one serious relationship with a Western gamma that caught her using his intricate gamma asian ecosystem plan and then long periods of celibacy where she occasionally "dated" a "cool guy", such as a French jazz musician or an American bmx rider. It takes little imagination to see that on her side it was dating, on his side she was part of his pump n'dump harem.

I visited China for a friends wedding and ran into her. By this point she'd quit her job and taken a consultancy position where she could work from home. Ontop of this she'd decided she wanted to opt for the quiet life and had moved out of the city into a small, picturesque town nearby. She moved in a gay flatmate and together they fill their week with manicures, mountain biking, scenic walks and watching voluminous soap opera box sets.

At my friends wedding she talked with no sense of cause and effect (nor the ability to count backwards) about how she envisaged her own wedding day. This from a girl who'd been single for over three years and hadn't had sex in over two years. Hu…. dear Hu…. there isn't going to be a wedding. It's game over. You're in a carefully constructed avoidance reality and that's where you will stay.

"Bodi! But how do I know if I'm in a celibacy club?" (asks a female reader)

There's a simple set of questions you can answer. Let me fill them in for my friend Hu to show you:

1. How long was it since your last serious boyfriend? (saw him more than once a week for over three months)
2. How long has it been since you last had a penis in your vagina?

3. How many dates have you been on in the last year?
4. On an average week how many hours do you spend in the company of eligible men (doing group activities/hobbies in which the group contains eligible men)?
5. How many hours per week do you spend doing activities not in the company of eligible men (e.g. work or men-free hobbies. added together)

Here are Hu's statistics:

1. 3 years
2. 3 years
3. Zero
4. Zero
5. 60

And her are Maritsa's (the girl I discussed earlier):

1. 4 years
2. 3 years
3. Zero
4. Zero
5. 90

Let me make this very clear for you ladies. If the following are true then you ARE in a solo celibacy club:

- You have not been on a date in the last year.
- You have not had sex in over a year.
- You spend zero hours per week in the company of eligible men.



Old, fat, repellent and desperately, terribly, weepingly in need of cock

Daygamers beware

I used to run across Solo Celibacy Club girls all the time. For those of you who daygame you'll know that a dream daygame set often involves a young, introverted girl aimlessly wandering about the city with time to kill and a dreamy look on her face. This is the bread and butter of street seduction. After you pass the beginner stage you start to try and keep an eye out for these girls but here you run into the intermediate trap: falsely identifying a SCC girl as a Dream Set.



Don't waste your breath…

You'll spot a girl on her own with a funny hat and a big SLR camera walking through Trafalgar Square taking pictures. You'll jog over and say hi, making an interesting and amusing observation…but it'll just fall flat. All the energy will just drain out of the interaction and she'll look at you with dead fish eyes, be immediately disinterested, have no idea how to interact with a male and then walk off. I have been there and suffered this many a time and can now spot these fake sets a mile off.

The girl in Trafalgar Square? That really happened. And what was 'the tell' (think poker)? She was moving quickly. She wasn't smiling yet she was dressed in a kooky way. She had palid, drawn features despite being potentially pretty. She'd snap a few pictures off with no thought or emotional connection then shuttle on a minute and repeat, over and over. She wasn't ambling along. She wasn't smiling. It was banal and soul-less. Oh… and she was wearing Doctor Martens.

I've seen girls sitting in Green Park, reading a book on the bench. At first I thought they were a good potential set but on drifting closer I saw the deliberately over-kooky fashion, the weird shoes, the granny-knitted cardigan, the avant-garde book she was reading… all very feminine and unique but with a drawn and energy-less face. Avoid.

High quality daygame sets bear a strong superficial resemblance but their vibe is a world different. Truly introverted, unique girls are usually extremely feminine and have a good vibe about them. If you're lucky enough to open one the interaction will probably sparkle from the get-go and she'll be warm and receptive and very keen to meet worthwhile men.

False positives

Which leads us to discussing the last important category: that of the False Positive. This is a girl who may meet some of the criteria I listed earlier, who perhaps has been without sex or a boyfriend for an inordinately long time, a few years probably. She'll be introverted and quiet but very feminine. She'll not like going to bars and clubs and will probably have little hobbies and interests but this is not to weave a mythology of uniqueness around herself but is because, well, she finds those hobbies interesting. This is not a Solo Celibacy Club. This is a girl with a supply problem! There is a difference. Solo Celibacy Club girls are deep in avoidance and build their life and ego around it and they end up drained and unpleasant. Feminine girls with a supply problem want desperately to meet a high value guy and when they do they do not hesitate: they usually fuck him immediately. Their issue is that because they are very feminine they have very high standards of masculinity required in a guy and they meet very few guys who can match them.

My current girl is an English rose and hadn't had a boyfriend in three years before meeting me and had had sex once during that period. An hour into our first date and I could see in her eyes the decision had been made. A few hours later we were screwing. She later told me that her main thought was "Finally!!! …. A guy I can fuck!".

Shattering a Celibacy Club

Most girls in SCCs are lost causes but some, a few, the very, very lucky ones get stopped on the street by a confident, smooth operator and he guides their frustrated little hamster along a well worn path right off the edge of a cliff. Without any effort, and with all of their ego-scaffolding working against it, they have somehow managed to get fucked. Yes, they met a Player. Pickup Artists are some of the only guys in the world who are willing to take 100% agency in fucking a girl and to persistently drive it forward through a systematic interaction structure, obliterating all the obstacles she might throw in the way to get her onto the end of their dicks. If you're a PUA and you meet one of these girls then do everything you possibly can to fuck her. Really, honestly, you are absolutely doing her a favour by pumping her, jolting her off her road to nowhere and reminding her how good it feels to have a dick inside her.



Someone please do us all a favour and just fuck her

Tom Torero Guest Post – Male Sexual Market Value

krauserpua · 23 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Over a pint or two at the local pub, Krauser and I sketched out ideas for the components of Male Sexual Market Value (M-SMV) and how different types of Game ("Value Delivery Mechanisms") make use of the different components.

I wanted to explore the concept of M-SMV components and delivery for a long time, as from my daygame coaching over the last four years it became clear that men were blissfully unaware of their SMV, how to maximise it and how to convey it in the most efficient manner. The endless debates about topics like "Do Looks Matter?" or "Daygame vs Night Game" reveal that men don't understand the market in which they're attempting to sell, or even what they're meant to be selling and for what price.

I made a video explaining the different parts to this infographic, but the main point I wanted guys to take away from it was that we have the ability to change our M-SMV. A girl's SMV is simply based on her age and looks, whereas we've got a whole host of components that we can display using different mechanisms.

If you want to make immediate improvements to your M-SMV, start with the Learned components and begin cold approaching (day or night) as an instant way to display that value. Focus on the "Male Polarity" elements to start with:

- Lose weight and hit the gym
- Revamp your wardrobe and get a masculine style (fitted, layered, dark colours)
- Sort out your grooming (skin, hair, nails, breath, smell)
- Work on your posture. Stop leaning in.
- Talk slowly, deeply and powerfully
- Hold solid eye contact
- Smile with your eyes, not just your mouth

Improving these things but not cold approaching is like working on shooting an amazing film but then not showing it to anyone. Screening your movie (i.e. cold approaching) is key. For me the easiest, most efficient form of cold approach is direct daygame, where I polarise my viewers (girls) into "Yes," "No," or "Maybe" without using money, status or just looks.



We're lucky in that our M-SMV can be worked on and projected over a longer time frame. It's in our hands to build it and sell it in a myriad of ways. In our M-SMV movie we're not only the lead role, director and producer, but we're the marketing and sales team involved in its release.

Book Launch

krauserpua · 25 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It will be held **Sunday 26th at 7pm at the Henry Holland pub** on Duke Street (next to Selfridges). The guest list is already full and if you haven't already received an email from me, it means you're not on the guest list. *Thus you are not guaranteed a place*. You are welcome to turn up and if we can squeeze you in, we will. It really depends how the room fills up.

So, guest list guys get in first (7pm) and then from 7:15pm if there's any space left, late-deciders can come in until the room is full. Sorry, these things aren't easy to predict attendance.

Daygame voyeurs are not welcome. Don't bother coming unless you've done at least 100 sets.

You can’t compete with the London Eye

krauserpua · 1 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A month ago I’m out doing Sunday daygame with Bodi. We’ve both been in hibernation and not pushing it hard. London has been hit with excessive rain and flooding lately and the cold weather has been just slightly past the point where daygame is fun. So I’ve been catching up on my PS3 gaming and finalising my book.

It’s nice to keep my hand in, so I went out for a weekend and rustled up some new leads. Most of the time I was hanging onto one of Tom’s bootcamps just for the entertainment of it. I felt like I ought to see some beginners to remind myself what it’s like and get a bit of empathy for when I start marketing my book. I got a few sets in.

First was a gorgeous Siberian girl. Fresh off the boat, in London for three weeks and really into me. We text for about a week and she always has another plan. Madame Tussauds, Bath, Lion King and the London Eye. Momentum dies and we never have the first date.

That same day I’m walking past the Apple store on Regent Street when I see a squirrely tourist amble past with the rucksack-jeans-converse combo of vulnerability. She hooks strong, telling me she’s from Argentina and here for three weeks doing an art internship. She’s super-keen and does come out for the first date. As I push her into the taxi she tells me “I can’t have sex. I’m on my period. I don’t want you to be disappointed”. So I extract anyway, get the blowjob and four days later take her virginity.

At 5pm Bodi has a date with some Austrian girl who insists on bringing a Brazilian friend from her English school. Bodi asks me to take one for the team so I join him. Brazilian is ok, a bubbly high six but she has a shitty feminist-lite attitude, quite common in Brazilian girls. Bodi leads us all to a tea shop and works the set. Unfortunately he’s wigged out and I’m inadvertantly value-tapping him because he talks too much and my attempts to be silent to let him lead just end up positioning me as the cool aloof guy.

The Austrian really fancies me. She’s giving me the eye spazz and probably wants fucking. By the end of the tea the Brazilian has gone from giggly and excited to bored and cock-blocking, dragging the Austrian off to a dinner party. Stupid bitch. As we say goodbye Austrian gives me a long sexual look. Fuck.

So Bodi and I hit a Sam Smith’s pub for a half and a debrief. It’s quite easy to pick out the areas for improvement so Bodi leaves in higher spirits. We are crossing Regent Street when I just happen to see a DNA-tug girl ambling along by herself. It’s 7pm and quite dark, a sexual time of the evening. I instinctively open.


Almost identical body

“You’re Brazilian”

That’s it. I’m encroaching her distance, she’s eye spazzing and giggling. This girl is a stunner. I later find out she’s a TV news girl. 23 year old SMV-prime. She arrived a few days earlier and is studying English three weeks. I walk her off on an idate, seeing Bodi shuffle off tail between his legs.

The idate goes well. All the usual stuff. We actually go back to the same table at the same pub I was in with Bodi. The glass collector hasn’t been so our empty glasses are still there. That’s how quickly things can change direction in daygame. I run all the usual Venue One material then walk her to the next door blues bar to escalate. We’re standing watching the live music and the vibe is great – she’s completely in the Love Bubble. All the kino hits and she’s letting me move her around but she won’t put herself into a kissable position. Verbal is going great and we are soon talking about sexual histories and fantasies. Two hours have passed and I walk her to a dark secluded Spanish bar. She refused the kiss and I let her go.

Five days pass. She’s at Madame Tussauds, Bath, Lion King and London Eye. Finally I get the Day 2. It’s similar stuff. An English pub where we get the sexual tension going and then a dark wine bar where she’s clearly ready to kiss and puts herself into position. So I take it. The vibe gets increasingly hot and sexual. She’s really into it. So I pull the trigger.

Outside Liberty department store a taxi comes and I push her in. At first she’s up for it but as we pull away the jitters hit and I can feel it coming unstuck. We get back out the cab at Marble Arch on her insistence. I figure I can pull her into another bar to rebuild momentum but everywhere is shut. Fuck. She uses that opportunity to derail the train and insist on getting the tube home. I push her up against a shop window and choke her, kiss her, pull her hair. Then I have to let her go.



You'd think it was on

Another five days pass. She's at another round of tourist sites then tells me she wants to see Greenwich. We have a delightful daytrip on the Clipper boat, the museum, the observatory and then walk through the tunnel under the river. She's all over me again but just won't extract. On the Central Line back into town we're standing in the vestibule with me locked in against the glass partition and her doing the full-body press against me. And she insists on going back home alone.

That's the last I see her. More tourist sites, more bitching about the rain and staying home then she flies back to Brazil. I mention my frustration to Tom. This is a solid nine in the prime of her SMV, famous on TV in her region. Exactly me type. She fancies the fuck out of me. And yet she just doesn't want to fuck.

"You can't compete with the London Eye, mate. Tourists are all the same. The whole city is shiny for them. It can be a nightmare getting them out."

Daygame Mastery – International Release

krauserpua · 5 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've teased you all long enough. First there were my project updates, then my teaser trailer, then the guest-list-only London launch event, and even a secret Twitter release. I'm finished fucking with you all. Now I'm ready to dip my hand into your pocket. And not to touch your balls, either! So I'm pleased to announce the international online release of Daygame Mastery.



Lightning in a bottle, yesterday

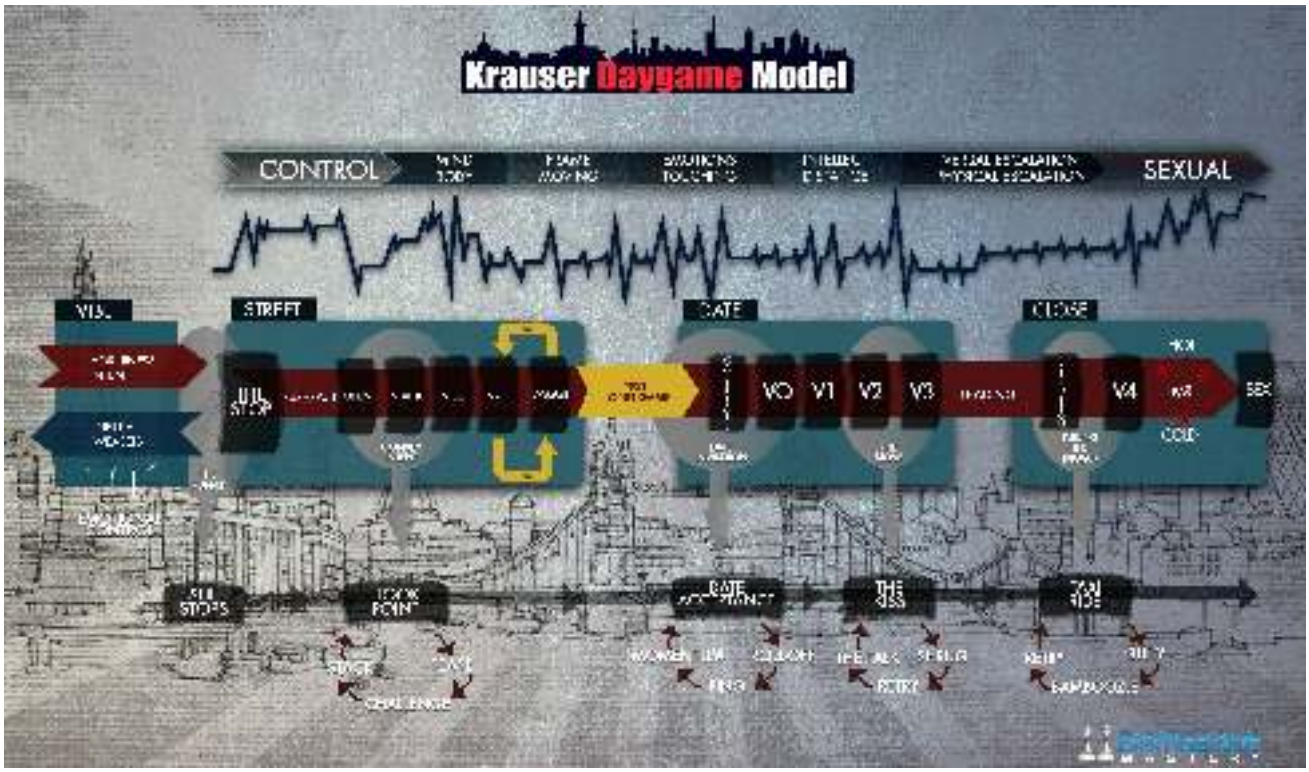
Buy it here. £60 / $100 for the premium hardback edition. That's 460 pages / 150,000 words of cutting edge daygame theory. There's never been a more specific, practical and consistent method for getting laid. What are people saying about it? The esteemed blogger and daygamer LaidNYC reviews Daygame Mastery here. Choice quotes:

> "In any good pickup the guy has to talk a lot at the beginning, but eventually the script flips and she's doing most of the talking. Krauser is the first guy I've seen really break down how you balance this and lead her into talking"
>
> "Wit made easy. Not everyone is a naturally silver-tongued casanova, but Krauser's templates, mindsets and themes for opening, cold reads, texting, etc. will get you most of the way there"
>
> "A masterful breakdown of long-game with real world examples…. I started using it immediately to great results…. Krauser's playbook is better than anything out there."
>
> "Krauser is the first I've seen to break down in detail a plan to keep your date moving, both when to be patient and when to escalate things properly"

Yeah, it's **that** good.

This is 99% new content. There's no re-hash of what I've already blogged. 99% of the words were a direct result of me sitting infront of a blank page and thinking "How do I meet and seduce women". Tom Torero reviewed and

refined the book so you are buying access to something 100% consistent with *that other company*. This is the **London Daygame Model** precision engineered like you've never seen before.



Note hardcopy interior is in black and white

Daygame material written by someone who *actually bangs hot young girls*. Reviewed and edited by the other main daygamer who *actually bangs hot young girls*.

And it's slick. Professionally copy-edited, illustrated, laid-out and printed. When they begin college courses on Daygame 101 this will be the core text.

Buy it here. Lulu often do discount codes, try googling "Lulu.com discount code 2014". This site often lists them.



Latvanian Waitress

This girl's wide eyes and long legs will trick you into thinking she's living the dream life of parties, yachts, and stolen checks. Don't make this mistake. Until two months ago her life was restricted to a one-bedroom apartment she shared with her parents and brother in a grotty 1960s soviet tenement block. She's broke and thinks the welfare state is a deeply evil attempt by Bolsheviks to rule the world again. She jumped on a Ryanair flight with her EU passport to get some adventure. Her 10 per hour waitressing job makes her feel rich, and she has a genuine work ethic and sense of self reliance.

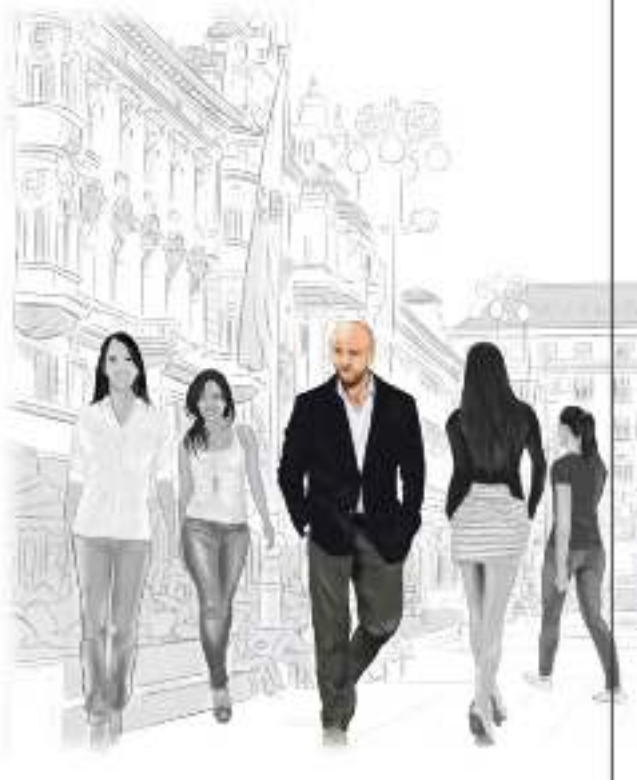
She'll be educated but in soviet style, meaningless endless assignments given by lazy professors. What she craves most is excitement. Something to broaden her horizons. She'll very happily take on the feminine caring role. She's used to her peer group men being either brainless steamerthat mechanics or simpering pushovers.



African Minx

This girl is all curves and wiggle. You can tell she's African rather than SWI / Swirl black because she's got a softer vibe, better fashion, and confidence rather than bravado. You'll speed about 70% of your emotional energy concentrating on her wide round ass, totally amazed that it's not offset by a fat belly. Unlike the cold impersonal beauty of a Slav, the Minx just pipelines thoughts of steamy sex directly into your brain from her curves and inner services.

She's probably far tamer than she looks. Most have been brought up in a traditional environment were casual sex is frowned upon. Her confidence comes from an awareness of her sexuality and her strong identification with femininity, rather than a loose sexual history. She probably believes in saving herself for marriage even if reality has already taken that option away from her. She banters well and gives you lots of serious footloose talk about what a good church-going girl she is. However, once that hindbrain revs up she'll jump your bones in a heartbeat. More than the other girls, learn to tune out her words and focus on hooking up her body.



VIBE

This chapter covers one thing that's got a hell of a lot to do with attracting the girl. We begin with a discussion of precisely what we mean by vibe and how it changes as we take it from an abstract concept to a practical tool. From there we look at the concept of set and setting, pick-up and talk with hands on looking at how to set the scene for success. We then look at the Peacock Strategy and the importance of confidence, going beyond it to develop the attitudinal framework.

Next we discuss how to find the right girls to approach and how to decode reading to look at psychological archetypes and each one in order to unlock their most attractive energies. From there we look at a typology of common girls we attempt to approach, giving a headstart. From the girl's point of view, social media, hypergamy, and dating are fundamentally the same psychological process that takes place between guys and girls in bars.

Once we've covered all the basics of meeting girls, this chapter equips you with the core principles and beliefs to manage your state while chasing girls.





Daygame Mastery book launch talk

krauserpua · 8 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Here's part one of the talk I gave at the London launch for my book. Part two coming soon.

You can buy the book here.

Hibernation

krauserpua · 20 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I'm fucking knackered. Winter sucks.

I drained myself producing Daygame Mastery. That was 150,000 words of my best material written in four months and then two months obsessing over the editing, art and layout. After experience the great satisfaction of releasing the book, a major "reaching the summit" moment of personal achievement….. I crashed. Burnout. Post-project funk.

150,000 words. Just think how many blog posts that would've been. When I was an undergraduate we thought a 15,000 word dissertation was a big deal, the big scary end-of-Uni test. I just wrote ten of them in a fraction of the time. So for the past month I've just been hibernating in my room, catching up on videogames.

I think I'm one of the few people who completed Castlevania Lord of Shadows.



Inner game work in progress

So I won't be putting much up on the blog for the next month. Probably not, anyway. I'm not going out hitting on girls and all the ideas I'd been playing with got channeled into the book. I also have a couple more projects in the works which are taking what little creative energy I have left.

And I just bought Call Of Duty Ghosts.

So my apologies if you all keep checking this site and there's nothing new to report. I expect to emerge from hibernation in March and start my season of Eur0-jaunts. Then I'll have something to write about. Until then……

Goodbye London, Hello FSU – Final meet and greet

krauserpua · 24 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I just picked up my Russian visa today and contracted to leave all my worldly possessions in a cheap storage unit on the outskirts of town. So it's done. Goodbye London and it's fat horrible women, unwelcome immigrants, and sky-high prices……!

Actually, no. I love London. It's been very good to me and I fully intend to return. But I require forward motion and the FSU promises me hotter girls and juicer steaks. I'll be taking Team Krauser along with me for the ride. Tom has organised a **Book Launch Event & Meet Up**. Per his new blog:

> WHEN: Friday 28th March, 8pm-10pm (doors open at 7.45pm)
>
> WHERE: Cumberland Hotel, Marble Arch, London, Room 3/4 Blue
>
> PRICE : £5 on the door
>
> SPEAKERS: Tom Torero, Nick Krauser
>
> RSVP: Email tom@daygame.com to reserve a seat

So if any of you scallywags want your copy of Nitro / Mastery signed, bring it along. If you need to discreetly dispose of Torero Travels there'll be a confidential waste shredder in the corner.

Bar-to-Bedroom: An uninterrupted audio of a First Date Lay

krauserpua · 29 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Just a shame that it's Tom's and not mine…… Take it away Welshman….

Here's a full audio infield of a first date (d2) I went on last week with a French girl I'd met a few days previously during a daygame session. I've annotated the audio throughout to highlight my dating structure and the social dynamics being played out.

Some things to note:

- I'm running the "one date only" condensed version of my dating model involving just a single venue (a pub near my house) and then a fast bounce home. It's high-risk-high-reward
- I'm weaving in and out of rapport and seduction, fractionating verbally and non-verbally to amp up her buying temperature. The whole thing takes about an hour.
- Classic techniques are used but condensed: open questions, cold reads, parroting, stealth questions, statements of intent, cocky-funny, push-pull, kino routines, Questions Game, deep rapport, emotive language, flipping-the-script, disarming the boyfriend, passing her classic tests, verbal bamboozling
- She reveals some spot-on observations about the power of eye contact, sub-communication and the secret language of seduction
- I'm very honest with her about being the lover not the provider. I put myself into the r-selection box from the start and she's ok with it
- Logistics and leading are key. I meet her in Marble Arch near my house, it's a three minute walk to the pub, a two minute walk to a shop and then another two minutes to my house. I've checked out seating in the pub before I start and prepared my room at home for the pull.
- There's some very light token LMR which is handled with the usual techniques: roll offs, calling out the Elephant In The Room, pacing, pre-empting
- The post-sex "interview" sheds light on the importance of intent, sub-communication and being discreet, plus why nice guys finish last.

If you've been cold approaching and generating lots of leads but losing girls on the dates then I'd suggest you try out this fast version of the dating model to push your comfort zones. 95% of men on dates sink in the quick sand of comfort and rapport, forgetting they have to take control, spike it up sexually and pull the trigger. This fast dating structure will force you to practice these essential skills.

To learn more about my daygame and dating model, plus read more than 130 lay reports where I break down many more date techniques, check out my books on my website www.tomtorero.com

I bang my first 25 year old Russian hairdresser

krauserpua · 6 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's day four of Team Krauser's FSU jaunt and now we are in some second-tier Russian city where endless steppe has been replaced with endless grey foreboding apartment blocks. The kind of style 1960s England used for municipal car parks. At 11pm we take a taxi to a local bar/club.

Rock'n'roll.



but on a somewhat lower budget

Literally. On stage behind the semi-circular long bar is a live act ripping through 80s and 90s guitar rock. All around locals are dancing with undisguised joy in that peculiarly non-ironic Russian manner. It's a great atmosphere. Tom, Bodi and I stand motionless in the throng, scoping it out. Although far from a "high end" club, the quality is off the scale compared to London. There's alot of painted-up sixes and sevens, a smattering of eights and importantly no fatties or munters at all. A pattern quickly emerges.

The hotter girls are standing in pairs at the bar or in small groups seated along the edge of the small dance floor. They all studiously ignore the throng of enthusiastic chodes dancing in front of them in a childlike manner to get attention. Never have I seen so much "pull" from a group of willing suitors. The girls alternatively blank them or politely indulge them for their efforts. Noticeably there are no "bitch faces", ever. Guys are getting blown-out like Jihadis caught in the open against an Apache attack chopper but at no point are the girls petty and mean. Such a good atmosphere.

We are already drawing IOIs. Dressed English (and r-selected), having English faces, and not following the dancing-monkey routine means we stand out like a white man in KFC. I've decided to play the Jabba Game. Tom is far too impatient for that and immediately begins a circuit to open sets. For the first hour Bodi and I just talk to each other, build some vibe and studiously avoid value-scanning the room. It works because whereas I entered the club in shit state, by midnight I'm getting a buzz and feeling good. I can sense the subtle IOIs around me and they get stronger. Soon girls are walking past giving The Look or bumping into us purely to get noticed. I'm not used to it. In a London club I'd get one IOI per month.

Finally I've found a club I can put the Jabba Game to the test. I stalk the club, eyeing up girls and forcing looks before returning to Bodi. The first two times don't uncover much but by 1am I've counted off ten girls who are pinging back with some interest. Unfortunately nothing above a high-seven. I open, putting the claw on two tall girls eyeing us up. Halfway through the girls eye-code and switch up so I am now talking to a six-foot blonde. She's loving it but I'm off-form, not really in my element in clubs. I try the talking game and she's playing along, letting me spin her around, check out her heels and so on but then she asks my star sign and on my answer she suddenly backturns and pulls her friend away. How weird.

Another tall brunette is eyeing me so I pull her in, kino a bit, but her English is weak. There's no sizzle in the chat at all and I have to try a clumsy physical game. She likes me but it's just not happening. Too clunky. I reopen her an hour later and do more of the same pushing for extraction but she smiles and declines. Tom has disappeared by now, having fortuitously bumped into a girl by the coat check who inexplicably offered to drive him home within a few minutes of conversation. He's sniffed out a chance and put all his chips on one roll of the dice.

Lots of MILF types are eyeing us up but we don't really want to forego a chance at the hotter-younger-tighter girls. I'm really getting to experience what Good Looking Guy Game is like. There are now a dozen girls IOIing me and the grottier ones are full-on eye-fucking me on and off for hours on end. I know that if I'm willing to drop down to a six, or thirty-plus girl, I have an easy SNL.



Could've had any number of these

While coming out the toilets with Bodi I see a blonde and brunette eye us. As we walk past the blonde gets out of her seat, gets in my way and starts dancing with her back to me. Briefly I wonder if girls always did this and in my chode days I was too blind to see, or if it's because now I'm cooler so the girls only do it now. I spin her around and immediately she's put her hand on my shoulder and the other on my arse. She's super-on. Bodi goes in with her friend. Language is poor but these girls are DTF so I start wondering if I should just take the easy cheeseburger. Then she tries to make me buy a whiskey for her so I walk off.

This kind of thing goes on with girls until past 2am. Once or twice the girls are solid eights but somehow not quite available (chode boyfriends in tow). We see raw naked hypergamy as girls are dancing with K-selected boyfriends while eyeing us up over his shoulder. My buzz is great but I'm impatient.

Finally as I return from the toilet again I make an all-in play. The blonde girl I'd backturned over whiskey is now necking on with the best-looking guy in the club. He looks like Tim Tebow – jacked, brawny, good features. He really does look like an NFL quarterback and his fashion and tattoos give him a player edge. Surprisingly he has no game – she's a washed-up low six, not even the 25th hottest girl in the club – and he immediately latches onto her when she grabs him. An hour later he's still with her and is trying to extract. At this moment I walk past and her now-solo brunette friend gives me The Look.

I walk in, grab her, and escalate. Within thirty seconds we're kissing. The girls are eye-coding and my girl is desperately telling the blonde to leave and fuck the big guy. He's standing there awkwardly while I do him the massive favour of turning the cockblock into a helper. He gets her away. I choke my girl as I kiss her and she whimpers with pleasure. That's a test I always do now (hat tip D&P). I tell her

"Iet's move"

and lead her by the hand to the cloakroom. There's the usual "where are we going" and "what are we doing" so I tell her we're having coffee at my apartment and nothing with happen. She stays in text contact with her blonde friend who has been playing silly-buggers in the taxi rank then ditched the guy to roam the club lost and forlorn. The capacity of women to ruin their own chances is incredible – one of the top guys in the club, a full three points better looking than her ageing carcass, was willing to bang her and she screwed it up pulling the same shit like she did with the whiskey on me.



Instead I waited for one of these

My girl is only in my apartment five minutes before I'm knobbing her. She's a biter, screamer and scratcher. Halfway through I hear Tom come in with his bird and he begins a laborious four-hour battle against LMR. After I shoot my muck on my girl's tits I have to walk through the lounge to get toilet tissue and Tom is giving his girl a shoulder massage and eye-coding me to make myself scarce.
He knobs her a bit later on the sofa. My girl dresses and leaves at 9am, while Bodi is in an afterparty in some squalid Soviet-era apartment with some locals he met in the taxi rank. A good night.

Learning Points

- Being the shiny guy in a nightclub makes it all incredibly easy. I can't remember ever getting laid with so little effort and so little game.
- GLGG isn't really game. It's like an adult playing in the Little League. It's a completely different beast to getting girls more attractive than you are who rarely put out.
- I felt zero achievement. It was like buying a McDonalds on the way home to satisfy the munchies. A vastly different feeling to closing a daygame squirrel over two dates.
- All that said, what I did need to do was pick a horse to back and then show conviction. And the sex was fun.

Intuition

krauserpua · 8 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've been out daygaming for three days since arriving in Russia. We'll be here for a while so I'm taking it easy and not running amok like I have in the past. Just a couple of hours a day, cherry-picking my sets according to DNA-tug or if I cop an IOI. So far I've done about ten sets a day and taken five numbers each time.

My state has been poor. After taking nearly three months off I've lost all momentum and that fine-tuning to the street that regular game gives has disappeared. It doesn't worry me because I know the muscle-memory is trained and thus I can free myself of micro-management. In this state I noticed an interesting phenomenon that happens alot for me now.

- When I'm in set, I feel super-relaxed and natural.
- When I'm between sets, I feel like shit. Like the whole thing is an intolerable grind.

I don't worry because I'm just like a footballer returning to camp after an off-season. My daygame legs will return, as will my love for it. Nonetheless it intrigued me how I can be in such shit state and yet still turn it on immediately from the open. So like I often do when an idea occurs to me, I sit down with Tom and discuss it.

He's not micro-managing his sets either. All of those things in Daygame Mastery are just embedded into our DNA now.

- Feel the strength of the hook
- Manage her energy levels
- Teasing and challenging

We aren't thinking about any of that. Instead we've both been doing the same thing intuitively, which is directing ourselves to an empty-minded flow state and then making sure we "give her The Eyes". We are confident that all the other stuff will sort itself out.

I had a set at the end of my second day with was a perfect expression of this, like a high watermark of exactly what my Game will look like when I'm consistently at my next level up. I was coming home from an idate with a glow in my breast and a spring in my step. I felt great. My mind was free and calm and I looked forward to soaking in a hot bath. From fifty metres away my RAS pings for a greyhound on the other side of a busy road. She's exactly the girl I would've designed if I had one of those Weird Science machines.



I put my swag on and look away as we cross the road, passing each other midway. As we pass I look around and catch her checking me out. There's a Moment (to use Jabba terminology). Electricty crackles. She's smoking hot, on her way home from university. I double back and open. **Everything is right**. It's like dialling a radio receiver to receive a faint transmission from another galaxy and getting a perfectly clear line. My eyes are sparkling, by body language exuding happiness, and yet there's an unapologetic and pure sexual intent. This is the kind of flow state that can't be manufactured. More practice lets you hit it for longer and more often but it's never really in your control.

The effect on her is momentous. She's rocked back on her heels, blushes and starts the "daygame sway" (when a super-on girl rocks around like a drunken sailor on deck in a storm). Her English is weak but it doesn't matter. Throughout the five minute chat we keep falling in and out of "the trance". I'm used to putting eye mesmer onto girls but it's rare that I have them mesmering me so strong that it gives me the sway. But I felt it hard.

We swap numbers. I want to idate but I know my vibe is on it's last hurrah from the previous idate so I don't risk it. As we agree to meet for coffee and shake hands, it lingers.



Basically, this

What a set!

This is the magic of daygame. It touches you in a way I've never found in nightgame. My conversation was unremarkable and it often came out stilted. It didn't matter. Everything that did matter was in the eyes and this finely-balanced connection. She immediately replied to my texts and our day two went great.

I explore this more in the upcoming material I'm doing with Steve. Once you have thoroughly deconstructed your game and rebuilt the high-performance engine, that phase is over. You've got the F-1 car and it's finely tuned. Your mind now turns Senna-like to the driving, which you do emotionally in a flow state. I can't hit this state at will, but in the past few days I've slipped in and out of it. I've watched Tom's sets as he slips in and out of it. The effect on the girl is profound.

Alpha vs Abundance

krauserpua · 18 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It is in the nature of learning that concepts begin muddy and confusing, then gradually refine until you can simply and precisely understand them. So it is with two commonly equivocated concepts: **alpha** and **abundance**. Consider a fairly frequently-observed case where a guy is lacking any strong alpha qualities but gets laid a lot and treats girls with the classic IDGAF frame. How can this be so? Aren't girls supposed to be fucking ALPHAS?

Justin Bieber



Massive abundance, low alpha

Most insider accounts suggest he's a fairly boring needy chode in a normal social context but clearly he can bang a new hottie every night if he wants. Robbie Williams is a needy creepy guy (lots of gossip on clingy and reactive behaviour from him) but also swimming in pussy. Or consider the recently-leaked text message exchange with James Franco.

I don't know enough about Franco to comment on his relative alpha cred (and even writing that sentence gives me a creepy internet-alpha-syndrome shiver). But he certainly exuded IDGAF. So what are we to make of this apparent conundrum? Let's pedantically unpack the two concepts and how they relate.

Alpha is a mindset. It is a way of relating to the world, to girls, the male rivals, and fundamentally comes down to having an internal reference point. **Abundance is a condition**. It is the actual real-world situation of having lots of girls wanting to fuck you. To split hairs, abundance is not about the girls you're fucking now, it's about your self-belief in your ability to fuck new girls in the near future. Naturally, being alpha is a predictable (but not 100% certain) cause of abundance because girls are attracted to alpha. But, it is possible for a beta to engineer / encounter circumstances which give him the condition of abundance.

- White gamma guy goes to Japan / Phillipines
- Top athlete attains fame and status
- Normal guy appears on reality TV show

- Rock guitarist in band that achieves fame
- Successful businessman hires female employees



Mid-abundance, low alpha

There are many situations in which a man can become The Chosen without requiring a fundamental change to his mindset. It's like the difference between getting rich from building a business versus buying a lottery ticket. The bank balance is the same, no matter how it was obtained. I think this explains the common mis-identification of alphas as **"any guy getting laid a lot"**. Once a beta is living in abundance he will naturally take on the IDGAF mindset because it's a result of options rather than internal referencing. He really has more female options than time and motivation to bang them all, so he can aggressively filter, go direct, and walk away at any point. Just review James Franco's text message exchange.

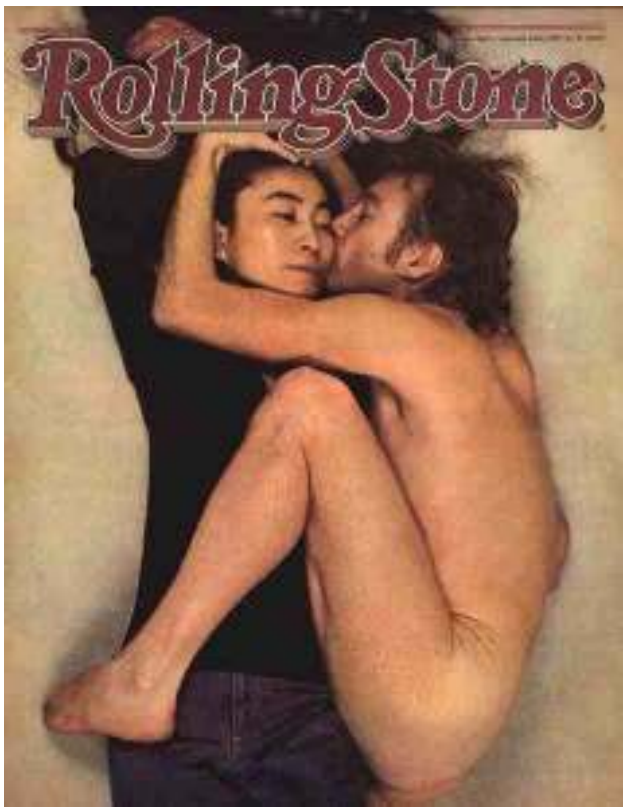
Is Franco also alpha? I don't know. However, that text exchange is pure abundance mentality.

So a lesson for any aspiring player is to work for abundance as well as alpha. Abundance can come from hosting VIP tables in a nightclub, working as a dive instructor at a backpacker resort, owning a strip club or (in my case) travelling in countries where I'm shiny and then aggressively number-farming. That gives you the IDGAF from plate spinning.

It is not a reason to abandon the quest for alpha (or in my case, sigma). And the reason is:

1. Betas will always eventually lose abundance
2. Betas will always get rolled by a predatory female

I know a Welsh guy who was recently on a reality TV show. Fairly good-looking guy but nothing special. However the show made him shiny and cast his filter net* wide, thus all the local girls know who he is. So now he's getting spammed by selfies from DTF girls. He's living in abundance and getting laid like dambusters. But eventually his fifteen minutes will pass, other guys will replace him as flavour of the month, and the pussy shower is turned off. I hope he uses his period in the sun to lock down the IDGAF attitude to get him through leaner times.



A stone, completely rolled

As for the predator women, just think of John Lennon. Completely rolled. I view Yoko Ono as a top-level heist professional who completely took him. Many guys in abundance get rolled – Bob Geldof, Paul McCartney, Russell Brand, Tiger Woods, Mel Gibson, Mike Tyson. Unless you change the mindset you'll always be vulnerable to the coquette who knows your need for affection (abundance always strips your soul over time, leaving you vulnerable to affectionate women) and how to use it against you.

Betas can experience abundance by succeeding in the hamster wheel of life. Become the best tennis player, become a rich businessman. Become a famous musician. That's great, more power to them. Just don't mistake it for alpha.

Filter Net* – *Out there in the world there's a certain number of women who will like you just as you are, without much Game required. For most men the problem is you* ***never meet* *more than a tiny proportion of these girls. University increases the net (because you're in constant contact with teen girls). Working in a business surrounded by women increases the net (e.g. fashion photography). Cold approaching increases the net (by initiating more interactions). Being famous massively increases the net by letting those women know you exist and telling them how to find you. Thus it's possible for a man's abundance to massively change purely on the strength of widening his net without any other changes to his mindset and game.*

Guest Post: A Steve Jabba lay report

krauserpua · 6 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

After nearly 2 years of focused and determined effort building Authentic PUA, I decided it was time for a break. I've got bored of London and as I live out of the centre, it's a giant pain in the ass to hunt girls. Plus, lately I've been feeling a real lack of motivation..I simply cannot be arsed, and I rarely see girls of sufficient quality to even bother. So I decide to head (alone) to the FSU for 10 days of reflection and (possibly) getting back to what I do best.

Pulling girls!



Sexual intent, yesterday

I get here and notice immediately there's a LOT of women. Quality isn't anywhere as near as good as some other parts of FSU I've been (at least in the daytime), but what happened on my first night made up for this. I chill out for the day, and soak up the vibe. I start strategising immediately, finding local spots that are good for food and asking the cooler waiters where the hottest girls go out at night.

Looking on the internet for hot spots is no good : you always want local knowledge. Also I tip the guys well : you never know when this will come in handy, and I am keen to make friends. Plus they seem pretty decent, likeable people.

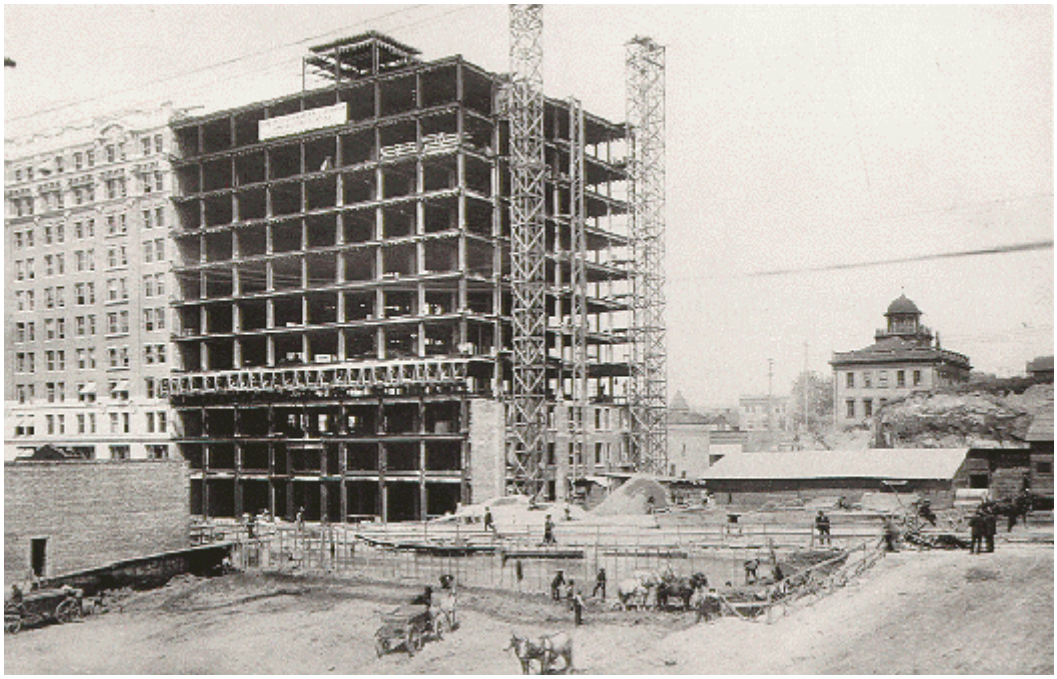
By 11pm I am toying with the idea of staying in as I had no sleep the night before, and was up at 3:30 am for my flight. But no, fuck it – I'm going out.I head out into the main area and see some pretty sweet girls walking about. I start to "switch on"- meaning pinging for IOI's but also keeping a wary eye on my surroundings for aggressive guys, etc as I am well aware I am alone in a new town where no one knows me, and I stand out. A lot of guys are not happy about hunters like me rocking up in their town and taking the hottest women. This becomes important later on.

I head to one of the best clubs where "there are no drunk guys, everyone looks good and there's no trouble". Sweet. As I go in, it strikes me that I am totally alone and yeah, I get a very short pang of nerves. Despite going to nightclubs alone for over 20 years on my own it happened. I was a little shocked but breathed deeply and paid

attention to my surroundings whilst drinking a vodka and diet coke.

They had a fashion show on so lots of (non-professional) models walking around. I start to get in the groove and find what always happens to me when there's hot girls about : a laser like focus, zone out the other guys and focus on the girls – this brings me into a good state more than anything I've ever found.

I'm not getting IOI's like I usually do though, by midnight it's not really happening so I switch tack. I still haven't approached anyone, so I go to the smoking area and start a conversation with a local dude. He's pretty friendly and the trick here is to be friendly and cool, but not value suck and also hold your self possession. With guys, the key is to be cool with them, but also subtly position yourself and demonstrate that you're a solid guy. You have to gain their respect and listen to what they have to say. (It's also a good idea to tell them how hot their local girls are)



A metaphor, yesterday

Really what I am doing here is building bases. If you go it alone in clubs, especially if there may be some hostility further on down the line, bases come in handy – plus it's good for your sociability, andyou can start off the beginning of a social circle. When I do leave London, this is exactly the sort of thing I will be doing consistently.

At about midnight or so I say goodbye to my new friends and decide to check out somewhere else just to see how it is. On the way out, as I am heading down a side alley I start to get a little tingle as there's a group of 3 guys coming towards me. One looks a bit threatening, and I hear him say "Angliski"..and then more discussion from the friends…I quicken up the pace and head towards a bigger group of people and steer back towards the club I have just left…Out of the corner of my eye I can see Mr. threatening getting heated and being held back by his friends…I think he must have been a local nationalist who wanted to give me a pasting by virtue of being English (and possibly because I stand out and might take his women). Not good.

Back in the club I take a breather in the smoke area again and chat to another dude. He's qualifying himself heavily with his mate to two pretty hot girls..Big mistake but I keep my eyes open and sit there alone, smoking. He starts talking to me and I reply in English : instantly I am his new best mate and he invites me over to drink with their group. Cool.

I drink with them for about 20 minutes or so but then ENOUGH..Girl time.. I switch on again and this time the IOI's start flowing..Back to the smoking area and I see a very hot blond girl (see pic and video at the end of this email) getting shouted at by some chodey looking dude…I notice she is staring at me so I return the look and give her a little nod of the head (slightly arrogantly)..Forcing an IOI.

So I head over and Mr. angry DOESN'T LIKE IT ONE LITTLE BIT…As I stand there, not in his way but quite close to him he turns his attention to me and says something (quite aggressively)…I just look back and shrug my shoulders, non threatening despite the fact I can see he is giving the hot girl a very hard time…"Please don't leave me" she says to me (sotto voce)…"It's cool…I won't"…So I stick around and eventually Mr. Angry fucks off.



Actual girl

We begin talking and I get in nice and close. I like this girl, she is hot and self possessed with a lot of confidence. I establish pretty early on she's not in a relationship and throw out a few "hooks"to see if she bites (kind of like I do in my videos). She bites…tentatively. But all I need.I make sure I'm introduced to the friends, but unfortunately my Angry keeps returning and making a right nuisance of himself…Almost shouting at her…It is winding me up but no way am I going to do anything as the risks are far too great..I suggest to her that we go somewhere else and she agrees, so we leave the club with her female friend and 2 other guys (also friends) who I make a point of being friendly with and talking to. I do this to avoid any resistance later on…

So we head off to some cramped ass new place. I hit the button with her and tell her I like her very much….Do the soul gazing thing where I look deep into her eyes and tell her how much I like her…It's just an authentic expression in that moment because at that moment the love bubble appears and everything else is shut out…Just free flowing lust and powerful emotions..I feel this with every girl I go for, on some level and because I mean it..It works. I did like her.

We head off together to a more secluded place in the venue, to get away from the crowds and I put her legs over mine (dominance, leading)..A few guys are hovering around and looking unhappily on but there is no room left for that, we're totally in the bubble. I tell her we should go and I want her…She seems pensive but after some thought says "OK let's go"…We go to find her friends (I don't hurry this along, I relax and am very chill about it)..We end up leaving with her female friend! She tells me we are going back to her place "but no sex and you have to be good"…I nod assent.

We jump in a taxi and I don't even know what is going on, but about 3/4 distance the friend jumps out and wishes us both a good time…Back at the apartment we start kissing in the front room then she jumps up and leads me upstairs..Plain sailing from there and we go at it like animals…All night and the next day too!

I did actually like this girl, but she found my website and has many friends in this town, so I cannot post this on my own site. Plus, on some level I do feel a little guilty about it. But I guess I have to get my name out there because for all you guys know, the stories about me are all hype. Perhaps one day soon I will tell some more of these tales..

Hope you enjoyed!

Celibacy Clubs Part 3: Gammas For Christ!

krauserpua · 8 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a guest post from Bodi. Go here for part one and part two.

When I started writing this article I racked my brains trying to think if there was such a thing as a male celibacy club. The gang of betas on a night out deliberately DLVing each other to squabble over girls? Not really: it's just pure mate competition. What about internet nerds, sitting in their darkened rooms playing MMORPGs together? No; the core element of a celibacy club is missing: they are not cooperating together in deliberately excluding females and imposing these shared terms and conditions upon each other.

Men's desire to fuck is simply too strong. Their whole lives are geared around getting access to pussy. To most men the idea of joining a club where you have to not have sex to join is anathema. Male clubs are an elaborate social-circle or value-boosting scheme to GET sex, not avoid it. Don't forget that women are stupid and illogical and have poor future projection, so they are far less able to manage the consequences of their own actions than men. In times past this didn't really matter: they had little control over their own lives and even the most socially retarded cavewoman was paired off by her father and brothers regardless of her most sincere gruntings. NOT having sex as a default strategy was the optimal survival strategy for a cavewoman. The only way round this strategy was either by:

1. familial coercion, in which the opinions of her father and brothers were probably likely to be ten thousand times more likely to select a suitable partner than her own fluff-ridden mind
2. by a caveman so strong and alpha that he actually got past her default strategy: thus the strategy selects a male good enough to defeat it.

On the other hand any caveman who didn't relentlessly pursue his campaign of gene replication was zapped from the gene pool very quickly. Don't forget the old broscience statistic that 80% of cavewomen reproduced whereas only 20% of cavemen did: and this is assuming they were all trying like crazy!



The paleolithic carousel

It turns out I was wrong. There ARE indeed celibacy clubs for men and they are the saddest specimens of all. There

are two that I can think of:

1. Gammas for Christ
2. Manosphere Jihadies

I'll go over each in turn.

Gammas for Christ

Those amongst my readership who have attended a UK university will know what an incredibly creepy and sinister bunch the Christian Society type people are.

Caveat: this may not hold true in the US. The UK is far more secular and the only people into religion are old or weird. I was stunned when I first met Americans and realised how many of them were non-athiest and further amazed to discover they weren't creepy and weird. In America religion seems the casual norm, like it was in Victorian Britain.

Let's continue. These groups of young Christians, both in and out of University, are usually run by a pack of super-Gamma white males who viciously police the territories of their domain ensuring conformity from all members. What have they got to gain from it? Two things:

Firstly, they are nearly always extremely Gamma. By being Christian and spiritual they get a reason to feel better than everybody else, a Gamma's true desire. The also get a knowledge system that they can turn their formidable minds to and learn inside out and use to position their status above other people (to wit, explaining to people the "real" meaning of some obscure scripture). Now in these groups nearly everyone is paired up in couples. University campuses provide a fresh supply of deluded young girls to fall victim to the ChristSoc propaganda and then be allocated out as girlfriends to the next repellent, control-freak Gamma chode waiting in line. Allocated out, that is, by the oppressive hive-mind of the average ChristSoc. So you get a girlfriend after all but you don't get to fuck her. This defeats the point, right? Not to the gamma it doesn't. Firstly a girlfriend you can't fuck is better than no girlfriend at all (plus unilateral sexual rejection and constant spurning from the 'open' sexual market). Secondly, they get a sweet ego-excuse for not being able to tup her guts. Lastly… get this… being Gamma a lot of these charming gentlemen decide that their way, their secret and superior belief system, is actually the one true way and they are therefore justified in doing anything they want so they then treacherously play both ends of the field by secretly trying to guilt the girls into screwing them anyway. They simply hold two incongruent beliefs at the same time: **Gammas can do what they want!**



Pretty vacant

Post-University there are still plenty of Christian groups and social groups but the celibacy-club aspect of it isn't so prevalent. Lots of the hotter girls leave to get access to dick and husbands. Membership is swollen by people of all ages, loads of old people and kids. Lots of couples just give up and start fucking anyway but keep it to themselves. However, the hardcore persistant Gamma for Christ still swims in these shoals like an odious stickleback. Why does he persist? Because this group is the fuel for his engine! It provides the ideal conditions for his gammaness to thrive. He gets to continually master the secret system and use it against others (AMOG'ing them with more intricate bible knowledge perhaps) and he gets to reposition himself above others whilst appearing to be benevolent. It also gives him the sweetest fruit of all: a total justification for his own inability to get a girl to fuck him.

This all *really happens!* It's not just mental masturbation on my part. I personally know two men, but who do not know each other, whose stories were so eerily similar that it kicked off the whole concept for me.

Both men are extremely Gamma; high-IQ, good job, lack of playerness, obtained long-term girlfriend through manipulation of a system (online dating for one, dance classes for another). Each man has a twin brother who is even more Gamma: a High-Gamma. Initially each set of brothers was totally into the church. After a few years half of each set of brothers started playing some form of system to get themselves a girlfriend and when they hit pay dirt they locked in the girl and then their church activities rapidly dwindled (showing why they were really there in the first place). The other brothers, however, doubled down on Churchianity and increased their involvement to obsessive levels. They both grew their hair long and straggly and stated, I shit you not, that they did this "because Christ did". It gets more delicious! Each brother then takes up woodwork as a hobby again "because Christ did". I'm not making this up! And don't forget: these are two seperate sets of brothers who live in different places and have no connection with each other. Each brother then develops an enclyopediac knowledge of Christian doctrine and then at any opportunity argues about it, pissing off and AMOG'ing more normal church-goers and the priests themselves. They then decided that…. oh God can this get any more Gamma?… that *they alone have deconstructed Christianity and see the problems with their Church's interpretation* and they alone have "the correct path to Christ". And apparently the ***true*** message of the Bible involved them doing one thing:

whatever they wanted

They didn't have to go to Church anymore. They dressed how they liked when they liked. They'd aribtrarily not turn up for work if they "wanted to pray" that day.

You're probably correctly surmising that these brothers were **utter cunts**. And they are. And of course they have the little holes in their beliefs that all Gammas do. They both serreptitiously sneak off and try various schemes to meet girls. One tries salsa classes and online dating, fails at both and then delights in tearing them down whenever anyone'll listen. The other tries online christian dating but declares all the girls are 'sacriligious whores'. Whores that he cannot, you will guess, actually fuck.

What a pair of loathsome fucks. Pure Gammas for Christ. May he have mercy on their evil souls.

Mansophere Extremists

When I first heard of this mindset I thought it was a joke. Krauser told me someone had commented on one of his lay reports where he described shooting his load on a girl's face and that they'd said "it showed how little he'd valued his seed".

WHAT
THE
FUCK?

The reframe is exquisite: that by chasing pussy you are ultimately a slave to pussy and the truly powerful man will detach himself from this salacious Sisyphean task and concentrate on more erudite and fulfilling areas of his life. I don't agree. It seems to me a pretty obvious rationalisation to justify not getting pussy. It's no better than women pretending fish don't need bicycles. It's no better than the crazed forty year old cat ladies disappearing into charity work to fill the aching void in their hearts and between their legs.

The fundamental nature of human beings is of males pursuing women. It's the very essence of human progression. Rejecting the age- long dance between men and women is rejecting humanity. I'm not religious, but if I were I'd say it was ungodly.

It doesn't mean you have to be a slavering fanny-rat though, perhaps endlessly travelling round Europe, living squalidliy out of a suitcase and with nothing in your life but the next ephemeral hit of a fresh notch; that's taking it to the other extreme. I'm not anti-monogamy either. I'm not even anti-marriage! I really think there's a lot to be said for the plan of finding a decent woman that won't betray you or your offspring, one that submits and seems well balanced, then simply withdrawing from the pussy hunt and getting on with other things in life. It's just not the plan I personally and currently plan to follow.

What is nauseating though, is guys whom have done this sitting online and then reinventing themselves as manosphere heavy weights. It's just another form of the favourite American hobby: creating a fake idealized self online and vicariously living through it. They'll backwards rationalize all the pussy "they could have had" and explain away how they decided not to take it then they'll relentlessly big up their wife. The manosphere is full of online alphas who never actually go out and fuck any birds *

These married, enchildrened "nouveau manosphere" guys are not the celibacy club I'm talking about. I'm talking about the ones who don't even get married. That sit in their apartments, reinvent themselves as red pill, perhaps grow a goatee and then just cease the often gruelling and ego-shattering challenge of actually going out and really, in real life, getting an actual flesh and blood young, hot girl to fuck them. Then go online and start spouting about how they are "resisting the feminine imperative". Pah! Faggots.

** I'll resist the urge to link specific blogs here*

The 10 invisible barriers to daygame

krauserpua · 12 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The harsh reality of daygame is most men will **never get it**. That's partly because most daygamers are an adversarially-selected bunch of weirdos (as indeed I was when I began) but mostly because it's just an enormous ask:

Start talking to a hot young girl, who doesn't know you, and then fuck her with nothing more than your aesthetic and charisma.

To pull that off consistently on girls younger and hotter than you is basically a super power. I'm surprised top players aren't asked to be in the next X-Men. So while I was sitting in a cafe with Tom looking out over a nice FSU plaza, we reflected on a simple question: **why aren't more men able to pull this off?**

I see all the hot girls walking around and I know that with a bit of effort I can get some of them. So that's exactly what I do. What's stopping all the other men doing the same? Why is it that despite hundreds of bootcamps, one-on-ones, seminars and at least a few thousand men going through the London Daygame mill I can literally count on my hands how many are good?

There are invisible barriers to daygame that aren't mere technique and will be imperceptible to everyone below the intermediate (one lay a month from hard graft) level. These are the things that are no longer in my reality but used to be like a forcefield holding me back.



Where have all the overweight socially maladjusted men gone?

1. Sting of rejection

A girl's reaction shouldn't affect your sense of self. When she's walking down the street with her headphones on and daydreaming of her next pair of shoes she's not thinking of meeting men. Opening her well will usually shock her out of this but there will always be girls who brush you off and keep walking. Assuming she stops there'll be girls who give you a "what do you want?" look and you can't quite get rolling – so another rejection. Or maybe you get the compliment out and get the "thanks but no thanks". Or you get excited with the number close and she doesn't reply. The only two certainies in life are death and daygame blowouts. For as long as you feel the sting of it, you'll

find ways to avoid being in that position, which leads me on to……

2. Meta-weasels

…. the ego is ingenius in it's ability to avoid damage. In addition to the usual street weasels ("she's too hot", "she looks busy" etc) are the lifestyle weasels that prevent you even being in a position to open a girl. Just recently Tom met a guy who appears to have the Euro-jaunt lifestyle set up but he seems to spend all day in a cafe reading books and not opening. It's quite acceptable to go see the art gallery, the museum and the opera house on your first day but that's it. A good daygamer is a piss-poor tourist.



You must want this more than photos outside the Opera House

3. Blowout streaks

Everyone has strings of blowouts. If you're good-looking and confident they'll be short strings that barely phase you but you'll still get them. If you're a short Indian chode opening Russian catwalk models blowouts are pretty much the only thing you'll get. It's quite dispiriting to have a run of good results, perhaps a few quality lays, and then suddenly every girl acts like you've sprayed on woman repellant. Daygame is about keeping many balls in the air simultaneously in order to pull off a magic trick. It's so easy to drop a ball or too and then not even get a girl to stop for you. And then you'll start doubting yourself. "Was I really any good at this? Does it even work?" The typical newbie daygamer doesn't have the reference experiences or mental grit to push through these streaks, nor the self-diagnostics to correct whatever is causing the blowouts.

4. K-selected signals

Almost every daygamer wants to be the Nice Guy. He's absorbed too many Disney fairytales and has turned to daygame to get the Good Girls and not those Nightclub Sluts. He's kidding himself. The sexual market rules are always in effect. It's always a darwinistic fight whether on the club or on the streets, and the girls are operating according to the same mating schema. Daygame is to nightgame what tennis is to squash – useless ill-coordinated slobs are going to fail in both sports. Daygame fools you into thinking you're not in competition with all those other cool charismatic men simply because you can't see them at that moment in time. No. Hot young girls always have options and you'd better be either (i) her best option or (ii) a side-dish she can't otherwise get.
So drop your Disney fantasy. Daygame is dirty and animalistic.


Boyfriend material. No chance of SDL

5. Weirdness

For every cool daygamer I've met, I've met six or seven normal everyman types who have a chance to make it. For every normal guys, I've met a couple of weird freaks who have no chance at all. Like the LSS guy who lives in a tent in an Essex forest and has had three phone numbers in ten years – because he's not only homeless but he looks and smells homeless. His stupid weirdo ego prevents him addressing the one obvious problem. Then there's all the little Indian chodes asking me "how many sets I need before hot Russian girl become in my harem, Mr Krauser?" or the frame-control PUA freaks who "open" me with a Yad-Stop then completely ignore my friend while trying to get a free consultation. Just the other day I met such a guy and he had weird bug eyes and his shoulders looked like he was halfway through a shrug. He wasn't physically deformed, just a lifetime of being weird had etches itself into his muscle memory. That can conceivably be undone but it's a hell of a job. And until them every girl is thinking "ewwww!"

More than any other strategy, daygame is a test of how normal you are. Weirdness will always fall flat when there's no alcohol, flashing disco lights or female super-horniness to mask it.

6. Nowhere leads

A combination of the other barriers listed here will tend to result in a guy getting phone numbers to nowhere. Now you are fully aboard the emotional rollercoaster. You get the sickening dread of approach anxiety, the euphoria of a girl hooking and chatting, then the validation of the number close, and then the dull let-down of her not responding. Inevitably you'll obsess for days over it, trying to figure out the perfect recovery text. And finally give up. Get yourself a pile of these false leads and you'll get into the "is daygame worth all this effort" meta-weasel.

7. Hack mentality

"Dear Tom. I love your book, perhaps I do one-on-one with you. Me your fan. Your infield very good!!!! So Mr Tom, where is easiest place to get laid?"

Everyone wants to avoid the market. Whether it's a corporation shovelling cash in lobby groups, a feminist mandating alimony laws, an established PUA moving to "lifestle game", or a noob looking for Pussy Paradise – the emotional driver is always the same: I don't want to be subject to the rigours of the free market because it's too hard

/ I don't think I'll win that competition. Combine this with the natural chode avoidance of making significant changes and you have the hack mentality.

The PUA cartel saw you coming and will sell you magic pills and 3 Secrets To Make Her Wet as long as your credit card is below it's limit. If you're looking to score something for nothing, you'll end up with nothing. Daygame is hard. Very very hard.

8. Quality overreach

When you see a really hot girl with a boyfriend, have a good look at him. He's not a short pot-bellied old man with a comb-over and ill-fitting Primark t-shirt is he? Hot girls only have sex with high value men. Now, as daygamers we are lucky that there is a carefully-honed system to deliver that value in a short space of time but….. the value has to be there. The single biggest piece of value a daygamer can have (and which at least 60% don't have) is… a personality.

The fuck ladder is real. If you're currently getting occasional 5s then you needn't bother opening higher than a 6. By all means do so as an experiment in breaking limiting beliefs but know that you've got no hope in hell of fucking them. Go dig up a photo of the hottest girl you fucked in the last two years. That's what you should be opening. If she's a 5 then leave the catwalk models to the men who actually have a chance.



Good luck with that, fatso

And yes, you probably bristled at the last two paragraphs. Going for turbo-hotties that blow you out is actually avoidance – you are avoiding girls you might fuck because getting blown out by the 6s is a bigger blow to your ego.

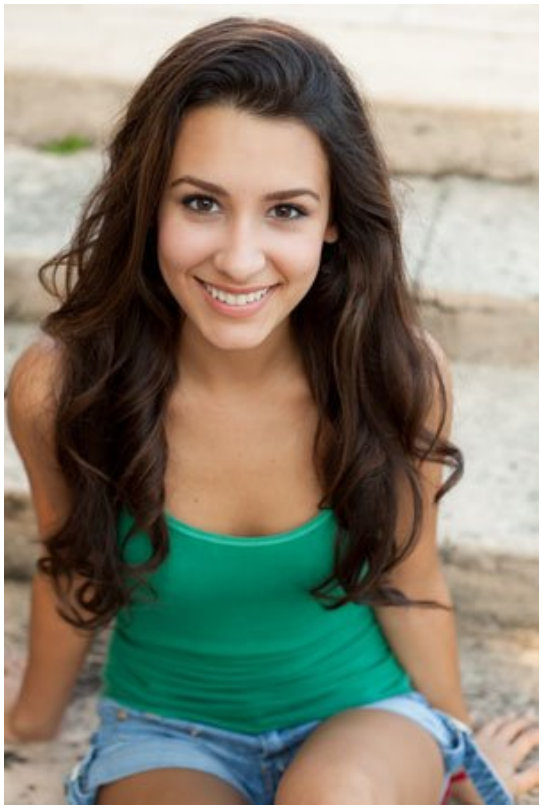
9. Spoonfeeding

The first generation of London daygamers figured it out for themselves. Tom, Jon, Antony and I were hitting the streets and trying new things. We'd experiment with how many steps to take before coming in on the front stop, what hand position, when to ask the name and so on. There wasn't a Daygame Mastery out there for us to read so we figured it out for ourselves. That's called self-reliance and it's a universally attractive masculine trait. We also read whatever we could get our hands on and stripped out the goldust to incorporate into the model. At no point did we ever think somebody would just hand over the answer. That would've been weird.

We accepted that the world is a cold unyielding place and if we wanted to get sex, we'd better solve the problems put in our way. Now I look at some of the emails I get, or long rambling blogposts in the manosphere and it seems few people want to work for it. Wanting to be spoonfed is an entitlement mentality which will stop you improving.

10. First day abroad

Every one of the above barriers slams down hard when you try a Euro-jaunt. You've probably built yourself up over a few weeks while waiting for the flight date. This is it, pussy paradise, you're gonna hit it hard. Burn the town with a crazy number farm and get some hot foreign birds! And then you arrive in your apartment, put down your suitcase and look out the window. Shit has just gotten real and all those insecurities rise up. If you're not careful you'll wig out and spend the whole trip buried in a cafe reading blogs.



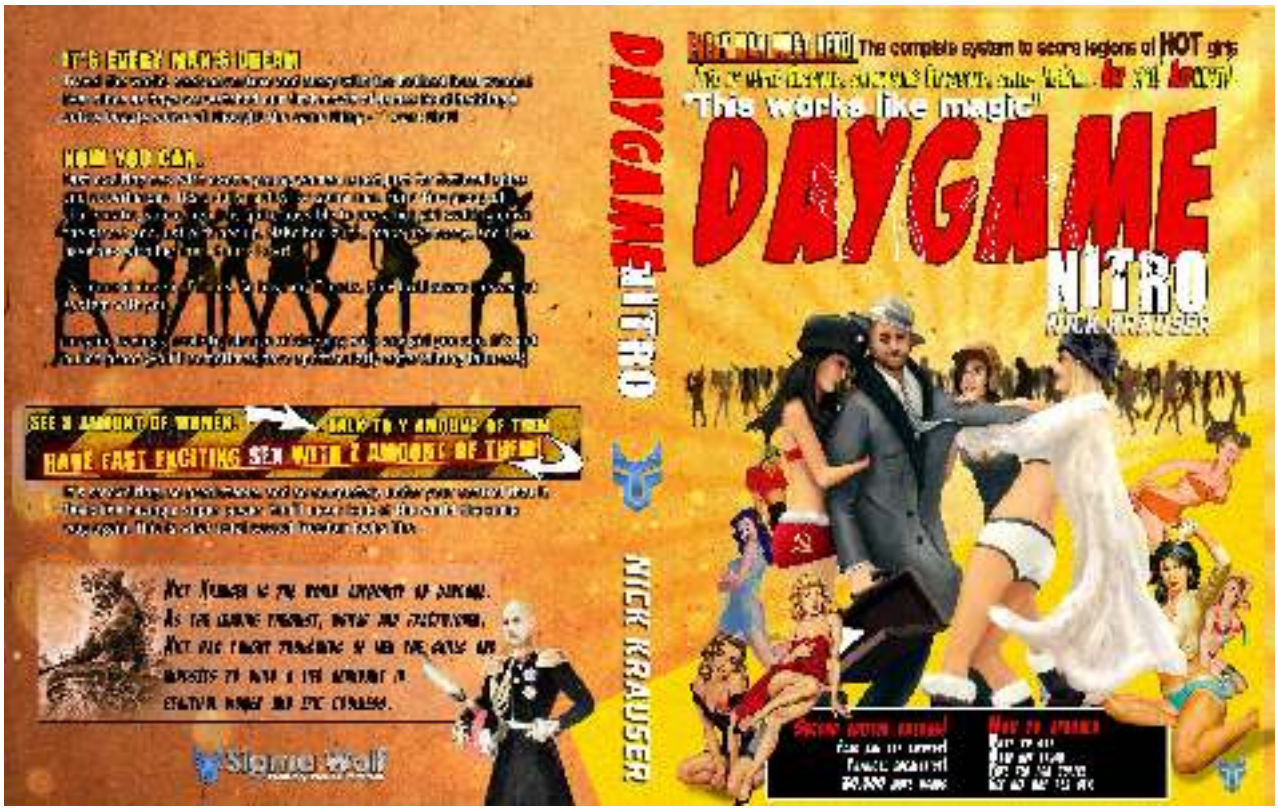
They don't just fall into your bed

Daygame is *not* the easy answer to getting laid. There's a reason more people don't do it, and there's a reason most people who do either give up quickly after the bootcamp honeymoon, or they are relentless weirdos who get nowhere. So when I'm sitting in a Prague pavement cafe looking at the hot teens stride past in hot pants and think "I might have a piece of that" it's no longer a surprise to me that there's not more men doing exactly the same.

If you want to learn daygame the right way and maximise your chances of success, check out my book Daygame Mastery

Daygame Nitro: long-awaited second edition out now

krauserpua · 13 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original



I am proud to announce the launch of Daygame Nitro second edition. I know what you're thinking….

"I torrented the first edition and feel a bit guilty about it. How can I ever restore my daygame karma?"

Repent, sinner. I'm giving you the second chance you scarcely deserve. If you head over to Lulu and buy this book I guarantee the daygame gods will push two teenage tourist SDLs your way within a week.* The video below goes through the content and flicks through a paper copy so you can see exactly what you'll be getting.

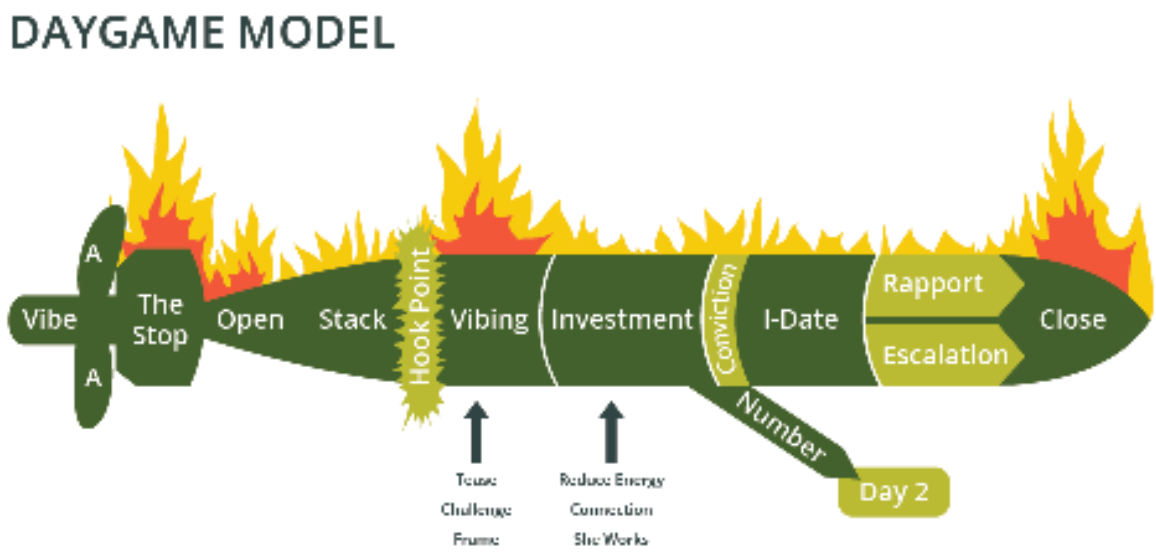
To summarise, here's answers to the obvious questions:

1. What is new in the second edition?
The first edition was 36,000 words. I rewrote all of those and added an extra 30,000. So it's almost double the size. Some chapters have been expanded (for example a long sexual future projection in the idate chapter) while some entirely new chapters are added on Vibe, Emotional Rollercoaster, Polarity, Connection, Physical Escalation, SMV and Cold Reading. Click the preview on the Lulu page for full contents.

2. The first edition looks like your mum did the graphic design. Does this one look better?
Yes. I paid professional copy editors to clean up the prose, a layout guy to make it look nice, and also commissioned custom interior / cover art and a flowchart girl.

3. Who is it aimed at?
Nitro is designed to get a beginner up to intermediate level (one new lay a month), whereas Mastery is meant to get one-a-month up to three-a-month and a point higher in quality. So long as you've done at least fifty sets the concepts of Nitro will connect well with your experience.

4. I don't like these hardbacks. When is the Kindle coming out?
I really don't know. I'm not averse to it, but nothing is planned in the near future.



Note interior is in B/W

Buy DAYGAME NITRO here

** Complete lie. Guarantee is pure fabrication.*

Crystallise her attraction for you

krauserpua · 15 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

While travelling in Moscow, dependable first-gen daygamers Tom and Ramy were having a lot of idates and screening coffees. The further you travel East, the more false positives FSU girls give you and this creates its own set of problems. In the beginning you're wide-eyed – "wow! so many super-hotties and they all want to come on dates with me!" you think.

Not so, sir

After your fifth consecutive date-to-nowhere you realise shininess is a double-edged sword. It doesn't matter that she's a 5'11" greyhound with heels and immaculate fashion if she's only there to practice her English and gaze at the strange species Homus Englishski. The new problem of False Abundance is you have so many phone numbers you have to write them all down and keep an Excel document for scheduling dates.



A dirty rotten timewaster, yesterday

I once dated 21 different girls in 7 days. Only fucked three of them (and another two on a return visit after long game).

The positive edge to the sword is you can practice hardcore screening and escalation. That's the kind of thing that let's you finger three different girls on three consecutive days inside cafes in mid-afternoon (story and audio to follow). You are so concerned to avoid wasting time (rather than avoid losing the girl) that you can push hard. Now, fingering them fast may be something of an over-compensation so let's instead consider a strategy Ramy developed.

During the questions game, ask this:
"What do you like about me?"

Really, you can be this blunt with Russians. Once you're used to it, you'll find you can be that blunt with any girl. The authenticity shines through and cuts the crap. Generally I'll ask this question after I've done the Age and Approach debrief questions. Girls will always answer it and you can calibrate from their response.

- “I like that you are native speaker so I can practice my English” = probably a timewaster, expect to need to give her The Talk later
- “You are so bold and direct, like real man” = great, you’ll be making The Move soon
- “You are interesting, with much life experience” = great, continue your MIMITW game

Girls tell you how to seduce them if only you are perceptive enough to process their words. So I’ve been using this question on almost every Day 2, especially for daylight coffee screening dates when my evenings are already occupied with Day 3s and 4s. Just last night while out with a pretty young student I realised there’s an extra advantage to asking this question…….

We are all well-aware that girls are creatures of the Now, buffeted around by whimsy and emotion. Just because she’s feeling vague woolly feelings of attraction for you now does not mean she will do so tomorrow morning when the love bubble has burst. So it’s good to lock it down.



Moving hands south imminently

Right now, on the Day 2, she’s feeling good. Her hindbrain likes you, but perhaps your game has been so smooth and covertly-conveyed that her forebrain hasn’t really engaged with it. She’s got this odd forebrain/hindbrain conflict where the latter likes you but the former hasn’t gotten the message. Thus the attraction is epheramel – it depends on her hindbrain, which blows around like a ship on a stormy sea. So even if you kiss her she might wake up the next morning not fancying you much. The date is just compartmentalised as a “nice experience” and the notch recedes from view.

So force her forebrain to acknowledge that she likes you.

It will crystallise the fact of “I like him” so that the next morning it’s accepted, and durable through time. This question uses the hindbrain pleasure of the love bubble to force the forebrain to get on board, and she actively constructs the reasons for her answer. You’ve given her Forebrain Fodder.

2 easy kiss-close gambits

krauserpua · 17 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Oh my god…. I can't believe it! Nick has written a directly-practical post without any mental masturbation……

Lampost
Imagine you're walking out of Venue Two on your first date. You've already regaled your girl with funny stories and interesting takes on historical events so she's been giggling. Her hand went soft when you inspected her nail polish and now as you walk down the street perhaps she's "accidently" bumping into you. It sounds like the kiss is on, but she hasn't quite put herself into position.

Perhaps the venue seating arrangements screwed you. Your favourite booth in the corner was taken so you ended up sitting opposite each other in rickety chairs with a coffee table between you. You tried pulling her in a little and she didn't seem to take the hint. Hmmmmmm. What to do? You have to make your move before the window closes and you stall out. Time for a gambit.

Pick a visible feature on the street about twenty metres away. A lampost, a letter box, a shop front. Whatever. Then as you're comfortably walking side by side, point at it.



Venue 2.5

You: Can you see that letter box over there?
Her: Where?
You: There, the red one.
Her: Yes
You: When we get there, I'm going to kiss you.

Her reaction doesn't matter. Maybe she giggles and goes red. Maybe she goes silent. Maybe she pushes back with "no you won't". None of that matters. You are Making Your Move so you must follow through. It doesn't matter if you actually get the kiss, it matters that you were ballsy and calm about going for it.

Don't rush. Perhaps deliberately go silent as you walk, letting her head spin with anticipation. Don't babble. If she

seemed playfully receptive then make a joke out of taking your sweet time. Fasten your shoelace, check out a shop window – so she knows you're deliberately dragging out the moment.

And once you arrive at the letter box, turn her to face you, tilt up her chin with your fingertip, and kiss her.



Success

GoogleTranslate

I've spent a lot of time honing my girl-doesn't-speak-English first dates. It's really not as tough as it sounds so long as you have wi-fi and GoogleTranslate app on your phone. So imagine you're sitting back in a lounge chair in the dark upstairs room of a cafe. She's on the seat next to you. She seems to like you and the physical escalation has been all amber or green lights, but the verbal escalation is clumsy.

You've already written "I like your eyes. Big and crazy, like a raccoon" which got a giggle. What now? You're in seperate seats with big arm-rests. Even if she wanted to, she can't put herself into position for the kiss. But she's perched on the edge of her seat while you lounge in yours. When you leaned in to tell a story she never retreated to maintain distance. Ok, it's probably on. How to bridge the gap?

Hold up your finger in the "wait a minute, I want to say something" manner and then type into your phone:

"I'm going to kiss you in thirty seconds"

Look playfully serious, like you are choosing your words carefully. Be patient. Then hit Translate and hand her the phone. She'll likely give a deer-in-headlights look. Hold your frame. Look peaceably at her and don't fidget or fill the gap. She'll start typing. Something like:

"I hesitate"

Take the phone back, and with a thoughtful expression type:

"20 seconds"

Let her stew. Don't say anything. Be calm, like the oak tree. Then type "10 seconds" and show her that.

Finally, sit up on your chair and take her hands. Put them over your shoulders and pull her in for the kiss.



Might as well agree logistics while you're at it

These two gambits are easy and yet appear super-ballsy. She gets to experience your sense of purpose and direction, while also getting precious delicious moments of anticipation.

Sexual Market Value – an exposition

krauserpua · 20 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Chaps, here is a long discussion I recorded with Tom Torero on what male SMV is and how to deliver it through the various types of game.

The daygame carnival

krauserpua · 22 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Daygame has become a cult. I'm as much to blame for it as anyone else and it's not a particularly bad thing. It's in the Constitution that every man has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of pussy. So while I occasionally bristle when I see no-hoper chodes queering Oxford Street with crappy Yad-stops, I do acknowledge that these men have as much right to hunt girls as I do. Good luck to them.

I just wish they'd be more…. *finessed* about it.

I suspect that 83% of all daygame stops follow exactly this pattern (half of them with an Indian accent):

- Excuse me, canIjustsaysomethingreallyquickly. Iliterallyjustsawyouandwantedtosay…
- You look nice
- You look French. It'syouhairniceeyesandsillyshoes
- **pause**

When the first-gen daygamers were figuring out the system, the front stop was merely a tool. It wasn't the One True Way, it wasn't The Perfect Approach. It was simply a useful party trick to stop a fast-walking girl on a crowded shopping street. We taught it in bootcamps because it's easy to explain and has wide applicability.

That's all.



What you think girls see

Actual real live daygamers who get laid open from the front, the side, by calling "hey you" from a distance, obliquely at a bus stop, across a display table in a book store, in a coffee shop queue…. whatever. The London Daygame Model principles apply no matter what the mechanics of the first two seconds.

Unfortunately what has percolated into noob consciousness is a contrived front stop where every girl is French. This is missing the whole point. Daygame is spontaneous, authentic and based on what that girl makes you feel right there and then. It's written into Nitro, go have a look. Rote-learning the canned Nice-French-Shoes opener is

bastardising the whole thing. It's like reducing Mystery Method down to a furry hat and Who-Lies-More.

I had the misfortune to hit a nice FSU location this weekend just after a bootcamp and while a few squareheads had jetted in for a Euro-jaunt. So the main promenade was like a carnival of strange men front-stopping everything. The poor girls couldn't get from one end of the street to the other without five men telling them they look French.



What girls actually see

And surprise surprise, the girls are defensive. That street now has a reputation for "weird sex tourists hassling girls" as my date last night told me. Fortunately she didn't connect me to them.

So stop telling girls they look French. Stop standing with your legs splayed like a pyramid. Stop folding your arms precisely twenty seconds into the interaction. You've all got the right to try to get laid. More power to you. I write this blog and my books precisely to help you in your quest. But c'mon, use at least a little social intelligence. Daygame is a tool. It's not a hobby, a fetish, or a club.

To learn daygame without acting like a retard, read Daygame Mastery

This is what polarity looks like

krauserpua · 26 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I talk a lot in Daygame Mastery about the need to establish male-female polarity from the beginning of the interaction. It's important to live your life in a masculine manner so that your vibe is manly. When you stop the girl, do so decisively and with masculine dominance. You never let the polarity slip. So how does polarity look once you're banging a girl and keeping her around?

Allow me to show, rather than tell…

Things to note for those insufficiently observant to just see:

- I have a languid manner with slow low voice and a poker face
- I'm the tree, she's the squirrel running around me
- I'm comfortable leading her, and she likes following
- She defers to me and qualifies
- I feed her soft dominance too, giving her smiles and laughs

Polarity isn't a struggle, it's a pleasant dance. It fills me with contentedness, and of course look how happy she is. This is what stupid Anglo feminists are missing out on…. the joy of being a masculine man's woman.

Game is the fountain of eternal youth

krauserpua · 31 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Indulge me for a moment while I preen.

I've been out on a euro-jaunt with Bodi and Jabba (and Tom for the first week) since May 10th. In that time I've banged seven girls aged 22, 29, 24, 20, 20, 30 and 19 while I've also had my dick in the mouth of a 23 and 18 year old. I'm feeling pretty damn good about myself and it really brought something into perspective.

> *"you are only as old as the woman your feel" Groucho Marx*

Game is allowing me to relive my youth. When I was 24 years old I met a 23 year old Japanese girl who became my wife. As I aged so did she and it was a very pleasant time in my life. Then, as regular readers are well aware, she left me and I was suddenly 34 years old and single. I really believed my youth was over. I'd had my time in the sun and now I was entering middle age. Perhaps even a mid-life crisis would beckon and I'd take up scuba-diving or cross fit or something.



Suddenly seemed rather fascinating…

Oh no! How things were to change….

There's no such thing as a mid-life crisis for men. As Rollo very precisely explains, "mid-life crisis" is a feminine shaming term for the melancholy and restlessness a man feels when his wife is getting old. Put a nubile 20 year old girl in his bed and he'll feel the fresh air of youth all over again.

Two days ago on a first date with an 18 year old, she asked my age. As usual I asked her to guess. She guessed 25 (I'm 39). Now that's an extreme example but girls regularly comment that I'm young at heart, both looking and acting far more youthful than my age. I asked her what she thought about the 21 year age gap – "If you were from this country perhaps I wouldn't talk to you, I'd expect you to have a family and be boring. But…. I don't know. You're English, it doesn't matter. It doesn't seem strange. It's normal to date an older man I think."



An alternate strategy, yesteryear

Since time immemorial people have searched for the fountain of everlasting youth. Countess Bathory bathed in the blood of virgins in her seventeenth century castle. The Crusaders fought their way East chasing the Holy Grail. Whole legends detail the quest for youth. Humans don't just fear mortality, they fear getting old.

Instinctively we are repelled by people who get old before their time. At university I had a friend called Mark. We used to call him "trainee middle-aged" because he seemed determined to lock himself down to the accounting job / wife / surburban home as quickly as possible. He couldn't wait to turn into his dad and did so around age 23. He skipped most of his youth. Madness. James Dean he wasn't.

One pernicuous effect of the Blue Pill is it functions like early-onset Alzheimers. A fresh-faced new graduate will stroll into London with a head full of dreams and a life of opportunity stretching ahead. Within two years he'll have a wardrobe of blue shirts and M&S suits, a credit card balance and a career-oriented girlfriend. Another couple of years and they've moved in together and go to Ikea on weekends. That stuff ages you.

Game is the real fountain of youth. Done correctly you stay forever young in mind and spirit. Twenty years after fucking your 20yr old university co-eds you get to fuck them all over again. It's like a time machine.

Yes, Daygame Mastery is written by H.G. Wells.

For the gold standard in daygame instruction, try my new book Daygame Mastery.

The Daygame Monomyth

krauserpua · 13 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Writing shortly after the carnage of World War Two ceased, Joseph Campbell released The Hero With A Thousand Faces. He contended that there is a fundamental narrative that is told and retold throughout the great stories of history. Beginning with ~~Bart~~ Homer and stretching forwards to airport bookstore paperbacks and Kung Fu Panda, there is one story – the "monomyth" – rooted deep in the human need for storytelling.

> A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder: fabulous forces are there encountered and a decisive victory is won: the hero comes back from this mysterious adventure with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man

That sounds kinda familiar……

The monomyth has been hard-coded into screen-writing advice given to Hollywood scriptwriters – have you ever noticed how every big movie seems to follow the same structure? They call it the Eight Point Story Arc but it's just a stripped-down monomyth. Some Hollywood writers have even self-consciously structured their movie around Campbell's model. Consider this comparison (source article here, I recommend you read his full discussion):

Campbell	Star Wars	The Matrix
I: Departure		
The call to adventure	Princess Leia's message	"Follow the white rabbit"
Refusal of the call	Must help with the harvest	Neo won't climb out window
Supernatural aid	Obi-wan rescues Luke from sandpeople	Trinity extracts the "bug" from Neo
Crossing the first threshold	Escaping Tatooine	Neo is taken out of the Matrix for the first time
The belly of the whale	Trash compactor	Torture room

II: Initiation		
The road of trials	Lightsaber practice	Sparring with Morpheus
The meeting with the goddess	Princess Leia (wears white, in earlier scripts was a "sister" of a mystic order)	The Oracle
Temptation away from the true path[1]	Luke is tempted by the Dark Side	Cypher (the failed messiah) is tempted by the world of comfortable illusions
Atonement with the Father	Darth and Luke reconcile	Neo rescues and comes to agree (that he's The One) with his father-figure, Morpheus
Apotheosis (becoming god-like)	Luke becomes a Jedi	Neo becomes The One
The ultimate boon	Death Star destroyed	Humanity's salvation now within reach

III: Return		
Refusal of the return	"Luke, come on!" Luke wants to stay to avenge Obi-Wan	Neo fights agent instead of running
The magic flight	Millennium Falcon	"Jacking in"
Rescue from without	Han saves Luke from Darth	Trinity saves Neo from agents
Crossing the return threshold	Millennium Falcon destroys pursuing TIE fighters	Neo fights Agent Smith
Master of the two worlds	Victory ceremony	Neo's declares victory over machines in final phone call
Freedom to live	Rebellion is victorious over Empire	Humans are victorious over machines

I contend that, due to some combination of evolution and cultural tradition, we naturally try to insert ourselves into a personalised monomyth. Read this next section and consider the typical “player’s journey” story, be it this blog or of course Neil Strauss’s famous ~~work of fiction~~ biography.

> In a monomyth, the ~~hero~~ player begins in the ~~ordinary~~ blue pill world, and ~~receives a call~~ reads Roissy to enter an unknown world of ~~strange powers~~ game and ~~events~~ hot girls. The ~~hero~~ chode who accepts the call to ~~enter this strange world~~ start cold approaching must face ~~tasks and trials~~ rejection, either alone or with ~~assistance~~ an approach coach. In the most intense versions of the narrative (Tom Torero / Nick Krauser), the hero must survive a severe challenge, often with help. If the hero survives, he may achieve ~~a great gift or “boon”~~ intermediate game. The hero must then decide whether to ~~return to the ordinary world with this boon~~ start writing a blog or coaching. If the hero does decide to return, he or she often faces ~~challenges on the return journey~~ haters. If the hero returns successfully, the boon or gift may be used to ~~improve the world~~ fund a

> location-independent income from which to euro-jaunt forever.

There's a reason we insert ourselves into the monomyth. We all like to self-aggrandise and mythologise our own journeys. Not only does it feel good but – more importantly – it cloaks a timid and highly unpredictable challenge with an **air of inevitability**. When watching movies we see the hero get into desperate straits and feel the dramatic tension but *we know he'll get out of it*. Half of the excitement is waiting to find out what ingenious wheeze he'll use to solve the problem.

The monomyth is a great meta-level inner game hack. By inserting ourselves into a grand narrative, the result of which is pre-determined, we calm all those "can I really make it?" voices that may otherwise cause us to give up.

Embrace the monomyth. Create your own. Let the power of mythology push you through the hard times and into the Final Act of….. younger, hotter, tighter.

The r-selected international playboy

krauserpua · 13 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I know I'm labouring the point but it's important to repeatedly stress the benefits of leaping from the K-selection ladder to the R-selection stratosphere. They are two different worlds with completely different rules. There are a couple of good bloggers who live the international man of mystery lifestyle. I like what they are doing. They've unplugged and are giving detailed advice on how to follow in their footsteps. Sometimes their material is downright inspirational.



artist's impression

But I think it confused r/K somewhat. What they recommend is different to what I do. So allow me to split some hairs and explain the difference*

I've spent one month in a pleasant FSU city, all of it in the Old Town. That's a small place where you constantly run into the same people over and over. I'm constantly bumping into girls I know while another girl is on my arm. Let me list them chronologically**:

1. Jelena is a long-term rotation girl who I bang every time I visit, since mid-2012. She doesn't have a boyfriend and is focused on her new career, so I'm the sex guy she comes to for a rogering that won't otherwise upset her life pattern. First night I arrived in town she came round and I took her anal virginity. A week later I fingered her in a cafe.
2. Anya is a Russian I closed in Estonia last November. She flew down the first weekend of my trip for a three day visit. She's back home now, pestering me for the next trip.
3. Jovanna is a folk singer I closed December 2012 and has been something of a primadonna since. On a whim I messaged her when I arrived and she was in town so we had coffee and made out. A week later she's back in town so we fuck. I'm now her sex guy when she's in town.
4. Milicia is a young student who I opened in my first week. She didn't reply to my feeler text until I'm walking through a park with Anya and bump into her sitting on a bench with her boyfriend. Now she messages me, we have a date a couple of days later, and a booty call one day later. She's now a fuck buddy.

5. Bojana is a young girl I opened last year on a residential with Tom. Occasional FB chat because she likes me but has a boyfriend of four years. I get her on a date and bang her within an hour. She's since bumped into me when I'm with Natalija and Vedrana. She doesn't care, still wants to see me.
6. Dragana is a thirty-year old girl who has barely had sex. I open her this trip, escalate hard on the date, and booty call her next date for the close. I told her I'm a player and she's still pestering me for casual sex.
7. Natalija is a 19 year old fashion model with a long-distance boyfriend she met when she was 16 and her only prior sexual partner. I banged her on the second date and now she's a fuck buddy. Last time I fucked her she said "you should give my boyfriend sex lessons"
8. Radmila is a 26 year old girl who dated me three days before going on a one-month holiday with her boyfriend. She said she'd had sex a couple of days before our date but I still took her home that night. She's asking if I'll still be here when she gets back.
9. Vedrana is a 22 year old virgin I met on the same 2013 residential with Tom. She was scared but let me take her virginity last week. Before that happened, she bumped into me while I was with Anya.
10. Marija is an 18 year old who I had on my bed sucking my cock on the second date. Three hours before the booty call sex date she messaged me "I can't see you for a while, my boyfriend found out". We are still messaging, waiting for it to blow over.



"Do you have an hour spare later today?"

I have a tendency to preen on this blog but note some key points.

- Four of these girls had boyfriends and step out on them to fuck me. A fifth is highly likely. They all talk like it's matter-of-fact and no big deal.
- Three of these girls "caught" me with other girls and didn't complain. Twice it was before the sex and they came to me anyway. One of those was a virgin.
- All of these girls are using me as their "good sex guy" and don't make any demands on my time other than the sex.
- I've been here one month. I haven't been clubbing, I don't have any local friends or "connects".

This is completely different to the K-selected idea of an MLTR. I don't have to tell lies to any of them. I make it clear I'm a player and then don't rub their noses in the details. There are no dinner dates, walks around the park and except for Anya I never hold their hands in public. I'm not installing these girls into apartments like mistresses, buying them iPads, or establishing a position in their social circles. I've not met a *single* friend or family member of any of them. The entire relationship is a one-on-one discreet secret. We share affection and connection – we have true moments of the Love Bubble, it's not "empty sex" – but it's not a boyfriend/girlfriend thing.

It's okay to have K-selected MLTRS, it's just that for my personality type it's such a……. ball ache. If you can communicate from the very first seconds of the street stop that you're the Lover then that's the track you'll stay on the whole time. Girls have a severe disconnect between Lovers and Providers. Don't mix the signals. Project R-selection and then you can cut through all of the bullshit that surrounds a K-selection relationship.

Just imagine…. no more time dicking around learning the local language, no social circle obligations taking you away from CounterStrike, no stupid salsa nights, and no looking over your shoulder in case one girl busts you on a date with another.



My priority, yesterday

So decide what you want. If you want a long-term boyfriend-girlfriend / sponsor-moll / daddy-girl relationship then go the K-route and **do not feel ashamed of it**. That route give a certain experience that can be very fullfilling, especially if you're a man who prioritises affection needs. If the lifestyle I just outlined is more your thing then you **must** go the r-selection route.

To learn how to meet girls on the r-selection path, consider my textbook Daygame Mastery

** and if I've misconstrued your message, feel free to correct me in the comments.*

*** names changed, obviously.*

The Supply Problem Scarcity Reversal Girl

krauserpua · 16 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Men have so many wrong ideas about women. That's natural, because we're in a different sexual role and we all fall prey to projection. One common wrong-headed idea is to see a really hot girl and think:

She must have so many options!

Women are all about the quality of options, not the number. We can see a girl post an attention-whoring selfie on Facebook to draw 100 likes and fill her chodestream. Wow, so many options! No, that's projection. If a man drew 100 likes from girls he'd naturally assume 90 of them want to fuck him (and he'd be right) and he'd then start mining the seam of all the pretty ones. The girl's problem is that those likes are **low quality attention**. It validates her but doesn't solve her pressing sexual needs.

She wants high quality male attention and that's a scarce resource. She can't draw it with a selfie.



How dare she!

All girls have an Attraction Threshold below which the men are insignificant and might as well be furniture. Above that threshold are the "hot" and "interesting" men. The specifics of this depend on the girl. Some like jacked young douchebags. Some like mature men with gravitas. Some are all about the money and handbags. Each girl has her particular preferences and only certain men meet them and rise above the threshold.

Once you're above her threshold **you are now a scarce resource**. She won't just blow you off, ignore your texts and so on (except as a tactic in the mating dance). Some girls have an exceedingly high (or exceedingly narrow) attraction threshold and those girls seem difficult until you figure it out. The process is actually very simple:

1. Girl has unusually specific requirements in her man. For example if she's a tall, intelligent fashion model with family money she'll be very specific because so many pillars of her innate hypergamy can't be easily found in one man.
2. All day every day, the men she meets don't come close to her attraction threshold. She never meets the man who makes her ears perk up. On the rare cases it happens, something happens on the date to burst the bubble and

disappoint her.

3. After years without sex she gives up on men. Her sex drive goes into hibernation and she focuses all her attention on other pursuits.
4. She's dismissive of the men who hit on her. She has a learned helplessness – "I'll waste my time and emotional investment getting to know this man and inevitably be disappointed. So why bother. Just screen them out. I'll never find a man. Better not to look. It'll just depress me."
5. You come along. She's perked up and tries to No-Filter you to oblivion. She seems to difficult. What a bitch.
6. You persevere. You're a trained player and this is a puzzle you might be able to solve. Finally, against her better judgement, frustration and hope put her on a Day 2 with you.
7. After an initially frosty and defeatist beginning, she starts to warm to you. She's enjoying this. She doesn't really know what to do. She's never been on a date so long without something going wrong.
8. And then – ping! – something happens and her defeatism falls away. She realises **you are not fucking up**. "This man might actually be what I've been dreaming about all these barren years"
9. "Fuck! He is! Finally, a man I can fuck!"

And then it's in the bag. You are the scarcest of resources. All of that pent-up horniness bubbles up and the volcano explodes. The girl will now chase you. You are the only one who can deliver her. And just like that – often there's a very particular easy-to-see moment on the date – she flips 180 from being a dismissive, difficult princess to her being a total chode.

** EDIT – I probably didn't make it clear enough but I'm talking about a particular sub-category of girl here (the "supply problem" girl) who has very little sex because of her excessively restrictive standards. I've laid a bunch of them who haven't had sex in as much as four years before meeting me and all had tiny lay counts. These girls loved sex, they just struggled to find someone who could switch them on. So I'm describing the process I noticed when dating them. If you meet a girl who hasn't had sex in over six months but who clearly isn't frigid, she might be one of these. During the questions game, asking "when did you last have sex" is an easy way to probe.*

Street stop infield: Subtle r-selection in action

krauserpua · 19 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Good daygame is not about bells and whistles, salsa spins and silly pranks. That's just feeding the YouTube clowns who watch a fuckwit / charlatan and don't even know what they are seeing. Good daygame is not about standing still and making inane chit chat either, unless you're top 5% in looks and happy getting girls below you in SMV.

If you want girls **younger-hotter-tighter** you have to lead the chat, demonstrate value, move her through the stages and do it all without appearing to be performing. It's tough.

My recent efforts have been to subtley embed the lessons of lover/provider (or r/K selection) into the mechanics of an infield stop. I'm making a discreet and well-calibrated sexual proposition to the girl in the hope she's step out for some adventure sex. Everything about me has to project the same signal: Adventure Sex Guy. So I need to align:

- fashion
- body language
- vibe
- verbal content
- decision making

Thus I have a bad boy style with rings, chains and biker boots. I stand confident and cocky while my eyes shine and my mouth smirks. I'm sexually intense and unapologetic in expressing it. I turn the conversation sexual with innuendo, teasing and leading. And I make decisions that lead to fast sex not dating (hopefully!).

I haven't recorded much in Belgrade because it takes me out of the moment. I think the few legit daygamers have already put enough good infields up on YouTube already. But here's one from a couple of days ago. I've added captions to explain some of what I'm doing.

The main things to take from this audio are:

- The r-selection gets tested when she mentions her boyfriend. Watch how I deal with it.
- Try to spot all the subtle fractionation in matched pairs of push/pull, sexually on/off, talking/listening, stupid/smart etc.

Haven't fucked her yet. Still swapping texts to see if I can take her at the flood.

To learn this style of daygame, check out my books Daygame Nitro (intermediate) and Daygame Mastery (advanced)

Birdsong

krauserpua · 25 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

While camping under the open sky one morning, the twinkling stars in the grey velvet night giving way to the first red rays of dawn over the hilltop, the soft tweets of a birdsong carried across the wind. Deep in the forest birds conducted their elaborate dance without a care for human ears. I sat and listened as I put a kettle on the stove. How musical!

Back in civilisation and wifi range I did a little sleuthing* on these birds, having considered the purpose of the birdsong. It would appear the birdsong has developed as a mating strategy amongst certain birds. And it's clever.



"You look very….. French"

The normal male birds range widely to forage for twigs and leaves that will make an impressive nest. Throughout winter these males work, gradually slotting each element into the construction until a grand nest is complete. I imagine even in such a little bird-brain the male feels tremendous satisfaction upon the culmination of his labours. He has created something out of nothing! Now, his little bird breast puffed out he seeks a female to install into his nest.

The females didn't do much in winter. Their role is not nest-building. They simply wait for the males to finish and then perform a tour of the nests, much like the Queen inspecting her guards. The male bird who has foraged best and created the most impressive nest earns the honour of the female taking up residence. The mating ritual is almost complete.



from MTV Nests

Within this species is another mating strategy. The song birds don't build nests. They don't forage a metre further than they need for their own sustenance. Rather, the songbird spends his time perfecting his beautifully melodic singing voice. And with good reason.

While the nest-building males are showing off their real estate, the songbird males are showcasing their vocal talents. And the females have a weakness for singing. It would appear that there is an exploit within the female bird's brain that would make Internet Explorer 8 blush. That female brain is not properly secured with it's AntiSong software. So the songbird sings and the female at first pays slight attention. That attention soon becomes rapt, she's intrigued. Before long she's enraptured by the melodic tweets. The songbird ups the ante until he's rogering the female, passing his DNA to the next generation to be raised in another male's nest.

Nature has it's own K and R selection strategies.

This is the point about Game. It's fine to earn money, travel, build social circles, dress in suits or whatever else the "get your shit together" blogs recommend. That's an impressive nest for a female to take a guided tour of. But while you're dicking around with that, other men are working on their Song.

You can't keep your female in the nest 24/7. She keeps hearing the beautiful melody carried across the wind, wondering who is singing. She'll venture out. And then, much faster than it takes to build a nest, she'll be seduced and enraptured**



Flown the nest

Game is a trojan horse that detects and exploits weaknesses in a woman's No Filter. All day every day a hot young girl is under attack from male mating strategies, be it the omnipresent orbiter, the promotion-with-strings manager, the helpful neighbour, or the back alley rapist. Evolution has equipped her with a strong anti-virus software – the No Filter – to rebuff these attacks so she can retain control of the mating ritual and make it work for her to get what she wants. Evolution never prepared her for Game – the deliberate and practiced study of charisma, custom-designed to defeat that No Filter. It's like a weaponised virus attacking a common immune system.

You can only build one nest, and few females are willing to share it with rivals. The birdsong is song across *the entire forest and all surrounding fields*, luring the females out of their nests just long enough to notch them. If only somebody had written a book on Birdsong Mastery you could dispense with all the nest-building bullshit.

** Long enough to find this link, and that's it. Didn't bother reading past the fourth paragraph. I have no idea if the biology is correct.*

*** Probably fucked in the disabled toilets of Charing Cross Hotel at 4pm.*

**** Credit to Bodi for putting the birdsong name onto the concept.*

Emerging Talent: An interview with Chaotic Great

krauserpua · 28 June 2014 · Archived copy · Original

For the last few months I've frequently commented on the apparent conundrum that there are few good daygamers coming up through the ranks. Daygame instruction is the best it's ever been (and about to get better with some upcoming 2014 releases), the whole path is mapped out…. and yet few success stories.

So allow me to introduce a success story.

I first noticed @chaoticgreat when Rivelino started retweeting him. Over the course of a few months he posts five +1s, all daygame, and one of them an SDL. Hmmmmm….. that'll make an old hand's ears prick up. So I got in touch and asked him to share his story of daygame in Madrid. He's asked me not to give away anything to harm his anonymity so just visualise an early-twenties Spaniard who looks a bit like a local footballer and you'll get the picture.



Blind yadstop in 3…2…1….

Qu.1 – Can you tell me a little about how you heard about daygame and what pushed you from "interested" into committing to some approaches?

It all started last summer when by chance I found a manosphere community (The Red Pill subreddit) and began obsessively reading everything I could get my hands on. Thank god I did. For 21 years I had been unaware of how much of chump I had been and how unattractive some of my behaviours were.

As it usually happens, the pendulum swung the other way and I became an narcissistic asshole. I got better with time as my personality came through the dark triad guy I was trying to project. I think this happens to most beginners.

I fell in love with he idea of bettering and after coming back from an study abroad program I began "working on my value". I would work out, eat well and try to be the alpha guy in the room. But I wasn't getting laid. I kept telling myself how I needed to look better, be better to get laid. As you've mentioned in your blog, this is just an excuse. Since I had always sucked at night game I figured daygame would be more appropriate for my personality and

decided to try it out. Quoting porn and masturbation was a big motivation to start doing approaches.

For the first few days I would walk around town weaselling out or doing lame indirect approaches. I knew I wasn't gonna get laid by asking where the nearest Starbucks was and even though I could talk to girls, I couldn't seduce them. Everything changed when I contacted Rivelino (@alpharivelino), who I found on Twitter and read was also in Madrid. I met up with him and he showed me how to properly yadstop and taught me the London Daygame Model. Having him as a wing and game teacher was of huge help. Once I got a set of rules to follow and was able to see him approach I felt much more comfortable.

We started daygaming several times a week and still game together. I became obsessed with daygame, going out several times a week sometimes for as long as 7 hours. Now I do around 30 approaches a week.

I recently started recording my sets to get better feedback and see where I can improve. I was able to consistently hit the streets by realising that I was using an excuse not to approach and by finding an experienced daygamer that took me under his wing and pushed me constantly.



Madrid, in my mind

Qu.2 – You told me you didn't really have a "beginners hell" phase. Can you talk a little about your early results and what you brought from your normal life that fitted well to daygame?

I had always been a social and outgoing person but wasn't successful with girls because I kept self-sabotaging myself. I consider myself a good conversationalist and can make people laugh. All of this helped me in the approaches.

Rivelino made sure I wouldn't weasel out of sets so I lost my approach anxiety in a couple of days. I imagine this is what being on a bootcamp is like. I was able to have fun conversations from the get go and very soon started getting numbers. Those first sets weren't that good but it didn't matter. The approach itself was such a display of courage to the Spanish girls that even boring conversations without clear intent would result in numbers.

I was lucky to get early validation and that pushed me to continue. Having great logistics helped too. Mostly because I couldn't use it as an excuse not to escalate and felt like I had to take advantage of my living situation. I never went through a period of absolutely sucking and the rush of walking up to the girls and getting some smiles

was becoming extremely addictive. External validation hits, as Riv calls them.

I feel like all the right pieces were there, I just needed to focus my attention on approaching and following the model.

Qu.3 – Let's have a story about the first time you realised you could bang some hot girls and became a Daygame Believer. Also, contrast it with an example of a really frustrating failure.

I became a believer by reading blogs like yours. Field reports of SDLs and bathroom sex stories. I was never skeptical of the efficacy of game and was getting numbers and good reactions from girls early on so I knew it was possible.

It was probably after my first daygame lay that I viewed it as a very valid and efficient way to have sex with quality girls.

The funny thing is that this first lay could also be considered one my most frustrating failures. She was a very hot Romanian girl in her late twenties. She had a great body and a very sexy walk. I did what Rivelino calls a "blind yadstop" and approached her having only seen her back. My mindset was to just talk to her to become comfortable with the hotter girls, I expected nothing to get out of it.

She spoke no English and knew very little Spanish. We communicated mostly through Google Translate, which allowed me plenty of time to come up with good responses to shit tests. Since I couldn't say much all I did was look intensely at her while repeating "I'm gonna fuck you" in my head. It worked!

We met up and after some awkward moments where she kept saying I was rude (which I now view as a good sign) and failed escalations I was able to get her back to my place. Things seemed to be progressing nicely but I was very nervous. I wasn't quite sure how to make it happen and decided to follow the advice on the book (Daygame Mastery that is) and picked her up and threw her on the bed (I almost fell on a coffee table with her in my arms hahah). Laying on top of her I could hear my mind saying "what if you don't get hard?" and, of course, went completely limp instantly. Fuck! Not as embarrassing as I thought because she was blaming herself for not being able to turn me on. Fascinating how insecure every woman is regardless of her looks. Imagine having a hot Romanian looking at you with puppy eyes asking "me not sexy for you?". Poor girl.

Anyways I tried doing some mediation and relaxation exercises but couldn't seem to get it up. I convinced her to suck on my limp dick and see if the stars would align. I got a half decent erection and decided to go for it mostly to make it count. To finally be able to say I banged a girl from daygame. I wanted the reference experience for future lays. I couldn't feel much with the condom on and explained and convinced her to try raw and see if it would help. It didn't really but showed how a turned on woman can be easily convinced. The whole thing seemed like an awkward American Pie sex scene and after a while I told her to leave and that we should try some other time. Huge sexual failure but great daygame progress. It was my first complete run of the model so I wasn't too devastated by the whole thing.

A couple of days passed and I noticed red spots on the head of my dick. WTF. I'm scared shitless and go to see my urologist as soon as I could. Turns out the bitch gave me a yeast infection. Fucking cunt. I treated it for a month and it was gone but that month all I could think is how much of an idiot I was for not wrapping it up.



Artist's impression, yesterday

A few weeks later I bumped into her walking with her mom during a daygame session. It was a nice reminder of how crazy your life can become once you start hitting the streets.

As for other failures, I remember getting some LMR from an American girl (24) that had gone a year without sex with my hand rubbing her pussy and her panties dripping. She then explained how her previous bf had to wait a year and a half to fuck her. There is no way to know you're gonna fuck for sure. Getting her number means nothing, making out with her means nothing, only fucking her makes you know for sure. This has been a big discovery for me and it's helped tons to drop all expectations of what could happen.

It was also frustrating to spend time with a cute Russian teen (19) that ended up being a complete waste of time. She was just sad and depressed and wanted someone to hang out with. She had no personality, no opinions on anything and was a complete downer. What bothered me wasn't not fucking her it was thinking of the opportunity cost of spending time with her. I could have been day gaming getting more leads!

Thanks ChaoticGreat for the insight. Part two to follow soon……

Approach Week

krauserpua · 2 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Comments are closed. Hold those thoughts and go approach some girls instead.

Interview with Chaotic Great – Part Two

krauserpua · 16 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

My apologies to readers for the long gaps between posting. I've had a lot on my plate, some of which will be revealed in due course. For now, here is the eagerly-awaited (I hope) concluding part of my interview with Madrid daygamer Chaotic Great. I find it a pleasure to hear about guys getting stuck in and improving themselves through the discipline of the street. If any of you have a story to tell that might interest my readership, drop me a line.

Part one is here.



How I hope Spanish birds look

Qu.4 – What have been your biggest challenges in getting better?

Escalation has been a huge challenge. I would abstain from escalating at the beginning because of my sexual insecurities. I have missed a bunch of lays for being too scared to escalate. I still suck at verbal escalation. Rivelino was again of huge help for this. He helped me reframe the concept of sex and suggested that I viewed it as a test how of far I could go. I've gotten much better at this and even over escalate at times.

Identity has also been another challenge. Going out several times a week for long as a routine and you start questioning what you're turning into. Am I becoming a PUA? Do I want to become a PUA? Shouldn't I be working on productive stuff? This was just resistance from the ego. Always trying to sneak some self-doubt and discouraging me from beating my fears.

Qu.5 – Tom and I often talk about daygame as being a voyage of self-discovery where the sessions force you to confront all kinds of problems inside yourself and then address them. Have you had this?

Daygaming has been of huge help in my development. Its shown me where I lack experience, what scares me and what I like in girls. To understand my situation, let me first tell you about my sexual life previous to daygame.

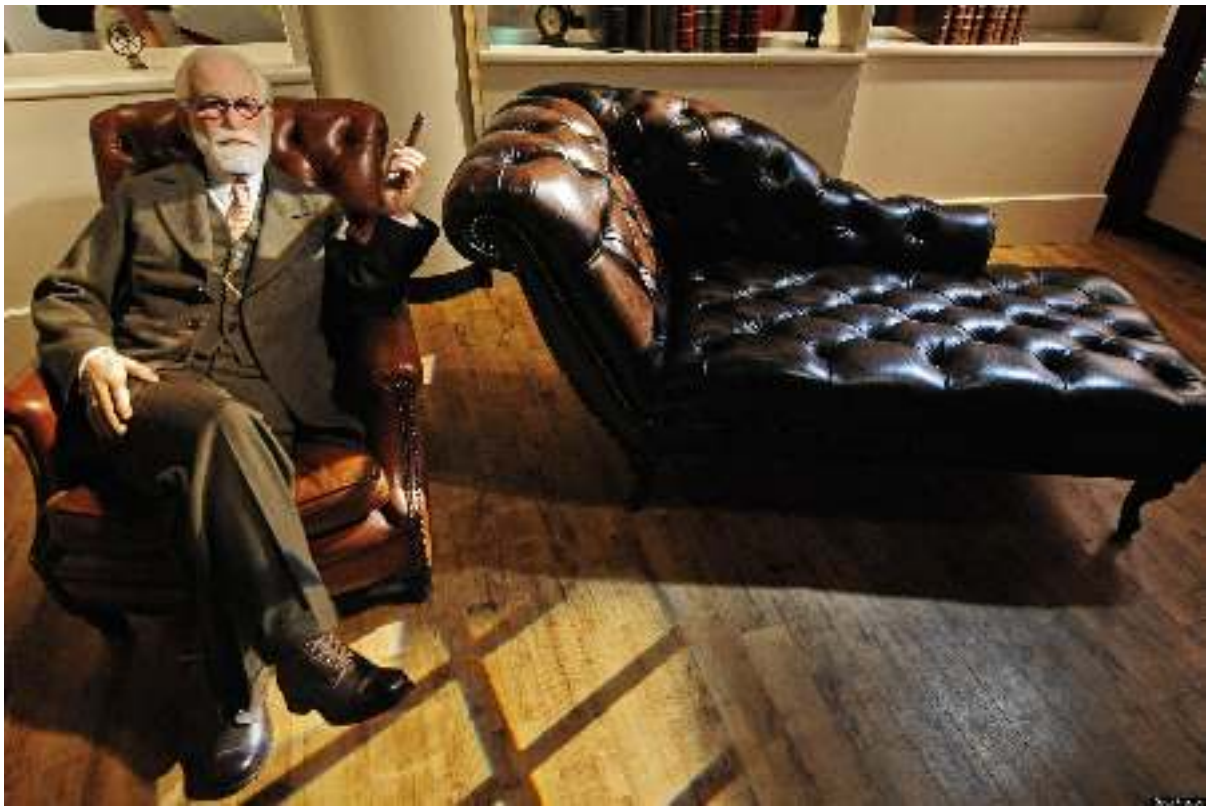
At age 18 I started going out with a girl from my high school, my first girlfriend. I really wanted to fuck her but logistics seemed to constantly get in the way. I was always very close to losing my virginity but my parents would

unexpectedly show up or we couldn't meet for stupid reasons. Finally, one day I had the house to myself and was determined to seal the deal once and for all. I picked her up on my motorbike and headed to my place. Once there she tells me she has a confession to make. It turns out she had cheated on me with some other guy. "Just kissing", she said. At that moment, I didn't care. All I wanted was to get my virgin cock inside her tight pussy and feel like a man for doing it. So I brushed it off and kept going with my plan but my dick wasn't on the same page. Nothing was happening down there. I was incredibly embarrassed and couldn't do anything about it (I even tried sneaking out to watch some porn, but nada).

Just a typical awkward first time story you might think. It was more than that for me. It affected me psychologically and made me extremely insecure about my sexual abilities. I broke up with her soon after without trying again. I was so insecure that for three long years I did nothing to fix it. I would just watch porn, masturbate and ignore girls. I had nightmares about being unable to fuck. I was becoming a loser and I knew it.

My sexual fears were getting in the way of a happy life. I had girls interested in me during college but I constantly self-sabotaged myself. I would question myself. "Are you sure you want to loose your virginity to this slut?". The truth was that my ego didn't want to go through the humiliation of being unable to perform and was feeding me all kinds of bullshit. My virginity became such a burden that it was all I could think about. One night, at a party during an exchange program in a foreign country I decided it was time and lost my virginity to a girl I don't remember much of. I was 21 at that time.

Daygame has shown me what my problem was, sexual insecurity. I was scared of fucking. Of failing. DG pushed me into uncomfortable situations where I was forced to revisit those fears constantly. I started to see the same avoiding thoughts. It wasn't until recently that all this clicked. Before I was unclear as to why I would hit the streets again and again. Now I know why I'm doing this. I want to become sexually free, loose my hangups about sex and beat my fears.



Inner game 1-on-1 pending

I would think stuff like "first time should be special", "you're not gonna be able to fuck her", "she's too hot for you", "don't escalate cause you'll loose her", etc … Daygaming put me in situations where I was constantly hearing these excuses and was able to recognised the problem I had.

My previous thinking was: I'm insecure about sex so I can't attract girls so I can't daygame. It changed to: I'm insecure about sex so I'm going to daygame to get experience and with experience I will be more attractive. And it's been great so far. I'm no longer scared of escalating, of fucking or not being able to fuck thanks to putting myself in situations where I could completely fail as many times as I can.

Qu.6 – Can you describe a typical daygame session. The types of place you look for, the girls, what your methods are? Give something for all the technical readers and theory junkies to obsess over.

Usually around 6pm, I meet up with Rivelino in a crowded spot in Madrid. I can daygame on my own without a problem if he's not available, although one does become somewhat dependant on a wing. We always follow the same route, crowded main streets and shopping areas in the centre of Madrid and are always talking about game (mostly inner game) between sets. We are obsessive about it. We theorise and discuss, we comment on each other's sets, we keep each other updated on dates and text game. We get so much out of our talks that even if no new leads come out of the session we have a good time and learn new stuff. This is important because I have only had a few days where I though the day sucked. *[sounds similar to what I'm like with my wings. K.]*

Once we see a girl we like (always approach girls by themselves), we let the other one know and proceed to yadstop her. With tourists, normal London style daygame works wonders. Local spanish girls are tougher though. Almost always the girl has never been approached before. Most of them are extremely nervous since Spain's dating mostly happens at night and revolves around established social groups. Because of this, I use more indirect openers like "I saw you over there and you caught my eye." For young Spanish girls it is sometimes needed to address the elephant in the room several times in the conversation and I have found that matching her level of nervousness helps a lot. If they're too nervous I'd act like I don't really know what I'm doing and tell her that I can't think of anything to say just that I had to come to talk to her in a naive charming way.

I try to have fun with the conversation and sometimes skip the traditional assumption stacking and stories in favour of a more entertaining exchange. I rarely know going in what style I will follow. Usually within the first seconds I decide whether I want to entertain her more or less and be more or less sexual. Sometimes I'm completely off and the set dies other times she absolutely loves it and it feels great.

I recommend everyone to make their own version of the model. The theory provides a great starting point but I found that I hated repeating the same lines. I felt like a fraud. With a few changes on the opener and style I was much more comfortable. I strive to have original conversations all the time. It's a fun exercise and a great way to test your own skills. Try to come up with 20 different ways to respond to "I have a boyfriend". And if nothing comes up, I just say so. If I'm nervous, I own it. The worst sets for me are the ones where I lie about my job, age and background.

Surprisingly, my game is better in English than in my mother tongue, Spanish. I guess this is because all I read about game is in English. My spoken English is pretty good and switching back and forth between languages in a casual way is great for DHVing. Girls have told me a lot of times how my English is surprisingly good for a Spaniard. This is great because it allows me to talk about how I learned it and tell them more about me in a non forced way.

For girls that seemed to like the approach (big eyes, smile) but walked right by I will re-approach them, the "double yadstop". I stop her again with a big grin on my face. "You're not getting rid of me so easily". This doesn't always work and brings your value down (too much chasing) but you can recover from it. I used to be more focused on entertaining her and making her laugh but now I will try to up the tension by not filling the silences and looking at her intensely. Sometimes I overdo this, still need to get better at calibrating.

There isn't much I can add to the techniques that are out there yet as I've only done this for a short amount of time but I hope to be of more help in the future.



“oh, you don’t wear any rings?”

Qu.7 – From the stats you gave me you seem pretty good at getting numbers, and at turning dates into lays. Where do you see your own strengths and weakness? What are your current stats?

Numbers, which seemed so precious and significative in the beginning don’t mean much now. When the convo was getting to a low and I had nothing else to say I would smile, hand them my phone and a lot of the girls would give it without too much resistance. Most of those girls never replied to the first text though. What I do now is try to get more confirmation at the end of the set. “I want to take your number and grab a drink sometime. Would you like that?”, “Do you want to meet with me sometime?”, “If not that’s totally cool.” I want to force her to say she wants to meet up to improve my chances.

I now nurture the leads more. In the beginning, I would get excited and text for a meet up too early. Sometimes it worked and I would get the impression it was the way to go. This is because most of my initial success were yes girls and I’m now getting maybe girls who are as easy to game. I talk to them a little bit and then casually send the invitation. I’ve burned way too many leads by jumping the gun asking for drinks that same night.

My strengths are probably my improvisation skills, humour, relatively strong inner game and optimism. Reframing every failure as a positive has been huge for getting through rejections and failures. Limp dick? Great, now I know where my problem is. She’s rejecting me saying I’m rude? Awesome, she’s telling me too much push now I can fix it. Girl laughs at me when I approach? OK, need to work on the opener… Every single failure is just a way to show the area that needs work.

My main weakness was probably my sexual fears, which I’m actively working on. Now I feel that my game is not as r-selection as I would want. I seem to be able to make them fall for me but would love to be able to communicate “hey this is just a ONS” and them reacting positively to that. R-Selection is harder. It’s more dominant, direct and sexual but I’ll get there.

My current stats in the four months I’ve been daygaming are:

- Around 350 approaches.
- 79 numbers.

- 14 of them came on a D2.
- Fucked 6 of them.

The lays are:

- 27yo Romanian. Day 3 (story on previous q). 8/10 a bit trashy look.
- 22yo Mexican. Day 5 (too scared to escalate earlier). 7,5/10
- 19yo Spanish. Day 3. 6/10 yes girl. Keeps texting/calling after two months of ignoring her.
- 25yo British. SDL. 6/10 Cheating on her bf during vacation. Still talks to me and tells me about her plans of coming back to Madrid.
- 26yo Moroccan (French). SDL. 7,5/10. Came to visit from Paris and wanted to meet up.
- 26yo Colombian. Day 5 (D4 could have happened but logistics got in the way) 7/10. Constant shit tests and snotty attitude that ended up being a front.

There were 3 girls I didn't see after the Day 2 (waiting to hear from another one). One I escalated too much too early the other one disliked me. Another (French, 21) I had to kick out of my place after a couple of dates of her not putting out and wasting my time. This was my fault as I should have escalated from the beginning but was one of the first girls I gamed. Also a young Russian girl (18) that was a complete waste of time. Just wanted someone to hang out with because she was lonely and depressed. I gave her The Talk and said goodbye. One girl (American 24) gave me stupid LMR when I was so close, hand on her pussy and all… Turns out she had made her previous bf wait a year and a half for sex. Another (El Salvador 20) was very sexual inexperienced and needed tons of comfort that I didn't have the time to give. Kicked her out too but regretted it instantly. Anyway, good reference experience…

Qu.8 – What kind of girls do you go for?

I love petite girls. Latinas and cute asians turn me on. The asians have been extremely difficult to approach though. Most will run away, ignore me or act scared.



How opening asian girls feels

My main goal right now is to get a lot of sexual experience. I want to be extremely comfortable with my sexual abilities so I'm opening slightly older chicks because the process is easier and the sex is quicker. I would love to bang 17yo cute Spanish chicks but they're harder. As can be seen by my stats, most of my lays are older chicks. My SMV is higher in their eyes (I'm turning 23 soon) so my game doesn't need to be as tight. I'm OK with this for now. I'm focusing on getting experience, going through the cycle as many times as I can. I will eventually get those younger, hotter and tighter girls.

Qu.9 – Is there anything you've found out during daygame that you think is not properly addressed by existing literature / blogs?

In terms of the model, I think your book Daygame Mastery covers everything needed. I treated it like a bible, re-reading the relevant chapters before dates. You do a great job of creating models and processes that give great

guidance to someone that doesn't know what they're doing. It provides structure to the whole thing.

I have recently finished university and plan on doing some travelling and I will definitely do some daygame. Unfortunately I haven't found any resources with specific information related to daygame by cities. Things like cultural differences when it comes to dating, good places for dg, d2 spots, logistics… Maybe this exists and I'm not aware of it. *[Try the Roosh travel forum for the city datasheets. Personally I think most of the info there is rubbish, but some is good. Generally, just follow the advice in Targeting in Mastery – find the old town, train station, shopping streets, university etc. K.]*

Qu.10 – I see you've had a few SDLs. Tell us the story of one, the more squalid the better!

Sorry to disappoint but for both my SDLs I followed the Daygame Mastery model. There was nothing crazy and I fucked both back at my place.

First one was a 25yo British girl that gave a strong IOI on the street because I was speaking English. Approached her, she loved the attention and banter. Got her number and met up with her later that night. 2 venues then my place. Kissed on second venue. No LMR. I saw her phone background was a picture of her and her boyfriend. She stills texts me from time to time.

Second one was a very sexy Moroccan girl I approached at 10.30pm. Got her number and install realised I should have idated her. Texted her right after and she agreed to meet. Same stuff as with the British chick, this one fell for me big time on venue 2. She paid for breakfast the next day and lets me know when she comes to Madrid to meet up. So no crazy bathroom sex stories, threesomes or alleyway blowjob stories…yet.

Thanks CG for exhaustive answers. The central point I want to emphasise to my dear readers is that this is textbook daygame progression. CG has followed both the meta-level and the micro-level advice of the model and success followed. Be inspired!

Nomadic Daygaming

krauserpua · 30 July 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Every aspiring daygamer learns a lot about scarcity and abundance as his journey progresses. In the beginning he feels a **simple scarcity** – "not fucking any hot birds right now" – and a **simple abundance** – "I'm learning how to drum up new leads". Join these contrasting feelings and you explain fifty percent of a noob's internal dialogue (approach anxiety is the other half). Over time the scarity/abundance balance shifts as both your expectations and successes rise. Now the scarcity is complex – "I'm not fucking as many hot birds as other daygamers" – and the abundance is too – "I'll never lose the ability to generate new leads".



That first smell of daygame pussy

This leads to a situation I called **concealed scarcity** (in Mastery), or Daygamer Guilt. You become so used to opening, so keen to accumulate notches at an every-faster rate, and so into the identity of being a player that you feel bad every time you don't open. The emotional rollercoaster continues with it's ups and downs. Just recently I've realised there's an additional temporal layer to scarcity/abundance, as I've gone through three stages.

1. London is a steady evergreen daygame city where you are guaranteed to find some solo 7s, any day of the year, if you walk along Oxford Street long enough. The problem comes in filtering all the pointless sets and the sheer grind of getting the girl through the model. Logistics are bad, there are many distractions, and girls are very flakey. The scarcity comes from how hard you have to work for each lay, and the abundance lies in knowing it's always there if you'll just do the work.
2. Euro-jaunts add a time constraint. You'll have your normal job-house-friends in the hometown and then pick a one/two week window to travel. The streets are awash with talent and the holiday vibe jacks your state. The abundance is obvious – hordes of hot girls – but the scarcity is bad too because they are harder to move from kiss to lay and everything has to happen in a hurry. Because before long Ryanair will rudely deposit you back in Shitsville.
3. Nomad-living takes the best of both worlds. Once you're roving Europe on month-long+ trips you get all the abundance of the Euro-jaunt and none of the time pressure. You'd think it's the solution….. but no.

I've just complete three consecutive trips – a month in Russia, Serbia, Czech each – with short trips home in between. It's been a lot of fun and has triggered a new series of inner game challenges. The main one is this:

Having spent the past five years in stages 1 and 2, I've trained myself to work hard, grind it out, and push fast. This is simply unnecessary for stage 3.

For three months my eyes have been roving constantly, my circuits fried by the sheer volume of hot girls walking past every minute of every day and knowing I just have to crank the handle to get the lays. The Great Daygame Sausage Machine will always provide so long as I put some elbow grease into cranking the handle and pouring in the slop. Currently it seems to function at 1 lay per 20 cold approaches.

Lately I've had to ask myself **how many notches do I really want**, and **how hard am I going to work for it**? Knowing that the lays are always out there, with a close to statistical certainty, I need to integrate it into my life pattern alongside everything else. The whispers of relentless notch-count hyena are still there but substantially reduced since I hit triple figure notches. I'm now mostly suffering from Pavlovian responses – I'll be buried in reading a book when my RAS triggers to a denium shorts-clad ass walkng past and then my attention span is ruined.



Good luck maintaining focus

So that was the plan for the month I've just completed in Prague: settle in an find a comfortable balance between chasing girls and feeling comfortable doing all those other things in life. A hard number-farm (and subsequent dates) is like a full-time job. It completely depletes you of energy for everything else, hollowing you out over time. Now that I'm spending more time in pussy paradise than outside of it, I have to manage that risk.

Learn how to daygame effectively by reading Daygame Nitro, available here.

Prague Closure

krauserpua · 1 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've been writing a lot this year. Not much has appeared on the blog but you can be sure I've been beavering away even more productively than prior years. Announcements will follow in due course, so here's a little teaser:

By the end of summer, I will have published half a million words of pick-up advice in 2014 alone.

Mastery and **Nitro** are already out this year which combine to 225k, then my next two major releases will push it over the 500k mark. That's why the blog has been going slow.

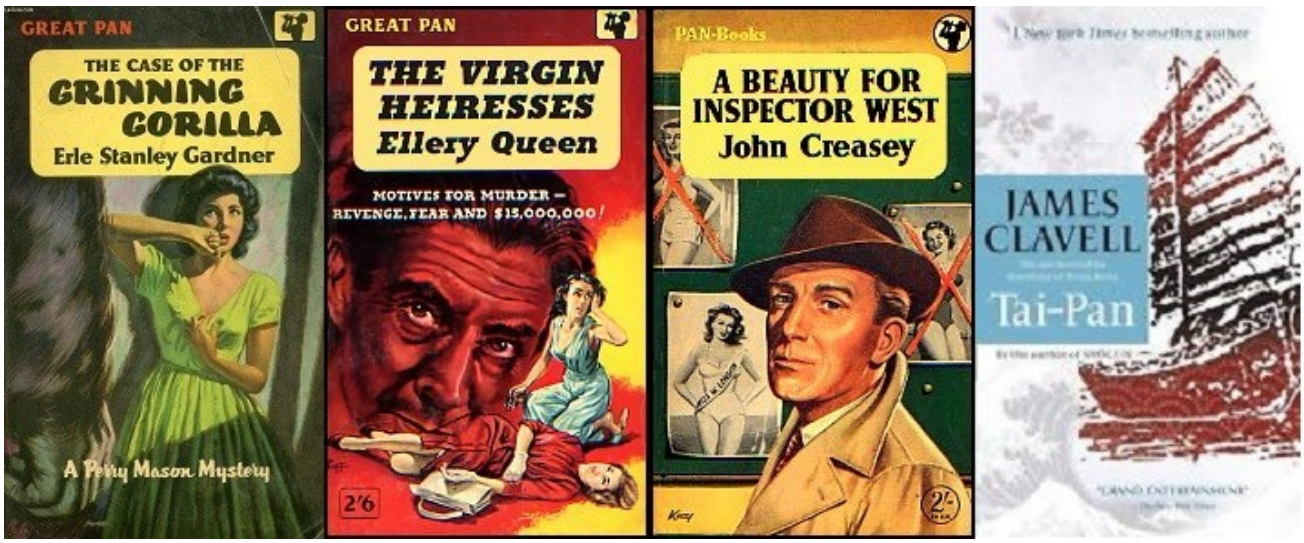
Right now I'm sitting in Starbucks in Prague thinking how best to summarise my past month and what I've learned. I think the key themes have been **game-life balance** and **closure**. I'd run amok in Russia and Serbia, racking up twelve notches in eight weeks with a very good *younger-hotter-tighter* composite. That proved to me that it's all out there if I want it, and that the only limit is my own desire to crank the handle. So the first week in Prague felt weird. I had a Russian girl visiting and I just didn't feel the pull of the street. It was odd. My forebrain wanted more notches but my hindbrain was tapped out. No sexual intent whatsoever.



So I decided to focus on my life stuff and just do one short number farm. The results are:

- Fifty cold approaches over a five day period, all day game.
- Three new lays – a 19yr old, 23yr old, and 24yr old.
- Two new flags – Slovakia and Ukraine.
- Two near misses. One girl was on my bed and the other wanked me off in a park. Both are on for a repeat visit.
- I also had two rotation girls visit me for a few days each.

As recently as a year ago those would be *phenomenal* results for such a tiny outlay of effort. After the gluttony of Russian and Serbia it's merely *acceptable*. How about non-game? I read four books. Three quick genre fiction paperbacks from favourite authors and one meglomania-inducing classic. Feels great to read a 800-page beast. I'm now going to have to read the rest of James Clavell's Asian Saga.



Anabolism, yesterday

I moved my new books considerably along the pipeline. The next big product is currently in final editing, perhaps a month from release. Right behind it is a 120k-word book also in final editing. Additionally I pulled the trigger to begin a new 120k book and started assembling the first draft of what I hope will be the best book of all (under wraps for now). So, the projects are ticking along.

What else? I strongly believe in enjoying leisure time. Not every moment has to be productive. That's a trap for self-development junkies – too busy building themselves and not busy enough enjoying life. The goal is never to be awesome. It's to be happy. Awesomeness helps but is subservient to happiness. Some of my most pleasurable Now moments are playing video games and watching TV. In this month:

- Completed campaign modes of Call of Duty Ghosts, Battlefield 4 and Metro Last Light
- Watched entirety of Sons Of Anarchy seasons five and six.

I think I've probably found a nice game-life balance there. Three notches a month, occasional rotation-girl visits, tinker on the books, and play a shed-load of video games.

Teasing girls on Facebook

krauserpua · 4 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Girls love defiant men. Once you've hooked her attention and triggered her interest in you, it's time to ease off a little and make her do some work. This is the delicate balance of push-pull that denotes **Universal Fractionation**. Sometimes you'll do it at the micro-level (e.g. letting your eyes wander a little during a conversation) while others it's macro (e.g. not reading her FB messages for a week). It can't be reliably prescribed because each situation is different and requires you to calibrate to the girl and to the moment.

So here's an example of a girl I made out with in Serbia but couldn't progress to getting her home. She's hooked strong and we already did a late-night sex chat when she was drunk (and willing to send dirty photos). It's in the bag for next time I see her, barring calamity. Nonetheless she keeps messaging me so I have to make sure I don't overinvest nor let her wriggle off the hook through inattention. The fishing line must always be at optimum tension.

Sounds like the right time for teasing.





Readers of Daygame Mastery's text game section will recognise this as an example of **Parody Brute**, playfully agree/amplifying macho stereotypes to give the girl that warm thrill of indignation. Once she was chomping on the bit and squealing for a sex chat I transitioned with "what are you wearing?" and away we went….

5 mindsets that show you don't "get it" (Secret Society)

krauserpua · 13 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Since I made the conscious move towards presenting myself purely as the r-selected male, I realised that many ideas that used to trouble me just slipped away into the category of "meh!" So much seduction community advice is unwittingly targeted towards k-selected chumps and thus will create cognitive dissonance (and mixed signals) for the man walking our path. As a self-diagnostic tool here are some giveaways that show you haven't yet made the leap. If these describe you, you've got inner game work to do.

1. **Men give love for sex. Women give sex for love.** This is a standard sexual relationships trope that is completely wrong. Women have two types of sex – transactional and validational. They are either fucking you to get something (k-selection) or because they actually enjoy it (r-selection). So this trope is basically a condensed aphorism of the k-selected male's mindset. He thinks he has to trade something other than his own sexual value in order to fuck the woman. Once you believe deep down women are fucking you for the sheer pleasure of it, you're "getting it". And if you're not sure, watch what happens when you try to come on her face. If she dodges it, she has you in the "doesn't get it" box.
2. **You get angry that women cheat.** This just means you are the guy they cheat *on* rather than the guy they cheat *with*. The k-selected guy is pumping his time, effort, provisioning and protection into the relationship in order to build a comfortable nest for his mate. Therefore any time she flies the nest, such as a foreign holiday with her girlfriends, he is instinctively frightened. Whether his ego will recognise it or not, his gut feel knows she's likely to cheat. The r-selected male *absolutely loves the fact* women cheat because that's the narrow window of opportunity that gives him so much sexual gratification. He's happy to send her back afterwards to another guy's nest. If hearing "I have a boyfriend" cause your hear to sink, you're k-selected. If you think "great, she'll fuck much faster", you're r-selected.
3. **You divide women into Good Girls and Bad Girls.** When I see a girl slink past showing a navel piercing, dyed black hair and a bitchy expression I don't think "slut". I don't rule her out or demote her because I'm not interested in a relationship anyway. I look at the sexual vibe oozing out of her and think "she's up for it". Likewise when I see a slightly stiff modestly-dressed girl glide past carrying a library book I don't assume she needs several dates of wining and dining. She's just as horny and just as up for it fast, if I do things right. So if you find yourself ruling out "sluts" (mainly because their awareness of their own sexual power scares you) and thinking Good Girls are going to be harder to fuck, you're still k-selected.
4. **You believe in God.** I see this all the time in the manosphere, especially in the US. Men will recognise the intellectual *fact* that women have a dual mating strategy and then write reams of self-righteous vitriol about how these women are in rebellion against God and thus tearing down civilisation. Now, I'm not saying this is incorrect. The problem is *faith is a monumental cockblock* in seduction for the same reason it is a barrier to technological and societal advancement – you are hamstringing yourself to an ancient code of conduct that may (or may not) be relevant in the here and now. Just as Muslims will never create advanced productive societies for as long as they base their social organisation on a 7th century system (e.g. forbidding charging of interest and thus mispricing the time value of money), religious Christians will never truly let themselves jump into the Secret Society whether it be due to a genuine moral opposition, or just a trumped-up rationalisation to weasel out of actually doing the hard work to get good at women. So, if you're joining that tedious status-jockeying comment competition on Christian blogs over who is the most alpha head of household for his fat housefrau and insufferable children, you're k-selected.
5. **You argue with feminists.** The key goal of feminism is to remove all limits to women optimising their hypergamy. The march of time has gradually constrained k-selected male's sexual options while freeing the women to alpha-chase (r-selection). Being angry about this is a giveaway that you identify with Team K-Selection. Just like the previous point I'm not saying the "angry at feminists" thesis is factually incorrect – *it's the fact you're angry about it* (rather than emotionally detached) that gives you away. It means you're hankering for

the white picket fence / pillar of the community 1950s American Dream where you work hard then come home to a hot dinner cooked by your loving wife. Feminists are fucking with that, so you fear an r-selected world both from personal preference (civilisation is, after all, rather pleasant) and an instinctive recognition that you can't get laid without the beta support structure.



Does this sadden you?

To boil this all down to a simple heuristic, just look deep into yourself. Identify the emotion you feel when considering successful players, loudmouth feminists, and general civilisational decline:

Anger and a personalised sense of loss = you're k-selected

Indifference and a personalised sense of opportunism = you're r-selected

Rejection and your personal ping range

krauserpua · 21 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

It's time to begin teasing the new book from Sigma Wolf, purveyors of fine Game literature. Here is a video explaining how each of you has a "ping range", a bandwidth within which flipped stones turn up Yes Girls. This is the range within which you can force IOIs and get fast strong attraction. Each man's is different. The London Daygame Model is designed for normal men with normal ping ranges but has the flexibility to accommodate all ranges.

I've noticed I talk much faster when loaded up on coffee. Interesting.

I love Lucy – photo ping edition

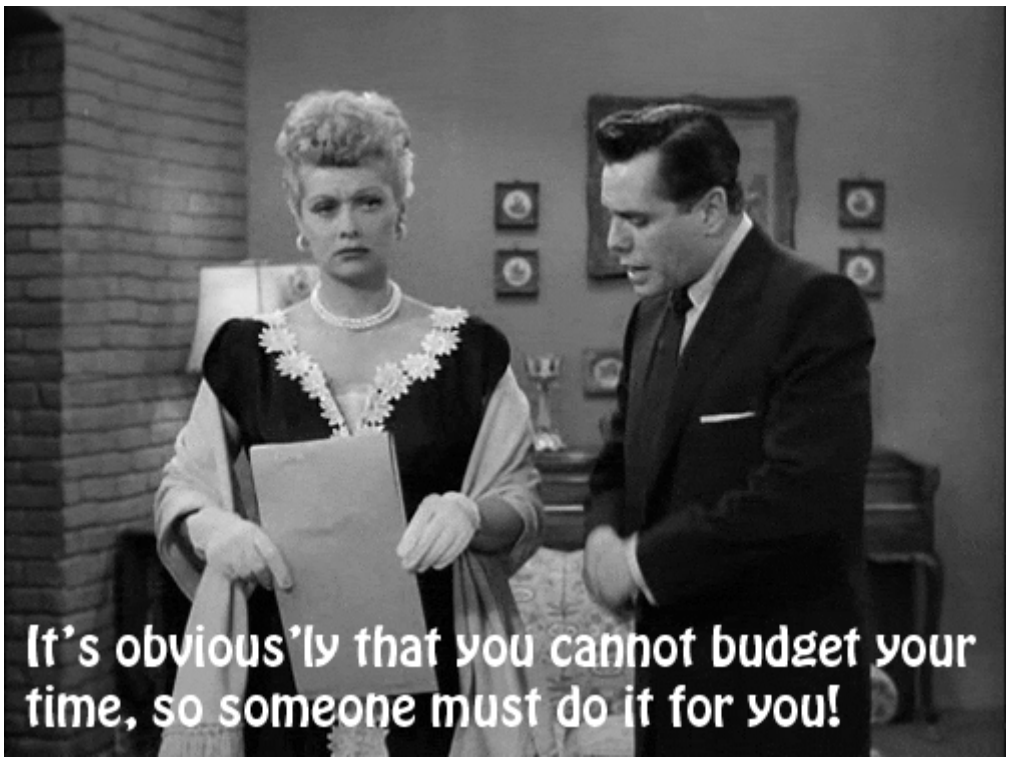
krauserpua · 23 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers are well aware of this simple principle: *Frame women in mildly unfavourable terms that exaggerate commonly-held stereotypes*. That means accuse them of vanity, ditziness, obsessions with shoes or boys, and scratching the eyes out of rivals. Throw out the accusation and wait for her to experience the thrill of mild indignation. The same readers are also well aware of this simple texting technique: *Send women amusing photos as a re-open, then roll off and wait for her to chat about it.*

So, could we….. perhaps….. mix the principle and the technique? What would *that* look like? Well, aren't we lucky that for several seasons American television ran a popular comedy show precisely about a silly-but-adorable young woman who needed to be rescued from her own vanity and ditziness. Thank you **I Love Lucy**. So, here are a few photo pings to throw into your next fortnight of Facebook chats as you frame the lovely girl of your dreams, setting up a running joke that ends with her in your bed.

There are a bunch of these subtitled gifs on Google Images. I won't upload them all, due to them slowing down my site.




It's obvious'ly that you cannot budget your time, so someone must do it for you!

Daygame's Urban Jungle

krauserpua · 29 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

While I busy myself putting the final spit and polish on the new Sigma Wolf blockbuster 400+ page textbook, I thought it prudent to start cranking up the pre-release hype machine for your viewing pleasure. Here I am sitting out in a fine Central European capital sipping lemonade by the river and expounding on some ~~mental masturbation~~ profound meta-theoretical issues. The topic for today is how your meta-level concept for how society works will either help or hinder your ability to sniff out opportunities to score women.

Thank God I got the book done, because I've just bought Dark Souls 2 so that's the next three weeks of my life booked up.

Reader's Emails: Total Bell-End Edition

krauserpua · 1 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

When you're a consumer of the internet, it's quite easy to avoid all the bell-ends and imbeciles. Just don't argue in comment sections and choose your forums carefully. However, the moment you start running a blog or selling products that changes and you're immediately subject to a stream of emails from haters, chancers, cheapskates and buffoons. Allow me to share some of them that Steve, Tom and I have had in the past week or so.

1. The barely-literate spazz who wants freebies

> "Bud tried many puas but no value. They just want to its ell there products which never work How does one go abt msgin a gal on fb do u know how to get a sure shot reply bud. Would appreciate your help truly. Bxxxx"

Reason he's not getting laid: Not intelligent enough to make coherent sentences. Insufficient social acuity to know that (1) text speak makes you look retarded and (2) blowing someone off and then immediately asking them for free advice is rude and betrays the wrong kind of entitlement.
Rating: Incel

2. The rambling oddball

> "Hey, I was able to figure out how to download the files from the site. It was strange because I downloaded those files originally and then they all disappeared. And so when I learned they were shutting you down I couldn't at first download them again. So far I got them all. I am listening to your podcast on failures. By the way, I was in Moscow last May. You mentioned some scenarios were woman reacted differently to LMR. I have been studying female psychology for a number of years since my divorce and that is how I came across the pick up community. We never met. I attended a Daygame here in Chicago with Yad and Andy. It was the first time I did this sort of thing. I am divorce and fifty year old man. I enjoy watching your training tapes and I appreciated your commitment as a trail blazer. Anyway, I will send you something (separate email) I found during my research and personal path to my own self-development. You only have to read pages 25 and 26. The six dirty tricks women play. After you read it I am sure you will get it immediately. Shit tests and how to respond to them appropriately. I've used this more than anything in verbal game. Never came across the Shaming Feminist as you mentioned in the podcast but now you can understand female Psyche Attacks! And more importantly how to react to them. Sincerely, Wxxx"

Reason he's not getting laid: He's an over-sharer and theory junkie, harbouring some anger towards women and inclined to see seduction as a battle. I also suspect he's a bit of a clumsy manipulator from how he's dangling the bait of his research piece. If we'd replied, I'm sure his next mail would be 10x longer, unloading his pet theories.
Rating: One lay per year with post-wall chubby.

3. The freeloader who consumes product then demands refund

> "hi there, I'm emailing you to request a full refund for my purchase of your video product that i made on August 4th.
> I was very dissapointed in the product because the content it contained was not at all what i expected from a product with that name and I felt misled.
> Please issue my refund asap. Thanks. Exxx"

So here is my friend's eminently reasonable reply:

> "Hello Exxx,

> I'm sorry, but I am not happy to issue a refund.
> The sales page gives a full and accurate description of the product and what it contains and is in NO way misleading. There is a full product description, plus I have even issued a sneak preview of what the product contains.
> I've had nothing but positive feedback on the product thus far.
> You've had the product 3 weeks and have had a chance to digest all the content, it is grossly unfair to demand a refund after having received the full benefit of watching it."

Reason he's not getting laid: He wants something for nothing and has weak moral character. He has watched a product, gestated on it, then expected his money back. He is now disputing the transaction on PayPal to claim her never recieved the product. Zero integrity, which girls sniff a mile away.
Rating: Probably does okay in Rotheram "social circle" game.

4. The Indian/Malaysian incel

Quite literally every day I have at least one comment in my moderation queue from someone called Akmar or Devak where he's clicked on a girl photo (obviously a modelling shoot) and said "Hi. You're beautiful. I need sex chat. Add me to skype: [skype name]"
Most recent one: Surykant has commented "I love you" on the girl from my How To Do Facebook Sex Chat. That poor anonymous girl gets the brunt of them.

Reason he's not getting laid: Spending too much time looking at women on the internet instead of meeting them in the real world. Doesn't realise that undying devotion to a woman you've never met screams neediness. No idea of the SMP tiers, that a smoking hot Russian model will never fuck an Indian basement dweller.
Rating: Waiting for arranged marriage to low-tier village girl.

5. The demands-free-consultation weirdo

> "Hi how are you? I watched your video product and ive got a hot Brazilian girl that asked me if im free tomorrow night (she's got a BF!) what i didn't understand from your product was, 1) do you build rapport in the first venue only? or do you continue to build rapport in the second venue as well? 2) does seduction happen in only the second venue? 3) can I kiss the girl in the first venue or should I wait till we've established rapport and gone into seduction in the second venue? Im really confused because up until now, everything has been step 1, step 2, etc. i.e attraction, rapport, seduction, but in the product do you imply that all 3 themes should be inter-twined from the get-go by fractionation? please reply i have a date this evening :))"

Reason he's not getting laid: He's another something-for-nothing guy, though not nearly as bad as the refund guy. He doesn't seem to realise that people he's never met are under no obligation to take their own time to help him especially with a tight deadline. I also smell a tendency to treat seduction as a computer program rather than a human activity.
Rating: That Brazilian isn't hot.

6. The offended white knight freeloader

> "Hi,
> I bought your video product earlier today. I'm sorely disappointed with it. I mean telling girls they're animals when you meet them, really.. a 30 year old+ man doing this is just creepy. I've even shown it to two female friends, one response was, "what would you tell the family about how we met.. that he thought I was a Giraffe", the other "I'm embarassed for him". What I don't understand, is why you don't you just tell the girl you noticed her, introduce yourself and ask her name, then ask what she's doing now (get logistics), walk-with, positive assumptions and riff off that. Which is what rsd and charisma arts have been teaching since 2005.
> Please refund my purchase, alternatively I can initiate a chargeback through my credit card company or PayPal

> if its easier. Jxxx”

Reason he’s not getting laid: He’s firmly plugged-in, taking dating advice from women and extremely sensitive to feminine shaming language. He also has no concept of flirting. If he did get a girl into bed, he’d fail at he last hurdle when discovering he doesn’t have a dick.
Rating: Long-term LJBF with a selection of women

If you’re a normal person you needn’t worry about contacting me. These emails are just a sample from the lunatic fringe. Generally speaking, it’s easy to diagnose a man’s problems with women just by watching how he interacts with men, or normal strangers. It’s even possible from an email. By far the most common reasons are (1) wants to be spoonfed and (2) has no social acuity.

Primal Seduction – Launch

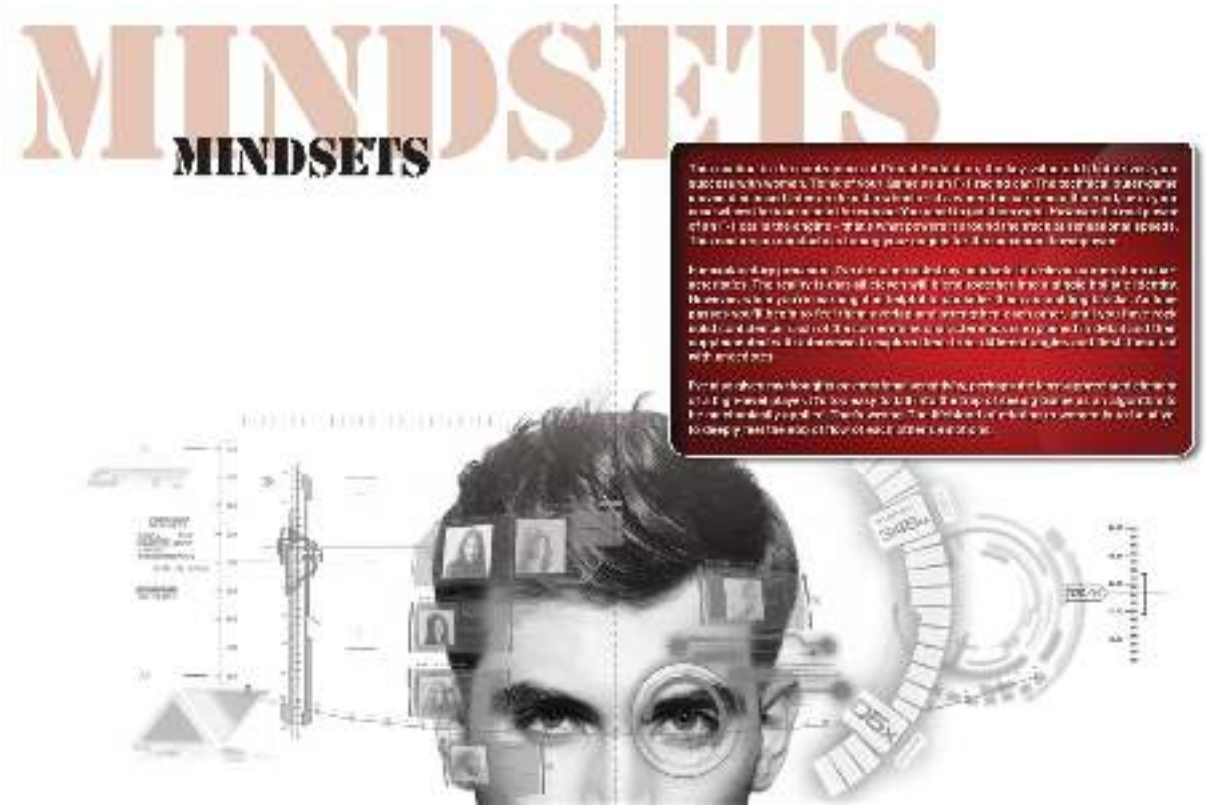
krauserpua · 4 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

As regular readers are aware, I've been working hard all year expanding the Sigma Wolf product range. Today represents the culmination of six months effort producing a new Game textbook with Steve Jabba. For six long months we've been writing, editing, interviewing and drawing. Finally, it's done!

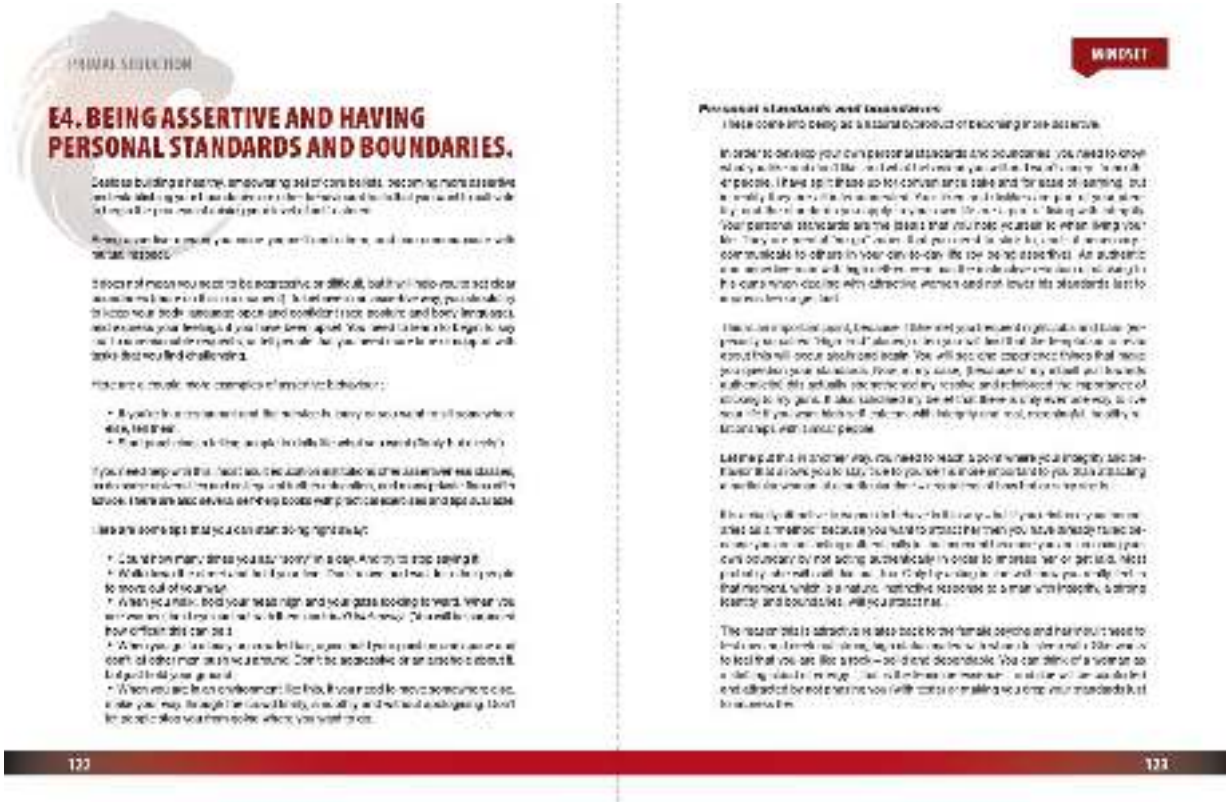
150,000 words and 408 pages of advanced seduction advice, drilling deep into the mind of the best seducer I've ever known (Steve, not me!). Watch this video for a walk through the book. Eager beavers can proceed directly to the order page here.

The centrepiece of the book is a 200-page deconstruction of the **Eleven Cornerstone Characteristics** of the universally attractive man. Your inner game will always express itself in your outer game – the self is always coming through. This mammoth section outlines the mindset of a master seducer. Now, this is no woolly Power Of Now feelgood pablum. Each of the cornerstone characteristics is related back to picking up and banging women – *constantly*. The whole book is about banging women and we never lose sight of that. Immediately after the mindsets is a large section on precise say-this/do-that infield advice.

Here are some sample pages (note book interior prints in b/w). The reader feedback on Daygame Mastery was highly enthusiastic so we decided to apply the same level of professional polish to Primal Seduction – and then raise the bar even higher.



The book is divided into four big sections – Context, Mindsets, Mechanics and Action Plan



This is the core text, in this case one of the cornerstone characteristics



Every key concept is expanded further in interviews



We never lose sight of the practical application

This is the perfect companion product to Mastery. There's very little overlap in content. Primal Seduction covers a wider range of scenarios including bar and club game – places where Steve has been the uncontested #1 player in London for years. I hope you all like it and I look forward to hearing your feedback upon reading it.

Buy the premium hardback book of Primal Seduction here!

Tom Torero reviews Primal Seduction

krauserpua · 6 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Most of you will know all about Tom Torero, formerly head instructor for Daygame.com, author of two daygame memoirs, and more recently creator of the Badass Buddha video. He's one of the few people in the game who's opinion I value. So I'm mightily pleased that he likes Primal Seduction. Check out the full review below.

UPDATE – A savvy reader notes Lulu are offering a big discount if you enter the correct coupon code at the checkout. Currently the one that works is: SMG14 — Free Shipping & GETIT15 — 15% OFF Total Price: $76.87 USD

YouTube infields are often nonsense

krauserpua · 10 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a short video explaining why you have to be aware of what you're really seeing when perusing YouTube channels for daygame pickups, and how to think about long convoluted lay report "super stories".

Become the Usain Bolt of seduction in six months

krauserpua · 15 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Obviously, you can’t. In this video I explain why.

End Game

krauserpua · 20 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've just had the most physically painful week of my life. What should've been a week of finally knuckling down and churning out some leads on the FSU streets (after doing nothing for 2 weeks due to work) was completely sidetracked by a serious bout of toothache. I had the most ridiculous bad luck – first on Tuesday my emergency dental appointment identified an impacted wisdom tooth that needed extraction. They said they'd just clean it up, put in a microbiotic strip in the gap for 24 hours and the pain ought to go away until a week's time when they had a slot for the operation.

24 hours of extreme pain later they pulled out the strip and it was still horrible. So painful that even taking the maximum Ibruprofen non-stop only dulled the edge but left plenty of discomfort and periodic sharp pain between doses. In this country you can't get a prescription for stronger painkillers. So they said the pain would lessen but if there's still trouble to come in on Friday. So I came in on Friday and this time the English-speaking specialist was gone and a middle-aged woman speaking zero English cleaned it up. The most dramatic moment being when she came at me with a scalpel (and she'd been unable to explain the planned procedure). My mouth was pissing blood but getting her to write a note that I could show to one of my girls, it turned out she'd done another clean but made a small incision to get at a deeper infection.

This morning, Saturday, the dental hospital was closed and I'd slept only 2 hours despite being on the full Ibruprofen dosage. So I called my landlord and he arranged a noon emergency appointment at a guy's private practice who opened up shop just for me. After half an hour waiting with the nurse, the dentist called to say he'd had a minor car accident and would be at least another hour. So I went home, sorted myself out, and ordered steak at my favourite local cafe. Might as well have some food for the day.

He summoned me before the steak arrived so I had to pay for it and leave before it arrived. As I walked into his private office I saw he was the same dentist as I'd seen in the hospital. To get it done at his private place was double the price (but, admittedly, still a fraction of the UK price) so he went ahead and began. I figured it wouldn't be so bad because I've had two wisdom teeth out five years ago and they each took about five seconds – just grab them with pliers and yank hard.

Oh no! I was in the chair a full forty-five minutes while he drilled, cut, hammered, yanked and split the tooth up. In total it was cut into six different pieces to get it out. He said it was one of his more complex extractions lately. The whole time I was petrified, getting a good test in emotional control. As I write the anaesthetic has worn off and I'm back on the Ibuprofen. My mouth is swelling up, but that's normal. I'm just a little worried that the molar next to the extracted tooth is actually the source of the real problem because it seems decayed.

So…. fuck my luck. It's been a thoroughly miserable week. I had a regular around last night and was in such a bad way I couldn't even fuck her.

I think this week is one of those unwelcome but highly fruitful "re-base" periods that remind me that the normal routine of my life is exceptionally good and I really ought to count my blessings for my health, sound finances, good friends, and abundance with women. You can take that for granted – I certainly did the past few months. It's amazing how some persistent pain drops you right down to the bottom of the hierarchy of needs. I really ought to be more grateful for the good things in life that come my way.

On another note, regular readers will have noticed they are becoming regular *viewers*. This is just a temporary thing. I've been writing so much for my Sigma Wolf books that I'm all tapped out for writing. There's a new project very close to completion that's taking all my writing energies. I think readers will be very pleased I chose to do this project rather than just continue the usual blogging service. We shall see. Until then, I hope you enjoy the change of pace the videos represent.

Arguing the toss

krauserpua · 26 September 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Here’s another short video, this time describing the subtext to when you argue with a girl during a street stop.

The game wisdom of H.L. Mencken

krauserpua · 15 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original



Amused mastery

"Every normal man must be tempted, at times, to spit on his hands, hoist the black flag, and begin slitting throats." Prejudices: First Series

Most of you dear readers reached your throat-slitting moment some time ago. For me it was when lying on my sofa in April 2009, playing Battlefield Bad Company on my Xbox360, when I was overcome with an emotion I can best verbalise as "this will not do!" So I genuflected, figured out I'd love to be able to bang lots of hot women, and then in a moment of madness made a firm commitment to hoist the black flag of pick-up.

So here I stand, Captain Krauser of the goodship Daygame, sailing the high seas in search of booty with my fellow rapscallions. I was originally planning to write a post on that but as I kept reading Mencken quotes I continued to be astonished at his ability to parse high-falutin' ideas into great witticisms. So, let me pick some of my favourites and offer an idiosyncratic interpretation for how it affects the unplugged nomadic daygamer.

"An idealist is one who, on noticing that a rose smells better than a cabbage, concludes that it makes a better soup." A Book of Burlesques

This is the very essence of choosing girls on pure looks without due regard to their vibe and character. Far be it for me to pretend younger-hotter-tighter is not my goal, but banging super-hot girls won't make you any happier – it's chasing a phantasm. The cabbage gives you a full flavour, some nutrients, and is a good soup. I haven't banged many girls in the top tier, just a few, but they aren't really the memorable ones. Fucking a catwalk model is like poking a bicycle frame with a stick. The girls that please me are young and hot but they'll also be brimming with feminine sweetness and preferably wide hips and fullsome jubblies. Avoid choosing girls from an ego-based "trophy girl" mindset. It's okay to bang a few to get the monkey off your back but after that you need to be introspecting about what you really like in a woman.



Oxford Street Yad-Stops, yesterday

And on another tangent, don't think you can ever *possess* beauty. A rose is beautiful to be looked at. Once you try to consume it, it becomes tasteless gruel to you, and you've destroyed the beauty of the rose in it's natural form. You can't cure a purity fantasy by fucking angels. Setting your sites on the top tier is both a worthy goal and an insidious trap – you should aim high but make sure to aim for something real. If you think fucking a turbo-hottie will solve your problems you're in for a big shock when you shoot your bolt and realise you're still the same man you always were, with the same insecurities.

"The most dangerous man to any government is the man who is able to think things out for himself, without regard to the prevailing superstitions and taboos. Almost inevitably he comes to the conclusion that the government he lives under is dishonest, insane, and intolerable…" Prejudices: Third Series

This is unplugging and the independence of Daygame. It is dating against the machine. The blue pill is a carefully-crafted soft conspiracy that defines both your goals and your means to achieve them. You'll first get that glitch – the splinter in your brain – when your intuition warns life is not what it seems. Taking the plunge and wrenching yourself out of the matrix is the big step, like dropping anchor and letting your ship sail away to the freedom of the open seas. Be ready for a long period of angst as the pain of the "dishonest, insane, and intolerable" looms so large in your mind that the small seeds of new meaning can't yet be seen through the weeds. The reason this man is most dangerous is that once free *he never looks back*. No man re-enters the gulag. He's gone forever, a free man in control of his life and far too savvy to let the chains be slipped back around his ankles.

"Puritanism: The haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy." A Mencken Chrestomathy

This is the real emotional drive of PUAhate and the white knights. The unhappy man bristles at the thought others may be enjoying their lives and then focuses his energies on bringing them down into his pit of despair. Every time you read some pompous moralist explaining that players are low-lifes, their women are sluts, that they really ought to just settle down with a "good woman" of "high character" be sure that it's all about envy. A spiteful lazy man will become a Marxist in politics and a White Knight with women. The lowest of all become nihilists and game denialists. If you're ever receiving the hate remind yourself it's because your life is happier than theirs *and both of you know it*. If you're tempted to throw out hate at someone else, stop and think. Identify the emotional driver

(almost certainly envy) and redirect it towards action. Pull yourself up.



"Yeah mate, I'll be right out daygaming. Just let me finish reading these first…"

"I know some who are constantly drunk on books as other men are drunk on whiskey." (no source)

Two extremes in the community are **theory junkies** and **pussy rats**. The man who spends all day on his laptop watching YouTube videos and dialling in his inner game is practising avoidance of the simple sort – he can't handle approach anxiety on the street. His solution is simple – get outside and hit on women. The man who spends all day spam approaching and hanging on to every lead is also practising avoidance but of the more subtle kind – he can't handle self-reflection. Doing the same thing over and over again is often motivated by a fear of change. It's okay to spend a few weeks, or even months, relentlessly opening girls day after day. You need repetition to burn the skillset into your muscle memory, to see what the streets are really like, and to desensitise yourself to approach anxiety. That's far better than pontificating on internet forums. However, if you're stuck with a brutal workrate for every solid number – you need to stop. Reflect. Introspect. Get a second opinion. Often this means a harsh calculation of your current SMV and a realisation that tight game in itself isn't enough.

Daygame is a journey of constant growth and self-reflection. Don't be fooled by false end-points. Ride your plateau for a while and then put your energies into finding the route up the next mountain. The drunk gets high every day and wakes up the next morning having slipped imperceptibly further down the slope.

"Happiness is the china shop; love is the bull." (no source)

Every player feels the pressure of the game. When balls-deep into an immersion cycle your love for the game will temporarily quieten all those doubts and you won't feel the catabolic cost of gaming. But it's there, under the hood, the fuel tank gradually running dry. Chasing women dissipates your energies until fatigue and game revulsion creeps up on you. This is when you lose the joy for it. The world has the colour and heat drained out of it and you're going through the motions like an old factory where somebody forgot to switch off the assembly line.

Accept the cyclical nature of game. When you're down it's temporary, it's not a sign that you ought to find your soul mate and "get out of the game". We have a name for people who treat temporary fluctuations in mood as permanent changes of momentous proportions – women. Ride it out, read a book, have a beach holiday. It's okay to go off the clock until your hunger returns. The moment you LTR yourself up and prattle on about love is the moment you let the bull into the shop. For a while the novelty and the commotion is exciting, but when the dust settles you're lying next to a beast and everything you built is smashed to pieces.

Good-looking guy game

krauserpua · 17 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've been watching some YouTube infields lately. It's a pretty varied bunch out there. On the one hand you have the total clowns spam-approaching London tourists, oblivious to the girls' IODs, with a merry stream of equally-oblivious cheerleader chodes in the comments. It's quite ~~berbaric~~ barbaric, so I won't name names. Then there are also some really well-done videos. I watched some of Willie Beck's fast bar pulls and SDLs, the RSD hot seat promos, and some of what Street Attraction are doing in London. There's something good going on.



Shave heads are "in"

It's given me some food for thought. Let's start with the positives.

- I think it's great that real-life seduction is being taped, logged and disseminated so the mass of men can see what it really looks like. When I was coming up in 2009 there were only a few dozen infields online and it was mostly trash like Mehow and Carlos Xuma. Even a guy like Mystery, who I genuinely respect, had only some of his lame sets online. The internet is currently flooded with infields of guys who *actually get laid* showing you them getting laid *in real-time*. That's a tremendous positive. Well done fellas.
- I think it's great that new talent is coming up through the ranks and bringing their own take on seduction. For example Beck is really pushing the r-selected bad boy vibe and escalating hard. The Street Attraction guys are doing the normal London Daygame Model but have added a prankster vibe in some sets, and a fast escalation vibe in others. Again, well done fellas. I like to see new guys shake things up a little.

This brings me to the main value that such infields provide **– they show you what seduction really looks like**. Not how you may imagine it based on reading a book or getting into a dick-waving contest on a forum. These guys are successfully knobbing girls and letting you act as a fly on the wall. But as you guessed, there's another fly and it's in the ointment. Not necessarily with the guys I've just named but their videos served as a jumping-off point that got me thinking about it.


Jason Statham, yesterday

One thing I've noticed in ***all*** the most impressive infields, especially the fast crazy pulls, is the player is always better-looking than the girl he's pulling. They are failing the younger-hotter-tighter test. And that's a **big** failing. The whole point of Game is to score girls younger and hotter than you. If you're pulling exactly the type of girls you ought to be pulling anyway without Game, then pulling them a bit faster or in higher quantity doesn't really say much. It just means you're working a bit harder than you used to. So let's break this down for the average man. The man who isn't 6'2", twenty-seven years old, with attractive facial features. You know, 95% of men.

The single most important factor in r-selection sex is looks (by that I include height, physique and facial structure)

So why do people like Tom and I bang on about r-selection so much when we clearly *don't* have looks (or age) going for us? Because the next most important factor is **charisma**, then **attitude**, and then **work-rate**. If you lack the number one factor you can still get the job done by maxing out the other three. It's just much harder. I don't mind hard work – I'm just glad it's even possible.

This is how it works when a good-looking guy tries r-selected daygame. I've seen this first hand with a bunch of them.

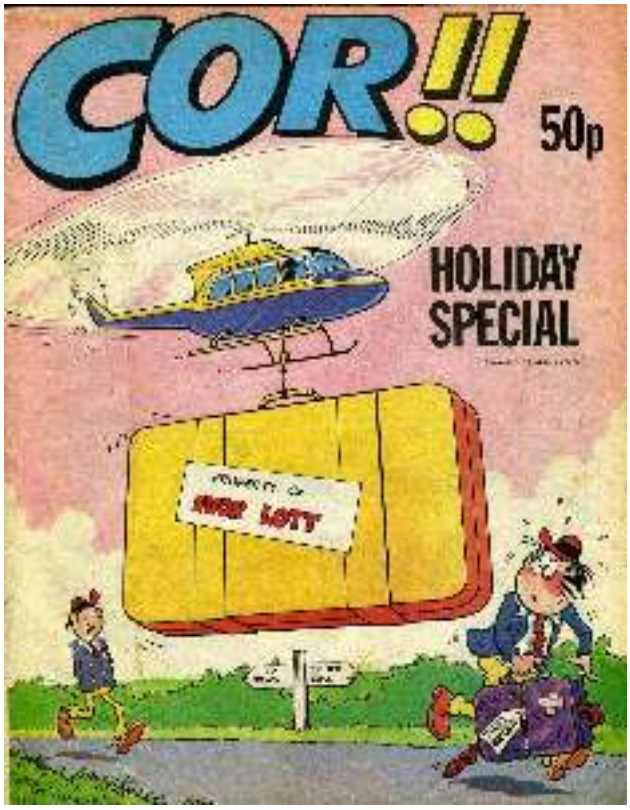
1. Walk around looking good.
2. Catch a huge number of approach invitations from girls between 1 and 3 points below you.
3. Let the first ten IOIs pass because you still don't like rejection or approaching.
4. Open the most receptive-looking girl with a "hey"
5. Stand smiling for a few seconds while she giggles, blushes and flutters her eyelashes.
6. Give a direct compliment, so you feel like you're doing real game. "You look pretty hot."
7. Inane chit-chat for a minute and take a number.
8. Marvel at the low flake rate. Invite her out for a date the next night, at a bar next to your apartment.
9. Turn up on date and don't really think much about game. Just chat, and occasionally sit back and be quiet.
10. Around 10pm say "lets go back to my place for some wine". Girl enthusiastically agrees.
11. Take her to bed. No LMR.

That's really all there is to it when you're good-looking. It's not Game. It's just "warm-open, escalate, lead". There are no roadblocks. You don't need to pick yourself up after a run of harsh rejections. You don't need to amplify attraction. You don't need to carefully choose the right moments to escalate. You don't need to build emotional connection. You don't need to surmount LMR. It's playing the game on Easy Mode – and if that's still not easy

enough you can use Tinder. Now let's consider how it is for the normal man trying r-selected daygame.

1. Walk around as if you're invisible to women. Try to force IOIs and get blanked constantly
2. Weasel the first few sets because you're expecting blowouts or flat timewaster sets.
3. Build up courage and throw yourself in there. The first few go nowhere but remind you it's not so bad really.
4. Try really hard to hit a good vibe, because you know vibe is the only thing that ever really compensates for lack of good looks. It might take a while. You might not even manage it this day and have to try again tomorrow.
5. A combination of good vibe, carefully-honed skills, and good luck mean you've reached hook point with your first hot girl, who seems to be giggling and eye-sparkling. So you try a spike. She excuses herself – "I have a boyfriend" or "I'm late for my lecture." She leaves.
6. You drag yourself back up the mountain and hit some flow. You collect four or five numbers in about fifteen sets. Some pretty girls, some a bit plain. At times you really had good patter and were buzzing with vibrancy and charisma. Okay, time to go off the clock. You're a bit tired now.
7. Half the numbers flake. Two girls respond enthusiastically, one of whom inexplicably just stops replying. You get the remaining girl on a date three days later.
8. The date goes okay. You run the model, draw her in, spike her up and after two hours you build the right moment for a kiss. She fights off the first few tries but is obviously enjoying herself. You get the kiss in the end but she won't come back to your apartment.
9. Two weeks later, after four or five such dates earned through a week of hard graft on the street, you've fucked one of the girls and the rest have gone flat. You feel a grand sense of accomplishment at surmounting such a demanding challenge and getting a girl twenty-years younger than you and two points hotter.

I've perhaps exaggerated it a little to draw the contrast but that's the reality. So enjoy watching GLGG on YouTube and absorb what you can about the process, but don't think what they are doing is "game" or that it's applicable to your life. They are on the ski lift whizzing up to the top of the mountain while you're plodding up with a tree branch for a walking stick and two tennis racquets tied to your feet for snowshoes. And what a surprise – at the resort bar at the end of the day, they are sipping beer and telling everyone how easy skiing is.



Symbolism, yesterday

Pretty soon I'll be showing you (yes, show not tell) what normal-guy r-selected daygame looks like. Stay tuned.

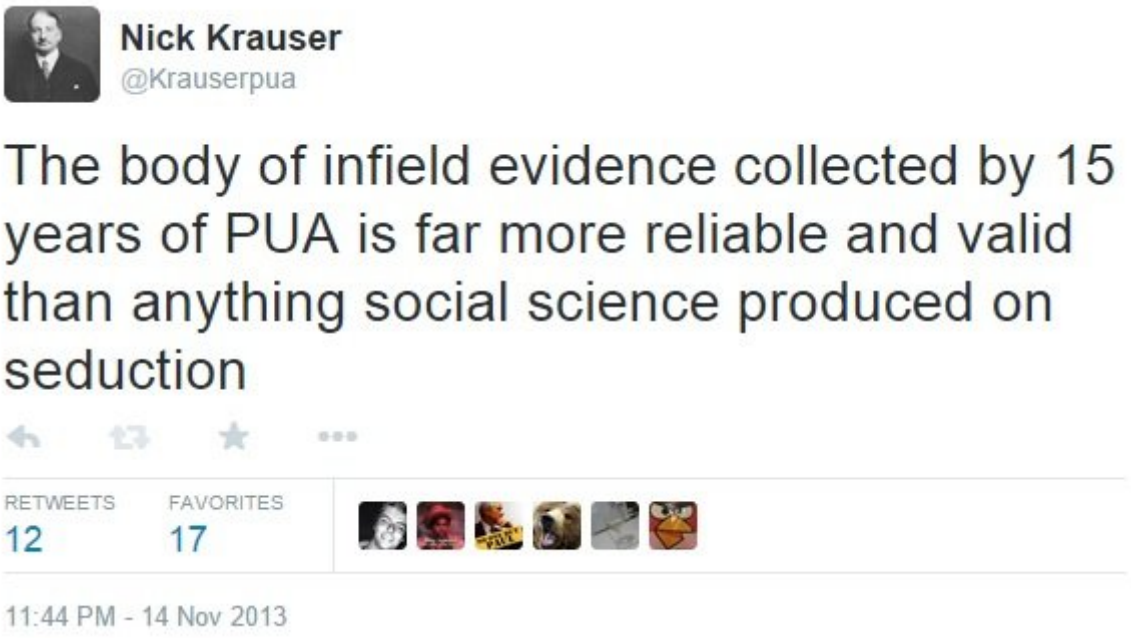
Players outrank Scientists in the art of seduction

krauserpua · 21 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

If I could offer one piece of advice to the newly-red-pilled reader of the manosphere it would be this:

Stop listening to all the pompous fools in comment sections of manosphere blogs. If you have a question about women, go try it out on ten hot women and then see if you still have your question.

Having just scrolled through the comments thread in a recent Rollo post while eating pizza, I was sufficiently exasperated that I'm going to break my embargo on arguing against aspy gammas. There's a larger point that needs making that is derailing some relative noobs. It all started when Rollo was kind enough to quote an old tweet of mine regarding the development of Game knowledge in order to make a point about how the progression of red pill knowledge owes a huge debt to the orginal PUAs it has become fashionable to discredit.



It's a great post and includes a rather obvious thought experiment that nonetheless had never occurred to me:

> "Now, imagine for a moment that, today, all men had to build on was the antiseptic studies and controlled experiments of a social science academia firmly steeped in a feminine-primary, feminine-correct social context…. Only the PUAs of then and now have had the unfettered freedom to perform in-field social experiments, and relate their collected evidence and observations with other men; the types of which social science has been forbidden from due either to ethical considerations or by feminine-primary social conventions."

To translate into English: PUAs had the freedom to conduct research that social scientists could not, and thus broke new ground.

That's an incredibly important observation and Rollo does a great job walking through exactly which areas of red pill wisdom we now take for granted that had to be earned the hard way by PUAs in the field before there was any reliable and valid data for the manosphere philosophers to ponder and construct theories from.

Now, let's start with a few basic principles.

- Internet comment threads about Game are almost entirely a battle of awkward intellectual one-upmanship by fronters who have zero ability to score hot women themselves.

- The manosphere is rapidly becoming a knitting circle of witless feminised men and aspy gamma bullies treating Game as if it were an abstract historical concept rather than a real-life testable theory.
- You really shouldn't be claiming authority on Game until you've had proven results in the field. Any dickhead can run his mouth on the internet whereas getting younger-hotter-tighter girls into bed requires actual compliance from the real world that suggests your theory works.

So the gamma fool in this case is **siirtyrion** (and to a much lesser extent, braggart **Glenn**, who is co-opted into his misunderstanding of science). The first fallacy is to misunderstand *what science actually is*. Despite claiming *to be a scientist* Siirtyrion doesn't appear to know what science is. What it is not:

- Wearing a lab coat and handling petri dishes
- A set of framed postgrad degrees on your wall
- The length of your bookcase
- Your citations in journals

Science is an epistemology. Really, go read some Karl Popper. It is a way of knowing the world based mostly upon the principle of falsification. Additionally the two cornerstones of data collection is it must be **reliable** (possible to consistently collect data that reproduce the same results) and **valid** (it measures what it claims to measure). Let's put that into simple examples:

- If you boil water with a thermometer in it, the temperature will show 100C at the time the water boils no matter how strong the heat source. Whether you boil it ten times or a thousand times, whether slowly on a small flame or quickly on a strong flame, it'll always show 100C. Thus you have reliable data that water boils at 100C based on experimental evidence.
- If you boil water with a variable flame while playing Aqua's hit Barbie Girl on repeat, the water will boil at different times during the song. Every time you boil the water, you record a different time. Thus if you first record the boiling at line four of the fifth chorus, you cannot reliably reproduce that result.

- If you measure the water temperature with a thermometer, you are getting a valid measurement of the heat. The thermometer measures what it claims to measure – temperature.
- If you instead measure it by rolling a pair of dice to bounce off the pot, that's an invalid measurement. The numbers turned up by the dice have no connection to the phenomena under measurement.

Simple stuff. It becomes complex when applied to social science. It has long been a bugbear in the philosophy of science that natural scientists can be incredibly arrogant over their self-perceived superiority in collecting data. Partly this is because the natural world is quite orderly, predictable, mechanistic and doesn't change much through the act of observation. The social world is far far more complex and thus the explanatory power of social science comes with all kinds of caveats. Consider the Hawthorne Effect noted when factory workers were measured operating under different lighting conditions. **Both** the Control **and** the Experimental groups improved performance, leading to a conclusion that:

"a phenomenon whereby individuals improve or modify an aspect of their behavior in response to their awareness of being observed"

The old guard of social science knew the problems of social measurement but people from the natural sciences often bring their simplistic data collection strategies over to the social world without due regard for the inherent limitations of measuring people. This mistake is particularly bad with evo-psych majors. Just think of the obvious reality of science *as it's actually carried out in research facilities* and compare it to the infield experiments of PUAs:

Science

- Ask a bunch of grad students to sit down in a air-conditioned seminar room, pour a cup of cheap coffee, and as

them about hypothetical situations and to write down answers with a pencil. Grade those papers according to your own classification system and then torture the data with tests of statistical significance.
- Dig up some old skeletons and pots from an ancient civilisation. Fit the pieces together and then interpret them in light of what scraps remain of their few written texts.
- Watch some baboons mating, discern some patterns, then imagine the primates are human and draw conclusions.

PUA

- Go hit on some actual women in real live environments, try to fuck them, then figure out what went well and what didn't.

Just ask yourself which research strategy is more valid? Which group are getting closer to the phenomena they are trying to measure and are eliciting more accurate raw data about actual human mating? This is why Glenn's following comment is so wrong-headed:

> "Let's say Krauser does 1000 approaches and gets laid 11 times. The only way to tell if game works is to have a non-game trained guy, with the same SMV, do 1000 approaches as well to the same girls. Tell me, do you think that guy won't get laid at all? Siirtyrion is saying that this guy would probably do just about as well as Krauser, given similar attractiveness. If you don't have control data like this – you aren't doing science, period, and everything you conclude from "the data" is horseshit, like the statement that Rollo quoted from Krauser."

His simplistic conception of the scientific method (essentially "it must be a controlled experiment" without regard for the limitations, and ignoring the same person can be tested in different time periods to measure progression) means he misses the very obvious fact that **going in field is the only way to get valid data**. Even if you get perfectly reliable lab data, it's just in a lab. It's not valid. It's close to worthless. Glenn isn't just throwing the baby out with the bathwater (a sign of binary thinking), he's throwing his hands in the air in despair that such data can even be collected…. until he wants to give credence to scientists doing a much worse job of approaching the same phenomena.

The obvious answer is lost on gamma males because that's the one thing gammas don't ever do – hit on women and successfully fuck them. Let's review the relevant characteristics of the gamma male:

- Constant need to posture as superior to those around him, especially per his intellect.
- Completely deluded about his low SMV rank and thus in denial.
- Always constructing elaborate theoretical structures that conveniently place him at a high SMV rank (in his own mind).
- Relating long-winded, highly-suspect, completely unsubstantiated tales of their own successes with HB8.5s.

So the existence of PUAs presents something of a dilemma for the game-denying gamma. He can't possible argue based on real-world experience (he sucks with women and won't risk his precious ego by hitting on them), he isn't as smart as he thinks he is, he needs to deny Game works in order to avoid admitting he's too scared to do cold approach, yet he absolutely must prove to the world that he's awesome. What to do?

Go look at siirtyrion's (and glenn's) comments to find out.

There's a reason Tom Torero and I constantly admonish readers to go out into the field – 90% of the Game is played while standing in front of women. Without the discipline of infield feedback a small theoretical mis-step becomes a flight of fancy and eventually cascades into going completely off track into comfortable delusion. The woman is your mirror. You need compliance in your life, and when it comes to Game you can only get that by cold approach.

Addendum

My own success ratios were, rather ironically, used as evidence *against* Game. Apparently I have a low success ratio that suggests Game doesn't work and I got my few successes either because (i) blind luck – the numbers game or (ii) determinism – there's a limited number of girls who would consort with a man of my SMV rank and cold approach is just flipping stones to find them.

There's a few problems with this reading.

1. My results demonstrably improved over time, every single year. In my first 1,000 approaches I didn't get laid at all. I've approached maybe 400 girls this year and had sex with 19 of them.
2. I'm having sex with girls who are, on average, 16 years younger than me and two points hotter. That should be impossible under the deterministic explanation. And *of course you'd expect the success ratio to be low* – that's what happens when you aim high. It's why boxers do statistically better in their tune-up fights than their title shots.

Aspy gammas don't have the nuance or experience to read soft data – such as me knowing that it's taking less effort to get the same girls now that I've improved my skills. After indulging his trolls for a while Rollo eventually correctly identified the true scam that the gammas are running:

> "I've perused Siirtyrion's blog and while I respect his observations and intellectualism, I can't help but come away with the impression that he's more on a personal crusade to discredit Game than he has any real interest in the evo-psych basis of intergender relations."

What's interesting is how successfully such intelligent and posturing gammas such as siirtyrion can out-frame the weak-willed ninnies of the manosphere comment sections and get them dancing to their tune. At no point are the ninnies demanding evidence that the gammas can actually pull hot women. It's to forewarn these impressionable noobs that I'm pointing out the gamma ego-validation racket perpetuated in Game blog comment sections.

Stop acting as if scientists are the authority on seducing women. When academia disagrees with successful players, it's the academics who are wrong. Just look at their wives.

Daygame Overkill – live event in London

krauserpua · 24 October 2014 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE – All seats are booked now.

Yes, you read that right. The euro-jaunt season is drawing to a close and I'm packing my suitcase and heading home to England for a while. London has always been my spiritual (daygame) home and there's a great community of guys hitting the streets on a regular basis.

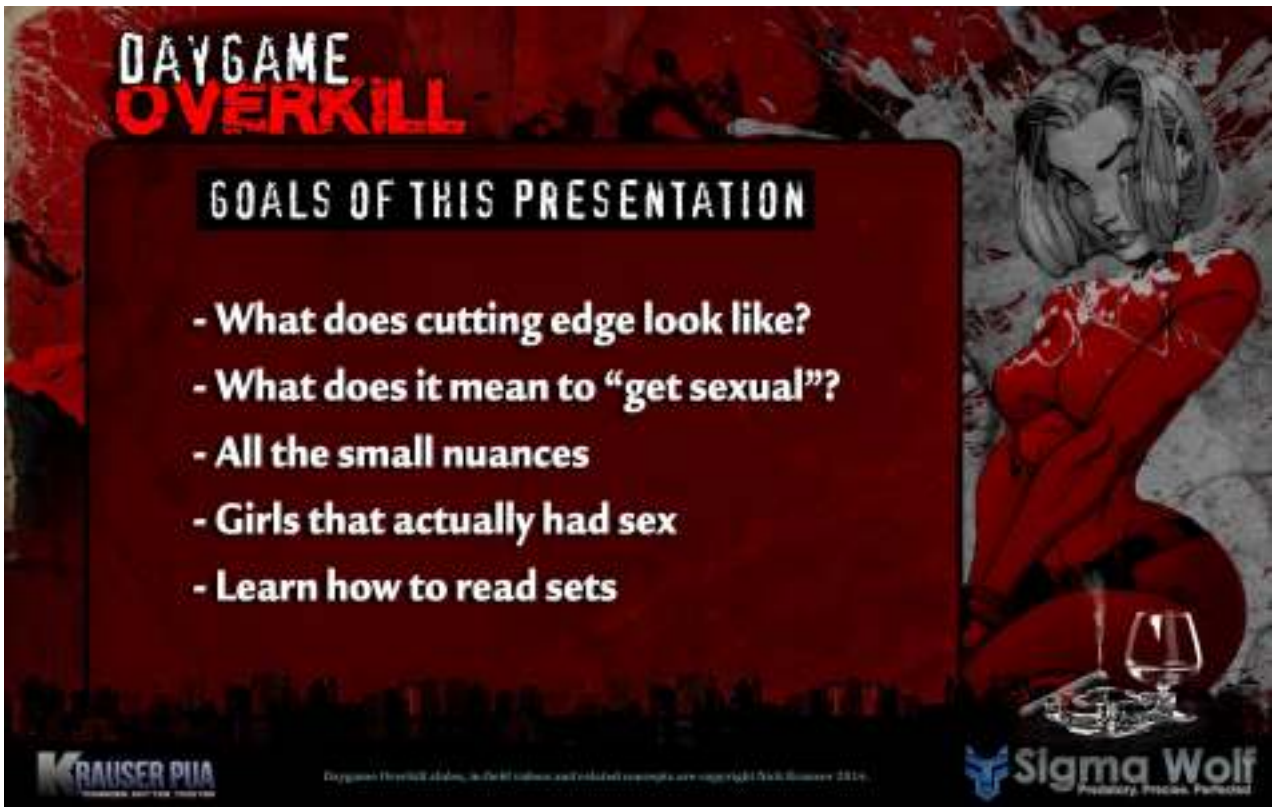
What better place to unveil my new in-field product?

I'm sure a few of you just spluttered your tea over your laptop screen. Yes, after two years of steadfastly refusing to shoot infields I actually decided to take Daygame Mastery the next step and show the model in action. And I mean **real r-selection daygame**. None of that showboating YouTube shit.



It all happened when I was trying (and failing) to sleep on the motorway bus from Belgrade to Zagreb. I'd had a shitty time because a complicated wisdom-tooth extraction had left me with constant pain for three weeks. Zero vibe, bad luck. Fuck my luck. So while the sun was shining and the Yugoslav countryside whizzed by I could feel the painkillers kick in and the new town promised new adventure. My mate Bojangles was flying in to meet me. Obviously I had a number-farm coming up. New town, new adventure.

So why not film the whole number farm? If I could just persuade Bojangles to hold the camera, I could mic up and capture the whole thing. Then I'd pick the most useful videos to teach from. Let the world's daygamers see how the new improved **London Daygame Model** looks.



You'll be surprised. It is *very* different to the stuff currently out there.

Sure, at first blush it looks the same. There's the street stop (usually), the push-pull opener, the vibing phase, progressively slipping into investment, and of course lots of comparisons to small furry animals. But look again – *the subtleties are all different.* And once they are pointed out to you, you'll realise why 95% of YouTube infields are dogshit.

I've got 25 infield videos on my laptop. Ten of them are goldmines for explaining the model in precise detail and letting you see it moment-by-moment. This isn't flash game – I didn't go for street kiss closes, nor did I stop girls riding unicycles. This was straightforward **daygame-to-get-laid**.

And get laid I did. On my second day with a twenty year old student. Then a blowjob off a nineteen year old virgin on my third day. I'll prove I'm not bullshitting in the same way I always have (heh!). I'll explain exactly why it was those two girls who went for it fast. You can see it in the subtleties during the infields and text messages.



I'll prove these weren't worthless flakey numbers (well, some were but I'll explain the difference between what stuck and what disappeared into vapour – that's part of the point of capturing the videos in the first place). So, this is the deal

Saturday 8th November in Central London I will host a live seminar in a function room. There'll be a big screen to display the in-field videos and related instructional slides. There'll be a cameraman taping it for an upcoming video release. This will be a hyper-detailed analysis. No vague ideas, no rushed gibberish, no sitting on a couch waffling, no generic PUA concepts you've heard a million times before. It will be theoretically-solid. I think it'll last about eight hours. Admission will be for fifteen people. It'll cost £50 for the day (50% deposit in advance). And for that princely sum you'll see this programme:

- Ten infield videos of mine, all new (shot beginning of October) for this product
- Full analysis and breakdown of all the subtleties and nuances so you know exactly what you're seeing and why it's happening
- A theoretical exposition of r-selected daygame and why it should replace the current k-selection most guys are learning.
- How to recognise if a girl is Yes, Maybe or No using live infield examples
- Question and answer session after every infield
- Bonus for live attendees only – A video walkthrough of beating LMR.

Event registration is now closed.



I'm pretty excited about this. Daygame Mastery is about to come to life!

Balls Deep – Book launch event in London

krauserpua · 3 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE: *Balls Deep paperback is now on sale here. 408 pages of squalid daygame action and theory.*

Even now I chuckle at the name of my new memoir. So, aside from being the satisfying end-state of a successful street pick-up, was else does **Balls Deep** mean?

Like most men in these parts I read Neil Strauss's seminal book **The Game** and was hugely inspired. It seemed so sleazy, so underground and so…. plausible. A secret community of Pick Up Artists who had cracked the code for how a normal man can bang large numbers of hot girls. There were just a few problems:

- The men were rather *ab*normal (well, subnormal)
- There wasn't much banging going on (I think there are three lay reports in the whole book)
- The girls weren't hot (when I finally saw Mystery's "10" Katya, I was rather underwhelmed)



When I grow up I want to be just like you

Anyway, luckily for me I didn't see through the smoke and mirrors until I'd already become a ~~daydream~~ daygame believer. Flaws aside, Neil's book set me on a path to which I'm eternally grateful to him for. So, The Game was his story and nicely mythologised the 2002-era Los Angeles scene. Ten years later **Tom Torero** did his version, giving a window into the 2012-era London scene. That's not as well written as Neil's but one thing it *certainly* isn't lacking is lay reports with large numbers of hot girls.

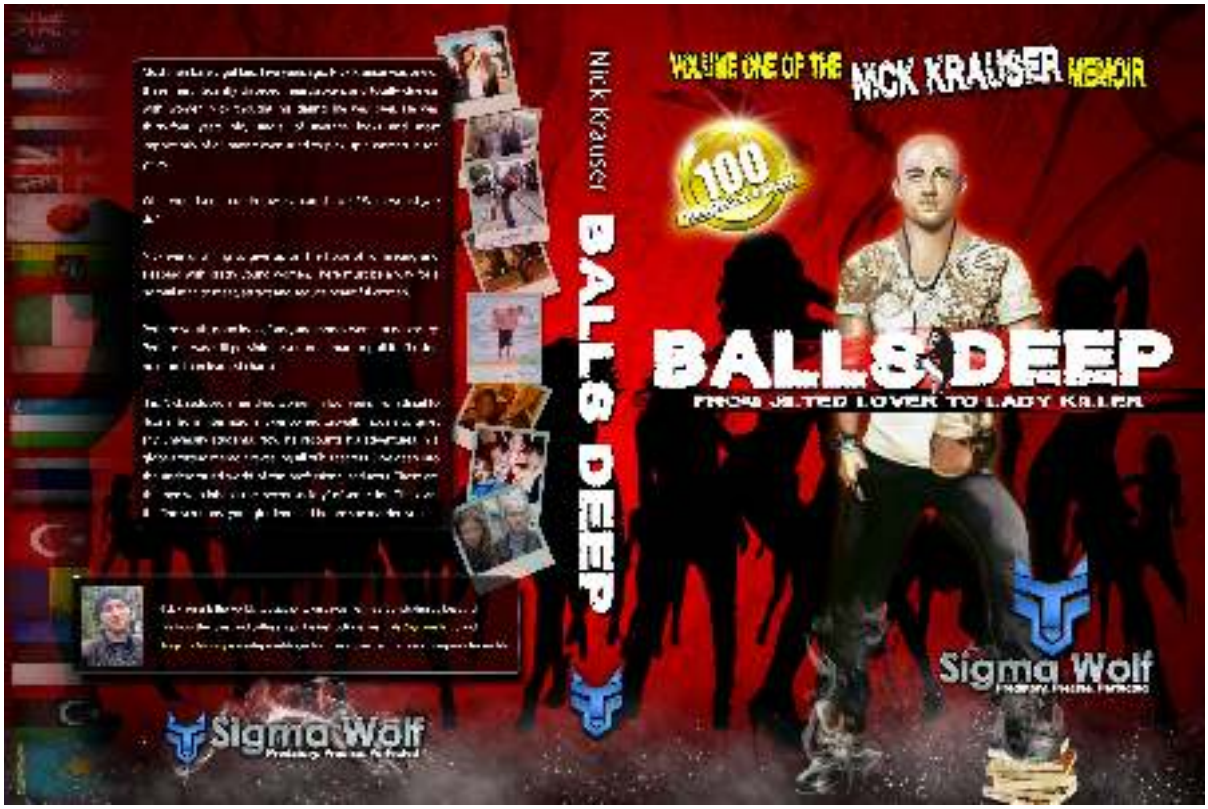
I want in on that racket.

My books have a reputation for being high-falutin' and theoretically dense, which is how I like it. However that's not necessarily what the ravenous crowds want. They want blood, guts… and semen stains. Most readers really connect to two things:

- Wild stories
- Pain

Yes, what the punters really relate to is **the journey**. The endless grind on the streets, shuffling head-down hands in your pockets through driving rain, scanning the streets for a confused-looking tourist with a backpack and Pret sandwich. Then the sporadic victory stories when you manage to hustle her into a pub, get her tipsy and bundle her

into a cab for the same day lay. They know the Magic Pill marketing happy talk is bullshit.



There's gotta be some $$$ in this racket

Every reader of this blog knows the reality. Sometimes you hit extended periods of joy and exuberance, but usually the pattern is *pain-pain-pain-euphoria-pain-pain* over and over again. That's what I wanted to convey in Balls Deep – the reality of getting through your first year or two. The period where you are full of hope and drive, but also lacking the reference experiences and skills to know you'll get there in the end. Well, I got there in the end. And for me, those first two years were rough. Really, really rough. So I'm going to tell you all about it and walk you through the minutiae of how it feels to begin the daygame journey. And then the victory stories began to trickle through. And after that the true squalor and sleaziness.

As I looked back and wrote Balls Deep I was amazed at myself. Did I really start feeling up that girl's tits on the street outside Zara three minutes after meeting her? Did I really walk that Russian catwalk model home in an hour? How on earth did I fail to escalate that Georgian dancer with the denium shorts and crop top? More than anything, I'm amazed that no matter how many days I returned home dejected and lead-less, I was back out again to jump back in front of the bus.



CHAPTER ONE
THE JOURNEY BEGINS

The Launch

I'm in London this weekend to film my new in-field product **Daygame Overkill**. Seeing as I'm in town, why not pimp out my new book too? So on Sunday I'll hire a pub function room and host an early-afternoon launch event. Specifics aren't confirmed yet but I'll do a talk and probably get a fellow daygamer to do so too. I'll have a pile of paperbacks to sell (and sign, should that turn you on). It'll be informal, with plenty of time to hang out and chat over a beer. Maybe I'll charge £5 cover, depends if the pub charges for the room.

Balls Deep will be £20. It's 408 pages of filth, polished to the same standard as Mastery.

Let me know in the comments if you're interested in (I) attending and (ii) a copy of the book. That'll help me decide the venue size and how many copies to bring. I'll announce details later this week.

Winter Hibernation

krauserpua · 18 November 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I'm pretty damn sick of game and travel now. It's been one hell of a year, and yet again the current year was an improvement on the prior year – for the fifth straight year. Life is great, I'm just worn out. I need to do all those things normal people do – hobbies, reading, sleeping in late, hitting the gym. So, I'm not sure what will happen with the blog for the remainder of 2014. I'm putting a lot of energy into editing Daygame Overkill and that's killing me. There are also a few books in the pipeline.

My goal was to make 2014 the year of great products, and then resume normal blogging and gaming in 2015. That's still the plan. So I'm hoping to get these last few products into a good enough state by New Year that I can just tinker around with them at my leisure in 2015 and still get a decent release schedule. We shall see.

Don't expect to see any +1s for a while. I'm not opening, texting, or long gaming any girls. I had 23 new girls in 2014 and another 8 repeats. That's quite enough, thanks.

The Street Seducer

krauserpua · 1 December 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Lest any of you think the tumbleweed blowing across the empty streets of my blog is a sign that I'm being lazy…… here's a short teaser of the upcoming Daygame Overkill.

Tom Torero fakes an infield kiss close

krauserpua · 12 December 2014 · Archived copy · Original

The latest scandal-of-the-week is that famous daygame instructor Tom Torero was caught out having hired an actress to appear in a "kiss close" video recorded outside Selfridges on Oxford Street in summer 2012. I can't stay out of it because: (I) the hater who found out about the actress set up fake forum accounts as "krauserpua" in order to blame the scandal on me (ii) Tom is the main co-creator of the London Daygame Model that I use and teach (iii) Tom is a personal friend of mine. So, here's my response. First the facts:

- Yes, Tom *did* fake that infield as he has admitted on his website here.
- No, I didn't know he had faked it until he admitted it to me in a private message shortly before posting his public admission.

It's incredibly difficult to get accurate information about the sexual market place. Both men and women lie about everything be it notch counts, intentions, quality and so on. It's also incredibly difficult to get accurate information about the seduction process because it's a necessarily private affair which you can't simply film. Girls won't react naturally if they know a camera is on, they won't want you to record them due to fears over their reputation, and there are additional legal issues if you're recording in a situation that has the "assumption of privacy". Nothing new here, but it creates a huge transparency problem which is ruthlessly exploited by the charlatans and fakes in the PUA industry who will either lie, evade or use smoke'n'mirrors to convey a credibility to their customers that they don't deserve.

As players / wannabe players, you are fully aware how difficult it is to decide who you can trust. Which teacher? Which system? What is a reasonably expectation of success?

That's why there's such a big reaction to Tom's infield revelation. For several years he had distinguished himself as someone who *could* be trusted by virtue of his copious library of infield recordings on the street, on dates, and even in the bedroom. People could watch the videos, conclude "Tom is legit" and this tough issue was resolved. The realisation that **one of these videos is fake** suddenly upsets the apple cart. People are asking themselves "so is he just another charlatan?"

I predict there will be two types of reaction to this news based upon whether the recipient has met Tom personally and seen him in action, or hasn't.

People Who Don't Know Tom – Earnest students of Game will quite reasonably conclude he's a fraud, that this video expose is damning evidence, and that he can thus be thrown in the dustbin alongside Mehow, Vince Kelvin, David DeAngelo and others who have been either caught faking or otherwise never proved their bona fides. I can't say I blame them. It's important to be skeptical of people's claims and to demand evidence. It's reasonable to give special weight to those incidents which suggest dishonesty. In addition to genuine students of the Game, the PUAhater crowd will also seize on this as further evidence that Game Doesn't Work. Tom was an average-looking man banging hot girls (something which can't happen according to the Looks-Money-Status crowd) so the fact he faked one video will immediately lead them to include every single one of his successes was faked. There's not much to say about that. PUAhater's are mentally ill. Let them wallow in their own misery.

People Who Do Know Tom – What's interesting to me is that over the years Tom has taught hundreds of students, and hundreds more have used the day game model he created with me (and others). Literally hundreds of people have seen Tom live in-set with their own eyes in unfakeable interactions. Hundreds have been live in-set themselves implementing advice they got from Tom and then seeing the effect it has on the girls. These people have enough direct evidence of their own eyes that (i) Tom's daygame skills are for real and (ii) the London Daygame Model works, that the fact Tom got caught red-handed faking one infield doesn't really matter. Yes, it was a bad thing to do. But no, it doesn't shake their confidence in the model or Tom's abilities as a coach.

What's my opinion?

Tom shouldn't have done this because it was dishonest. However, it's small potatoes. I remember watching the video back in 2012 and thinking "pretty weak set, no big deal" and never thinking of it again. It'll all blow over and we'll all continue hitting the streets, banging hot girls, and tweaking the model. I'm certainly *not* going to distance myself from Tom to "protect my reputation". He's my friend and I've seen with my own eyes that his daygame skills are for real.

Tom is an elite-level daygamer, possibly more skilled than I am. You're well within your rights to cut him off your "guy to listen to" list after this video expose but if you do so you'll be missing out.

The real secret of eternal youth

krauserpua · 19 December 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I woke up late today, about 11am, because I'm sleeping off a root canal treatment I had yesterday in Newcastle. Yes, my teeth are still fucking with me. Hopefully it's all sorted now. So, I wake up and shuffle into the bathroom for a hot shower, climb into my clothes and then set the coffee filter machine brewing my morning cup. I can hear birds singing in the garden and I look out the conservatory windows to see the family cats chasing one up a tree.



but 4 degrees Celcius

My laptop boots up and I notice Steam is having a holiday sale. Chivalry is reduced from £18.99 to £4.99 so I snap it up and it downloads while I check my mails, books sales, and do my daily round-up of the few blogs I still regularly read (Steve Sailer, Heartiste, Vox Day, Roosh, D&P). Then I run around medieval Europe hacking limbs from rival knights for half an hour. Hmmmm, I'm hungry. I walk down the local pub for Cumberland sausages on mash inside a giant Yorkshire Pudding. I get a second coffee and read through my hardboiled detective paperback. It's about 2pm now. I'm WhatsApping a few of the girls on my international rotation, hassling them for new naked photos. It's Friday. Anyway…. I won't bore you with my day. The point is this…… I begin to ruminate on the nature of free time.

There is only one truly precious resource in life – your time.

Time is the only thing you can't get more of. It's the resource you trade for everything else. When you go to work you trade it for money. With hobbies you trade it for fun. With girls you trade it for sex and affection. It's your most precious resource and you'd better use it wisely. Don't give it away cheaply. Don't waste it. Don't let people steal it. So my mind wanders further and I do a quick calculation of my free time now compared to when I worked "in the matrix" in my banking job. So, let's compare:

Banking

- 07:45 – Wake up, shower, rush breakfast, get dressed, walk to work.
- 09:00 – Morning in the office, until the lunch break from 1pm till 2pm – half of that is walking to deli and

waiting in queue.

- 14:00 – Afternoon in the office, usually getting out at about 6pm.
- 18:00 – Walk home, pick up dry cleaning, unburden myself of work clothes, put on normal clothes, start cooking.
- 20:00 – Finally I'm rested and well fed. My free time begins.
- 00:00 – Bedtime.

Now

- ??:?? – Wake up when I damn well feel like it.
- ??:?? – An hour or so on my business, blog, and related mails and admin
- ??:?? – If I feel like working I'll do anywhere from one hour to ten hours work on a product or blogpost.

So I realised that while at work I only really had four hours of free time per weekday, or twenty hours a week. Now it's more like fifteen hours per day is free. I've quadrupled my weekday free time. Now, that's not to say I lie in a hammock and watch Family Guy all day but almost my entire waking life is a blank slate that I fill with the things I feel like doing and only those. Future project that over the rest of my life. Twenty hours a week vs fifteen hours a day. Let's say weekends are the same in both lifestyles.



Someone who wasted my time, yesterday.

If you consider, like I do, that the real business of living is doing the things you like in your free time then I've "extended my life" by four times.

I'm not saying the maths is perfect, but it's a thought isn't it. Unplugging doesn't just extend your life through better health and lower stress. You're pretty much extending it just by the incredible multiplier applied to your free time.

Product update

krauserpua · 20 December 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Righty-ho. I think I'm about a week away from completing **Daygame Overkill**. So far I've edited the entirety of part one, the theory seminar, and I've edited seven of the ten in-fields that comprise the second part. I've captioned the remaining three. So, this is what remains:

- Film a product welcome and introduction to the model.
- Film and edit in the analysis of the last three videos.



The future, yesterday

This won't take long. It'll be hosted by an online streaming service so it's viewable on laptops and smartphones. I'm trying to disable iPad compatibility because I don't want faggots watching it. I'll be offering a discount code on those of you who snap it up early and then increasing the price every two weeks until the only person who can afford it is the man who needs it most – Mark Suckerberg.



Jesus fucking Christ

Daygame Overkill – pre-order discount

krauserpua · 25 December 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Ho ho ho!

Wouldn't it be great if a top daygamer was to record his in-fields while in peak form, hitting on ten hot young girls in Croatia? These would be real interactions, a few of which resulted in **lewd sexual acts** a day or two later. Then imagine this ~~money-grabbing~~ generously-minded ~~capitalist~~ daygamer very patiently deconstructed those interactions so **you can see exactly what is happening**, and *why*. Let's say he included a wide range of interactions so you can see Yes, Maybe and No girls with an explanation of all the subtle cues for how to spot them and what to do about it.

Then let's say that same man delivered a two-hour theoretical presentation explaining why this new daygame is different to what you're doing. He tells you everything you need to make the leap from "nice guy daygamer who barely gets laid" to "bad boy daygamer that kills it". And he shows it all with live in-field examples.

As if that's not enough to make you cream your pants, imagine if the whole model was **simplified** so that it's **easy to learn**, and there are just a few principles you need to keep in mind while talking to girls. That would be pretty awesome, wouldn't it?



I'm not so generous as to give it away, but at this price it's a steal. Daygame Overkill is released on New Year's Eve. Perfect timing to provide a destination for your excess Christmas gift money and motivate you to stick to your New Year's resolution to get better with women. **Buy it on release for $199**.

However, in the spirit of goodwill to all ~~blog readers~~ men, I offered a pre-order discount of $25. That's now expired.

ORDER DAYGAME OVERKILL HERE.

This code was only for pre-orders and I removed the code before release, on a whim, so that only the early-birds benefited from it. Before crying over such unfairness, let's review just what you'll get for your $199 if you jump on it now:

1. A two hour theoretical presentation of r-selection daygame.
2. Ten live in-fields including detailed play-by-play analysis. That's over three hours of demonstration.
3. A half hour remedial introduction to the London Daygame Model including graphics of the latest tweaks.
4. All recorded in full HD, streamed onto your laptop or smartphone.

This is my best product yet. **335 minutes** of tightly-packed daygame awesomeness. Be excited. Be very excited.

UPDATE – Lulu are offering a 25% discount on books, expiring 31/12, using the AMA25 code

Daygame Overkill pre-order

krauserpua · 27 December 2014 · Archived copy · Original

My new video instructional program is available on the **Vimeo order page here.**



All of the Sigma Wolf books are also on a temporary 25% festive discount by using the code **AMA25** at the **Lulu order page here**.

Adventure Sex – How To Become A Professional Cad

krauserpua · 29 December 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've been reading up on football lately. By football, I mean the game where *your foot touches the ball*, not that weird faggot-rugby-for-blacks that the yanks play. For a long time I'd watched football shows such as Match Of The Day and Sky Sports before a sudden thought hit me – *"I've been watching this sport for thirty years and I barely understand what I'm seeing."* This was crystallised when watching a Newcastle match with my dad and enduring ninety minutes of him lying on the sofa, arms crossed, spouting unbelievably ignorant gobshite at the television. He's been watching football nearly sixty years and appears to have absorbed nothing. So, I'd better not turn out like that.

I realised that the live commentators tell you almost nothing – they talk like attention-seeking toddlers, just repeating verbally what is obvious to the eyes: "Ronaldo loses ball to Messi, Messi runs forwards, and is tackled." Well, thank you Captain Obvious.



In-field analysis, yesterday

So I cast around and got a shortlist of highly-regarded football theory books. I read Jonathan Wilson's excellent **Inverting The Pyramid**. After two weeks studying that I had a general awareness of why teams choose their tactical formations and play in certain ways. Now I'm reading Anderson & Sally's fascinating **The Numbers Game** which is like Moneyball but for a sport people actually care about outside of the US and Japan. I'm seeing football in a new way. For example, did you know:

- The total number of goals a team scores does *not* increase with the number of corners it wins. The average Premier League team in the 2010/11 season scores a goal from a corner once every ten games. That's why Guardiola's teams don't bother with them and play it short to keep possession.
- The winner of any given football match is only 50% determined by the quality of the team. The rest is luck. Comparing the success rates of pre-game favourites per the bookies, basketball and NFL have 68% of favourites win. In proper football it's only 52%.
- Goals per match are almost identical (2.6) in all four major leagues (Premier, Bundesliga, La Liga and Serie A) over the past ten years with an astonishing consistency. This is despite hugely different national ethos and formations.
- Darren Bent was the most valuable player in the Premier League in 2009/10 and 2010/11 when players are ranked according to how many points their goals won (i.e. scoring the equalising goal, or the goal that takes the lead in an eventual win). Yes, *Darren fucking Bent.*



“Really?”

Anyway, I digress. The reason I bring up football is that there is a really interesting chapter on Wigan Athletic and their then-manager Roberto Martinez. The book begins with some simple stats confirming that Wigan has the lowest revenue of any top-flight club – in a sport where the club wage bill correlates 92% to eventual league position – yet upon promotion in 2004/05 managed to remain in the Premier League for eight consecutive seasons and even won the FA Cup in 2013. Per the stats in The Numbers Game then Wigan stood a 95% chance of being relegated in the first five years. Yet they prospered. Why?

The book’s thesis is that Martinez had his team play “guerilla football” to maximise their strengths as a David playing Goliaths. To quote:

> “Martinez’s Wigan are not your typical club. In 2010/11, they created goals in extremely unusual ways. They relied much less on traditional open-play goals than most, and did not bother with anything that resembled a patient build-up. In half their games they failed to score from open play at all. When they did, they tended to come from what are known among analysts as “fast breaks” – lightning quick counter-attacks. And the rest of the goals came from free kicks. Their output in both these categories was exceptional. They scored twice as many goals on the break as the average side, and they scored almost four times as many goals from free kicks.”
>
> “Not only did they score from fast breaks and free kicks, but when we calculated the average distances from which Premier League clubs attempted shots that season, Wigan were the overall league leaders. This looked deliberate: their goals came from a longer distance than any of their peers. Martinez was thinking outside the box in the most literal fashion. Indeed, his team had the lowest number of goals scored from inside the penalty area of any side in the league – just twenty-eight, compared to Manchester United’s sixty-nine. He did not place any emphasis on corners – Wigan scored just one goal from a corner in the entire 2010/11 season – because it meant allowing his troops out of hiding and into open sight, leaving them vulnerable. He had his team lie in wait for their opponents and then punish them on the counter-attack. He employed sharpshooters to let fly from distance and snipers to hit free kicks.”

Fascinating.



+1, story to follow

When reading this my mind spun a little. Hmmmmm….. here is a manager who knows his team is outgunned on the normal criteria of the game. He doesn't have the size or revenue to buy success through normal channels. He knows most of the time he'll come up short, but he doesn't need to win every game, he just needs win enough to get a steady supply of points and stay at the top table. Every now and then, such as 2013, he gets some luck and outperforms the biggest clubs in a major competition. But to do this he needs to think outside the box, work hard, and work very intelligently at his own bespoke system. You might spend ninety minutes absorbing pressure from better teams but when that one counter-attack presents itself you can snatch victory. You can drill a series of well-rehearsed set-pieces on the training ground so that when you get that free kick on the edge of the penalty box your whole team is moving with expert synchronisation, every piece in place to outmaneuver the opposition.

Yes, that sounds very familiar.

Let's change some of the vocabulary. Imagine someone had realised he was out of his depth in the SMP according to normal criteria. He wasn't young, tall, muscular or good-looking and yet he wanted to bag the same trophies everyone else is competing for. If he went the same tried-and-tested route as everyone else – nightgame, Tinder, online – he'd barely score a point. So this someone thought outside the box and found a system to get by. It was unorthodox. It involved grinding it out and being alive to when those occasional Maybes and Yeses turned up. And once that chance presented itself, he was ruthless in converting it to a win.

Yeah, imagine getting by for five years or so like that. Sometimes winning the cup final.

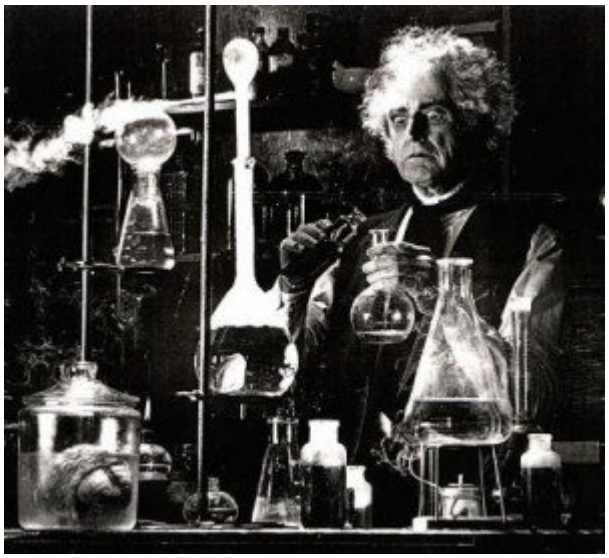
Daygame Overkill is available for $199 here. Daygame Mastery is available for $100 here.

My 2014 Daygame Stats

krauserpua · 3 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

As noted in my previous post, I've been reading The Numbers Game, a statistical deconstruction of football. It's been inspiring in its analysis, giving that sense of intellectual power that comes when you realise a vague, complex, artistic activity can be data-mined and understood by the intelligent application of a statistical mindset. Regular readers can imagine the direction my mind turned.

While I'd love to do a rigorous data collection exercise for the sport I love – adventure sex – I fear it's far beyond the scope of one man. The sports analytics community is hundreds strong with many full-time staff at sports clubs and tremendous technology. So, daygame will have to wait. However, in the spirit of Christmas let me offer you my 2014 stats. As with last year, only the lays are a 100% reliable number. Everything else involves a degree of estimation because I didn't keep records.



Working on my new book

Opens: I racked my memory to estimate how many days I went out each month and roughly how many sets I did per day then multiplied one by the other. I was dormant throughout Q1, barely opening. Q2 I hit it hard in Russia, Serbia and Czech Republic. Q3 was so-so, and Q4 I had a final roll of the dice when I wasn't crippled by toothache. This opens number is accurate to the nearest 100. I'd have liked to have opened more but all manner of things derailed me.
Numbers: I tend to get one phone number or social media add for every four girls I talk to. This hasn't changed from last year. I rarely bother asking if she doesn't seem keen. So this total is just ¼ of the Opens estimate
Dates: I tend to bang half the girls I get onto a first date, so this is just double the lays number with a few added on because of a bad run in Russia. In Russia I had a run of dates-to-nowhere in April, whereas in Prague in November I banged 4 of the 6 girls I dated (one of the LMR knockbacks was, and remains, a virgin so I don't feel too bad about that one).
Lays: This number is exact. I kept notes and it's memorable enough that I don't really need the notes.

- Opens: 480 (London 50, Russia 100, Serbia 150, Czech 100, Croatia 40, Hungary 40)
- Numbers: 120
- Dates: 50
- iDates: 15
- Lays: 23 new girls, 8 repeats from prior year

So that's one lay per 21 opens. It sounds about right. I always do better on the road and I was barely in London this

year. It represents an almost doubling of my efficiency from 2013, and the girls averaged about a half point hotter. So, improvement. Unlike 2013 (which was very consistent), my anecdotal feel for 2014 is that my results were volatile. Nineteen (82%) of my lays came within four of the months (April, May, July, November) when I was most active and least hindered by illness or outside interference.

- SDL: 1 (a virgin)
- SNL: 1
- Day 2 lay: 6
- Day 3/4 lay: 12
- Long Game lay: 3

Compared to last year that's a bit slower, I think mainly because I wasn't getting London tourists so I was dealing with more chaste girls and also my average trip length went up from two weeks to one month meaning I was no longer in a hurry to close. Nothing went beyond the third date (D4) except the Long Game. I was also doing "marking time" coffee second-dates of an hour which hit the numbers but don't really take much of my time. Let's consider the geographical distribution:

- Sex in same country we met: 22
- Sex in different country to open: 1

And for the Long Game:

- Sex where she came to London for me: 1
- Sex where I went back to her country: 2
- Sex where we both went to a neutral country: 0

Now lets get to the ages. I'm 39. The average age of girl I slept with was 23, making a 16-year average age difference. More stats:

- Youngest: 19
- Oldest: 30
- Number of girls under 23: 13
- Number of girls over 23: 10

I fucked six 20yr olds and three 19yr olds, which is very pleasing. Let's consider nationalities (not ethnicity). I'd say the Slavs and Balkans were the hottest as usual, averaging 8s. Overall I think eleven of the girls were legit 8s (I feel some pride having them on my arm), three were 6s (not too proud of myself) and the rest were 7s. I'm very strict on what I call a 9 (gobsmacking beauty that turns heads everywhere) there were only two girls who might be called a nine but I think they didn't quite make the cut. I had a few nines on dates.

- Slavic: 12
- Balkan: 8
- Western Europe: 2
- Anglosphere: 0
- Latino: 1

The nationality is heavily skewed by my choice of holiday destinations. The furthest West I visited was Czech Republic. I never left Europe and missed the opportunity to pick up the more diverse London crowd. Now lets consider the self-reported chastity of the girls involved. I interviewed most of the girls after sex to find out all manner of things, such as when they decided to fuck and how many men they'd had before me. Bear in mind these are self-reported numbers and girls aren't entirely truthful (to put it mildly). I think I got more truth than a k-

selected guy but I'd take these following numbers with a pinch of salt.

- Virgin: 3
- 1 or 2 men before me: 5
- 3 to 10 men: 4
- 10+ men: 1
- Didn't ask / didn't tell: 10

Just over half the girls gave me an answer, the others I didn't ask (except for one I asked and she didn't tell me). The virgins I am certain of because I felt the hymen break and saw the blood. I suspect two of the "didn't ask" were over ten based on how comfortable they were with the seduction and sex. The rest I put under ten based on same criteria. But you never really know. I've also racked my brain for near misses. I only count them as a near miss if the girl was totally up for it, had her hand on my dick, I'd had my hand on her pussy, and she's either agreed to come to my place or we'd been in a sex location. It's a bit of a muddy definition but every single one of these girls I was certain I was going to fuck and then it fell apart at the last minute:

- Near misses: 7
- Failure due to LMR at sex location: 5
- Failure due to unexpected outside forces: 2 (both virgins)
- Failure due to logistical errors: 0

So in summary, I had to do approximately twenty opens to bang one low-eight who was sixteen years younger than me. I'm pretty happy with that. That's basically two day's graft for a new girl and not many dates-to-nowhere. I also had greater retention of girls from prior years still wanting the Krauser D. Importantly, my results continued to improve on almost every index. I'm not sure how I'll manage to outperform that through 2015 but generally if I turn my mind to something, I figure it out. I'm inclined to go for higher quality, less work, and less notches this year.

The euro-jaunt rucksack

krauserpua · 9 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've just left the chilly climes of Northern England to get a bit of winter sun on the south coast of Spain. Perhaps that's a good time to talk about some of my tips for the regular euro-traveller who wants to squeeze in a few extra creature comforts.

Daygame Overkill review

krauserpua · 12 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I'm pleased to announce that ~~regular blog readers~~ fine upstanding impartial judges **Jraw** and **Hersh** have written ~~hugely positive~~ scrupulously objective reviews of my new video product **Daygame Overkill**. Rather than leave them buried in the comments section I post them here so you can all ~~be reminded to buy the product~~ enjoy their fine wordsmithery. These are unedited copy/pastes of their comments. First off, **Jraw**:

> Daygame Overkill very strongly compliments Daygame Mastery. Daygame Mastery is like the textbook, Daygame Overkill is the university seminar course. You can get by with one or the other, but your shortening yourself to achieve excellence in daygame GPA.
>
> Purchasing both products is pricey, but it definitely speeds up your daygame development/journey. I say that because, although I understand Nic on an intellectual level which was why I was attracted to his blog in the first place, there weren't any infields to demonstrate his Mastery model. I was left to my own imagination to figure out certain steps of the model. The infields are phenomenal. I say that because each and every infield video, I recognize myself in that situation before and have experienced each and every response given before. Epiphanies all around reflecting back on similar sets. Thats when you know he's the real deal. I've repeatedly this in my review of Balls Deep, and its true.
>
> In each infield, Nic breaks down in detailed analysis – step by step – how he runs the London DayGame model that is completely r-selected in nature. four videos of theory/background, and twelve infields. Worth every cent in my opinion.
>
> As Nic has asserted in the past, his products aren't targeted for the beginners demographic, but you can still gain tremendous value from it. For instance, I started my own daygame journey last year as a complete beginner and I bought Mastery because all I needed was a framework/structure to operate from. Or my sets would just be cold approaching for self-amusement and flirting with no lay awaiting me at the end. With general approach anxiety aside, I don't have a problem getting into conversations with woman. I just needed a framework. As Nic says, with structure comes freedom.
>
> Nothing is ever perfect. Feedback for improvements:
> – In a perfect world, would've been nice if you recorded all the infields in a HD device. Although you've addressed this yourself.
> – The last few infields when you were providing your analysis, Too much background noise. You were in some coffee shop and its irritating having to turn up my volume just to be able to hear you break down the set.
>
> Nic's daygame products are phenomenal guys. He teaches those who are willing to go through the journey how to be a r-selected bad boy in daygame. Daygame.com guys are great because they give the average man hope and I'm certain there are men out there who have benefited from their bootcamps. However, personal opinion, I find that the way they teach daygame is commercialized and too love dovely nice guy daygame material. Nic may be diplomatic and not say much, but its obvious that Andy Yosha is taking the reigns of Daygame.com and producing his insights/products and showing himself doing infields because of the departure of Tom Torero. If it wasn't for a personal friend gaining value from a Yad session and Nic edificing how Yad helped with his inner game, I have a extremely tough time believing Yad is a good daygamer. His appearance and mannerisms defies my mind of what an alpha male or being masculine is. woman's man as opposed to being a man's man I suppose.
>
> Don't see any other PUA in the community providing such honest and vulnerable feedback on the daygame journey and how to start it as Nic has.
>
> Nic says in his FAQ: "There's a fine line between respecting a mentor and worshipping a guru. By all means learn from my successes and failures but don't kid yourself that I have all the answers." And he's right. Nic

> says himself, daygame will get you laid but won't give you the path to true happiness.
>
> Life is short. Time is valuable. Been reading your blog since 2010 NIc, you've given more than enough free value away. Which is why I'm willing to fork over my hard earned cash for your products.

Thank you sir. I'm sure we'll all agree that was a pleasure to read. Now lets move on to that other man of letters Hersh:

> Before the conspiracy theorists start…. yes… this is my first post and it's a review…. but after thanking Nick for making such a great product on his own blog's comments, he asked me to post a review, which I'm more than happy to do.
>
> I have no vested interest, I don't know Nick and have only met him once, briefly at his last book launch, but have avidly read his blog since around 2010, when his early videos were the basis of my initial day game approaches….
>
> So… to "Day game Overkill"… I found this to be the best thing I have come across in a long, long time…. As one of the commentators above states, I also watched 'geek gets girl' and you get the impression Yosha doesn't really know what he's doing, he knows his own model in theory, but doesn't have the instinct, intuition or intelligence to really excel at day game, and his "analysis" is more like a commentary on what we've just seen, as opposed to any real 'insight', or anything new.
>
> By contrast, Nick has a new angle to the standard London day game method, based around actually getting a girl into bed, as opposed to nice chats and numbers that go nowhere, he breaks all the theory down in fascinating detail during the introduction, and then shows how he puts the theory into practice infield, stopping and starting each video to explain what just happened, and where it relates to the theories previously explained. It's all based around the female desire for the lover or bad boy verses her mating strategy for the boyfriend or nice guy, and how this came about over time and also in nature.
>
> Going back to the infields themselves… he shows step by step his new method in practice, breaking the videos down and explaining the "science" of what he just did and why, as we see how the girl reacts.
>
> There were many aspects of his style that I recognised in myself, but various tweaks, though small, which I'm sure will have a big impact. But regardless of where you are personally or your own style, I'm sure there is much for anyone to learn and use that will help them.
> If you've done a lot of day game, you will recognise the various different girl archetypes he stops , and we see how he expertly handles them…. I certainly recognised types of response I've received but misread or opportunities I squandered in the past that had I have watched this product, I would have had a better understanding of and what to do.
>
> The overall presentation is excellent and Nick clearly spent a lot of time, and late, late sleepless nights getting it spot on and creating something he could be proud of.
>
> Another thing I loved is there was nothing I would consider fluff, filler or "my story , from zero to hero" – it was all content and value, and that Nick talks to the audience assuming we know what he knows and do not need basic gamer principles or reference points re-explaining, thus not wasting time.
>
> As you will see… his day game really is like a conductor controlling the girls emotional reactions to him…. creating a concerto of 'attraction' and 'sexual interest'
>
> I would say it's an 'advanced' product…. as if you're not already familiar with day game principles and classic game concepts it might be a few steps ahead for you (not that you won't benefit from it in some way) …. but if you are already day gaming, or if your good at night game and want to transition… you will get a lot out of this and it's well worth the investment.

Thank you too. Much appreciated. I'm openly soliciting feedback on my products. I believe they live up to the hype

and that there's a lot of satisfied customers out there. If so, please share your experience so that the fence-sitters get the nudge they need to ~~give me their money~~ begin supercharging their results with girls. Please post further feedback in the comments below.

NOTE: Daygame Overkill is moving host. All existing customers will get an email advising how to transition their account for free. New customers should now go here:

EDIT: For what it's worth, I think Andy is pretty good at daygame. He teaches it differently to how I do, but he uses it to get some pretty girls.

Daygame Overkill has moved

krauserpua · 13 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

On the day that **Daygame Overkill** was released I got an email from Vimeo to inform me that it had been unpublished (i.e. removed). They gave me the reason as, simply, "PUA". So I wrote them an email contesting it because *I hadn't actually breached any of their guidelines*. After a short email exchange with the moderation team they determined that it was a "close call" and their guidelines would now be updated to specifically include "PUA" as a theme that is unwelcome on their platform. Okay, that's their choice. The moderation team were actually quite polite and responsive and we agreed a grace period where Overkill would remain live and taking orders until I set up a new platform. They have also agreed to aid the transition by giving all existing customers instructions on *how to contact me to transfer their login from Vimeo to the new platform Kajabi*.

That transition begins today. Vimeo have unpublished Overkill. **Existing customers can continue to watch it by logging into Vimeo and browsing to their Library**. Follow the instructions in the notification mail and – importantly – keep your proof of purchase. The daygameoverkill.com domain now directs to the Kajabi platform login page.

New customers can no longer purchase Overkill from Vimeo. Instead, you can buy from Kajabi using this sales page. It's the same price and same content except for two things:

1. The Kajabi videos are not full HD. They are 720p rather than the 1080p on Vimeo.
2. As a sweetener, I've added a new "Directors Cut" section that has the full unedited versions of all ten infields. This extra content will help those of you who have absorbed all my analysis and now just want to zone in on the infields and draw their own additional conclusions about what's happening.

My apologies for the fanny-on. It's just an occupational risk when you swallow the red pill and teach men how to improve their sex lives. The whole of the blue pill world is hostile.

Daygame Diagnostic

krauserpua · 18 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A key skill for any would-be daygame slayer is the capacity to learn from experience and make changes. Usually these will be small tweaks, and occasionally there are major shifts in direction. Useful symbolism here is to compare yourself to:

1. An engineer tweaking his F1 car to shave fractions of a second off the lap time.
2. Sherlock Holmes arriving at a crime scene and assessing the jumble of evidence, much of it hidden until you specifically look for it, in order to build a picture of what happened.

Never forget that as daygamers we are engaged in a diagnostic exercise: there is a messy jumbled world out there and contained within it is what we want – adventure sex with hot girls. However like Sherlock Holmes arriving on the scene, it's not until he forms an expectation of a certain cigar ash in the corner of the room (which can be compared to his vast library of analysis on the world's different cigars and where they are bought), it's your job to direct your mind towards the relevant evidence and then to make sense of what you collect.



an original in-field

It's one of the reasons daygame is so addictive. You are engaging your mind on so many levels, from those transient micro-signals that flit between you and the girl on the street on up to those macro-signals you notice about your long term vibe or skills. So, with that in mind let's consider one useful diagnostic tool I learned from Tony T back in 2011.

Chart of Lost Girls

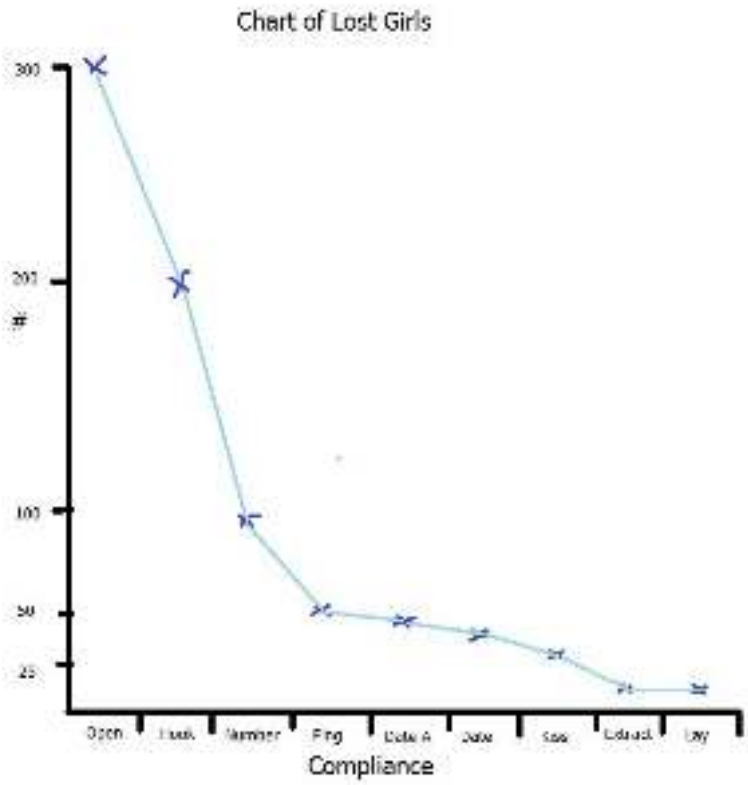
Grab some paper and draw a simple line graph. Label your vertical axis "hooked" and the horizontal axis "compliance point". You are now going to estimate your results with girls and plot them along the graph as follows:

1. Trawl your memory (or excel spreadsheet if you have one) for the total number of opens you've done for the period under review. I'd recommend you don't use periods longer than six months. Try to choose a timescale that represents a plateau, where you feel like you've had stable results (for good or ill) during that period.
2. The total number of girls you opened in that period is the upper limit of the vertical axis. If you opened 300

girls in that period, mark “300” at the very end of the vertical axis. That’s the total population of the cases under review.

3. Mark lines along the horizontal axis to break it into sections as follows, from left to right: **Open, Hook Point, Number, Ping Text, Date Acceptance, Date, Kiss, Extraction, Lay.** These represent the key moments of compliance which indicate the girl is still interested in moving forwards with you. Advanced ~~perverts~~ players may add a final category of Anal Virginity.
4. Now comes the difficult part. Go through those 300 (or however many) sets you did and plot on the graph the last compliance point you received from each girl. So lets say you fucked four girls – you’ll put a cross at the point where “lay” on the horizontal axis crosses “four” on the vertical axis. If you opened 300 girls but only reached hook point with fifty then your left-most cross will be 300 (above open) and the second-to-left-most (above hook point) will be fifty.
5. Clearly you’ll have to estimate some of the numbers. Try your best even if it takes half and hour to sift through your memories.

Finished?



Here’s one I made earlier

Right, the first thing you’ll notice is that it’s a downward sloping graph because daygame is a linear process where the pool of girls is gradually whittled down until some find their way into your bed. The purpose of this chart is simple:

Where are you losing most of the girls?

This chart will identify your strengths and weaknesses, giving you a signal for where you need to focus your next plateau-busting efforts. Like everything in game, you can’t blindly follow statistics. For example, you might hook most of the girls you open – which most people would think is a sign of strength – but that could mean either:

- You’ve got a really strong open and mythology (a good thing)
- You open girls way below your potential quality ceiling (a bad thing)
- You hide your sexual intent (a bad thing)

So now that the evidence is in front of you, organised in a useful format, start trying to find reasons for the statistical pattern. You'll see many of my stats on the 2013 and 2014 summary posts. You can also make this a time-series to see where you are improving from period to period.

Daygame Overkill Transition – Existing Customers

krauserpua · 20 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Vimeo has removed all videos now, therefore I have to manually create new accounts on the new platform earlier than expected. I'm sure there's a life lesson in that somewhere. So, this is how existing customers of Daygame Overkill can get their free login to the new platform. Follow these instructions carefully:

1. Send me an email at nickkrauser1 [at] gmail [dot] com

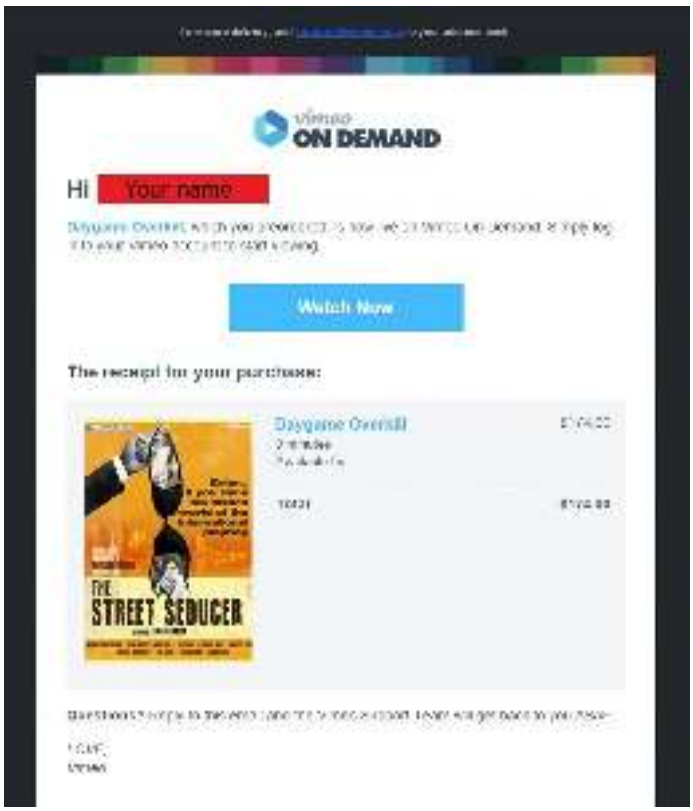
2. Use "Overkill Transition" as the subject title

3. Include in that mail a copy of your Vimeo proof of purchase, including your unique identifier (transaction ID, email etc).

It's absolutely vital you include the proof of purchase because I fully expect a few little shits to try to use this as a chance to scam a free copy. Follow those three steps and I'll manually create an account from you and you'll get an auto-generated email containing your new login name and password to use at http://www.daygameoverkill.com/login

UPDATE #1

This is what I mean by proof of purchase. If you pre-ordered Overkill you will have received this email confirmation on either the 30th or 31st of December. If you bought it after that date, you will have received it instantaneously. Check your email folder on that date.



UPDATE #2

Do not send me the "confirmation of pre-order" mail or exchanges with Vimeo staff that do not provide evidence of payment. A number of people tried to pre-order and then a problem (with either Vimeo or their credit card provider) meant they were not charged and therefore haven't paid. If this describes you, don't worry, you can proceed directly to the new Kajabi sales page here and buy it now without needing to go through this whole transition process.

The reason I'm strict is that, obviously, I'm not going to give away my products for free. Lots of snivelling little shits try it on with me and without proof of purchase I can't distinguish between honest serious daygamers (i.e. you, I hope) and pathetic sluthate cheapskates. I'm sure you don't give stuff away based on some anonymous dude on the internet giving you a pinky-promise that he really did pay for it. Help me out and distinguish yourself from them by simply forwarding the proof of purchase.

UPDATE #3

So far I've transitioned 1/3 of the Vimeo customers. At the time of writing – 11am GMT on 21st Jan – I've cleared my inbox and created logins for everyone who followed the above instructions. If you haven't had a reply from me then something went wrong so contact me again. If you did get your welcome email / login details then you're good to go.

Be Exceptional

krauserpua · 21 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

It's been cold down on the south coast of Spain these past two days. Bleak grey skies, howling wind, and rain lashing against the pavement as I sit inside a beach-front cafe watching the world go by. Yes, I'm sure your heart bleeds for me. I was sitting there sipping coffee, enjoying a rare break from my 24/7 "immersion experience" in the real-life Steve Jabba Show (ahem), when I began a reverie. Introverts like myself really need some time each day to just stare off into the distance and let thoughts turn over and organise themselves. This time my mind turned towards one question:

What do all effective seducers have in common?

I don't mean the guy in your group of mates who does better than everybody else with girls. I mean a **real live seducer** who does well by objective standards. Twenty-plus girls a year of good quality, or single digits of exceptional quality. Is there a common characteristic. I think there is.

*They are all exceptional at **something**.*

None of these men are mediocre in mind, body and spirit. Each man will have a different cocktail of attributes so that a weakness in one area is compensated by a strength in others. Just to rattle off an anonymous analysis of some effective seducers I have met (and don't necessarily like, but I recognise their abilities) and the key area each is exceptional in. Each bullet point describes a different man:

- Ripped and jacked physique
- Entertaining and impressive verbal dexterity
- Tall, dark and handsome
- Looks like a heart-throb celebrity e.g. Ben Affleck or Benecio Del Toro (an acquired taste, but it works for him)
- Unflappable demeanour in all situations
- Socialite with extremely high levels of social savvy and social engineering
- Very rich
- Genius level IQ backed by wide-reading in arts, philosophy and science
- Psychopathic manipulator with no sense of shame
- Adrenalin junkie with thrill-seeking reckless disregard for his own life
- Adventurous traveller with a million funny stories and a gregarious nature

What you'll notice from that list is that every single guy has something about him is is *waaaaaay* to the right-hand side of the bell curve in **something**. They are exceptional men. Some of them are exceptionally lucky, some of them exceptional cunts. But exceptional nonetheless. Respect the hustle. Here is a portrait of a man who is never an effective seducer:

Works in a mid-level cubicle job from 9 to 5, goes home to watch TV, has a few pints on Friday night, then watches the football on the weekend.

Most of you will now be racking your brains for just what it is you're exceptional at. Does Call Of Duty multiplayer count? No, sorry. In my case, although my body, face, family background, schooling and social class were all handed to me in a box marked "mediocre" I did get lucky in one key element – an exceptional brain. If you're one of the multitude of men who weren't born exceptional and life chances didn't encourage you further, take solace that there is always one thing you **can** become exceptional at:

discipline

If you're willing to commit yourself to it, you can become exceptional through sheer work-rate. You can become

one of those men who methodically and relentlessly studies the method, grinds it out on the streets, and constantly re-evaluates himself week-to-week until through sheer determination he can rewire himself into an effective seducer. There's a few people on the London scene who did exactly that and are now reaping the benefits of sexual abundance. So, if you are not exceptional *now* it's a good time to design your "become exceptional plan." Make 2015 your year. I'll leave you with two Sherlock Holmes quotes that I read as a teenager and have stayed with me since:

My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence.
Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself, but talent instantly recognizes genius.

Pestering girls for naked selfies

krauserpua · 23 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original



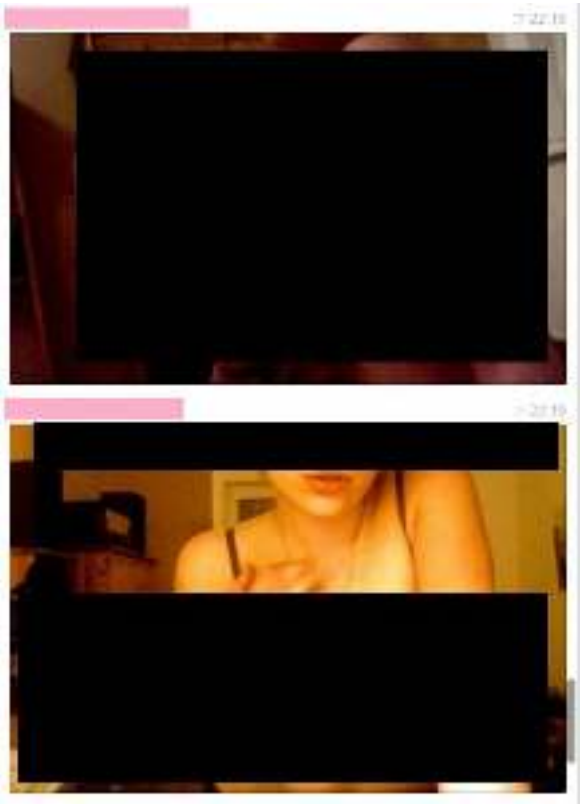














Filming in London on 6th February – casting call

krauserpua · 27 January 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Chaps,

I'm looking for guys who would like to attend my next seminar. It's a small affair, with a tightly limited number of spaces. Ideally, I'll fill the room with guys who are:

1. Aged between 18 and 23.

2. Relative beginners. Somewhere between 10 and 500 sets.

3. Able to attend daytime on Friday.

4. Willing to do some sets on the infield section around Covent Garden.

5. Willing to be interviewed by a TV production company who are making a documentary about one of the students.

None of those five requirements are set in stone but I will give preferential treatment to people who meet them, and it won't take long for the ten seats to fill. Contact me at nickkrauser1 [at] gmail [dot] com This is all happening fast.

UPDATE: A few people misunderstood the "casting call" term. I am looking for **attendees to sit in the audience**. I'm *not* looking for additional public speakers.

It's all about avoidance

krauserpua · 14 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've been reading a few internet forums and blog comments sections of late and my Innate Pattern Recognition System (IPRS, a.k.a. human brain) has noticed a rather obvious underlying message to some of the odder comments. At the surface level there seem to be a number of ostensibly different set of concerns raised and advice given. For example:

- Technique-based game is quite superficial relative to the deeper mindsets stuff.
- The PUA frame of reference is toxic, a "manipulate fear-based protocol" and really you need to move "beyond game"
- The player's lifestyle is shallow and mind-numbing. Far better to find a Quality Girl to enjoy a meaningful relationship with.
- Chasing women is just a distraction from other more manly pursuits, such as making money or mastering a craft.
- When you dedicate yourself to picking up women you are becoming the ultimate pedastaliser because you devote your entire being to pleasing women.
- Tinder is the way forward. Just perfect your photo and learn the hacks.

I won't bother engaging any of these positions with logic and evidence. It doesn't really matter what their relative merits are. They could all be true or all be false and it wouldn't matter. What I want to bring out is the fundamental behavioural advice they all agree on: ***Don't cold approach.***



Full of shit, yesterday*

And that's the point. We are frollicking along the giddy heights of advanced meta-weaseling with these avoidance gems. As the functional sociologists figured way back in the 1950s, an easy heuristic to apply to any closed system is that everybody is getting something out of it. Whether this is a postive interaction (e.g. personal trainer gets paid, client gets a good workout) or a negative interaction (e.g. alcoholic gets attention, long-suffering wife gets to play martyr), all parties in the interaction get a payoff. This is explored in fascinating detail by Eric Berne in The Games People Play.

So let's apply it to what I will collectively term the **BeyondGameosphere**.

Everyone feels approach anxiety. As I discuss in **Daygame Mastery**, AA is really how a lack of self-acceptance manifests itself in a desire to avoid real world feedback on your true value. Tom put up a video calling it Assessment Anxiety and I mostly agree with that. If you knew every girl you approach was going to like you (sex or no sex) *you wouldn't feel AA*. It's not really the approaching that worries you rather than the risk the girl might not accept you. Her acceptance is a proxy for your own self-acceptance. AA is real and releases itself into your body and mind the same way fear does. While writing on self defense, Geoff Thompson classified different types of fear according to the relationship between the action (a threat) and the timing of it's build-up and aftermath. Have a look at this list (Adrenal Map) and tell me it doesn't describe AA equally well. Some examples:

- Pre Post-Fight Fear = the fear of consequences after a fight. This would be your future projection of how bad you think you'll feel after a day getting blown out.
- Think-Fight Fear = anticipation of confrontation. This is routine AA, a heightened anxiety as you think about approaching.
- Pre-Fight Fear = the fast adrenalin dump of immediate and unanticipated confrontation. This would be a day you don't plan to approach and suddenly see a hottie that gets your spider sense going and you know you ought to approach.
- Double-Tap Fear = having celebrated closure too quickly, to have confrontation suddenly re-open (think of the horror movie where "dead" killer suddenly gets up again). This is when the set has been going great and you've calmed down into a steady state but then she does something to suggest you aren't as far along as you thought.
- In-Post-Fight Fear = bottling out in the middle of a confrontation when you suddenly begin thinking of the consequences. The set is going well but you start the negative self-talk along the lines of "no way can this be happening! she's so hot! don't fuck it up!"

Adrenalin is a physical syndrome that requires a physical release. When people get Bad Feels, they find a coping strategy. Such strategies are not created equally. Some will address the cause while others merely medicate the symptoms and go no further towards improving your objective reality. The most effective AA strategy is to cold approach: deal with the fear and take right action, until you are meeting and sexing the girls you really want. But that's also the toughest. It requires mental strength and long-term disciplined action. So there's a whole army of snake-oil sellers offering to *install* advanced inner game without going to trouble of encountering Bad Feels.



Cutting edge game

The reason the BeyondGameosphere is so resilient is because everyone is bullshitting each other to anaesthetise the Bad Feels away with a heavy dose of Happy Feelz valium. The instructors provide rationalisations to do everything but cold approach: inner game, warm approach, social circle, gym, move country etc. Their superfans maintain their own position of pseudo-importance on the forums/blogs by telling numerous unlikely stories of how they've implemented their No Approach ideology and are now *so much happier* than when they were meeting dozens of pretty young women through cold approach. And the beginners get sucked in, thinking it's possible to get good with women without doing the actual hard work.

It's one massive circle jerk of bullshitters and scammers.

Fortunately for us, there's a really easy heuristic to separate out the real men of game and the numerous bullshit artists trying to scam you into co-signing their avoidance bullshit. Ignore the rationales they offer and just deduce the natural behavioural advice they offer:

Does it require you to cold approach in order to have more success with women?

No? Then they are full of shit. To declare yourself "beyond game" is a classic lower-intermediate tell, signifying you've done enough cold approach to begin being worn down by it, but haven't yet built yourself up to deal with it. There's a whole community of crabs and barrel-hosts waiting to hold you in place.



Advanced Inner Game Paradigm

** But in his defense, he does seem to advocate some approaching. His snake oil is more like a resource for other people who wish to avoid approaching*

Balls Deep – Free book serialisation

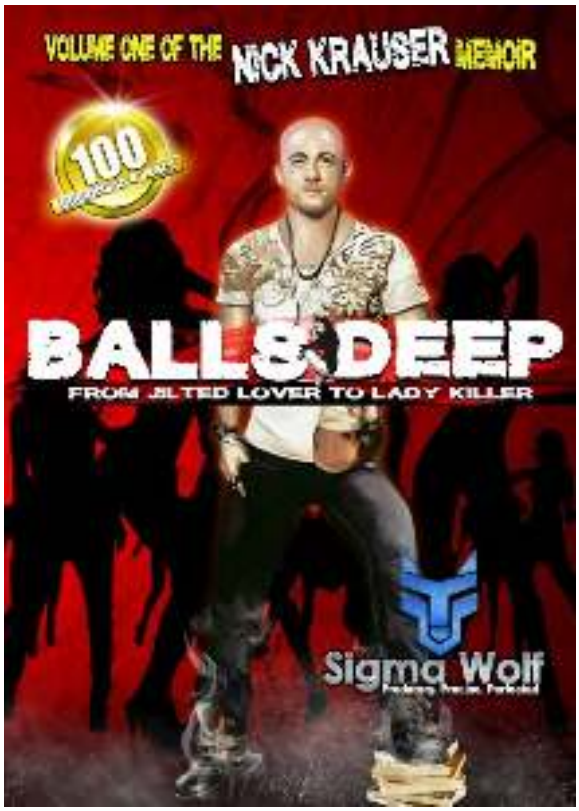
krauserpua · 15 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This blog has been neglected for the past six months or so. I'm sure you noticed. While I've kept telling myself "just finish the next product, then you can get back to the blog" what's actually happened is as one product is wrapped I immediately start another.

I'll admit it, I enjoy writing when I know I'll get paid.

That said, I don't want to be one of those buffoons who resents giving away any sliver of value that could possibly be monetised. While I'm 100% capitalist, I still know the value of helping your fellow man. It's quite possible to give away some value while making a living off selling other value. It's not healthy to shackle myself by second-guessing whether I'm "giving too much away" or it's opposite extreme. So my issue is how to balance regular content on this blog, which I've always enjoyed writing, with maintaining a profitable business. Recently I've erred too far to the latter.

So, I hit on a good plan. In addition to the normal flow of think-pieces and commentary, **I'm going to serialise volume one of my memoir here**. For free.



Try to contain your excitement

Starting next week, I'll publish two posts per week of approximately 1,000 words each, starting from the beginning of the book. Those of you who can't wait for the next installment can just go right ahead and buy the full thing. Those of you who prefer free content can just wait for the next section. If it's good enough for Alexandre Dumas, it's good enough for me! I'll be leaving the comment section open on each installment and encourage readers to give feedback on both the story and the presentation of it. Future volumes are in progress so it'll help me make some editorial decisions.

First installment arrives tomorrow.

Balls Deep: Introduction

krauserpua · 16 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original



Ever since I was little I dreamed of becoming a professional seducer….

Chronological Note

Half of the book's chapters focus upon one particular girl per chapter, telling her story in full. These are organised according to the order in which I first had sex with them, regardless of when we first met. The additional non-sex chapters are slotted in approximate chronological order between those. However, every story overlaps and covers time periods of varying length. For example I met and laid Rakiya within two days over the New Year ringing in 2010 (and never saw her again) whereas the Dovile story covers two years from meeting in September 2010, to sex in January 2011 (determining her chapter's placement), to finally ending the dating in mid-2013. That's the best way I could impose a narrative structure upon a fundamentally messy reality. This volume begins in January 2009 and effectively ends in March 2011 when I finally laid Zaria, with some girl's stories continuing on longer where necessary to close the loop.

Introduction

It's difficult to write a memoir about fucking a lot of women without coming across as an insufferable show-off. By definition, I'm a man who succeeded and chances are you're holding this book because you want to know how I did it. Yes, in four years I had sex with one hundred new women. Most of them were hot and their average age was early twenties (I was thirty-four when I first got laid on this journey).

What I achieved was rare, but not special.

Each and every man carries within his DNA the burden of responsibility to pass it on to the next generation. Every single one of us is the current version of a DNA code honed through a million years evolution to be a winner.

Yes, that's right. Every single man reading this book is the latest in a long line of winners.

Of course, so are each of the other 2.99 billion men on the planet, so let's not think of ourselves as special snowflakes just yet! At each generation we are embroiled in a Darwinist fight for survival and replication and… it's a dirty low-down fight. While Disney tries its best to put a clean romantic gloss onto the fight, the reality is often squalid, dishonest, and shocking. Just pick up a women's gossip magazine and read the relationship pages.

Like most men, I preferred to believe the Disney version. While I was no hopeless romantic I truly believed in the white-picket-fence respectability of the suburban family. It's how I grew up—my parents still married as I write these words, an older brother, a steady job. It was what was expected of me, and I was happy to fulfil the role. So I worked hard at school, even harder at work, and by age thirty-one I was happily married to a sweet Japanese girl one year younger than me.

That was how I planned to acquit myself of my DNA's burden of responsibility. And then things went wrong. The marriage turned sour, my wife left me, and I lost all interest in my job. It was a bad time. Not just the shock and heartbreak but also the shame of it—I was the only person in the history of my family to have gotten divorced. It stung.

For three months I moped around. I couldn't sleep, couldn't eat, and had no joy for life. At work I was like an imposter in my own body. Approaching my thirty-fourth birthday I was single and—worse yet— completely lost. I had no idea how to find a new girlfriend. The rest of my life stretched out ahead of me like a sexually-barren landscape.

On my birthday I decided to treat myself and fucked an escort. She was twenty-four years old, from Hungary, and pretty damn hot. I calculated how many times a month I could afford the £150 in-call cost of an escort and checked the websites to see if they were hot enough for me. I seriously budgeted it. It was the only way I knew to get sex with women I found sexually attractive.

Ugh! I shiver at the thought now.

It was at this low ebb that I heard about the Seduction Community, a world-wide group of men (connected through Internet forums) who claimed to have learned the secret code to picking up women and having sex with them. I believed their bullshit and gave it a go. Incredibly, it worked. Most men fail, but I actually succeeded.

I'd found a new path. By the end of it I'd learned far more about women and about myself than I ever dreamed possible. All of my preconceptions would be smashed and my entire world-view rebuilt from the ground up. As you sit reading these words it probably sounds far-fetched, so let me ease you into the journey. Right now almost everything you think you know is wrong. One reason I wrote this book is to show, through examples, how I stumbled upon my version of the truth.

This book is mostly about the women in my life. I find writing it that way takes the edge off my narcissism. As the story progresses you'll see me develop from a sexless hopeless fool who couldn't even get a kiss for six months into a man who was having sex with nineteen-yearold students in pub restrooms in the middle of the day an hour after meeting them. As I sit writing this introduction, just two hours ago, I "notched" (had sex for the first time with) a nineteen-year-old fashion model from Serbia on our second date.

And it was fucking awesome.

So, inevitably I'll come across as an insufferable braggart. I apologise for that. There's no other way to write about fucking a hundred hot young women. But I've also tried to share the darker sides of the story. This journey has been an emotional rollercoaster where I was probably unhappy far more than I was happy. I'll relate to you the anxiety, selfdoubt, and sense of isolation I felt for months on end as I knuckled down and tried to get good at seducing women. I'll write about my failures—there were a lot of them.

This is the first volume. It tells approximately twenty-five percent of my story. I'll share my experience of beginning the most difficult journey of my life and by the end of this volume reaching a stage that most men have long since given up on. Many of my readers will be dipping their toes in these waters for the first time, wondering if they too could become a professional seducer. I'll do my best to guide them through those tough early stages where most of the feedback is failure and the path is littered with landmines and wild goose chases.

And if people enjoy reading it I'll write the next twenty-five percent. So I hope you enjoy reading my story. I certainly enjoyed living it.

Nick Krauser Belgrade, June 2014

Next installment (Chapter One part one) in three days

Balls Deep full book available in PDF here for £10 and paperback here for £20



The first Rock Solid Game holiday, to Malaga in November 2009. That's me almost walking into the lampost

Hollowing out

krauserpua · 18 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

If I was to pick my lowest point of 2014, it would have to be my flight home from Prague on November 6th. The previous day I'd rotated four girls through my bed, all of them solid 8s, the oldest 26 years old. I'd fucked three and the fourth was (and remains) a 19 yr old virgin. I'd fingered her a bit while she gave me a timid blowjob (the first of her life).

This was a holiday where I closed four girls in the last six days. It was clearly the highlight of my entire Game career. The best I've ever done per the **younger-hotter-tighter** scale. Yet as I boarded the Jet2 flight home to Newcastle, the filming of Daygame Overkill just two days away, I was feeling low. Dejected, even. Why was such a high followed by such a crushing low?



A low point, yesterday

A passing comment from Steve a year earlier came to mind, "Nick, fucking birds isn't all that. Once you've shot your bolt you're still the same man you always were. Shagging birds doesn't solve anything."

I was feeling this on a deep level. It's pretty hard to conceive of a better send-off to the 2014 Euro-Jaunt season than to parade a string of hot young things through my bed on the last day in Prague. It's one of those improbable scenarios that can only happen after years of patient work and then jumping on statistical rarerities when they pop up. So, if that's as good as it gets and yet next day I'm still the same man with the same concerns…… oh well.

Game is a necessary but insufficient condition for a happy life

Moving away from the deeply introspective level, away from high-falutin' concerns over contentedness and peace of mind, there's also a cyclical aspect to the ups and downs of a player's life. Sexual desire is a strongly motivating force that gives a man a sense of purpose – get laid. All that time you are chasing tail you have your eyes fixed on the prize and a clear sense of where you want to be. Once you've actually won, that goal evaporates. Typically a new goal immediately presents itself – the next girl. But knock over a bunch of girls in a short time span and that next target doesn't appear.



Wasteful

You've shagged yourself out. All that energising testosterone has been squirted across a succession of firm breasts and into hungry young mouths. The tanks have run dry and listlessness follows. That's how I felt boarding the plane. Half a pint of my DNA was currently being digested in the four corners of Prague while I was a shambling drained wreck waiting at the departures gate cursing my PSVita as it ran out of battery. I just wanted to lie down by a log fire and sip a cup of hot chocolate.

That's just a short-term cycle driven by hormones. There's also a medium-term cycle that I call Cycles of Immersion in Daygame Mastery. Players need an off-season to avoid the dreaded ***Hollowing Out***.



Bear with me on a digression into **Dark Souls 2**. I love video games more than the Game itself. My favourite games of recent years are the Japanese cult hit Souls series. You play a solo adventurer thrust into a hostile demon world with no more than a broken sword. The game is punishingly unwelcoming – there's no map, the NPCs give no advice, there are no waypoints, and everything that moves wants to kill you. It's just you against the world.

Alone. Like Oxford Street on Saturday afternoon.

Your character begins as a human but you die pretty quick. The first encounter with the undead ends with you as a bloody pool on the stone floor. Your spirit respawns but now you're "hollow". Your humanity died with your physical body and you're now a shambling undead. Your health bar is limited to 2/3 of your human form and your face is a ghastly rictus grin. You notice most of the human NPCs dare not venture out of the small safe havens because the whole world is full of hollows. Those undead you must kill are just men similar to you who turned hollow sooner. The whole game becomes a battle to regain sources of humanity in the world to combat the degenerative hollowing process.

It's grim stuff.

Now replace the caverns and castles of Boletaria with the pedestrian streets of Eastern Europe. Really they look quite similar – just light a few lanterns and increase the footfall. Now you and your fellow ~~NPCs~~ daygamers are travelling through a cold unyielding world, each creating his own adventure, creating and breaking alliances as their paths cross and then diverge. Each evening the fellow wanderers come back to the shrine to warm themselves by the campfire, drink health potions, and share stories by the firelight. Some poor lost souls get beasted in the wide world and shamble back as hollows, searching for humanity.



There's only so much of this you can take

Back in the USA'94 world cup I remember the German coach being asked why he allowed the team's wives and girlfriends to stay in the same hotel as the players. Wouldn't that deplete the players of their energy? No, he replied. Sex isn't the problem. It's the ***chasing*** sex that tires the men out. I've noticed this. I have an inability to produce anything of consequence while on a Euro Jaunt. No sooner have I sat down in Starbucks to read a book than a lithe hottie will totter past and sit opposite me. So I start that familiar self-dialogue:

> *Shall I open her? Okay, let's figure out a category for her. Hmmm, what country? Okay, is she solo or waiting for her friend to come up from the barista counter? Right, should I try forcing an IOI first……*

Ten minutes pass and I find I'm re-reading the same page over and over again, unable to absorb anything. That girl may wander off but I see a few more walk past the window. And my Whatsapp buzzes as a new lead has responded to a message. And should I invited last night's close out tonight for some jollies?

A week of this is fine before heading back to normality, but a full month grinds me down. My 2014 Euro-Jaunt season was April to November, with only short one-week trips back to Newcastle to try to reconnect to my humanity. Halfway through a Jaunt I find myself daydreaming of "reality": of Call Of Duty on my big screen TV, of a giant yorkshire pudding with Cumberland sausages from my favourite cafe in Newcastle's Grainger Market. I

start forming lists of all the good books I'll read "once I get away from all these women who distract me".

Chasing women is extremely disippating. It's great fun but needs to be managed. I know some very effective seducers who are empty shells of men – completely hollow. Not all the time, but I see them hollowing out over time until they seem to realise the danger and then rub the Homeward Bone and come back to the campfire to recover their humanity. So this is the situation I find myself in now. My Euro season finished at the beginning of November and I haven't banged a new girl since. I put myself into a self-imposed hibernation to recover humanity and reverse the hollowing process. But now it's February and I'm human again. I'm chomping at the bit. Now I see other guys out daygaming and I'm like a kid clockwatching during the last lesson of the schoolday, waiting for the bell to ring so he can run down to the lake with his pals and swim in the water.

So my advice to you all as the Euro-season rolls around in late-March is to marshall your resources carefully and book regular trips back to the campfire. Maintain your hobbies, your routines, and your connections to humanity. Success can hollow you out faster than failure.

Balls Deep: Chapter One, The Journey Begins (1 of 4)

krauserpua · 19 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I met my wife in late 1999 at a London bar on a normal Friday night after work. I was training as a finance professional with a top tier City firm so life was quite stressful but full of optimism about my future career. My university friends, Tim and Yasin, were now highly-paid computer programmers and worked nearby for an investment bank. So when 6pm rolled around we'd have a few beers. Young professionals enjoying that great city of opportunity for new graduates.

We stood outside Brown's wine bar by the Bank of England surrounded by other blue-shirted office drones sipping lager. A few pints later we were in an old man's pub in nearby Old Street. Tim was playing the slot machine by the door and hit the jackpot just as the door opened and three Japanese girls walked in. My head turned as I heard the put-put metal cough of the machine dumping coins into the collection tray and my eye caught the middle girl. Very pretty.

Enveloped in a drunken haze I did something I'd not done since late night in student nightclubs—I walked up to a girl I didn't know, tapped her on the shoulder, and hit on her. Incredibly, it worked. She gave me her number and then three dates and two weeks later I was fucking her. Six years after that we were married.

Of course, a lot happened in between—me living in Japan for four years as first a high-school English teacher then later as a fight journalist and a kickboxer, her joining a professional dance company and touring the world as a performer—but that's just boring "origins" stuff. Let's just get to the main point.

I was with my wife a total of nine years and for the first eight of them it was perfect. Like a Disney romance movie. We had holidays together in Thailand, Turkey, and Tunisia. We moved in together in London in 2006, and I really thought that was it. I'd found the love of my life, we'd have children, and we'd grow old together. Job done. Now I just had to mature, settle, and be a good husband.

It started to go wrong in early 2008 when she got antsy about giving up her dance career to have children. She'd been putting me off for two years with the excuse, "I want more time as a girl, before I become a woman," and I was starting to doubt she'd follow through. She was also showing reticence in moving to Newcastle with me to buy a house and settle. Then she decided she wanted an office job after two years as a housewife. There's blame on both sides and it doesn't really matter now but, suffice to say, 2008 was strained. She changed, I changed, and the marriage was strained.



happily married and thinking it would last forever

With the benefit of hindsight I should've seen it coming. She went back to Japan in January 2009 for two weeks to visit family. On the day she was due to return to London—nothing. The next day she called me from her friend Andrea's house and said that she wanted to meet me after work. I felt my stomach drop. I couldn't believe she'd leave but my body knew what my mind wouldn't contemplate.

Even now, over five years later, the image of her walking towards me down the street outside my office is burned

into my mind. We sat down in a pub and she told me she needed space. That space became separation and ultimately divorce. I was against it and did everything I could to convince her to stay. Again, hindsight is 20/20. She did us both a favour, but it would be well over a year before I'd see that.

She's happily remarried now (to a former best friend of mine from university—a long story!) with two children. We're still on speaking terms though we rarely ever do speak. She chose her path after divorce and I chose mine. And here the path began—single, loveless, frightened, and broken inside. I felt like a glass vase had been shattered and now rattled around inside me.

I remember lying on my sofa in a squalid little two-bedroom flat in Kennington, Xbox360 controller in my hand as I played Battlefield Bad Company. I'm a video game nerd and a sucker for first person shooter games so this should've been a perfect evening's entertainment. But I couldn't enjoy it at all. Everything seemed so dull and pointless. My life seemed dull and pointless. I turned the game off, shut my eyes, and did some serious introspection.

What was so wrong? Why was I so unhappy?



Hiking with my brother a couple of months before the separation

My university friend, Charlie, had gotten divorced six years earlier and never remarried, or even had a girlfriend. He'd foresworn women (which didn't take much as he was hopeless with them anyway) and dedicated himself to scuba diving trips around the world. I knew intuitively I couldn't do that. It was giving up. I'd never quit anything in my life.

So I had to get a new girlfriend. I wanted sex. I wanted companionship. But how could I do it? I'd had a short experiment with online dating as soon as I'd recognised my divorce was final. Match.com had resulted in one date with a mid-thirties English woman who turned out to be rather fatter than her profile pictures suggested. I'd fallen back on my old "in"—Japan—and signed up for JapanCupid.com but that led to three uncomfortable dates with post-thirty girls I didn't fancy.

Then I cast my mind back to a book I'd read some six or so years earlier called, The Lay Guide, by a man calling himself Tony Clink. It was a paperback in the HMV book collection in amongst the rock star biographies and Hunter S Thompson diaries. That had been my introduction to the Seduction Community, a guidebook on how to get laid. I'd read it and compared his advice to my own successes and failures. While not remembering much of the book's content, I did come away with an overall favourable impression. I'd thought, "I can see that working."

But, of course, I was in love with my soon-to-be wife at the time. My job was already done. I didn't need that stuff. Until now.

So as I laid back on the sofa with my eyes shut I started idle speculation. Could I become a pick up artist? Could I walk into a bar and leave with a fistful of hot girls' phone numbers then get them out on dates the next week. It didn't seem very likely for an average-looking thirty-five year old man. How was I going to compete with all the good-looking guys, the rich guys, the young guys? Last time I'd been to a nightclub I felt completely out of place. I felt old, and it seemed everyone else was having more fun than me.

Nah. No chance.

But perhaps I could use it to get a nice girlfriend. A pretty late-twenties girl would be fine. Maybe she would fill the void in my life and I could go back to what I'd been doing.

It should be quite obvious that my mind-set was all wrong. I wanted an easy solution without having to change anything significant in my life. I was refusing to learn the main lesson of my wife leaving me— that something was a bit wrong with me. We'll get to that as the book progresses. I avoided learning that lesson for a long time.

Four days later the brown cardboard Amazon package thumped onto my doormat, and I had a fresh copy of The Lay Guide. I read it on the toilet at work, devouring every page. I was determined to give it a try. I'm pretty earnest when I commit myself to a new hobby (and this was basically to become a hobby). For the previous two years my hobby had been global economics (I shit you not!), and I'd been obsessional in reading blogs and dozens of dry academic books until I'd cracked the code and figured out how the economy works. As with Game, I accepted I was a clueless beginner and was willing to humble myself and start from the bottom floor.

The Lay Guide explained to me there are three types of game:

- Bar Game: Talking to girls in pubs and bars. This is mostly a verbal game in which you impress her with your witty repartee and use knowledge of group dynamics to manipulate yourself into a strong position and collect phone numbers.
- Club Game: This is mostly about getting physical with girls on or near the dance floor and then sexually escalating them until they are horny and ready to leave with you. Fuck! Hadn't done that since I was eighteen, and I'd only pulled it off a couple of times back then.
- Day Game: Meeting girls during the daytime in coffee shops and on the street, striking up conversation, and then taking a number.


The absolute low point, a month after the separation

I'd eventually experiment with all three types but, as you'll see, I quickly gravitated to day game. Once I'd finished with Tony Clink (and writing my own flashcards of his salient points) I moved on to the next books, the most famous of which is The Mystery Method. I still swear by this tremendously misunderstood tome. Unlike most newcomers, I didn't go through a long "theory phase" of consuming dozens of books and instructional videos before actually going out and talking to girls. Right from the beginning I knew that was just avoidance—a way to delay the anxiety felt by approaching a girl you don't know. Instead, I just read The Lay Guide, The Mystery Method and The

Game. Within a fortnight I was itching to hit the streets.

Next installment (Chapter One part two) in three days. Balls Deep full book available in PDF here for £10 and paperback here for £20

Guest post: My first bathroom pull

krauserpua · 20 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a little victory story from a friend of mine who has been dipping his toe into Game waters. By way of context, he's also a middle-aged professional man. I offer it here without edits:

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In a decade as a denizen of the manosphere, this is my first-ever published lay report. It came about because I happened to tell Nick about a recent adventure of mine, and, flatteringly, he said "That's textbook. Any chance you'd write it up as a guest post?" I decided to rise to the challenge. First of all, I'm not a playa in any typical sense. And even though I live in a big city, for various reasons beyond the scope of this essay, I do most of my approaching, daygaming and general skirt-chasing when I'm travelling. It's part of the fun of being on the road, which I often am.

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Recently, however, I flipped the script on myself, mostly because a "toilet pull" had been on my bucket list for awhile, and I figured home turf might be the best place to attempt it.

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Using a popular dating platform one fine Friday night, I struck up some conversations with women here in town, paying particular attention to those visiting on holiday. One of the women I was messaging back and forth with had just arrived to the city, and was going to be here for a week. Her plan was to see a lot of museums. I'll describe her as early 30s, European-Latina, and a professional scholar of theology (albeit an atheist). Very independent, cool gal in my book. Mentally we hit it off, and once we did, she made it plain that she was was looking for adventure sex. She wasn't remotely coy, and sent me half-naked pics in our initial online chat.

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A somewhat idealised impression

During that chat, she also mentioned a museum she wanted to see the next day. I knew the place, and I asked her if she wanted a companion to join her. She said yes. I suggested we meet at a cafe first for a bite to eat. I wanted the museum to be the second venue, as bouncing works miracles, especially during the daytime. She arrived at lunch

right on time, and we had a civilised meal. The conversation was purely platonic and unstructured. We'd already had the sex talk online. No need to overdo it. As the old salesman's advice goes, "Once you've made the sale, stop selling." As the host, I paid the bill. Then we strolled over to the museum.

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She knew a lot about the stuff on display, and she enjoyed showing off her knowledge. I found it a turn-on, as her enthusiasm for these esoteric objects amplified her postgraduate expertise about their historic meaning. Really, I wish I had a recording of her fairly skipping 'round this musty collection, cooing about the artefacts. 'Twas a lovely sight. Then…escalation.

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About 20 minutes in, I took her hand. Ten minutes after that, I pulled her into a dark corner and we made out. She was so lustily responsive that my mental wheels immediately began turning. From previous visits, I knew that downstairs there was a hallway of individual toilet stalls, configured perfectly for a bathroom pull. I led her down the stairs and we checked out some galleries on that level. Meanwhile, I kept an eye on the row of WCs. When the coast was clear, I grabbed her arm and made a move to drag her into one of the men's stalls with me. But my move was too sudden, and her automatic response was to pull back. Luckily, I could sense she was only flustered by my advance, not appalled by it, so I wasn't overly worried. She scurried into a female stall, and I went by myself into a male one.

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I gathered my thoughts.

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Gathering thoughts, yesterday

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I came out of my stall and stood outside the one I'd watched her go into a minute earlier. The museum was crowded with people, but by brilliant good fortune, at the exact moment she came out, there was nobody around to see us. Carpe diem. It was now or never. No hesitation. I pushed her back into the stall she was trying to exit, and went in with her, locking the door behind us. If she hadn't known what was up before, she knew now. At this point, a wave of exhilaration and calm settled in. I could tell she was into it, and that we both felt safe now, ensconced. No one had seen us enter. No one would bug us.

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There was no resistance as I tugged at her shirt and jeans. She was pinned to the wall by my body, and I put her hand on my crotch. We kissed some more. She undid my belt, and slid down to her knees. Shortly, I pulled out a condom, making sure she saw as I tore it open: I did that so that without breaking the trance or impeding the flow, I could double-check we were on the same page; we were. She emitted a gasp of surrender as I bent her over the sink.

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The mirrors on all sides were a nice touch.

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(Fade to black / statistical interlude: meet-to-lay time, 90 minutes; all told, I'd put in less than three hours, half of it whilst lying on my sofa the night before, all of it enjoyable.)

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After finishing, we fell into a giddy, co-conspiratorial mode as we calculated how to get out of there alive. I told her to leave the stall first and that I'd lock the door again behind her, in case someone was waiting for that particular stall. I instructed her to knock when the hallway was empty as my signal to come out. More complicated than it needed to be, really, but I wasn't thinking straight. Anyway, she did all that, and we strode up the stairs, waltzed nonchalantly through the foyer, and ambled back out into the streets.

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We walked at a normal pace. Neither of us made any mention about what'd happened — I think we didn't know what to say — so we defaulted to the congenial vibe we'd established from the outset and just carried on with our conversation about art history. Meanwhile our pulse rates and breathing patterns gradually returned to normal. A quarter of an hour later, I kissed her goodbye so she could go off to meet a friend. (I did see her again a few days later, somewhere more private.)

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Something doesn't quite add up

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Lessons

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1) **It feels extraordinary to behave like the primates we are.** I'd never before had a sexual experience that was so non-verbal. Afterward it made me recollect a vintage seduction tape where the guru asks the men in the audience to imagine themselves as cavemen, out in the forest, who happen upon a naked woman bathing in a waterfall. "Without the power of speech," he asks, "could you seduce the woman? Would you know the motions to go through?" Well, I now firmly suspect that buried deep within us is *precisely* this innate knowledge. For me, the bathroom pull experience helped revive it. It sparked some dormant circuits and reconnected me with my animal essence in a way I found deeply satisfying and worthwhile.

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2) **The bathroom pull is one of those phenomena which seemed nearly mythical and impossible beforehand, and now, after the fact, seems simple and natural.** Also, like downhill skiing, the whole thing feels a bit different than it looks. Don't get me wrong, it's extremely fun, but the experience had a different tone than I imagined. It was so visceral, so completely bodily. My intellect was absent; thoughts all but ceased. As someone who tends to be "in his head," this made for a welcome change.

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3) **The woman has to be significantly complicit, and either consciously up for it or fully under your spell.** After all, you might be able to “Oops, how’d we end up on my bed!?” But you can’t really “Oops, how’d we end up in the handicapped restroom!?” If you’re dealing with a woman who owns her sexuality, her forebrain won’t interfere with her hindbrain and sailing will tend to be smooth, as it was for me. But if she’s hesitant or “split brained,” you might need more artfulness in the segues. Sure, I can see that dragging a woman off to the bathroom would be a turn on for her and thereby might increase the likelihood of sex in some instances. But I also see that the bathroom pull is probably best employed in pre-heated moments of passion. Which relates to my next point.

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4) **“Only place bets you know you’ll win.”** This was actually told to me by a dog trainer. He meant: during training, don’t ask a dog to do something unless you’re quite sure the dog *will* do it; then you ask for a little more each subsequent time, rewarding compliance with a treat. This is broadly analogous to calibrated escalation with women, and looking back on it, I realise I did it here by accident: I did not “make the bet” of isolating my date in the toilet stall until I *knew* she’d comply with my leadership. (That’s not to say she definitely was going to have sex with me in there, only that I was *certain* she wouldn’t freak out and make a scene. The worst that would happen in there is she’d giggle and blush, and give me massive tingle-credits which I would cash in later in her hotel room. Therefore, pulling her into the stall was a bet I knew I’d win, one way or another.)

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5) **Furtive, primal sex appears to be massively bonding for the female of the species.** Must be a dominance thing, right? For a woman, I expect the bathroom pull is within the realm of the archetypal “taken by a stranger” fantasy, so it’s an intense experience she may not have had before you came along. In a real sense, you’ve just done her a huge favour by shagging her in the loos. And this memorable, shared adventure has quite possibly given her a rush of ecstatic and seldom-felt emotions, which she’ll anchor to you. (Evidence? Many weeks on, this woman still sends me dirty photos of herself unsolicited and sometimes refers to “that time in the museum.”)

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So that’s my tale. Hope it was instructive. Obviously, filter it through your own identity and experience, and live your life your way. Happy hunting.

Balls Deep: Chapter One, The Journey Begins (2 of 4)

krauserpua · 22 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

20th May 2009 was to be my big day. This was when I'd decided to begin day game. I took the underground in to Covent Garden and my hands shook. My skin was clammy. It was a glorious day, and I was shitting myself because so much was at stake. In my mind this was my one chance, my Last Chance Saloon for happiness with women. If I couldn't make Game work, I was fucked. And not in the good penis-invagina way. This is how it happened…

I'd just been sitting in a Caffè Nero re-reading the Mystery Method hardback that arrived from Amazon a week before. I was reading about new concepts to me such as survival and replication value, indirect openers, the three-second rule, and other such technical terms. My mind was reeling with the sheer amount of new information and the underlying world-view that states women are an abundant resource that you pro-actively go and hunt for. There was even a glossary of jargon where Mystery had put names on to commonly encountered situations. Things like:

"Approach Anxiety"*—that gut-churning sense of dread deep in your stomach that you feel once the idea of talking to a new girl moves from idle possibility to immediate probability. "AA" and I were to become intimate bedfellows over the next few years.*

I was definitely shitting myself. I stayed in the comfy sofa-chair much longer than I needed to as the little demons whispered in my ears, trying to give me reasons to give up and go home. Nonetheless, I finally roused myself and put on the figurative PUA Wizard hat. I began my walk through the market towards Neal Street, entering the bustle of a shopping afternoon. Several hot girls walked past and I did nothing. No way did I have the balls to open a moving target.

After twenty minutes with my hands in my pockets, beating myself up for not approaching, I tried another tack. Finding a less intimidating environment, I walked into a retro clothes shop. I really liked Japanese girls at this point, more so than any others. I'd also had this lingering belief that told me I should focus on Japanese girls because I speak Japanese and, thus, they'd be impressed, giving me an "in". There was a Japanese girl browsing some trousers. Hmmm, I'll need a prop… I picked up a shirt, took a deep breath, and walked over to her.

"Hey. Do you think this shirt suits me?"

She smiled and told me it looked nice.

I kept talking. My mind was blank, my heart pounded, and my hands seemed to shake. I was actually talking to a hot girl I just "opened"!

A few minutes of jibber-jabber dribbled out, and she was not running away. I did some clumsy touching by using her hand to draw a map of Kichijoji (a sub-region of Tokyo) when it turned out we both knew the area. I tried way too hard to build rapport. I was totally un-calibrated and asked her to go for coffee within two minutes. She politely refused. I ejected.



So I ended up with nothing, but I was so fucking happy! Totally stoked. I'd just approached a random girl and didn't get destroyed.

Obviously, I had to find *another retro shop*, thinking if it had worked in one shop maybe it would in the next. I wandered into Rockit, another retro clothes place tucked in a cobbled back alley behind the market. Dusty Springfield's voice lilted over the air as the speakers pushed out I Only Want to be With You. At a circular clothes rail by the back wall there was an okay-looking English girl rummaging through the German army coats. I blundered in clutching a hastily grabbed shirt and tried the same opening line. I got a polite answer, brief small talk, but she didn't hook. No doubt I was sweating, shaking, and had my lips pulled back in a rictus grin. I probably terrified the poor girl. Whatever, I was on a roll!

I was really excited, adrenalin flushing my veins and distorting all sense of perspective. I was elated that I had spoken to two girls without traumatic incident. Hey, do you think I could approach a girl in a different type of shop? Come on Dixons, let's see what you have! I saw an American girl looking at some cameras over the counter. I walked up from behind (always a no-no, but I was socially clueless at this point in my life). I tried to be casual.

"What you thinking of buying?"

She jumped, visibly shocked. Then she calmed down and replied, "Uh, that one."

Total failure. At first she looked at me like I was a mugger and then as some low-value un-calibrated tool. And she was right, so I muttered an apology and departed. I shuffled out of Dixons and crossed the road, walking down towards Embankment and the river. A really hot Malaysian was coming up the street towards me. I stepped across her path a bit and gestured.

"Are you someone I should get to know?"

Even now, years later, I cringe as I write that but I think it conveys just how low my social intelligence was in 2009. At heart, daygame is a test of how socially normal you are. No matter how slick your lines they must be overlaid onto a sound foundation of social skills. Girls sniff out weirdoes in a heartbeat, which has proved the undoing of many a hapless new daygamer. At this point, *I was that hapless daygamer*.

Fortunately my social intelligence was so low I didn't realise how low it was. I was filled with a beginner's

overestimation of how quickly he can “get it”. That delusional overconfidence would serve me well in powering through the daily grind and endless rejections. If I’d been more socially savvy I’d have probably abandoned the project as an impossible dream.

By late afternoon on the 20th of May 2009 I’d approached four girls. No numbers, no success, but I’d controlled the one thing that can be controlled—my own behaviour. I’d started.

At that point it was still not in my reality to stop random girls in the street, interest them, and then get a phone number.

Another week of work passed. While my body was physically present in team meetings and PowerPoint presentations my brain was elsewhere, turning over the latest information to be gleaned from my instructional books and the PUA blogs I’d been finding on the Internet. It was like a whole new world had opened up in front of me—there were actually men on the Internet who wrote journals detailing their attempts to seduce women! It was like discovering the Necronomicon. Perhaps I, too, could learn these mystical incantations that will make women feel uncontrollable attraction towards me.

“Nick!” barked my manager and my mind snapped back to the job. “Nick, have you cleared review points six and nine from the work papers?”

I muttered an unfocused reply and began plotting my next toilet break, to sneak away with The Mystery Method for a furtive read. Eventually it was the weekend again.

1st June 2009, and I was now loitering in St James Park. I was wandering around the park looking for any girls sitting alone. I floundered for a while, nerves shaking my limbs, so I sat in a deck chair reading a book. It was pretty tempting to stay there, but I forced myself to approach.

There was a cute brunette sitting with her little lapdog. I walked over and stroked him, going to my haunches so I wasn’t towering over her. I said I liked her dog, what breed is she, etc. She responded, but she was just being socially polite. There was no interest. Really, I was trying too hard to find any kind of flicker of interest from her, but I was nervous and subconsciously looking for an excuse to eject before my ego got battered by rejection. The conversation stuttered and died after two minutes. She didn’t dismiss me, I just bailed. My legs were still shaking.

I saw a colourfully-dressed girl sitting on the grass reading the Economist. I opened with, “Hi. What’s that you’re reading?” She responded pleasantly in a French accent, and we chatted. I was so nervous I was just wittering on about the magazine, France, and doing the twenty questions routine, trying too hard to fill the space. I sat down and she didn’t flinch, but I had no idea what I was doing. Even though she was continuing the conversation I felt out of my depth and contrived to eject at the earliest opportunity. That was it. Two conversations and I was spent. The anxiety had drained me, and my legs felt weaker than they used to after a two hour kickboxing session.

The next day I wanted to try walking around Soho. This is the entertainment district in Central London, packed with trendy cafes, bars, pubs, and all manner of media offices. Pretty reliable for there to be some pretty women walking around. I was off work, and I started strong. Boarding the train at Kennington there was a hot Asian seated listening to her iPod and doing Sudoku. I bottled it initially because there was a random guy next to her, and I didn’t want to risk being rejected in front of him (I still haven’t internalised the, “I don’t care what anyone thinks of me” mantra, so I was feeling what we call the Spotlight Effect which is the erroneous belief that you are centre of attention). Luckily she changed train at the same station as me. I planned my exit to end up slightly ahead of her on the escalator so I could turn over my shoulder:

“Hey, I’ve always wanted to know, is Sudoku really Japanese?”

She replied, “Um, I’m Korean.”

“Pangapsumnida.”

She smiled at that so, emboldened, I continued, “Yeah, it’s just I used to live in Japan, and I never saw them play

Sudoku. I think it's probably one of those things they say is "big in Japan" because they know nobody is gonna prove them wrong."

We chatted, she got the same train connection as me and, as she sat down, indicated for me to sit with her. Famed PUA Mystery seemed to be speaking in my mind that I should affect disinterest so I stayed standing but next to her, not giving her my full body language. I struggled a bit for conversation, and I knew I had to get off in two stops.

"Hey. I'm getting off in a minute. If I wanna see you again what do I do?"

She didn't seem too convinced. "Um, take my number."

I took the number and we ended up swapping about thirty texts, but I couldn't get her out on a date. Re-reading the texts now with the benefit of hindsight I realise my text game was awful but for now it was a victory story—my first ever daygame "number close". This was an early little reference experience for changing my reality towards that of the kind of man who picks up girls in the street.

Flush with the rush of success, in true noob fashion, I proceeded to kill the opener (stick to the same opening line too long) by doing it on another four Japanese girls that afternoon. One pair of tourists hooked really well and chatted, but I was lacking direction and ran out of steam.

I was pleased with myself for hitting the streets and making things happen, no matter how incompetently. There was a pleasure from taking action and bringing my sex life under my control (or at least the illusion of control). It would've been easy to just stay home and play the latest Call of Duty, yet, here I was stalking the streets in a constant battle against my own anxiety and negative self-talk, and eventually getting some work done. That said, I knew I was clueless. It was time to find someone better than me to give me direct training. So I opened my laptop and searched the Internet for a PUA boot camp.

Next installment (Chapter One part three) in three days. Balls Deep full book available in PDF here for £10 and paperback here for £20

Nick Krauser's opinions on race

krauserpua · 22 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

There's currently a rather involved discussion going on over at the RooshV Forum about me. You can go here to see what I originally wrote, and here for a thread Roosh started to whip things up. I'm not much interested in the opinions of people I've never met, but ***I am interested*** in correcting falsehoods that are spread about me – whether through malicious intent or innocent misunderstanding.

So, here are my actual views on race. Normally I restrict the "culture war" stuff to my Twitter so as to keep my blog purely Game. However, this will take more than 140 characters so the blog it must be…

1. First thing is I am **racialist** not racist. That means I think race is a natural organising line in humans, just as sex and age are. For examples of this just watch groups in action e.g. prison, dance halls, housing. It takes constant intervention by integrationists to deny this natural human impulse.

2. Second, I am committed to **truth and reality** above all else. Any time anyone tries to twist or deny reality, they are on my shit list. I write about this all the time in "compliance" in daygame, in martial arts, in science, and in business. It's a pervasive human weakness to deny truth in order to advance your goals. I'm against that. I think modern culture has become extremely anti-white, at the expense of truth, and it's a deliberate cultural marxist front.

3. Third, I believe each race has a **natural homeland** – the one they evolved in. So Europe for Europeans, Africa for Africans etc and smaller subdivisions within. That doesn't mean "no blacks in UK", it just means UK is a white land and the laws and culture should reflect that. Everyone else has to integrate. Africans are accorded the same control of their homeland.

This naturally leads to a few fairly simple conclusions such as:

1. Different races have differently-weighted traits, as HBD is quickly proving. Each race has a combination of positive and negative. There is no one "master race" but different combinations tend to lead to statistically observable trends that can be functional ***or*** dysfunctional depending on the environment. To deny these facts is to deny reality, which puts someone on my shit list as stated above. In practice in the West differences are usually denied in one direction only: to push down whites and push up non-whites. So, it's a (cultural marxist) politically-motivated denial. When I highlight non-white bad behaviour on my Twitter, that's in my mind redressing the balance of selective reporting against whites.

2. Every race has a right to be proud of it's own people, culture and to control it's own lands for it's best interests. Current Western culture is very careful in protecting these rights for everyone *except whites*. We are the only race not allowed to be proud. You see this on RVF when I'm immediately slandered as Stormfront and racist. That's the closet-SJWs having a go. I don't have any desire to see other races abandon their culture in favour of mine – for example I'm very much against colonizers forcing a subject people to speak the colonial language, and I'm against do-gooder NGOs trying to turn Nigerian schoolgirls into So-Cal SJWs.

Note this is NOT white supremacy. I don't think the world is the white man's playground. We have no more business in Africa than Africans have in Europe. So I was against colonialism and when the UK went to war in Iraq, Afghanistan, Libya and Kosovo I was against those wars at the time (I have a dim view of what lots of those foreigners were doing, but it was their country and not our problem. We had no right to interfere).

Also I lived in alignment with (2) in my own life: I went to Japan on a legit visa, worked four years, paid taxes, followed their laws, learned their language, then I left when my visa expired. I committed no crimes there. I didn't apply for benefits. I didn't try to change their culture to my liking. I didn't demand regions of UK law. I didn't

shame the Japanese for being “racist” for not letting me vote.

So that’s the “serious” side of what I actually believe and will defend in debate. Now to discuss the inflammatory rhetoric that I often write…..

Firstly, I greatly value Victorian culture. I think that era was the greatest in UK history. One of the cultural habits of Victorians is “casual racism”. It’s basically an intersect of free speech, pattern observation, and ethnocentrism. It’s an expression of national / racial pride little different to what other countries have also used to mythologise their own histories and to provide social cohesion throughout the nation. It’s a crucial part of creating social order and a “we’re in this together”. It’s now fallen out of favour when whites do it because it’s a barrier to multiculturalism and the cultural marxist attack on white identity.

For me, **casual racism is fun**. It’s like people from Newcastle trolling people from Liverpool or Sunderland. I see identity groups (race, sex, age, region etc) in a good-natured competition, like rival football teams or businesses. For example Bojangles is a Liverpool fan and also my friend. So we chat, have drinks but on match day I’m in the opposite stand singing “scousers are all pedos” and hoping my team wins. I’ll shout at the referee when he disallows a Newcastle goal regardless of whether his decision is correct. I fully expect Bojangles to do the same to support his team and to ridicule mine. Then after the match we are friends again.

I happily embrace people taking the piss out of white Brits whether it’s our bad teeth, vulgar women or stodgy plain food. I fully expect every other race to have funny and offensive stereotypes about my race. They are supposed to. That’s part of their own racial pride.

That’s pretty much my view on race. I have many non-white friends on a personal level because they intuitively sense this. On a public policy level I expect the UK government to protect the interests of my people from predation by rival groups. I expect my Indian friends to expect the Indian government to look after their interests, including when those interests are in conflict with the UK. And so on. There’s no contradiction between this and having Indian friends.

I’m not even anti-Muslim. I’m just anti-Muslim-conquest-of-Europe. I think they have a stupid backward religion but that’s their business. They can do whatever they want in their homeland.

Balls Deep: Chapter One, The Journey Begins (3 of 4)

krauserpua · 24 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Way back in 2001, Mystery had moved out to Los Angeles to hit on the local women. To cover his rent and feed his ego he'd begun teaching other men his system. Back then, instructional events were always seminars held in hotel conference rooms. The "guru" would stand in front of twenty or more eager students and just… talk. Perhaps write on a flipchart. And that was all!

No evidence. No demonstrations. No interactivity.

The students were supposed to just accept the instructors at face value without the slightest shred of proof that they were any good with women. It was a time of outrageous charlatanry. Mystery's great innovation was to conduct his instructional events "in field" by going to real bars and hitting on real women, providing a live demonstration both of his method and also his skills. For the time, it was revolutionary. He called it a "boot camp" and typically they were held over a weekend with seminars in the early evening and then the in-field session immediately afterwards.

I wanted to take a boot camp. In my naïveté I projected mythical levels of "mad skills" onto professional instructors and desperately wanted just a little of their awesomeness to rub off on me. An hour searching google for the main PUA companies brought me crashing back to earth. Jesus Christ, £2,000 for a weekend with Real Social Dynamics.

I mean, I want to get better with women. But… £2,000?

It wasn't cheapness on my behalf. If I was guaranteed success with beautiful young women I'd have handed over my credit card, date of birth, and mother's maiden name. Empty my bank account all you want, Master PUA, so long as I get to tap top-class ass! There was no lack of desire in me. Rather, I doubted my ability to survive the weekend without a mental breakdown. They'd push me hard, and would I stand up to it?

So I wanted to dip my toe in the shallowest end of the kiddie pool. I looked for the cheapest boot camp I could find, telling myself I'd just see what happened and, if it was okay, I'd spend the big money on the premium guys. This was stupid. Now that I'm an experienced teacher I see this half-assed attitude all the time. People are always half-assing the important decisions, and so was I.

I was stupid, but I was lucky.

There were only a handful of companies offering live events in 2009. The big names would fly in a couple of name instructors every month or so (LoveSystems, Venusian Arts, Real Social Dynamics and so on) but charged well north of £1,000 for the privilege. There was the local big fish PUA Training that seemed to have the slickest package but wanted £800. Towards the bottom of the food chain was PUA Method, charging £300, but even to my novice eye I could see they were clowns.

And then Sarge School was charging £99. A couple of London forum guys gave positive reviews and when checking out their crappy website, I thought they looked cool on the photos. Okay, that's the kiddie pool for me. It was poor decision-making exemplified but little did I know how much it would affect my life.

I filled in the online application form for the next "beginners" boot camp in July. The following day I got an email for someone calling himself Jimmy Jambone (everyone in the community has a pseudonym, partly due to ego and partly because there are many, many haters who try to destroy you if they think you're getting laid). He was to become one of my best friends over the next three years and my first Game mentor, but at this moment he was just a guy whose reputation intimidated me.

"Hey Nick. Thanks for your inquiry and booking. It's great that you're taking positive action on this path. We'll send out a detailed email in the week before the boot camp giving you all the necessary information. But for now, feel free to ask any questions. JJ."

I was too scared to ask anything. I felt like a man caught in a river flood looking up at the rescue helicopter,

stretching out a hand to my rescuer. I was determined not to let myself down on the weekend and studied my books extra hard and read the Sarge School site from top to bottom. Two days before the fateful day an email arrived couched in secretive tones. We were to meet outside Borough underground station whereupon an instructor would collect us and take us to the seminar venue.

So at 7pm on Friday evening I made the short walk up from my house. Four nervous men stood in a huddle, furtive-eyed near the Underground exit. That would be the other students. I introduced myself. There was a Polish guy, an Italian, a Scot, and a white-Zimbabwean called Steve. The latter would be my first wing over the next couple of months until he ended up with a serious three-year relationship. We chattered excitedly, and then the instructor arrived.

He was a young guy called Johnny. Nicely dressed, confident manner, and a deep cool voice. He led us away to a nearby pub/Thai restaurant for a couple of hours' classroom teaching. There was a sense of adventure in the air, like anything could have happened and probably would. Johnny put us at ease with a mix of aimless chit-chat and probing a few personal questions with genuine warmth and interest. Another preconception about Game was being dispelled.

I'd assumed the men who are good with women were all aloof arrogant swine. I assumed they'd lord it over me and seem impossibly far away from my position, unable to relate. Johnny was the opposite. When he spoke to me he turned his body fully towards me, looked into my eyes, and oozed understanding and rapport. This is how good seducers are. They make you feel good about yourself in a very authentic way. They aren't "playing" you. This is crucially important when talking to girls because not only do they usually need to feel comfortable around you before they can surrender to sex, but they are also extremely good at sniffing out inauthentic and fake behaviour.

Arriving at the dilapidated old pub it was empty but for the Sarge School guys playing pool and chilling at the bar. Seven guys in all and every single one exuded cool. I was encountering a real live "rat pack", a group of men who had actively worked upon their value and knew how to support and reinforce one another. This was not the clueless ill-coordinated rabble that I called my own friends. It was a class apart, and I was already sold. First up, a charismatic black Londoner called Diamond gave a talk on the basics of Game, including how to "open" in a bar by asking an "opinion opener." That's as simple as it sounds—you ask girls for their opinion on an interesting question. At this time Sarge School was using this one:

"My friend is going to take his girl on a trip to propose. He's wondering where to go. Which is more romantic, Paris or New York?"

It sounded a bit lame, but it was just an ice-breaker. If the girls want to chat they'll run with it. And if not, no big deal. They can give a curt answer, and you can eject without feeling bad. Remember, I was in a bad way at this time, just five months after the love of my life had walked out on me. I was still broken inside, lacking any kind of selfconfidence. Diamond went around the students in turn asking them what they wanted from Game and women. I was almost choking up when I replied:

"I think if a woman gets to know me, she'll love me. I just don't know how to get her that far."

Yeah, I was pretty low back then. I think Diamond swallowed down some of his own vomit hearing such woe-is-me-ism.

The night went as good as I could've hoped. We decamped en-masse to Piccadilly Circus doing warm-up sets on girls in the passing throng outside the bars before heading inside. Diamond was my assigned instructor that night and kept an eye on me, encouraging me, giving feedback, and demonstrating on girls. He seemed so cool and friendly. I felt a warm glow of gratitude that he so expertly guided me through such a stressful evening. I ended the evening with the number of a Moroccan-English girl from Jewel Bar. We swapped texts but she never came out on a date. Around midnight our energy was flagging so the instructors let us go home with an admonition to sleep well and meet up at Borough Station at noon the next day for the day game session.



The scene of many an RSG bootcamp

Life is full of bifurcation points, moments when you're at a fork in the road (wittingly or unwittingly) and the smallest accident or slightest whim decides which direction you take and yet that radically changes the course of your life. I'd already had a few of them:

- Picking up The Lay Guide one day in HMV, purely from idle curiosity. It had been a choice between that and Killing Pablo. That made me aware Game existed.
- Choosing Sarge School rather than a different company. It had ultimately rested upon a chance recommendation by an anonymous forum member I had never met. That decision would end up protecting me from the various charlatans that often derail a would-be seducer's earliest steps.
- Johnny was actually the newest member of Sarge School. My boot camp was also his audition with the company as an instructor, and he'd been brought in because he'd begun to build a local reputation as a daygamer (all the other SS guys were night gamers). This would be the first ever SS daygame session.

Thus, the second day of boot camp would prove pivotal. I'd be introduced to a workable method of daygame. It was primitive, suboptimal, and became rapidly outdated but it was something. Had I been left to aimlessly wander parks asking girls what they were reading ("going indirect" in the jargon) I'd have likely given up on day game within a month or two. Instead, this was the second step in what would ultimately lead me to being the world's top daygame instructor and theorist. A bifurcation point indeed!

Next installment (Chapter One part four) in three days. Balls Deep full book available in PDF here for £10 and paperback here for £20

The Sigma Male

krauserpua · 25 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Now this is just plain chilling. As I read the Murakami excerpt (see link) I was nodding my head and then when I read Vox's following summary I felt a shiver through my bones:

> What is interesting is that Murakami accurately describes many of the attributes of a Sigma decades before the concept was articulated. The young illustrator is solitary, but successful with women despite being physically unremarkable, is likable and makes friends easily, but has little interest in a social life. He possesses unusual motivations and preferences, has strong willpower and a high level of self-discipline, and exists almost completely outside the normal social hierarchies. His interests fall on the obsessive side. He understands women on a level few men do, but has very little interest in them beyond their sexual utility and is more inclined to view them with contempt than place them on a pedestal. Relationships, both friendly and romantic, are open to him, but he instinctively shies away from them.

Vox was the first guy to popularise the notion of sigma (maybe he invented the term, I'm not sure). I was immediately drawn to it because it put a word and concept onto something I'd felt my whole adult life. This is his most striking elucidation of it. Bravo.

Balls Deep: Chapter One, The Journey Begins (4 of 4)

krauserpua · 27 February 2015 · Archived copy · Original

My alarm rudely awakened me at 10am, and I rushed through my morning shower and breakfast with a spring in my step then arrived on time at the station to meet Johnny and Jimmy. After half an hour or so of Jimmy complaining that there were no hot girls around, Johnny went off and did a demonstration, plucking the phone number from a cute blond girl in five minutes or so. We were watching him from a distance thinking, “Is this really happening?” Then he sauntered back, phone in hand, grinning. We were dumbfounded.

Johnny would later confide that he was shitting himself. Jimmy was there to check out his game and report back to the team if he was good enough.

He pulled us to one side down a quiet street and taught us the basic approach, which goes thus:

1. Let hot girl walk past you, letting her put a few metres in front of you;
2. Chase her with a playful jog until you are alongside her and slightly ahead, so she catches you in her peripheral vision;
3. Circle in and jump right into her path, smiling;
4. As she stops say, “Hi. I just saw you walk by, and I knew I’d be kicking myself if I didn’t come over and talk to you. You’re gorgeous”;
5. Lean back, look a little inscrutable, and say, “So… Who are you?”

If I hadn’t just seen it work, I wouldn’t have believed it. There seemed so much wrong with it when compared to what I thought I knew about women:

- You can just interrupt women who are going about their day?
- You can just tell a girl, right off the bat, that you think she’s attractive?
- Girls will just give up their phone number after a few minutes?
- And this is done… sober? With people walking past all the time?

I, and the other poor students, couldn’t process it. We felt like having watched a magic show and then the magician comes over and explains the trick. There were so many mental barriers that I couldn’t take it in, even though I’d already tried a few days talking to girls in parks and shops. I said to Johnny, “I find it difficult to open a moving target. It feels like they have their stuff to do and I’m just interrupting, getting in their way”. His response really stuck with me: “That’s tough to answer because it’s not even in my reality. I’m offering them the value, the opportunity to know me.”

This was a major shift in thinking. In the community we call it a “reframe”, a way of replacing a given interpretation of a situation with a new interpretation that is more favourable for you. From an early age boys are constantly drilled with variations of the same message—“You must earn the right to a girl’s intimacy.” In contrast, girls are taught to feel entitled to men pandering to them.

- It’s the knight who risks life and limb to rescue the damsel in distress;
- It’s the prince who must win over the princess;
- It’s the man who must put the roof over the family’s head;
- It’s the men who fight and die in wars to protect the women.

When a little boy cries because he can’t handle the pressure he’s told to “man up” and “pull his weight” whereas the crying girl is sympathised with and given “understanding.” This is just biology. Men give, women receive. It’s the extravagant privilege of being born with a vagina. Back in 2009 this seemed desperately unfair to me, whereas in 2014 I understand being born with a penis is an even more extravagant privilege… if you know Game.

Most men's frame when hitting on girls is: She has the value, how can I convince her I'm good enough to put my penis into her magical vagina? Johnny believed the opposite—when he meets a girl he's giving them an opportunity. Woah!

I wished I could internalise that belief.

Johnny went on to say that much of day game is about just creating the opportunity for the interaction. Some girls are going to like you, but if you don't open then you don't find out. You have to be in it to win it. These days we call this "flipping stones", finding out which girls like you immediately based on a quick once-over. It's an order of magnitude more difficult to turn around a girl who is initially uninterested, which is what I'd later get good at.

Johnny and Jimmy pushed me into six "sets" (new interactions with girls) over the next hour. I didn't get any numbers but only one interaction was a crash'n'burn where a girl gave me an "eye roll" blowout. Lack of confidence and clumsiness of the execution hamstrung me, but I didn't care. I found myself overly interrogating the poor girls with rapid-fire questions so much that one girl actually asked if it was an interview. The last two girls showed me engagement rings but smiled at my approach.

And then it was 2pm and all over. We all sat in a pub for a celebratory pint, telling our little war stories before the next night game session began. We had that manic glow of excitement, like having been shot at and missed. The main takeaway was that by the end of the session I felt as if I could do this. I could jump in front of moving girls and open. That was a massive improvement, the magic bullet I was looking for. My next seventy day game approaches were built upon this base.

I'd continue to practice night game, but the seeds were sown for my daygame career.

End of Chapter One

Next installment (Chapter Two part one) in three days. Balls Deep full book available in PDF here for £10 and paperback here for £20

Balls Deep: Chapter Two, Somali Pirates (1 of 2)

krauserpua · 2 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The player's journey is a lonely one. Since we first sit on our mother's lap giggling and cooing, we are lulled into the comforting fantasy that people care about us. I used to think a mother's love is the only genuinely selfless unconditional love in the world but even that is a fantasy. The reality is we are truly alone in this world.

The only person who will put your own interests front and centre is yourself. That's a harsh realisation, and most of us spend a lifetime avoiding it, protecting all of those pretty lies.

I was never lacking a loving family, so forming secure attachments didn't scare me. However, from around twelve years of age my best friend (and most popular kid in school) was uprooted as his parents took a job one hundred miles away. Suddenly I had no social coattails to hang on to and my slight weirdness was no longer shielded by a protective association with him. I gradually drifted out of the "cool gang" and into the "outsiders" group. And there I'd stay—first as a metaller, then a punk, then an anarchist, and finally an ex-pat.

So I'd always felt somewhat alone. I'd always had my little social group, but we were all outsiders. My extreme introversion compounded this fact, so I'd enjoy holing up in my bedroom watching zombie movies or reading voraciously. Then, at university, I started boxing. You're never more alone than when you step through the ropes for a fight and the bell rings. Neither your coach nor your sparring partners can help you—It's just you against the other guy.

Ironically, learning to seduce women is equally lonely, and we try equally hard to persuade ourselves it isn't. In the beginning you believe you're the only person trying this "game thing" and that you must be weird. You can't tell your friends or they'll laugh at you or pull you down like crabs in a barrel. God forbid you tell your workmates! There are online meet-up groups of like-minded men learning game but even then it's more like a collision of independent particles than a bonded molecule. Even now, in a situation where some of my best friends are the world's most prominent professional seducers, arranging holidays together is like herding cats.

So I just accepted that most of the time I'll be alone in this journey. Even when with a succession of beautiful young women, I'm alone. I never quite give myself over to the pair-bonding.

In August 2009, not long after my first boot camp, I was yet to come to this realisation. I'd been watching instructional videos and reading textbooks on game, thoroughly immersed in my new hobby. I was already zoning out at work, physically present but mentally absent. My work became that thing to be finished as soon as possible in order to make time to browse the latest Game blog posts, and then I'd rush home on the Underground mentally scheduling the evening's DVD fare:

- 7pm: Food, eaten on my sofa while watching Mind of Mystery.
- 8pm: RSD's Flawless Natural.
- 9pm: Interlude to play video games.
- 10pm: Something from David De Angelo until his droning voice made me sleepy.

There was just so much material to consume, I felt I'd never get it. Imagine going to juggling school and the first class is how to keep six balls in the air. It was overwhelming but also exciting. For the first time in my life I felt like I had a real shot at dating hot girls. Once I've taken a bite out of something I'm as relentless as a lock-jawed terrier.

I hadn't really gotten to know any of the guys from Sarge School (they'd later re-brand as Rock Solid Game, or "RSG"), the ones who I'd later become good friends with. I didn't want to go out on my own without a wing man, and I was also searching for "kindred" spirits, I guess, guys who wanted to learn this stuff as badly as I did, or guys who I could learn from. Either way, I made the somewhat naïve decision that it would be a good idea to go in search of these people via an "underground" community of Pick Up Artists called The London Seduction Society.

These men met online in what were called “lairs” to discuss the game and their supposed conquests of women. Hindsight is of course 20/20. At the time, I assumed it was an exclusive Members Only club of master seducers.

Oh, how wrong I was!

There was an approval process where I had to fill in an online contact form answering some questions before being granted membership to the forum. I actually worried they wouldn’t take me, thus carefully crafted my responses. What if they said no? Would I miss out on a oncein-a-lifetime opportunity to learn from London’s greatest womanisers?

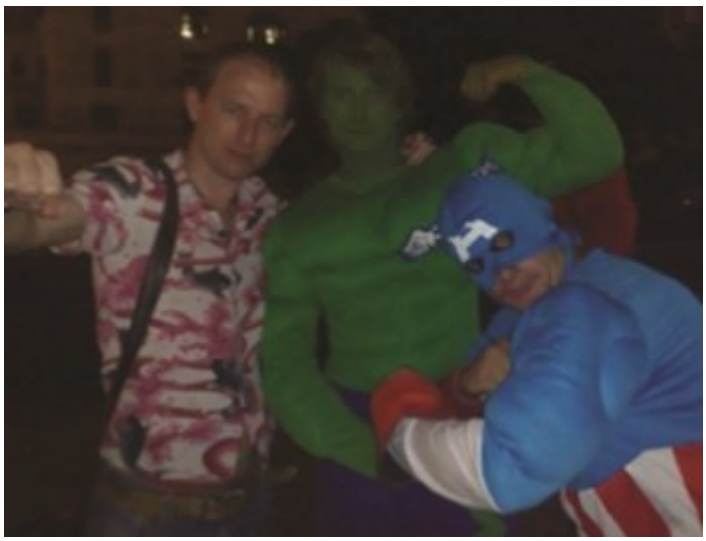


One that got away, left

They let me in, and I posted on the meet-ups sub-forum for a wing-man to go out with. While nodding off during an interminable conference call at the office, my phone vibrated. There was a text message from an LSS guy called Diego Armando (the first two of the football star Maradonna’s full name, not his real name). He’s been hanging out in London, allegedly picking up girls, and asked if I wanted to meet. After work the next evening I was standing outside Liverpool Street train station watching the rush hour commuters fly past on their way back to the tree-lined streets of Essex. In the distance I spotted a shavenheaded Mediterranean guy with a grey polyester suit and awkwardly hurried walk. He introduced himself as Diego and my first illusion was shattered. He was quite a few rungs below RSG on the Coolness Ladder.

We started opening girls around the station, but nothing really went anywhere. I did get the number of a Spanish girl called Irati whom I ended up eventually getting into my bed wearing a Japanese schoolgirl outfit but, incredibly considering that circumstance, she was one of the ones that “got away.”

Before long Diego and I were in a nearby wine bar. It was a pretentious place, one of those where the wine is “reassuringly expensive” and it’s impossible to visualise any of the dishes merely from the menu description. Groups of work colleagues stood around unwinding over a beer before a train home. There were a lot of office girls, hence our presence. Low quality girls, according to my standards today, but my standards weren’t all that high back then. I was a little bit desperate.



Awkwardly trying to find my style and sociability

It only took a few minutes until I was chatting to a trio of girls near the bar, asking their opinions on Paris and New York to ease my way in. If I met them now, I would consider them as I do most office girls—too masculine, too chubby—but not having had sex for six months puts some urgency into the drive to get laid.

Diego waited until the conversation was rolling—the set has “hooked”, in the Game parlance—and then joined us. It seemed to be going pretty well when all of a sudden, inexplicably, he pulled a deck of cards out of his back pocket. A full deck of playing cards, and he started doing magic tricks. I was standing there slack-jawed in shock, wondering what the fuck this dork was doing. It was just weird. The girls were looking at him like he was a freak as well. One of them even said, “You really just happened to have a deck of cards in your back pocket?”

This was my introduction into the delusional and downright odd world of pick-up forums. Diego was trying to emulate one of the most famous PUAs in the world—Mystery, who was by trade a magician before he got into the game. Mystery was the star of a reality show on VH1 called “The Pickup Artist” and generally considered a father of the seduction community. The difference here was that Mystery is an actual magician. Diego was a mobile phone salesman for Carphone Warehouse. The girls rapidly lost interest and left. Nothing went right and the ill-fated partnership with Diego died that night.

Next installment (Chapter Two part two) in three days. Buy the full version of Balls Deep in PDF for £10 here and in paperback for £20 here.

Don’t obsess the numbers

krauserpua · 3 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I was reading a blogpost yesterday from a guy deconstructing my 2013 daygame stats. He’s a Game dabbler but it’s a pretty interesting blog for a window onto modern London life around Covent Garden. Anyway, one of his contentions is that daygame has an extremely high cost-per-lay once you include the opportunity cost of not going to the office because you’re on the streets.

I immediately thought that was a weird wrong-headed comparison. Now, this guy was just musing and throwing ideas out there. I’d be surprised if it’s a position he’d actually wish to defend in serious debate, but it did get me thinking. His argument goes as follows:

> Day Game is a whole other thing. If you do it systematically, it’s financially horrible. The hidden cost here is that Krauser’s spare time is not free: he’s an IT contractor in Financial Services and those guys make upwards of £400 a day. He could be earning six figures annually, but chooses not to. It’s a rare contractor who works all twelve months a year: let’s assume he could work six months a year. If I’ve followed his year right, he’s done a three month earning stint in 2013. In nine months he gets thirty lays, so in six he gets twenty. The extra ten notches are the benefit of his chosen lifestyle. The extra ten notches cost around £25,000 in lost post-tax income. That’s £2,500 a notch. Yikes! And those notches are almost all one-time: all those girls who are “on their last night in London”?

Summarised with this advice:

> Good-quality escorts go out for £250+ an hour. That’s the benchmark. Pay more than that per lay and you need to re-examine your choices

The natural conclusion is that we should all bang whores. I’m pretty sure you know instinctively that’s wrong. Let’s explore why.



A waste of £250, yesterday

Within the statistics community they talk about how reading a stat only really tells you that *somebody counted something somewhere*. It's a human process. Some phenomena lend themselves readily to interval data (e.g. height, weight) while others are more problematic. For example, what is the "biggest" video game in the world?

- Is it GTAV because it had the biggest launch?
- Is it Elite because it has the biggest gameworld?
- Is it Mario because it's the franchise with greatest total sales?
- Is it League of Legends because it has the most simultaneous online players?

Before you start measuring something you have to decide what is important to measure. What are you actually trying to find out? Only then do you get into the next problem of how to measure it. To continue the video game example, let's say by "biggest" what you really mean is "which game makes the most money?" So now you need to make judgements about what money is counted – is it physical copies sold? Is it "seats" per online distribution? Is it recurring monthly subscriptions and in-game purchases? How you count it determines if you end up with Call of Duty or World of Warcraft.

Note I'm not saying statistics are meaningless. I'm saying they aren't simply "fact". They tell you something, but you have to know how they were collected and they need to be interpreted. So let's return to Game laying an additional piece of groundwork.

Per the scripture of Tomassi, there are two types of sex: **transactional** and **validational**. A girl fucks you either as a tool to extract something from you (money, fame, access to a lifestyle etc) or for the sheer joy of the act. At the extreme transactional end is prostitution, at the extreme validational end is burning love. Most men most of the time get sex that is weighted towards transactional, but are instinctively dissatisfied with it. Men want to be desired and loved for who they are, not as a means to an end.

And this gets us to why cost-per-lay is pretty meaningless. At worst, it's a smoke screen for a monger to fudge his way into claiming to be equal to a player. Economists and accountants know all about "externalised costs". That means excluding costs from a calculation so as to make the transaction appear more profitable. Say for example you spend about £100 every time you go clubbing and you get laid approximately once every four nights (which is pretty damn good work). That's £400 per lay. But what costs have you externalised?

- Hangover the next day
- Hours in an unpleasant environment
- New clothes to wear at the club
- Missed opportunities to do something else that night
- Decreasing health

Those lays might cost you a lot more than £400. But then again, maybe you really enjoy nightclubs and have a blast every time you go. That £400 is buying you a ton of fun experiences in addition to the actual lay, so shouldn't you be costing some of the money to a different activity (the cost of having fun on a Friday night) rather than the cost-per-lay? Perhaps you've also externalised some "income" too and that while clubbing you get such a good vibe that you make great male friends. Can't you also apply that to the calculation?

Now let's get into the quality of girl. In a cost-per-lay calculation there are two sides: the cost and the reward. There are all different accounting treatments to apply to the cost (as noted above) and the same concerns apply to the lay itself. Is an annoying fat slut as satisfying to bang as a virginal Russian catwalk model? McDonalds will always beat Byron Burger in a cost-per-burger but is that really the correct calculation? Remember the whole purpose of collecting a statistic: you aren't really trying to measure the *burgers*, they are just a proxy in your attempt to capture a rather more nebulous concept – human satisfaction at an action.



A satisfying human, yesterday

This is one of the central insights in the Austrian theory of economics. Value is not contained within the “thing”. Value is a subjective calculation carried out in the mind of the consumer of the thing. Much the same applies to the valuation placed upon the costs – most of Game’s costs are in effort and emotion, not cash, and thus they are not amendable to simple interval measurement.

So let’s pull this together into comparing daygame with whoring. Here’s a crude rundown of the cost-per-lay

Whores

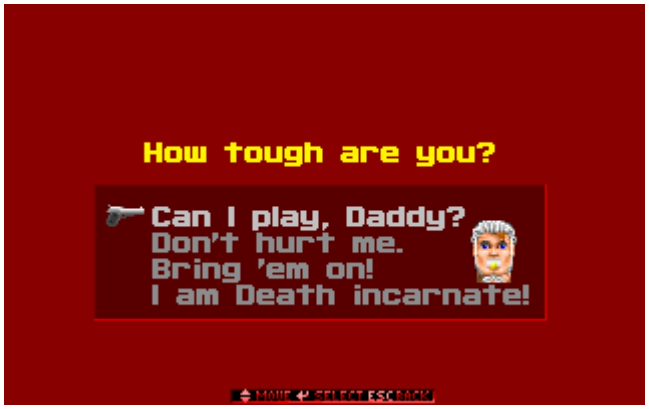
- £200-ish for an hour, one-time sex
- Girl is probably a physical 7, maybe 8
- She’s damaged goods in health, wear’n’tear, and mindset
- Transactional sex. She doesn’t give a damn about you. Probably has contempt for you.

Daygame

- £10-ish for anywhere between one-time sex to multi-year MLTR
- Girl is probably a physical 7, maybe 8 (for me)
- She’s in the upper echelon of freshness and pleasantness
- Validational sex. She really fancies me and loves having sex with me.

It’s foolish to ignore the intangibles in daygame. To return to the initial quoted costing, I don’t want to work in an office. I do the minimum necessary to fund my lifestyle and even if I wasn’t doing daygame I wouldn’t go back into the office to maximise my income – I’d just read a book, or play a video game. My decision to not earn as much as possible is not an opportunity cost of daygame (as the earlier quote) because *it was motivated by something different entirely*. I happen to **enjoy** daygame. When I’m “on” I hit a flow state which simply can’t be bought. Flow must be earned whether by daygame, sparring, climbing a mountain, sledging with huskies or whatever else it is that lets you temporarily grasp its blissful absorption.

Once you have made the jump from primarily-transactional to primarily-validational sex you have **completely changed the nature of the interaction**, and with it your whole view of life. Banging whores rots your soul. You know they are rotten and you know you haven't achieved a damn thing by poking your dick into their diseased orifices. Banging younger-hotter-tighter is **uplifting**. It makes the sun shine almost every day as you achieve something so special as to be akin to street magic.



Set difficulty to "Belgrade"

Cost-per-lay and it's bedfellow notch-count are infantile measures. It's like comparing a golf score without including the handicap. Those stats do tell you *something*, especially if you make an effort to render constant all other variables, but when you hear them bandied around the internet you're probably just witnessing a combination of ego-shrimping* and barrel-stepping* from internet blow-hards, or a series of meta-weasels so the writer can reconcile himself to not cold approaching.

** terms to be defined later, see if you can guess.*

Balls Deep: Chapter Two, Somali Pirates (2 of 2)

krauserpua · 5 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I put this little episode down to bad luck, like an aberration. A week later I met a Belfast native from the LSS called Paddy. He was a good guy, and I liked him. He was just a normal guy, not a weirdo like Diego, thank God. He always looked intense, I'm not sure why, but he turned out to be fun to hang out with.

Paddy and I decided to go out one night to a Shoreditch bar called Cargo. It's an Indie bar, a really "hip" place with a noisy dance floor, beer garden, and bar area. The beer garden was great on a warm summer night. The club was crowded with university students and hipster chicks. By the time my friends Steve and Devak showed we were a pint to the good. Steve was the first guy who I had met on the boot camp recently, a nice guy from white Zimbabwe who had recently come out of a bad break-up. We remain friends to this day.



A great bar-game venue

We were all making the rounds, and as I was coming out into the beer garden I spotted two young black girls. It turned out they were Somali sisters, maybe eighteen and nineteen. The younger one was built really nice with a big ass and big tits. Her hair was long and she was just really pretty. Her sister was just okay, nothing special. Paddy had gone on ahead and was walking around the bar, so I start talking to the girls solo. I find out the hot one's name is Hibaq. Her sister was Haweeyo. I doubted I'd manage to say that while drunk.

Steve joined me. I could tell that the hot one liked me. She was making eye contact and giggling at everything I said, so I suggested we go down the street to another bar called the Elbow Room to play pool. This is a technique called "the bounce." It's both an early test of the girl's compliance to your leadership and also a demonstration of that ability to lead. If the girl is willing to follow you, she's interested. These girls agreed. The Elbow Room is another pretentious status-whoring indie bar but I like the 70s retro vibe and pool tables.

A game of pool gave us plenty of excuses for casual touch. We would help the girls adjust their pool cue, line up shots and so on, allowing a touch of hands or soft, brief pressing together of bodies. Not much more advanced than the seduction techniques seen in a high school disco, really. Hibaq was letting me kiss her but, because of my hesitation and lack of self-confidence, she got away that night. I did get her number, and we'd texted for a while, but I could never get her to commit to a date. After a few weeks it just kind of died off.

About a month later, Paddy and I were out in Cargo again. We'd finally found a gameable weekend bar with that correct combination of pretty girls, open-plan seating, and music that doesn't reduce you to shouting at each other in monosyllables.

We were in a crowded bar area, just behind the four-deep crush of revellers ordering drinks. A drunken girl walked

towards Paddy and smiled. He instinctively put his hand out; I think originally to shake hers. She took his hand, and he pulled her in and just started making out with her. At this point I'd only kissed one girl in nine months, the Somali from a previous week. And here was Paddy making out bar centre with this girl that he hadn't even met. They broke free, and she went to the toilets. He never saw her again, but I just thought it was so amazing. I asked him, "How did you do that?"

He grinned and said, "I don't know, I just pulled her in for a kiss and it worked." He was pretty proud of himself, and I was pretty impressed as well. It seems like a small thing now but this was the stage of wideeyed wonder newbie players go through. Remember the context—I was thirty-four years old, had never been good with women, and I still barely believed it was still possible for me to pick up a hot young girl. Even in my university years that would've been a memorable event.

As we were headed into the beer garden, I saw the Somali girls sitting at a table near the back. Hibaq gave me a guilty look, thinking I'd be mad at her for not replying to my texts. I played along, giving her a parody evil look and wagging my finger at her. She giggled. Game on.

Paddy and I went over to their table and chatted for a while before beginning to initiate what we call "mini-isolation." This is when you get the girls to turn away so they're not directly looking at each other. It's a relief of the psychological pressure that often keeps a girl from otherwise doing things she might want to do if she weren't being watched.

Paddy got the sister facing him, and they were talking. I grabbed Hibaq and pulled her up onto my lap. She was giggly and a little bit drunk. Her thighs were over mine with her lower legs dangling between. The left side of her ass was hanging off the side of my left thigh. I could have literally reached up and grabbed a handful of ass with my left hand.

I put my face close to her ear and started dirty talking. She was regaled in seductive tones about how great her tits looked and the risk they might be taken out right there and mauled. I told her I wanted to lick and roll her nipples between my teeth and nibble them softly.

This might seem like a strange time to bring this up, but when I was about two years old I had an ear condition that made me semi-deaf. By the time surgery corrected it I'd developed a stutter so I was sent to a voice therapist. It was a roaring success. Now I have no trace of a stutter and great vocal projection. That's great for picking up girls. Loud and clear says confident and sure of yourself. That night, however, I happened to look up at Paddy as I dirty-talked and he was laughing. Pretty much half the bar was in on my conversation. The sister was sitting there with her back to us, acting as if she hadn't heard a word, but squirming uncomfortably at occasional verbal embellishments of mine.

Hibaq was also squirming and giggling by this time and getting really horny. I slipped my hand up where her ass was hanging off and slid it under her skirt. I started fingering her through her panties and along the side where it was skin-to-skin. She loved it, and by then my hard-on was pressing against her ass.

I said, "Let's get out of here."

"I can't," she said. "I have to go home with my sister. We live with my parents, I can't stay out."

I had already checked out the bar. There was no feasible place to have sex without getting busted and thrown out. It seemed that first Game lay would elude me again.

"How about you suck my cock," and she said, "Okay," readily.

I took her hand, and we went up to the front door. At this time of night they were charging a cover of about ten pounds to get in. I asked the bouncer if we could get a hand stamp, go out, and come back in. The miserable bastard wasn't having it, saying we'd have to pay to get back in. I said, "Come on, we're just going to be like five minutes, have a really quick smoke and come back in."



I was still a cubicle drone without any kind of cool vibe

He was likely fully aware he was cock-blocking me and just didn't give a shit. I was suffering blue balls and pretty sure that if I could get her out in the alley for the blowjob, I could probably just spin her around and fuck her right there. What a story that would be—banging a nineteen-year-old large-breasted Somali in the alleyway behind a bar. But no, nothing doing. As I was to learn many times over in the subsequent years, fast lays live or die on momentum and if you come to a screeching halt it's probably lost forever.

I went home alone. Hibaq and I texted on and off for a while, and then one night she messaged:

"Do you want to fuck?"

In hindsight, I should have been dominant and said something like "Kennington station. Nine o'clock. Best underwear and biggest smile!" But, I said instead, "What? Now?"

That reply just leaked weak conviction. Half an hour later and I hadn't gotten a response. I called her and could hear her sister in the background. They were giggling and she told me it was a joke, her sister had gotten a hold of her phone. I didn't really think that was the case, I'd just failed a test. Nevertheless, I never saw Hibaq again, and I'd have to go back out onto the streets to drum up more new leads.

Next installment (Chapter Three part one) in three days. Buy the full version of Balls Deep in PDF for £10 here and in paperback for £20 here.

On Writing

krauserpua · 6 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've been enjoying my writing of late. Now that I've had a bit of practice in reaching that final full stop at the end of a long book, I'm starting to review my writing style and apply the same concepts of continuous improvement that characterised my apprenticeships in academia, business, and game. So, I've been re-reading Teach Yourself Writing A Novel. It's a good book. Maybe not worth the $169 some sellers are asking, but then again I bought it in Waterstones ten years ago for £7.99

Writing can't be taught, only learnt. This is because it's an art not a craft, and most of the progress is internal – inside your head. Consider this quote from the book:

> "A novel comprises two aspects: the craft, that is, the mechanics of it's construction, and the art, namely the quality of its construction. The mechanics of writing can easily be learnt: a page of diagrams can be memorised, a list digested. Quality, however, is more difficult to learn, for it can't be reduced to a formula. Quality is the indefinable mystery of writing, the relationship between words which is as much the product of the space between the words as the words themselves. A good writer isn't just a wordsmith, he is someone who can see quality in the world and can somehow translate that on to the page."

Inquiring minds have probably already tumbled to my game here. It is tempting to see Game as a blueprint, a Mechano set with precise instructions to assemble. Once a guy has tried and failed with that attitude it's tempting to now renounce Game as "robotic" or "unrealistic". Like writing a novel, perfecting your game is about learning the rules and then finding the magic that hides between the spaces.



Living the dream

> "Apprentices work under craftspeople so they can study their technique, and novel writing requires an apprenticeship just as much as furniture making. At first you find yourself copying other writers, certainly, this was so in my case: my first novel began as a pastiche of many different styles – from Jane Austen to D H Lawrence to Kurt Vonneguy. In the end it is vital you find your own voice."

While strolling down a Marbella beach in January, Steve and I were chewing the fat of life. A thought came to me

that I repeated aloud: “Steve, there’s a big difference between you and I. You’re a hunter and I’m a craftsman. This difference shows up everywhere in our game, our hobbies, and our approach to business.”

Daygame Mastery is a finely-honed artifact, the literary equivalent of a gothic cathedral (to one reviewer). The book is an expression of the same mindset that produced the London Daygame Model that it outlines – craftmanship. I admonish readers to pursue excellence and to admire any and all masters of their craft be it the engineering of a Bugatti Veyron Super Sport in real life or the lovingly optimised 3D engine that renders it on your Playstation 4. When you can appreciate the sights, sounds and tastes of excellence you can radiate with happy vibe.

> “There are three qualities an aspiring writer needs in order to have success: luck, talent and hard work. Writing a novel requires stamina. When I began my first novel, I leapt into it as though I was running a hundred-yard dash. A few weeks passed and I found myself pausing to catch my breath. I had barely finished the first chapter. A novel, I realised is not a dash, but a marathon. A few months passed, and I realised my metaphor was wrong – a marathon, even at walking pace, can be completed in a day. Perhaps the writing of a novel was closer to an extended pregnancy. A few years passed and I realised that again, I had got the wrong image. Bar any mishaps, there is something inevitable about pregnancy. There is no such certainty for a novel. You could work on a novel forever without coming to its end – there is nothing inevitable about completing it.”

Herein lies the Player’s awakening as he progresses from the magic pill “let’s get this handled” stage into the ominous realisation of just how large a job he’s taken on. He’s grabbed the tiger by its tail. Having swallowed the red pill and accepted the fundamental principles of game (that your SMV can be raised, and your value delivery can be improved) you can’t unsee it. You’ve blindly walked into hell and can now do nothing but follow Winston Churchill’s exhortation to keep walking. In the **Blueprint Decoded**, Tyler likens it to clawing your way to the summit of a mountain and then as you stand atop, you can suddenly see a much bigger mountain over the crest – the real peak had been hidden from sight at ground level. Falling down a mountain is easily accomplished by the simple act of letting go. Climbing up is an active strenuous process. There’s nothing inevitable about it.

> “Of the three qualities of luck, talent and hard work, it is the last with which you should make friends. The successful novelist is a stubborn, brave and single-minded individual. Antisocial, perhaps; misunderstood, almost certainly; confused and afraid at times, unsure of their talent, regretful of their mistakes, envious of their peers – a successful novelist may be all of these. But he is also a brave pioneer.”

The book then turns to a discussion of how to get ideas to write about.

> “It’s a frustrating fact of the creative life that motivation alone isn’t enough to produce a work of art. We need a spark, a germ, a seed. A novel is not a machine – you can’t build one. A novel is more like a bonfire: you can lay as much firewood as you please, but without a spark you’ll get no heat.”

This is how it feels to grind out the sets on the streets. We know Game requires the homework – the laying of firewood – so you’ll read the instructional books, watch others in set and deconstruct them, hit the gym and so on. You’ll schedule time on the streets to talk to girls and begin internalising the method and sharpening your calibration. But at what point does it “click”? When do your results improve and the lays begin trickling through?



“C’mon, I’m overdue a lay”

These things can’t be forced.

> “Don’t resist being chosen. I see it a lot with my students: an idea tugs at their sleeve, but they ignore it because they want to write something more noble, or exciting, or intellectual. And generally the results are what you would expect: strained and artificial. But when students recognise the wealth of material they already possess, they can access their greatest asset as writers: their uniqueness.”

Now we’re talking about freedom through structure and of harnessing your creativity rather than forcing yourself into a cookie-cutter daygame robot with the “you look French” and the arm-folding exactly forty-five seconds into the set. While you’re laying the firewood by slavishly implementing the model – the imitation stage comes before assimilation and then innovation – always be alive to the ideas that spring to mind. Don’t ever fear going “off-model” when your muse presents you with an interesting direction to turn the set into a new direction. Just as a novelist has the ability to edit every word later, you always have the ability to open more sets. Take a chance this set. Game to the full extent of your ability and see where it takes you. Even if you get yourself in a tangle, you can reboot any time.

> “How will you know if your story is any good? There is no way of telling, short of writing it, but try asking yourself these questions. How excited am I by it? Do I care enough about the issues it deals with to stay with it for six months, a year, two years? Don’t think of the market at this stage. At the beginning, the person you should be thinking of is yourself. Does the story appeal to you? It is you, after all, who will have to write it.”

Game is a hobby for the self-absorbed. You won’t get good by trying to please your fellows, or by trying to impress random people on the internet. You can’t worry about the other pedestrians walking past as you talk to the girl, nor can you really give much care to what the girl thinks. As you begin writing the story of your game it is all about you. You are the hero in your novel.

Later, you’ll need to give more consideration to the other protagonists and bit-part characters. You will have to sensitise yourself to the girls – how they think, what they want, how they react to you. But at no point will you ever

subordinate yourself to other people's interests. At the beginning of the novel, you're staring at a lot of blank pages. You need to fill them, and that means grabbing your quill and dipping it in the ink. At that early stage the focus is on you – what do you want to write. Write the story you'd like to read.

So, I'm quite enjoying this **Teach Yourself Writing A Novel** book. I'm hoping it'll help me refine my craft because that's one of my sources of flow state.

Hunters will tell you it's about chasing down the prey in the most efficient manner possible. Nihilists will tell you it's about extracting the bang on whatever pretext. Both will work and if they appeal to your personality, have at it. When you dip into my work know that you are seeing a different personality express itself – that of a craftsman with an eye for detail and a joy for the process.

That's the beauty of Game. The blank pages are just a platform upon which to perform your own play. The direction will be an expression of your character. In the beginning you may look to War & Peace or Fight Club but when the apprenticeship is over you'll have something uniquely your own.

Now try re-reading all the above quotations but replace "writing" with "gaming".

Balls Deep: Chapter Three, The Daygame Grind (1 of 3)

krauserpua · 8 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

It's natural when recounting stories to focus on the success and compress all the boring bits so you can get to the highlights. That's what good story-telling is and when out in the pub with your friends it's a sure way to a fun night. When you're telling pick-up stories this compression has a few side-effects:

1. It sounds like you're having nothing but success;
2. The listener gets insanely jealous at the thought everyone is getting laid more than him.

People hate the idea that they're missing a trick. Pretty much every spam email offer that lands in your inbox is based on this psychological quirk, and thus they promise you the ONE EASY STEP to lose weight/ get a bigger dick/make your first million/bang hot chicks. Usually it's some kind of new underground secret that "they" (the powers-thatbe) don't want you to know but, for a limited time period, you have a chance to discover the secret.

Funnily enough, they aren't far from wrong. They are almost right, but for the wrong reasons.

Most men really are missing a trick with women, there really is a "secret system" (or more correctly, some simple principles), and the powers-that-be really don't want you to know it. The part where the Internet marketers tell a rather fat lie is about it being one easy step. It's more accurate to call it four years of pain and struggle.

But let's consider the Availability Fallacy, which states that information which is readily available to you will be given a higher priority and loom larger in your mind than information that is less readily available.

Philosophy departments have been teaching this one in Informal Logic classes for decades. As it relates to pick-up, you'll tend to over-estimate the victory stories people parade in online forums and marketing letters and under-estimate the failure stories that you may have to dig about for to find. I'll tell you right now that in the time period covered by this volume of my story, I failed with over two thousand women.



One easy step

But unless I hammer the point home, you'll forget that by the end of this chapter. You'll focus on the lays and get the impression I was slaying right-and-left with wild abandon. Don't say I never tried to convey the failure rate! So let me really drive home the point that game, for an average-looking man, is a grind. Failure is the base state and successes are rare blips that get creamed off to form the War Stories anthology.

I was hitting the streets every weekend throughout the summer and autumn of 2009 practicing the same direct opener time after time. On any given day I'd talk to between five and twenty girls, taking a couple of numbers and perhaps having an instant date (taking the girl onto a date immediately from the street interaction, without a break in between). Sometimes I'd get them out on dates later, but they'd go nowhere.

It was frustrating.

By September I hadn't been laid for eight consecutive months, and I'd only kissed one girl. I'd probably spoken to about four hundred of them and had a dozen or so dates at least. It was always the same pattern— she'd turn up to the date quite keen and then gradually lose interest in direct proportion to how well she got to know me. They'd never seem to be in the correct position for me to go for a kiss and, if I ever tried to bridge the gap, I'd get artfully rebuffed. I pored over forums, books, and instructional videos but couldn't get anything to work.

To be fair, there was no good instructional material out there for dates. The PUA literature that gave direct practical advice was focused entirely on the initial meeting in the bar or club. Once you had the phone number you were left to flounder with just a few simple highlevel principles. That's all changed now, and there's some excellent "date game" material that breaks it down to micro-level actionable advice. But in 2009 it was all shit.

The biggest problem, though, was my ineptitude. I didn't have any confidence that I knew how to move a girl towards sex ("escalation") and I didn't feel attractive. I'd go on dates thinking I still needed to convince girls to like me and my lack of self-belief would seep out. I still had all the broken pieces jangling around inside, the after-effects of divorce. But I was impatient to get laid, so I kept reading, and eventually I stumbled upon a blog post describing the Apocalypse Opener.

The writer swore that this was a fool proof way to get laid. Just do it right with enough girls and one of them will bite. Okay, I'll try it. I wasn't lacking dedication. It goes like this:

> **Me:** Hi, I'm Nick.
>
> **Her:** Hi, I'm Girl A.
>
> **Me:** What are you up to now?
>
> **Her:** Blah blah, whatever.
>
> **Me:** Would you like to come home with me?

The key (apparently) is to look her dead in the eye and hold your fucking ground. She'll be taken aback and then scrutinise you briefly for any wavering. And then, sometimes, she'll just agree.

Like most pick-up advice it's really a part-completed sentence. The instructor says something like, "This really works" when the full sentence is "This really works… if you're already the sort of guy who gets laid quite easily." I tried it about twenty times and got nothing. Really, what did I expect? The most memorable of them was with a sexy Greek ballerina I had met walking outside the National Portrait Gallery in Charing Cross.

It was September 5th, 2009, Saturday afternoon and my mother was visiting London so I did the honourable thing and met her for lunch and coffee. I was totally open with her about my new hobby which she was obliquely supportive of. She was rather contemptuous of my ex-wife and viewed me as the aggrieved party. She's also a psychologist and a realist so she wanted her son to get himself together and meet some girls. After she went off sight-seeing I met up with an Indian guy called Sai who had been winging with me recently to squeeze in an hour's street work.

The very first girl I stopped was the Greek dancer. She had shoulderlength brown hair, slim muscular legs, and denim shorts. I got in front of her and opened:

"Hi! I had to stop you. You're gorgeous."

She smiled, muttered thanks, and I hit her with the ONE EASY STEP: “Would you like to come home with me?”

She smiled and said no. Ok, Plan B. “Um… okay. Is that coffee from Pret?” It was.

“Cool. I normally go to Starbucks myself. I like the coffee of the day though, to be honest, if I’m gonna spend a long time in a cafe I normally do Caffè Nero because they have those lovely distressed leather sofas… blah blah… bullshit.”



One of London’s great daygame beats

She invited me to walk with her, and we headed down to Trafalgar Square.

The next installment (Chapter three, part two) will be posted in three days. For the full Balls Deep in PDF for £10 go here, and for the paperback for £20 go here.

Balls Deep: Chapter Three, The Daygame Grind (2 of 3)

krauserpua · 11 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

She was really pleasant, asking me about the opener, and do I do this much. I was hyper-honest in what I said (though I withheld the sheer scale of my approaching and subsequent failure-rate) saying, “I’m a fairly direct guy. When a man approaches a woman it’s always based on a sexual dynamic. I see no reason to try to sneak in under her radar.” She suggested I could be a little more roundabout, like asking her something normal.

“Yeah, I suppose, but that’s not me. Give me some feedback then. How did you feel when I said that?”

She smiled again. “It was kinda shocking… but cool.”

Ever the motor-mouth, I continued, “It looked simple but there’s a lot going on there. When a man stops a woman he’s got to demonstrate value without scaring her or being creepy. It could’ve sounded really weird, but instead I was just putting the option out there. I wasn’t trying to persuade you to have sex. I put it out there as non-needy. I like sex, but I don’t need it.”

She was called Eugenia. We swapped numbers and after she walked off she called me two minutes later to check that she had the right number stored. She’d briefly mentioned a boyfriend in passing, and that she lived in Covent Garden. She suggested I join her in a bar after I was done in Tiger Tiger nightclub later that evening. We swapped texts the rest of the day:

> **Me:** You’re still thinking about it
>
> **Her:** A little! Doesn’t happen often in London!
>
> **Me:** But all the time in Greece? I’m at Tiger Tiger.
>
> **Her:** Yea, Greece is a little bit different. I’ve just hopped into the bath…
>
> **Me:** Bath texting? You’re weird
>
> **Her:** Thanks… multi-tasking? lol. ur in a bar with ur mate and ur texting… that’s equally weird. lol
>
> **Me:** Make sure you soap yourself properly.
>
> **Her:** Thanks for the tip, couldn’t have done it without u. lol
>
> **Me:** I’m helpful like that.

I later realised what was really going on in the subtext of this interaction. Girls have a dual mating strategy that is commonly summarised as “Alpha Fucks Beta Bucks”. This means they pursue both high quality male DNA and also long-term protection and provision. This gives the player his hack, his way in. Girls are hard-coded with the potential to step out on their long-term partners in order to access better DNA. They’ll call it an “indiscretion”, a “mistake” or an “adventure” but the important point is that it happens.

The London Daygame Model is designed entirely around exploiting this quirk of female nature. However, in September 2009 the LDM didn’t yet exist, and I didn’t know about Alpha Fucks Beta Bucks. My proposition to Eugenia had identified me as the consequence-free adventure sex guy and she was showing herself amenable to a secret liaison, with the usual trepidation and cautiousness before proceeding. I just lacked the wherewithal to pull it off. These days I’m all over it, but back then she was one who got away.

I left it for the week and then on Thursday a hot Colombian girl blew me out on an early evening date. I called Eugenia. She picked up right away and after a five minute chat she invited me to Bar Salsa saying her male friend was teaching there but she wasn’t dancing, so why didn’t I join her. I should’ve agreed, but I didn’t have the confidence to enter her territory and hold my frame. I envisioned myself being tooled by more charismatic men who know everyone in the class, being excluded from conversations she had with her friends and other silly social

nightmares. It was a mistake. I should've just thrown myself into the mix to see what happened.

Next, while out the following day, I restarted, late on while I was in Cargo. The whole time I was trying to follow PUA text game advice, particularly the maxim from Roissy's blog—send only those texts which you'd be comfortable having appear on a jumbotron in front of the whole world. Meaning, if you aren't comfortable with your text game being public, it must be weak.

> **Me:** Old Street tonight.
>
> **Her:** I'm off to the cinema tonight but could meet up later if ur around.
>
> **Me:** Yeah, that's a plan. Text me when you're done.
>
> **Her:** OK.
>
> **Her:** **later** Would you like to meet in Covent Garden or is it too late for you?

It was 11pm. I called. I said I'd be finished with my friends at midnight and then I'd call to arrange to go over to her place (she was home). Midnight came, I called and no answer. Twice. I texted, "hey" to no response. Fuck.

Next morning at about 11am I got this:

> **Her:** Hey Nick – I'm so sorry about last night! I fell asleep in front of the tv, didn't realise how tired I was.

Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, in a speech by Brutus in Act IV, gives a beautiful conception of Alpha Fucks: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune…" Whereas the Beta Bucks guy is omnipresent with his provision of attention and resources (she was living with her boyfriend) the girl's Alpha Fucks needs rise and fall like the tide—and specifically with her monthly ovulation window. She'll only have a tiny window within which motive, method, and opportunity are aligned to sneak out for adventure sex. As a player you need to be alert for that and take her at the flood.

I'd missed my chance.

We arranged a date for later in the afternoon. I was already in town, sitting in Caffè Nero off Covent Garden reading Ayn Rand's Fountainhead. I wanted to be in a state where I was self-amused and not anxious for her to come. Every date felt like entering a math exam and I needed to micro-manage my mood. She arrived and we sat outside in the sun. I was leaning back, trying to show "alpha" body language, and we connected instantly. I really liked this girl. She was smart, selfassured, and much prettier than I had first realised. It turned out she was a model and had recently has been posing naked for artists. She was also a dancer. We chatted a lot, and I kept with the authentic honesty.

This was still during the period of my voracious reading of all things seduction and psychological, so I'd also gotten a book on speed-reading people. We discussed that, and Eugenia really lit up when I outlined her character according to the book's model.

She suggested moving on to St James' Park so off we went. I initiated touch with upper arm touching, pulling her in with my arm around shoulders, and later around her waist. She pleasantly stayed comfortably close but didn't respond by putting her arms around me. Again this was something of a calibration error. It's generally a bad idea for the "secret sex" guy to be touching his girl in public—that's exposing her to the risk of being caught, and undermining the whole secret society vibe. Except for fleeting moments to spike her energy levels, touching should be restricted to private environments.

I ended up talking about my interest in social dynamics and about the alpha/beta/omega male hierarchy, and sexual chemistry. She was going along with it all. I teased a bit, we joked. It was just very, very pleasant. I felt totally relaxed as if there was no judging between us, and I wasn't trying to impress.

This experience would be the beginnings of a flavour I'd later successfully add to my pick-ups. I was trying to be as authentic and radically honest as possible, even overtly discussing the nature of malefemale interactions. This is now integrated into my instructional guides as "breaking the fourth wall" in which you discuss the meta-level nature of your own discussion. It's highly effective in getting girls to quickly agree to sex, but in 2009 I was just fumbling in the dark with little idea it was to become a sophisticated tool. I'd recommend beginners avoid that stuff entirely.

Three hours in and we were sitting outside another cafe when I tried to escalate a bit more and fumbled a key test. While I tried to pull her in, she resisted, put down her sandwich and said, "You know I have a boyfriend?"

Ah, I thought. I've read a good answer to this on the Internet! I looked her dead in the eyes and with a low even voice replied, "I don't care."

The effect wasn't what I'd hoped. She took a few bites of her sandwich then told me, "Well I do. It's his flat I live in. I just don't want to mislead you."

I tried to keep a brave face, but I was crushed. I'd thought I was in. This was a beautiful, smart girl, a dancer, and the very first thing I'd said to her was a proposition for sex. And now I was in the friendzone! LJBF'd from the Apocalypse Opener… just let that sink in for a moment.

The reality was I'd had my chance and blown it. She'd asked me to walk with her a minute after my opening proposition, she'd invited me out to a bar, she'd invited me to her home late at night while her boyfriend was out (but fell asleep, at least that wasn't so much my fault), and then accepted another date. Wannabe-seducers would likely interpret this story as her just being a games-playing cocktease who wanted to tool me for attention and, unfortunately, that's the conclusion I came to.

But it was wrong. She wanted Alpha Fucks, and I'd come up short. Even at this last test about having a boyfriend, I'd misread it. She didn't want to mislead me into thinking there'd be a relationship, but I'd misinterpreted her to be refusing sex and putting me in the friendzone. Even at that late point in the interaction if I'd had a stronger sense of entitlement and stronger escalation I could've taken control and got her into the bedroom.

Next installment (Chapter three, part three) in three days. Buy the full version of Balls Deep in PDF for £10 here or in paperback for £20 here.

You have to crash the car

krauserpua · 13 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Almost every guy who gets into Game suffers from the same affliction – he's too nice. That's how we're brought up. Be nice, be courteous, do that right thing. It becomes internalised so that we are the living breathing agents of the Feminine Imperative. Thus an important strategem in your early days of game is to crash the car. You never know how fast you can take the corner until you press the pedal to the metal.

Last night I put that to the test. I was on a first date with a Russian girl I'd met a few days earlier. Heading into the date I was not too enthused. I seemed to remember her as being fairly plain. Then she showed up dressed in her best clobber and I thought "mmmmmm". Long legs, tight ass, long hair. Then she told me she's eighteen. I immediately texted Tom: "I might be a bit late. She said she's 18. It's worth another hour.". Then, as I grabbed her throat and threw her against a piss-stained wall she flinched. I put her hand on my dick and her eyes grew wider than a raccoon on cocaine.

"You haven't touched a dick before, have you?" I politely enquired.

"No" she squeaked.

"Are you a virgin?"

"……. Yes"

Epic win.

So I pulled her hair and rubbed her pussy. Might as well crash the car. So in the spirit of rapid escalation here's a video of me quite literally crashing ~~a car~~ bobsleigh*

** Note the speed. 48km/h is pretty damn good.*

Balls Deep: Chapter Three, The Daygame Grind (3 of 3)

krauserpua · 14 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The grind continued all through September. I took a week off work to spend ten straight days daygaming, ten sets a day minimum. There'd been too much half-assing it, so I wanted massive action. Mental pressure was willing me out because deep in my gut was a sickening dread at being blown out by a procession of girls and perhaps peering into the abyss—that I'd never get good at this. Eugenia had inadvertently knocked my confidence. So every day that week I followed the same ritual, trying to impose the illusion of control onto the scenario.

I'd go to a Caffè Nero and sit on the big brown leather sofa watching the Blueprint Decoded instructional videos on my laptop until my sexual desire/desperation overcame my anxiety/avoidance. For example, the first day:

Monday 14th September. My mind was full of big plans and motivational self-talk. No excuses, I was going to turbocharge my stats on approaches. It didn't matter how I felt, or if my wings were busy, I'd go solo and just plow through. Received wisdom in the community is you are a noob until you've completed one thousand sets. I was at about four hundred and very impatient to improve. Having a full-time job restricted my daygame to weekends so the solution seemed obvious— take time off work.

I'd spend the first hour in Caffè Nero reading. It was still not quite lunch time and Covent Garden was deserted so I didn't feel like I was descending into avoidance. Finally, I stepped outside and straight into a hot Belgian dancer. I opened weakly, but she stopped and chatted. She was in a hurry to get to the Pineapple Studio for a dance class. I knew something about that stuff so I rambled on about dance, contemporary dance, how my dancer-ex had a careless grace in her movements from all the dancing. Blah, blah, blah. She was not interested, and my attempt to take her number led to an awkward refusal.

It only took a few minutes to shrug that off, and I saw a dusky Mediterranean girl walking through the market. She stopped briefly but either didn't speak English or was seriously unimpressed. She smiled, waved her hand dismissively, and disappeared without a word. Next was an English girl carrying shopping boxes. She didn't stop, but smiled, thanked me, and said she was late getting back to work. One more open got me a stop but nothing doing.

Damn. My forehead actually felt tight, such was my poor state. It was like the skin was too tight for the size of my skull. I've since learned that is how to recognise when I'm pulling the "creepy face" caused by poor state.

I persevered. On Shaftesbury Avenue just past Forbidden Planet an Asian girl came towards me. She was young, and had just started her first day as an intern in a fashion magazine. We chatted a bit. I was too talky and too outcome dependent, but she didn't seem to care. She checked the text she was writing as I approached, so I told her off for not paying attention. She giggled and twirled her hair. I made a mental note to self–set arbitrary boundaries and playfully tell a girl off for breaching them. She gave me her number but never replied to my texts.



Another instant date to nowhere

I got myself blown out a few more times on Oxford Street before a hot English girl gave me her Facebook. It was weird because the whole time I was thinking she was wanting to get away, and I was struggling and just talking into the space, yet it was five minutes or more in conversation and after getting her Facebook I kept her another few minutes talking about her Geography Uni course she was about to start her second year in. It didn't go anywhere. It's common for beginners to think the length of the interaction is directly related to how strong the resulting contact details will be. This isn't correct. Ultimately, you're trying to create a particular emotional impression upon the girl while also ticking off checkboxes marking particular signals she needs to give you to show she is available and into you. If you accomplish that in two minutes the number will be stronger than if you dither around chatting for twenty minutes but fail to accomplish it. So while advanced day gamers can quickly take solid numbers (or eject when it's not forthcoming) it's common to see beginners getting dragged into over-long conversations that go nowhere.

The last approach of the day was a pleasant failure. I opened a hot Lithuanian in Carnaby Street. She was ambling around aimlessly, which I took as a generalised approach invitation. My forehead was really tight, and I was having a tough time. My vibe was horrible, but I was determined to just press on and grind out the sets. She stopped, smiled, hair twirled, and indulged me for ten minutes. I could almost visualise a hologram of a graph between us showing a downward slant as I continued to lose my confidence throughout the whole thing. I tried to take her number and she was very explicit: "I don't want to exchange details". Fair enough, on that performance she really shouldn't have.



I was getting some good reactions but no success

The first day of my daygame “vacation” resulted in talking to ten girls, taking one number, and one Facebook. Neither of those two girls replied to me. At the end of each day I’d analyse the work and write a blogpost of my learning points. Self-diagnosis is a crucial skill for seducers because no-one else is going to help you. Quoting my blog, this is what I felt I’d learned:

- I felt crap but took right action anyway. Good work.
- Even with shit state I still had good enough fundamentals to get one decent number.
- I didn’t worry too much opening sets. The poor state was once in-set. Only a few months ago I wouldn’t even open five sets when in good state.
- While in set I knew consciously all the mistakes I was making, even as I couldn’t stop making them. The biggest one was outcome dependence. I really wanted to get numbers and was worried the girls would walk away and leave me feeling shit.

Lesson learned. Back out tomorrow.

It was also this week that I went to an LSS talk at London Bridge on “game for men over 35” organised by a guy called Curran. It seemed perfectly pitched to me, but I was so lacking in entitlement that I worried I’d be refused entry because at the time I was thirty-four. I actually emailed Curran a few days before to ask if it was okay. As if they’d check my passport and throw me out!

The event was unremarkable, held in an upstairs function room of a pub by Tower Bridge. About thirty older gentleman packed the pews while a short ginger guy called London Playboy gave a talk, then Curran and then a lanky Scotsman with the online pseudonym of Skeletor. His real name is Colin and, though neither of us knew it then, he’d become a major figure in my journey. At the time I was very impressed with his presentation about identity and how to change it. I tried to get pally with him afterwards on his smoke-break but there was a ring of eager older gents two-deep around him that I couldn’t penetrate.

Best Daygame Theory – The Overkill Discussion part 1

krauserpua · 15 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've spent the past week in Prague whiling away my time in a pleasant manner. I spent a couple of days servicing my rotation, then **Tom Torero** rolled up with a cameraman and we spent two days filming infields. A couple of near misses with local ladies ensued and by the time rain and cold sapped all the fun out of the streets, I'd also hung out with a US guy who'd learned the ropes in stateside and was now on an extended Euro-Jaunt.

Phew! A busy week!

While rambling on to this US guy about daygame I was once again reminded how deep the skillset is. Imagine sitting **Gary Kasparov** in a bohemian Prague cafe for a few hours and encouraging him to discuss chess – the gambits, the meta-theory, it's relationship to real life (he actually wrote a book on that topic), and the way personality expresses itself in your game. I think those few hours would quickly spill over into days.

Now, Kasparov is rather better at his chosen skillset than I am at mine but the point is that daygame is deep. I'm sure nightgame is too, but I don't know so much about it.



You look very…. oh, fuck it. Coffee break!

A fortnight ago I solicited a few intermediate daygamers to watch my instructional program / theoretical exposition Daygame Overkill and to use it as a launchpad to relate their own theoretical insight. My instructions were quite broad, words to the effect of – "Here's a free login. Watch it, relate it to your own infield experience, and pick up some themes to explore. Don't worry about being positive – in fact, try to make some real criticisms to encourage debate."

Over the next week or so I will be posting three different daygamer's thoughts on Overkill. I hope this will stimulate some discussion and **I strongly suggest my readers chip in with their own thoughts in the comments** (which I'll respond to). Some of the themes we'll hit include:

- Fine tuning your style to fit women's dual mating strategy
- Differences between relying on verbal and non-verbal communication
- Choosing your targets wisely
- How my personality reflects itself in set, and how yours reflects itself differently to mine

So without further ado, here is the first essay from **Tom Juan –** A UK-based guy who has been enthusiastically hitting the streets for a year now…….

I managed to watch all 335 minutes of **Daygame Overkill** within the space of two days (let's just say I had a flexible two days, and even found the time after one of my now pissed off never to visit again f-buddies left my flat just last night!) and so the timing of this arriving on to my virtual desk was perfect, needless to say… And with one or two other slack, "take it or leave it" f-buddies on my rotation, I watched Daygame Overkill with much anticipation and with much hunger.

The key question: Has this hunger to learn something I've never seen expressed in such a "simplified" manner been sated? All will be revealed…

But I PROMISE I have absolutely tried and tried to cut this review down to a bare minimum, which isn't easy considering I had 3,000 words of notes to work from (I'm a fast typer since I used to be a Direct Response Copywriter)… And notes that require expansion as the theme Krauser raises in a mostly eloquent manner (beside the occasional ball-scratching and pint-swigging), is simply fascinating. This theme centres around a level of masculinity that us as men in the 15% of Western societies where we are overall exclusively monogamous, have forgotten. Or never dared to even explore fully… And in my one year of feeling lost and confused because I simply can't and don't want to settle down (been there, done that), with this product, my justification to be a man is concreted more fully.

The Introduction

Upon starting to watch this, I was impressed by the film-worthy motion graphic titles, introduction clips and feature film clip, even though this was a little "over-egged." Then on to the introductory Welcome video before the main event… How does a noisy bar presentation fit it into these slick motion graphics??? This seemed completely juxtaposed to the incredible film-like introductions.

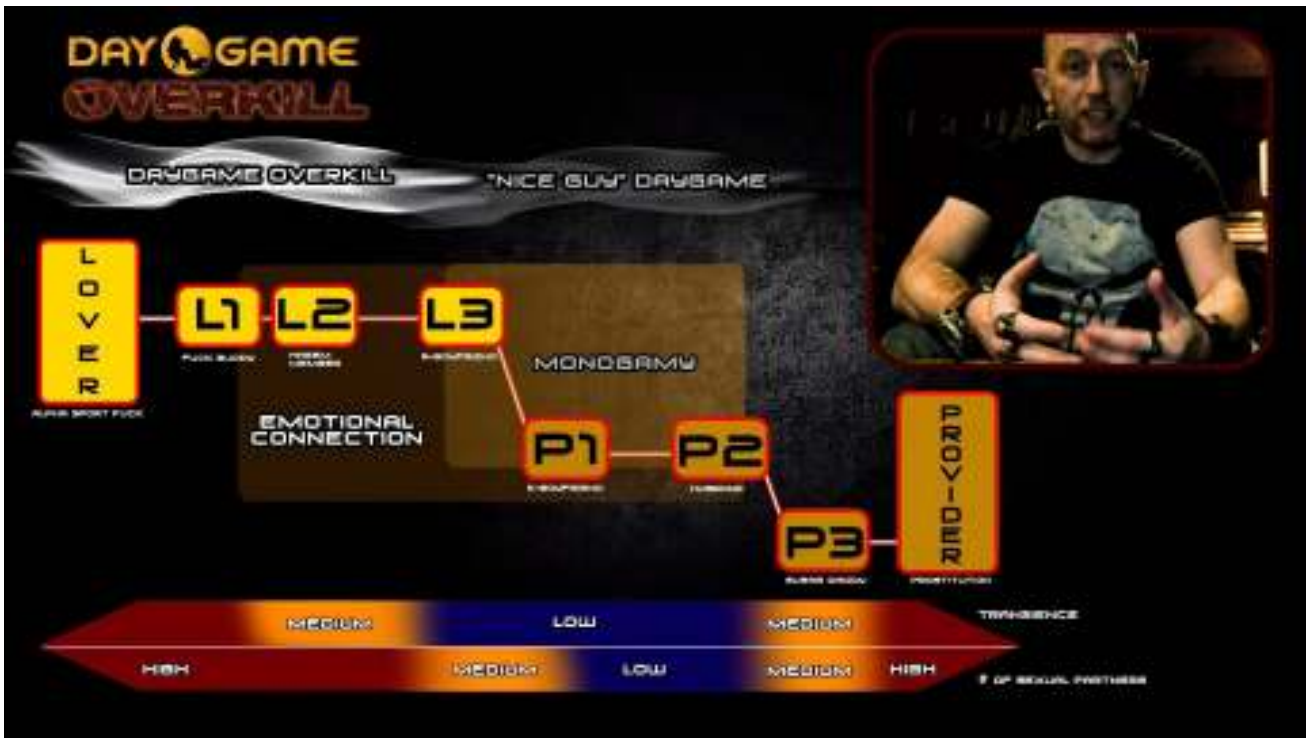
That aside, since I'm sure there are downsides we can accept considering Krauser isn't your "bells and whistles" kind of chap, this product seems to potentially go hand-in-hand with his book or virtual book (can you call it an ebook?), Daygame Mastery, which he later explains is a reference book, not a tips and strategy guide. And that Daygame Overkill is a simplified version of this book, so if you need the theory (*nope – just download directly into my brain by watching what you do please*), then to refer to the book to delve deep into the who, how, what, why etc.

So is his book **Daygame Mastery** needed to work alongside **Daygame Overkill**?

I think the overall suggestion is no, but it depends on whether your the kind of guy who needs to have it laid out in complicated jargon, or if like me, you "get this stuff" on a deep level just by seeing it explained on a simplified level to camera– but again, we all have different learning abilities so although he didn't say this, it might be a good idea to read it if just watching clips and following his reviews of the infield footage isn't enough of an explanation.

The most groundbreaking thing about this intro video and product in general, in a nutshell, is the "K" selection vs. "R" selection concept, one which in my acute awareness as a learned daygamer (aware of who else is out there), has never been explained and triggered on a deep down "AHA!" moment in me before. And this is the most eye opening thing about the product because it makes you feel okay about wanting to fuck a lot of women… to put it bluntly.

In a nutshell, Krauser is bringing up the comparison between the nice guy boyfriend daygamer to the lover, sex-based daygamer i.e. R-selected.



Lover / Provider discussion in the Welcome introduction

The only other time I've seen this explained is in one of **Tom Torero**'s videos where he delved into the lover vs. provider model, but he just said everything overlapped and there was no black and white, whereas Krauser is the living, breathing example of the black yet still being "kind of normal" at the same time, unlike the R-selection comparable RSD hyper-dudes who don't ever seem to come down from PUA night game-centric, American (mostly) yes girl fucking heaven… Still valid, but not so relatable.

What Krauser is good for, is being relatable as someone you could meet in a pub and have a beer with, even if he filmed his infields with a hangover…. wtf??? And has a pint in hand in the venue of his talk while going through the Q and A section…

Okay for Beginners?

So it begs the question… is this product any good for beginners??? Or does someone need to be out on the streets getting flaky numbers after being that "nice guy" first before realising that this is the holy grail for him, to stop those boring first dates where you don't even try and kiss her (wtf?) and get either friend zoned or boyfriend zoned (I don't know which is worse)… Personally I'd say the latter, as a complete newbie probably won't get the entirety of this. Unless, he has the sex drive of a tiger on heat, and just wants to take a bit of a short cut that might cut out the pain, yet not allow the excitement of knowing how to overcome the obstacles a newbie nice guy daygamer has… and even knowing this stuff, it will take time becoming socially calibrated enough to get away with a lot of the stuff Krauser is showing.

Even I will have to have my results damaged by changing my ways since I will be trying a new method and although my long term success will be better (including SDL's or first date fucks which I've had only one so far), I might find it less congruent in the beginning and therefore this will affect my results. And for a newbie there is still that initial "wtf do I say to a hot girl?", let alone "how do I do what Krauser does?" bumps to get over…

So as an ideal goal to hit, it's great for anyone. But for someone to go out and practice this stuff, it really is an intermediate product.

What if you want a girlfriend? And has he done any market research?

Krauser assumes that having a girlfriend is a bad thing – yes I personally 100% agree but what if there are guys out there who would be happy settling for a hotter, tighter and younger gal to fuck every night and get a pad with, and

who knows, have kids with (let's just say I was one of those guys since I'm a father to two beautiful boys), until of course they get married, they both get bored and they probably get a divorce (got the t-shirt). But aside from that, some relationships work, so what if there are guys genuinely gunning for monogamy?

Therefore I think he should explain that even if you want a girlfriend, it's still better to be that r-selection boyfriend who is the prize, rather than the nice guy daygamer K-selection boyfriend. Put simply, you can "choose" with this approach, rather than "settle." Krauser also takes the general stance that most men are K-selected daygamers, rather than r-selected. How does he know this as gospel? Personally I think that a lot of daygamers mix the two, and get it right when they throw in a larger percentage of r-selected, which I have done with the girls I've closed way more quickly in the past.

So instead of classifying most men as "K" selected, he should take more of a subjective perspective and see it as fluid ie. most guys will be K-selected in 80% of their sets, but the ones where they are r-selected (20%) will be the ones that net them the quick results i.e. not having to go on 3 dates or more before you get to fuck her. And it's this fluidity that is missing in his explanation, so instead of being black and white, he should see it as it is – a mixture of the two, and suggest that to improve results and get more success, up the r-selection vibe and diminish the K-selection vibe. Maybe it's because he doesn't coach and sees the world through his own eyes (fair enough), but a wider perspective here would have been better in my view.

It's true as Krauser suggests that most guys are non-sexually-threatening and therefore it doesn't lead to sex, just nice conversations and numbers, because the women are still getting validation and attention, although she will never text you back, but it's simply within us naturally as men to be r-selected as well so we can't help but play on that when we are at our best. Therefore it's simply about being aware of how to bring our r-selected best version of ourselves, rather than learning something that is acquired like school children – my point being, that the r-selection traits are already within us! It's just about learning how to draw them out… (try not masturbating for as step one!).



Breaking the model down in the Welcome video

So let's get to the juicy part – the talk and the infields!

Krauser explains that the infields consist of 10 girls in Zagreb, Croatia within the space of 3 days, October 2014 and within a 1 mile square radius of each other. The first question in combination with alarm bells that hit my brain was – *why only over 3 days?* Why not commit a week to get the cream of the crop absolute best out of this guy and WITHOUT hangovers… (wtf???) Regardless, he ramps up the theory and makes it really clear about being "social

savvy," "secret society" (I fuck hot girls all the time and I know that you know that I know that you know that) and the powerful sub communicator, rather than "wanna fuck!??" approach and style.

He also brings up his average stats as around 1-in-30, which is twice as good as mine so at least I know I'm watching the right guy to help me improve my results two fold… (everything is crossed). In **part 2** of the talk, Krauser points out that everything you do should point to the r-selection. You want her to think you're the bad boy or asshole… because that box is where all the action happens, even if she's taken since she knows you won't give up the game when she fucks you on the side etc – ie. you won't care about her boyfriend and try and steal her away.

He also talks about risk taking, "birdsong," that mixing up r and K will really hurt your results, the importance of being the guy who can handle being anonymous, covert sexualisation and how he mixes this in with fractionation. And finally, the cold, hard, fact, that if you go down this path, you are a service provider in "adventure sex."

Nuff' said…

Then the talk comes to a penultimate moment where you are about to see evidence of Krauser's recent lays…. then, Nooooo! Why can't we see proof of these "younger hotter tighter" girls!?? I'm totally deflated by that… on advice of his mum? (as written in text on the video to cover up these obviously explicit images)… Yet this then raises the question… Shouldn't his "mum" be telling him not to do any of this full stop? Instead of "just" the part where he proves the type of girl he's laid for the past year? – and a part which you would have thought would solidify Krauser's reputation even more firmly, rather than piss you off and make you want to think he's not so great because of the simple frustration at being denied these, and because you want to be inspired by these pictures so you are driven to succeed with the "younger, hotter, tighter" types yourself…

That's at least how I felt at this point. So I urge Krauser to include these even if it's a special VIP bonus that you have to pass some kind of test to access.

Part 3 of his talk expands more about vibe and goes on to explain the 4 pillars of daygame alongside more of an elaboration on covert sexualisation, plus an analogy between poker and daygame – "lose small but win big!" And finally, the importance of compliance tests – I can't wait to start putting this one into practice! (Again, something I've done without realising but never consciously knowing – this will allow for escalation). The **Q and A section** is where Krauser has a pint in his hand and he starts scratching his balls occasionally… classy! Seriously, leave it alone! And he provides a continued explanation of "vibe", integral to success in daygame (you can't be a miserable bastard and succeed).

Infield Overview, in Brief…!

It's clear that these infields were filmed by his mate Bojangles and were not of a professional quality, not that this is always an obstacle but you want to get the best for what you pay for right? The content however is the most important thing but it seems this was an unplanned affair which turned into a product – sometimes the best way to go, but it would have been nice to know that a little more care and planning (especially as three of the infield analysis' were filmed from the same pub he filmed the introduction from – just a little budget I'm afraid) had gone into this product you are paying good money for…

With the ten infields, I'll be honest… I was impressed by six of them, and *two of them I thought were at the level of MPUA*. Four (maybe three because it's good to show him ploughing with an out-and-out "no" girl) of them simply shouldn't have been included, for various reasons. I could go deep into each one and pick it apart bit by bit, but it would make this review double the length, and it would also kill the mystery. However his analysis of himself is great – concise, to the point and elaborates on areas where it's important to do so.

You also see Krauser calibrate differently to different women and environments. The two where he had results were obvious as to why he got those results, and one in particular would have eaten any novice daygamer alive! Yet she seemed to get a taste of him within a few days of the interaction… He only goes into minute detail where he has diagrams ready within the video on one of the sets, and with the other one that I was blown away by, you can't see

her face which is a real shame, but with the way she was talking, she must have been a 9 or a 10. This makes me think – why didn't Krauser have a pocket camera as well as the "from a distance" camera perspective?



Underground seduction, yesterday

There are certain things Krauser does that you would never notice unless they were explained, especially in the nuances and sub-communication, and for the sets I was impressed by, I would watch those again once or twice just to ensure I've fully soaked up what I need to learn to allow me to progress to the next level by implementing the same. As mentioned earlier, why not hit the streets for at least 1 or 2 weeks, not necessarily going out every day but having a good range of infields to choose from instead of having to include four sets that in my opinion shouldn't have been included.

He is showing us the kind of "no" or "maybe" girl in one of these, but I actually think he could have done better in three of them (one was just your typical "no" girl), for example not getting the hook point before suggesting a coffee/date/number? Come on Krauser… And not seeming to have built rapport on three of them enough for them to be a solid fuck close, as he does date two of the four but it doesn't really go further other than a make out.

I'm being super critical because of Krausers reputation and obvious results in the past few years, which obviously I wouldn't apply to just anyone, but if further explanation is required I would be happy to provide it.

Conclusion

My conclusion is that this product is definitely worth buying *especially* if like me you are intermediate and so far work hard for the number and then have to work hard for the eventual sex… And because this is groundbreaking in that no one else has so far had the balls to elevate this r-selection theme to this level before, in a way that is relatable, it's probably the *only* product out there that will cover both the theory and the practical with conciseness and a few laughs (admittedly Krauser is funny), so I would buy it just on that basis.

The in-fields could have been better – two are bloody amazing and four are really good, but four of them disappointed me… So if those four were replaced with good, solid sets where the results speak for themselves, he could make something already ground breaking "even more" groundbreaking.

The six that were awesome-to-good are worth watching more than once so that you really get the nuances, that won't ever be explained in a YouTube video and leave you even more clueless as to when you started, so you are basically paying for his own analysis which certainly has value.

The one question remains…. What does Krauser do on a date to secure the sex? Maybe a sequel that covers this is soon on its way to your inbox…. Watch this space

Tom J

Thanks Tom. I hope this stimulates some debate in the comments. Daygame Overkill is on sale and available here. Further discussion pieces inbound soon. You can read more about Tom and watch his infield videos at SmartSeduction.com

Balls Deep: Chapter Four, Not All Nigerians Scam (1 of 3)

krauserpua · 17 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

My feet ached.

The inner lining of my brown biker boots had ripped so a little fold of material was pressing against my ankle and the left heel was asymmetrically worn away from many weeks pounding the streets. The toes of my sock were wet from stepping on a loose paving slab that splashed water as it wobbled underfoot. These are the trivial annoyances of winter daygame—the hobby of prowling busy shopping streets to pick up beautiful women gets tougher when the weather turns. I'd been out four days straight through wind, rain, and snow. It was beginning to wear on me.

Covent Garden was wet and dreary that day. I had an enthusiastic young student in tow. He was a young, nerdy, socially awkward kind of guy with an unkempt shock of black hair combed unconvincingly over a thinning crown. The kind of guy you'd expect gets laid about once a year maximum. He was upbeat and anxious to learn, so I was taking him around for free. I wasn't really qualified to teach but I'd opened about one thousand girls and was at least getting some dates, so LSS guys even less successful than me wanted to hang out.

I pulled up the collar of my fur-lined flight jacket and pulled my woolly hat down to my eyebrows, then jammed my numbing hands deep into my pockets. It was December 30, 2009. A cold, damp typical wintery London day, New Year just around the corner. Christmas decorations cluttered store windows, long streams of golden tinsel framing displays of snowmen and reindeer. As dusk approached, the fairy lights adorning lampposts and street signs began twinkling in the reddening sky. Everywhere I turned people were milling, jostling, and scurrying for that last sale item. Some rushed purposefully to and from their destinations as others strolled along dreamily, shopping the stores with their eyes, or watching as the street performers put on a show for their pleasure and their tips. Lovers strolled hand-in-hand and looked at the sights. Japanese tourists with comically oversized cameras took pictures of everything.

This seasonal fauna of street life was a blur to me. My attention was on the fold of cotton pressing awkwardly against my ankle, and whether I should find a seat to take my boots off and fix it. Little things loom large when daygaming due to the high pressure of the activity.



Covent Garden in winter

I was sold on daygame now. I loved that there was an art to meeting a girl in a public place and getting her number, perhaps taking her for a coffee there and then. It's the first step in getting laid. For most men it's a strange, intimidating but fantastically liberating experience—just imagine walking around the streets scanning for pretty girls and then, when you see one, you just walk up and make a conversation from nothing. Make her laugh, make

her curious, and hopefully fuck her a few days or weeks later. For a guy conditioned that bars, nightclubs, and Internet dating sites are the only places to meet women this is an eye-opening thought.

Any girl. Anywhere. Any time.

I was still somewhat new to the game, having stumbled and mumbled through what was now six months of approaches. I had yet to get laid, but I had gotten some basic competence at drawing girls into conversation and getting numbers. Sometimes the girls would even come on a date. That's what my student was looking for that day. I was still hurting from my devastating divorce from a woman with whom I'd shared the past nine years. We had dated for six and were married for three before she walked out on me that January. By the time I was trawling these Covent Garden streets at the end of the year she had already remarried.

It was almost a year since the separation, and over six months of Game. I was reflecting on the year, as we are wont to do when New Year approaches. Was I headed in the right direction? I'd initially promised myself a six-month commitment to Game to see if it worked and if I could learn it. So how was it working out?

In the early months of 2009 I allowed myself to wallow in the unfairness of it all. The self-pity that comes from being dumped enveloped me. Outwardly, I was the same guy I had always been, but inside I had been smashed into a million pieces, like a jigsaw box emptied onto the floor. I was glad I'd tried something, lest I allow myself to sink deeper into the pits of despair.

I thought back to the Tony Clink book I'd picked up and then reordered earlier this year. A gaudy red book with cover art of a slick lounge-lizard guy surrounded by beautiful women. It promised the secret system to meet and attract women, sleeping with different girls every week. So, although married and in love at the time, I read it from idle curiosity, and it had stung. It's like the author knew my whole life. I replayed memories of all the girls I'd dated, laid, or failed with and every single time I could relate it to his system. I believed him. Then I loaned the book to a friend and forgot about it.

In business I was successful, having always been at the top of my class from the time I was four years old right through my Master's program. Every single year I came top at everything. Soon London beckoned and a career in investment banking. I was so focused on professional advancement that I never noticed the lack of women around me. I'd just stumble into a relationship and gave it little more thought. Wolf of Wall Street it wasn't. I wasn't one of those rare guys who had girls throwing themselves at him an university and thus graduated with a First Class degree in Entitlement.

As my student and I strolled along through the busy streets, talking to a girl here and there, I suddenly heard someone singing flutter in the wind behind me. A sweet, feminine, melodic voice seemed to tinkle like water in a mountain stream. It was so sweet and uplifting. I turned to look and behind me walked a pretty young black girl. She was wearing a set of headphones, singing along with the music. I smiled and turned back to my student, and almost at once wondered what I was doing. I couldn't ignore this opportunity. Today I was the teacher, but I was still in the game myself, and she looked like someone that I'd really like to get acquainted with on a horizontal and naked basis.

Turning back towards the girl I motioned her to take off the headphones. She gave me a wide-eyed inquisitive look, but obediently took the buds out her ears and returned my smile.

"Did you really just start singing in the street?" I said.

She smiled again and giggled a bit. "Yeah, I like this song."

Her brown eyes were large and her long hair hung in curls to her shoulders. She looked to be in her early to mid-twenties. I would find out later that she was twenty-six. My eyes scanned up and down. Decent height, full breasts, wide hips, quite possibly a good ass. She'd do.

"People may think you're crazy," I challenged. "The only people I see singing to themselves are also carrying a can of Special Brew."

It was easy. She was in a great mood and she liked me. My student stood off quietly to watch me work, absorbing what he could. I teased a little, and she laughed. I could feel a spark of attraction between us like the crackle of electricity. Something undefinable in her eyes and manner telegraphed, “I want this guy.” Back then, I was actually terrible at picking up on such signals but she was throwing them out so strongly I couldn’t miss.

“I have to get back to my friend there,” I told her, “But let me take your number and we can have a drink sometime.”

That is how I met Rakiya, a young medical student of Nigerian descent but born and bred in South London. She’d be the first black girl I’d ever fucked. Her number stored in my phone I bid her goodbye and strolled away, re-joining my student with a smile on my face. Perhaps this curvy minx would be the one to finally end my year-long dry spell, and allow me to complete the whole daygame process from beginning to end.

Next installment (Chapter Four, part two) in three days. Buy the full Balls Deep book in PDF for £10 here or in paperback for £20 here.

Picking up pennies in front of a steamroller

krauserpua · 18 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

There are certain changes a man must make in his daygame journey as he progresses through the learning curve. In the beginning it's pretty simple: *approach*. Most noobs are terrified of rejection and tangled in a mess of limiting beliefs about what women want and how to deliver it. So on 90% of boot camps and one-on-one coaching sessions the strategy is simple:

- Give him some simple lines
- Psych him up to dive into opening

And that's pretty much it. There's only so much a student can learn when simply walking up to a girl and opening your mouth is a death-defying act. We tried to teach theory on beginner's bootcamps and it just doesn't work. The student's adrenalin is inhibiting any ability to absorb complex information. It's the same in boxing – first few times a guy spars his technique disappears and he's suddenly chin-up, flat-footed and swiping air like a clumsy bear.

This problem can be fixed over time. Repeated exposure drills the muscle memory and reduces the adrenalin. Eventually the noob can calm down in set and begin to see what's in front of him.

Five hundred sets later he's acclimated to daygame and can start plotting his jump up to intermediate. This is when he must move from "social" to "sexual". He already knows how to begin a conversation with a stranger, and he can spot when a girl gives him a topic and then run with it. So he gets hook point a lot and many flaky numbers. He's now become the chatty guy.

That's not daygame. It's *have a nice chat with a stranger*. That's a valuable skill to have and it represents progress but as an guy at this level can tell you it is **immensely frustrating**. Once in a blue moon he'll encounter a Yes Girl who just needs to be gently eased downhill towards the bed but it's rare. Most of the time he's getting into interminable chats that end with a phone number to nowhere. If he's able to do this with hot girls, he'll have a YouTube channel and offer bootcamps because it's not until you're intermediate yourself that you can easily see through the smoke and mirrors.

So the strategy for this guy is also simple: *go sexual*. As a teacher, I'll tell him:

- Take some risks
- Get close to her
- Throw in sexual spikes

I've noticed the main barriers to a man implementing my advice are emotional, not technical. What I ask from him is technically *easier* than all the social stuff he's doing. Really, all I'm asking him to do is take one step forwards, and repeat some simple one-liner spikes. A monkey can do that. The fact he's already hooking and number-closing means he's no monkey. It's an emotional barrier.

He's addicted to picking up pennies in front of the steamroller. Consider this quote from a review of Nassim Nicolas Taleb's book The Black Swan:

> "Another human failing stems from the nature of happiness. In the short run, people's happiness is often shaped more by how many "positive events" occur in their day than by the arrival of one important piece of good news. Winning $100,000 in the lottery feels almost as good as winning $1 million. We therefore look, consciously or not, for small but repeated successes when we should be shooting for "one large win." It's easy to see why: Big payoffs come only rarely, and perhaps late in life; in the meantime, who wants to keep on feeling like a loser?"

There are many sweet hits of validation during a ten minute street stop. The first one is when you overcome your AA and open the girl – you get the thrill of having mastered your fear. Next is when you reach hook point, she has just validated you with the "this guy is interesting enough to chat to" thrill. A bit later you collect a worthless number but in the moment there's the thrill of the number close. It's all very validating, and by the time you're five hundred sets in it's a pretty regular occurrence. It's also painting yourself into a corner because insiduously, you'll be moving *away* from effective daygame. Instinctively you know the following "play it safe" tricks will maximise the amount of validation hits you get in one session of daygaming:

- Turn off sexual threat
- Let the chat meander towards rapport and common ground
- Hide intent

This period is immensely frustrating because you're "taking action" and "doing daygame" but any time you get laid it's basically luck. You're fooled by randomness. The step to **Intermediate** means taking control of the process again, instituting a tighter cause-effect relationship between what you do and what results you get. And your results will get worse before they get better. Your "easy win" validation hits will actually *reduce*. We're now chasing the $1 million lottery, not the £10 scratch card.

I consider myself an advanced daygamer. I'll talk a bit more about what this entails later, but in this context it means *I deliberately court micro-failure*. Anyone watching me on the street sees I get lots of blowouts. I have no patience with ten minute chats-to-nowhere. I've walked that road and it's frustrating. Now, I want to find a girl, put my schtick on her and get a quick Yes/No/Maybe answer so I can either try to fuck her or else next her and find the girl who will fuck me.

So I open aggressively, I immediately step in on her, I lay the eyes on, and I bust her hard in the first minute. She knows exactly what I want and that I don't expect to wait a long time to get it. She also knows she's free to leave at any time. These days I often see the wheels of her brain turning as she weighs the pros and cons of adventure sex.

The result is more blowouts and more lays. And if I was to post a day's filming on YouTube the comments would all be "dude, why can't you get more numbers?"

Balls Deep: Chapter Four, Not All Nigerians Scam (2 of 3)

krauserpua · 20 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The next morning I woke up to New Year's Eve. I was still living in a grotty one-bedroomed flat in Kennington, a rundown area that felt more like Lagos or Kingston than the land of my forefathers. My housing estate had been built in the 1930s and probably never updated since. There were metal security bars welded across all ground floor windows in my block due to the crime problem—any time I read about a fatal stabbing or shooting in the London paper it was a fair bet to be nearby. The only reason normal working people lived there is it's centrally located and cheap—I could walk to my banking job in just thirty minutes. Never underestimate the squalor of London living conditions. Despite earning near £100k per year the punitive taxation, mass immigration, bureaucratic incompetence and creeping socialism of London life meant I lived in a shithole. And paid £1000 per month for the privilege.



It was usually fun times with the RSG gang

This was far from the best time in my life. Working like a dog fortyeight weeks a year, having seventy percent of my income stolen from me by an assortment of taxes so that I could live in a squalid damp flat and sleep in the bed that I'd shared with my wife less than a year earlier. And I wasn't getting laid.

I'd think, "Is that all there is?" I'd worked hard at school, graduated University top of my faculty, gone straight into a high-pressure high-achievement professional apprenticeship and then risen up the corporate ladder through dedication, talent, and a little good luck. Yet here I was, almost thirty-five years old, single, and living next door to a workshy immigrant family who had exactly the same apartment as me but paid for it with welfare funded by taxes stolen from me while I paid the full market rate. Just a week earlier the council had replaced the windows of every apartment except those of the people who actually paid their own rents. So the immigrants had new double-glazing and I had draughty single-glazing.

I'd done everything society asked of me and done it well. Yet here I was, living in squalor, alone, with no idea where it had all gone wrong. Dark thoughts filled my mind back then. The only faint light of hope in my life was this secret system of Game. Looking back it sounds silly to be so pessimistic but having your heart broken and then enduring a twelve-month dry spell will do that to a man. That's where my obsession would come from, the driving energy that would eventually turn my life around.



It was decadent but perhaps not how they meant it to be

New Year's celebrations bore me. Being somewhat introverted, the idea of being at a party or a club where it was standing room only was not enchanting to me in the least. Neither were the obnoxious mark-ups on the cover fees and drinks in London bars. But, like I said earlier, I was new to this journey. I had become friends with some of the RSG guys and keen to cement it. They were the "cool guys" and I wanted to continue to broaden my social circle and be a part of their group. The longer I hung out with them, the more I could learn. In those dark days it was a lifeline, what felt like my one shot at happiness. My new friend (and leader of RSG) Jimmy had invited me out for New Year's Eve with a group of the guys. So I went.

The plan was to meet up at a Shoreditch bar-club called "The Last Days of Decadence." Shoreditch is renowned for its party scene, frequented by a diverse demographic, mostly hipster twats. Last Days is a throwback to the Roaring 20s prohibition era from the stained glass windows to the cherry wood bars it's an exercise in old school indulgence, like a bar from Boardwalk Empire. It encourages retro evening formal dress. After a few stiff whiskeys I'd feel transported back in time, the perfect atmosphere for ringing in the New Year.

I sent Rakiya a feeler text to see where I was at with her. Men who are new to Game are usually shocked at the flake rate—the amount of girls who will give a phone number then never reply. Even now when I'm pretty good and know how to solidify a number I still expect at least half of the girls to flake. Back then it was closer to ninety percent so even though the energy and sparkle had been good on the street I wasn't expecting much. I sent this: "Hey Jimmy. I just met this Nigerian girl. She's cute and sexy but looks like one of those sex perverts you warned me about. Should I date her?"

She understood the joke and responded almost immediately.

"Hahaha, you should be careful! I recommend you run away from her."

We pinged a few messages quickly and my spirits rose. So many recent interactions had been a waste of time but this one stuck. She had high interest. I also found out that she lived quite close to me. A few hours passed, and as I was showering, my phone vibrated. Wiping my hands dry on the towel, I reached out from the shower cubicle and checked my messages.

"What are you doing tonight?"

Fucking score! Not only was she fishing for a date invitation (an extremely strong sign of interest for a girl, due to them usually taking a passive role) but she was trying to spend New Year's Eve with me—one of the few get-drunk-and-damn-the-consequences nights of the year. I was almost shaking in anticipation.

I replied something or other and she called. After some quick chit-chat I told her about the evening plans.

"That sounds like a lot of fun," she told me.

"I think it will be. Why don't you join us?"

“I’d love that,” she said. I could tell by the sound of her voice that she was excited.

“Great!” I told her. We arranged to meet up near the Imperial War Museum an hour later, then I scrambled to get ready.

Jimmy lived just a couple of minutes’ walk away from me, also in a squalid little two room flat with his mate Tomasz, also an RSG guy. It was funny to be on the inside and see how these guys really lived. Jimmy and Tomasz spent most of their time sitting around in their boxer shorts and watching DVDs on their laptops. It was as if they turned on a different persona when they walked out the door. We had a can of beer each, then I popped out to collect Rakiya. She was all smiles and warm energy, so I took her to Jimmy’s then we got a cab into town.

Last Days was predictably jam-packed. It was like stepping into the 1920s—if that era had also been popular for trashy tattoos, binge drinking, and obesity. It’s jarring to see a chubby foul-mouthed English woman swilling cocktails while dressed like Marlene Dietrich. That’s how my vibe was in 2009—whereas now I find beauty in everything back then it seemed like British culture was a festering sore rotting through a once-great nation. At least the music was good.

Rakiya was dolled up in a yellow dress and with her dark hair and skin she looked very cute in it. Like a big sexy banana. I’d noticed she was a bit chubby, but her smile and her youthfulness were nice and it was so long since I’d gotten laid I wasn’t being too selective. In addition, I’d never shagged a black girl, unless you count a quickie with a prostitute in Prague five years earlier. Game is great for satisfying sexual curiosity.

We shuffled through the crowds until finding the rest of the team. Jimmy brought along an older woman he’d been banging because she was a famous songwriter and producer in the US. Betty was blonde and slim but pushing forty and pretty haggard from all the booze and cigarettes. Not really a catch, you might say. Jimmy wanted to get his band signed while I got the impression that Betty was using him for the bad boy sex. Jimmy was a decent looking thirty-one year old guy. Imagine Liam Gallagher, the wild and moronic frontman of Oasis, and then turn the volume down a little. Jimmy was astute, talented, but also slothfully lazy and not willing to put out the effort to reach his full potential.

Also with RSG that night was Mick, an Australian raconteur gifted with the ability and wit to tell a story that would have the entire room spell-bound. Mick was always the life of the party. He had held down a wide variety of jobs in his twenty-eight years of life ranging from a croupier on a cruise ship, a ski instructor to faking his resume to land an accounting contract. That gave him fodder for quite a few of his tales. He was definitely an extrovert and very good with the ladies.

Tony was the other guy there. He was the grand old man of RSG despite being my age. We all looked up to him because of his experience and deep knowledge of the crimson arts. He’d been a Salsa performer and railed over three hundred women. Even then he was in great shape and projected a solid masculine presence.

An hour passed and whiskey flowed. A burlesque dancer was cavorting across the small raised stage wiggling her hips and showing skin. By my third whiskey her breasts had been freed from their velvet prison and she was dancing the Charlestone. I was walking Rakiya to the basement bar when Mick came over and grabbed me.

“Nick, do me a favour. I want you to use your pre-selection to help me pick up one of these girls.”

When women see a man out with a pretty girl, they look at him differently than if he was alone or with male friends. Deep in their hindbrain women have short-cuts to assess a man’s sexual market value and one is “since he was able to score this pretty young thing there must be something about him, something that I’m missing out on.” Thus, one great way to make women interested in you is to be seen with a pretty girl on your arm. We call this “pre-selection.”

Mick continued, “I’m going over to talk to those girls”. He nodded his head towards a group of three young girls standing against the bar. “Wait for me to open, then walk past with Rakiya and say to the girls, ‘Be careful of this guy here, he gets laid like a rock star.’”

I agreed, thinking of it as helping out a friend while continuing my learning process. Each time I saw Mick with a girl I went over and gave him this verbal pat on the back. More whiskey blurred my mind. Things were going great—we were swapping stories with the RSG guys, drinking, lots of ribaldry. Mick was copping off with some girl in a dark corner while Rakiya was pressed up against me all night, coming on to me. I'd already kissed her.

There's a nightclub area in the basement that serves drinks and also has a stage where they do a bigger cabaret show. The toilets are just to the side of the stairs and, as we were coming down, I saw Mick. He was coming out of the women's bathroom with a giggling girl close behind. She scurried off with a guilty expression, and he stopped when he saw me.

"I can't believe it! I just got a blowjob in the toilets," then he grinned broadly and said, "Cheers for the help!"

Next installment (Chapter Four, part three) in three days. Buy the full Balls Deep book in PDF for £10 here or in paperback for £20 here.

Triumph of the Will – Texting Edition

krauserpua · 21 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I don't half bang on about "taking a risk" and "be playfully racist" when dealing with women. The last thing a hot girl who fancies you wants is for you to reveal yourself as a push-over. Imagine pulling a smoking hot chick in a club, getting her home, and then while you are retrieving a condom she undresses and….. she has a dick. I think that's how girls feel when the "hawt" guy turns out to be a pussy. So, take a risk.

With girls, no topic is truly taboo. If you're sharp, you can turn *anything* into seduction. I once spent a day in 2010 opening girls and just talking about coffee beans until they excused themselves. Of course that was just a theoretical exercise – there's a definite bandwidth within which optimal topics reside and coffee beans should be no more an one minute of it, maximum. Generally I avoid anything gross that could trigger a gag reflex or physical disgust. It's far safer to stick to moral taboos. So faeces, vomit and filching are out whereas Nazis, incest, paedos and slavery are in. As an example of how nothing is really off limits allow me to present a short snippet of **Nazi Genocide Game**.

I guess given the topic, that was pretty mild.

Balls Deep: Chapter Four, Not All Nigerians Scam (3 of 3)

krauserpua · 23 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I was feeling at that point that things were somewhat surreal. This was an entirely new experience to me. I had been going along for most of my adult life living from one day at the office to the next and going home to my monogamous relationship. Here I was tonight at one of the hottest parties in the city with the coolest group of guys and hanging out with a relatively hot young twenty-six year old. As I watched Mick make the rounds, making out with first one girl and then the next I was filled with a renewed desire to make this work. This is what I wanted and where I wanted to be right now. No more boring office life for me.

As the night laboured into early morning, Betty suggested that we go to another party at CentrePoint, the 27th tallest building in London that was built on the former site of a gallows. Companies such as the William Morris Talent Agency out of the States, Arabian and Chinese oil companies and EA games used some of the offices. Up on the 33rd floor a 360 degree viewing gallery offered spectacular views on London but, more importantly, to us there was a bar in the middle of it. It was a private member's club at that time, although I believe that has changed in years since. Betty was able to get our names on the guest list that night and the rumour was that Beyoncé, who was on tour in London at the time was going to be hosting an after party. Feeling star-struck, I was having a hard time believing that this was my life. Or, more correctly, it was like peeling back the curtain on what may become my life.

The prior New Year I'd gone up to the roof of my apartment building with a cup of coffee and watched the fireworks with my wife. Then we'd gone back and watched TV. I hadn't even changed out of my slippers. This was a different life.

As it turned out Jimmy and Betty were so lazy and disorganized that by the time we got to CentrePoint it was 3am. And if Beyoncé ever had been there she certainly wasn't then. I looked under the tables just in case she was hiding. The party was wrapping up. Staff were stacking chairs and mopping the floor. We had time for one drink and that was it before they kicked us out.

Rakiya was hanging tightly on my arm, giggling at any little thing and as buzzed as I was. She'd not given me any trouble all night, never called her friends, never tried to take me to different bars. The whole time she'd just been pleasant company and let the night unfold. As we made our way down a quiet corridor right outside of the bar we started making out. It got pretty passionate and seedy as I pushed her up against a wall and started grabbing at her tits. My dick was hard and pressing up against her and she reached down and grabbed me through my pants. As things got more heated, a bouncer came along and moved us on.

"Hey kids, none of that here," the muscled up, nicely dressed doorman told us, putting the brakes on my moves. I had to think fast, it was crunch time. No more bars, no more stalling. Time to pull the trigger.

"But how? How will I get her home now?"

The game plan then called for "extraction." It simply means getting the girl from the spot of the entertainment to your home so that you can have sex. It was ten years since I'd last done it. I didn't know what I was doing, but I knew that it had been a year since I'd had sex and I wanted to fuck this girl that night. I looked at her big ass and imagined slapping it as I rammed my dick into her. I looked at her dark brown skin and wondered how she'd look with my cum splashed all over it. I was so horny I would've fucked the Queen Mother.

I knew the Tube ran all night on New Year so I walked her to the station, stopping to make out and feel her up along the way. We got the Northern line south to my place. I was still thinking, "This is really going to happen. I'm going to be fucking this twenty six year old girl in less than an hour." But then when the train stopped two stations before mine and she started to get off I got that sinking feeling.

I said, "Wait, where are you going? Come back."

“I have to change trains here to get home,” she said. I was getting anxious again. “What do I do now?”

I simply said, “Just come on to my place and have a drink.”

“No, no, I have to get home,” she said.

I thought back again to what I was taught at the boot camp that I had attended back in July. She was showing me ASD—an anti-slut defence. That’s when the girl wants to have sex, but she feels guilty about it and wants the guy to take the responsibility for moving it forward, so she’ll throw up all kinds of obstacles. The crucial point is she is hoping the man will find a way to brush aside those objections so she can get the sex and still leave when it’s over feeling like things had progressed naturally. Remembering this, I quickly said, “It’s okay, we’ll just have a quick drink and then you can go. We’re not going to have sex.”

That did the trick. She got back on the Tube and I high-fived myself mentally. I was shocked and impressed with myself. It seems silly and trivial in the grand scheme of things, but this was a big thrill for me, being able to see the labours of my education come to fruition. We got off the tube at Kennington and were soon in my place. I was feeling great at that point, the voice in my head telling me that it was a done deal. I was going to get laid.

Once inside the apartment I poured her a drink, as promised. We never really finished it though. We were both kind of drunk and still hot and bothered from our earlier groping session. I started kissing her and, within minutes, dragged her into my bedroom. She wasn’t offering any resistance at this point. She was loving it and as ready to fuck as I was.

It was dark, and I didn’t turn on the lights. I fumbled with my mp3 player for soft jazz and the mood turned seductive as I slipped off her dress and tossed it to the floor and dropped my pants right next to it. She slid down my body while I reclined back on the bed and, as I watched her sucking my dick, I almost still couldn’t believe it was happening. I looked down and could see her dark skin and big eyes looking up at me with her decent fake titties bouncing around as she sucked on my cock and I thought, “Damn! This is really happening. I’m really going to get to fuck her!”

I got to have sex, finally, and it was good. We both enjoyed it but then things got weird afterwards. At this point, I was still messed up and broken inside from my divorce. There were still all kinds of strange personality quirks I hadn’t yet straightened out so, suddenly, I felt this intense need to “qualify”. Qualifying is more pick up jargon. It means trying to demonstrate to someone the reasons why they should like you. The best way to explain this would be to think about how on a first date the man typically looks at the woman as being higher value then himself. She’s the “prize” so to speak, and he needs to convince her that he is deserving. So, he’ll talk about how successful he is or how rich he is, anything to make her believe he is worthy. I was being overwhelmed at this point by the need to do this even though I’d already fucked her. It’s not logical. So I did something so weird and now once I thought back on it, so embarrassing.

I reached under the bed and I pulled out an A2 manila envelope. Within this envelope was my resume, my diplomas from my Bachelor’s and my Master’s programs, certificates and commendations from employers, and references. It was a package that I put together in order to obtain a job, or supply proof to Human Resources for a background check when taking a job offer. I began showing this stuff to her.

She was polite and attentive, but I know that she had to be thinking, “What the hell is wrong with this guy? Why is he showing me these five minutes after we had sex? This is just weird.”

She would have been right. It was bizarre in fact, and I know now that it was because I was in a place where I doubted myself to the point of not seeing my own value. I’ve discovered since that qualifying to a woman puts her in a place where instead of looking up at you she is staring down at you from her position of power. Women don’t want to be on a pedestal—they want to look up to and admire the man who is fucking them. The contrast to this is having the woman qualify to you, and that was a lesson I would learn at a later date.

So poor Rakiya probably started getting an icky feeling that maybe she’d slept with a man lower value than she’d

presumed. Well, it's only sex. I'd gotten my notch and finally broke the duck with Game.

Rakiya spent the rest of the night and left late in the morning. I never saw her again, and I'm not sure to this day if it was due to my peculiar behaviour, or if it was that she never really saw it as being more than a one-night stand. Either way, as I stood in my kitchen and poured my coffee that morning, I was smiling. I had a helacious hangover and my balls were aching from finally being relieved of their "blue-ball" state, but the smile on my face lingered throughout the day. I had finally gotten laid, and I had actually completed the process of meeting a stranger and then having sex with her in one or two days, from beginning to end.

This book serialisation will take a short hiatus. Next installment (Chapter Five, part one) coming soon. Buy the full Balls Deep book in PDF for £10 here, or in paperback for £20 here.

Best Daygame Theory – The Overkill Discussion Part 2

krauserpua · 24 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Taking r-selection seriously: A review of Nick Krauser's Daygame Overkill *by Rouge Engineer*

Introduction

When it comes to evolutionary fitness, women are cold, calculating creatures. And brutally realistic: of their partners and themselves. Women may fantasize about securing the attention of an Alpha for life, but alone, in the silence of a room, most women know they're unlikely to achieve this. With Alphas, the most they can hope to secure is the briefest of moments. Adventurous moments. Moments to last a lifetime. And they do.

Alpha fucks, beta bucks. Secure the genetic seed of the momentary passing of an Alpha, secure the resources of an all-too-numerous beta. Optimal female strategy – at least for the teeming crowd of 6s, 7s, and low 8s (a different strategy might well be optimal for higher 8s and 9s). This fact, this most fundamental of social facts, illuminates much social commentary on the manosphere. The red pill. The forbidden knowledge. But oddly, this knowledge hasn't been put to work in game itself. Yes, dual mating strategy to talked about in the game literature – but as a basic worldview. It rarely, if ever, informs, shapes, crafts practical game strategy. This knowledge hasn't been 'weaponised'. Until now.

Overkill takes female dual mating strategy seriously– and attempts to weaponise it in the form of a set of behavioural strategies devised to increase the likelihood of triggering women's propensity to engage in quick, fast r-selection mating behaviour – adventure sex – rather than k-selection mating behaviour. Or more simply, to help ensure a certain signal or vibe is given that increases the chances of women responding to you as a perceived Alpha rather than perceived Beta.

The theoretical model

Overkill's chief theoretical innovation is charting the spectrum between the dual mating strategies. What would the ideal or idealised Alpha look like? What would the idealised Beta look like? Clearly the ideal Alpha would be the ideal Lover – someone a woman fucks for the thrill (conscious reason), for the fitter genes (unconscious reason). Someone anonymous. Someone fleeting. Think the 6 foot 5, masculine, jaw lined, raw masculine vibe guys herding women from the dance floor into the cubicles as effortlessly as shepherds shepherding sheep into the fold. The ideal Beta would be the ideal Provider – someone a woman fucks purely for resources ($$$). Think the ugly, greasy, hunchback desperados walking awkwardly out of knocking shops.

Between these two extremes, these two ideals innocent of any pretence, is 99% of reality: sugar daddies, flings, harems, husbands, good boyfriends, bad boyfriends. The spectrum of rationalisations ("having a sugar daddy doesn't make me a prostitute" – oh yes it does, luv). Between these two extremes, most socio-sexual interactions operate. This is where men do battle every single day, with themselves, with other men, with women – whether knowingly or unknowingly. According to Krauser, the spectrum between Idealised Alpha (Lover or L) and Idealised Beta (Provider or P) can be charted as follows:

L-range*: knowing harem members, fuck buddies (who sometimes are unknowingly members of a harem), r-selected boyfriend, r-selected husband.*

(Krauser orders this slightly differently and omits the concept of r-selected husband (perhaps because the concept is incoherent?)– this ordering reflects my own ordering of degrees of Alphaness. After all, securing a woman who is knowingly a member of a harem, accepting being a side bitch, a loyal side bitch – this surely more of an accomplishment than securing the r-selected love of a girlfriend?).

P-range*: k-selected boyfriends, k-selected husbands, sugar daddies.*

It's obviously in a man's best interests to be within the L-range. No question. Yes we have our different preferences.

Some would be happiest with a harem. Others with an old skool wifey. And indeed our preferences change with time. Doesn't matter which particular arrangement we seek: whether harem, fuckbuddy, short-term girlfriend, long-term girlfriend, wifey, the L-range of the spectrum is where to be. We all know the kind of lives that the overwhelming majority of men who occupy the P-range of the spectrum endure.

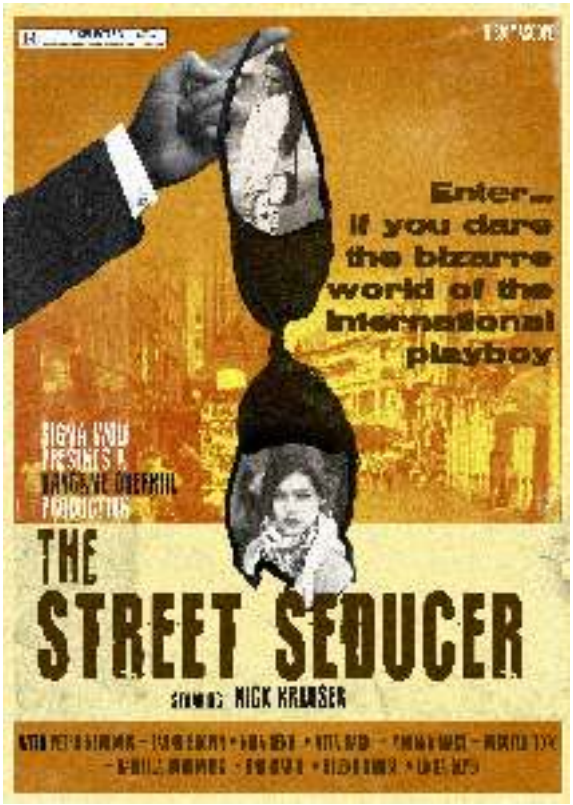
Now comes the flash of realisation.

Only Alphas will trigger L-range responses – whether she is willing to act as a quickie, as a fuckbuddy or even consciously a member of your burgeoning harem. Geeks, nice boys, average boys, good guys: their behavioural signals will only activate P-range responses. But by definition Alphas are rare. By definition, only rare, Alpha behavioural signals will activate L-range responses: balls, vibe, masculinity, mastery.

The more your game signals such rare traits, the more likely you will activate a woman's L-range responses. The less your game signals such traits, the less likely those responses will be triggered – which means being defaulted and pigeonholed along the P-range, with all that involves. We now have a solid basis for day game: the best kind of day game – perhaps even the only one worthy of the name game, as anything less would seem to be a mere numbers strategy – will be the day game that seeks to harness and amplify such signal to maximise the chances of triggering L-range responses.

Do existing day game models model this effectively? Mostly they do not. They'll have some occasional Alpha melodies, bits and pieces of effective signalling, true, but also an incredible amount of Nice Guy noise – noise that drowns out any good stuff. If you doubt this, think about so-called granddad game. This strategy, from a well-know node in the manosphere, is to mentally pretend you're a granddad and rabbit on and on about topics when talking to a woman. How likely is that to ignite that secret passion for the Alpha male laying deep within each woman's heart?

Enter **Daygame Overkill**. Overkill presents not only the theoretical viewpoint above in greater detail but presents a set of behavioural skills shaped by that viewpoint – the practical model, as demonstrated by Krauser over a generous number of infields. What are these behavioural skills? That's the price of admission and so I wont be giving details here. But suffice to say it's holistic: not simply verbal communication, words and tonality, but also physical and deep vibe communication, working in unison to spark a vibe and subliminally communicate it.



The practical (demonstrated) model

Broadly, the theoretical model is sound. Accordingly, the practical model should be years ahead of other day game models. In my judgement, it is. It's pure quality.

Does that mean it's perfect? Not at all and nor does Krauser even hint that it is. One of joys of Daygame Overkill is that because Krauser discusses the theoretical model in detail, you can refine the practical model according to your own theoretical understanding and experience. For my own part, I believe the practical model has some healthy scope for further development and calibration. In any quest for knowledge, especially forbidden knowledge, this is only natural. In my judgement, some things should be amped up, some things need to be toned down, and some more contextual sensitivity is needed. Action this and the L-signal will be all the more clearer and louder.

(1) Amping up the innuendo **–** In my experience, eye-contact, touching and innuendos are the workhorses of day game attraction: be or become a natural at this and much of the work is already done. Krauser's practical model excels at eye contact and touching but innuendo seems underused. Indeed, there are quite a number of missed opportunities for innuendo. One missed opportunity I couldn't forget is Infield 2, where Krauser is describing the woman as both chocolate and caramel. She is loving it. "First I'm chocolate and now I'm caramel" she purrs. Krauser replies: "It means you're very sweet". Sweet? Ok, but how about this: "Delicious. It means you're delicious". Say it slowly. With the right kind of smile. Better, right? Small change, clearer signalling.

(2) Toning down micro bursts of Mr Nice Guy **–** In the Infields, I believe there's an occasional frequency of micro Mr Nice Guy bursts (spikes?) – which soon adds up, weakening the L-signal. Some examples: in Infield 1, Krauser makes an incredible physical move. I'm not going to reveal it here – the move alone is worth the price of admission. The verbal part of the move begins with "Sorry I needed to…". However, this could be stronger: in general, "excuse me" is more masculine: "Excuse me, I needed". Also, at the end of sets, Krauser usually says: "Let me take your number". Better: "I'll take your number". Finally, at the very end of sets, Krauser shakes hands. Better: Kiss cheeks goodbye at least, lips preferably. Especially in Europe, where that's normal. Small changes, sharper signal. Micro dominance adds up to macro dominance. It might not seem a big deal to us consciously – but subconsciously, which scans for and scrutinizes every bit of behavioural information received, it can be a big deal, that leaky noise that betrays the otherwise silent submarine.

(3) When L-responses present, escalate to new location **–** Krauser secured the Infield 1 woman within a few minutes. Impressive. But he continued the set for another 7 or so minutes, entirely unnecessary in my judgement, during which the conversation got a little awkward in places, the vibe weakened in places. He scored her on the date on the other day – which goes to show how strong the initial opening and stacking was. But I was surprised the set continued for so long when it was obvious Krauser could have done a same-day lay: she was merely heading to the library, nothing important, he opens and she likes it, she quickly loves it, she was giving off solid L-range responses. At this point, it's time to say, "Let's go for a drink", grab her hand and go. The rest is c(l)ockwork. Done deal. Indeed, she seemed disappointed at the end of the set, as if disappointed the encounter ended with a simple number swap. Even in the Q&A after the infield the question was raised why a same-day wasn't initiated.

Krauser's default is to 'get number, date another time' – and he has good reasons. One reason is that he doesn't want to take the risk of spending 3 hours with a woman if ultimately she's not interested beyond being the entertained (if she's to flake, better that it happens on whatsapp). Another reason is the opportunity cost of day gaming other girls and collecting other numbers.

I totally understand these reasons. But we should also be aware of the risks this default. In this specific case, because her L-range responses were quickly activated, the continued street conversation started sounding and looking unnatural, awkward. This risked backfiring and shutting down L-range activation. Her L-range activation was quick and strong and so survived this prolonging of the street conversation, but a weaker activation might not have survived. In other cases, weaker L-range activity might be sufficient for a same day lay but unstable, not lasting to the next day (maybe the reason for the ultimate outcome of Infield 2?) – so better to strike when the iron is temporarily hot. This doesn't mean 'get number, date another time' shouldn't be the default. But it does show the

need to be aware of the L-responses and to have the confidence to escalate to a new location quickly once L-responses are activated – exactly as an Alpha would. Once L-responses are activated, the risk of a woman wasting your time when initiating an instant date will be greatly reduced.

Conclusion

Daygame Overkill consists of two parts: the theoretical model and the practical (demonstrated) model. The theoretical based is solid. The practical model is quality. Not perfect (what is?) but quality.There is something for everyone. Beginners will see what's possible and will save a lot of wasted time on dead ends and YouTube monkeys. Intermediate will upgrade their behavioural signalling, from Nice Guy to Adventure Guy. Advanced gamers will have a basis for understanding why what has worked worked and so a basis for further improvement and refinement.

By giving such a sound theoretical model, Daygame Overkill allows us to refine the practical model according to our own understanding and experiences. It provides a basis for developing our skills – and to keep developing. And all this for standard hourly rate of a whore. You lucky gits.



Daygame Overkill is available for immediate access here

Nice guy / bad boy fractionation

krauserpua · 30 March 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Never forget the magnitude of what we are trying to accomplish with daygame: choosing a girl who is minding her own business, interrupting her day, and trying to fuck her quickly offering no more in return than our charisma. If she's really lucky, she'll score a free coffee.

Doing that regularly with **younger-hotter-tighter** is a superpower. There's an extremely narrow window within which we display a carefully refined, balanced and projected collection of qualities. Central among these is fractionating between "nice guy" and "bad boy" traits, as viewers of Tom's recent vlog series have seen.

My particular style is to look aggressively r-selected in my style and body language while putting on hard eyes and clear sexual intent. That "bad boy" side is constantly offset by polite language, occasional smiles, mischeivous gestures, and displays of sophistication.

I recently dated a photographer so she wanted to rattle off some posed shots of me. This one perfectly encapsulates the Bad Boy elements I'm trying to project. My mum said it reminded her of James Dean. You are giving the girl her Adventure Sex fantasy, so make it a little larger than life. Lest any of you think I was destined to be this cool from birth, go have a look at the photos of me in 2009 from the Balls Deep serialisation posts. The transformation from Chodey McNumbnuts to the current vintage of Nick Krauser was a painstaking and consciously-implemented process. The whole purpose of this blog has been to chronicle the change.

The Quickest Fix For Approach Anxiety

krauserpua · 1 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

If I was in a mathematical mood, I might try to estimate how much of a man's success with women is ruined by his Approach Anxiety. But, that's too much brain-work so instead I'll pull a number out of my arse – 70%. That's probably not far wrong. Most problems in Game can be solved by implementing one simple piece of advice: ***Open more sets.***

- Find yourself overinvesting in text message exchanges? *Open more sets*
- Struggle to keep your vibe up in long spells between dates? *Open more sets*
- Throwing away precious time and effort following up luke-warm and cold leads? *Open more sets*
- Scared of escalating in case she blows you out? *Open more sets*
- Don't have enough experience of street stopping girls? *Open more sets*

Given how many problems can be mitigated or outright solved by this one piece of advice, the real question is why aren't you opening more sets. And the answer to that is Approach Anxiety. That's the real cost to implementing the advice. Fortunately I will tell you – for one day only – the real secret to beating AA. No, it's not inner game. No, it's not meditation. And no, it's not forcing IOIs. All of those are *long-term* strategies if you want to reduce AA while also making personal progress.

What if you just want a quick fix?
What if you don't care about improving yourself, you just want to get rid of AA right now, **the easy way**?

Fortunately there is an extremely effective way to completely blunt the effect of AA. There are only two downsides:

1. The effect wears off after two hours (three if you're lucky)
2. It's a bit gross

So what is the magic bullet to give you fast 100% foolproof elimination of AA: **Drink 25cl of your own urine.**



Ryoto Machida, champ

This is something I first learned at a seminar with former UFC light-heavyweight champion **Ryoto Machida** who has been doing it since he was a teenager under his father's instruction. His father was a kyokushinkai karate champion who learned the secret while training in an Okinawan dojo. They had picked it up from the Okinawan long-distance fishermen who used it to calm their sea-sickness and fear when going out in rough seas. It has an *incredible* dampening effect on the adrenal glands.

Basically, it dampens all fear and anxiety to zero.

Hence the karate masters used it before competition or endurance trials, and Machida used it pre-fight. If you've seen him fight you'll have noticed his extremely relaxed demeanour and his ability to retain the higher-level technical proficiency that normally deserts fighters in the ring (that's why many "gym kings" don't have successful careers – they can't handle the amplified adrenalin of a competitive match in front of a real audience).



Just add urine, sugar and lemon

So for the past six months I've found a mixture of 25cl of my urine (with considerable sweetners and added flavours to reduce the foul taste) and half a can of Coca Cola has massively improved my centredness in set and better enabled me to turn on the r-selection. So, if you want a quick fix today and to remove your AA follow the secret **Krauser AA-Busting Cocktail**

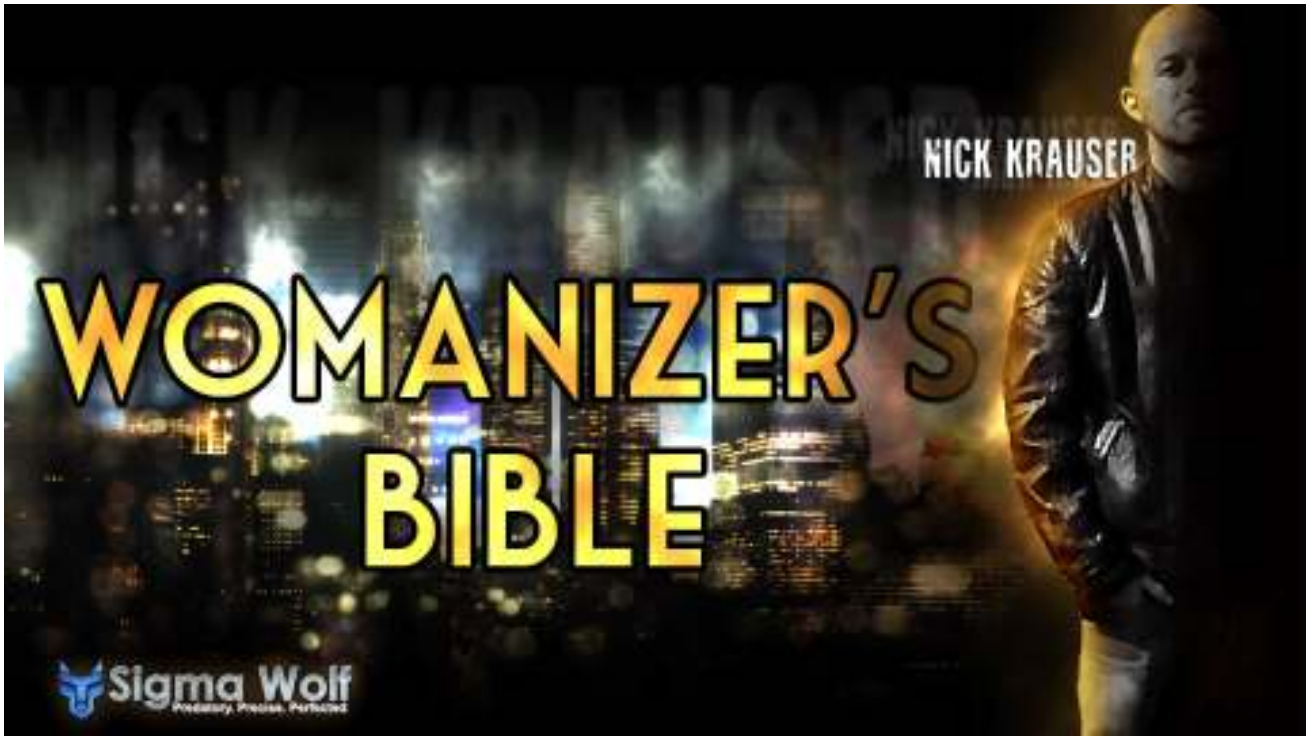
- Half a can of Coke
- Six teaspoons of sugar (heaped)
- Dash of lemon
- 25cl of your urine (if you can stomach it, use your first piss of the day)

I expect to hear your victory stories soon!

Womanizer's Bible – Podcast

krauserpua · 2 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've been seriously neglecting my YouTube channel. It's so fucked up that my account login doesn't even allow me to post comments due to some tech issue. So, I'm going to start a new channel and try to cultivate it. To begin, I will do a little reader-response material. This is the plan.



You post your questions here, or on my Facebook page, and then I'll answer a sample of them in a podcast that I'll post up on YouTube. So, how can I avoid this being just another "me too" podcast? I'm going to focus on more high-falutin' topics than what I see other guys doing. In particular, I'll welcome questions related to:

- The player's journey
- Challenges and rewards of the player's lifestyle
- Euro jaunts
- Meta game
- Game history of ideas going right back to Ross Jeffries and Mystery
- Count Cervantes style "most interesting man in the world" game
- Socio-sexual hierarchy, lover/provider, SMV

And in order to keep it focused I will ***not*** answer questions related to:

- Technical in-set questions on the street, texts, or dates (although meta-level questions on game technique will be answered)
- How to get one particular girl you are oneitisy about
- Beginners questions

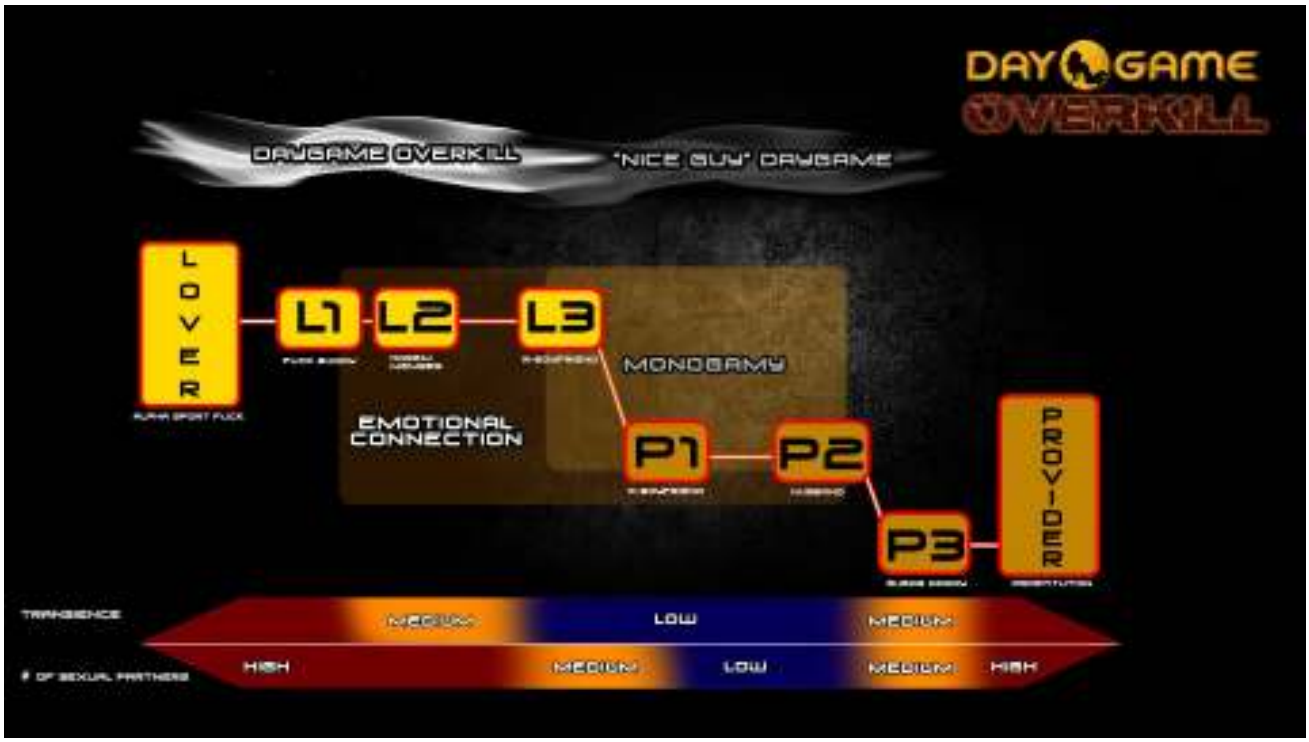
If you drank your own piss yesterday, this podcast probably isn't for you. Not yet, anyway. Once I've gotten ten or so good questions I'll sit down and try my best to answer them. If that podcast works out well, I'll do another. So, ask away. Be as specific as you can be, and don't shackle yourself. If it can squeeze into the approved topic areas, give it a go.

Best Daygame Theory – The Overkill Discussion Part 3

krauserpua · 4 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

A couple of the weeks ago Nick allowed me a peek into his collection of infields: **Daygame Overkill**. This is an interesting product in that it's targeting intermediate level daygamers, like me. The basics are largely glossed over in favour of tackling a major general sticking point for guys at my level, namely how to turn fun, spontaneous and *harmless* encounters with lovely young flowers on the street into the serious knee-trembling, pussy-pounding, depraved fuck-fest perversions that would've made Caligula proud; you know, *the ones we had all envisioned for ourselves* upon embarking on the grand adventure that is Game. Nick's contribution and his primary focus in Overkill is turning "nice guy daygame" into "adventure sex daygame", and in doing so he outlines a number of specific actionable steps that are new to the London model.

Everything is framed in terms of the Lover-Provider continuum. On the one end of the spectrum, girls want to bang you for your DNA, on the other, they want you for your wallet. The gradations extend from **sport fucks** in nightclub bathroom stalls (daygame equivalent is a Same Day Lay) through to casual **fuck buddies** (recurring, but purely sexual), **harem members** (sex with some affection, but non-exclusive on your side), **r-boyfriend** (exclusive, yet maintaining your sex-worthy attributes) — all pleasant places to be at throughout your journey as a player — through to the dark-side, the soul destroying male roles we want absolutely no part of; the **k-boyfriends, husbands, sugar daddies**, and **johns**.



Making sense, yesterday

The whole concept of the Lover-Provider paradigm, which Nick beautifully encapsulates using *the first-and-only diagram in the history of Game theory that actually makes any sense*, is simply that not all sex is created equal. As theorists and practitioners of Game, we're looking for sex of the highest quality, literally resculpting ourselves as men in order to have women *genuinely enjoy* "adventure sex" with us. We're putting in the hard graft required to become sex-worthy men. We're not lying or somehow cheating women, there's no "snake seduction" here. We're not using money or advancing career prospects as an additional (but obfuscated) transactional layer to act in our favor. We have no "edge" or no "in", no, we're becoming the men that hot women will willingly fuck *by and of their own volition*. Moreover, in daygame specifically, you're not even exploiting the seductive vaporware of social proof; in daygame you're cold-selling your dick in the cold light of day with the *sheer force of your own personal*

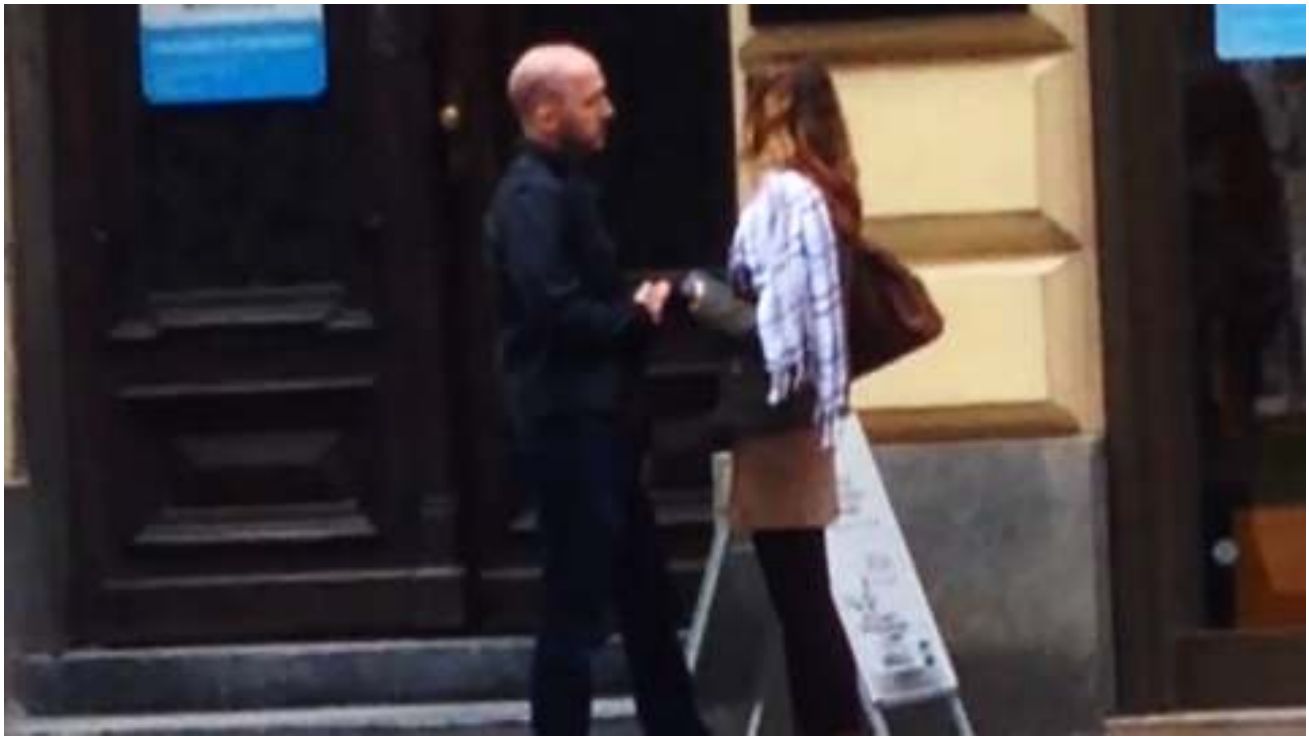
charisma.

Fucking a nymphet based on that proposition, that's something most mortal men won't have the joy to experience in their lifetime, and if that ain't a fuckin' superpower, I don't know what is.

In **Overkill**, Nick significantly simplifies the model; a vast improvement over the ridiculously overwhelming yet utterly useless blueprint of a notch factory that's pasted on the back cover of my first edition **Daygame Mastery**. In general, I've never liked these daygame diagrams because street stops are fluid, they're dynamic, and the steps are going to look quite different in every set based on what the girl's giving you. In my experience, diagrams of "textbook" daygame only make sense in hindsight, and only at their most general.

Even the opener — the most mechanical part of any approach — hasn't been captured in a succinct, concise manner. An assumption stack, for example, is only a stack in the case of a "Russian minute". If you successfully bait a girl into talking using your assumption, there's no need to "stack" them (indeed, it's actually counterproductive), and so you're straight into Vibing. These sorts of intricacies make daygame, to my mind, more complicated than a linear progression of boxes to be checked. Never the less, it's a teaching heuristic that's been used before and it comes up again here, but thankfully Nick ignores for the most part what have already become standard tools in our nice-guy daygame bag of tricks, focusing on a couple of novel contributions that help to push our game pendulum towards the bad-boy side of the spectrum.

Specifically, Nick is spiking more aggressively and more overtly than most infields I've seen. Although I can't know for sure until I implement this theory more consciously into my own efforts, looking back at my personal plethora of *extended and meandering* instant-dates-to-nowhere, it's always befuddled me how clueless some girls could be regarding my true intentions with them. In fact, I'm confident there's a whole generation of nice-guy daygamers out there that are doing exactly what I do; to approach with a compliment (and even a tease if you're feeling especially bold) and then proceed to hide your dick for the rest of the set in a flawed attempt to prevent your ego from dying its thousandth death.



Don't hide the dick

Deep inside we all know that if a girl is ever surprised when you escalate on her, *you're doing it wrong*. Unfortunately, this has happened to me often. Recently. Despite pushing through my thousand-sets-of-hell, despite grinding the streets intermittently since 2012, *I'm doing it the wrong fucking way!* Not always, of course. Some girls will hook strongly during your opener, you'll feel the electricity and they'll encourage you to be bold and show your

cock. These are what Nick calls “fizzy” sets. They present their own unique challenges – to dial it down and avoid becoming the clown. But most sets aren’t of this nature, they’re polite and well-natured girls without any natural fizz of their own. In **Overkill**, Nick encourages us to be brave, put our balls on the line and inject our own fizz into those sweet, innocent sets that are otherwise destined to lead us to that lonely town of nowhere.

Two specific steps are proposed to spike up the street stop *in addition* to the occasional verbal spike we’re already used to seeing from top-tier daygame. The first is testing for physical compliance. Yeah you heard me, *street kino*. Nick employs a multitude of gambits such as touching her hand and talking about it, touching her hair, her ear, and my personal favourite — prodding her stomach like a mischievous school boy. All done with the purpose of conveying intent in a covert way and simultaneously forcing girls off the fence as early as possible by accepting the escalation and the gradual surrender of her body. Awesome. Additionally, Nick literally takes a step forward on the approach during his opening, deliberately encroaching her space while carefully gauging her reaction and calibrating accordingly.

The second actionable step is a very simple verbal and *overt* statement of intent before going for the number, very light and similar to what we’re accustomed to doing on the opener. In Nick’s infields, this amounts to little more than “Look, I like you, I think you look pretty. Another time I’d like to take you for a coffee, how does that sound?”. Awesome. Combined, these minor *yet significant* tweaks will help to filter for timewasters and provide an encouraging nod to women who like their men bold and brave, i.e. all of them.

At the meta-level, the ideology behind **Overkill** is extremely elegant. Essentially what’s being said is that there exists an infinitely many gradations throughout the Lover-Provider continuum, and the results you get are largely dependent on the offer you are presenting on your approach. As men we’re well aware it’s our job to lead, and it’s completely within our capabilities to steer a street encounter towards fast and memorable sexual liaisons, or towards boring and uninspired provider-style dating, complete with dinners and chocolates. If you’re on your third date with a girl and haven’t escalated because the “moment wasn’t right”, it’s your job to *make it right*. It’s vitally important that we take full responsibility for the outcome of our interactions. It’s our job to navigate the ship towards sex. No one else will. In other words you have to decide exactly what you want out of an interaction (eg. fast sex) and then ensure that every aspect of the proposition you present to a girl aligns with that core intent, and that your message is conveyed as covertly yet as directly as possible.

This manifests itself in the clothing and the skull rings (your *image*), the eye mesmer, the physical and verbal spiking, and so on. A lovely thing to behold is Nick’s unabashed and unapologetic desire for fast sex. It’s never verbalized *explicitly*, yet the girl knows *without a shadow of a doubt* that there’s nothing he’d rather do than to take her across the street and give her a good knobbing in the disabled toilets of Hotel Dubrovnik *right then and there.* As a consequence, the girls that actually do decide to come out on a second date will have a bloody good idea of what’s in store next.



Right then and there

Perhaps what Nick is suggesting on the *uber*-meta level is that game can look how you want it to look. For example, each of us have our own reasons for gravitating towards daygame over night game — because we don't like the music or the booze or the bouncers, or because we're too old, too tired, too lazy, or too poor to go to clubs — whatever the reason, we've redefined the game on *our own terms* to suit *our personal temperament*. Similarly, many of us have gone on our own beginner game missions to push our comfort zones, things like kissing girls on the street, instant dating two girls at a time, gaming girl cops on duty, whatever. Put in enough time and apply enough pressure, we can make those situations work for us. Christ, you can even game girls using *magic tricks and fluffy hats*. The point is that we have to look to our personal attributes and devise our own system; game has given us an infinitely generative tool box and it can look however you want it to look based on your unique combination of strengths, weaknesses and objectives. Krauser is an intelligent, fairly introverted guy who likes to run daygame and wants to fuck a lot of hot young women as quickly as possible. If that's your situation then you'll want to check out **Overkill** yourself.

The game as poker analogy that's been thrown around a few times in recent months, I think, is a strong one. Not only is daygame difficult because you're dealt a unique hand on each and every approach, there's a strong element of skill and luck combined to give you your outcome. Even if you're dealt a double ace on the pre-flop, it's easy to lose your money going all-in and then see the cards draw out against you. Similarly, a flawless daygame set can fall mute while a throwaway set *can and will* get you laid on occasion. Trying to deduce a list of best practices in dynamics like these is understandably hard, yet Nick reminds us — like grinding away at the micro stakes — that going into a set with unbounded honesty, centeredness, not hiding your cock, and communicating what you want is ultimately what's going to make you a long-term winner.

The final point I want to touch on, which struck me while watching the videos, is the high-level war strategy. To continue the poker metaphor; to be a consistently winning player in poker, table selection and your position on the table is of crucial importance and you're always looking for new ways to exploit suckers. And this applies in game, too. I'm a strawberry blond of medium height and my looks do very well for me while I'm touring the Balkans. Men and women of all ages give me the quick bodyscan up and down as I walk through Jelacic Square. Why? Because *I look different*. Plant me in Stockholm, however, and I have exactly zero Good-Looking Guy Game to exploit — the men are blonder, stronger and taller than I am.

Am I cheating by stacking the odds in my favor by travellng to places where I'm shinier? Assuming women of equal quality, I'm willing to claim that such high-level strategizing is fair game. It comes back to playing the hand you've been dealt as best you can and making your situation work for you. In **Mastery,** Nick introduced the concept of opening a set as an "anabolic" activity, in other words something that *requires energy expenditure* of which you have a finite amount. As someone who also identifies himself as a bit of an introvert, daygaming on Oxford Street is a

drag. Christ, the mere act of *standing* on Oxford Street for a couple of hours is sufficiently draining, both emotionally and physically, to do me for the day. Although it's a great place to hone your skills — it's such a demanding and ruthless daygame locale it requires absolutely flawless technique — after you've done your daygame apprenticeship and you know the basics, it's time to start thinking about how to game *smarter*, not harder.

In this vein, ambling up and down the wide and warm boulevards of sunny Seville with your iced coffee in hand in the middle of winter, a place where the people are relaxed and the vibe is chill, all the while the rest of Europe is a barren, snow-covered wasteland — I believe this is the way forward regarding longevity in game. When you're in it for the long haul, lifestyle design becomes increasingly relevant.

So this concludes my summary of **Daygame Overkill**. Nick's given me the freedom to discuss whatever I damn well please in this "review", and I've tried to summarize my key lightbulb moments above. Overall, I have no problem to recommend these infields to long-term readers and to intermediate daygamers that feel they're putting in *too much work* on the streets relative to their results. We know we can't have every girl, but rocking into a new town and putting in a couple of days of solid work before pushing a couple of babes onto the bed, this is realistic and totally do-able and Overkill is going to help take you there.

Alexander from Amsterdam.

Daygame Overkill is available for immediate online access here

My Podcast Is Live

krauserpua · 6 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The first **Womanizers Bible** podcast is now live on my new YouTube channel. Click this link to get there. I spend half an hour giving a very detailed answer to the question of how a man moves from Intermediate to Advanced level game.

I am very deliberately trying to build my channel and get subscribers, so if you like it please hit subscribe and share with your buddies.

I will not embed them here and I'll also frequently forget to announce them on the blog. It's all about building subscribers. Podcast two was recorded tonight and will go live in a few days. So that's 70 minutes of theoretical content in the bag already. It's looking good!

Womanizer's Bible – Three Podcasts Are Live

krauserpua · 13 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I wasn't bullshitting you when I said I'm serious about my new YouTube channel. It'll all become clearer when my next major book release lands but for now I'll remain cryptic. So far I've recorded FIVE full podcasts, averaging half and hour a piece. They are a mix of reader questions and things which came to me during my long walks. So far three of them are live:

#1 – From Intermediate To Advanced Game

#2 – The Balance Between Nice Guy and Bad Boy

#3 – The Solo Daygame Mindset

I will continue to record and upload more, hopefully getting in more reader's questions next time. Subscribe to my channel here to get fastest access. I don't always announce new shows on my blog.

Daygame Overkill – The Money Shot

krauserpua · 19 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Never let it be said that Scrooge McKrauser doesn't occasionally give out a freebie that could easily be monetized. Not content with giving away 689 posts on this blog, a series of half-hour podcasts on top-level Game musings, or a forthcoming secret project that will blow the bloody doors off……. ***as if that's not enough***, here's another freebie.



I've added four brand new in-fields to **Daygame Overkill**.

These were shot in HD, with solid camera work, while I was in Prague in March this year. I've collected them together in the Overkill portal under the tab "Money Shot". They are available to existing and new customers alike. Absolutely free. No catch.



Bonus 1 – How to pick up a girl in a shop



Bonus 2 – I almost SDL a Russian tourist



Bonus 3 – How to pick up an American catwalk model



Bonus 4 – Quickie number close of shop girl on break

Let me know what you think of them.

Daygame Overkill can be purchased for immediate access here.

How To Pick Up A Hot Girl In A Shop

krauserpua · 21 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

The streets are your playground. Every day a swarm of hotties will put some nice clothes on, apply a dash of makeup, and totter out onto the pavement. Whether you encounter them on the street, the Metro platform, the mall or inside a shop it's your job as a man to try it on and try to fuck them. The **London Daygame Model** was designed to make the process of seducing a woman as powerful as possible and to remove as many elements of chance as possible. It's still bloody hard to pull of consistently, but it can be done. I've been doing it for five years now. As have my friends. At heart it's straightforward:

Open -> Stack -> Vibing -> Investment (+spike) -> Close

But then again you could say football is simple too (*Pass -> Move -> Trap -> Turn -> Shoot*) and yet there's a reason top players like Cristiano Ronaldo and Lionel Messi get paid so much money. Doing that consistently at a high level is damn hard. Messi doesn't swagger around telling people "fuck all that theory, just shoot" – he works hard in training, does his drills, studies the match footage, and learns his coach's tactics. Then when he's out on the pitch he makes it look simple. It isn't, it just looks that way when done well.

So, with that preamble, let's watch an infield of mine from last month. See if you can spot the model in action.

My **Daygame Overkill** in-field instructional product has **FOURTEEN** such in-fields, showing a wide range of technical applications to deal with a wide range of girl's responses. I spend two hours explaining the elite-level mindsets and techniques, and then another three hours going through the in-fields in painstaking detail so you can see everything that's happening. You'll never look at daygame the same way again.

To see what real high-level seduction looks like – in real time – check out Daygame Overkill by clicking this link.

Decision-making when you're getting good responses in-set

krauserpua · 27 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've had quite a lot of questions about the infield video I put up a few days ago (see previous post). Mostly it was "what happened next?" and "why didn't you idate?" Okay, there seems to be some misunderstanding – which isn't helped by me not explaining the context or my thought process, so here goes……

Context: Tom Torero and I were shooting some infield videos for a beginners project we are announcing very soon. The trip to Prague was four days and purely to shoot the infields and some talking-to-camera footage. We'd try to get laid too, but that was secondary. We stayed together and had some approximate turn-taking with sets to ensure our cameraman recorded equal amounts of footage with both of us. I was going to mostly look for street stops and Tom was going to try shops, cafes etc. We'd decided to follow the model as explicitly as we could and avoid all the fancy permutations – so just as far as the number close. *Evidence: You'll see this when the project is announced and then released. Just hold tight.*

First Set: All four of the bonus infields were shot on the first day because I had caught a really good vibe and was getting strong responses. *Evidence: I'm wearing exactly the same clothes in every set.* My third set of the day (and first number close) was with the **Russian** dressed in black, at about 12 noon. It was super-on but she was leaving for Moscow early the next morning. I immediately thought "she's on, but it has to be an SDL" and set that against "but I'm filming and this is only the first good set on tape". So I decide to try a Same Day De-Lay, telling her I'll meet her later in the afternoon. *Evidence: The content of our conversation on the video (currently only available to Daygame Overkill customers).* You'll see how the text messages panned out that day.

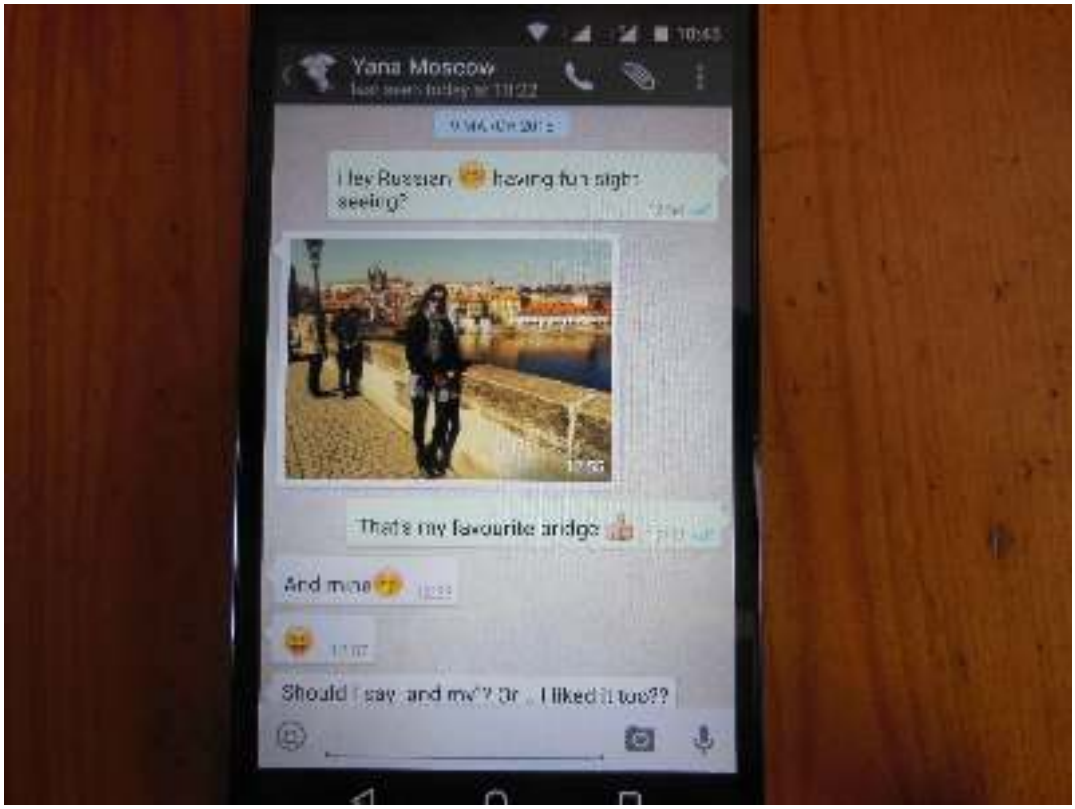


Note same clothes in subsequent photos

Second Set: About half an hour later I meet the **American** model. She's really keen but when I try to put the eyes on her she doesn't quite take it. She's into it but not smoldering with the same horny sexuality as the Russian. She also tells me she's leaving town early the next morning and the logistics sound like I'll never see her again because of her travelling (she's going to London for a month and I don't expect to be there at that time). So it's either a low-probability SDL or a low-probability Long Game. Either way I'm not enthused. So I suggest a delayed i-date, thinking I'll just ping her for the first half hour of the date to find out if she's on. She agrees. *Evidence: The content of our conversation on the video (currently only available to Daygame Overkill customers).* As soon as I'm walking

away I've got a simple decision of whether to prioritise the Russian or the American. The Russian seems far more "on" so I choose her. I decide to just use a holding pattern for the American in case the Russian flakes. I actually forget to do so.

It's now lunchtime, so we want to eat. I ping the Russian and she's keen. It confirms my prioritisation. *Evidence: See screen shot below.*



Feeler text and pings

Third Set: I've been hogging the cameraman so I agree to let Tom have the priority for opening. As far as I'm concerned I've already got two quality infields and two likely dates that evening – time to rest on my laurels. We go to the mall to do a lap and then hit the food court. Just before Tom gets rolling I jump in ahead of him: I see the **Czech** girl in the shop and open. She's really sexual and into it, making my spider-sense trigger. The problem is my own logistics – I want to get a few more infields in the bag while the weather is good, the cameraman is there, and I'm in good vibe. I also expect to have a high-probability SDL-date within a couple of hours. And we're supposed to be eating lunch soon. So after pinging her sexually in-set and getting good responses I think "just take a number, she's not leaving town like the others, so I can afford to deprioritise her". *Evidence: The infield video, available on YouTube here.*

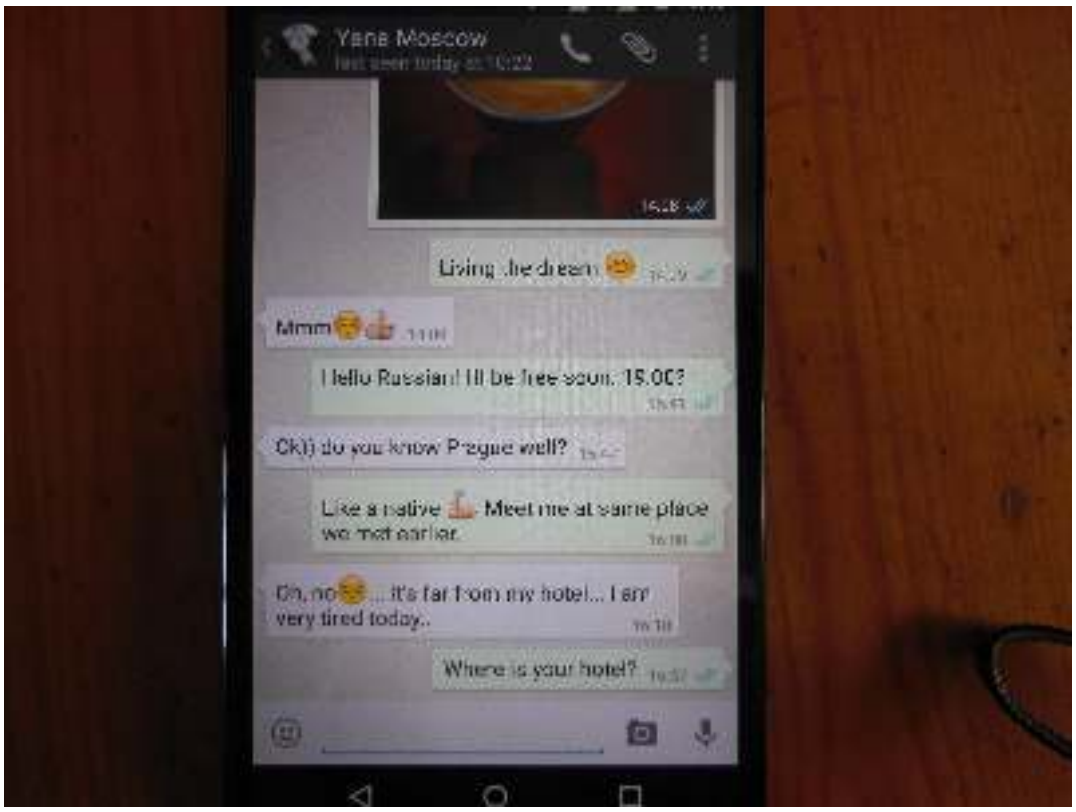
I hope you can understand that making these strategic decisions like this **while in-set and also trying to run good game** is not easy, to put it mildly. I ping her quite soon afterwards, to see if it's a flakey number or real. She's a bit slow responding and doesn't pick up conversational thread after my reply. That puts her on the borderline for the SDL/not-SDL decision. If I'd had a free day I'd have suggested a date later that afternoon after her shopping, but as you can see I had bigger fish to catch. *Evidence: See screenshot*



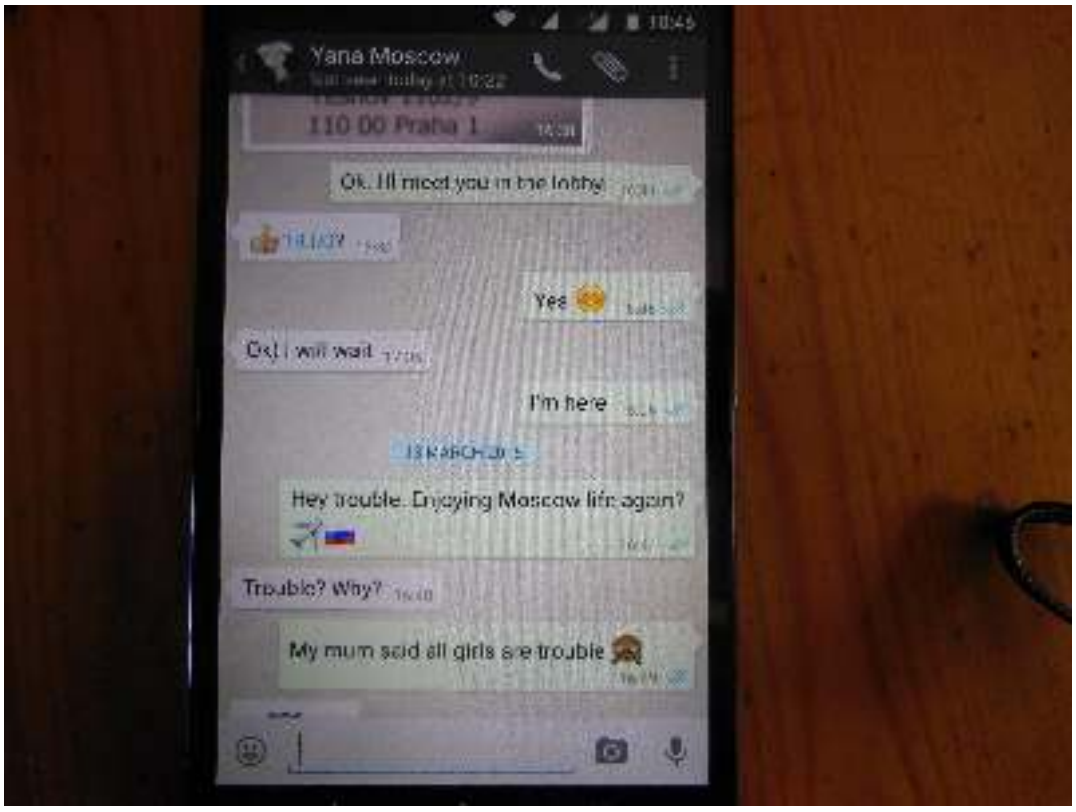
Fast ping

Fourth Set: Tom does some sets and then we're done for the day, so Tom, the cameraman and I decided to clock off and get a coffee in the Costa in the mall. Game is tiring enough but being on camera even more so for me. It's like the difference between sparring in the gym and fighting in competition in front of a crowd. As we walked past the escalators by the Costa entrance a girl coming down flashed me a subtle IOI, so I decided to act on it. I was tired and she was in a hurry and didn't speak English so it was a classic "just grind it out and collect the number" set. *Evidence: The infield video on Daygame Overkill.* This video is included in Overkill precisely because it's an example of grinding it out with a girl who has no English and no time.

Now my mind turns entirely towards trying to close the **Russian**. I need to recover my energy to avoid state-crashing and I feel like I've achieved what I wanted with the filming. *Evidence: see the messaging:*



Agreeing the date



Meeting at her hotel is a strong sign

Having confirmed the Russian I decide to go all-in on it – she's on, and we're meeting in her hotel lobby – great signs. I'll only message the American for a date if something goes wrong or I get the sense it'll be a quick date (e.g. Russian claims fatigue or plays silly buggers) and I need to park the Russian on Long Game. I mostly forget about the Czech girl – I figure if I'm not pushing for the date that evening I might as well use that fact to do a roll-off, which will give her the impression I'm not too needy. Seven pm rolls around and I meet the Russian in her hotel

lobby. It's crammed with jabbering Italian high school kids and there's no hotel bar. We walk off to a bar around the corner. My strategy is simple: Stay near her hotel, run a fast date model, get the kiss, walk her back and get into her room. *Evidence: See screen-caps below*



Meeting in the lobby



Walking off to first bar

The date goes well, she says I'm "shameless" and a "bad boy", and we make out a lot. She's very very nervous about sex and tells me she just came out of a multi-year LTR and the night before I met her her boss and hit on her and tried provider game (she was on a business trip – snake seduction all the way from the boss). I try to walk her back to the hotel but she says "let's walk some more" and after twenty minutes of that she wants me to take her back. I

assume she's decided to fuck but she gets wobbles in the lobby so I escalate her there. Then another walk, a hand job in an alleyway, and ultimately I just can't break the LMR. She says she's sleepy, needs to pack, got to get up early etc and excuses herself.

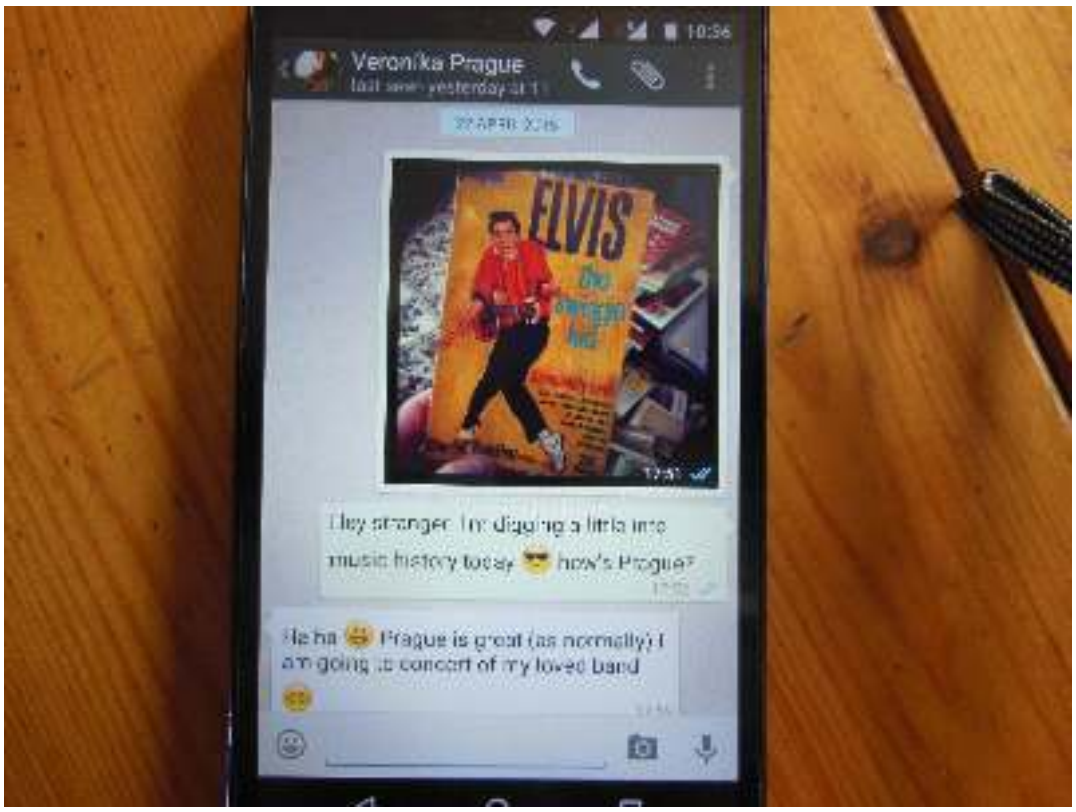
Finally at almost 9pm I accept defeat, after 90 minutes of an accelerated seduction attempt. This one is now going to Long Game. As I walk out of the hotel I ping the American just in case she's up for it. It's a long shot. *Evidence: See screenshot.*



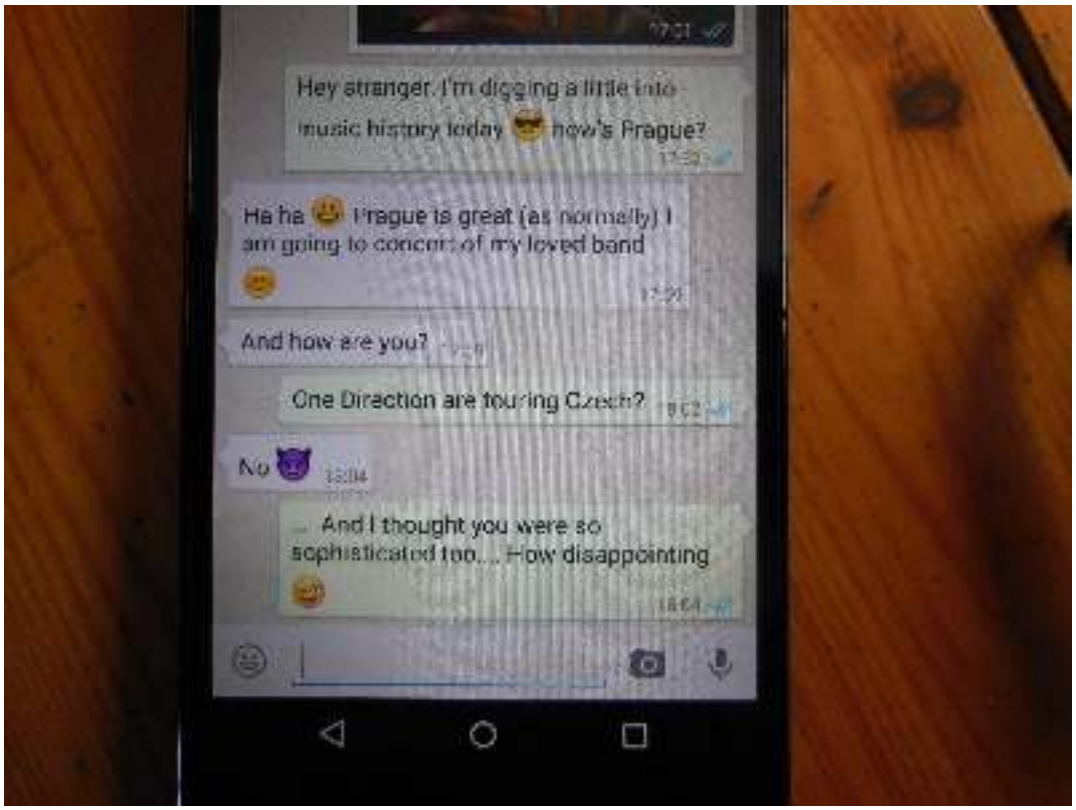
Not happening tonight

So it's not happening there. I consider that a dead lead but I suggest Facebook just in case she's keener than I thought. I suppose I could've messaged the Czech but my heart wasn't in the game – I was worn out from managing a full day of game adrenalin – and it's a bit needy considering the momentum had stalled. Just get her on a date, I think.

Current Status: Both the Russian and Czech girl are in contact, the former more enthusiastically than the latter. It's a case of keeping the Long Game alive until logistics clear. I consider the Russian a very strong lead and the Czech lukewarm, as you'd expect considering I solidified the former with a good date and the latter has only been messaging. *Evidence: see dated screenshots below.*



Recent pings



More of that exchange



Light long game



Just needs logistics to clear

Conclusion: Once you are good at getting girls into you, much of Game becomes about decision-making: Which girls do you put your time into, and how fast do you take it. Often on a Euro-Jaunt you're under time-pressure (or she's a tourist and leaving soon) so you can't neatly stack up dates. Instead you pick a number and push all your chips onto it then spin the wheel. This particular day in Prague I played the right percentage play on the Russian and the American and probably on the Czech too, but the roulette ball skipped around and fell on the wrong

number.

Womanizer's Bible Podcast #4 – Overcoming Princess Behaviour

krauserpua · 29 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Last week's podcast is a case study when I talk about a recent lay which was very unusual. This 24-year old Serbian girl threw everything at me from the Silly Buggers playbook and a few additional difficulties: poor English, different country, very busy at work, ignoring texts, blowing hot and cold. It was worth it in the end because she's rather hot. Click below for the podcast and head over to my channel to subscribe and you'll see Podcast #5 featuring the notorious legendary Tom Torero.

Beginner Daygame – Coming Soon

krauserpua · 30 April 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Within a week all of you cheeky scamps are in for a treat.

There's no "trick" tied to this treat. You ***won't*** have to sign up for anything. I ***won't*** be dangling a carrot in front of your nose and then leading you to enter credit card details. I ***won't*** be promising one thing and then delivering another. This treat is simple.

Tom Torero and I have spent a year working on a video/book combo product for beginners. My business (Sigma Wolf) is known for colonising the top end of daygame. It's where the experienced guys go to learn, and where *others like to find inspiration for their own teaching efforts. One thing I've never really done is create content for a guy who wants to learn daygame but doesn't know where to start.

I've never done a beginner-focused product – until now!



Hang on a minute….. did I say ***product***???? Sorry, that's the wrong terminology because I'm actually **giving away half of it for free**. Yes, completely free. No catch, no bullshit, no sign-up page. It'll appear right here on the blog and within one click and five seconds wait you'll have it. That freebie is enough in and of itself to get you started with the **London Daygame Model**.

So the catch is the *other half*, right?

Nope. That second half is only £10 and it's optional. Of course I'm pretty sure you'll be unable to resist the urge to throw your money my way, but you don't have to. You can pretend it never existed and *still* get your freebie. Oh man, I'm too good to my readers. I'll announce more details very very soon.

** slightly edited from first draft*

Beginner Daygame – Free Instructional Video

krauserpua · 3 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

This really doesn't need the hard sell. Tom and I have put together the perfect introduction to daygame and it's **absolutely free**. Click below to watch a 25-minute instructional course. We take you through the simplified London Daygame Model (so simple there are literally just **FIVE words** you need to remember in-set) and provide multiple infield examples of each stage. If you've ever found daygame confusing then this will put everything into it's place for you.

Okay, good stuff?

Yup, we know. Thanks. Please share this video with anyone and everybody who might be interested or entertained. We want this to get passed around. We want guys to milk this free content for every drop of daygame goodness. If you're the type of guy who wants everything for free and thinks he can learn entirely from YouTube then this is your first port of call.

So are you feeling inspired? Have you looked at those hotties and thought "yeah, I want some of that"? It's really not so complicated is it? FIVE words. That's all you need to keep in mind to get going. Naturally, we've broken it all down into more practical steps in the book and given lots of examples. So, for a £10 investment you can have that too.



Get your full-colour 130-page Beginners Daygame PDF by clicking here

Yeah, £10. It's almost a crime to give it away so cheap. Act quick before we recover our senses and add another zero on the end of the price.

Womanizer's Bible – The gold continues to drop

krauserpua · 10 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've just uploaded the seventh of my deep-theory Womanizer's Bible podcasts onto my YouTube channel. Go here to find them. That's now over four hours of free content covering these topics:

#1 – From Intermediate to Advanced Game

#2 – The Balance Between Nice Guy and Bad Boy

#3 – The Solo Daygame Mindset

#4 – Overcoming Princess Behaviour (lay report)

#5 – How To Catch The Teenage Virgin

#6 – Feel Entitled To Younger, Hotter, Tighter

#7 – How To Do Real Bouncebacks (infield)

As usual, I suggest you subscribe to my channel to get first access to these as they are released.

Guest Post: Being Nice Can Still Crater A Good-Looking Guy's Results

krauserpua · 15 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

By **Daniel-San**

Let me start out with a confession: I am not a daygamer. I like the idea, I respect the gigantic pair of balls it takes, and I've witnessed first-hand that it ***actually works***! I've read just about any book I could get my hands on regarding daygame, I read the same blogs most of you do out there, but it hasn't translated into daygame practice. Nevertheless, I've benefitted from much of the advice that's out there – being non-needy, holding eye-contact, good body language, etc.

I look alright, I hit the gym regularly, and I think about what clothes I wear, which gives off the appearance of a bad boy / R-selection. Because of this, Tinder works well for me. I get many matches, I've learned to banter and keep things exciting (thanks, Nick and Tom, for providing examples and suggestions in your books, blogs and videos!), which means getting the girls out on dates is fairly easy. So far, so good. But this is where the problems begin! What's the use of getting girls out on dates, have coffee, drinks, chit-chat, etc. – if it ends with a peck on the cheek and never seeing the girl again?!

This was my problem: I'd write with girls, get them out on dates, and time and again, it ended after that initial date. Even girls who wrote me that they would meet me just to f***, on a Monday, straight after work – I even managed to blow that, somehow, during the obligatory 'seeing-if-he-is-an-axe-murderer' coffee. You can probably imagine the frustration of having this happen to you over and over. I was doing ***something*** wrong; and I needed to figure out what that 'something' was.



Looking like this gets you Tinder matches

I am currently sitting in a nice apartment in Warzaw, and I'd like to share the experiences and epiphanies I've had while here. If you are a regular visitor of this blog, you will know that Nick is also in the vicinity of Warzaw, and I had the pleasure of meeting up with him and talking about many issues. I told him from the outset to be brutally

honest with me regarding what he saw and heard, in order for me to become conscious about my own blind spots.

From our coffees and steaks he quickly pointed out what the 'something' was: I was being ***too*** polite, ***too*** concerned about the well-being of others, ***too*** nice. If a girl meets up with a bad boy in order to have some R-selected, *fast* sex – the quickest way to sabotage that is being too nice, a gentleman. Of course I've read about avoiding being the nice guy and the provider and all that jazz, but still, when on a date – I would do anything to make the girl feel as comfortable as possible ('is your drink alright?', 'you are not too cold?' etc.), because – I rationalized – 'if she sees what a considerate guy I am, she will like me even more'. WRONG! Krauser very eloquently put what I needed to change: Be More of a Cunt!

So – having pipelined a bit a few days in advance of my arrival to Warzaw (meaning swiping on Tinder with my location set in Warzaw) I had about 12-15 matches with cute girls here. Doing the same thing and expecting a different outcome is, of course, stupid, so it was time for me to stop doing the same things and hopefully get a more desired outcome. I had realized, also, that my politeness, my way of conducting conversation face-to-face, and manners in general were 95% ***pull***, and almost no ***push***. Even though I am very familiar with one-liners like **'attraction is in the push'**, when it came to sitting there with an actual girl, all this theory remained very abstract, and the actual guy sitting there (aka me), was just plain boring. Maybe this is the biggest epiphany for me – girls don't want, contrary to common belief – the considerate, kind guy. Not when you've projected the R-selected guy, anyway. In our everyday dealings with people – clients, work associates, staff, students, etc. – we are nice, polite and considerate. When it comes to girls, they want a different, more exciting tune – not the elevator music of the average, ***nice*** guy.

So no more excuses, I thought. I would take Krauser's advice and go out, meet the girls, and do a lot of push. More asshole, less nice guy.

First girl – cute Serbian. We met for coffee at Caffé Nero during her lunch break. I keep telling myself to 'shut the F*** up' every time the nice guy wants to comment on something, and instead I direct the conversation to ***50 Shades of Grey***, I comment on her legs, I ignore her a bit looking around, basically doing much more push than before, being more indifferent. After 45 minutes she goes back to work. A couple of days later I send her a text to meet with me. She says that she can't before 21, and that she would like 'a glass of red wine' at my place. I meet her somewhere and walk her to the apartment. I tell her to put on some music while I open the wine. I sit next to her, we drink wine, and she gives me that look which tells me that it is on. We talk for about 15 minutes, I am just leaning back, being very relaxed and cool, and then I kiss her. From there she literally jumps me, and we fuck half the night, resulting in me learning how to say 'OMG' in three different languages.

Lesson? On Tinder, my pictures are carefully selected to signal badass. On the first date, I still projected the R-selected, non-needy vibe. I pushed a lot, but modified this with kino and a few compliments. Still congruent, still being the guy I presented in the pictures, which meant that I had created enough interest and attraction, combined with a bit of comfort, for this girl to come late in the evening and being fucked by a guy she had known for less than an hour. Again – I cannot stress enough the importance of not sending mixed signals! Be congruent, stick to the story you are selling the girl throughout all stages of the process. It's a win-win for everyone.



Artist's Impression

Next day – I meet up with a long-legged, blonde stewardess. Her friend has persuaded her to try Tinder the day before, we match, we agree on a Starbucks coffee. We chat, have coffee, and go for a walk. I am still avoiding being too nice, and instead throwing in spikes, complimenting her pink blouse while touching it, and looking at her ass in a very obvious way. Remember – a nice guy wouldn't do this, but a bad boy would and wouldn't give a damn! (You'd be surprised how much more fun and natural it is, after a while, to stop giving a damn about everything). We go to another café and order a couple of beers (good sign), and I start the 'Questions Game', which quickly makes things sexual, and the boring, mundane conversation is replaced my something much more natural, authentic and fun. By now I am touching her leg and looking at 'her favorite part of her body' unashamedly (take a guess what that might be – there are two of them!). She needs to go home and prepare for a flight in the evening, but we arrange to meet the next day. Turns out her flight was in the morning, and therefore she has no flight later, so we re-schedule to meet at 21. I tell her where, she tries to suggest other places, but I stick to my guns. We go have a drink, then a bounce to a Belgian Beer Pub (Champion's League night, I am not going to miss that!) and after that I lead her to my apartment, which is, funnily enough, just around the corner. Again, I tell her to put on her favorite Polish song, while I mix a couple of drinks. We hear a few songs, have a drink or two, and we start kissing. I put her hand on the one-eyed monster to see her reaction – she becomes more excited. She puts on a John Legend song, and I pull her out of the sofa and dance with her, my hands firmly on her ass. We kiss some more, until she says the magical words, 'let's go upstairs' (here, gentlemen, you fill out the blanks yourselves with NSFW-images).

Lesson: All I did was, I changed a few things, certain behaviors, and the outcome changed completely. I realize that it's a small sample and that the validity may be questioned, and yet there's no doubt in my mind that these rather small adjustments made all the difference, made me more authentic, fewer false notes in the song and dance.

Thanks to Krauser for pointing out exactly what needed to be modified. There are, currently, 3 people who are very grateful for that

Primary take-away from this article: Be More of a Cunt!

I’m a Man In Demand! – Interview with Christian McQueen

krauserpua · 29 May 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I’ve been quiet of late – I’m a bit tired of the game, and I’m trying to get a new video product finished – but I haven’t been completely out of it. **Christian McQueen** (he of the Vegas hangover experience and Alpha Playboy) was kind enough to invite me onto his podcast. So yesterday evening we blocked out two hours and had at it. I’m pretty happy how it turned out. We discuss daygame, players lifestyle, radical honesty and r/K selection amongst other things.

Click here to go to the podcast



What is a good vibe for daygame?

krauserpua · 10 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Since I got myself back into daygame in mid-March, my vibe has been volatile. Much more than usual. It's triggered another round of introspection as I try to figure out a new level of optimisation. I realised I'd stopped having fun with it. I'd stripped my model down so far towards pure r-selection that I was now aggressively screening for Yes Girls ready to fuck quickly. With my narrow ping range, it's a tough ask to find many of them. When I did, I could drag them through the model in a couple of hours but it was pretty far from optimal.

So, I've been trying to put more fun back into my street game. Here's how that looks with two days in the baltics.

My interview with Street Attraction

krauserpua · 30 June 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I just recently came back from a three-week jaunt with approximately 1/3 of it in each of Riga, Warsaw and Prague. It was pretty good. I took the anal virginity of a hot 18yr-old in Riga (she's in the video below but gentleman's honour prevents me saying which girl), then SLD'd a Daenerys Targaryen look-a-like in Prague and D2L'd a Tania Russof look-alike three days later. It would appear the daygame gods no longer curse me.



My weekend in Prague

The week in Riga was with Eddie from well-known daygame YouTube channel (and London coaches) Street Attraction. I'd watched a bunch of their videos and been quite impressed with their solid execution of the **London Daygame Model**. Don't be misled by the sometimes comical nature of their YouTubing – Eddie does real textbook daygame when he's in it to get laid (rather than entertain the subscribers). The boys were kind enough to offer me an interview and here it is……

Womanizer's Bible Podcast #8 is up

krauserpua · 13 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've been quiet for the last few weeks – again! There's no special secret reason why, I've just been a bit tired of blogging and of Game. I finally finished editing my new video product and didn't want to be too distracted from that. It's still about a month away from release because of some technical issues with my streaming platform. In the meantime, to celebrate the 700th free blogpost, here's a new podcast:

Belgrade Diaries – 2015

krauserpua · 23 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sitting in an air-conditioned cafe just up from Strahinjica Bana, to strip of cool bars and cafes known as "silicon valley" to the locals due to it's disproportionate number of surgically enhanced females in expensive dresses and high heels. I've got a cheeseburger and coffee within comfortable reach and I'm reflecting on this, the last day of my ten-night trip.

Since June 2014 I've been really "in my head" about Belgrade. For the previous two years it had been my prime feeding ground, supplying me twelve supple young girls all but two of whom were very hot. I'd just finished four weeks in May 2014 and decided to extend my trip an extra two weeks. The logic was obvious – I'd just knobbed six girls and had another three regulars on the go from previous trips. My usually modest self (heh!) couldn't help but crow about my own awesomeness. So, I called my landlord and turned four weeks into six.

It was a big mistake.

Those last two weeks were spent alone and quickly became Groundhog Day. I'd fallen out with Bodi about a week earlier and Tom had been and gone. So just me, staring at the same four walls every morning. Same cafe for breakfast, same walk through Studentski Square up to the same Knez Mihailova. Same familiar battle between the ego ("get more notches") and the hindbrain ("who gives a fuck, you've had enough"). I had a few near misses but for final game results, the last two weeks were a bust.

I continued to fuck a rotation of five, as the others dropped off. But it wasn't much fun anymore.

Just as generals are determined to fight the previous war, I went back in September for another month to see if I could recapture the magic. Same apartment, same cafes, same streets. Socially things went well this time – my old buddy Jabba was in town a while – plus a good guy we'd met in Budapest the month before. I also met an American dude in the gym and we got on well. No homo.

It was a disaster for girls. Almost all of my rotation collapsed. A couple had new boyfriends. A couple more were out of town all month. A couple more were just mysteriously uninterested. Try as I might I just couldn't motivate myself to open. Every day I bumped into a girl I'd already dated or fucked. All the staff at the different restaurants recognised me. I realised I was feeling the "spotlight effect" – that awkward feeling of having a bullseye painted onto your back and everyone is watching your sets. Belgrade was no longer that place "over there" that I raid like a horny Viking. It was now "over here", a place I knew well and it knew me. In the second week I got intense toothache and ended up having a difficult wisdom tooth extraction. Complications meant it wasn't until February 2015 that I finally had my teeth sorted and the pain gone.

I did **same-day-lay a virgin in one hour**, but that was a glimpse of glory completely against the run of play. Kind of like Wigan's cup-winning header in the last minute against Manchester City. The reality was my vibe and game were in the shitter every time I breathed Serbian air.

So I gave Belgrade a wide berth for months. In April 2015 I'd spent a week in in Zagreb with Tom and while perusing Skyscanner it became clear it was way cheaper and more convenient to return from there to Prague via Belgrade than anywhere else. So, feeling very very weird, I took the motorway bus from Zagreb to Belgrade and gave it two nights. Perhaps the six-month break had changed things?

Nope. I did **one** set – which turned into an idate – but most of the time I just sat in a cafe with a paperback novel, gazing into space wondering what had happened to my love affair for Belgrade. I got lucky when a cold lead from 2014 messaged me and came round for sex. So I got another notch I hadn't really earned. Then back to Prague. Fast forward to June 2015 and I'm sitting in a Riga cafe with Eddie from **Street Attraction**. He tells me his team are doing a Yugoslav tour in July with a few students – much like Rock Solid Game had done in 2012. "I'm fucking sick of Serbia" I tell him, "and July is a bad time. It'll be unbearably hot."



No way I'll retain my high-status skin colour in this sun

Nonetheless I think if I don't join them on this trip it's highly likely I won't visit Belgrade at all. The last thing I want is to run through Groundhog Day again just to fuck yet more Serbs but….. damn they ***are*** rather hot and well – it won't do any harm to get a few more hottie-notches, right? I doubt I'll even straighten my head out enough to do the sets. [Note, I only had this inner game issue in Belgrade. My trips to other cities were more like the good old times]. Fuck it, I didn't have anything else lined up for July. Even if I spend all month playing video games and reading detective novels that's no different to what I'd do if I stayed in Newcastle. Might as well keep myself in the game. So I booked ten nights and told Eddie I was coming.

I declined my usual apartment, even though it's got the world's greatest logistics and is cheap as chips. No-More-Groundhog-Day.

I arrive on Monday afternoon and do a set on the way to my new apartment, just to break the duck. I lie down on the bed and fall asleep until 8pm. It's unbelievably hot and humid. On Tuesday I try to start a number farm. My first nine sets are deplorable – we're talking Berba/Cassell/RSD level. I feel weird and that unsettles the girls. On set ten I idate a stunner. It goes really well (She flakes). On my way home a local PUA recognises me and chats. A nice guy, but it's not doing my **Spotlight Effect** any good.

I sit in the new Boutique cafe restaurant for a steak. It's late in the day now so there's a cool breeze and Knez Mihailova is filling up with locals doing their daily pilgramage to Kalemegdan fortress. Just as I stand up to get my wallet for the check, I happen to look out over the street…. and lock eyes with a blonde girl I'd deflowered in May 2014 who now hates me. She gives a shocked look, sniffs, and turns away. This fucking spotlight effect…..


A look-a-like

Wednesay afternoon and **Street Attraction** roll into town – six of the fuckers including students. Their vibe is great and it's immediately fun. We hang out a lot. I join in the opening and my vibe is as good as it's ever been I take some numbers. I get recognised by another travelling PUA (an American) and bump into another girl I fucked last year. Thursday is my day of glory. Two German PUAs fly in to join the scrum so there are now ten active foreign PUAs infesting the small daygame area. It's like a swarm of locusts (and I'm equally to blame). Somehow it doesn't matter and I pull eight numbers from a procession of hotties and idate a stunner – 18yr old star ballerina. I'm feeling good again. Somewhere deep inside I feel the accumulated multi-year Belgrade weirdness crack, splinter and collapese. This town feels normal again. I'm so relieved!

Of course it isn't normal – there are ten PUAs burning it – and I get a few girls eye roll me when I hit the "I just saw you and…" line. Word spreads that some local Asian chode had been running a bootcamp the week before [that must have been absolutely dreadful] and another more well-known outfit just did so too. Then we notice a group of Serbian PUAs doing daygame so bad even RSD cultists would feel embarrassed. They are literally following girls down the street trying to high-five them. I watch seven sets and don't see a single hook point before I turn my back in disgust.

We continue to open for the next few days. There's the usual hits and misses but it's pretty good. Then we all start to notice a tremendous flake problem, combined with an even worse "I have a boyfriend and I love him" problem. In my nine prior visits I'd never had so many promising leads amount to nothing and the Street Attraction guys were having the same issues. We realised Belgrade had finally been burned. Girls were asking "are you one of those guys who runs up and down Knez Mihailova trying to fuck girls?"

Um…. yes. I kind of wrote the book on it…..

So that's how the first week in Belgrade looked. On the plus side I'd broken out of my one-year in-my-head Belgrade weirdness so I was now opening and getting lots of hot girls in my phone book, and on the negative the place was burned and I was suffering immense frustration from flakes. The low point was getting recognised yet again by yet another foreign PUA who then spent half an hour spinning tall stories that – had they been true – would make him the Usian Bolt of daygame.

And, fifty sets in, I still hadn't been laid.

To be continued…..

Cherry-pickers, Illusionists, Clowns and Fakes

krauserpua · 25 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Daygame is a squalid seedy world at times. There's cool sleaziness when you're trying to squeeze your dick into the un-corrupted back passage of a Kazahk virgin in your flea-ridden airbnb shared apartment on the first date, but there's also the bad sleaziness when it comes to misdirecting noobs on YouTube. So, let's talk about the typical shennanigans that will be encountered by the typical guy browsing YouTube for infields. I've split them into four different types of misdemeanour.

1. Cherry Pickers
As any active daygamer knows, the reality on the streets is you fail almost all the time and the lays are rare blips of glory. Exactly what your failure/success ratio is depends on all the intangibles such as your strengths (height/youth/looks/body/aesthetic/charisma/technical savvy etc) and on the girl (hotness/age/nationality/availability/religion etc). One thing that's almost certain is if someone's ratios sound too good to be true, they probably are. For example I recently had a guy tell me he only opens the very hottest girls and he fucks 1 out of 5 cold approaches. Sure. Even Leonardo Di Caprio won't hit those stats (if pure cold approaching).

Here's the rule for YouTube – *Every single guy is cherry-picking his best sets for his channel (including me)*

That doesn't mean he's a fake. When Match Of The Day shows you the one minute of goals and edits out the other 89 minutes of tedium, they aren't lying to you. You know football is 90 minutes and is often boring, so you don't shout "fakers" at the screen. It's expected. So, expect it from YouTube channels. Different guys cherry pick with different rigour. Someone like Johnny Berba is happy to put up uninterrupted blowout streaks and all manner of mishaps and foul-ups. In contrast the likes of Ed Kahn or Daniel Blake only post the bouncebacks. Now I can't tell you what % they cut, but I'll guarantee that you're seeing the best 1%-5% of their work.

That's not dishonest. It's showbusiness. Take heart that you're not as shit as you think you are because your typical day doesn't match their highlight reel. Many guys are out on the streets every day with the camera turned on. You're just seeing the very best of a marathon filming effort. Think of it like a girl's sole Tinder photo.

2. Illusionists
The cherry-pickers at least show you reality, no matter how carefully pruned. This second category are the smoke'n'mirrors mob who show you one thing and tell you it's another. RSD are the worst offenders that I know of. Sure, some of their coaches have genuine talent (Julien springs to mind) but you always get the feeling that they are blowing smoke up your ass. Rapid cuts, clips cut mid-sentence, dropped audio, girls walking away with the guy but you never see where to, forced intimacy just long enough to capture it on camera before the girl disengages – There are many editing tricks to make you think you're seeing something that never really happened. Add in voiceovers and hyperbole and you're firmly in illusionist territory.

The easist way to spot an illusionist is that he uses editing. Some of these clip editors are as hyperactive as a Taylor Swift music video. If the guy can't just put the camera in one place, mic up, and leave it then he's an illusionist. Now we're getting further towards dishonesty. They have a narrative to present and the in-fields will be forced to fit, regardless of how the set went. And bear in mind these guys are ***also*** cherry-picking.

3. Clowns
It's so tempting to name some of these, but I'll resist the urge. Some guys are just absolutely hopeless but they won't turn that fucking camera off. If you're really new you might not spot them because in your mind the act of simply walking up to a girl and saying "you look nice" is a death-defying stunt. Clowns don't get good results so they tend to dress up their videos with gimmicks – costumes, weird openers, 30-day challenges, social freedom exercises and so on. You'll also notice the girls just don't seem very engaged. Another favourite is to post a twenty minute video where they are talking for fifteen about what you're ***going*** to see, and only five minutes actually seeing it – the

material isn't good enough to stand alone.

I include in this category any guy who's pulling women less attractive than himself. If you're teaching guys to scrape the barrel, you're a clown.

4. Fakes
I have my private opinions on who I think is fake but I'll keep them to myself. Publically calling a guy out is a serious charge and I'll not do so without evidence, even though I don't take anyone at face value when forming my private opinions. Fakes are guys who pay actresses or arrange friends to act roles. These are scripted encounters meant to simulate a real infield so that you think the guy has skills he doesn't really possess. How to spot one? Unfortunately, noobs are often so uncalibrated and so lacking in experience of what real daygame looks like that their spider sense doesn't trigger to fakes. Here's some things to watch out for:

- Extremely stable camera work with the girl right in the centre frame
- The camera is already in place before the opener. This very rarely happens in real life because opening happens fast and usually the camera man is rushing behind you to keep up
- Camera never moves. In reality people walk past, the cameraman tries to get a better angle, the girl looks over and you have to move etc
- Girl has hooked before the opener has been delivered (she's been told to hook). Now this does happen sometimes for real, but it's rare.
- Stilted conversation, like each is waiting their turn to deliver scripted lines
- Less artefacts of conversation, such as a girl hesitating, or saying something stupid, or the guy starting a conversational thread then changing on the fly because it's not hitting.
- The guy just doesn't look cool enough or charismatic enough to get a girl like that to react so well.
- The girl agrees too readily to compliance tests when the guy clearly hasn't done the right things to get that. Again, sometimes a girl is just so strongly a Yes Girl that it doesn't matter, but if all the guy's channel is bad game that gets the girl, he's faking.
- You can't find anyone you trust who has winged with these guys and will vouch for them. Likewise, if they coach they refuse to demo or the demos they do are shit compared to the videos.

I'd love to post some examples of what I consider fake videos, but that'll start a shitstorm. Those pointers should be enough for you to form your own opinions. There are some very good legit infields up on YouTube. Just don't think they are presenting a balanced picture of how daygame really goes.

Belgrade Diaries 2015 – Part Two

krauserpua · 27 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

During my peak of high vibe on Thursday I'd taken eight numbers and begun filtering them, to see what stuck. The most enthusiastic lead was a short curvy hamster girl who'd told me she was on her way to meet her twin sister. When I asked for her number I got the usual "I have a boyfriend" defense which I just brushed past.

Generally, I try not to rate how strong a lead is during the street interaction. I've had too many cases where girls who love it on the street don't reply, and the flip side of mundane interactions lead to solid texting and sex. Instead, I suspend any judgement until she replies to my first message. Her first response (or lack thereof) is the strongest signal of how likely she is to fuck.

This girl responded great and co-operated in the banter until a date was organised. She wasn't the hottest girl that day but I like large-chested nineteen year olds even if their face is a little below my normal standards. We met at the big horse statue in Republic Square one evening and she walked her twin sister past me, no doubt to get an assessment.

The date went well but it was an uphill struggle. We start off in a corner bar, sitting outside in balmy summer weather. She's pretty dominant and keeps trying to lead the conversation. It's easy to just let her talk and then snatch the reins when I feel the need. She waxes lyrical about her travels and before long we're getting into deep rapport and she's giving up lots of her inner thoughts. One drink there and we move on to the "moustache bar" (don't know the real name, but the walls are covered in paintings and models of moustaches), going inside and upstairs to a loft conversion furnished like a 1940s jazz cafe. The outrageous humidity means no-one else has ventured in and we both seem to make the decision to trade comfort for privacy.



A hamster-like face

She's sitting next to me on the sofa and lets me pull her in. She refuses the kiss. "I've been with my boyfriend for a year and I won't cheat on him. I just decided to come because I enjoy flirting".

That's not going to stop me, obviously.

I keep laying it on. Prodding her thighs, playing with her hair, grabbing her breasts, dirty talking. She stays there because in her mind so long as she doesn't kiss, it's not cheating. Finally, after two hours, her sister is waiting outside and she's got to go. So I get my dick out and put her hand on it. After five seconds she suddenly snatches it away. "Don't! I'll go crazy!"

She's already told me she has a high libido and is very wet. The last words of the date are:

> **Me:** I want to fuck you
> **Her:** I want to fuck you too, but I can't
> **Me:** Ok. Enjoy your evening!
> **Her:** Bye!

It's strange how different my dates are now to a few years ago. I go back to Republic Square to meet the rest of the gang and turn my attention to other leads. It's 50/50 that she'll ever reply to me now, but I ping her and she's responding. A couple of days later she unexpectedly agrees to another date and when I tell her "7pm by the horse again" she doesn't reply.

I show up anyway, just in case. She's there.

I walk her back towards the same bar district and she briefly detours at Studenski Park to give her sister a spare phone she'd forgetton to return. We don't dally. I decide to take a chance and walk her directly to my apartment. I murmur something about charging my phone and how she can smoke in the garden. She comes in. She's just accepting my lead.

My main thought is to keep her in the garden until her momentum to go to a bar has died. I put two chairs out and we just sit drinking water as she smokes. We make small talk for about twenty minutes. I don't push hard. I just want to stabilise the "this date is in my apartment" frame. There's almost no kino and I don't try to kiss.

After her cigarette I suggest we go inside, where the only place to sit is on the bed. Then I go to kiss. She fights me off a little until I just grab her neck, throw her back onto the bed, and kiss her. Then she likes it. The next twenty minutes are a technical masterclass in beating LMR. Her body is screaming out for sex but she's determined not to do it.

Gradually I get her top off and tits out. Damn they are good. Then I'm fingering her. She's moaning feeble protests and not really making any effort to disengage. Then I get my dick out and put her hand on it. "We're not going to have sex" she says as she starts giving a handjob. It's time to get sneaky. I pull my trousers off and finger her while I'm kneeling between her legs. When I judge her to be at maximum arousal I just put my dick in and rawdog her. I don't want the pause while I put on a condom.



But the body made up for it nicely

Her eyes briefly go wide, she whispers “don’t” and then I’m fucking her. Within ten seconds she’s all-in, arms and legs wrapped around my back, pulling me in. It’s dirty, raw, hard sex. Fucking awesome.

Afterwards I interview her. She tells me she really didn’t plan to have sex but once it started she loved it. She also tells me she really enjoyed the process of being skillfully seduced – knowing what I was up to and just appreciating the skill of it. She rated the sex 9/10 so I told her to tell the sister (heh!) but she reckons it’ll be a secret from everyone.

“Next time you’re in Belgrade, message me” she says as we make our farewells.

The first rule of Euro Jaunt Club is.....

krauserpua · 30 July 2015 · Archived copy · Original

… ***always*** talk about Euro Jaunt Club.

My life in 2015 has settled into a familiar pattern. I hide out in Newcastle in winter, trying to get some work done, see my friends, and recuperate in preparation for the new season of travel. Then round about mid-March I begin to slot in little two-week trips to Europe to chase girls, with short breaks back in Newcastle between each one.

It's working out well but like any big change, it brings challenges. By way of comparison, I spent 2012/13 living with the Rock Solid Game guys in London and splitting my game between the familiar haunts of London and short trips abroad. That was a lifestyle that had a solid "base" and a tight-knit group of friends seeing each other every day. By early 2014 it had broken up so I spent most of that year on the road, a month at a time in each destination travelling with mostly the same guys. That was a new flavour again, like being a nomad with a tiny travelling gang. Both patterns were good, but both had challenges.



"It seems a few of you haven't been following the first rule…."

So 2015 is different again. Much more "off" time with the family in my hometown and the trips have been much shorter stays in any given city, rarely more than ten days. I've noticed a much more extreme contrast between my on and off times. While at home I barely think of women except when writing for the blog or my business. I'll maintain a trickle of WhatsApp / Facebook with my regulars but most of the time my mind is on video games, detective novels and the gym. The first week of this is blissful and by the second week I get restless and start itching to Euro Jaunt. I don't know if it's worrying or liberating, but "normal life" only works for me in bite-size chunks. I can't imagine a life without foreign adventure.

On the plus side having such complete "off" weeks really keeps me connected to reality and it's where I'm most productive. Skirt-chasing saps all my focus for normal stuff.

I've noticed a real sense of time pressure on my 2015 trips that was completely absent from 2014. When you've got a month in one city and the dedication to keep grinding, lays start to pile up. Cutting your stay to ten days

completely changes the game. Suddenly everything is pull-pull-pull. It's been fun but my results suffered. Good stories, hot girls, but not as many as previous years.

However the biggest thing I missed towards the end of 2014 and into early 2015 was….. quality male companionship.

No homo.

It wasn't until the grand RSG experiment broke up that I realised just how special it was to live in a big old house with all your best mates. Hanging out, drinking, training and hitting on girls together. Three years of that was a very special time. In 2014 the travel-gang thing was good too but a bit too game-focused rather than fun-focused.

Solo euro jaunting is wearing. The first real time I felt this was – of all places – in Brazil. After three weeks of isolation in Sao Paulo and Rio (much of it due to language barriers) I was desperate to get back home. I'd go out every afternoon to sit on Copacabana or Ipanema beach, sip caiparinha and just…. hate it. Too isolated. Too emotionally cold.



Shitsville

Those readers who have recognised me in the street and said hello this year may have noticed I've been far more approachable than my blog would suggest. That's not an accident. By the middle of last year I'd started to realise that Euro Jaunting has become a "thing". It's not just the province of the daygamers with public profiles, or my little group of friends. There are lots and lots of men giving it a try.

Sometimes I want to cave their heads in with a big stick, like in Belgrade recently. But that's just me and my little pet peeves. Really, stepping back and looking at it dispassionately, there are a lot of good guys out there doing it. Living the dream. Sure it's a tough road but they are putting their money where their mouth is and giving it a go.

So I've been meeting up with a bunch of them and trying to cherry-pick the ones I get on with who would make good regular travel companions. I scratch your back, you scratch mine. Quality male companionship.

No homo.

I've been really enjoying it. As much as I've been enjoying solo daygame this year I've found having a few cool

buddies around massively blunts the sharp edges of Euro Jaunt weirdness. The type of Groundhog Day I complained of a few posts ago doesn't hit so hard. The obsessive compulsion to grind the streets every day doesn't get so vacuous.

So, Euro Jaunting is now a thing. We've created a monster. And I quite like it.

Belgrade Diaries – Part Three

krauserpua · 3 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I'm almost a week into my trip and I've found myself doing some impromptu winging with the students **Street Attraction** brought here. It's informal, but I can't help doing a little coaching. So we're standing by an ice cream kiosk cooling ourselves down with ice lollies. It's about 5pm and the temperature has finally dipped enough for the girls to venture outside.

The students are really excited. They're into the fourth week of their Yugoslavia daygame immersion and they've all been laid once each, earlier in the trip. Who could blame them? So there's a little huddle around me while a lick my pineapple lolly and I start talking about pre-open calibration.

It's good daygame to build a quick mythology about a girl before you open her. You scan the streets for the girls you like and when your eyes rest on one, you immediately pick out what made you notice her and use that to build a little mini-story about her *[my Black Book seminar will go into way more detail on how to do it].* You might only get as far as a quick label ("Slow dreamy short-shorts" or "Busy office girl") but the important thing is it gives you ***something***. Once in set you can expand it into some verbal bamboozlement.



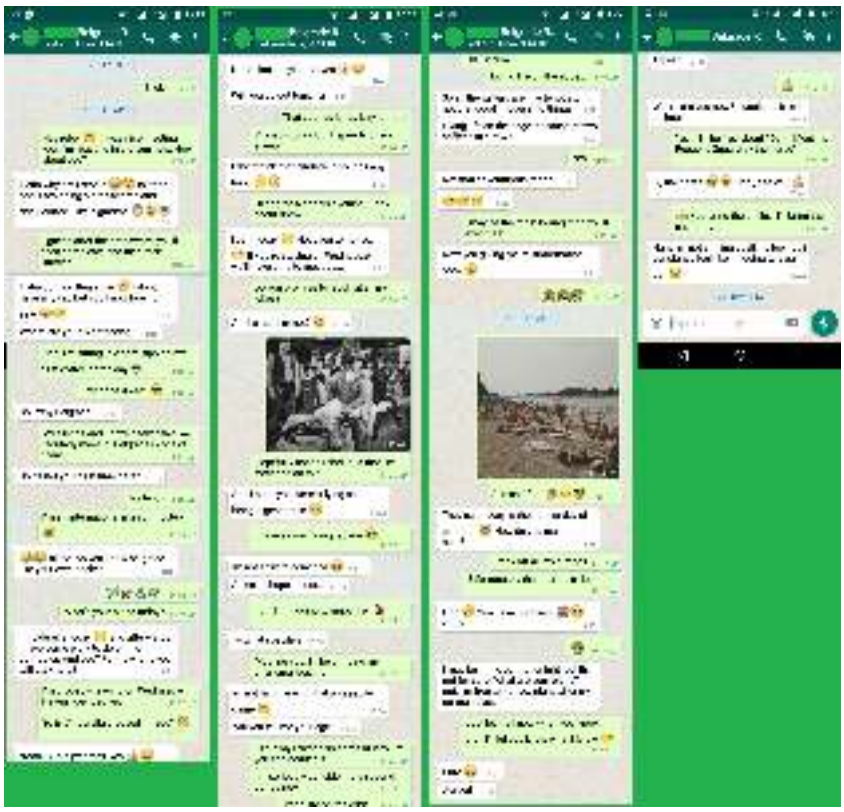
Living the dream, yesterday

You'll also find over time that some girls are more interested in you than others, and you can detect patterns. For example, fashionable girls adorned in many brand names (Prada, YSL, Jimmy Choo etc) rarely like me. I've fucked a few but normaly they aren't interested. Conversely, slightly quirky girls usually do like me. More generally in daygame, slow wandering girls open easier than determined fast-walking girls.

So, as you begin to identify patterns you can narrow-down your potential opens to focus on the higher-probability targets. I advise you don't take it too far and start weaseling girls just because they are low-probability. Even the 100/1 shot comes in from time to time. Standing in our huddle with the ice lollies I start throwing out example mythologies for the girls walking past – "She's dressed like a bar code. I wonder if everything beeps when she goes into a supermarket" – "She looks like she's sneaking away from the scene of a crime. Probably a shopaholic" etc.

"This girl looks like she'll probably be into me" I announce and chase a red-head across the square. Unsurprisingly, she cracks wide open. I just knew she would. Felt it in my bones.

I'm teasing everything and she's throwing it back at me, thoroughly enjoying it. I feel the familiar electricity and sparkle. It feels **on**. I don't remember much of the set, just that I was in the moment, bobbing and weaving, having a lot of fun while a couple of the students watched. Then I took a number and sent her on her way. The next day the texting is solid. From her very first reply I know it'll be good. Witness some really easy text game ***[Daygame Mastery** readers will spot all of my gambits]*



This is what a strong lead looks like

So I meet her at the horse and I'm greatly pleased to find she's hotter than I remembered. My approach had been when she had no make-up and was coming home from the gym. Now she was dolled up and looked fantastic. God bless daygame – girls are frequently hotter than you first thought. So I start walking her down to the moustache bar, feeling optimistic.

We sit outside because I don't want to sweat in the upstairs room like I did the previous night. It's just so on immediately. Her eyes are sparkling, she's talking a lot and the kino is effortless. She's soon sitting next to me telling me "I don't want a boyfriend. Serbian guys are always trying to lock me down. I think I just want fun now, so I can be free to focus on my language study".

Ker-ching! I'm ticking all the boxes quickly.

So I give her my speech about society being too restrictive for girls, and too many people watching, and how London is so great because it's anonymous. And hey, this just occured to me, but isn't it interesting that nobody even knows we met? It's like everything we say and do is one big secret…… I make out with her within half an hour. She's obviously horny and ready to go so after the first drink I'm thinking only about how to extract. She says her friends are having a party a ten minute's walk away and why don't we go there. I quickly future-project how that will go:

- Loss of anonymity / Secret Society
- Delay of at least an hour, probably three
- Getting much further from my apartment
- She has the frame
- Surrounded by people I don't know but she does

Fuck that. I have to make a call, try the best percentage play. She's 100m from my house, horny, and in my frame. So I tell her "we can go there later, let's hang out at my place for a drink first". I finish off the rest of her beer and stand her up. She follows. Less than hour into the date I'm walking her home. I do move fast these days – too fast. I feel like the dates are just running down the clock waiting for extraction rather than an enjoyable experience to be

lived and breathed in the moment.

She comes into my place without a quibble but once inside she gets a little nervous and starts babbling about the friend's party. I show her out to the back garden and leave her staring at the stars while I have a piss. I let her relax for quarter of an hour and bring her inside onto the bed. At this point it's looking good but I sense some awkwardness in her. We make out. I push her back onto the bed and then….. familiar LMR.

She clearly wants to fuck, but just won't. Grrrrrrrr.

I try my usual things and before long I'm fingering her through the sides of her hot pants, two fingers rammed into her. She's clutching my back, moaning, and shaking her head. "No, not tonight!" I keep it going, get my dick out, and I just know she's at the edge of the cliff, about to take that final step off into the abyss.



About to put my dick into something just like this

And she suddenly pulls back. The shutters slam down and I know the lay is gone for tonight. We chat a bit and she wants to go for a walk. Ten minutes of that and I tell her to enjoy the party and let's meet another day.

The next evening, on the same day I get my first notch (see previous diary entry), I'm back at my apartment with one of the students because he's kept his luggage there before a late-night flight. My phone buzzes. It's this girl again asking what I'm doing **right now**. Oh lord, will this be another of those magical ~~two-girls-one-cup~~ two-notches-one-day experiences? We swap a few texts and then she throws a big shit test: *"Wouldn't it be pointless meeting up for a drink, tomorrow night, if you want to get laid and I don't?"*

Damn, that's a tough one!

I deal with it and she's softening again. *"I can't be sure. I don't know you…. Don't forget we met just few days ago"* Okay, she's future-projecting her own ASD. I pour in the comfort and she agrees to meet the next evening – my last night in Belgrade. Great, I'll get my second lay. It'll be a can't miss because she's already externalised her LMR and let me dismiss it by text. Game on.

And then at 3pm on the day of glory…. *"Niiiick [image] Something came up for tonight. I have to pick up my little brother from his grandma. There's no one else to babisitt him. I'm sooorry 😔 "*

Fuck. Fortunately while this girl was relegated to long game, I'd still get a new notch that night. To be continued…..

Text Game Clinic – Last Minute Derailment

krauserpua · 4 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

In my previous post I told the story of a Serbian girl who got LMR on my bed after a very fast pull from the first date. Late the next evening she dropped a big shit test on me, which I glossed over in my blogpost. Unsurprisingly, many readers want to know what happened. Given that everyone who posted so far has managed to give sub-par responses to her test, let's look at what I did and why.

The disclaimer for my readers is this: You weren't there, you didn't get anywhere near as much information to base your calibration decision upon as I did. So, I'm not pointing and laughing at your advice. In different situations, that might work. Just not this one.

Ok, so before proceeding be sure to read the previous post to get the context of the shit test. Ready?



High stakes

Why bounce her home fast?

ASDgamer suggests I should've gone to her friend's party and ran some version of social circle game to increase my value. No. The KISS rule applies in game as much as anywhere else. The whole point of a date is to get the girl isolated, horny, and close to a sex location. I had all three of these boxes ticked. Going to the party would be a backwards step. It would involve all of the following likely consequences:

- Her buying temperature drops and the window of opportunity closes
- Many new unknown variables introduced in people, situation and logistics
- Highly likely there's at least one of her orbiters there looking to cockblock
- All deniability is removed

She suggested the party as a reflexive attempt to derail the train. She knew that she was horny and highly likely to have sex if we went to my apartment and therefore she instinctively triggered the "don't get fucked" script and tried to derail. This had nothing at all to do with value. Value is one of the most misunderstood areas of game. She

hooked on the street stop, played along in vibing, gave the number, replied enthusiastically in texts, came on the date dolled up, and made out with me. This is all confirmation that my value was just fine. Overconfirmation if anything. If you get that far with a girl and still think she's doubting your value, you need to re-read Mystery Method. Value only matters in getting attraction, and I had plenty of that. By the time she started derailing, it was more of a comfort issue.

She had LMR because it was too much, too fast. As simple as that. So, let's look at the next day when she drops the shit test on me. I'll take the reader responses in order and comment, beginning with our intrepid ASDgamer again.

> ""Life is a beautiful tapestry…Que sera, sera." Hamster wonders, "What does he mean? He seems very sure of himself. In control." Builds value.
>
> "The weatherman is predicting a storm of passion tomorrow night…but what does he know" Hamster wonders, "Is he into me?" Provokes her to chase.
>
> Create a fantasy for her hamster to chew on.

The first reply is channeling the right kind of vibe, which is to distract and disorient. This is based on the idea that she's not really serious with her test, she just wants to throw it out as plausible deniability so she can say to herself "at least I tried to avoid sex. He just kept going, so I couldn't help fucking him." I actually took that tack myself in my initial response, as you'll see later.

The second reply is wrong. it's far too aggressive and overtly sexual. Her shit test is based on her emotion of "too much, too fast. I don't want to be obligated to sex" and therefore sending her a text with basically means "tomorrow will be sex" is giving her the ripcord she needs to avoid me entirely. Bad move.

So let's consider Aunt Jemina

> "You just need to say something quite basic which shows that what she said hasn't really affected you, and also that you're not putting too much pressure on her.
>
> Example: "Let's just see how it goes"
>
> Or flip the script: "Pfft. Presumptuous. Let's meet at X tomorrow at 8."

The first one is too hopeful and needy. The subcommunication is defensive, accepting that she gets to make the rules because you don't want to risk rocking the boat. It could work, but it just doesn't feel right to me. It would be an okay fall-back text if you rack your mind and can't think of something better.

The second one is similar – could work, but doesn't feel right. This time it's too bullying and lacking soft dominance. It's forcing her into an ultimatum and subcommunicating that you're someone who will just trampled over any objections. I don't need anymore hard dominance because I already did a one-hour pull. Her worry is about being obligated to sex if she shows up on the date, because she's still nervous and wants to retain the "out" to show up but not have sex. Re-read her initial objection: she knows what I want but doesn't want to commit herself and then get into an awkward date where I get all arsey with her if she says no.

Now we'll go to ARC

> "I would have to agree that it would be pointless. Anytime I meet up with a woman who I have a sexual interest in for a drink I'm looking for one of two things. I either want to fuck her or have her suck my dick. Now if you have no interest in reciprocating my sexual desires then I appreciate you not being a time-waster. However, if there is some attraction on your part which you are willing to acknowledge then I'm sure I can get your pussy wet by whispering in your ear statements like 'I'd just like to find the nearest motel room so I can bend you over and slowly slide my nice juicy dick in your tight wet pussy'"

This has numerous problems. It'll work okay within the context of ARC's overall method, which is mostly overtly filtering for DTF girls [there's more to it than that, but that's the relevant bit here]. Within the context of the pick-up that I actually did, here's where it goes wrong:

- The message is far too long. It's making a "big issue" out of something that's best nimbly side-stepped. Never give the girl a reason not to fuck you – she's capable of coming up with enough of her own.
- It's 100% overt and logical, like you're talking to a man.
- Calling her a time-waster immediately makes it confrontational. Remember when a girl derails the train her mindset is "I know I'm gonna have sex with him, so I have to find any excuse whatsoever to avoid it". Calling her a time-waster is that excuse.
- Too vulgar for this type of girl.

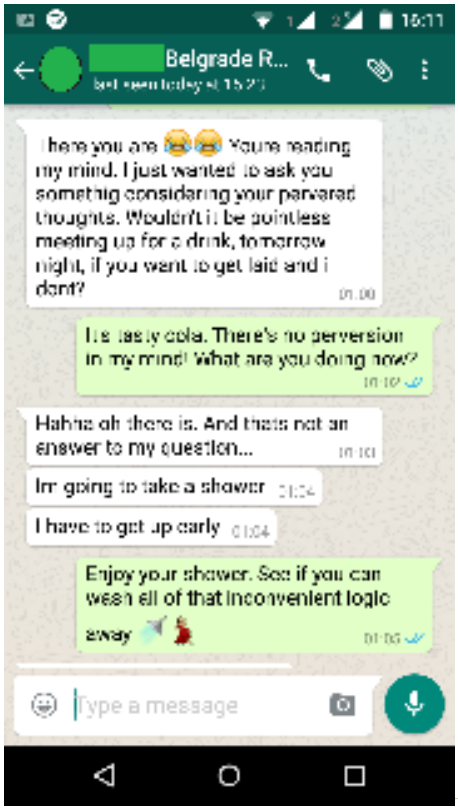
Sometimes a girl is super-on and you can tip her over the edge with an ultimatum or by amping up her horniness, but I generally avoid that. You quickly end up losing all the strong maybe girls and all you're left with is the Yes Girls. If you're willing to squander potential lays in order to save being messed about, that'll work. I prefer to work the Maybes and risk the time-wasting.

Lastly, let's hear Walawala's take

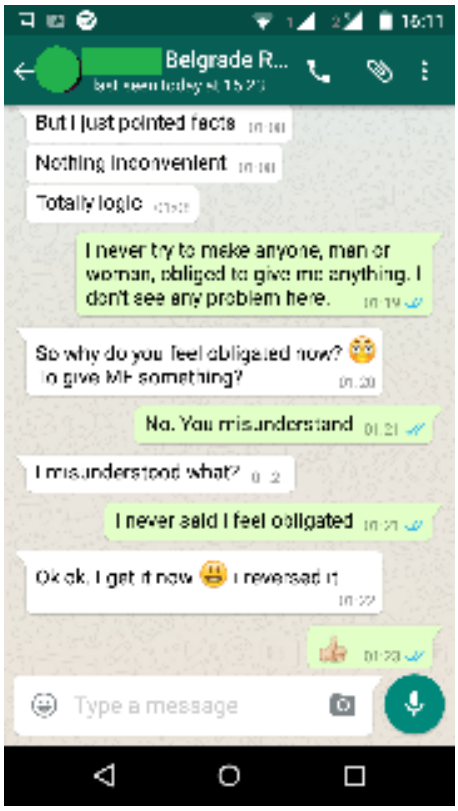
> I'd use the line I always use when I get those types or responses and learned from K: "Behave…what makes you think I'd want to…you'd have to wine and dine me, the we'll see"… That usually diffuses that tension.

This one is overplaying a mediocre hand. She knows full well that I want to fuck her. I picked her up, I pulled her home, I rammed two fingers up her pussy, and I got my dick out. To then say "you'd have to wine and dine me" – even as a joke – is just unconvincing. There is no flipping of the script this late into a pull. The only way the script can be flipped here is if I'm prepared to roll off for several days to give her a fear of loss (which I didn't have time for) and even then it's highly improbable.

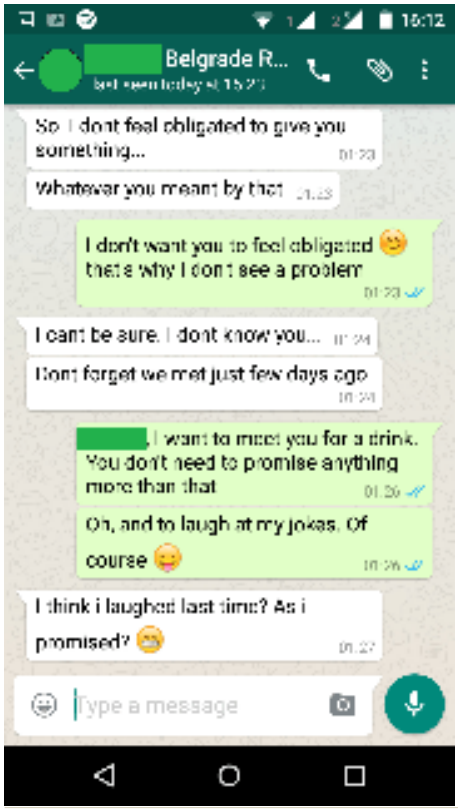
So to summarise, the tendency in the replies is to be too gamey and evasive, or too overt. Let's look at what I actually did and why.



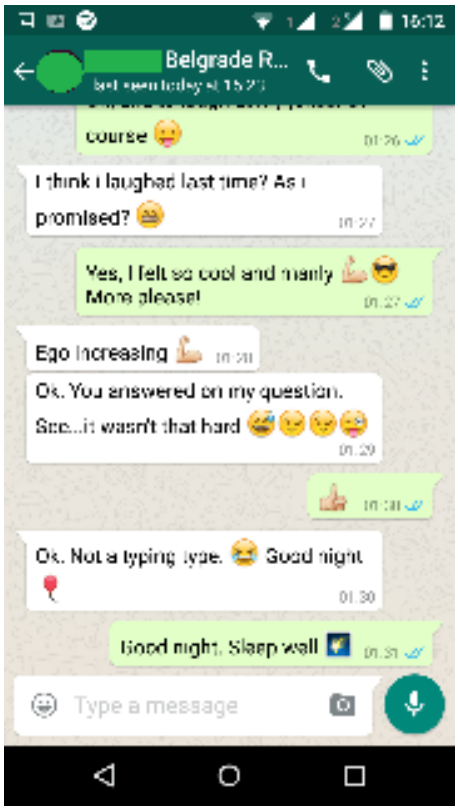
Step one was to just brush past the objection on the assumption that's she's not serious about it, similar to ASDgamer's first response. So I just tell her I'm not perverted and then redirect. She seems to accept it so I just finish with a joke, expecting that to be the end of it. This turns out to have been the wrong play – she's more serious than I thought and I've overplayed my hand a little.



Now things get tangled up because she misunderstands me. Usually I'd say it's good to be "real" long enough to let her know it's not all jokes, and that I understand her main worry is in being forced to promise too much. I think it was the right play and I got unlucky with her misunderstanding.



So that forces me to stay logical and serious longer than I'd like, to shuttle her to the end of her little wobble and then I return to playfulness as soon as I think it's possible. That works and it ends well.



So what you're really seeing here is I overplayed my hand a bit, created a stir, then got a bit unlucky when trying to calm down the stir, but ultimately recovered it. Not the smoothest, but it worked. So now she's in a holding pattern on long game and my next trip to Belgrade will provide the ultimate answer.

Belgrade Diaries – Part Four

krauserpua · 7 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I got my first lay of the trip a week in, on the Tuesday evening and I was flying home on the Thursday afternoon. As of Tuesday morning I didn't know the notch was coming, so in my mind I was left with two evenings to try to get a lucky lady into my bed. I was still having trouble with flakes, likely a consequence of the town having been burned for a month straight. My strongest lead had agreed a Wednesday evening date but I didn't want all my eggs in one basket on the last night [wisely, she cancelled at short notice]. What is the most basic advice for a player who is struggling to get results?

Open more sets.

That solves many problems right there. I wasn't feeling particularly enthusiastic but my familiar determination to get *something* had resurfaced so I hit the streets on Tuesday afternoon, shortly after lunch (and before I got the first lay). It was roasting hot, not many girls were out, but the clock was ticking and if I wanted to make things happen I had to just get on with it. To get myself up for it I watched a scene from a Private porno movie on Redtube where they do a fake SDL (Triple X magazine 11, the blonde Swedish bird, I think)

I did a few sets on the walk up towards the Slavia Square roundabout. I was sleepy, worn-out, feeling a bit of sunstroke so rather than force myself into a fake happy vibe I just recognised my state for what it was and matched my game to the same low energy. I was chill and laconic. Finally as I was crossing past Hotel Moskova and coming in to the plaza above Republic Square I got the familiar spider-sense. A leggy brunette was ambling past.

At first sight she seemed a typical Belgrade girl: long legs, dark hair, denium shorts, converse, tight vest. No reason to choose her over any other and no reason to expect a better result than any other, but my spider-sense had tingled. Why? I quickly realised it was her earrings – they were coloured feather like you'd see in a craft market rather than a high street store.



but with slightly longer legs and shorter hair

I'd found her "softener"

Girls of a slightly quirky or offbeat mentality will find a way to signal it. Often it's a single item of clothing or accessory and it's saying "I'm not just a standard mainstream girl". Perhaps she has band patches on her bag, or a little metal badge. Perhaps it's novelty socks. Perhaps she's carrying an unusual book. Girls who are fully in the mainstream (and therefore probably trapped in the middle of The Herd) are usually head-to-toe mainstream. When I find a softener I know the girl is more likely to like my daygame, and I'm more likely to enjoy chatting to her.

So I stop this girl. She's hot. My height, in athletic trim, and a pretty face. Twenty-two years old.

She likes it immediately, purring like a cat, and after a minute says "I'm going this way, to eat, do you want to join me?" I assent and we walk a few hundred metres to a pavement cafe. "I just ate so I'll only have a drink. Since you're eating, why don't you choose" I tell her.

We sit under a canopy at the end of Knez Mihailova and I spread out into my chair and begin the idate game. It's easy conversation and she's not giving me any trouble. I find out she's dating her teacher, a guy my age. That's not the least bit surprising based on her earrings.

I know I'm under time pressure. I've got to either SDL her today, or get a date tomorrow. So I move things fast as we trade intrusive questions. Before she's finished her food we've already gotten a lot done and I've told a few funny stories. The SDL evaporates when she says she's meeting a friend up by Slavia Square in half an hour so we settle the check and I say "I'll walk with you halfway, until I find an ice-cream kiosk" and away we go.

What to do? I have to gamble.

As I buy an ice lolly I tell her to come sit with me on a metal handrail and she comes over. I can see she's not really wanting to leave, even though she has a pressing appointment. I decide to just Hail Mary the verbal escalation.

> "Tell me the sexual thing you've never done, and maybe never will, but you think about it"
>
> "Sex with two men" she replies.
>
> "One at each end like this" I say, using gestures to describe a spit-roast. "Or one dick in your ass and the other in your pussy?"
>
> "The second type" she says. This is less than an hour after we met. My energy is very chill and non-judgemental. I expound a little on sexual openess and then she takes her turn.
>
> "How about you?"
>
> "Well, this one is half-joke and half-real. At the moment it's just a silly idea but I think I'll probably do it some time. Next time I suddenly come into some cash, I want to rent the penthouse suite in a hotel, buy lots of cocaine and gin, and hire ten hookers. Then I'll run amok all night until I have a heart attack and wake up in hospital."

She likes that. Smiling, looking up and into the sky. There's more sex talk about being dominated, how I like to fuck etc. I'm treating this as a preview for her, to give her an idea of what she'll get so it'll grow in her mind and perhaps make her horny tonight. Plant the seed and hope for the best.

We swap numbers and she wanders off to her friend. I'm strangely confident I'll see her again, but time is running out. Later that evening I ping her on Whatsapp but she's offline and doesn't reply until lunchtime the next day. She says she doesn't have mobile internet so SMS is better. See below.





At this point my 9pm second date with the LMR girl hadn't been cancelled, so I'm trying to squeeze in my two last shots at glory into one evening. By the time I walk up to Republic Square at half six I'm drinking in the last chance saloon. She arrives ten minutes late, dressed nice in vest and short-shorts but not especially sexual. I'm not sure how to calibrate her. So we walk off to the moustache bar again.

It's a good date. She's not reciprocating any kino but she's staying there and she's fully participating in the conversation. She was to tell me later that she was deliberately holding back compliance to amuse herself with how hard I'd try and to see if I got desperate. Evidently I passed that test.

Walking into that bar I get some good luck. There's an old carriage mounted on blocks and they've turned it into a snug little place to sit, so we climb aboard and sit next to each other. I do all the usual stuff – prodding her thighs, checking her calf muscles with my hands, playing with her hair and so on. She lets it happen but doesn't reciprocate. We drink two beers each – a good sign.

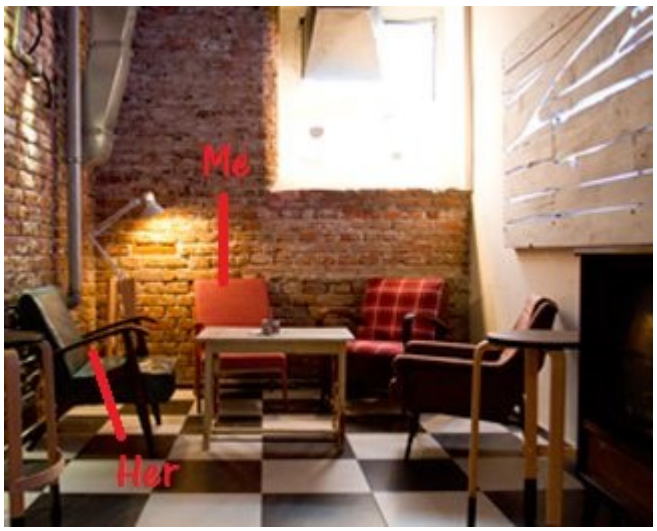


This actual carriage, but they'd removed the wooden man

Then I walk her along to Das Boot, a basement bar close to my apartment. I'd never been in before but I'm glad I went. It was empty and split into three linked rooms, so we could sit completely isolated while I drank whiskey and she sipped beer. As interesting as the conversation was, it was an ordeal because I was so focused on having to get it done tonight. About three hours in I start telling wild sex stories – lay reports, basically. Some of them are really squalid and funny, and all are wrapped up into lots of male commaraderie with my friends. She's loving them. I figure I just have to present the extreme r-selection / travelling nomad vibe because she's telling me she's really into her boyfriend.

Finally I reach across the table, grab her chin, and kiss her.

She pretends to resist but I see the flush on her face and spark in her eyes. For the first time since we met I'm starting to think the lay is a very possible outcome. Finally I get her to sit next to me and lean in a bit, but there are still barriers. She's weighing up the usual forebrain-hindbrain, ASD and value calculations. I can tell she's loving the date and she says a few times she's amazed how openly we can talk.



But it was a sofa the night I was there

It feels precarious but by 11pm I have to pull the trigger. I tell her to drink up and I'll show her my apartment. She does the usual "only for a minute" stuff and walks in with me. She has a smoke outside and any time I get close enough to kiss she wanders away. She's thinking hard, trying to decide what to do. The boyfriend is a huge obstacle.

"I want to get some cigarettes and go home. Will you walk with me?" she says and I agree.

During the short walk to the kiosks by Studenski Square I'm getting that sinking feeling of the lay slipping through my fingers. I try hard to maintain an unaffected calm demeanour but inside I'm cursing my luck – two chances to get laid tonight have turned into zero. Time to gamble again.

Standard PUA advice is "don't change her mind, change her mood"

Well, I'd changed her mood and her mind was still in the way. I decided to logic her into bed. So on the walk up I push the adventure sex frame harder, providing her all manner of rationalisations. She tells me, "meeting you has made me realise I love my boyfriend."

That's a tough one. How to respond?

> "That's good, that it's helped clear your mind. You've found the guy you want and you can get married, have children, and have a good life. The thing is, your body is obviously crying out for one last adventure. It's like trying to hold your breath underwater – you can use training and mental discipline to stay under longer, but biology forces you to come up for air eventually. You will fuck at least one more guy, your body demands it, the question is just who and when. You have unfinished business.
>
> The way I see it, you've got a choice. You can wait a while until you can no longer control your urges, and you fuck a local Serbian guy. Probably he'll try to make you into his girlfriend and when you say no, he might keep calling you, or post on your Facebook wall, or just make trouble for you so people find out. Alternatively, there's me. I'm leaving the country tomorrow. I'm English, I don't speak Serbian, and I have zero interest in making you my girlfriend. I'm looking for simple, exciting adventure. Nothing more."

The whole time we're slowly walking back towards my apartment while she puffs on her cigarette, her arms folded.

> "You're obviously saying that because you want to fuck me" she retorts. It's just a test.
>
> "Of course I want to fuck you. I'm just saying you can do it without any effect on the rest of your situation here."
>
> "I don't know. It's not easy for me" she replies and by now I'm turning my door key and we walk back into my apartment.

There's nothing more I can do. Kissing her, touching her up, dirty talking and so on will just make her feel pressured. More logic will be brow-beating her with the same thing over and over. She's a smart girl with a strong rebellious streak. I just have to let her make up her own mind.

After puffing through another cigarette in the garden she comes in and sits on the bed, then lies back staring at the ceiling, perplexed. Obvously she wants sex, she's just bothered at the thought of cheating. I lie next to her but don't touch. My vibe is light and carefree, smiling. She looks over at me, then at the ceiling, then at me.

"Okay. I'll do it" she blurts out, "but no anal"

I mentally fist-pump. I kiss her and say "let's relieve you of all these unnecessary clothes"

It's great sex. She looks excellent naked and throws herself into it with wild abandon, like it really is her last adventure on earth. I smash her from pillar to post and enjoy every moment of it. I try anal anyway, but she refuses that. Finally after an hour I'm all in. We shower and dress then I walk her to catch the last bus home. Just before boarding I tell her, "I'm not going to hassle you, but we can stay in touch and if you'd like to see me again, just let me know."

She gives me a big kiss, hops on the bus like a happy schoolgirl, and waves from the window as the bus pulls away. I walk home relieved, once more ruminating on how something as tiny as noticing one girl's earrings can trigger a chain of events that turn a Euro Jaunt from "frustrating" to "awesome"

Womanizers Bible #9 – Minor Tweaks, Maximum Effect

krauserpua · 27 August 2015 · Archived copy · Original

My new podcast is up, where I interview an experienced nightgamer who I've been fine-tuning in daygame.

Womanizers Bible #10 – The Euro Traveler's Lifestyle

krauserpua · 3 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've got a new mammoth 50 minute podcast up, this time in full video including in-field clips. I interview Eddie Hitchens from Street Attraction about the ups and downs of the Euro-jaunt lifestyle model that has become increasingly popular.

The New Model – Spike, Crush, Lead

krauserpua · 3 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Prepare yourself for some rambling.

This year has been all about experimentation. I'd grown tired of the **Daygame Overkill** model because though it had brought me great success shifting to that style (indeed, it is now the core LDM style as witnessed by all the shameless YouTube rip-offs) I was getting bored. I was doing the same thing over and over again. I get bored easily. I knew there'd be another step forwards, I just didn't know what it was. In such cases I follow my subconcious and let the logical forebrain figure out the details later. My subconscious was telling me this:

- Shorter trips abroad
- Pull much faster
- Sexualise stronger
- Abandon the model

So when the Euro season rolled around in mid-March 2015 that's what I did. It's been a slapdash affair with epic highs and incompetent lows. For the first time ever I've had more near-misses than lays (about 2:1 ratio). I've pushed my 2015 average age of girl down to 21, the quality has crept up very slightly, and my average meet-to-sex time is two hours.

High risk, high reward.



Pull the trigger

I'm not satisfied to simply shift my risk/reward meter further along. I want to get **better**. I want to bring the uncontrollable under my control. So I've kept plugging away, stoically absorbing the near-miss pain, and continued to look for patterns. It's still all a bit foggy but I think the new model is taking shape. It's a long way off, but I'm starting to grasp it. Here are some of my early thoughts on the differences.

1. Checklist vs Model

Daygame Mastery is written as a detailed linear model of "first do this, then do that". It works. That's what everyone is doing and it's a proven method. The problem is it puts the focus on YOU and what YOU'RE doing. ***Now*** I'm all about HER and what she's READY FOR. It's a subtle but powerful mental shift, analagous to a boxer throwing the punch for the space that's opening up rather than the combo he's practiced on the bag. The real skill comes in setting the girl up for that move, so you're not merely passively awaiting opportunities. So now I'm drawing as well as leading. This means my mind is on ticking off her indicators so I know the time to move it forwards. If I tick them off in five minutes, I'll pull the trigger in five minutes. Other times it takes three dates.

2. Key Performance Indicators

I'm not really thinking in terms of attraction / comfort / seduction. Instead I'm provoking and then filtering based on three KPIs that let me know if she's a strong lead for adventure sex:

- Electric eye flash some time during first five minutes
- Acceptance of close distance
- Strong reply to first SMS

That's all I need to know if it's a good probability of fast sex.



3. DNA filtering
Every advanced daygamer has a finely-tuned spider sense. It crackles at key moments and lets you pick out a girl on a crowded street from 50m away. It sends a thrill through your body during the street stop. It screams "pull the trigger now!" I think key signs are:

- Ovulating walk
- Subtle pre-approach IOIs
- Fast eye sparkle
- Giddiness and sway
- Unsolicited touch

These are the ultimate Yes Girls, where your respective DNA codes have pinged each other and agreed to have sex before your forebrains got the memo. You can train yourself to unburden your DNA to let it roam, hunting down your best sets.

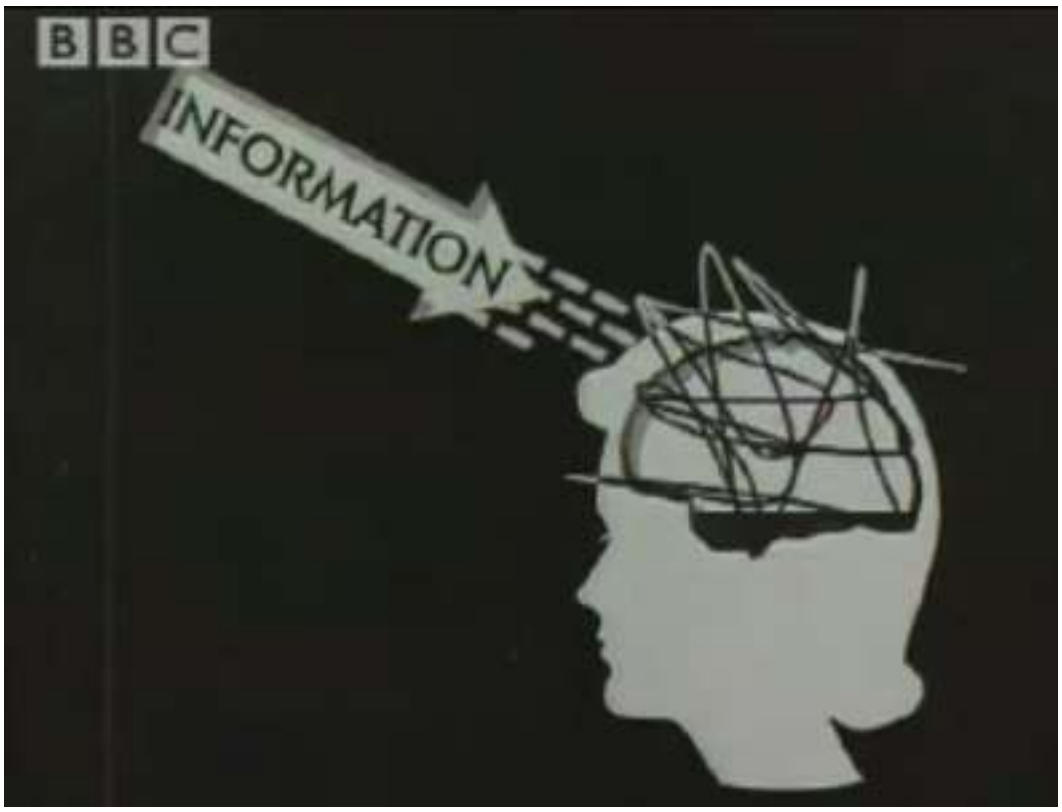


Pull the trigger!

4. Forebrain Eviction / Forebrain Panic Room

Assuming the girl has gotten through stages 1-3 and is on the idate / day2 I'll often experience the peculiar situation where she is extremely giddy and says things like "I don't know why I'm following you home" or "My brain has stopped working". It means her hindbrain has so overwhelmingly decided to fuck that it's impeached her forebrain from control of her actions. The early stages of this I often call "brain fry".

You'll spot it mostly from her giddy self-disbelieving "I can't believe I'm doing this but I can't stop" manner and it's most often triggered by a strong first kiss and light neck biting / hair pulling. It's especially powerful when coupled with the momentum of a sexualised idate. The problem is it often triggers the Panic Room, where her forebrain makes one last-gasp attempt to avoid being fucked. When those shutters slam down there is NO way to bust LMR and often the girl is gone forever.



Brain fry

5. Anal

I've taken many anal virginities in the past twelve months and I think it comes down to congruency. When you hit a girl with Diggler-esque r-selection she abandons the Nice Girl track. Assuming you get as far as the lay, anal is just a tiny step further. You don't even have to ask. Just stick it in.

My personality is INTJ and that means ideas usually simmer in a morass of inpenetrable slop before suddenly appearing as fully-formed theories in a moment of gestalt understanding. I'm not there yet, but I feel it coming on. Of course all of the above assumes you've actually mastered the current version of the London Daygame Model.

From which dark pit did the Black Book emerge?

krauserpua · 3 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Back in December 2014 I got a call from a production company working for the BBC. They were making a reality TV show about a young man trying a bunch of different activities to make him more masculine. Picking up girls would be part of it and one episode entirely about daygame. Did I want to be his daygame coach?

No thank you. Why would I want to be on TV? I'm not a woman, nor a faggot.



Not sure if woman or faggot. But definitely TV.

They kept on at me and finally we agreed terms. They'd pay for me to come down to London, put me up in a hotel for the weekend, book a room, set up the cameras and lighting. My job was to get six students of the right demographic, do a presentation, then take their guy infield for a few hours. Seemed easy enough. Knowing that I was dealing with a TV production company, I thought it almost certain they'd be:

1. incompetent clowns
2. self-important SJWs
3. dishonest

So I got their producer on Skype and recorded her promising I could bring my own cameraman and release my own footage in the event I thought their edit was a hatchet job. I asked if she minded if I release the seminar footage recorded by my own cameraman myself. "So long as it's after we broadcast, no problem, but we can't give you the footage from our camera." Win-win. They get their show and I get a product.

Those of you who've read Aesop's fable about the frog and the scorpion will guess what happened next. Being *clowns-SJW-dishonest* they just couldn't helping fucking with the whole thing. First of all they demanded the seminar be shot on Friday – when everyone has work or uni. Then all the students had to be aged 18-25 and new to daygame. I explained how my readers are older and most people don't hear about me until they've already been doing sets.

Then they required everyone agree to be interviewed on TV. I explained how the community is mostly anonymous so they agreed this wasn't important…. and then went back on it immediately, contacting my students and bullying them to agree.

Having explicitly agreed I had full control of the seminar and content ("we just want to be flies on the wall, seeing the event like it normally is") they soon started acting like it was *their* seminar, telling me what I was and wasn't

allowed to do. I soon corrected them on that, sending this email:

> I'm happy to do the date bit after you leave, but it has to be a reasonable time. Remember I'm coming down from Newcastle to do a special one-off seminar for you that I had to organise in a hurry, with narrow specifications on the attendees, on a difficult day, and I'm not getting paid beyond minimum expenses. So, I'm insistent that I get to do it my way, within reason. Remember I'm not on your payroll and I answer only to myself.

Finally it got to the point that I was ready to bin them. Two days before the event I was finally sent my train ticket. Just before boarding the train the day before I was given my hotel reservation, and by the evening before they still hadn't told me the venue. There's a reason these people are interning in media production companies for peanuts rather than earning mad stacks in the finance industry, after all.



Head producer, artist impression

Back in December they told me their "researchers" liked my material and blog. I sent the producer a free login to **Daygame Overkill** in January. It seems those crack researchers didn't discover my twitter until the night before the event. I got a pompous faggot ("head producer" or something) call me late on while I was in the pub with Bojangles and Ramy.

> **Faggot**: Am I speaking to Nick Krauser?
> *Me*: Yes
> **Faggot**: I am to understand we are supposed to be filming with you tomorrow.
> *Me*: Yes
> **Faggot**: Well, we are cancelling you.
> *Me*: Ok
> **Faggot**: [expectant pause while I don't ask why] We read your Twitter.
> *Me*: Ok
> **Faggot**: [longer pause while I don't complain or explain] We don't want to be associated with people like you.
> *Me*: Ok

> **Faggot**: [longer pause again] Yes. So. We're cancelling you.
> *Me*: Ok
> **Faggot**: And we are going to cancel your hotel too [it was about 9pm on a cold February evening]
> *Me*: Good luck

So I had a mad scramble to find a venue on less than a day's notice, inform all the students, and set up my cameraman. The hotel told the BBC to piss off because I'd already checked in. I advised all the students not to tell the BBC the event was still going head because you know how SJWs are with bomb threats. These people were trying to make me homeless on the evening in a very cold winter's night after inviting me down to their town. Hardly honourable people.

Late morning on the Friday we all met up outside the venue, ordered some beers, and went up to the pub function room for the seminar on Intermediate Daygame. And thus the **Black Book** was filmed. Dicking around with the production company clowns was a pain, but I'd written the seminar and prepared the slides assuming I was going to do a proper presentation.

Black Book is a 223-minute seminar advising guys who are already comfortable with beginner daygame on how to make the jump to intermediate.

Womanizers Bible #11 – How To Take Anal Virginity

krauserpua · 30 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've put up a new 45-minute podcast covering the mindsets, opportunities, and specific step-by-step advice so that you can be the first guy to introduce your favourite girls to "greek culture".

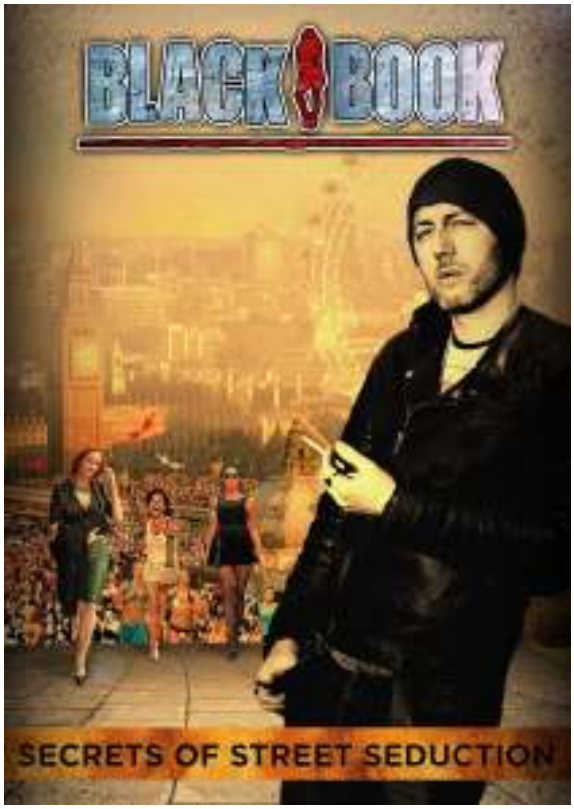
Black Book – Intermediate Daygame Instructional Video

krauserpua · 30 September 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Many people have said my products are too detailed, too advanced, too complicated, too…… deep.

Fair enough. When I read, I like extremely dense books and when I play video games I like those with many hidden layers of gameplay depth. I'm a systems-builder by heart so every time I learn something new I want to pull the watch apart, examine every mechanical piece, and then learn how to reassemble it into perfect working order. That's my mindset in life. I'm a perfectionist and a craftsman. I take real joy in the minutae.

Of course not everyone is like that. Some guys want to get to the point ***really fast***. "Just give me the TL:DR, Nick"



Buy the Black Book here for $99

This was recently brought to light when I gave Bodi an advance copy of the **Black Book**, my new video product. He knows daygame inside out and we share many personality traits so I thought he'd give me a good second opinion. "It's very different to **Mastery** and **Overkill**" he said, a couple of days later. "When I watched Overkill I was pausing it every twenty seconds to jot down a new note. It's so dense. Black Book if far easier to absorb. It's more concise."

And that's the whole point of the video. I've already put out products which are reference encyclopedias of daygame (Daygame Mastery) and incredibly detailed deconstructions of my best sets (Daygame Overkill). That's the "high end" of daygame theory staked out with the Team Krauser flag. The problem is it's really difficult to absorb and you only get the full value of the material if you're already banging plenty of girls from street game.

But what if you're still pretty new? What if you've gotten the basics down pat and are pulling phone numbers and some dates but you want to get better? That's where Black Book comes in.

Black Book is a long detailed seminar designed to bump guys up from beginner to intermediate daygame. How do I achieve this?

The big knock against beginner daygame is that it's robotic, repetitive and often unconvincing. You run around

stopping girls and dropping a series of lines onto them, in a structure designed to pull phone numbers out of girls who take a liking to you over those five minutes. It works and you can get laid off it. I did. The problem is that these are just *training wheels*. Eventually you become comfortable with the basics of managing approach anxiety, running up to girls, getting the body language about right, and having reasonably interesting words tumble out of your mouth.

Great, you've gotten started! For the first few hundred sets that's all you need. Take your baby steps and learn to walk. We made it simple because beginners are so anxious that they can't hold more than a few tips in mind at once and we need to just shuttle them end-to-end through a few hundred street stops. But now it's time to start getting laid.

Black Book takes you back through the **London Daygame Model** but this time it's at the intermediate level. What does that mean?

- Creative teasing openers that you invent spontaneously;
- Projecting sexual intent from the beginning;
- Unlocking your capacity for interesting flirty conversation;
- Physical testing on the street.

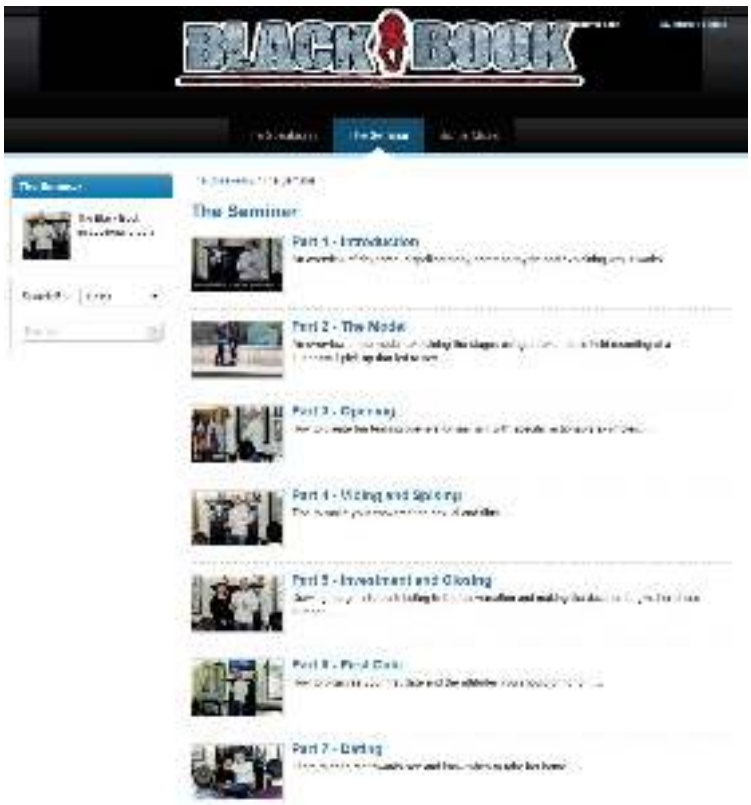
That's the first half of the seminar. Now that you're getting better at game you'll be getting girls on dates so the second half takes you through the first date game, designed to get the girl home that night. What am I giving you in this section?

- Dating mindsets to encourage you to push towards sex;
- A dating structure with advice on what to do in each venue;
- Verbal and physical escalation ladders so you always know the next step;
- Calibration advice to know when she's ready to take home;
- Subtle body language tips to project sexuality and masculine power.

Black Book is designed to take the handcuffs off you. No longer will you be shackled to the latest opener you read on the internet, or a little routine your wing told you. Black Book focuses on simple principles and hands you the tools to ***build your own game*** from them. This is the simplest and most concise way to understand the principles that will give you deep identity-level change in your daygame. It's time to get creative. It's time to get sexual. It's time to have fun!

Buy the Black Book here for $99

See below for what you'll gain access to. This is a screenshot of the portal after you've logged in to your Black Book account.



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Cold approach is inefficient

krauserpua · 5 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Brad is sitting on a plush leather sofa in his flashy bachelor pad in the hippest part of town. His eyelids droop as he pours himself a slug of 20-year Scottish whiskey that cost £100 for the bottle. It's worth it. *Damn* fine whiskey. He swills the brown liquid around the glass, revelling in the crackle and pop coming from the ice cubes.

Ah, this is the life!

He's tired because he just finished another tough ten hour day at the law firm. He's put in a solid four years at Saul White & Pinkman Associates. That's on top of the three years at his training firm. Brad just hit 32 so he's in the prime of his life. He'll still make it to the gym tomorrow morning. He'll still measure out all his supplements and weigh his food. A shot of whiskey won't put a dent in his rock hard body. He's been training five years now and looks great. Not quite a six pack but he's pretty buff. Brad prides himself on his mental discipline and ability to carry through on a personal commitment to his lifeplan.

As he's reading through the internet, he's nodding his head. Satisfied. He's reading **City Alpha Lifestyle** blog and there's an article: **5 Reasons You Ain't Alpha**. He chuckles as he realises the first four reasons *don't* apply to him. He's buff. He's got money. He's dominant in his social circle. He's wearing good clothes.

Unfortunately it's that last reason that does apply and it bothers him: *He hasn't fucked many hot women.*

Well, how could he? He's been working sixty hour weeks most of the last ten years. When the weekend finally rolls round he's just going to cool bars with his buddies. The career chicks who go there aren't much to look at (or talk to). Most of his spare time is in the gym, or reading motivational material. There's not really any *time* or *opportunity* to meet girls. The only hot girls he sees are walking down the street or sitting having coffee – and how's he supposed to talk to them? I mean, what do you *say*?

It's not so bad though. He hasn't been truly single for more than a few months in all these years. He always seems to find his way into a relationship – at a party, at dance class, at a business trip – and the girls are quite pretty. He's even had a few adventurous one-night stands. Indeed he's fucked maybe twenty girls, *more than double most of his friends*. It's just a shame they nearly all insist on fancy restaurants, making him wait, and then those interminable weekends in the parks, beaches and Ikea.

"No worries", Brad thinks smugly. "I'm entering the prime of my life – Rollo told me so – so at some undefined point in the future the hotties will flock to me."

****

Adam is also sitting on a sofa tonight but it's worn and squeaky. His small loft conversion is in a grungier part of town but that's where the best nightlife is, so it's exactly where he wants to be. His eyelids droop as he pours himself a slug of Jack Daniels that cost £25 for the bottle. It's nice. He sets the glass down and lights a joint, rolling the smoke around his mouth before inhaling it to his lungs.

Ah, this is the life!

He's tired because he just woke up. He works nights mostly and sometimes early mornings, depending on the shifts at the bar-tending job and the warehouse job he juggles to meet rent. He's 32 and has lived in the area most of the last ten years. So he knows *everyone* and has a bit of a rep as one of the cooler local guys. It's a late shift tomorrow so he'll be working on his music all afternoon. He started learning guitar as a teenager and after fifteen years cycling in and out of various punk, indie and now rock bands he's pretty good at it. His tattoos are still pretty cool and it doesn't matter much that his body is turning to skinny-fat at a young age.

He's also reading through the internet, nodding his head in satisfaction. He's reading **Dangerous Horizons** blog and there's an article he likes: **5 Reasons You're Not Cool**. He chuckles as he realises the first four reasons don't apply

to him. He's badass. He's got a big social circle. He doesn't answer to anyone (except his bosses, but those jobs aren't *so* important to him). He is the life of the party. Unfortunately it's that last reason that does apply and it bothers him. He stares at it again and again, trying to figure out why:

You don't get to date and fuck the girls you like.

Hmmmmmm. What's wrong with that statement? Adam does a mental check. "I've fucked 160 girls" he counts, but then he adds "but most of them were pretty grotty." Then his eyes light up. "That said, Talisa was hot. And Sophie. And Angela" and there's a faint murmur in his heart as he recalls some nights of fantastic sex. The lights fade when he thinks "but they just chose me and I took what I was given. I wish that would happen more."

"And Talisa was a fucked-up BPD loon" he remembers, and shudders.

He's done well though, he reminds himself. Much *much* better than most people. Okay, so he's completely sacrificed any chance of making money and living comfortably in his middle age. Okay, so he's never going to be truly famous and be an alpha like Leonardo DiCaprio or Keith Richards – guys who truly *do* date and fuck whoever they like. And his tattooed bartender schtick will be decreasingly cool as he ages and all those nights maintaining the hip social circle will start to wear on him. But he's had lots of fun and there's still lots more fun to be had.

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Brad and Adam are pretty happy with their lives. Years ago they plotted an "in" to women and then dedicated themselves tirelessly to it. Adding it all up, one way or another it's been nigh on seventy hours a week each, for fifteen years. But that's fine, because the "lifestyle" is paying off.

Simultaneously, ten miles apart, they both set down their whiskey glasses and stumble across the same article on a little-known site called krauserpua.com. They have the same instinctive reaction deep in their gut best described as "have I missed a trick?". That gnawing fear recedes as they realise their own lives are still pretty damn good. Nonetheless they can't help shake the feeling that if only they knew how to cold approach they'd quickly resolve that one nagging issue from the list of five.

Fortunately that entire emotional cycle takes about ten seconds and never really penetrates their consciousness. Simultaneously, ten miles apart, comes a booming clang and the heavy doors of two grandiose egos slam down the shutters together. And then a new reaction springs forth.

"Fuck me, have you seen this clown???? Hardly any money, normal body, no "lifestyle" at all. And he's running up and down the street chasing girls like some creepy PUA. ***What a fucking idiot!*** Hahaha can't he see what *low value behaviour* that is: dedicating ***ten*** hours a week, for five years, to enjoying nice conversations, dates and sex with beautiful women.

Ooooooooooo-kay, so he reckons in 2015 the average age of girl is 21 (19 years younger than him) and the average meet-to-lay is two hours. And yes, they are mostly good girls and all pretty. And yes, he gets to travel all around the world and sleep as much as he likes. And yes, he's always choosing the girls he likes.

But, but but…… it's so ***inefficient***!

What a loser! Dedicating all that time and effort trying to get laid."

Brad and Adam decide they will type in a comment to tell him precisely how much of a loser he is. And then they'll retire to bed and ponder how awesome their lifestyle is.

Meltdowns are a feature not a bug

krauserpua · 6 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Nervous breakdowns are pretty unpleasant things to be in, but like most things in life they carry lots of benefits. I remember once when Colin was giving a talk to all the freaks of the **London Seduction Society** he said "This is a hard road and it'll take at least two years to get good. The only people I know who got good quicker went through unbelievable mental pain."

He's right. There's a fairly predictable path of pain in game because ultimately we are talking about a complete overhaul of your behaviours, beliefs and identity.

Cautious hope -> Optimism -> Hubris -> Vague Unease -> Crash -> Recovery

As ever I'm talking mostly about my own experience but I've seen this pattern among all the top guys on their way up. And seeing as few of them ever settle at a given plateau (we're all strivers) then really this is a recurring cycle. When you take your first step in game you are unwittingly commiting yourself to a **complete overhaul**. You will eventually *become* the cool charismatic guy. Unfortunately there's a major obstacle standing in your way:

Your ego.

Your ego is a fixing agent, as I've written about before. It's the force that prevents you being tossed around like a leaf in a gale. It's what gets your hackles up when someone's trying to clown you and take what's yours. Your ego is the force that says "I'm just fine like I am, thank you very much, and I'm not changing."



A bug(s). Me, May 2015

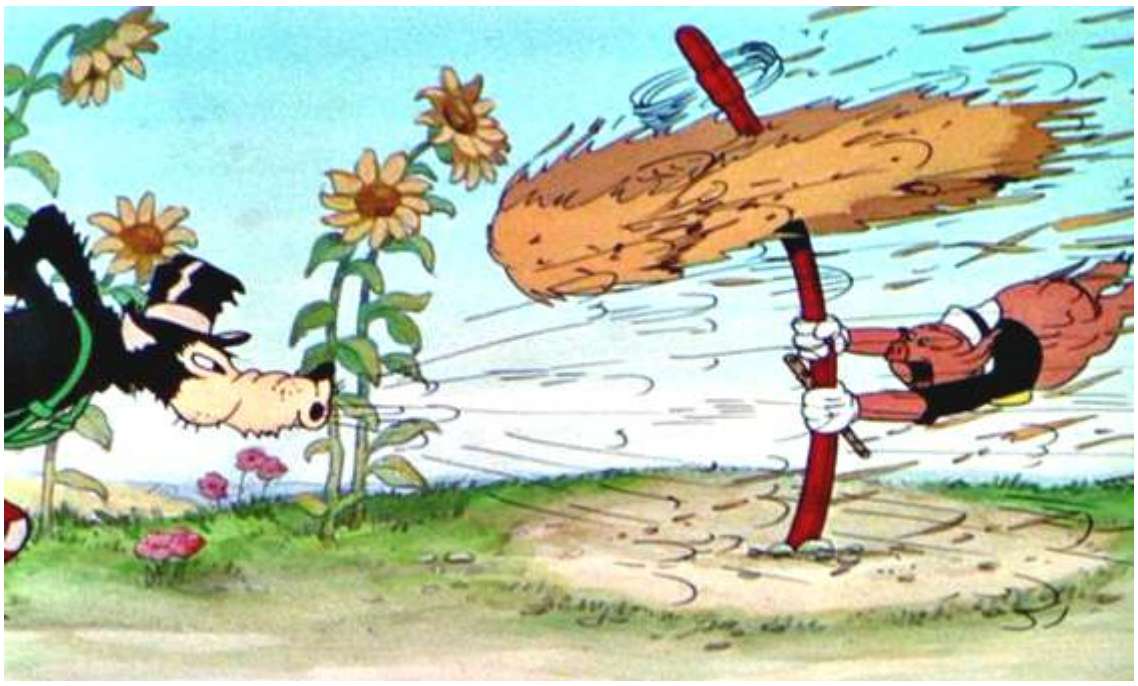
Therein lies the rub for the aspiring player who wants to transform himself from Me v1.0 into Me v2.0. The ego will resist him every step of the way. Much of the "taking action" side of the player's journey is about harnessing your forebrain's reserves of mental discipline in order to achieve your forebrain's goal of **getting better with women**. All of the negative emotions you feel (principally the approach anxiety and the avoidance weasels) are your hindbrain's attempt to harness your reserves of emotion in order to thwart your forebrain and to instead achieve the hindbrain's goal of **staying exactly where you are**.

So every aspiring player is being double-teamed by his ego and hindbrain. That's where all the cognitive dissonance and badfeelz comes from. It's tough. It's also why most successful players have developed masterful emotional control and forebrain discipline.

Normal men might scoff when you say daygame is difficult. "Dude, all you're doing is talking to women. It's not like being in a WWI trench." They don't get that the conflict is fully internal and your brain is essentially in a state of perpetual Syria-like civil war. It's about way more than knobbing some sloppy tarts – you are fighting for your destiny of what kind of person you wish to be. This is why every aspiring player has – and needs – periodic meltdowns. They occur when both sides of your brain have exhausted themselves fighting the daily war of attrition. There's the last final battle and then like a cataclysmic shock both sides collapse. Both sides wave the white flag and you crash.

It's awful when it happens. Sometimes it's the death of hope. Other times it triggers hours of existential angst as you go through a long dark night of the soul. You have to remind yourself that your current emotion is not "you", it's just a phase. Your life is still exactly the same as it was two days ago, two weeks ago, two months ago.

Remind yourself this is a necessary creative destruction because your meltdown results in a rare opportunity: **Your ego has died**. It'll respawn soon but for a precious few days the hindbrain is compliant. All those beliefs and reference experiences that you've tried to embed into your hindbrain so that you can feel (not merely *intellectually recognise*) the player mindset – the hindbrain absorbs them.



A meltdown, yesterday

Every time I've had a meltdown, I've emerged stronger and closer to the man I wish to be. The calibre of my game always stepped up a level and I felt like my inner game house had been upgraded from hay to wood, then wood to brick and so on. Ultimately, your subconscious is looking out for your best interests. It lets you feel the optimism and hubris so you can go out and accumulate reference experiences, then it lets your hindbrain fight a weasel-based counterattack so you feel unease, and then it throws you both off a cliff and triggers the meltdown.

If you're a normal guy who wants a normal life, nervous breakdowns are to be avoided. However, if you're a normal guy who wants to become a player, you have to embrace them when they come. They are not a sign of failure – though they'll definitely feel that way when they happen. Just remember you are not your emotions and this is the necessary bankruptcy in order to free up the capital to be redeployed into a more efficient enterprise. Your ability to embrace, ride out and then recover from meltdowns is a strong meta-level predictor of how good you'll get at game.

Womanizer's Bible # 12 – The Bookish Introvert Virgin Girl

krauserpua · 8 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Here's another podcast, this time where Eddie and I discuss a type of girl frequently encountered in daygame.

Socrates: A Personal Map Of The Sexual Marketplace

krauserpua · 10 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Here are my thoughts on a recent video making the rounds. I do suggest you watch it as the guy has put a lot of effort into building his theory and then figuring out how to present it clearly. He's offering value and it is worth trying. However, I think he makes some serious miscues – mainly because of who he is and who he's talking to. Like Jack Nicholson's famous line to Tom Cruise: "You can't handle the truth!" It's a poster boy for the Purple Pill (a marketing ruse to use the credibility of red pill truths but water them down with blue pill illusions so that the listener isn't required to stare into the abyss)

So I'm going to skip over the stuff he gets right (which everyone reading this blog already knows and is already amply discussed in my own Personal Map Of The Sexual Marketplace talk with Tom Torero) and fisk the bits I think he gets wrong.

The **21 Convention** has always been the **Chump Convention**. A room full of credible chumps lectured to by a stageful of posturing pseudo-intellectuals and PUA fakers. So, it's with a shivering unease that I considered giving ninety minutes of my life to watching one of their speakers following a recommendation in the comments. I first skimmed through, clicking along the ninety-minute bar to see if it looked interesting. I've been burned way too many times into wasting my time on rubbish PUA nonsense (the brown Wayne brothers, I'm looking at you).

On walks a fat bald guy with bad fashion against a David DeAngelo type background. "Hi, my name is Socrates."

I initially suspect he's identifying more with the philosopher than the footballer, and that it's hardly a modest start either way, but his bio says it's actually his birth name. Okay, can't hold that against him. Nonetheless he comes across rather pompous, like a Blue Pill Rollo – this will turn out to be closer to the truth than I first imagine. I'm not really against a bit of pomp in a public speaker (I do like irrationally confident people) but I do find myself asking "What's his credibility?" I don't actually know the answer to that. He just doesn't feel credible. An armchair philosopher.

Nick, don't jump to conclusions, I tell myself. Give him a chance. His ideas might be good enough to render such initial impressions meaningless. His first slide is a picture of some beta chump kissing some reasonably pretty girl, like the poster photo for a Hollywood rom-com. Right from one minute in he's setting the prize as a monogamous relationship. Okay, that's setting the bar low. "This isn't something easily acheived…. You have to find a partner willing to commit to this." O…..kay.

As I find over the remaining minutes, the purpose of his talk is to re-affirm to the audience what Rollo calls men's burden of performance. A man must work hard to earn his right to intimacy. Every day. Sustained every day as a process requiring agency.

We then begin on the meat of the talk, outlining the sexual marketplace and the language continues to confuse. I'm not against a bit of intellectual mind-wank but you've got to go somewhere with it. This starts off heavy with the mind-wank and needlessly verbose. He's just telling us the obvious, dressed up in latin-derived unusual words. It's just S&R value from **Mystery Method** made opaque. I can save you the first hour with one sentence: *Figure out if you need to boost either your alpha or beta traits, and then do so.*

Socrates defines alpha as the traits we players generally consider as "sexiness", which I agree with. However he wants to sell "provider" / sucker traits too because he's in the Chump Convention and that's what his audience wants to hear. So most of the next hour is spent finding ways to redefine the attractive men having sex with hotties as somehow limited or damaged, so his audience can feel superior with their chump traits.

For example he brings out the male-dom/fem-sub dynamic and the importance of conflict in nature as we all struggle to survive and replicate. Great, I agree. But then he poo-poos it as not being a nice place to be. Well, the world is struggle. He knows the chodes in the audience don't want conflict and dominance, they want to be told

there's still a place for unicorns and rainbows. So he introduces the concept of **virtue**. This is a go-to throughout the talk to baby-talk the chumps.

"Nature's a bitch. Nature's a deadly violent place" he says and I agree. But I don't agree that "the people who live on this domain are equally brutish and violent." No. Human tribes co-operate into win-win behaviours in order to lift themselves out of it and create stability. That's also pretty well established in both the biology literature and the game theory literature. Pretty much everyone has these latter traits, except for the small number of people with outright behavioural disorders. He contrasts nature along the x axis with civilisation up his y axis. That's where virtue resides.

It's still very wordy. Simple anglo-derived words are not used when there's an unweildy latin-derived one that could replace it. I appreciate his wish to stablise language and be precise but it's sounding little different to the 1950s functionalist sociology – an empty structure of interconnected words devoid of real meaning. The power of the logic comes from it's tautological nature of carving up a chessboard that only dimly resembles the battlefield it's meant to represent.

He's pushing strongly that the "vertical domain" of civilisation is where you have to live, because it's virtuous. And here we are getting to the main limiting factor of the model – he's feeding the chodes' desire to use virtue as a cloak to disguise their low SMV and inability to compete.

Beta traits are NOT virtue. To say they are is a sleight of hand. Beta is SMV *failure*. Beta is sacrificing yourself for the team because you have to. Hot young women only care about alpha traits. Beta traits exist in another dimension entirely and only become useful in preparing the beta male as the parachute for a woman hitting the Wall. Presenting this vertical domain as a component of SMV is pushing water uphill, literally in his graph. More muddying of waters follows.

"Men and women equally display alpha traits." I know he is precisely defining his version of alpha for the purposes of the talk, but that's just misleading. There is no alpha in the female side. Just replication value, which is mostly youth and hotness. It's wrong to say Beta traits are what makes the world safe to raise families. Alphas are leaders who organise and bring the group together to pacify the land and defend it from outside invaders. Think Donald Trump and immigration. Alpha is inherently important to the whole tribe's ability to make the world safe to raise families, which is why the whole tribe doesn't just tolerate alphas but it follows them. Betas don't have a monopoly on it.

His high beta / low alpha guys have a strength per his formulation: teamwork, stablity, handling relationships etc. I think that's baby-talking his audience of chodes who reside here. Really, they aren't there due to strengths, these are just compensations for overall weakness. Team Beta pulls together. Really the beta traits he's describing as strengths are co-dependence and people-pleasing – weaknesses in the SMP (even if they can be strengths in nation building at times).

His advice is to build everything up so you move yourself towards the top-right quadrant. It's kinda true that if you're high in Y (beta) then shifting along right-wards with more X (alpha) is the path to success. What's ***not*** true is that people high in X need to add Y. If you're already strong it's bad advice to introduce weakness. I get to this in a minute.

17 minutes in he starts mapping familiar territories to their places on the graph, correctly identifying the friendzone. The problem is that this graph requires the friendzone to occupy one location. The reality is the friendzone is relative to the quality of the girl you're chasing, your competition, her preferences, and her position in the life cycle. It's more dynamic than a simple category. In his defence, that's bloody hard to represent on a graph so I'll give him a pass. While it's true that you can always stay out of the friendzone, it's also true that often you do so by never talking to the girl again rather than by fucking her.

19 minutes in he defines high SMV as "emptiness and charm" and puts it as fuck buddies. This is more sleight of hand, trying to bring virtue in to an SMV calculation. This is the centrepoint of selling his presentation to the

weaselling chodes. Women really don't care about virtue. I'm reminded of Dalrock's post here:

> "this paradigm is almost certainly crucial to his friend's view of himself as a man with a high Sexual Market Value (SMV) and especially Marriage Market Value (MMV). The twisted thinking goes like this:
>
> – Women are attracted to good and noble men.
> – I am better and more noble than other men.
> – Therefore I am more attractive than other men.
>
> There is of course one small problem with this line of reasoning, which is that the women around Hank's friend aren't acting in a way that would suggest that they find him attractive. At the same time, the women around Hank's friend are demonstrating attraction for unworthy men. This must mean that less worthy men than Hank's friend are tricking women, essentially impersonating him. These fakers are getting in the way of women realizing how attractive he really is."

I think this is where I really disagree. Socrates wants to make the real high-SMV men into sociopaths and psychopaths in order to clear them out the way of the mid-SMV men he wants to elevate into their position. "These are dangerous individuals. I'm not kidding." he warns.

Ok, I think, he's never fucked a hot girl. Men who fuck hot women don't feel the need to disparage the other men who do. They "get it". They know all women like sex and all will sometimes have casual sex.

The individualist Alphas are not pulling their weight for Team Beta and so he's calling them genetically damaged: "They can't help themselves." I think there's a tell here about not understanding Game. He's talking like men only get laid off the back of physical characteristics and dominance – Game is all dark triad and looks. After briefly saying the alphas are charming he later acts like they are socially awkward (putting the "awkardness zone" as the X-axis equivalent of the Y-axis "creepy zone")….. okay. He later says these people need to learn pro-social behaviours to move themselves further into success.

No, they just need to change **objectives** – they aren't lacking the skills.

So he's subtly letting his chump audience position themselves above these high-SMV alphas. How very gamma. As if getting casual sex with hot girls is evil. With those pesky alphas neutered Socrates can move on to describe his happy place, the **dating zone**. That's the happy place because ultimately he's selling try-hard monogamy to gamma chodes. "This is the natural position of mankind" he stastes and therefore he has to define everyone outside the happy place as damaged. He just doesn't get r/K as permanent and fluctuating strategies.

Up towards the top-right of the graph – high enough to be badass but not so high as to be unattainable – is the "marriage potential" zone. I wondered if the marriage potential area is so small, how come most people in the history of the West managed to get there? And why is he selling marriage as the goal to a room of men when surely it's women who are desperate for the ring? It's because in Socrates' world the man has a burden of performance and he's raising the next cohort of suckers.

"If you commit outside this range, you are betraying virtue."

I press on. I think fundamentally his problem is he's got a **purity fantasy**: "I'm here to shame". He doesn't get that casual sex is fun and consensual, that it can occur between emotionally balanced people who do it because they like it, rather than from personal dysfunction. That's not allowed because then the virtue sleight of hand loses it's power. If you want to tell people to be virtuous, great. Do so. But don't tell them being virtuous raised your SMV. It doesn't.

The talk is not all bad, mind. He's right about where creepy and awkward are located. He's half-right about creepy is an obstacle right at the beginning of your journey – yes, but only once you start hitting on girls or trying to be taken seriously. You can actually do the groundwork of gym / fashion and general social skills withouth encountering creepy. That only comes once you want to take some value back.

It's a conceit 29 minutes in that the people having lots of casual sex want to enter the dating zone but are frozen out by lack of beta traits. No, only *the women* might be frozen out. Men who are having sex can enter the relationship zone *any time they damn well please*. But he can't say that because that's admitting the central truth the chodes don't want to hear: *the guys having sex have higher SMV in* ***every way***. All the stuff chodes have (money, listening skills etc) isn't relevant. The chodes don't have a single advantage. In the SMP they are simply lower value in every way.

"The work they [casual sex guys] have to do is the same as the other side [the chodes]". Really? C'mon let that sink in and ask if it sounds convincing or if it's just part of selling system to chumps.

You can't derive ought from is, but he's using **ought** to hamstring his model of **is**. He's smart to say nature locates narcissism in teenage because it's effective to breed and that's when you need it. So what's the obvious lesson? He wants you to fight it. Not harness it, but fight it. I disagree.

This talk is clearly to Team Beta on advising them how to be better betas.

33 minutes in he's wrong. Hot girls with limited beta traits ***can*** get relationships, they just have to revise expectations towards thirstier guys or seek out chumps. And really, "don't be a cunt" isn't such a high bar for their beta traits. There are also different niches of relationship, from intimate soul mates to kept woman that a hot-but-annoying girl can use.

Socrates needs to paint alphas with low-beta as damaged. Really he's talking about behaviour disorders rather than a lack of skill. He uses War Machine as an example – a total knacker (not a "world class MMA fighter") who is "banging porn stars left and right" – so a bottom feeder. That's not a guy with high-alpha. War Machine is just a roid monkey with issues. Ironically, he's right that War Machine had no ground game – but it's true literally, not in his sense. It's an enduring manosphere myth that jail is full of alphas. No, it's full of imbeciles.

By forty minutes I had to turn off. My impression is it's a half-decent exposition of manosphere truisms twisted to make the Chump Convention crowd feel good with a purple pill. Did I miss something in the rest of the talk? Really, maybe the second half resolves all my issues. I'd like to know, but can't be bothered to watch it.

Steve Jabba's Purple Pill

krauserpua · 12 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I was asked in the comments of my previous post whether I could address my areas of disagreement with **Steve Jabb**a, specifically:

> "Nick, could you please write an article on Steve Jabba's purple pill beliefs and mindsets and where some things he says aren't true which if you have seen his YouTube videos know DO exist. I don't think it's fair you point out flaws in other people but not Steve Jabba just because he's your mate."

Rather than bury it in the comments, it's probably worth giving my thoughts a more prominent platform. Ok, my main area of disagreement with Steve is simple: *My neck is proportionately bigger than his, where as a percentage of height, weight or ratios.* But seriously, let's first recap my working definition of the Purple Pill given earlier: *"a marketing ruse to use the credibility of red pill truths but water them down with blue pill illusions so that the listener isn't required to stare into the abyss."*



My neck, in Steve's nightmares

The key component of the Purple Pill is not **too much** reality. We'll have a little reality so it feels edgy but not too much to make us feel like we're on the wrong track. Kind of like a girl wanting her boyfriend to have a motorbike but no STDs or criminal record. While I often tell Steve he's only loosely connected to reality, there are two caveats to that:

1. He's written about solipsism before here. The jist is that selectively amplifying or filtering out certain parts of reality can strengthen your frame and improve your success. It's important to do systematically in the right direction in order to shape your reality, rather than from a position of fear (and thus avoidance).
2. He's written about reality before here. Much of successful pick-up is about confronting reality head on and then figuring out how to adapt. Cold approach forces the world to give you accurate feedback on your value and your abilities. There's no hiding place on the street.

Putting these two together is what some noobs / intermediates struggle to get their head around because they appear to be contradictory. Are you telling me to avoid reality and remain delusional, or to face reality head-on warts and all? Um…… both. You must go out and trigger real feedback and you must process the lessons the world gives you

– so, go cold approach. However you must then use that feedback as fuel to power the reconstruction of your identity and as the armour plating on your frame. So having absorbed the reality at the first pass, you can twist reality a little on the second pass.

Think of it like quarantine in a sea port of old. All your new experiences on the street arrive at your boundary control and are placed in quarantine for examination. You get a good look at them but they are not yet allowed into the general population. After some careful consideration the experiences that will enrich your frame are welcomed in and given the red carpet walk. The undesireables are shot in the head and dumped into the sea.

Basically, how we should be handling the migrant crisis.

That outlines what I think some might think of as the reality-denying element of Steve's "purple pill" writing. It gets quite a long treatment in his book Primal Seduction so there's a lot more nuance and practical advice on how to do the filtering process.

Secondly, Steve is often accused of the purple pill by way of his pedestalising women and being something of a vagina-worshipper under the cloak of "loving women" (the first of the **Eleven Cornerstone Characteristics** that forms the centrepiece of Primal Seduction). Ok, let's address that. This one is easy to get for men who've already fucked a ton of women but really tough for those who haven't. You have to feel it deep in your bones through reference experiences.

Let me tell you the story of losing my virginity. I was sixteen years old and met a girl at a Sepultura concert in Newcastle one night. She was the friend of a girl who was dating my best friend and those two had met a couple of weeks earlier at a Metallica concert. The girls lived about 150 miles away and were here for the weekend, just for the gig. The concert finished and my girl agreed to come home with me (parent's house) so we were waiting in the centre of Newcastle at 2am for my dad to collect us in the car. One thing led to another and I ended up fucking her in a back alley behind Fenwick's department store.



My first SNL and first public sex

It was horrendous sex, because I had no idea what I was doing. I remember my biggest surprise was how hot, wet and tight she was. My previous "experience" with naked women had been entirely from looking at soft-porn magazines (this was 1991). I knew how they looked but it had never once occured to me how they ***feel.*** It never crossed my mind that the vagina isn't really a hole but is actually a pulsating group of muscles and thus when you

stick your dick in it doesn't feel empty.

Why do I tell you something so vulgar? Because life is full of many situations where being on the **outside** does not prepare you for what's on the **inside**. Another example is when I went to live in Okinawa for a year when I was 24. I'd only ever seen tropical countries on TV and in magazines where they look beautiful. It never occured to me how it feels to be there. The first thing I noticed is they are very itchy places because of the mosquitos and beetles. It's also very tiring being out in the sun without a bottle of water. Those things surprised me.



Itchy, yesterday

So it goes with hot girls.

Most men are intimidated by hot girls. We see them as unattainable treasure troves of hotness value and our hormones compell us to pine after them. Even when you get inside some pretty girls, you're an outsider for the hotter girls. Being on the outside prevents you feeling the reality of being an insider. The best way to feel an insider is to *actually fuck and date a hot young girl*. Preferably over an extended period of time. Then you get a window into the girl's life, and how she feels. The first thing that surprised me was she has her own problems.

I'd always thought of women as a problem for ***me*** to solve. It was a shift in reality to realise women also have men problems *they must solve*. It's like sitting in your WWI trench shitting yourself at how organised the German lines looked, and then suddenly being allowed to sit in those trenches and realise they are shitting themselves at how strong the English lines look. Once you're inside you get past the fronting and see the real chaos and held-together-with-spit-and-glue nature of people's lives. Those of you who worked in shops will know the staff experience differs somewhat from the customer experience.

Steve has fucked a lot of hot women so he's an insider. He's seen how fragile they can be the next morning as they try to correct their makeup before taking the walk of shame to work. He knows they are often scared (or excitable) little girls in a hot woman's body, trying to understand and marshall their value while under assault from hundreds of predators trying to relieve them of that value. Often those girls look at men and their insecurities surface, wondering "how can he be so confident? why can't I be as creative and impressive as him?" Even now it surprises me when I'm on a date with a hottie and she does something that lets slip that *she feels like she's the lucky one to be there*.

I think this empathy – which is commonly deeply felt by players with 100+ notch counts of hot young women – is mistaken as pedestalisation by the men who are on the outside. No, we don't think women are better than men, or special snowflakes. No, we don't think they lack agency or should receive a "pussy pass" for bad behaviour. No, we don't think the family court system or job market is fair on men.

We just have a very initimate experience of seeing how these girls live and how they too have problems. You can't help but get a bit of empathy for them. That empathy is much harder if you're still at the stage of getting "bitch face" in your nightclub opens. There's a long chapter in Primal Seduction about empathy and emotional sensitivity.

Daygame Overkill – The Album

krauserpua · 13 October 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Those of you who bought the Black Book will have noticed a little freebie tacked on, representing half of the vanity project I busied myself with when bored in Newcastle a couple of months ago. I figured if Dr Dre and Jay Z can pump out music without having a shred of musical talent, perhaps I can too. So I produced some tongue-in-cheek daygame songs in a variety of genres.

Don't get excited – they are all shit.

Still, it's fun and it's free. The second half of my album is now a freebie with Daygame Overkill. All existing members can click on the extra tab that now appears when you log in. Enjoy!



Value-added, yesterday

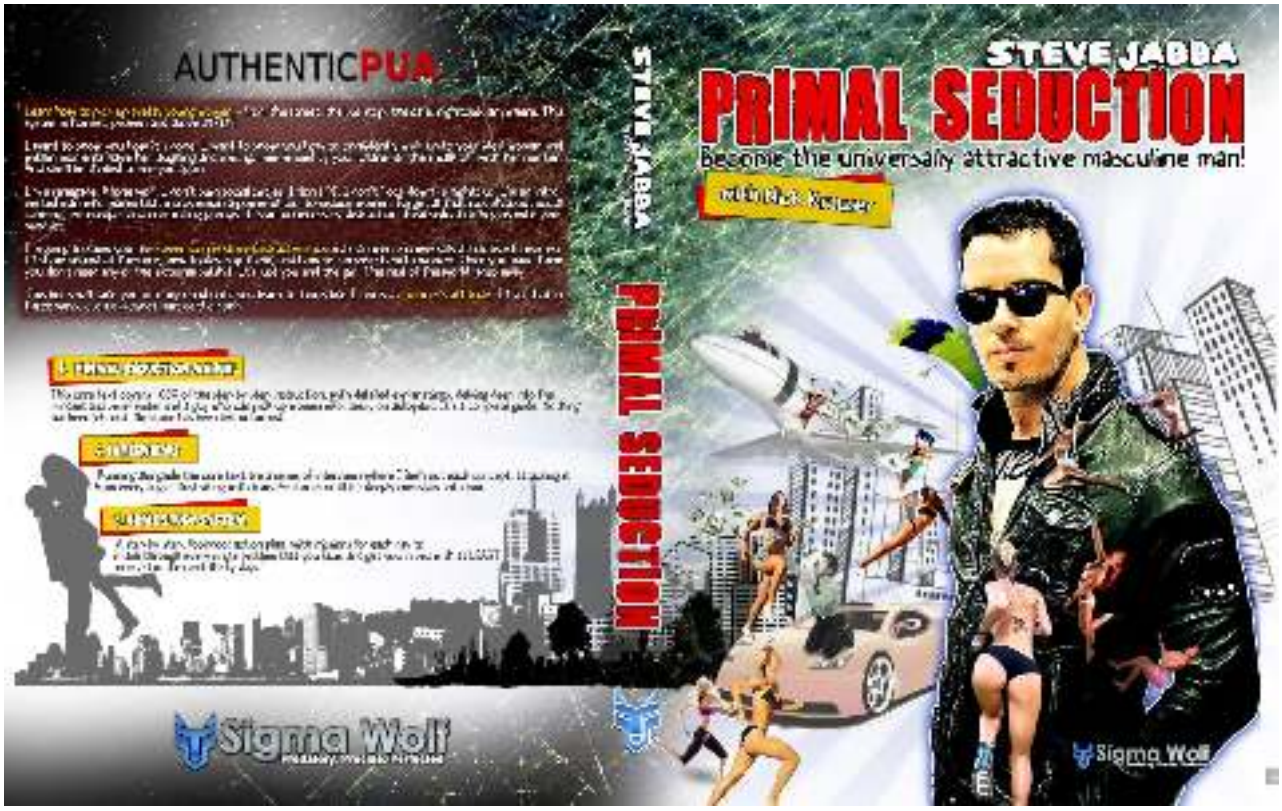
Is Steve Jabba Britains Biggest Sexist? (per BBC Three he is)

krauserpua · 3 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Readers will remember it was BBC Three who cancelled a proposed daygame TV show with me the evening before filming was due to commence. They wanted me to coach their teenage star in how to pick up women on the streets of London. I write books teaching men how they can pull girls way out of their class and I was ready to prove it for the television cameras. Everything was ready to go then they had politically correct hissy fit and pulled the plug.

I've already proved it before – my video instructional Daygame Overkill shows men how I regularly pick up and fuck hot young women even though I'm an average-looking 40 year old man. That online program is available here and includes ten videos of me picking up and seducing young women right before your eyes. Then I explain how you can do it too. No money, no bullshit. You don't even need good looks.

So it's with much amusement I see BBC Three has a new feminist program called Britains Biggest Sexist that aired tonight. My long-time friend and co-writer Steve Jabba is featured picking up and banging a hot Spanish bird. Go check out the link, it's Steve at his best!



Click to buy Steve's book

Naturally, Steve and I wrote a book on just how to do this. Steve's mindsets make him a universally attractive man and we decided to write a book on how you to can develop the mindsets that will give you a good shot at hot young birds.

If you've decided you've wasted enough time fucking about on Tinder or getting drunk in bars and now you'd rather just learn how to pick up girls on the street, have a look at the sidebar to this page (or scroll down to the bottom if you're reading on a smartphone). I can get you started from just £10. And if you want to leap in with both feet try my new Black Book video seminar that explains exactly how to pick up women, step by step

P.S. Richard from Street Attraction is in the BBC Three Britain's Biggest Sexist show too.

Daygame Convalescence

krauserpua · 12 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine you've just endured a few years working in the smog conditions of early-20th century London (and these pea-soupers continued well after the war too). Every morning upon waking you toss your alarm clock across the room, rise up to sit on the edge of your bed and begin coughing up phlegm. You shuffle across the linoleum floor into the shower and let the hot water take some of the edge off your early start. A glass of orange juice and a freshly-brewed coffee temporarily clear your persistent headache and you dress for work.

Closing the heavy wooden front door you step onto the street and breath in the damp air. Is it mist or smog that softens the distant buildings? It's time to trudge to the Underground station and jostle through the crowd onto a rickety carriage, swapping bacteria with the other passengers.



A pea-souper

By lunchtime you scurry out because today you've got an appointment with the GP and the boss has let you take an afternoon's leave. Sitting in the waiting room you see crying babies softly bounced on their mother's knees, and an old couple patiently staring at the various information leaflets pinned onto the noticeboard by reception. The nurse calls you in and after fifteen minute's tapping your chest, talking your blood pressure and shining a light into your ears and mouth the doctor gives his advice.

"You've got a developing case of **Chodular Fever**. It's not far gone but I imagine you've already had trouble sleeping, frequent bouts of irritability, and unexplained periods of low mental function" he says.

Yes, you recognise the symptoms. You thought this was just a normal part of ageing in the modern world. The doctor pulls his notepad across and begins scribbling.

"I'm going to recommend you take a Euro Jaunt"



Stage Four Chodular Fever

Two weeks ago I was in Kiev with a pair of travel buddies (one of whom is on my latest podcast here). It was a blustery day so we had our jackets zipped and woolly hats on. As we walked through a park in front of Shevchenko university a thought occurred to me.

This is so pleasant. So much so that I could imagine a doctor recommending it as a convalescence holiday. We stopped at one of the many specialist coffee carts and ordered cappuccinos and while I made small talk with the young barista as he told me he'd recently been to New York, I let my eyes wander to the long rows of tall trees covered in yellow autumn leaves. My friend was at another coffee cart a few metres away chatting to a young university student he'd just stopped.

We took our coffees and walked back through the park to a small square full of retired old men in flat caps playing chess on specially-installed tables, their dozens of quiet conversations melding together into a low buzz. It's nice to see the elderly getting out of their apartments and socialising around a shared passion. It was almost 3pm so I was able to pick a girl out of the rush streaming from the nearby Metro station to the university, hurrying to lectures. I don't remember if I got her number.

I checked my pedometer and I'd already logged 8km walking and it would reach 15km by the end of the evening by which time the three of us were sitting in a quaint restaurant that looked like a 1960s Parisian cafe, working our way through bowls of the local borsch soup. We raised a toast to the Good Life.

It reminded me of the advice doctors would give back in the late-19th century onwards to city dwellers who were getting run down by city life. Britain had a whole network of spa towns, often in the mountains or by the seaside, where you could book in for a fortnight and let the worries of life fall from your shoulders. Fresh sea air, sunshine, walking, resting, sleeping, and of course sitting sipping coffee with friends as you watch the world go by. Perhaps meet a few like-minded souls.



A relaxing place to stay, yesterday

As my mind turned I thought back to the hit Nintendo DS game in Japan, **Brain Training**. The (psuedo)-scientific rationale trumpeted in the marketing was that solving the puzzles in the game would keep your brain ticking over and maintain cognitive function longer into old age. So the games activities were all chopped down into short exercises that could be rattled off on the train to work or short coffee breaks. The popular London equivalent was to take a sudoko or logic problems workbook with you on your commute.

Daygame is convalescence and brain-training combined.

What does my typical Euro Jaunt involve? The first thing is to get out of dodge and roll up into a new foreign town full of it's own local quirks and charms. Almost always it's got fresher air than London and a slower pace. There's none of the crush that the average working Londoner endures every weekday. Once I've set my bags down and settled into a daily pattern it goes like this:

- Wake up whenever I damn well please, after my body has decided it's fully rested. I suffer none of the persistent sleep deprivation that is the base state for a city worker.
- Open my front door and I'm immediately in the mix without any kind of commute. I walk where I want under my own steam without contending with ticket machines, virus-bearing commuters, or delayed trains.
- Roll up at my favourite cafe a few hundred metres away and work my way through a (very) late breakfast of orange juice, coffee and pasta. At some point my friends arrive and our morning routines converge.
- Once we feel like it, take a walk. Chat, enjoy the atmosphere of the streets, and pick off girls as and when we feel like it.

Freedom has become almost tangible, like every breath of air and every step forwards. It's all so pleasant. By the end of the day we've been in the open air for hours, walked many kilometres, and done an extended cardio routine without even noticing. Often my feet will ache a little and it's not until I check my pedometer that I realise I've done another urban hike. This is the kind of patient low-intensity exercise that men will drive into the countryside once a month to get. My legs feel supple and strong. My posture is good because the whole time I've been aware of it. It's the opposite of being chained to a cubicle in an artificially-lit office with the nearest window ten metres away.

That's the convalescence but how about the brain training?

Imagine doing twenty engaging and fascinating crossword puzzles over a few hours. That's how your brain is working when doing twenty sets with girls you are trying to fuck. You're trying to calibrate her reactions, engage your creative juices, and logically work through a model. And then in the time between sets you can comfortably flip into a meditative state of mindfullness. Twenty times over a few hours.

After a fun but disciplined session of daygame you can feel drained. By 8pm when you raise the glass of your first beer to toast your friends you've earned it. Your brain wants rest. I sometimes return from a Euro Jaunt feeling like a boxer the day before a big fight. My body and mind are dialled in and respond with lightning speed. Gone is any trace of slothfulness, inertia or lack of focus.



Me, 8pm

It's a common joke that carrying your shopping home is "training". Walking up the stairs because the escalator is broken is "training". We laugh because it's true. We all know that the lifestyle of convenience is a fools errand. A man must engage his body and his mind on a daily basis to remain alert and alive.

Daygame is not about lying on the sofa right-swiping Tinder. It's not about pouring toxins down your throat in a noisy smoky bar full of braying asses. It's not about outlasting the other chodes at 5am in a nightclub.

Once you've overcome the anxiety of it, daygame is an intrinsically healthy activity. Just as small children don't realise that running around playing tag is training their lungs, muscles, coordination and alertness it's easy for us daygamers to forget that no matter what the day returns us in phone numbers or dates, it always gives us convalescence and brain training.

Why are women a pain in the arse?

krauserpua · 18 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

I've created a new post category of Mindwank. This one belongs there.

Dealing with women is often a pain in the arse. As men, our hormones compel us to seek out and try to fuck hot women. We develop our brains, create wealth, build bridges, develop art. We pacify nature and then build civilisation on top of it. Women, on the other hand, mostly just stand around, occasionally moving their womb from one place to another. In the interim, they bitch and moan.



A mobile womb, yesterday

Believe it or not, this is a perfect state of affairs. Without it, we wouldn't have civilisation. We wouldn't have feather duvets to sleep in, hot water showers to wake us up, or rich aroma coffee to *properly* wake us up. We owe our entire quality of life to women being stubborn lazy bitches and men being overly addicted to the slightest whiff of pussy.

Women are the problem and men are the solution.

Or, more correctly for seduction, women set the puzzle and the rewards go to the men who figure out the puzzle. If you can figure it out then – by default – **you are worthy of the rewards**. And if you can't, then your DNA is worthless to the future of humanity. In this sense it's factually correct to say that a man can be judged by whether hot women want to fuck him. It becomes more complicated when you consider ***how*** the puzzle is solved. To get this straight you have to understand the difference between totalitarianism and freedon, between dead and living, between **Call Of Duty** (single player) and **Metal Gear Solid Phantom Pain**. Yes, I warned you this is mindwank.

Think of how a CoD campaign works. You begin with a flashy opening scene of some bad guy fucking stuff up and giving you a goal (kill bad guy). You step into the shoes of a voiced cookie-cut character and then play a game of "follow the NPC". Your HUD comes up and you are taken through a quick tutorial of "press L to sprint", "press X to climb" etc and then the next six hours are one long corridor with periodic duck shoots. In gaming parlance we say it's "on rails" because the game has decided what experience you will have and micro-managed it down to a

series of set piece skirmishes. It's like watching a movie and occasionally pressing X.

It's fun but hugely contrived and limiting. Your character can't vault over the low walls that form the boundaries of the playable area. You have to clear the area before the NPC will kick open the door to the next skirmish – a door that your character couldn't open despite holding an RPG and several cakes of C4.

MGS:PP is an entirely different type of modern military shooter campaign. It relies upon "emergent gameplay". That means it sets up the rules of its world, introduces you to a set of mechanics (e.g. how to sneak, how to aim), gives some objectives and then….. just leaves you to it. Go anywhere, do anything. Some enemy bases are too tough until you've researched better tech but *you could still try to infiltrate them*. Not a wise move, but you're allowed to try. The real beauty of MGS:PP is that is never tries to get you back on track. You can sneak in or try all guns blazing – the enemy AI reacts accordingly by its own rules. Or you can sneak, say "fuck this" and start blazing. Usually pandemonium breaks out but it all follows the rules. The game doesn't even force you to complete the objective – you might be tasked to steal a blueprint but you can just blow up their helicopters instead. You won't get the set mission reward but you'll still progress something.



Emergence, yesterday

In this sense CoD is a totalitarian, dead game. MGS:PP is a freedom-loving alive game. Both have their place depending upon your mood. Interestingly, CoD multiplayer is closer to MGS:PP in its role as a rule-bound sandbox that doesn't try to dictate your actions.

This same tension between totalitarianism and freedom can be seen in political ideology. A philosophy teacher once said to me, "Nick, either you want people to be controlled or you don't. That's all it really comes down to." I agree. One set of ideologies are designed to lock people down and control their daily lives – such as Planned Economies of the Marxist variant, or the thought- and speech-policing of our modern day SJWs. Other ideologies set up some mechanics and rules, then let you play in the sandbox.

> The jocular saying is that, in England, "everything which is not forbidden is allowed", while, in Germany, the opposite applies, so "everything which is not allowed is forbidden". This may be extended to France — "everything is allowed even if it is forbidden" — and Russia where "everything is forbidden, even that which is expressly allowed". While in North Korea it is said that "everything that is not forbidden is compulsory"

It's the first and last which represent the extreme difference between freedom (England) and totalitarianism (North

Korea). At least before Labour won their first election in my country. Once you look for it you see it everywhere. For example in martial arts you have the alive ones which set rules of illegal techniques and ways to win, then let you figure out your own answers – boxing, wrestling, BJJ, judo, sambo. Then you have the dead ones which tell you exactly what moves you must do and have judges score you on how well you do it – basically figure skating not fighting.

Now let's pull this back to women and game.

Evolution is a freedom-based system. Nature sets rules on what is forbidden (death without reproduction) and then it's a free-for-all for who can game the reward system to consume energy and stay alive long enough to pass on the blueprints. Pre-Darwin, philosophers couldn't get their head around it. They thought each species had a prescriptive role like a citizen in North Korea allocated to either an office or the salt mines. Consequently their philosophical systems tended to be very large rulebooks as they tried to outline what script each role followed.

There is no spoon.



Likely location of spoon

Underlying freedom vs totalitarianism is a meta-level world view. Is the world a chaotic, ever-changing river or is it a fixed immutable rock? Capitalists believe the former and thus wealth is something that is created anew every day and the economy is a shifting array of preferences and alliances where you can strike it rich and then blow it all. They want to learn how to swim in the river and take advantage of changing currents. Communists believe the world is static and there's a big pot of wealth out there in the world, that people and circumstances have no feedback loops, and once you establish a position you've got it forever. They want to climb up the rock and then sit on their preferred ledge forever.

As the wildly divergent fates of capitalist and communist nations shows, the communists are dead wrong. The UFC proved the dead martial arts were dead wrong. They are fighting nature every step of the way, demanding that the tide doesn't come in. So it is with women and game.



Here's an economy I planned earlier

Nature has decreed that women will be the puzzle and as men we must solve it. Nature does not hand us a script micro-managing ***how*** that must be done. The end justifies the means. If you have a system which gets you the hot pussy, then by default that's good. It doesn't matter how noble, clever or just your system is if women keep you locked out of pussy paradise. You failed. You're wrong.

Throughout the ages, all kinds of strategies have worked. Be good-looking. Be rich. Be a victorious army. Be sneaky. Be a rapist. Be charming. As far as Nature is concerned, tying a woman up and raping her until pregnant solves the puzzle just as effectively as charming her knickers off and making her fall in love.

The point is not to give up game and start raping, but to accept that **solving the puzzle is the priority**. Losing beautifully is still losing. Winning ugly is still winning. To win you need the "freedom" meta-level world view.

Think of pick-up with a nature-based metaphor such as hunting or fishing and you'll unlock your creativity and puzzle-solving skills.

Think of it like linear-programming and you'll fossilize, wither and die.

It's not easy because there's something comforting about the linear-programming route. You can focus blindly on the process and your inputs, ignoring the shitty outputs. It feels like you have more of the game under your control than is really the case. In the real world, you'll never control more than 20% of the process. The vast majority of factors determining if you lay a girl this week are completely outside your control.

"But Nick, **Daygame Mastery** is extremely micro-managed. Isn't that a totalitarian system?" a troll cries.

Daygame Mastery is a deconstruction of my game. It says right there in the Introduction: I have written about what I do and what I think about when picking up girls. It's my system. Other guys do daygame a different way. Mastery outlines the physics and the engineering behind what's going on and then lays out hundreds of practical examples of how I operationalise the principles into specific actions. Your specific actions will differ, eventually.

Mastery's examples will guide you through the Imitate and Assimilate phases, where you switch from your previous shitty system to my good system. At some point it clicks and you move into the Innovate phase where you fully grasp the emergent creative nature of solving the Woman Puzzle and figure out ***your*** way to play in the sandbox. In that sense Daygame Mastery is like those Prima strategy guides that give you the level maps, bestiaries and tables

ranking the stats of all the weapons. When you're good at the game you just refer back to it, you're not a slave to it.

Women are a pain in the arse because they are supposed to be. They are the Dark Souls of humanity. And like the game, it often feels like they are stealing your humanity and rendering you hollow. Your job is to overcome the challenge.

Kiev Diaries

krauserpua · 19 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

"I cannot forecast to you the action of Russia. It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma; but perhaps there is a key" Winston Churchill, 1st October 1939

There was something in the air during my October trip to Kiev. A couple of months earlier I'd taken my first trip out and been reasonably impressed over the ten days – nice city centre architecture, lively atmosphere, pretty girls, decent reactions on the street. However I'd come away scratching another location off my quest for Pussy Paradise. In some respects it was like sitting in the front row of a Victoria Secrets catwalk show – just because hot lithe girls are parading a few feet away in tight clothes does not mean you're any closer to fucking them than if you were in an igloo in Greenland watching it over a flickering TV signal. I fucked a very hot 17yr old but she was an extreme outlier. Eddie fucked a pretty girl and she was also an extreme outlier. My other (anonymous) buddy fucked a MILF and she was *also* an extreme outlier. Tom had been a few months earlier and done the same thing.

Sigh, yet another game of "find the outlier".



An outlier, yesterday

Things were different in October. For a start it was cold and rainy, so the streets never had that *lets-just-hang-out-because-it's-fun-to-be-here* vibe for the hot girls and the men who chase them. Most of the time the girls were hurrying to be somewhere and trying to keep their street time to a minimum. Gone were the summer days of girls just sitting around on kerbs eating ice cream, gazing absently into space. It also meant that being on the streets took a little out of us because it was so cold.

You'd think that would translate into a shitty daygame trip, but no. It was ***weird***.

For some reason I'd accidentally sprayed on **Pussy Catnip** and my experience was like the fantasy of the Lynx deodorant advert. For the first five days I was constantly IOI'd. Any given day I'd get at least thirty of them, some of which were head-turning tongue-hanging-out mong looks from younger-hotter-tighter girls. Pretty much every set hooked strong and my phone rapidly filled up. I thought to myself, "Jesus fucking Christ, I'm going to smash this

town!”



My new street game, infield photo

Alas, it was not to be. I was instead about to get a lesson in the iron self-discipline of Ukranian girls in sticking to their boyfriend script. If Warsaw/Krakow metrics applied, I think I’d have gotten laid every single night of my trip. Instead I banged **two** new girls. Both hot, both young but also both a pain in the arse to close*. So I was getting half of Pussy Paradise:

Warsaw: Few IOIs, few hotties, but all of them are dirty whores ready to go fast.
Ukraine: Many IOIs, many hotties, but all of them patient value-extractors taking it slow.

It was like getting served a cup of tea without the milk and sugar. What’s the point of that? [or for Americans, it was like getting peanut butter without the jelly]. Many thoughts went through my mind during the first week of the trip. Once the initial disbelief at my reactions died down, I thought:

- This is what it’s like to be Steve Jabba, where literally half the girls in a town get wet just looking at you. I can pick and choose my opens according to who I like best and gives the strongest IOI. No need for a cold approach.
- It wasn’t like this in August
- Why can’t it always be like this? It’s so easy and so much fun.
- What is different that’s causing such a change in pre-open IOIs and the solid hooks?

My brain was working overtime to figure out if there was a way to bottle the magic. By the second week when the flaking epidemic hit, I was wondering if there was in fact ***any*** magic to bottle, or if it was fools gold. I still don’t know the answer but I do know the reactions were so extreme and so consistent that there was *something* different going on. Now I must stress that my end-result laycount was no different to a normal trip. Two girls in three weeks. That’s at the low end of what I consider a decent trip. In Serbia and Belarus trips I’ve trebled that before without resorting to barrel-scraping. Here are my unstructured, unpolished thoughts on what might’ve been going on.

1. I’d gotten back into the gym and gained about eight pounds of muscle in 2015 while keeping body fat constant (a bit fat, but not fatter). While in August I had to wear t-shirts and shorts due to the heat, in October I could layer up with a leather jacket so I gained all the advantage of the muscle mass without any of the disadvantages

of looking a bit thick around the middle. So, a girl's initial once-over to clock my body shape was more favourable now.

2. My fashion was back to my Overkill style – leather bike jacket, open shirt, t-shirt, accessories, jeans, leather boots, hat. It really stood out against the local men. I literally didn't see anyone who dressed anything like me. So, my shiniess worked better in cold weather.
3. My vibe was absolutely glowing. From the very first day I was in a great mood and the constant stream of good reactions and IOIs just snowballed it. I felt extremely attractive. It felt like walking into a nightclub knowing you're the best-looking guy there. My cold approach game has been honed through five years of being sexually invisible until I open my mouth. It was nice to play the game on easy mode like a good-looking guy and my vibe responded to create a virtuous spiral.
4. My face and body language were extremely open and pure. I never felt like I was wearing a mask or trying to project a certain emotion. I just walked around feeling great and let that radiate outwards. It felt like I'd been carefully cleaning and polishing the lense on my movie projector for years and now it was time to spool the reels and see an image projected with perfect fidelity. Non-players don't appreciate that this isn't "being yourself" or "dropping game". It's the opposite. Rejecting game / behaviour modelling / identity change means you just lazily whip out your dirty cracked lense and expect the audience to be happy with the shitty image on screen.
5. I always followed the principles of my game, but I frequently abandoned the prescriptive model. I'd open girls by shouting at them from ten metres away: "Hey you! Miserable looking girl with the black coat. Stop!" (that was a catwalk model idate – but went nowhere). I'd open by pointing and not saying a word. I even opened three sets. Nothing mattered because I was in full flow and riffing off all the lessons I'd internalised.

But of course despite the unbelievable strength of my initial reactions, things dropped off sharply when it came to getting laid and I was right back to the usual results. Why is that? The major drop off came in two stages. Almost every girl replied to my feeler text but very few came out on dates. Frustratingly, many would keep up a fun flirty exchange, send me (not dirty) photos and then literally just not reply when I sent the date invitation. A few girls messaged me things like "I'm on Khreshatyk street now, let's meet!" and then when I replied "Ok, outside McDonalds in 15 minutes?" they literally didn't reply for several days. The other major drop-off came on the date when I went for a kiss. Incredibly, I only kissed four girls, and three of them ended up naked on my bed. The rest rebuffed the kiss.



My daygame face, October

This is what I think. Again, I'm not sure. The whole experience was like Bizarro World where nothing meant the same as it would mean in any other city I've been to.

1. I was plugging directly into a girls hindbrain on the street and frying her circuits. This meant I was getting massive attraction from No Girls just from the power of my presence. They'd love it, lap it up, and then return to No Girl status when they cooled down back home. As I write in Daygame Mastery, good street game will make timewasters out of No Girls that would simply blow out a guy with shit game. That's why you should always be highly suspicious of men with high number-to-date ratios. They are doing pure Yes Girl filtering, punching below their weight.
2. My extreme shininess was inducing No Girls to let themselves come out for coffee Day 2 / idates as a diversion to their otherwise routine lives. Many of them had study, homework and part-time jobs so they really don't do much else any given week. The girls would enjoy the date, thank me for coffee, and go back to their lives unfucked. They knew if they tried to extend it to a second date they'd have to start putting out because I'd subcommunicated my unwillingness to be strung along. So they cashed in their small winnings rather than risk getting fucked while trying to increase their stack of attention chips.
3. That same shininess and horniness is why the text exchanges dropped off. They loved the process until the moment they were forced to get off the fence. Being conflict avoidant, girls would rather ghost you than give an overt "no thanks" reply.
4. A bunch of girls were attracted to me and available but they wanted a boyfriend. I quickly formed the impression that Kiev girls are either gold-digging bitches (a tiny proportion overall, but vastly more than in any other city) or straight-laced village good girls. The date became a subtle frame-control battle where they held out for me to audition as boyfriend and when I refused, they disengaged because they'd rather have nothing than have casual sex with a stranger. It was all at a I-know-that-you-know level. I set out my stall and she decided the product warranty wasn't comprehensive enough. I was unwilling to invest additional time in D3s, D4s etc because once the freshness of the first hour with a new girl wears off, dating bores me now. I'd rather just play a video game.

Kiev has a reputation for being a tough city to get laid in (for free). I can go along with that. Most reports are that you get a ton of harsh blow outs while filtering for the rare outlier Yes Girl. I can believe that too. It never happened to me but I saw it happen to most others. I think I reached a higher level of failure – almost non stop good reactions and getting my eventual "No" further down the line.



A typical reaction to my street stop

So, based on my two trips I'm rating Kiev about the same level as Belgrade in that it's painful and demoralising for beginners (stick to Prague or Berlin guys), a ton of work for rare but decent reward for intermediates, and an addictive mirage for advanced guys who get to sit front row for the Victoria Secrets show close enough to smell their panties but not able to sample the goods as much as you think you're going to.

I'll solve the puzzle. For now I've opened the enigma and unwrapped the mystery, but the riddle remains.

** I define "pain in the arse to close" as "didn't display willingness to jump into bed with me two hours after we met". These days, if I get any kind of resistance to my escalation I switch off and lose interest. I can't help it. I think it's my subconscious trying to tell me to stop being a player. I'll write about it sometime because I think this is probably the biggest negative impact on my 2015 results – I rarely give a shit about the girl in front of me and she smells it. While I still really enjoy the street (probably due to the constant novelty of each girl), everything else gets boring if it doesn't go exactly my way on exactly my timetable. It's probably some kind of notch-fatigue. Like Jimmy said to me recently, "Nick, you've fucked enough girls."*

Outlaw Daygame

krauserpua · 20 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

One thing I've noticed over 2015 is that **London Daygame** is most definitely a "thing" and **Euro Jaunting** is an increasingly popular lifestyle choice. Some men get to take their income geographically independent and live the Ferris-like dream. Others prefer to "oil-rig" it by working a few months on / few months off model. The less lucky souls have the 9-5 office grind but scalp a few long weekends here and there to board a flight Thursday night and still be back in the office Tuesday morning.

Personally, I have mixed feelings about it all.

On the one hand it's great that there's a pool of ever-improving men living the life I do and whether it's a quick street chat when they recognise me, or a new friendship when we realise we hit it off well. There's something less lonely and isolated about knowing that in any major city in Europe I know exactly where to go and what to look for to find a fellow traveller. It's like Fight Club.



Happens every time I idate to a cafe

The fact they all buy my products and thus enable me to live like this is purely a coincidence. Honest.

The downside is that cities can get burned. There are enough barriers to overcome in getting laid from daygame without contending with the additional early-open Bitch Shield every girl suddenly developed because word got round that a bunch of foreigners are spamming the town and posting videos on the internet. Usually, it's not a problem but every now and then it really stinks a place out.

All things considered, it's mostly upside. I've met 7 or 8 fellows this year who I really like and now treat as travel buddies. There's probably another 15 who I wouldn't ever call up to arrange a trip but if they see me on the street I might share a coffee and a chat. Take it from me, when you've been Euro Jaunting as long as I have you come to really appreciate how difficult it is to find suitable friends. The pre-requisites each must meet are vanishingly rare and then *they've got to like you too*. Considering what a stubborn, obsessive bunch daygamers are (myself included) it's surprising we don't come to blows on a high-pressure Game trip.

When it works out, there's a real Rat Pack vibe on trips. There's a genuine underground community and it's increasingly taking shape and becoming self-aware. With that in mind lets talk about my next public speaking enagement – **Outlaw Daygame**. It's in London on Sunday 6th December beginning 11am. See the sign-up page here for details.



Admit it, you're scared

Back in March, Tom and I were in Prague filming our Beginner Daygame free video and we got talking about if there's some way to bring the separate practitioners of the London daygame style together. We felt like the r-selection shift was working well but their must be a way of pushing further forward. There must be a way to keep the solo sigma attitude of daygame but take the harsh edges off its isolation and pressure. Beer was drunk and eventually we hit upon the **outlaw biker gang** as an opt metaphor. While we don't run guns, peddle drugs, or have an excellent TV series about us there are some similarities.

We'd long felt like our nomadic solo daygame made us outsiders. There is something inherently rebellious and fuck-the-system about it. You could say we were *dating against* some kind of *machine*. Six months pass and then Tom is in Kazakhstan with Eddie from **Street Attraction** bemoaning the woeful lack of local talent to shoot at. Minds wander and they soon hatch a plan to put on event in London that will put an exclamation point on this gradually emerging London Daygame movement.

"Nick, would you like to be involved?" says Eddie. "Me, you, Tom and Richard."

Everyone reading this knows all about Tom's skills and material. Through 2015 I'd had a couple of trips with Eddie and one with Richard so I'd seen with my own eyes that they belong. Right then, count me in! There'll be a talk from each of us, a long Q&A, and probably also a general meet & greet over beers afterwards. Anyone bringing a book can have it signed, if that's the sort of thing you like. I haven't actually finalised my talk so if anyone has good ideas, let me know in the comments.

Every group of men has it's "ladies man"

krauserpua · 22 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Let me relate a story to you that my Brazilan friend and former **RSG Bastard** told of his early days in London game.

On rolling up in England, Fernando found a job as a tradesman working on commercial properties in central London. While he was back at base with the various carpenters, joiners, electricians and so on they'd quite naturally banter on the shopfloor and while snatching cigarette breaks in the delivery bays. One such colleague – let's call him Franco – was known as the **ladies man**. Every Monday without fail he'd have a good story from the weekend of drinking, carousing, and sometimes depravity.

The men had come to look forward to his stories. It took the edge off being back at work for another week.

Fernando was an eager listener. Franco was getting hammered in bars and making out with girls, sometimes taking them home and other times sharing a knee-trembler in the back alley behind the nightclub. There were stories of wives, nurses, tarts….. all of them eye-popping. Franco knew how to tell a story and these ones rang true. Damn, it sounded *great* being a ladies man, Fernando thought, but it's so alien to my own life: work, sleep, a few beers with friends.

As readers of my Balls Deep memoir know, Fernando read the Neil Strauss book and decided to try this Game thing. He attended a **PUAtraining** bootcamp in London (there wasn't much else out there at the time) and then tried daygame. A few sessions in he saw me number close a hot girl and came introduced himself. We became friends very quickly and Fernando "got it" faster than I did.

Skip forwards a year or so and Fernando finally decides to tell his workmates his own saucy stories, of pulling two Polish blondes out of a Lodz nightclub so he and fellow RSG Bastard Ace can fuck them. Of a couple of girls in Vilnius, Lithuania. Of a girl he pulled home from a salsa night in Clapham. Finally, he felt like he could swap stories with Franco on level-terms. He was becoming a bit of a ladies man himself.

Monday morning during the first cigarette break, he tells his story. There's a pause…. how will Franco take it? He takes a drag on his cigarette, looks out into space and laughs.

"Haha, nice one mate! Give the next girl one from me!" he says, giving Fernando a friendly pat on the back.

Next week Fernando has another story, of near miss with a tall black girl he met outside Covent Garden underground station. Then another one the week after. And another. Swapping stories every Monday morning, Fernando and Franco are bonding over the shared experiences. Then the bomb drops.

Fernando is regalling the boys with his latest story, another Polish conquest. They all stand in a huddle by the cargo doors because it's windy. One of the plumbers pipes up.

"Was she hot, mate?"

"Actually" Fernando thinks aloud, "I've probably got a photo of her. She's on my Facebook now" and she opens the app to scroll through. "Right, this is her" he says and pans the screen around the group.

Franco drops his cigarette in disbelief.

"Wait…. wait…. ***that's*** the kind of bird you're fucking?" he almost stammers.

"Yeah. Come on, you must have a few dirty photos of your birds, you horny bastard" Fernando replies.

"Yeah, Franco. Show us!" encourage the group of eager lads. "You're the ladies man"

There's a long silence.

"Um. I'd rather not" he replies.

This is a true story, though I've embellished the dialogue. Fernando said it was one of the moments he knew he'd arrived in Game. You can read more about him on his blog here.

An interview with NYC womanizer Goldmund Unleashed

krauserpua · 25 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

My podcast series **Womanizer's Bible** has grown beyond its humble beginnings. It was originally just an excuse to revamp my YouTube channel and give me another outlet for mindwank than just the blog. And here we are, eight months later putting up episode #17 which clocks in at a FULL HOUR and it's only the first half of the interview. That's a neutron bomb level mindwank!

If you haven't checked out Goldmund over at his blog, I'd recommend you have a look. He's a cad and a bounder, writing gleefully about his indiscretions and frequently posting video and photos. This interview gives him a full introduction so no need to repeat it in text. Just click and away you go.

I'll post up the concluding segment in a week or so. Comments and feedback appreciated either here or on the YouTube channel. So far I've put out a whopping 646 minutes of free content, nearly ELEVEN HOURS. Damn, I must like the sound of my own voice! I'm surprised it hasn't caught on more in terms of views compared to the blog, suggesting either others aren't quite as enamoured with my voice or else the material is just too niche for the casual masses. Perhaps that's the inevitable trade-off when trying to do more advanced material. Dunno, what do you think?

I don’t bang my first 26yr-old Ukranian shop girl – Part One

krauserpua · 28 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

As noted in the earlier post, I was in the enviable and entirely unexpected position of being able to feed entirely on Kiev girls who IOI’d me or who otherwise triggered my spider-sense of being susceptible to my approach. It made daygame so easy that it felt like shooting fish in a barrel and once more I decided that good-looking guys have no business at all trying to talk about approach anxiety. They don’t understand how incredibly easy they have it when girls are visibly checking them out.

Every open I did I felt bulletproof from the first moment.

After four days of picking warm targets I actually completely lost interest in pure cold approach. I told my wing, “I’m not gonna approach blind. I might as well use this novel situation as an opportunity to practice warm approach game. Finally I’ve got enough sets to be able to collect real data and try different things.” When I did contemplate a **blind open** (i.e. the girl gave no indication whatsoever that she’s be amenable to stopping) I was reminded of the need for a bit of character strength and thought “fuck that, why bother?”

I can understand why **good-looking guys** weasel out of genuine cold approach and settle for a **-2 point hypergamy deficit**. When you’re used to sliding downhill into pussy, climbing mountains becomes pretty unappealing. I wasn’t happy about taking the easy route. Not that I want game to be tough but I felt like I was underselling myself by going after what was easy rather than what I wanted. A hot well-put together girl walked past me in an underground mall and I felt that DNA tug. This would be completely cold.

- No IOI. She hadn’t even noticed my existence.
- No spider sense. She was walking briskly towards the bus stop, obviously having just finished work.
- No softners in her style. She was smartly dressed in expensive well-coordinated clothes.



Her later selfies looked a lot like this, at first

There was no reason at all to suppose she liked me or would like being stopped. Okay, that’s the **blind approach** I need to discipline myself. I was expecting to get a figurative splash of cold water across the face but I followed her anyway. She was moving fast, already halfway up the escalator and I didn’t catch up until street level at her bus stop. I talk a lot about the **Russian Minute** but I rarely get it anymore. These days they all either walk off immediately or smile and start eye-spazzing. This girl reminded me of the more difficult times as she looked stone-cold, expressionless and answered everything with clipped polite language. She actually said “what do you want?”

Not to be deterred I ploughed on and she softened. Two minutes in she said “My bus comes now” so I took a number. Mentally, it was filed in the going-nowhere box. Nonetheless I send out my feeler the next day. Surprisingly, she agreed to coffee with little preamble. I figured she wasn’t much of a texter when she didn’t bite on the banter fodder I threw out. She quickly snatched the frame and my heart sank. When a girl starts switching plans or telling you where she wants to go it’s a pretty good sign that she’s going to waste your time or start a frame war.



Right click and open in new tab if you want to read the red commentary

Thing is, if it’s the latter you *might* actually fuck her. Nobody kicks a dead dog and girls don’t frame-war a guy they are uninterested in. I decided I was willing to invest an hour in coffee to find out which. I didn’t have a lot of date action going on at the time. I started to lean towards the frame-war interpretation when she remained in contact and felt sufficiently accountable to me that kept me up to date with her status. Not a big sign, but moving in the right direction.

The date itself was straight out of my 2012 experiences in the Balkans. High value girl, fairly mainstream, intelligent, strong-willed and unwilling to surrender the frame without a strong test. I know **greyhounds** so I knew the battle-plan. Ten minutes into the date I’d given up on the **squirrel/cat** strategies of spiking them silly or turning on the secret society sleaze. This girl was probably Suspicious On and was going to insist I jump through some hoops first. I could either accept that (at the risk of having my time wasted) or walk. What wouldn’t work is trying to crush her frame and move it along fast.

Fortunately she was a pleasure to talk to, had decent English, and had planned a nice walk through the park to finish in a good cafe. It’s not losing the frame to let a girl in her hometown give you a mini-tour of some places she likes. I played along to enjoy the new sights and deployed my **Most Interesting Man In The World Game**. It really felt like 2012. My objectives were simple, in chronological order:

Settle into a comfortable vibe -> Display MIMITW value -> Let her kick the tires -> Qualify her -> Go for kiss.

I didn’t care if I got the kiss this date. This was a case of soft physical escalation because she was going to judge me as a value proposition rather than a spur-of-the-moment adventure. Everything about her showed her forebrain was in full control, chaperoning her hindbrain like a Victorian aunt. She never eye sparkled, her laughter was dinner-party-like, and when she allowed me to kino-test her fingers and hair she looked at me like a ballroom dancer being led through steps she’s already studied.

I felt her warming to me and could almost here her private checklist being ticked off. But what I didn’t know is if the final score would add up to “okay hindbrain, I’m going to leave you two alone now”. There were a number of frame-control tests that I just instinctively passed such as her wandering off a bit, leaving long silences, asking direct questions and so on. It didn’t feel the slightest bit impolite. It was more like Duelling Banjos where she was the city slicker throwing out some challenge chords and I was the retarded hillbilly kid smashing them back with interest until we were both ready to jam.

It started raining and after an hour I had to make my excuses to go, setting a limit on my time. I knew I couldn’t escalate my way to an answer on the “is she a timewaster” question – not on this date. Instead I had to make my

move and allow the bubble to burst. If she allowed me to reblow the bubble over texting the next day, it would be a successful date. So as we walked through the park to her bus stop I did the “See that lampost? That’s where I’ll kiss you” move and she deftly eluded three kiss close attempts. I didn’t try too hard. She’d got the message. The retarded hillbilly kid had run up and down the scales, now it was up to her.

Somebody has to fuck them

krauserpua · 29 November 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Fat girls are like lamposts to me. I don't notice them unless I happen to walk into one by accident. They are just part of the furniture. The same goes with women over thirty – I just don't really ***see*** them. They are like blurry silhouettes walking past me. It was only a few days ago that I learned Post-Wall women actually have personalities, hopes, dreams and all that kind of stuff.

Bloody hell! Really?



Furniture. Quite a nice rack.

So presumeably fatties, uglies and oldies have a sex drive too. Hmmmmm. I wonder what they do to satisfy that drive. Obviously it's not getting satisfied through ***me***. I'd always wondered if fat people find each other attractive, or if sex for them is like us looking at a undercooked 99p Morrisons pizza and deciding "I'm so hungry and I have to eat *something*." So I turned to the internet and tried to calculate how many unattractive women are out there getting fucked.

Step 1 – Demographics

These statistics break up the European Union population into age cohorts. Now, these stats aren't perfect because the age buckets are less than ideal (17-25 and 25-54 is the important split) but we can use it as a rough proxy. Realistically, girls can still be reasonably hot up to 30 years old and except for a couple of indiscretions I think 17 is a bit young for me. Also, presumeably these stats don't include illegal immigrants but again that's not relevant because we'll have hopefully murdered them all soon, removing them from the sampled population.

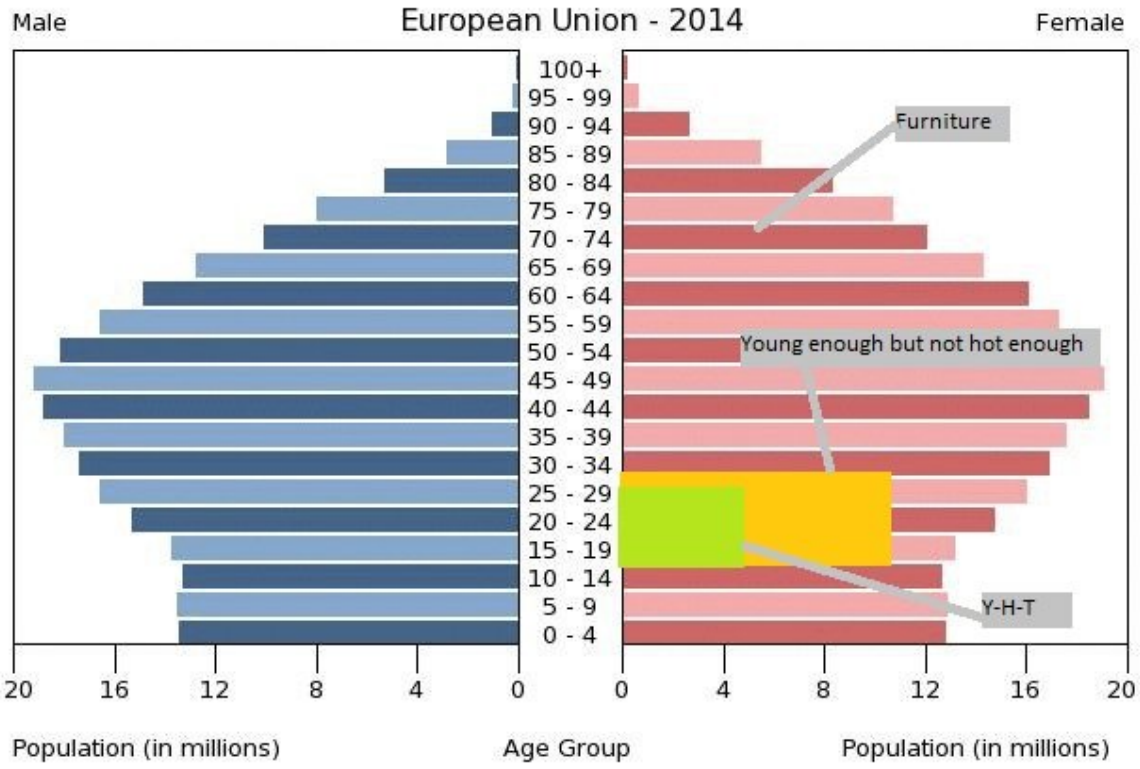
So, there are 11% of women who are young enough to bother with and old enough to be legal. There are an additional 42% who are young enough to be sexually active but too old to bother with.

Step 2 – Wild Assumptions

Let's pull a number out of my arse for how many of that 11% group are hot or at least pretty. We'll make the cut-off a 7/10 because 6s always have an element of shame. Based on my own eyes I'd say about 15% of English 17-25

year olds are fuckable without shame, rising to 25% on the Western half of the continent and then 40% when you go east. I'm not saying "hot", just good enough that you don't have a meltdown every time a sex flashback hits you.

So, using my magically statistical skills I'm gonna say 33% of women in Europe aged 17-25 are worth fucking for sport. Apply that to the 11% and we have 3.63% of the total female population are officially Younger-Hotter-Tighter. Let's be generous and round it up to 4%



Step 3 – The Chilling Truth

The inverse conclusion is that *96% of the women having sex in the European Union are not above the "shame" level.* There are varying degrees of shame between a plain-looking 19yr old butterface all the way down to a green-haired landwhale eating her 36th birthday cake, or the basement level of a 53yr old ex-hippy using Guardian Soulmates to temporarily dampen the cries of her barren womb. But only 4% of the sexually active population is YHT.

Let's apply that to the next time you hear a lurid sex story from a friend or on the internet when no evidence is offered about the quality of the girl. What's the likelihood she's one of the 4%?

Step 4 – The Preening Joy

You really don't need to be feeling jealous that everyone is getting laid better than you – statistically, they aren't. If you compare yourselves to the top players (whether Game-trained or non-community) then of course you're going to get a feeling of relative poverty. Take solace in the fact that even if you're only knobbing a couple of 7s a year, you are outperforming probably 96% of men.

Not 96% of young, game-aware men. But the world is full of dweeby, boring chodes servicing unattractive women.

How to be masculine (sigma edition)

krauserpua · 2 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

First a qualifier: this piece is only applicable to men who are or wish to be sigma. If you're a wannabe alpha, this is the wrong place. If you're already alpha, I don't believe you.

I have one overriding goal in life: **to increase and protect my medium-term happiness**. What does that mean? Happiness is the goal and everything else is contingent upon advancing it. Some people will put other objectives first:

- be rich
- be popular
- fuck hot women

I don't.

At best those are **second-order** objectives because **you think they'll make you happy.** At worst, they aren't even that. Becoming rich traps you and directly limits your power (that sounds paradoxical until you begin to understand true power lies not in controlling others but in being able to do whatever you want to do). Can Prince William go icognito to Budapest and fuck some hot chicks in a whorehouse? No, but you can. Can Bill Gates argue with someone in a bar and punch him in the face for getting lippy? no, but you can. Can Cristiano Ronaldo go for a quiet walk through a Madrid park? No, but you can. The greatest personal freedom is found in not being too well-known.



Yes we can

Often, what riches, popularity and hotties give you with one hand they take away with another. There were some experiments on chimps in which they were rewarded with food if they collected special tokens. Soon researchers could motivate the chimps to perform tasks just for tokens – because the chimps had learned tokens could be exchanged for food. Before long, there was a secondary market amongst chimps doing favours for each other for tokens. Kind of like EBT cards now.

But what happens when the experimentors stopped redeeming tokens for food? Chaos.

Chasing riches, popularity, hotties (or whatever else is a second-order objective) should never be **the** objective. Always keep your eye on the real food – happiness – and be prepared to switch up on those second-order objectives if they take you away from the goal. I choose ***medium***-term happiness because short-term hedonism is extremely destructive and long-term happiness is a mirage which won't be there when you are finally ready to claim it.

So given this one overriding goal, how do I achieve it?

The devil is in the details and will differ for each man but here is a little wisdom which will apply to every man. Two meta-level goals that will almost inevitably put you closer to the main goal: **Increase your control of your time. Increase your personal freedom.** If you can do that, you can act upon the opportunities for happiness that come up and there are no accumulated liabilities holding you back. This is the essence of sigma masculinity. With this in mind, here's a cheat sheet for mindset shifts that will steer you ever closer to increased control of your time and freedom.

1. Never surrender your right to decide
You can never ever delegate your responsibility for your own decisions. No matter who pressures you into a decision, no matter what their prestige or power, you must always make up your own mind. Circumstances may force you to act out of alignment (e.g. corporate work) but keep your thoughts your own. If you find yourself waiting for a blogpost by your favourite writer before developing an opinion on a subject, you aren't being prudent. You're being a woman.

It's okay to defer to a superior authority's *expertise* but not to defer to their interests. So for example if you're in a gym and a superior fighter gives you some technical advice on your right hook, you should probably take it. He still has to convince you, but you're amenable to the advise. In contrast, if he wants to push you off the heavy bag so he can queue jump it, tell him to fuck off. Nobody – not Putin, not Jesus, not anybody – has the right to co-opt your mind and your interests.

2. Don't be a fan or a follower
If you desribe yourself as this, you've already broken rule #1. A fan is someone who sucks another man's dick. A follower is someone who carries another man's baggage. There are men in the world you will naturally respect and admire and this is a great thing. There ***are*** heroes in this world. You can be inspired by and taught by such men. I highly recommend it. But heroes are not looking for men to suck their dick.

Follow them? No, don't be such a faggot. Women and children follow.

3. Don't lead
I respect the hell out of Donald Trump, the man is a natural leader. That's great and he's alpha. Thing is, I'm not alpha and don't wish to be. Alphas are permanently tied up in alliances, conflicts and status-jockeying. While that energies *them*, it flatly contradicts a sigma male's control of his time and freedom. Trump has access to many great things that I don't, but those things don't matter to me half as much as my time and my freedom.

A good leader becomes responsile for his followers. That's restrictive and undermines medium-term happiness.



Let him lead. You have hotties to fuck

4. Never give a shit about the opinion of anyone you don't respect

I almost wrote this without adding "you don't respect" but that would've been a little too isolating, and isolation leads to hubris. Respected peers can give you encouragement in your darker times and bring you down a peg during your more hubristic times. Value that but be very careful who you allow to advise you. Would you seek investment advice from a hobo? Relationship advice from a hen-pecked cuck? Fitness advice from a slob? Seduction advice from a chode?

The world is brimming with unsolicited opinoins from morons whose only goal is to chip away at you in order to make themselves feel good about messing with your frame. Anyone who has started a blog or high-profile Twitter account knows all about them. Ignore them. You have no duty to listen to, or even acknowledge, the opinions of any person on this earth.

5. Being respected is more important than being liked.

Stop trying to be liked. It's extremely feminised behaviour. Women care what other people think about them because they are hard-wired to fear outgrouping. Men are their own powerplant. We bring the value to the group and if we don't like the group *we'll take it elsewhere*. When you're the value, you don't fear outgrouping. The group fears you leaving it.

People won't trust you anyway. There's something fluid, icky and distasteful about dealing with a man who moderates his own opinions in order to win popularity. Stand up for what you believe, polarise, and the let the chips fall where they may. You'll have everybody's respect, even if it's grudging and hostile. From there, the men who deserve your friendship will make themselves known to you.


Short-term happiness personified

6. Better the respect of a small group of worthy peers than the adulation of a million morons
I used to call this the "Robbie Williams effect". The former boy-band member can't sing, can't dance, can't play an instrument, can't write a song and yet for two years he was the most feted performer in the UK. At one point he performaced in front of 40,000 morons at a RobbieFest live event. Shortly afterwards he was in drug rehab.

The reasons are complex but a big part of it is the *Imposter Effect*. The adulation of no-nothing idiots is worse than worthless – it's harmful. It's the reverse of the supposed "wisdom of crowds". If so many morons have so unswervingly come to like you, then you must be they kind of person morons like. That's more damning to your psych than fucking thirty fat girls in a row. If you must solicit respect from others, make sure it's people whose respect is worth having and that it's based on living your values.

7. Popularity is weakness
I've known men who are so good-looking that they are constantly checked out by girls in bars or on the street. It's a favourable position to be in if you can handle it. How could you *fail* to handle such an obviously favourable situation, you ask?

When you swim in unsolicited positive affirmations you become accustomed to them, and soon dependent upon them. Rather than looking inward for reasons to feel good, you become externally referenced. Feeling good is no longer within your control but is dependent upon a never-ending supply of positive affirmations. That will cause your internal referencing to wither and die. You should be as happy sitting under a tree alone at the beach as you are performing on a stage in front of a thousand fans. The exhilaration and emotional involvement will obviously differ, but your base level of self-worth should not.

We've all seen the spectacle of old boxers who can't give up the sport, of singers touring long after their voice cracked, of formerly good-looking guys still hanging round bars trying to draw IOIs. It's undignified. Don't seek popularity. If it comes, keep it in perspective.

8. Never follow the flavour of the month
There will always be a new *cause celebre*, a new star, or a new fad. Always, without exception, and like the Wehrmacht trundling East it'll always seem like it'll last forever. There's a word for people who follow trends:

women.

Following a trend means unmooring your boat and letting the current dictate where you go. When that current expires the next current picks you up. There's a word for people who allow themselves to be swept off their feet: women.

A man is in control of his own destiny. He doesn't surrender it to fashion. Some of you may decide it's smart to hop in front of a bandwagon and try to direct the crowd – whether it be Sarah Palin co-opting the Tea Party, or one of the many manosphere attempts to latch onto popular movements. This may be smart, but it's effeminate. If you're *pushing* the bandwagon, you're effeminate without having the consolation of being smart.

Always be on the look-out for better-positioned men looking to co-opt your money and time into building their own empires. It's like going to a rock concert – all that your money and adulation does is elevate the rock star to a position where he can fuck your girlfriend backstage. Don't be cucked.

10. Always be ready to walk
No matter who you are talking to, how long you've known them, and what rewards they can bestow upon you….. be ready to walk away if they start tooling you. Your happiness is internally-referenced and you control your time and freedom. Nothing they might give you can ever outrank that, and they might well start chipping away at those things you desire most. Don't even bother fighting to try to "beat them" – that also cuts into your time and freedom. Lock them out and never think of them again.



Sigma, yesterday

Paradoxically, if you live your life by the above-mentioned principles you probably will be more respected, more popular, richer, and fuck more hotties. That shouldn't be the goal.

Lulu is having a 25% off + free shipping sale on all my printed books. Click here, choose your book, and enter LULURC code at the checkout.

I might bang my first 26yr-old Ukranian shop girl – Part Two

krauserpua · 5 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

An intermediate player spends a lot of his time learning how to blow the **love-bubble** and prevent it bursting. From the moment you stop a girl on the street you have to induce her to talk to you, to enjoy it, and to let you lead her forwards. That's a real skill if she hasn't already decided to fuck you – which for us normal men means 95%+ of girls (and all the hotter ones). If you take her on an idate the bubble stays blown ever longer but there'll come a point where you have to either pull her home, or take a number. Assuming the latter, the **bubble bursts** and she's going to wake up tomorrow morning to her normal life. The subsequent texting (or lack of it) will clue you in to what she really wants. If she responds well you've got a Day 2 coming up and the bubble gets re-blown.

You can only fuck the girl when she's in the bubble.

That's why I say the first message after the bubble bursts is the most important one. How does she respond to your feeler text after the street stop? How does she respond to your ping the day after the idate/Day 2? That's the single best piece of data to gauge her interest. The medium is the message. Good signs are:

- Fast reply (either by clock-time, or by a busy girl responding soon after her first available break)
- Long reply
- Smiley faces
- Unsolicited information
- Playing along to your conversation thread

So with that in mind what do you think of this girl's next day post-burst response?



You can open this bigger on a new tab

I call it a good one. She remained a **Suspicious On** but she's closer to Yes after the first date than she was before it. She's had a good look at me and is willing to stick around for another dance. My gut was telling me not to rush it and not be too available because for all the positive signs, she'd rejected the kiss attempt. I'd do better to just patiently keep things going, drop in a little value but avoid banter and studiously avoid asking her out again for a few days. This would recover some frame and show I'm not entirely sold. Make her chase a little, or at least wonder why I'm not chasing harder. She needs to know she's got to get her steps right too, it's not all one-way traffic. *

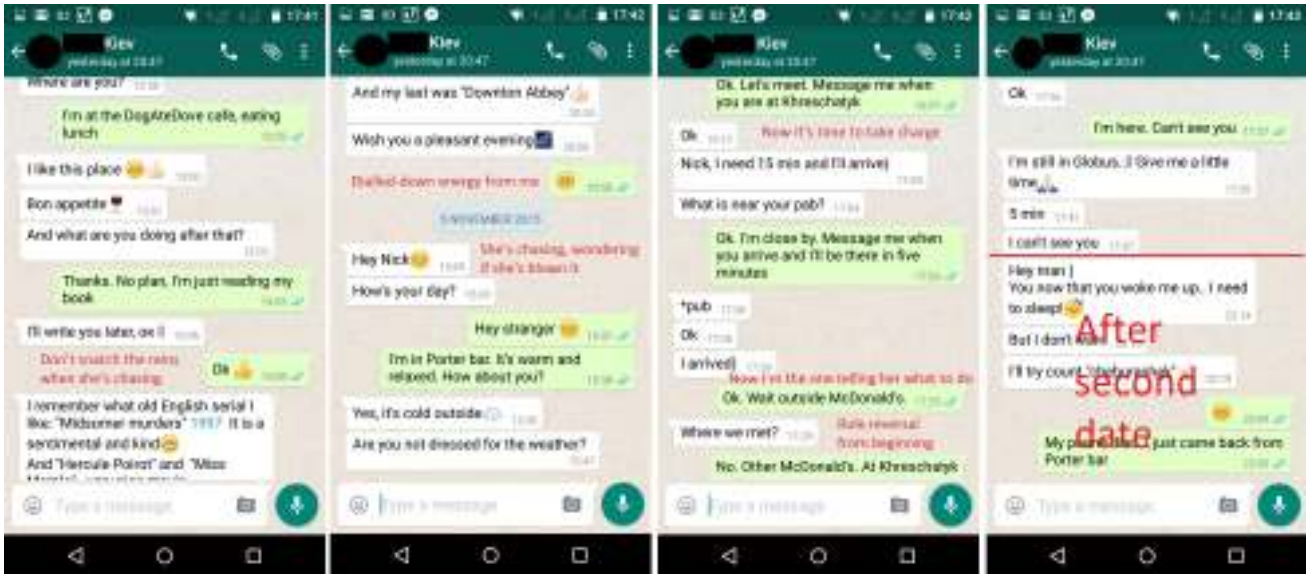
It's not until four days later that I invite her out. It didn't take any willpower on my part to hold out because I was enjoying my street game and had other leads which looked brighter than her. She rebuffed that invite and I didn't ask again so you can see she's keeping the momentum alive and doesn't want me to drop off the hook. When I don't

ask a second time she starts chasing. I start to feel like I'm reeling her in.



Any time she's chasing, let her come. Don't snatch the reins and start leading. You'll see I just hold my ground – polite, keeping it alive, but not trying to move forwards. You never get this luxury on a short trip but I had time and alternate leads. When I don't message her at all the next day she tries to rebuild the ant mound and invites me out with a specific time later that day.

She was still hard work.



We had a drink in a bar and she retained her usual self-possession. Nonetheless my thinking was "she knows what I want and she came out again, so escalate" and I started walking her to an Irish bar that has darker, more secluded booths. She wasn't having it. "I don't want to go there" she said, but actually provided a reasonable specific rationale for why that particular pub was not suitable for her so I let it slide. She suggested some other place a couple of streets away and walked me there.

Oh dear, another frame-snatch.

That pub turned out to be a brightly-lit Italian restaurant and she wanted to eat. As has happened consistently this year, at the first **silly buggers** gambit I just lost all interest in her. I literally couldn't be bothered to talk to her anymore and was fighting the urge to walk out without ordering. She said she's hungry and ordered pizza. I ordered a beer and told myself "give her ten minutes to redeem herself, or leave". It took mental discipline for me to *stay* on the date. **

She couldn't help but notice my change of mood and started to get worried. I barely looked at her, refused a slice of her pizza, didn't order a second beer, and mostly just gave short non-commital answers. It wasn't a ploy – I really lost interest in her but couldn't quite decide to leave. Halfway through her food she'd been trying hard to rebuild the mood so I softened and started talking again. With the benefit of hindsight this had been an effective push.

I told her I wanted to go to a proper bar and as we walked on to a basement hipster-twat joint *** my mood suddenly picked up. I became more talkative and the vibe was good again. We sat down in a booth, her across from me and I decided there'd be no more bullshit. She'd reached the end of the line and things would have to get overt. Slavic girls are extremely good at playing the grey area to waste your time. You'll often have to break the vibe and get overt. Find out where you're really at. I told her to sit next to me. She resisted then came, leaving a six inch gap between us. I moved her bag out of the way and pulled her in.

> Her – "What are you doing?"
> Me – "I want you to sit closer."
> Her – "Why?"
> Me – "So I can touch you."
> Her – "I don't want you to touch me."
> Me – "Why not?"
> Her – *silence*

Intellectually, I had her pegged as a **timewaster** but my gut told me it was probably a case of **The Rub**. She's a strong-minded greyhound, very pretty, and at 26 years old she's past the stage of being whisked up on a wave of momentum. So, I gave her **The Talk**. Daygame Mastery has the explanation, and I phrased it something like this:

> "I like you and you know what I want. Now you have to decide what you want. If you decide you just like me as a friend, that's okay but I will walk out. I won't be angry, but I don't have female friends and I don't want to be your friend. If you are sexually attracted to me and want to be more than friends, that's great. That's what I want too."

She turned and said "I just like meeting you, and practicing English. We're just friends."

I looked her dead in the eye and said "Think very carefully before you answer……. Is that what you really want?"

She clammed up and looked into space, thinking furiously. She knew she'd run out of road and it was put-up-or-shut-up time. Obviously she was sexually attracted to me, it wasn't a friendzone issue. This was purely about her script vs my script. She wanted me to go at her pace and jump through her hoops. I'd just told her I'd jumped through enough hoops and now it was time for her to jump through mine. Would her pride allow it? Did she like me enough to tear up her script, or at least hastily rewrite it to bring the happy ending forwards?

About five minutes passed, while I just sipped beer and watched the wall-mounted TV which played Cheburashka (that's not embellishment, it really was that show). Then she piped up.



The rejected kiss-close face

“Nick, I do like you as a man.”
“Okay, kiss me” I said and pulled her in. She resisted and I went stone cold again.
“Not here” she said. Admittedly, it was a crowded bar.
“I will kiss you tonight” I said.
“Yes, okay. Just not here.”

I knew I didn’t have the patience to sit through another hour in the bar and it was getting late so I drank up and told her I’d walk her to the bus stop. She was quite timid and quiet now. As we walked up the main street we passed what my travel buddies had termed the “Ghostbusters building” so I pointed to the staircase leading up to it.

“I’m going to kiss you there” I said and started walking her there. She followed. At the top of the stairs I pulled her in and kissed her. She went floppy for a second and then jumped me. It was like a damn bursting and she was very much into it.

Okay, so it was The Rub all along.

I was alert for any sign that she was ready to be dragged home, but she never let her crotch push into mine and never quite gave the telltale sighs, squeezes and grinds that signal “take me home now”. So I walked her up to the bus stop, gave a soft kiss goodnight and let her go.



How she felt when I kissed her

** Men who can only ever fuck girls through Fools Mate are probably scratching their heads thinking "Dude, what?"*

*** Men with 100+ notches are probably nodding their heads at this part of the story. With the benefit of hindsight she was more "on" than I realised, she just wanted to keep the frame.*

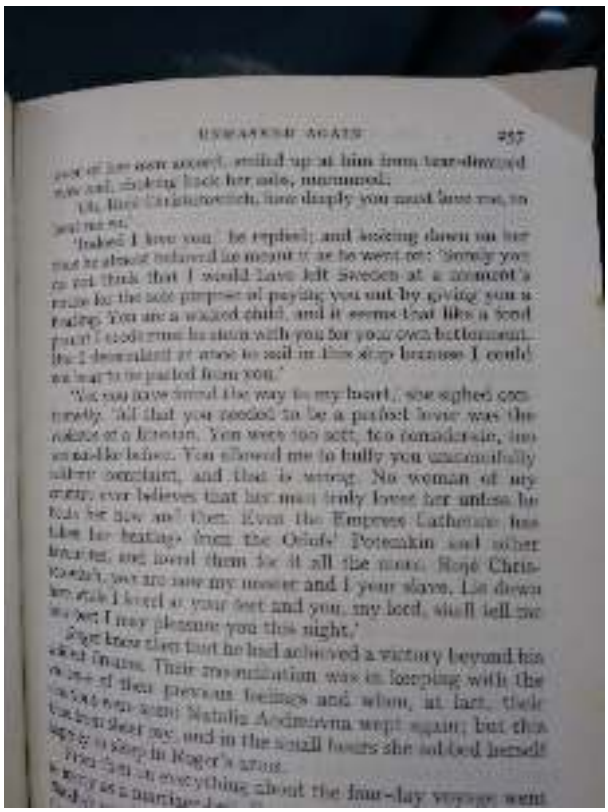
**** Divan*

I bang my first 26 year old Ukranian shop girl

krauserpua · 17 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Girls like to put up defences and reward the man sufficiently determined and strong to smash them into rubble. It's a game and they know full well what's going on. I've had girls resist like hellcats and then thank me afterwards. Bitches be crazy.

Here's the great man Dennis Wheatley on the Russian mind:



Back then, "red pill" was called "wisdom"

Now that I'd kissed her, this girl was revved up. She sent me a few goodnight messages intimating that she was hot and horny now. I knew I'd fuck her, the question was just whether it would be this trip or if I'd have to wait till next spring. Hardly ideal, but it's very little effort to keep pinging a girl on WhatsApp when she's playing along.

After a comfortable back and forth, time-pressure forced me to put her on the spot and I tell her its my last night in town. She wants to meet but things get a bit clusterfucked as you'll see. There's no way I was going into her frame to join her friends. Reading between the lines I don't think she was trying to tool me or frame-snatch, it was simply a tight schedule and a big step for her. I hold my ground.



While this 9pm chat was progressing I was sitting in Divan bar having a "last night of trip" beer with my travel buddy. We were starving. I ordered some dumplings and soup and – no joking – I was genuinely torn between dating this girl and waiting for my food. It didn't feel like a dead-cert lay and I was just tired of Kiev and tired of girls. As far as I was concerned, 2015 was done. My mind was consumed by thoughts of Fallout 4 and Metal Gear Solid V.

This zero-fucks-given attitude is both a blessing and a curse. On the downside it leads me to let all but my most compliant leads wither and die, and thus depresses my lay count. On the upside, I don't want to be a man who begs for pussy so it's nice to have strong boundaries. As I was sitting in Divan sipping beer, it felt 50/50 that she'd come out and 50/50 if I'd agree to meet her.



A player must always be ready to switch up his gameplan. Girls will give off a vibe and you can learn the difference between "not tonight" and "take your chance, big boy". When I met this girl outside Divan all of the alarms were buzzing. ***Take her home! Pull the trigger!***

Something in the context of the previous date and messages.
Something in the way she folded and ditched her friends.
Something about meeting at 10pm without an agreed date plan.
Something in her lazy walk and heavy-lidded eyes.

Something in her falling in step beside me and not even asking where we were going.

“Do you like wine?” I asked as we turned the first corner and walked in front of a supermarket.
“Yes, I’d like wine” she says.

I had a bottle of red at home but it was corked. There was no corkscrew.

So I was going to buy a twist-capped bottle and walk her home. The only problem is everywhere was closed. The big supermarket was locked up so I walk her five minutes up to the McDonalds which has a 24/7 store…. which is closed for next thirty minutes while they cash up. The only other off licence I know is outside my apartment and already closed at 10pm.

Fuck.

Decision time. Do I suggest a drink in a bar and risk losing momentum? No. Her vibe is screaming “take me home now”. She doesn’t say so, as her style from the moment I met her was always about me leading her and choosing my moments of escalation wisely. Okay, it was an easy decision.

“I’ve got a bottle of red in my apartment.”

I’ll solve the corkscrew problem somehow, I thought. She came in, I put on some music, and she opened the wine by sticking a spoon in the cork and hammering it down into the bottle. Great. Ten minutes of tension and I make the move.

It was a smooth, easy escalation. No LMR. I had her shirt off while we sat on the sofa, then when she straddled me I picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. Smash, bang.

It was fantastic sex. She’s a gym junkie so her body is tight and hard. She grabbed me with unexpected strength, clawing and biting me. It felt like wrestling John Cena. I smashed her thoroughly, like a refugee neighbour’s windows. Then after showering she fell asleep with her head on my chest.

This girl is a lesson in **greyhoundology**. They are frequently like this:

- poised and in control of themselves
- auditioning you in your totality as a man, rather than just r-selection
- expect a controlled and skilled seduction
- usually want The Rub
- Once you get them to the “okay, he can fuck me” stage, they completely surrender and you wonder how they ever seemed so difficult.

It was a fitting finale to my 2015 Euro season. Smoking hot, smart, and totally into me. I plan to keep her around.



The smell of victory

London Daygame Buffoons #1 – Johnny Cassell

krauserpua · 19 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Time for some comic relief.

While there are many guys in London doing daygame, that does not make them ***London Daygamers*** in the sense that we are. In a seedy industry that has no barriers to entry, turning over rocks can find some very strange creepy crawlies hustling a living. Usually there's a blurring between the lines of Self Development Guru and the hard-case noobs they work with. Often I can't tell which is which.

Most of us are familiar with the hyper-documented train wreck that is Johnny Berba's ~~dating life~~ aimless wander around London streets. But did you know there's another Johnny who is ***even worse***? I introduce you to Johnny Cassell!

That video is something of a soft target as he follows the standard "hire bored models and then read awkwardly from slides" blueprint that charlatan PUAs have been doing for years. It's such a transparent piece of fronting that the only specific instance I'll bother highlighting is this:

Focus on the girls faces as they become increasingly unable to hide their disgust.

It seems mean to mock bottom-feeders. "Hey, they are just trying to get by and make a few quid helping men" you may say. Well, watch the next video. This is just shameless misrepresentation. He knows he's peddling a lie. If he was just an honest nincompoop I'd have let it slide.

0:00 – He's a dating expert for the elite, remember. So this is top-drawer game you're gonna see.
0:09 – DHV. "I was in Riga." Watch for more awkward attempts at qualifying himself.
0:18 – "… they need to catch up on their infrastructure" is a good go-to line if you feel the hook dropping and need a quick spike.
0:30 – She's all um, ok, yeah. Highly invested.
0:33 – That's the second "It's crazy"
0:40 – He'll eventually find the right James Bond posture, after trying a few dozen variations.
0:44 – Count all the rapport laughter.
1:05 – This is the best part of the set. No fidgeting, smirk, letting her talk.
1:16 – "I have to go to a meeting" is presumeably a DHV / false time constraint. Way too early.
1:19 – This false choice is a weaselly attempt to avoid hearing "no"
1:27 – She doesn't get that he's trying to take her number. He hasn't shown any intent nor moved her through the requisite stages, so it comes off so uncalibrated she doesn't even recognise it.
1:31 – This occasionally works, but rarely, and not here. She has no reason to come on an idate after such weak preamble so she's only likely to walk a few yards until she figures out a way to sneak off without confrontation.
1:36 – This is a flat-out lie, as you'll see. Which is the main reason I decided to write this post.
1:44 – Note they are now just on the other side of the arch and the conversation / vibe is no different. Obvious conclusion: there was no instant date.
1:47 – This sounds like emotional blackmail. Basically, "take pity on me"
2:00 – I imagine the main thought in her mind is "WTF is this?"
2:03 – Do you think she'd have waited until after an instant date to ask his name?
2:24 – She does seem to like the attention.
2:28 – Never ask a girl's surname on the street when taking a number. So, this is probably a Facebook brush-off.
2:51 – Another uncalibrated lunge – physical this time – without any set up
2:56 – "Have a good day" and no indication of wishing to meet.
3:05 – Apologetic laugh on opening. Don't ever do this.
3:15 – He's DLVing himself implying he's usually lacking confidence.

3:18 – Rapport laughing shows her you feel lucky just being there.
3:23 – You don't need false time constraints on a street stop. The whole point of them in Mystery Method is to put girls at ease during an ambush. That dynamic doesn't apply on a moving street stop.
3:27 – "What's the story, quickly, don't tell me too much." That's something Mystery might say four minutes into a set when he's already got the girl interested. It's madness to do such a hard qualifier on a girl that hasn't even hooked properly. Additionally, it's putting the responsibility for stacking onto her, which is unfair.
3:40 – Anybody else creeped out by that line?
3:58 – He's preventing any attempt at rapport being built. Madness.
4:09 – "How do we go about it?" So another attempt to shift the burden of leading onto her. Other than the stop, he's expecting her to lead the seduction without giving her any incentive to do so.
4:20 – This is a simple "no".
4:23 – And this is begging
4:55 – You should only argue the toss when the interaction has been good and you know she likes you. When the whole thing has been flat, she's been looking away to IOD you the whole time…. just let her go!
5:00 – More of the creepy emotional blackmail
5:22 – "an email address or something" and volunteering for friendzone is about as needy as it gets.
6:29 – "heheh, it's ridiculous" WTF?
6:39 – A mini-assumption stack. First bit of daygame for several minutes. Note how it got her talking.
6:56 – Doesn't qualify her on why he picked that girl, and then jumps to date invite without any preamble. So this set is basically "Hello. Do you like how I look? Let's get a drink. Bye." That's as extreme as filtering gets. Zero attraction, vibing or investment.
7:01 – Jesus, that's a bit strong. I thought he was gonna slap her. "Bitch! Don't tell me about yourself!"
7:16 – When a girl asks for your number instead of giving hers, it's 99% flake.
7:18 – This is a genuinely funny comeback, but then rapport laughter spoils it.
7:40 – That's 3/3 asking surnames. Creepy.
7:55 – Okay, so now he's qualified her. In a very strange way.



The TL:DR is simple – Tall, good-looking white guy creates good first impression then progressively destroys it with horrendous uncalibrated nonsensical game.

Conclusion: Buffoon.

Five Forces Analysis of Dating Market

krauserpua · 20 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

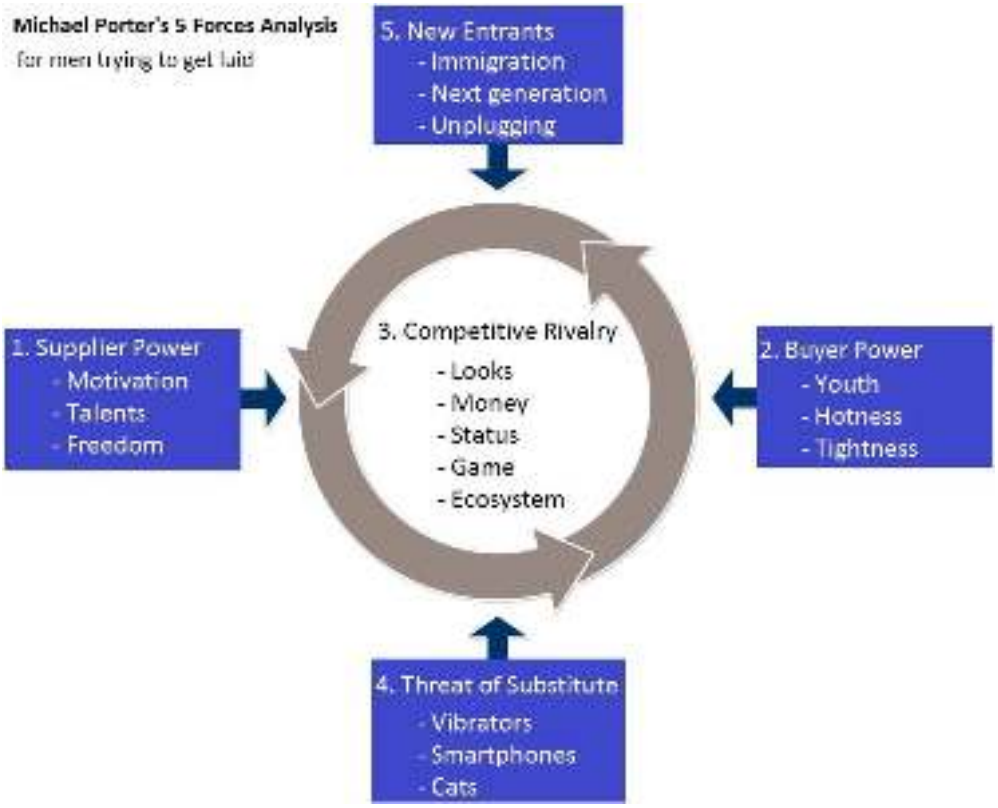
Time for some mindwank.

Back when I was receiving my professional education in business Michael Porter was all the rage on the MBA circuit for his Five Forces analysis. This was a simple tool to map out the competitive pressure in your industry so you can play to your strengths and limit weaknesses. It's also useful before enterting an industry to decide if it's worth the effort. Some industries are more lucrative than others.

For example, as I may outline in a subsequent post, I simply wouldn't recommend entering the "blogging to monetize" or "YouTube to monetize" industries unless you're exceptionally talented and are willing to keep it up even if the money never comes.

> Five Forces Analysis assumes that there are five important forces that determine competitive power in a business situation. These are:
>
> Supplier Power: Here you assess how easy it is for suppliers to drive up prices. This is driven by the number of suppliers of each key input, the uniqueness of their product or service, their strength and control over you, the cost of switching from one to another, and so on. The fewer the supplier choices you have, and the more you need suppliers' help, the more powerful your suppliers are.
>
> Buyer Power: Here you ask yourself how easy it is for buyers to drive prices down. Again, this is driven by the number of buyers, the importance of each individual buyer to your business, the cost to them of switching from your products and services to those of someone else, and so on. If you deal with few, powerful buyers, then they are often able to dictate terms to you.
>
> Competitive Rivalry: What is important here is the number and capability of your competitors. If you have many competitors, and they offer equally attractive products and services, then you'll most likely have little power in the situation, because suppliers and buyers will go elsewhere if they don't get a good deal from you. On the other hand, if no-one else can do what you do, then you can often have tremendous strength.
>
> Threat of Substitution: This is affected by the ability of your customers to find a different way of doing what you do – for example, if you supply a unique software product that automates an important process, people may substitute by doing the process manually or by outsourcing it. If substitution is easy and substitution is viable, then this weakens your power.
>
> Threat of New Entry: Power is also affected by the ability of people to enter your market. If it costs little in time or money to enter your market and compete effectively, if there are few economies of scale in place, or if you have little protection for your key technologies, then new competitors can quickly enter your market and weaken your position. If you have strong and durable barriers to entry, then you can preserve a favorable position and take fair advantage of it.

Seeing as we constantly refer to dating as a Sexual Market Place, let's first apply the model to a man entering "the game". Don't take any of this too seriously, BTW.



Supplier Power is what drives up the cost / time / effort of producing your product. Since the product in the SMP is you, this means how much control do the inputs of self-improvement have upon you. I've focused on the Game strategy – if you're going to play some variant of LMS then the supplier inputs are different. Mostly, it comes down to how much you want it (Motivation) and that ebbs and flows, can run down to zero, and you've only got so much of it depending on your temperament. Likewise different people will have different talents for the Game. Lucky men are unhindered by work, health, financial or familial liabilities and thus have the freedom to take their chances. Eddie was recently telling me of a Canadian guy who managed to separate himself from his Wall-Smashing LTR and then packed up and moved to Poland. A big move like that relies upon freedom.

Buyer Power is what the girls bring to the table to bargain with you. Men really need sex but women do too, and they hate to be alone, so that's a wash. The size of a female buyer's metaphorical wallet is her youth, beauty and bloom. The more of that they have, the better service they can demand of the men. The more such qualified customers around (i.e. a city full of YHT) the less any one of them can dictate terms to you. The one slim girl in an Alaskan oil refinery has far greater buyer power than the one of many slim girls in a Moscow nightclub.

Competitive Rivalry is every other dude trying to get laid. We players aren't running the only hustle. Female buyers will also window shop the Good Looking Guys, the Sponsors, the Celebrities, and the Lifestyle In guys. Different cities and different types of guy will have a different mix of relevant rivalries. For example, London is full of all such hustlers and has a sizeable crop of girls who will accept weak game if the rest of the hustle is good (e.g. the Instagram porta-potties are the extreme outlier of this girl). If you're wandering through the university in Poznan you'll get a different mix – not many Sponsors amongst male students.

Substitutes are things girls can do to sublimate their sexual desires without having to involve a heterosexual man. There is a wave of smartphone addiction tumbling ominously East out of the US which forces the players to focus on providing high-quality attention as a USP smartphones can't match (them being vehicles to accumulate masses of low-quality attention, aka. The Chodestream). Girls can sublimate their temporary horniness via porn and sex toys or their long-term affection needs through cat ownership. If they are really fat and ugly they can tumble into degenerate subcultures like feminism and professional careers to blunt the pain.

New Entrants are guys previously out of the game who suddenly show up. That can be literally new entrants i.e.

immigrants. I don't know a lot about Rape Game but that's a hustle muslims seem to be working hard on. LIkewise decaying social values lead to mudsharking and thus ethnics being allowed onto the battlefield (which is great for you if you're one of them). An increasing societal awareness of game and the mainstreaming of the manosphere has expanded the outreach and acceptance of the player lifestyle and thus there's an ever-refreshing crop of men trying out their first cold approaches. Lastly, there's a million new coffee drinkers born every day. Just as society churns out a new crop of 18 year olds every single year, it also churns out a new crop of men to chase them.

First day at the gym

krauserpua · 21 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Little Scott turns up for school again, early one summer morning. He's twelve years old and he likes the lessons. Only problem is every now and then one of the other boys bullies him. It's not a persistent problem but every now and then he gets pushed around and occasionally punched on the back of the head and laughed at. It could be worse. The thing is, he's sick of getting into disagreements with the other boys. Any time he speaks his mind, one of the tougher boys will start escalating it. He knows where that eventually leads – shoves, punches and kicks. So he just nips it in the bud early and avoids disagreement. It doesn't feel right, bottling that up and letting people walk over him.

He sees boxing on TV. The local star has just won the British title and is being interviewed post fight. The champ says he got into boxing because he'd been bullied at school. Something clicks in Scott's mind and he pesters his dad to let him try out at the local gym.

A week later Scott shows up with his shorts and t-shirt. He's been freaking out about it all week, nervous about jumping into something so new and scary. Yet, immediately, he loves the atmosphere. There's the incessant rattle of the speedball rapping against the board. A rhythmic swish and clatter as an amateur fighter whips the leather jump rope under his feet round after round. Even the smell of dried sweat and aging leather is good. Scott loves it.

The coach comes over, makes a bit of small talk to put the new boy at ease, then sends him to get changed. The kids class is about to start. The coach knows when a boy has come in due to bullying or a general sense of physical inadequacy. What's new to Scott is just a hundreth time for the coach. Scott looks at him with a mix of hope and trust – this coach is an experienced guy who will show him the way to toughen up. Scott's ready and willing to work as hard as he must.

The group starts the warm up, stretching off. A bit of jogging on the spot, then star jumps, press ups and squat thrusts. Scott is struggling with the latter, getting his feet mixed up and clipping his heels. The coach walks over and has a look, but doesn't offer any technical advice. He'll figure it out for himself.

"Keep it up, Scott." he encourages.

Ten minutes later they are all in front of the mirrors, shadow boxing. Some of the other kids are bobbing and weaving in a rough approximation of the older more experienced boys. Scott is ill-coordinated and doesn't really know how to stand. Most of the boys have their left foot forward but a few have their right foot out instead. What's that about?

"Don't worry about it" says the coach. "Just stand however feels best"

So Scott awkwardly pushes his hands out in front in something looking a bit like a punch and tries bobbing his head. It's a bit tough. He falls off balance a few times. He tries left foot forward, right foot forward and also standing square-on.

Another ten minutes pass and now the boys have all pulled a pair of boxing gloves out of the communal box and are each standing in front of a punch bag. The round bell rings and Scott starts cuffing his a bit, then looking around at the other boys. One of the older lads, a competitive fighter, is punching away on the top-bottom bag, swaying left and right to dodge as it springs back at him after every punch. Scott turns back to his heavy bag and tries that. It doesn't move much – it's not the same bag, after all.

"Nice one Scott" says the coach and pats him on the shoulder. "Keep it up"

Twenty minutes later the coach is pulling a couple of boys out of training and sending them into the ring to spar.

"Scott" shouts the coach. "Let's see how you look in the ring. Do you fancy a go?"

“Um, ok” Scott nervously replies.

He steps through the ropes and sees his opponent across the ring, a boy of similar size but who has obviously been training a lot longer. Scott had noticed him hitting the bag with fluid hard punches, sending it flying backwards with a meaty thwack. He’s a bit nervous.

“What should I do?” Scott asks.

The coach smiles, pats him on the shoulder again with a kind gesture.

“Don’t worry about technique. Just go be your self. Be natural.”

Ten minutes later, Scott wakes up on the table in the dressing room with a bloody nose and mild headache.

“I guess I’m not cut out for boxing” he concludes. “I’ll just put up with the shit at school.”

London Daygame Buffoons #2 – Michael Valmont

krauserpua · 27 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Are you familiar with the term "uncanny valley"? It's a term that came into use once robotics. CGI and video game graphics all became sufficiently advanced to make that leap from "obviously not human" to "kinda human-like". A quick search on Google got me this definition:

> used in reference to the phenomenon whereby a computer-generated figure or humanoid robot bearing a near-identical resemblance to a human being arouses a sense of unease or revulsion in the person viewing it

The icky feeling you get from observing a humanoid in the uncanny valley is because your brain senses it's just ***off***. It's like the disgust reflex for spoiled food or brakish water. With that in mind, let's introduce you to the Ricky Martin of London Daygame…… **Michael Valmont**.

Uncanny.

- Is it because he's wearing a suit (to look professional) while shooting a video in the stationery cupboard of his boss's office?
- Is it the smarmy smile like a used car salesman?
- Is it the over-use of hand gestures rote-learned from a How To Succeed In Public Speaking seminar?
- Is it that he describes himself as "world leading self-development and dating coach" from that same stationery cupboard?
- Is it is completely fake forced empathy and gratitude in wishing us a happy new year?
- Is it the weird facial expressions such as that flash of eye-bugging 0:23 into the video?
- Is it because he sounds like he's reciting someone else's material rather than his own?

It's all just rather *uncanny*. We know that homosexuals are characterised by infantilism, narcissism, lack of empathy and an all-round superficial fabulousness. Mr Valmont appears to give off precisely these signals, so my first thought is perhaps that uncanniness has a more interesting – shall we say *closeted* – origin. Let's check out an infield. Bear in mind he's listed this following video as a "social experiment" so it won't give us a window into his method, but rather a window into his world view and vibe.

First things first. He's a good-looking tall white dude. Therefore I'm predicting a Johnny Cassell-type response where girls will initially stop, react well, and then gradually get creeped out. Let's see.

0:08 – Okay, first set is creeped out and quickly excuses themselves.
0:13 – The music is making me want to buy a girl roses and chocolate. I feel so…… noble. It's warming my cold red-pill heart.
0:24 – His manner is like a condescending psychotherapist, like the M'kay guy in South Park. That's uncanny and she bolts.
0:50 – She really fancied him on looks alone.
1:09 – Note the weirded out look to the side. She knows she's not actually nicely dressed but she can't believe a guy that hot is talking to her so she just spins around, spazzing. That's a nice baseline to measure the impact of his looks before game is applied.
1:51 – Pedestalising and lacking sexual tension. Now, remember this is a social experiment so he's not trying to

fuck them. Nonetheless, note the vibe for comparison with the next infield below.

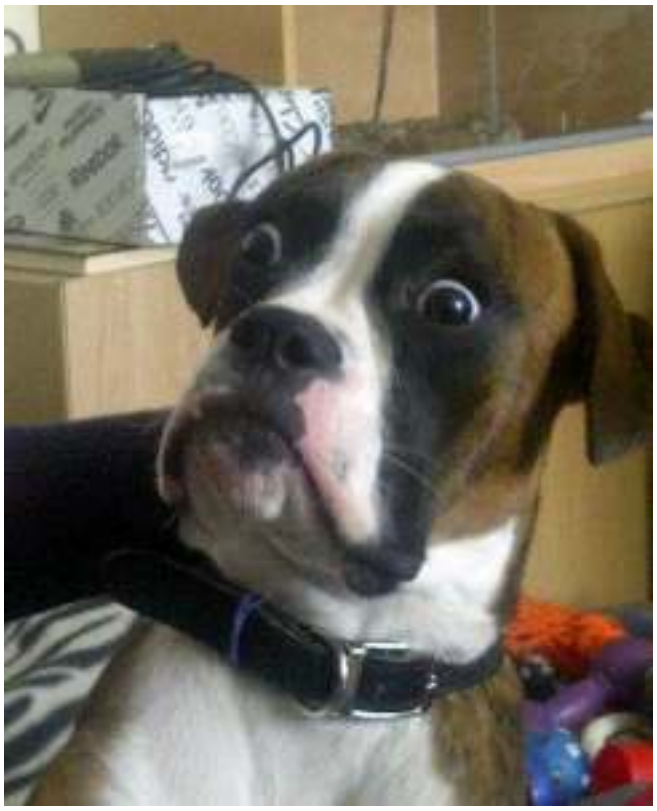
So at this point you're probably thinking what I was – *what a faggot!* His pieces-to-camera are clumsy and unconvincing and his infield work is creepy and uncalibrated. Just another purple pill charlatan ripping off other people's material then mixing it with blue pill happy thoughts and pranks for the benefit of YouTube monkeys. This shit is clogging up YouTube and presents a formidable interference smokescreen for a dedicated wannabe daygamer to find his way through. When deciding to add him to my **London Daygame Buffoons** series, that's what I thought.

However, rather than run my mouth half-cocked (I use Twitter for that!) I did my due diligence. I delved into some of his older infields and was **very much surprised**. Here's one from two years ago.

You weren't expecting *that* were you? After those god-awful recent videos it was a big surprise to find out *he's actually running a solid London Daygame Model*. Let's analyse it in detail. I have to admire textbook game, even when they're using *my* textbook uncredited.

0:13 – Good confident stop. Tap on the arm, correct distance, entitled vocal tone.
0:19 – Direct and fairly ballsy opener. She's immediately hooked. Strong yes girl. That's the power of being tall, good-looking and opening well. It's like Roger Federer smashing a strong first serve – the point is already won even if the opponent gets their racquet onto the ball.
0:25 – Further confirmation of the hook. She's stacking him. Her momentum is completely killed.
0:42 – Spotting that she doesn't really know how to stack, he takes over with one of his own. This is all technically correct so far. Nice one.
0:47 – And now some challenging to get her qualifying. Textbook. He lets her talk and holds solid body language.
1:01 – Note the excess of energy seeping out through her fidgeting. This girl is already completely sold.
1:04 – "Observational comment + Tease" straight out of **Daygame Nitro** (**Mastery** wasn't released until a few months after this video).
1:09 – He vacuums to draw her into asking a question. Again, solid LDM.
1:19 – Now he slips from vibing into investment. They are being more normal now. Attraction is done. It's enough just to spike a little from here on out.
1:37 – Gentle reframe of her job on brand identities, painting a picture with words. Solid.
1:42 – Unlike his public speaking videos, these gestures are real and appropriate. He's having fun and it's putting a nice vibe onto the girl.
1:54 – And another teasing story. So far, I like what I'm seeing. It's a technically solid set.
2:05 – Pushing back and disagreeing. LDM suggests you find at least one thing to disagree on, playfully.
2:41 – The investment is so-so. He's doing the right things but lacking a bit of the quality that he showed in the first two minutes. Still, it's adequate. You don't need to be awesome every second of the set.
3:01 – Qualifying and reframing her age. I don't think it's necessary in this set but it doesn't do any harm. Sometimes when you've learned the model, you want to run every piece of the model regardless.
3:05 – This is a very covert sexual spike. He could only be in trouble with the police if he intended on interferring with her sexually. So, clear man-woman frame rather than gay best friend.
3:15 – He should be wrapping it up now. That was her signal to get on with it. She's sold.
3:20 – He correctly reads the signal. So, no Johnny Cassell-like calibration miscues here.
3:32 – This is his first bad move of the set. Up until now it was smooth solid work. Suddenly he betrays a lack of entitlement and begins babbling and second-guessing himself. If she likes him enough she'll interpret it as Hugh Grant bumbling and think it's cute. If she's in any way on the fence, it'll guarantee a flake. I think he's going to get away with it this time.
3:46 – Mars Bars line is a good recovery.
4:11 – Correctly refuses her full name. Note how vibe is better than when Cassell was actively asking for full

names.
4:21 – “That’s too much romance for me” is also a subtle push. Solid.
4:31 – “I like that, give me a hug” ends it with a clear statement of interest so she doesn’t think he’s just being a clown.


Me, yesterday

I’ll admit it, the reason I chose to feature Michael Valmont on the blog is Eddie and I had been pissing ourselves laughing at how bad his recent videos are. We just thought *what a fucking buffoon*. I actually thought he was a closet homo shamming daygame to build a prank channel.

But no. I checked a few more of his late-2013 street stop videos and they are a similar style and quality. The dude had proper LDM skills. Okay so he’s tall and good-looking, and okay he’s not showing Y-H-T but it’s still technically solid work. The dude has clearly studied the material and gone through the grind on the street to internalise it.

Now, the big mystery is *why is he teaching all that non-technical purple pill faggotry now?* What happened to take his vibe from “quite charming” to “uncanny valley” – or is his vibe still pretty good but he just feels uncomfortable speaking directly to the camera – hence the weirdness is an artifact of shooting the videos rather than something inherent in him? Has he done an ayuhasca-addled Sasha-Marshall-Berba type disappearing up own arsehole reversal or does he still coach his students in a technical manner with actionable behaviours? Is he pandering to the purple pill crowd for the money or have I got it all wrong based on having only seen his recent prank videos?

Conclusion: Real skills, mystifying recent direction.

Opinions below. And if you’re reading this Michael, are you still running the LDM and do you coach it in technical steps ala myself and guys like Tom and Eddie? (And apologies for calling you a fag. I wanted to start the post with a strong impact to bring out my own surprise at the quality of the infields).

Gamma vs Sigma

krauserpua · 28 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers will be aware that Vox Day is the guy who introduced the categories of Gamma and Sigma into the male socio-sexual hierarchy, fleshing out the more simplistic Alpha/Beta/Omega popularised by Heartiste.

This is particularly important for daygamers due to the introversion, stubborness and obsessiveness that tends to characterise them. Put simply, many daygamers start out Gamma and then after prolonged grinding and introspection they become Sigma*. I don't think nightgame sees such obvious clusters of these personality types. Gammas are also extremely common among Sci-Fi and Fantasy fans, genres where Vox made his name as a novelist, so it's perhaps unsurprisingly that he was the first to identify the type. I thoroughly recommend you read him. So, what characterises the Gamma male? Two things, I think:

1. Feminised thinking.
2. "Secret king" delusions of grandeur.

These drive it and then all their other behaviours fall into place as you interpret then as attempts for the Gamma male to unsuccessfully reconcile them with reality. Let's break it down.

Feminised Thought
Women deal with emotions rather than facts. They are naturally solipsistic, interpreting everything through the prism of "what does this mean to *me*?" Thus they'll think if you are talking *to* them you must be talking *about* them. They'll assume if you attack their ideas in an argument you are attacking them *as a person*. Because they believe themselves to be the centre of the world, they assume everyone thinks exactly how they do and therefore women project their own priorities and motivations onto other people – if it's in *my* interests, it's in the *common* interest. Lastly, no amount of evidence can ever overturn their own personal anecdote – this is how it happened in my experience, therefore this is how it happens everywhere always.

Gamma males think like women. I suspect it's due to overly feminised upbringings such being children of a FemDom-MaleSub marriage, anti-male schooling, an early avoidance of competitive sports, and low testosterone.



“my personal term Number Farming”

Secret King
There’s a male totem-pole for almost every activity – sports, politics, money, sex. Men naturally sort themselves into hierarchies, usually based on each member’s usefulness to the group project. If you’re good at what the group is trying to accomplish you get promoted and lavished with respect. If you’re a dead weight, you’re the goalkeeper. These hierarchies are based on performance, and they require other people to comply with you. You can’t simply declare yourself high-born and slot in at the top. The other men won’t tolerate it.

Gamma males are much too precious to accept their lowly position on the totem pole. They seeth with resentment over it and look for any way at all to climb up the pole – any way except through improved performance in the group’s task, that is. This makes Gamma males a source of instability. The Alpha/Beta/Omega hierarchy is stable because all know their place and accept how ranking battles take place: Alphas make power plays, Betas ace perfromance tests, and Omegas show willingness to carry out the drudge work without bitching. Gammas cheat and scheme.

This is why so many movies use the gamma archetype as the sneaky back-stabbing social climber figure (think the treacherous vizier in the king’s court, or the jealous weasel among the group of survivors in the zombie movie). Stories require drama and gamma males are the rogue internal element that upsets a previously stable social arrangement. If the beseiging horde overruns your castle or the zombies stream through a breach in the boarded-up windows, you can bet it was the gamma who let them in because he’s jealous of the team’s alpha.

Vox has made a number of predictions about how Gammas will interact, though unfortunately he hasn’t collected them all in one place so I can’t simply link to a page. As I remember it, they include:

- Gammas will actively pick fights they can’t win against higher-ranking men. This is because the Secret King can’t accept that nobody appreciates his value but being feminised they don’t really understand how men handle conflict. Their risk assessment is faulty, like a belligerent woman screaming “you can’t hit me I’m a girl” before she’s decked on WorldStarHipHop.
- Gammas can’t back down from these fights because that means admitting defeat, which goes against the Secret King belief. Also, everything is too personal, being feminised. So rather than slink away from a beating they have to keep running their mouth and keep getting beaten up.
- Gammas will lie, spin, and employ sophistry to maintain the illusion of winning when obviously losing. The evidence doesn’t actually support the winning, so it’s avoided, but they don’t realise how transparent their defeat is.
- Gammas use the feminised debating tactic of tackle the man not the ball. They will directly insult in order to create badfeelz, because they project their own fear of badfeelz and assume their opponent is similarly wounded by it.

There’s lots more, so do check out Vox’s blog. The reason I bring it up today is I had a Twitter encounter yesterday in which a prize Gamma specimen decided to have a go at me for no reason whatsoever (cf. force of instablity). I brushed him off first time, but he wouldn’t stop. So I checked my feed and saw he’d tried it on the previous week too – totally uncalled for insults barely related to subject at hand. That got me curious so I checked his blog and saw a video of him running his mouth about being a dating expert.

My first thought on hearing him talk was “gamma”. Then I noticed the Japanese writing on the truck behind him and saw he lives in Osaka as an English teacher (the dream job of every gamma male). A bit more digging and I saw zero evidence he’s ever fucked a hot girl and his actual daygame advice seems to be “say hello and hope Asian girl has white man fetish”. Okay, let’s have some fun, I think. Here’s the full exchange. I’ve had to copy paste a bit, but if you suspect I’ve reordered or edited to push a narrative then just go directly to my Twitter feed and you’ll see the original tweets and timestamps.

NB – Gammas are always twats. It’s really hard not to instinctively hate them. Vox likes to toy with them because they

are so predictable.



TL:DR – Don't be that guy.

- Basically, these entire blog archives and also John Bodi's book Death By A Thousand Sluts

Womanizer's Bible Hits 20

krauserpua · 30 December 2015 · Archived copy · Original

They say a good novel will ask a compelling question on the first page and then delay the answer until the last page. I guess you could say I bastardised this technique when I solicited a range of compelling questions back in April this year and have now delayed answering them until the last week of the year.

I didn't expect to keep going with the podcasts but I've realised that I simply enjoy running my mouth so much that I want to do it as much as possible while there's still people willing to listen to me. So, click on the video below for a one-hour Q&A roundup. Specifically, I address:

- How to adjust LDM for North American girls;
- How can the typical working stiff organise Euro Jaunts;
- The top three Euro Jaunt cities;
- How to deal with girls who want a relationship;
- Should you date a slut.

So I think I can take a bow after a hard year of chuntering on. Those of you who subscribe to my YouTube channel will have free access to over fifteen hours of content on these shows:

#1 – From Intermediate To Advanced Game

#2 – The Balance Between Nice Guy And Bad Boy

#3 – The Solo Daygame Mindset

#4 – Overcoming Princess Behaviour

#5 – How To Catch The Teenage Virgin

#6 – Feel Entitled To Younger, Hotter, Tighter

#7 – How To Do Real Bouncebacks

#8 – Vibe Protection

#9 – Minor Tweaks, Maximum Effect

#10 – The Euro Traveller Lifestyle

#11 – How To Take Anal Virginity

#12 – The Bookish Introvert Virgin Girl

#13 – The r/K Wilderness

#14 – A Year In Euro Jaunt Daygame

#15 – Regeneration

#16 – Breaking Gamma Habits

#17 – An Audience With Goldmund 1/2

#18 – Play Or Be Played?

#19 – An Audience With Goldmund 2/2

#20 – Questions And Answers Round-Up

My 2015 Daygame Stats

krauserpua · 2 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

(similar posts showing my stats in prior years: 2013 and 2014)

If there was a word to summarise my year it would be ***burnout***. Finally, after a little over six years in the game, I have lost my love for it. Or at least, I've experienced frequent periods of losing the love to balance out other periods where I was still 100% let-me-at-'em.





It was either one or the other all year

Let's have a look at my measurable stats for the year. As usual, only the lays are certain and everything else is an estimate. The opens could be as high as 750, I just wasn't counting.

- Opens: 670 (Prague 160, Zagreb 40, Warsaw 150, Riga 50, Belgrade 120, Kiev 150)
- Numbers: 167
- Dates: 50
- Lays: 15*

That's pretty weak, right? As with most things in social research it all depends how you count it. Stats are not objective facts anymore than the smell of a hotdog or the pattern of clouds in the sky are facts. Any time someone gives you a statistic what they are telling you is: ***somebody, somewhere, counted something***. Let's look at mine starting with the single biggest driver: the amount of time I spent on the road.

- 2014: Six months / 26 weeks / 7 trips / 5 cities
- 2015: Four months / 18 weeks / 8 trips / 8 cities

Let's also factor in how much time I was in any given city each trip:

- 2014: Minimum 3 weeks, maximum 6 weeks. Average approx one month.
- 2015: Minimum 2 days, maximum 3 weeks. Average approx ten days.

So from a position of statistical inference **the biggest impact on my game was logisitics**. Whereas in 2014 I'd been rolling up to a city and living there for a month, in 2015 I was hitting multiple cities for short bursts and then not returning for several months. This had the combined effect that I had a less total amount of time on the road, and considerably less time per trip to try to close out my leads. As we'll see that was a decisive influence on both my results and on the style of game I employed.

Keen notch-hunters will probably ask: *why did you set up a travel routine that's obviously going to hobble your results?* Well, **burnout**…… Before getting into the other major stat, let's break down the results of the girls I did

actually bang.

- SDL: 3
- SNL: 1
- First date lay: 4
- Second date lay: 5
- Third or later: 1
- Long game: 1

Unlike prior years I had a clear bias towards moving fast, as you'd expect from my smash'n'grab travel pattern. All of them were in the same country we met and all but two (the long game lay in Belgrade, a second date lay in Prague) were on the same trip we met.

- Youngest: 17
- Oldest: 27
- Average: 22 (an 18 year difference)

While the final notch count was weak, I most definitely made progress on the YHT scale by pushing my average age down a couple of years and also the overall quality was pretty high. The *oldest* bird I had sex with was **thirteen years younger** than me, an SDL with a Russian blonde in Prague. For a bunch of them I was older than their own mother.

There were only two 6s and both of those were fast lays that make great stories (the first being a one-hour Tinder lay in Krakow where I spoke exclusively about Dark Souls and Dead Rising before saying "I don't want to see you again, but if you want to come home to fuck, I'd quite like that" for the extraction, the second being a 30-minute SDL of a Warsaw 18yr old who I rawdogged then did in the ass). There were five teenagers and I'd say seven of the girls would be considered legit 8s by the PUA Adjudication Committee. No 9s, unfortunately. Still, the highlights were very high.

- Slavic: 8 (Ukranian 4, Russian 2, Latvian 1, Belorussian 1)
- Balkan: 3 (Serbian 2, Hungarian 1)
- Central Europe: 4 (Polish 2, Czech 1, Slovak 1)

This is a simple case of where I was travelling and what kind of girl I like. Central European girls are pretty dirty but also not especially hot. As I ventured further East into the FSU it was tougher to score but the quality was much better.

- Virgin: 0
- 1 or 2 men before me: 2
- 3 to 10 men: 4
- More than 10: 1
- Didn't ask / didn't tell: 8

Now we'll get to the second major influence upon my overall results. Take a deep breath and prepare yourself for this number……

- Near misses: 22

Yes. With **twenty-two different girls** I had a girl hot, horny, up for it and yet just didn't manage to get my dick into her. The reasons were varied: Two virgins were too tight to squeeze my dick in. Another virgin let me get it halfway in then freaked out (that was a 20yr old almost-SDL thirty minutes after approach). Another virgin was wanking me off in the lobby of my apartment building but refused to come upstairs. Another virgin was on my sofa

with her breasts in my mouth when she got LMR (that would've been a one-hour SDL of an 18 year old who admitted she hadn't even kissed a boy before). There was also a 17 year old Ukranian virgin who was grinding me on my bed on the first date but wouldn't take her jeans off, and then when I went back to Kiev she'd gotten a boyfriend and wouldn't even kiss on the next date.

Just typing that above paragraph brings tears to my eyes. That's six near misses *just with virgins*, the oldest of whom was twenty years old. Imagine getting so close so many times and then nothing.

- Failure due to LMR at sex location: 19
- Failure due to unexpected outside forces: 2
- Failure due to logistical errors: 1

It's simply unbelievable how many women were in my bed or on my sofa and just wouldn't fuck. The funny thing is it wasn't due to me suddenly losing my ability to close, but actually the reverse. I was pulling girls so fast that they were getting to the hand-on-dick-in-sex-location stage much faster than they could handle.

Slow down, take a number, get them on another date you say?

I think at least half of these near misses would've been flaky numbers had I just run the street game and walked off with her digits. Instead, I blew up the love bubble, played a momentum game, expertly chose my moments to escalate and lead, and then *almos*t took them at the flood. It was an exercise in creating something out of nothing. Like almost building an atomic bomb from a disposable lighter and a rolled-up newspaper.

But oh my fucking god was it ***frustrating!*** Still, we live and learn. I've become so used to near misses now that they barely phase me. I've had that rollercoaster ride and it's familiar to the point of boredom.

I'll do another post going into the psychological reasons why I kept sabotaging my own game in an attempt to amuse myself and retain interest while struggling with periodic burnout. But for now, those are the stats. Make of them what you will.

** There were also 8 repeat girls from prior years, but they don't count towards the score.*

The Player's Journey Blog

krauserpua · 4 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not a big fan of New Year's resolutions. It took me a long time to figure out why and I think the answer is I prefer to just press on with a plan, doing more-or-less the right things day after day. I'd form a habit and keep it up than write lists on Post-It notes. If I sometimes welched and took it easy then so be it – humans are not robots and sometimes we need time off to restore balance and enthusiasm.

That said, the New Year is a good time to take stock of your life and flip the hard reset button so you can initiate new plans. Most of you have probably already bought your gym memberships, jogging shoes, and copy of Daygame Overkill. Good luck!

One recommendation I do have for aspiring daygamers is to start a **Player's Journey** blog. They are free to do on WordPress and really simple. Just open the brower-based wordpad and type away. Have a look on Google Images for a photo of a hot bird to stick at the top of each post. Done. Sorted.



Done and sorted, yesterday

If you're not interested in writing, then don't bother at all. This post will give a little advice to those of you with an itch to write. If you're not feeling that itch, don't force yourself into doing something you have no love for. Save that limited pool of self-discipline for your actual real-life cold approaching. But, assuming you're gonna write…… let's start with simple set-up.

THE PLATFORM

1. Use WordPress
Spoogle's Blogger platform is ugly and unwieldy. WordPress is extremely user friendly and all the default free themes and hosting work just fine in the beginning. You can get your own domain name and hosting later if you decide to keep on blogging. Don't pay anyone a penny in the first few months until you've found your feet. This is a hobby not a business.

2. Be anonymous

Choose a PUA name and set up completely separate Gmail and WordPress accounts. It may surprise you that my comments queue often shows the real email account the reader logged in under, and if I copy-paste that into Facebook or Linked In then I know exactly who they are, where they live, and who their employer is. I don't care but there's always a snidey hater out there somewhere who can use that to make trouble for you*. So put up a firewall.

3. Lock it
For the first month or so it's probably best to keep the blog private while you find your feet. You may decide to keep it permanently private – like Tom did – or open it up later – like I did.

4. Have fun
Go onto fiverr.com and hire a logo designer to give you a $5 brand logo and another to give you a $5 banner for the top of the blog**. It's dumb but its easy and good for lulz. If you're stuck for ideas just take photos with your camera phone when you're in a supermarket, record store or games store. Send that logo to the designer and say "like this but [colours] and [text]"

Okay then, so you're sitting on a new blog and the page is blank, waiting for My First Post. What the hell are you going to write about?

THE CONTENT

Mike Cernovich has an excellent post on how to create a compelling blog. Put simply, his formula is: (i) talk about a problem you had (ii) talk about how you overcame it (iii) tell the reader what you've learned that can help them do the same.

The Player's Journey naturally fits this pattern because the **problem** is getting laid, the **solution** is game, and the **advice** is your specific routines or mindsets. But let's break it down further:

Every idea, experience or opinion you ever have can be:

- broken down fractally into additional ideas, experiences and opinions
- expanded horizontally to wash over other topics to which the same principles apply, i.e. mindwank
- expanded vertically into further minute detail, i.e. a deep dive
- described both literally & evidentially, and also figuratively & symbolically.


Symbolism, yesterday

What this means to the daygame blogger is he has an unlimited number of things to write about. Unlike the normal non-fiction blogger we also have another never-ending content generator: *your experience on the streets.*

Every time you step onto the streets you create content a story: If you cold approach then each set is the story. If you weasel out and spend the afternoon eating Haribo while crying in a back alley that's also ~~a potential story~~ a full length book. Even if you stay home that day and read a book – that's still a story if you follow Mike's formula. For as long as you're "in the game" you'll have things to write about.

THE STYLE

There is one reason – and only one – why readers will return to your blog and eventually become a loyal following. This reason is AUTHENTICITY.

If you're planning the blog to monetise it as your location-independent income then give up now. It won't happen. I've been blogging since 2009 (I may have even been the first consistent daygame blogger – I'm not sure), I succeeded on the street, I co-invented the method, I wrote five books, and I'm a pretty good writer too. Despite all these things in my favour, I'll always be able to make far more $$$ from my real career than from blogging. Daygame is simply too niche to make anyone rich.

What's your sales proposition? "Nick Krauser without the originality or talent"

Nobody wants to read your **5 Ways To Open In A Supermarket** or **How To Think Like James Bond**. There are better-established and more talented guys out there already trying to push that shit and they don't make much money either. Pretty much the only way to make money in that style is the **Return Of Kings** way: Leverage an already really big platform and then troll mentally unstable fringe elements for hate-clicks, positioning yourself as the crusader for justice that all the perma-angry lost boys can look up to.

Daygame will never be big enough for those banner ads to make you money. You have to go after feminists or write angry reviews about the new Star Wars movie. Waste of time. So, give it up. Blogging is not about income. I'll finish this post with what I consider good reasons to blog.



Do you want to troll these people for clicks?

So, lets get back to authenticity. Given that you're not trying to impress people with your mad skillz in order to sell coaching, what ***are*** you trying to do?

The goal of every player's journey blog should be to ***authentically*** *and* ***sincerely*** *reflect your experience of the streets and what you think about it.*

Your blog will take the reader through all the postives: the wide-eyed hope of taking control of your dating life, the excitement of taking the first pretty girl's number, the camaraderie of meeting other players and sinking into the Secret Society, the sense of achievement from pushing against adversity week after week. It will also cover the negatives: the misery of ten consecutive blowouts, the frustration of a last-gasp failure in the bedroom, the self-doubt and isolation as you drop out of the matrix.

Your blog will be compelling because you are re-creating the emotional rollercoaster that you live day after day. Some readers will be pulled in as voyeurs peeking at a life less ordinary. Other readers will be fellow travellers who want to compare their experiences to yours. This only works if you're AUTHENTIC and SINCERE.

Drop those "5 things you didn't know about…." posts. Tell your real experiences. Follow Mike's formula.



Liberte, egalitaire, and rapid escalation

THE CLASSIC STYLE

There is a writing style developed in France by Descartes*** called “the classic style”. It’s essentially an invisible style because every good writer uses it. It’s like Call of Duty’s “aim down sights” mechanic – it’s simply the way things are done and it doesn’t cross your mind it had to be invented and was once a brand new mechanic associated with one particular franchise.

Steve Sailer explains the style better than me here including this money quote from Pinker:

> The guiding metaphor of classic style is seeing the world. The writer can see something that the reader has not yet noticed, and he orients the reader so she can see for herself. The purpose of writing is presentation, and its motive is disinterested truth. It succeeds when it aligns language with truth, the proof of success being clarity and simplicity. The truth can be known and is not the same as the language that reveals it; prose is a window onto the world. The writer knows the truth before putting it into words; he is not using the occasion of writing to sort out what he thinks. The writer and the reader are equals: The reader can recognize the truth when she sees it, as long as she is given an unobstructed view. And the process of directing the reader’s gaze takes the form of a conversation.

The key take-away is **stop second-guessing yourself** and **stop going all “meta” in your writing**. Speak plainly and directly, like you are telling a story to your friends in the pub (for field reports) or explaining your opinion in a discussion (for theory pieces). Assume you’re the expert and the reader is an intelligent layman, then make an AUTHENTIC and SINCERE attempt to convey the information.

If you start posturing, you’re done. In the beginning you can’t help but posture and grandstand but we’ll get to that another time. It’s okay, it comes with the territory when you write about Game because you’ll often slip into “aspirational writing” as you use your blog to try to game yourself into higher peformance. But try to restrain your ego.

THE EXPERTISE

“But Nick, I’m a noob not an expert. I barely understand daygame. Why would anyone listen to me?”

You are the expert of your own experience. Nobody in the world can relate the truth of your experience better than you can. I remember a time when I was seven years old and I fell out of a tree on the hill next to my junior school. There were many expert tree-climbing boys in my school who could've better advised you on the correct way to climb that tree. However none of them could better relate my particular story of falling out of this particular tree. I could tell a great story about how I felt on ascent and then again on my rather speedier descent.

I'd rather read an authentic and sincere field report about blowouts than a posturing grandstanding puff piece about a same day lay. Most readers would.

WHY WRITE?

From the beginning of this post I assumed you have an interest in writing. That's ultimately what will push you one way or the other. If you do begin a Players Journey blog, you'll quite likely notice that within six months most of the following benefits accrue to you:

- **Accountability:** You never truly understand something until you try to explain it in writing (Daygame Mastery taught me that above eveything else). By practicising the discipline of coming home after a session (daygame, reading, gym, whatever) and then organising your thoughts into a blogpost, you will be training yourself to take responsibilty. That's a universally attractive masculine trait.
- **Purpose:** It's sometimes easy to lose your way along the journey, finding yourself spinning your wheels. The blog gives you forward direction as a mini-project. You get to potter on your virtual allotment to keep your mind turning, and you'll often force yourself onto the street just so you have something to write about. The blog becomes your wing, egging you on.
- **Storytelling:** A key skill in cold approach pick up is to spontaneously generate observations, mythologies and stories from the very beginning all the way through the date and relationship. Your blog is practice for that.
- **Self Awareness:** The blog encourages you to introspect about your motivations, techniques and results so that you can better identify problems and trends. It encourages that observing ego that stands outside of you, looking in. That helps maintain a forward direction when everything else around you is a whirlwind.
- **Comaraderie:** In the beginning no-one reads you but the blog helps you take on the identity of "player" or "daygamer" which helps overcome the awkwardness you feel with the old chode identity you're trying to shed. Later you'll draw comments and these guys will help you feel part of something larger than yourself.
- **Contacts:** Your blog will function like an online resume for potential wings. Even guys like Bodi – whose blog is mostly a repository of misery and disappointment – can leverage it to arrange meet-ups with guys on the other side of the world who read him. If you write with authenticity and sincerity, people will want to hang out with you. No longer will you suffer the horror of an LSS forum meet-up.
- **Thinking Out Loud:** One exercise I recommend noobs do is sit in a cafe and look at the girls walking by. Make an assumption stack and mythology for each girl. Keep drilling until you can immediately generate the first thirty seconds of a set for any girl you see (my Black Book video goes into detail on this drill, including many examples). Your blog will also work this way as you think aloud in your posts as you grapple with ideas and try to work your way through them. Any of my readers who browses back to earlier years will be able to trace how the ideas were formulated.
- **Your Memoir:** You don't have to be so vain as to write an actual memoir. However just as teenage girls like to keep diaries charting their progression from ponies to One Direction to Lemmy Kilmister we players chart our own progression. It's pleasant to look back on where you were and what you used to think, then shake your head thinking "what a silly boy."

Writing a blog is a labour of love. If any of you do get it going, I wish you luck. A few months from now I'll do a round-up of player's journey blogs. So, if you start now and follow this advice you can be sure you'll at least get announced to the world a few months from now and get some readers.

** If your blog gains a little traction you'll certainly attract marauding gammas. They roam the internet looking for*

bloggers they can attach to and then start reframing them, making them feel bad, and pull them into their reality-weave. It's a little like how every second hand bookstore is a magnet for crazy homeless people. Be ruthless in banning them.

*** And before you ask – no, my banner wasn't $5 you cheeky cunts.*

**** French social theory may be the worst in the world but their 19th century writers, such as Dumas, were frequently fantastic.*

The Text Clinic Is In Session

krauserpua · 7 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A standard tool in the daygamer's arsenal is the Photo Reply. You'll be swapping WhatsApp messages and an opportunity presents itself for a solid tingle-inducing retort. Wouldn't it be nice if you had some go-to photos to drop in those occasions where Google Images isn't returning the right stuff from your search?

Ok, let's consider some situations and the correct picture to send. I've used all of these pictures over the past month, though some are old favourites rather than new entrants * Bear in mind each one of these pictures is a *separate chat* – you're not supposed to unload them all onto the poor girl.

1. **Seasonal Greetings**

You: Merry Christmas!

Her: Merry Christmas! How was your day?

You:



You: Hey fancypants I played Santa at a Christmas party today!

Her: Wow! Really???

You:



2. How's Your Day?

Her: Good morning!! How are you today?

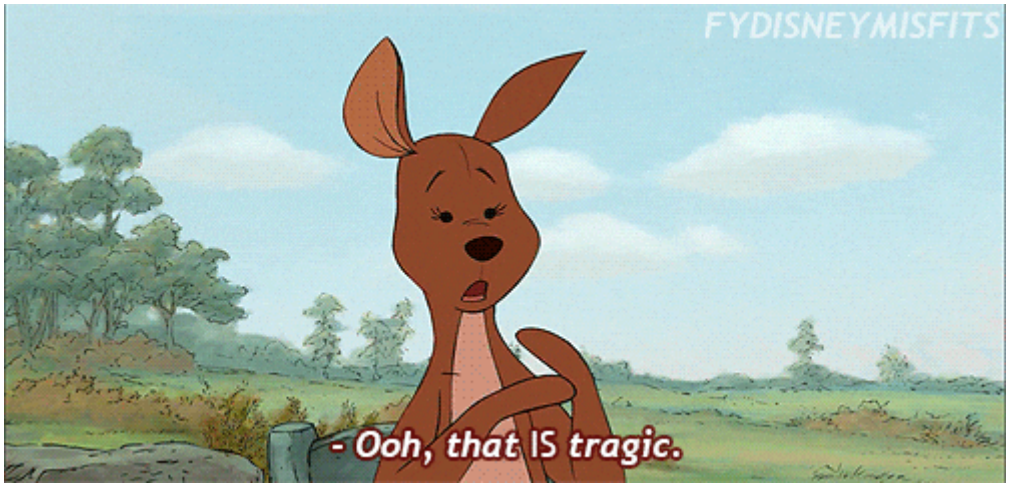
You: I think I'm ill.



You: Eating porridge and drinking cocoa. Living the dream! How are you?

Her: I had a bad day

You:



3. Irreverent Nonsense

You: I've been reading all about dinosaurs today. They are daaaaaaaangerous :O

Her: Haha, what?

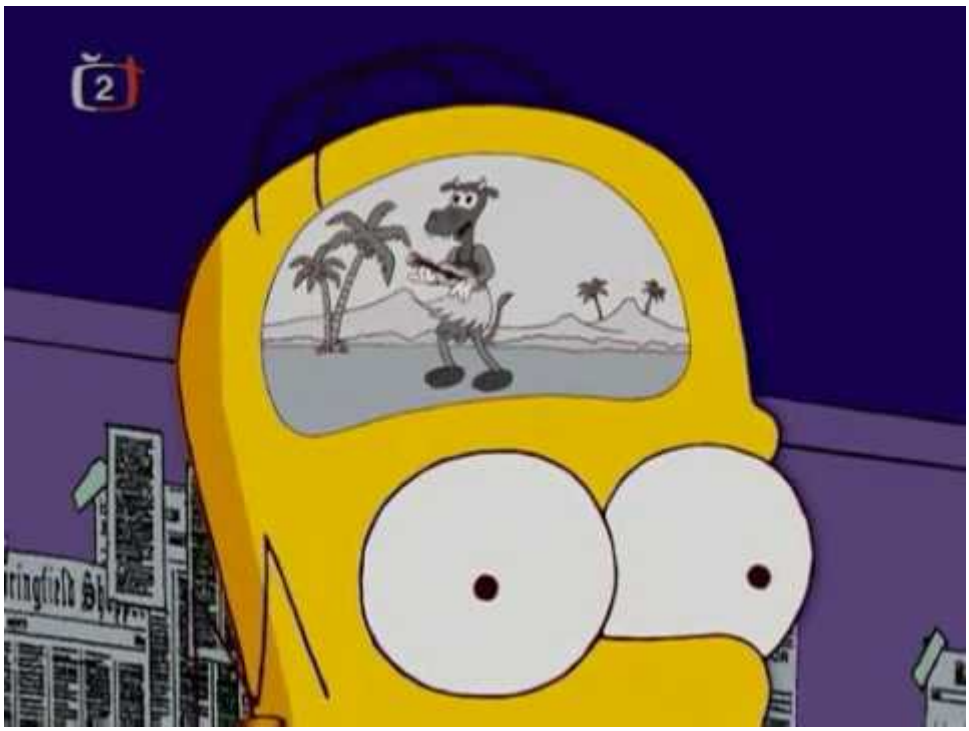
You:



You: I had to go to the hospital today for a brain scan.

Her: Oh no! [image] Is it serious?

You: Yes, the doctors are very worried about my brain. It looks like this….



4. She scolds you

Her: Now I'm angry! You shouldn't say that.

You: You mad bro?



You: Send me a photo

Her: No!

You:

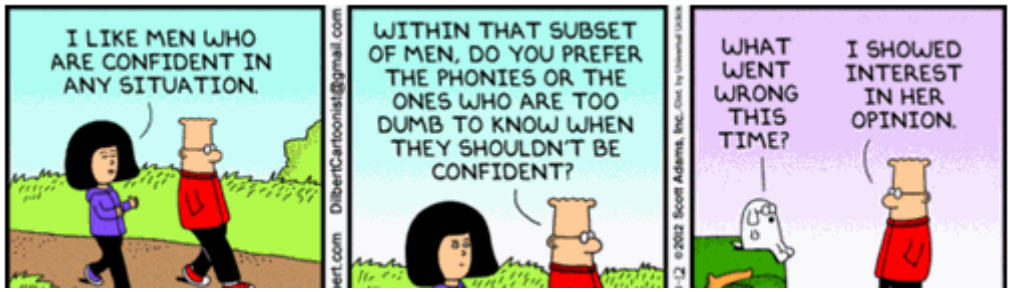


** I'd give you screencaps of them in use on my Whatsapp but I just can't be bothered to scroll back through all my chats. This is meant to be a fast post.*

Scott Adams and his Master Seducer / Persuader series

krauserpua · 11 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I've just started reading Scott ~~Dilbert's~~ Adams' blog and in particular his **Master Persuader** series on **Donald Trump** (h/t Mike at Danger&Play). Each time I read a post I start transposing words like a find/place bot swapping "Trump" for "the player" and "voter" for "girl". That in itself was interesting because I've found this is a general habit for me. Every time I learn something new my mind tries to find a game lesson in it.



But let's stick with ~~Dilbert~~ Adams. First allow me to quote him at length.

> "Have you ever been listening to Donald Trump speaking, or reading one of his quotes, and found yourself laughing out loud?
>
> Maybe you think he has a good sense of humor and he says funny stuff. Maybe you think he is so shocking that you laugh out of social horror. Maybe you love how he pokes your political enemies. If you are not a Trump fan, maybe you think you are laughing **at** him, or laughing out of disgust, or out of certainty he will be dooming himself this time for sure.
>
> It's a tell for persuasion. You laugh at Trump because you feel the persuasion, on a subconscious level, and not because anything was especially funny.
>
> When I learned hypnosis, the instructor taught us that subjects often laugh during an induction."
>
> Laughter is a tell for persuasion. A causeless laugh means you got persuaded to the point where it challenged some long-held truth in your mind. The laugh is an automatic reflex in that situation."

People often tell me that making girls laugh isn't seductive: *"bro, you're not a comedian"*. If you're on a nightclub dancefloor grinding a drunk horny girl, I'll agree. If you're on a street stop or first date with a girl then I most certainly disagree.

Game is about persuading the girl to sleep with you. That's the very essence of dealing with Maybe Girls. Note that "persuasion" is not the same as wheedling, begging, imploring or logic-ing. You are attracting a girl's **attention**, getting her **interested**, then persuading her to reach a **decision** that leads to **action**. It's the AIDA model from sales. When you lay a cocky tease on a girl early in the set she laughs. It's not a ha-ha laugh, it's more like a "I'm can't believe you just said that" laugh that crackles with sexual tension. The better your sexual vibe the more she'll produce illogical giggles and laughs as an exhaust pipe for her growing sexual interest.

The girl is feeling persuasion. She senses her increasing sexual attraction towards you and can't help laughing to cope with the tension. Look for it. It means you're winning.



It's not his money that makes him alpha

Let's try another one of Adams' posts from the series:

> "I can't stop laughing about Trump's Iowa reframing. You probably heard about it. The setup goes like this:
>
> – Trump was trailing Cruz in Iowa polls.
> – Trump taunted an Iowa audience with "You have not picked a lot of winners."
> – The media reported Trump's taunts.
>
> And the very next poll showed Trump slightly atop Cruz. The trap that Trump set for Iowa is that they can either vote for him – in which case he wins – or they can vote for Cruz and prove he was right about Iowa having a bad track record. Then, say the polls, he will go on to win New Hampshire.
>
> What you think you see is Trump telling people they should vote for him. In the 2D world, he is simply using different language to say what all politicians say. But in the 3D world of persuasion Trump just created a situation in which…wait for it… Iowans are **voting on their own intelligence**. That's an **identity** play. You should recognize it by now as the strongest form of persuasion.
>
> Here's what does NOT work: "Look at my awesome policies."
> Here's what DOES work: "Smart people vote **this way**."

This is exactly what we do when we're reframing the girl on the good girl / bad girl spectrum. We are inviting her to position herself as either:

- The bad girl who has to pretend to be a good girl, but we both know better, nudge wink
- The good girl who has a bad girl inside her trying to get out

Both positions increase the likelihood of fast sex. This is the "Iowa picking a winner" position. The alternative is for her to be one of those boring good girls just like everyone else – the "Iowa having a bad track record position". We are making an **identity play** on her wish to be different from all those other girls.

So we cold read the girl and reframe the adventure sex option. "You look like a kitten on the outside but there's a tiger inside". "I get the feeling you are more adventurous than you look". "Look at that [item of clothing]. You almost convinced me you were a good girl until I noticed that."

There's a segment in Daygame Overkill all about how to do this and why. Like Adams says, it's an identity play. You aren't convincing her that you're a logical (i.e. high SMV) alliance to make. You're persuading her on the basis that she's a bit special and likes adventure. Then you provide her with a safe outlet to pursue it (you).

> "When you hear mentions of Trump as a good front-runner it means – to borrow a phrase from the world of investing – we are on the brink of "capitulation." That's the point where everyone just stops resisting the idea of a President Trump and starts adjusting to the reality of it."

A girl might resist this positioning but if you keep reframing her you'll often feel that moment of capitulation arrive. She decides she's gonna do that one crazy thing after all. She's capitulated to the idea of being in your bed and starts adjusting to the reality of it. YOLO.

Add together the two ~~Dilbert~~ Adams' concepts and you get why the **Daygame Overkill** style fractionates between the highly sexual bad boy and the charmingly polite gentleman. We need the smarts to verbally convey the reframing and as the likeability cover for the outrageous pushes and pulls that make her laugh.

My winter writing hibernation

krauserpua · 28 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers with a firm grasp of past-present-future will be aware that I haven't posted here in over two weeks. This after a rash of new posts too. What's up? Allow me to explain.

The Euro-Jaunt season for me begins in earnest in April – because that's when the weather becomes agreeable – and then wraps up in October. Usually I want to squeeze a little more juice out of the lemon so I may do a short trip in the month either side of this window. Only masochists travel to the continent over winter. I much prefer hibernation. Every player needs an off-season so you might as well take it during the coldest months.

In 2012 and 2013 I did try to avoid winter entirely by travelling to the southern hemisphere but that proved to be fools gold. The women are a substantial downgrade from Europe, the men are low quality to hang out with, and the countries are – frankly – shit. I tried Brazil, Mexico, Cuba and Thailand. Except for the pre-existing friends I got to travel with, all were shit.

In addition to wishing I was back in Europe with civilised people and slim pretty women, I also noticed I wasn't benefiting from an off-season to recharge my batteries. So I gave up the Tim Ferris freedom porn dream. Wintering in the southern hemisphere doesn't suit someone of my tastes. I've got friends who love beaches, scuba, hostels and mediocre women – more power to them, but not for me.

There's another reason I hibernate that is entirely business-related. When I'm in Europe I'm *constantly thinking about women*. I simply cannot focus on anything else. At a push, I can focus long enough to write a 1,000 word blogpost. But a product? Or a book? No chance.

Hibernation is the time that I'm free of distractions. I can potter about all day like a senile old man on his gardening allotment. That's the time I catch up on my work and get stuff done. Here's a typical day for me this winter.

- **11am –** Wake up. Put on my dressing gown then walk downstairs to brew a pot of coffee. Sit in a chair next to the radiator while I check my messages, Facebook, and favourite blogs.
- **Noon –** After two cups of coffee, I dress in cheap training gear and walk down to the gym. Including stretching and walking each way, that's a bit over an hour out the house.
- **1pm –** Microwave a Pot O'Gold pre-prepared rice/chicken meal bought from the gym. Have a shower. Get properly dressed.
- **2pm –** Walk to the Costa Cafe in the hospital grounds near my house. Buy a latte, plug in my laptop and tinker away with any business admin, a new vanity project I'm doing. Maybe troll Twitter for a while.
- **3pm –** Start work on the book I'm writing. After four hours or so I'll have written another chapter. That's my target – one chapter a day.
- **8pm –** The cafe closes so I'll close my laptop (or my paperback novel if I did that instead). Walk home, turn on my gaming PC and then spend the rest of the evening switching between video games, TV, internet and arguing with my mother.

Living the dream!



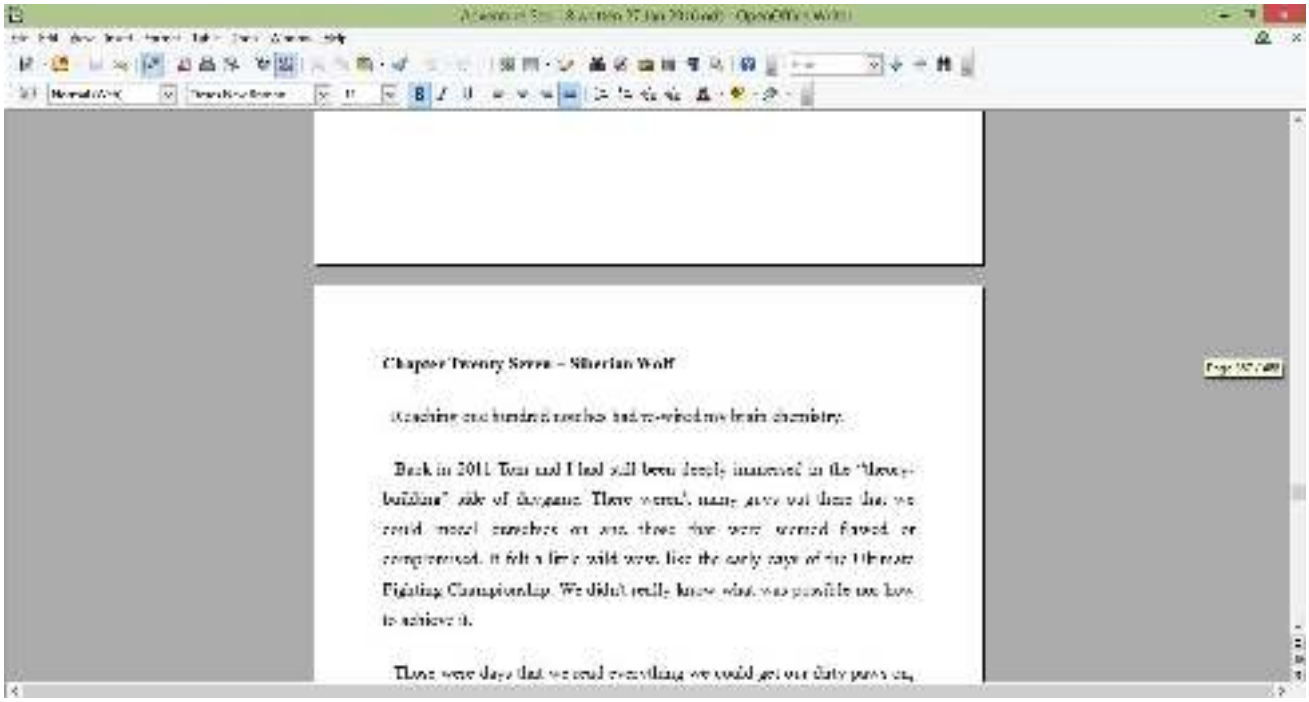
Hard at work on the quadrilogy, yesterday

This is all a rather long-winded way to bring you to my main point. The reason I'm not blogging much this month is I'm working on my next book, which is volume four of the memoir*. I dictated all the stories into my audio recorder back in December 2014 while the year's adventure was still fresh in my mind. A transcriber girl turned that into a 200k-word transcript which I then worked with an editor to reduce down to a 100k first draft that was a publishable manuscript.

Thing is, I wasn't happy to just have a normal book. I want it to be *really good*. I'll only write my memoir once so I want to get it right first time and I've found that "becoming a proper writer" is a good little mission for me. So after being completely distracted by 2015's Euro Jaunt, the manuscript was gathering figurative dust on my figurative book shelf on my laptop hard drive. I figuratively dusted it off in December and started the laborious process of re-writing the manuscript from the beginning.

As of this moment, I've completed the rewrite up to chapter 27 of 39*****. It's looking good. Way better literary quality than **Balls Deep**. Total wordcount just passed 140k words and I expect the final version to be 150k (is it a coincidence that both **Daygame Mastery** and **Primal Seduction** were also 150k words?)***

At a chapter per day, I'll be finished in two weeks. That's when my blogging ought to pick up steam again**



488 pages. Fuck.

Don't get too excited about seeing **Adventure Sex** (working title) any time soon. Finishing the manuscript is simply the big scary milestone. It's not the end. The next step is to begin instructing all my contractors – line editor, caricature artist, layout designer, cover artist – and having a few friends provide holistic feedback. Then there's the tedious process of fixing typos and errors, then test prints and ……. oh fucking hell why do I bother for a book that I know won't make any money?

Vanity is a powerful motivating force.

It's generally accepted that if you blog three posts per week of original content (i.e. not just the "link & comment" tosh which most guys do) with each post around 1,000 words then you are a very active blogger.

Thus calculated, my book contains the content of a full year's active blogging. That's in addition to the actual blog. And the podcasts.

It's something of a strategic risk to devote so much time to writing a book when I could put that energy into expanding my YouTube channel, or posting up theory pieces on my blog, or doing a new technique manual, or writing posts about Donald Trump, Ronda Rousey, Kanye West or whoever else is the link&comment flavour of the month.

The thing is, I don't like to focus my energy on ephemeral content. Think how many blog posts you've read in the manosphere that are completely forgetable. There is a growing literature in the manosphere / PUA sphere that goes beyond throwaway "How to be alpha" ebooks. **I want to write books that stand the test of time**.****

The feedback over the years has been that my readers are pretty high-brow. They are smart guys who like to read original content, guys who are resistant to lightweight link pieces or generic "Five ways to…." clickbait lists. My readers don't flit from flower to flower nor do they have the memory of a goldfish. I figure you guys are happy to just wait for good content and then read it when it's ready.

So I'm working hard to deliver you 150k words of quality storytelling that is loaded with technical advice. It will use narrative to draw you into a state that allows your mind to absorb the lessons without it feeling like homework.

I'll post up a book extract in a couple of days to whet your appetite.

** There'll be another post on why I've written the memoir out of sequence*

*** If you're craving regular winter daygame content you could do worse that to check out some of the newer player's journey blogs: City Daygame, The Pursuit Of Women, The Alpha Teacher, TD Daygame, Numbnuts McNumpty – These are all guys I've met and who do real, consistent daygame in the LDM style.*

**** There's still a hack on my SigmaWolf website that shows a pop-up trying to get you to click onto spam sites. **Don't click on them**! The checkout is still secure, so don't worry about getting ripped off. I'm working on a fix but it's a pretty bad infestation.*

***** With this in mind, that's why I was happy to spend five days writing feedback to Tom on his new textbook a week ago.*

****** In the four hours since posting this up, I've done another 4,288 words to bring it up to chapter 28 and current wordcount of 141,270. Go me!*

Male Power Complex – The Blue Pill

krauserpua · 30 January 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Irony can be quite ironic at times.

I was minding my own business at the seaside market today. I'd gone along to have coffee with my brother and pick up a series of nice retro Agatha Christie book club editions. Sitting myself down in a leather chair by the fire of my favourite pub, I pressed on with light reading. Bliss.

An hour later the coffees had gone right through me. Time for a piss.

English readers will be well aware of the ubiquitous condom machines in every pub toilets. In the past decade they've expanded the product range to include breathmints, cock rings, lube and god knows what else. After a traumatic experience as a teenager of such a machine swallowing five of my pound coins one night when I had a girl waiting for me in the bar, I decided to never bestow my patronage upon them again.

But I did chuckle when I saw the latest machine here.

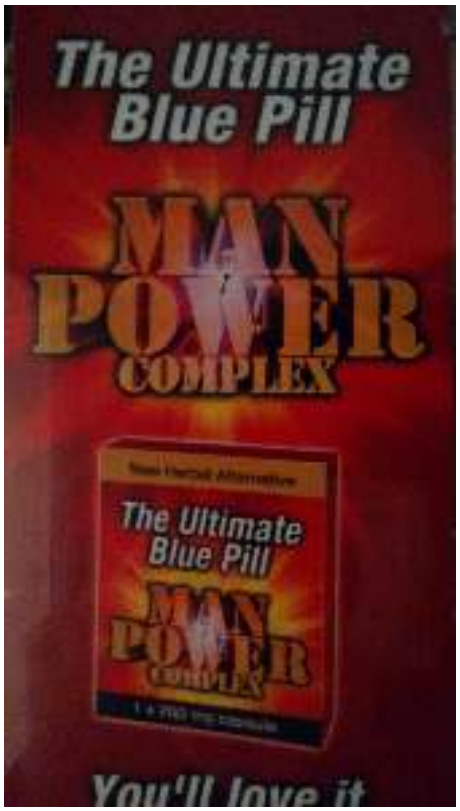


Photo with my own camera, today

Let's just tick off the unintentional ironic humour……

- A magic pill to increase your sexual prowess. Check.
- A herbal remedy for the New Age man whose mind is so open his brain has fallen out. Check.
- Male power is unintentionally pathologised as a "complex" by Feminine Imperative. Check.
- Machine is fitted to the wall next to a condom machine, so it's a useless product right next to one that actually does facillitate sex. Check.

I dare say they've correctly labelled it as the Ultimate Blue Pill. I'm being facetious of course, reading far too much into it than it deserves. Anyway, it made me chuckle.

Adventure Sex – Book Excerpt #1

krauserpua · 2 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

This winter I've been knuckling down with the business of writing my next book. I left the local cafe this afternoon having just finished chapter twenty-nine, making the total (current) wordcount 144k and my rewrite has gotten up to 121k of that. I teased an excerpt so here it is. Bear in mind this is still ***a draft****.*

Chapter Twenty – Greater Serbia

My week in Newcastle was all about relaxation, seeing my family, spending time with my nephews, and playing a few video games. Travelling uproots me because there's no sense of grounding or stability. There's a kind of meta-stability in the sense that in every country I visit, I can follow the same routine and there's a certain familiarity with the method and with it a certain predictability. Nonetheless, I've found it whittles me down over time. I returned home to remind myself that I can be a normal person doing normal things, if only for a week before the wolves start howling again.

I've found that the transience of Euro-jaunting unmoors the boat and separates me from the local and specific. Think of it this way: as a young boy my entire world was a one-square-mile patch of land around my house. That's where I ate, drank, schooled, played and explored. I knew every path of that land – which neighbours would chase you if you jumped through their hedges and which wouldn't, where the stingy nettles were, which trees were easy to climb. We local kids had our own names for the best play areas. For example, my house was built over an old mining railway that had long since fallen into disuse and had the tracks removed. So now there was a long straight trail of several miles leading from the top of the hill down to the river. About a hundred metres down from my house there were two identical tiny railway bridges side by side – which were now pedestrianised – spanning a two-lane road. Weeds, long grass and nettle bushes turned the twenty metres between the bridges into wilderness, a steep high wall marking the drop to the road below, and a council yard full of building materials occupied the other side.

We called this area "the Blue Bridges" and it was great for hide-and-seek and also doing dares, such as walking along the outside of the bridge while the traffic whizzed twenty metres below. It was the last frontier of "our turf" before the next housing estate which we rarely ventured into.

Kids stuff, I know. The point is that as a child my life was intensely *local* and *specific*. I was tied logistically and emotionally to a small patch of land and the people therein – blood and soil, if you want to be dramatic about it. Euro-jaunting represents the opposite end of the local-global spectrum. I was now ranging far and wide across entire continents, cherry picking very specific elements as my cocoon to live in. I'd stay in a city a month without seeing much more than a few streets, cafés, bars and clubs. The only people I'd meet were women aged eighteen-to-thirty and at the upper end of beauty.

"Where did you go this time?" my grandmother would ask as we shared tea and biscuits at her nursing home.
"Minsk, Belarus" I'd reply.
"Oooooh! That sounds far away. It is nice?"
"Yeah. It's the former Soviet Union" I'd continue.
"Oooooh! What's it like there? Are the people interesting? You must have seen a lot of the world now!" she'd excitedly ask.

And I wouldn't have an answer for her. In my month in Belarus I'd not seen a single theatre performance, no cinema screening, nor been inside a museum. I couldn't tell you a single street name except those honouring Bolshevik idols. I'd not spoken to a single local man in a social context. At least John had been to the cinema to watch performing monkeys.

That's how it is with Euro-jaunting. It made me disassociated from humanity. I'd feel like I was a ghost floating several inches off the ground and never quite touching anything real. It was like Bruce Willis in the Sixth Sense.

Eventually it messes with my mind.

I might post more of this chapter later. Any thoughts? I suppose this is a little like those open betas video game developers do.

Adventure Sex – book excerpt #2

krauserpua · 4 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Thanks for the feedback so far. Here's the next part of the same chapter (skipping a couple of paragraphs after the section in my previous post). Again I stress this is a draft, and has not changed since I re-wrote it a month ago.

I arrived in Serbia at the end of the first week of May, four days after Tom and a week before John. The sun shone brilliantly through the windows of the airport minibus and I found myself gazing at the afternoon city skyline, drifting into daydreams. It had been over six months since my last visit.

I alighted at the bus station by the river and dragged my suitcase up the bank towards the Old Town. That end of town – like most Central bus and train stations – is where the crazies congregate. In 2015 it would be a tent town as the fake refugees from "Syria" camped out and talked in Albanian and Turkish accents about all the welfare they'd collect and white women they'd rape when eventually landing in Germany. Back in 2014 it was more gypsy and Kosovan – slightly less menacing but just as squalid and dishonest. Skin tones noticeably lightened as the altitude increased, dragging that suitcase over cobbled backstreets thronged with street hawkers selling leather belts, old books, and other junk from atop milk crates.

The whole time I enjoyed building anticipation. I'd made this uphill climb many times before and knew what awaits at the summit. Once you reach the top you're in White Town (figuratively speaking). That's the old affluent area where all the people with good jobs (a rarity in Serbia) go to shop and all the young girls go to promenade. As so often happens in Belgrade, after enduring ten minutes of fat, brown, smelly gypsies with crooked teeth and shifty morals, I was suddenly blown away at meeting the full humans.

It was a sunny spring day and everyone was outside. I wandered wide-eyed by the university buildings. Hordes of hot young girls, all aged eighteen to twenty, milled around with their tight clothes, long legs and thick black hair. It didn't matter whether they were sitting alone on a bench reading a library book or picnicking with friends on a grassy knoll, they were all broadcasting the same message loud and clear.

"Pick us up Nick! Please charm our knickers off and give us a rogering we'll never forget."

My landlord was a chilled university student with rich parents. He stood at the door smiling while I explored the little studio with its modern fittings, walk-in shower and a reasonably comfortable sofa-bed. I plugged my laptop into the flat-screen TV, connected to WiFi and gave him the thumbs up. Unlike Minsk, this apartment was not going to chip away at my vibe every morning. Belgrade is a far nicer place to live, even before you look at the girls.

Within ten minutes I was sitting on a rickety metal chair in Boutique cafe at the main square waiting for Tom to show up. He'd arrived four days earlier and gone straight to business. It had been a tough start for him, absorbing fourteen straight blowouts until the fifteenth girl had been an instant date, a Day 2 the next day around Kalemegdan fortress and then sex on his fourth day in town. He likes Belgrade but finds it a bit difficult compared to Russia, whereas I'm the opposite.

"Lovely vibe here, isn't it" he enthused, wiping a smudge of green peppercorn sauce from this mouth and then diving back into his beefsteak.

How To Be Decisive

krauserpua · 8 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

"I used to be indecisive. I'm not so sure now"

I was chatting on Facebook to Bodi this afternoon. He's just wrapped up a trip to South America and is now visiting a friend in Asia. As he's written about extensively in his ~~suicide note~~ book, Bodi is a chronic procrastinator. Back in London in 2013, before daygaming he'd often lay several t-shirts on his bed trying to decide what to wear and while I waited in the lounge impatiently tapping my foot, he'd be experimenting with more costume changes than a Janet Jackson concert.

So, indecisive.

I've always been exasperated by indecisive people. Life is really simple – decide what you want to do and **then go do it**. Don't worry about failure. Don't worry about what people think. **Just do it***

That got me thinking about from whence decisiveness comes. It's a fundamentally masculine trait. We've all seen how women just cluck and squeak, chasing their own tails until a man comes along and leads them. Why is that?

Bodi said his 2014/15 testosterone replacement therapy has made a massive difference in his decisiveness, such that he's ended a dry spell by knobbing six birds in two months. Rather than sit around like a faggot on dates he's been putting the moves on. Decisiveness.

So at least in part, decisiveness is influenced by your T-level. What else? I find it extremely easy to go out and take decisive action when an activity meets the following criteria:

1. I really want it
2. I have a vision of how success looks
3. I know I have the ability (or at least have a path to develop that ability)
4. The worst case scenario doesn't scare me**

Applying that to daygame is pretty obvious. We want to fuck hot girls. We've seen on YouTube and Daygame Overkill how effective seduction looks. There are books that explain step-by-step how to develop the ability*** And of course it's not too tough to mentally prepare yourself to accept the worst-case eye roll blowout. Add all that together and you can hit the streets and take decisive action.



A vision of success, yesterday

Of course it's not quite that simple, but that's the crux of it. When I started daygame in 2009 we didn't have anything for 2) and 3). You guys have it easy!

Those of you who also read Danger & Play and Bold & Determined (and if you don't, you should at least try them) will note how Mike and Victor's decisiveness shines through in the very language they write. They are also rather productive guys, always working a new hustle. I see many commentors marvel at their workrate.

Is that workrate really so impressive? Not really.

It's the natural outcome of having nurtured their decisive mindsets. I'll bet ONE MILLION DOLLARS**** that Mike and Victor don't actually feel they are working especially hard. Decisive action is energising. You might as well be asking happy kids stomping around the sandpit if they are "working especially hard".

I've had a very productive winter.

I've been working on a secret (non-pickup) side project that has consumed hours per day for months. I've almost finished writing a new 150,000 word book. I've been hitting the gym. I've read a book per week. And I've still had time to complete several big video games. In each case I didn't rely on any "hacks" for time efficiency. I didn't need a "four hour workweek" plan. I didn't even need willpower. Instead I just figured out what I wanted, formed the vision of how the completed goal looks, and then walked towards it.

School and corporate life conditions you to believe a high workrate is the product of self-discipline, willpower and sacrifice. Only if you're doing something you hate. If you want it and have the vision, you'll take decisive action without feeling like it's work at all.*****

** There's probably a marketing slogan in that. I might trademark it.*
*** I should add that I'm so tough that nothing scares me. That bullet point was just for all my pussy readers.*
**** Customary Daygame Mastery plug.*
***** Of fantasy internet currency*

****** Case in point is this blogpost. It took me fifteen minutes from conception to publication. I had unified the four criteria so the words tumbled out. Easy.*

Adventure Sex – Book Excerpt #3

krauserpua · 15 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Here's the opening section of chapter nineteen for your perusal. The book is currently 152k words long (same as Daygame Mastery and Primal Seduction). These are 688 of them. Comments appreciated on the writing style, focus, quality of story-telling and so on. Again, I stress this is the draft version and may change.

I first met Masha in Dozari nightclub at the end of the third week in Minsk, after Tom had gone back. Including previous trips with Steve, it was the fifth time I'd been to the club and I'd done well on the other four occasions. It was Thursday night and both John and I felt up for a night out.

She was a 20-year-old brunette and ever so slightly chubby but as she was so young and buxom that she carried it well. She looked absolutely amazing with her clothes on, and it wasn't until they came off that she looked a bit soft and podgy. She had big wide hips, a big ass, reasonable tits, long hair, very strong features and was quite tall. Her face was like a spanked arse – a proper pursed princess face, which is pretty but very haughty. Let's call her a nightclub eight and a real-world seven.

We met while John and I prowled the club early in the night. I saw two girls perched near the top of the staircase leading down to the basement bar. One was sitting on a stool sipping a cocktail through a straw while the other was dancing half-heartedly. They had that looking-for-trouble vibe that best friends girls often take with them on a night out. I imagine they'd arranged it like this:

Masha: "I'm bored. Let's go out tonight. I wanna have fuuuuuuuun!"
Dasha: "Yay! How about Dozari again? There's lots of thirsty guys we can tool."
Masha: "Free drinks!!!!"

John and I stood out so as we walked past the girls looked at us and we looked at them. It wasn't really an IOI, more like mischievous kids sizing up an opportunity for mischief. So I walked over and opened them.

"Girls. The dance floor is over there" I pointed. "I think you're lost."

I talked to Masha and John talked to her friend. Right from the off, Masha was trying to tool me like a proper little nightclub princess. She was receptive at first but soon tried it on, attempting to turn things her way. She became challenging in her questions, which I just swatted out of the way.

"Why are you in Minsk? You have no reason to come here" she said.
"I like the weather"
"How old are you? This is a young people's club" she said, pouting over her straw.
"I got lost looking for the library" I replied.

She wasn't actively hostile as she was mixing in smiles and normal small talk but I could see her game. The little minxes probably had a bet on who would be the first to tool a guy tonight. I could see their eyes occasionally flick to each other.

I sat down on Masha's vacated stool while she continued her sluttish gyrations and endeavoured to get my tongue hanging out like a hungry dog. Girls often try to lure you into being too forward and too thirsty. She looked sexy but I kept talking like I was oblivious to her charms. I was just a guy having fun. My eyes wouldn't drop to her gyrating hips even once and this infuriated her.

"Dance!" she demanded, stepping back a little and pointing to a space on the carpet next to her.

I chuckled, shook my head, and let my eyes wander to look at the hired dancing girls on stage.

"Dance here!" she demanded, again.

For a brief moment I let my face get serious and I looked hard into her eyes, like I imagine a serial killer does as his

fingers close around your throat in the final moments.

“I’m not your fucking puppy” I said, then went back to my fun-face. “Come on John, let’s have a look downstairs. Have a good evening girls!”

I gave them a smile and we rolled off. I could tell I’d scored a big hit. Her eyes flashed not with anger but with respect. The kitten had bitten the tiger and the tiger had briefly bared its teeth and them nonchalantly swatted away the annoying little animal. Masha was very intrigued.

The German Idealist Tradition in Philosophy and Daygame

krauserpua · 18 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

*I have deliberately refrained from using Game concepts and jargon in the following polemic because I want readers to draw their own connections between the concepts of the 1840s German tradition and their modern PUA-centric equivalents. There really is nothing new under the sun**

The greatest lecture I ever attended at university was given in the Politics faculty in 1994 and I was an interloper. I'd already signed up for all my elective modules that semester but I continued to peruse the course prospectus of each faculty to see if there was anything I fancied. I was hungry for knowledge, instinctively looking to feed my brain at that time of life when intelligence is most fluid.

- Rousseau and Marx
- An Introduction to Informal Logic
- Marx and the Young Hegelians

Aha, those sounded good. The latter was a ten-week series of lectures on the main names from **Hegel** through **Feuerbach** and ending in **Marx.** I knocked on the professor's door and politely inquired if I may sit in on the lectures without registering. No problem, he said.

The first of the lecture series I got to was on **Max Stirner**, a mediocre gamma pedant whose one claim to fame was writing *The Ego and his Own*. But what a claim! Marx and Engels (rival gammas) were so triggered by this book that they devoted three hundred pages of their *The German Ideology* to an ankle-biting rebuttal that wouldn't look out of place on a modern internet forum. Why so serious?



Max Stirner, yesterday

I sat in my chair at the back of the seminar room, notepad open (a paper one, this was 1994). In strode said professor with his tweed blazer, handkerchief, and foppish hair. Imagine those writer picture shoots for **J R R Tolkien** or **Dennis Wheatley** and you're about right. He was rather dapper. He then launched into a masterful 45-minute monologue explaining Stirner. I really wish someone had recorded it. It was one-part academic exposition, one-part human psychology, one-part reading between the lines of the German Idealist's petty rivalries, and ALL PARTS zero fucks given.

I dare say it was a pivotal moment in my intellectual life. I looked at this guy and thought "Wow, that's what an academic should be like". I only wish I could remember his name. Stirner was the perfect foil for this performance and I think diving into his theory will hit all my daygamer and red pill readers with a sweet jolt of head-nodding satisfaction.

Stirner began in the Left Hegelian meeting group obsessed with the Hegelian concept of "alienation". Put crudely, it

means to be separated from your true self and this separation creates dysfunction and unhappiness. Marx would later assert that the capitalist mode of production (think Fordism, production lines, and now office cubicles) created alienation. The Left Hegelians asserted religion is a form of alienation in which the believer projects his own desired qualities onto a transcendant deity. Man is not created in God's image, but God is created in Man's ideal image. To overcome this alienation, it is necessary to reappropriate the human essence and to realise these ideal God-like qualities are actually Man's own.

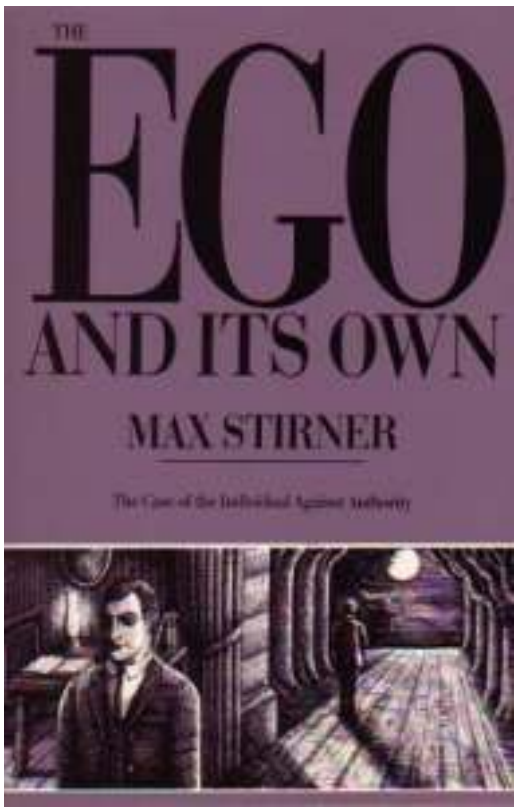
Stirner wasn't having any of that, considering it pompous humanism that elevates Man to a new quasi-Religion. The concept of human essence is merely an abstraction and thus cannot be a standard to measure actions. Like all those other big abstractions such as God, State, and Justice, the concept of Man is nothing more than "wheels in the head". Stirner celebrated the primacy of the individual, which he called the Ego, and we know ourself as the mental point of origin

*"It is not that the ego **is** all, but that the ego **destroys** all"*

We are not bound by great abstractions to serve the phantasmic causes of God, State, Justice or Man. Our only duty is to our **Ego**. "For me you are nothing but – my food, even as I too am fed upon and turned to use by you. We have only one relation to each other, that of *useableness*, of utility, of use" The Ego is not the only reality (i.e. Stirner is not a solipsist) it is *the only one that matters to us*. The ego is unique. Each individual is entirely single and incomparable: "My flesh is not their flesh, my mind is not their mind". This leads to an atomistic conception of the self – we are each a sovereign island in the large sea of the world, rather than links in a chain. Seeing as we are not chained to our fellow tribesmen nor to grand abstractions we are thus unfettered.

"What am I?…. An abyss of lawless and unregulated impulses, desires, wishes, passions, chaos without light or guiding star".

The ego is corporeal, of and in the real physical world. The products of the intellect or ideas can have no independent existence (scholars will note all the Young Hegelians pushed to invert Hegel's philosophical Idealism that posited the moving force of history is the non-corporeal Spirit). Stirner has so far broken down the "brotherhood of Man" type philosphers and insisted on reducing the unit of importance down to the sovereign individal. Not unlike classic Liberalism, without the tether of grand abstractions such as Liberty. How he builds it back up is interesting.



This edition of the Ego is my own

The Ego develops by becoming more aware of itself and other things as its property (again, very Hegelian if you replace "ego" with "spirit"). It can thus develop it's 'ownness', its sense of self-possession. This means a progressive process of ~~unplugging~~ untethering from ~~the matrix~~ grand abstractions in order to make itself ~~the mental point of origin~~ its own. The Ego is a unity acting from a self-seeking will: "*I* am everything to myself and I do everything *on my account*." Stirner thus anticipated **Freud** in his stress on the force of the desires to influence the intellect, and **Adler** in his description of the will as the highest faculty of the ego.

It is in the nature of the Ego to follow its own interest. Pre-figuring both **Darwin** and **Dawkins**, Stirner posits that altruism is a complete illusion. The apparent altruist is really an unconscious, involuntary egoist. Even love is a type of egoism: I love because love makes me happy. Conscious egoism is preferable to egoism disguised as altruism since it allows the development of the will, which gives one the dignity of a free man.

There are no eternal moral truths or values to be discovered in nature: "Owner and creator of my right, I recognise no other source of right than – me, neither God nor the State nor nature nor even Man himself." We don't even have a duty to ourselves because that requires separating the Ego into both a higher and a base self. The conscious egoist must choose what pleases him as the sole good. Enjoyment of life is the ultimate aim. This is not the same as proposing a hedonistic pursuit of short-term pleasure. Rather, whatever you determine your source of fulfillment is legitimate. Those grand abstractions cannot tell you what to pursue nor can they incept into you mind viruses that will twist your goals towards false ideals.

The Ego has no more moral calling than does a flower. It he acts, it is because he wants to. He is his own mental point of origin. He puts himself first and foremost always. Natural law, social contract, historical rights, moral imperatives, religious law – these are all grand abstractions. "What you have the *power* to be you have the *right* to… I decide whether it is the *right thing* in me; there is no right *outside* me." The conscious egoist is thus beyond good and evil (prefiguring Nietzsche). Such concepts are grand abstractions.

"Away, then, with every concern that is not altogether my concern! You think at least the 'good cause' must be my concern? What's good, what's bad? Why, I myself am my concern, and I am neither good nor bad. Neither has meaning for me…. Nothing is more to me than myself!"

Even Freedom does not trump your Ownness. Society and State can take away your freedom but your Ownness is always in your control.

*"One becomes free from much, not from everything…. Freedom lives only in the realm of dreams! Ownness, on the contrary, is my whole being and existence, it is I myself. I am free from what I am **rid** of, owner of what I have in my **power** or what I **control**. My **own** I am at all times and under all circumstances, if I know to have myself and do not throw myself away on others…. I am my **own** only when I am master of myself"*

A man retains his ownness when he does not give his power away to others.

Freedom is not the goal – to make it so is to make it sacred, to elevate it to a grand abstraction and to thus tether yourself to a limiting force. Metaphysically, it is to sink back into Idealism. Man is constantly tempted to huddle with his peers around the security of such warming grand abstractions. The Ego must resist the urge because he will thus trade his Ownness for an illusory freedom. Serving Freedom as a higher cause is no better than serving God, State, Justice or Man – it is to slavishly perform one's duty at the expense of self. All philosophies that promote grand abstractions of freedom are promoting a *particular* freedom – a one-size-fits-all freedom to be writ large across society. Stirner rejects this as a contradiction: It is only possible to be free if one acts with self-awareness, self-determination and free will. As an individual.

"All freedom is essentially – self-liberation – that I can have only so much freedom as I procure for myself by my ownness."

The Ego looks on everything in the world as a candidate for ownership: "I think it belongs to him who knows how to take it, or who does not let it be taken from him" but it's never a big deal. The only truly valuable possession is one's ownness and that can never be taken. Whether a man succeeds or fails in the battle to own other things, he can treat the result "smilingly" and "with humour". He is Stoic in his acceptance that each man's power is limited.

Stirner rejects both State and Society (grand abstractions that tether the Ego and have no real existence outside a mass delusion). The ~~matrix~~ State has become a fixed idea that demands worship and tribute. It is utterly opposed to our individuality and interests. Its sole purpose is "to limit, tame, subordinate the individual – to make him subject to some *generality* or other…. it is an enemy and murderer of *ownness*." There is no legitimate social contract. To claim the State has a legitimate right to rule and make law because it expresses the will of the sovereign (or the People) overlooks the fact that only the individual ego has a claim to sovereignty (again this blows close to classic liberalism and the constitutional republic).

"I am free in *no* State. No-one has any business to command *my* actions, to say what course I shall pursue and set up a code to govern it." Society is a coercive association demaning each member think of the well-being of the whole. This well-being is another grand abstraction, beautifully captured by Ayn Rand in the trial of Hank Rearden in Atlas Shrugged:

> **Prosecutor**: "Mr. Rearden, the law which you are denouncing is based on the highest principle – the principle of the public good."
> **Rearden**: "Who is the public? What does it hold as its good? There was a time when men believed that 'the good' was a concept to be defined by a code of moral values and that no man had the right to seek his good through the violation of the rights of another. If it is now believed that my fellow men may sacrifice me in any manner they please for the sake of whatever they deem to be their own good, if they believe that they may seize my property simply because they need it – well, so does any burglar. There is only this difference: the burglar does not ask me to sanction his act…. The public good be damned, I will have no part of it!"

What does Stirner suggest us to do?

"Why will you not take courage now to really make yourselves the central point and the main thing altogether?"

And if you disagree with Stirner and wish to argue he should agree with *x social theory*…… Who are you to tell

him to tether himself to your grand abstraction? Who are you to lay claim to his ownness?**

** I'm working from Peter Marshall's Demanding The Impossible for many of the quotes. He has a good chapter on Stirner.*

*** That's a philosophical version of "GTFO"*

Now is a good time to try my hardcopy books. Enter the codes FREEMONEY and LULURC at checkout for a big fat discount and free shipping.

Daygame Guilt – A checklist

krauserpua · 26 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

A big difference between day and night gaming is the ability to cordon off that area of your life where you're "supposed to be chasing skirt" from the rest of your normal-person activities. The difference is like… ahem… night and day.

A nightgamer can set himself a couple of nights a week and he doesn't switch on until he's on his way to the bar / club. The poor daygamer could theoretically be "on" every moment he steps out the house. He's in the supermarket buying orange juice and he sees a girl…. "go open her" says the notch-count hyena. Seeing as you can't possibly open every cute girl you see, the result is daygame guilt – that feeling that you ought to be opening but aren't.

It's important to your mental health to keep that guilt in check.

Broadly speaking, those notch-count hyena whispers have different meaning depending on how long you've been daygaming and how good your results have been so far.

- **Beginner –** The hyena is right. You probably *ought* to be opening more girls. In most cases beginners have not yet overcome avoidance weaselling and they do far less sets than necessary to eat at the YHT buffet. They don't have enough experience of daygame or their own emotional rollercoaster to have begun identifying the patterns to their own weaseling profile.
- **Intermediate –** You're likely in a transition period where the hyena is both right and wrong in equal measure. You need to do a quick scan against the checklist to see which it is.
- **Advanced –** You've earned the right to turn down approach opportunities without guilt-tripping yourself that you're weaselling. You've fucked enough women from cold approach and overcome approach anxiety long enough that you've no reason to feel guilt. You've already climbed the mountain. Maybe you just aren't in the mood today.

So what's the checklist? Run through the following questions to produce a simple diagnostic report that concludes if you're really weaseling, or it's a legitimate guilt-free non-approach.



Should be opening

1. How long since you last got laid with a regular? – If it was recently and you've been plowing the same girls, then you're probably meta-weaseling by filling your free time with girls and pre-emptively draining your hormones. In itself not a problem, but recognise it for what it is. Conversely, if it's been a while then your hormones are probably very pro-notch and therefore any weaseling is likely real and in your head, rather than meta- and in your bloodstream.

2. How long since you closed a new girl? – If it was recently, you can rest on your laurels guilt free. At some point it's fine to just cash in your chips and enjoy the hookers and blow with the proceeds. When a runner finishes the race, he has a shower and chills out a bit. He doesn't immediately go back into training. If it's been a while, chances are you're weaseling.

3. How's your health? – If you're ill now or have been recently, then of course you have less fire to chase girls. That's not a weaseling issue – you're just a bit under the weather. Don't feel guilty. It becomes meta-weaseling if you are living life in a manner that makes you ill to pre-emptively avoid feeling in the mood for daygame. For example, drinking heavily on Friday night so you can cancel Saturday's daygame "because I'm hungover" is clearly a meta-weasel.

4. How's your horniness? – Some days you wake up like Scrappy Do – "let me at em!" Other days you're more like droopy dog. In the former case you shouldn't be weaseling sets but in the latter case you have to accept that sometimes you're just not much fussed about chasing skirt. Again, no guilt. There are other passions in life too. The easy test is to feel your dick while walking the street – do you have a boner? If all those pretty girls aren't giving you a boner then hormonaly, this just isn't your day. Relax. Don't beat yourself up about it.

5. Are you getting IOI'd? – If girls are checking you out and you're doing nothing, it's a weasel. They are handing a warm approach to you on a platter and you're doing nothing – you deserve that icky guilty feeling of knowing you let yourself down. But if you're invisible to every girl today? Something in that delicate balance of style, vibe and location isn't right today so your lack of enthusiasm is a sincere reflection of the uphill battle you have today. Don't feel bad about it.

6. Is your mind wandering to pressing problems of a non-girl nature? If you're waiting on the result of a job interview, or your brother is sick, or there's some other problem gnawing at you then it's okay to forget women and deal with that. Daygame success relies upon being in a very narrow zone. It's tough. So if the real world is telling you "not today, you have other things to worry about" that's ok. Don't feel guilty.

7. How's the weather? – Shit weather presses down on you and kills your vibe and results. Don't expect to feel as fighty as you would in bright sunshine.



Should live to fight another day

It sounds like I've just given you a bunch of excuses not to approach. Well, yes. The difference between a reason and an excuse is your own honesty with yourself when analysing it. If you're on the streets anyway, you might as well throw out a couple of opens. Sometimes one good set will wipe away all seven of the above problems. But if you've got a few of those problems dragging you down AND your first few sets go shit….. it's fine to call it a session and come back out again when you're feeling better.

Over time your fightiness for daygame will ebb and flow. Often while at a low point you'll not even realise that it's a low point. You'll mistakenly think it's your fault, that you've become shit at daygame. I'm trying to tell you that no, there's just a temporary confluence of factors against you. When they align in your favour later you'll wonder why you ever felt like you'd become shit.

Why do I post this today?

My euro season began today and I did my first set since early November. I'm rustier than a gypsy's garage door. I've been walking around thinking "meh!". But I know myself, I know that back in November I was running around thinking "I love daygame! It's the greatest feeling in the world!"

I haven't changed. I'm just at a different point in the ebbs and flows.

Spot The Same-Day-Lay

krauserpua · 28 February 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not sure how many of my readership is old enough to remember the Sunday morning newspaper convention of "spot the ball". At the back of the sports pages there'd be a photo taken from the previous day's game but the ball was airbrushed out. Readers were encouraged to mark the correct ball location with an "x", clip the photo, and send it back to the paper to enter a prize draw. Apparently there's still internet pages doing it now.



A match, yesterday

Young or old, all regular readers are well acquainted with my predilection for reading between the lines and divining underlying patterns from a small number of nebulous signals mixed in with all the noise. It's an important skill to develop on the streets – what signals tell you to open that particular girl? what signals is she giving you on the date to calibrate her. With that in mind here's an easy one.

I recommend all daygamers run a pedometer app on their phones to track how far they've walked. It doesn't help your daygame but it does hammer home just how healthy the lifestyle is. Yesterday I walked 21km (admittedly mostly in a circle around the ground floor of Palladium mall). Walking is the bedrock of all health and fitness. Daygame lets you eat up the miles without ever really thinking about it. Here are two consecutive screencaps from my pedometer*



Your task, dear reader, is to mark where I opened the dream set, the idate, the extraction, and the close

** Love that name. Reminds me of this*

Tom Torero Street Hustle – review

krauserpua · 18 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Grab life by the horns my fellow flowmads and add your badass to the buddha!

I'd be amazed if my regular readers were unaware that Tom has a new book out. Allow me to give my thoughts on it.

On January 12th this year Tom asked me to have a look through a late draft of his **Street Hustle** book and give feedback. Seeing as I was still in Newcastle I had free time so I spent about twenty hours over four days wading through the Word document and putting in various notes. It was mostly theoretical or phrasing feedback, rather than a line edit. We also had a debate over how to apportion credit for various terms in the glossary.

That's the thing about the **London Daygame Model –** there's really nothing new under the sun. My readers will be aware that in *Daygame Mastery* I spend several pages giving credit to mainstream PUAs (Mystery, Tyler, 60YearsOfChallenge), manosphere (Rollo, Roissy) and fellow players (Jimmy, Bodi, Antony, Matrix, Tom). While that book is all my own work I wasn't plucking ideas from the air. What were some of the new concepts I introduced into the LDM with Mastery?

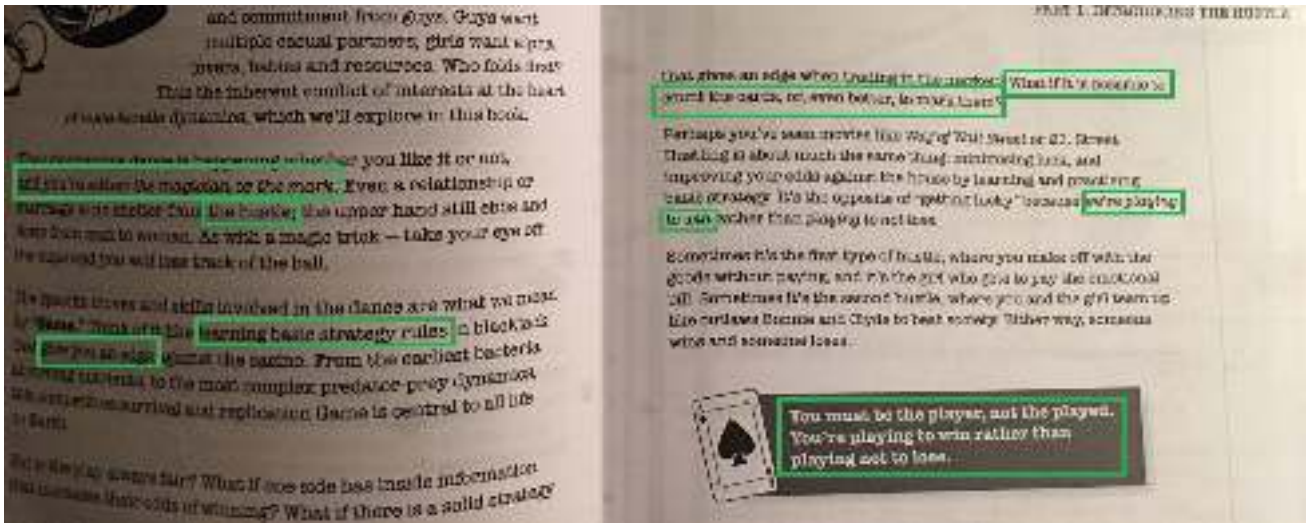
- R-selection
- Respect the hustle
- Universal fractionation (I called it "matched pairs" then)
- Approach anxiety is really assessment anxiety
- The text model
- Long game (I'd blogged about it before but this was first theoretical treatment step by step)

Of course I'm not saying I *invented* those concepts, and I could give you a blogpost on each to identify how the ideas percolated into the LDM. But I was the first to introduce them into daygame generally and the LDM specifically. I'm sure you don't give a shit, but I'll get to why it matters. That's why Tom and I spent a while discussing (and briefly arguing) about credits in the glossary. For example it's uncontrovertible that the term "avoidance weasel" was invented by Bodi.

I had a watch of Tom's Street Hustle launch video and noticed at 5:00 he briefly mentions "my friend Nick in the north of England" did a "copy edit". Not "Nick Krauser, a daygamer" and not "gave extremely detailed theoretical feedback of which I implemented many in the final version".



My suggestions in red



Suggestions as implemented in Green

So that's **red flag #1**. I had a look through his website and YouTube channel and failed to find any mention of Nick Krauser. It seemed like the entire LDM was invented by Tom and a couple of unnamed daygmers that are occasionally alluded to. When he did mention my name on our **Beginners Daygame** video he seemed to choke on it. Have you seen the end of Back To The Future where Marty McFly is gradually fading out of the family photo? That's how I felt. **Red flag #2.**

He didn't send me a copy of the finished book. **Red flag #3**.

So finally I'm in Prague in March and a fellow daygamer shows me his copy of Street Hustle. I flip to the introduction and don't find any line of acknowledgement for all my work. I flip to the glossary and see every concept in game is attributed to either Tom or nobody, including a few which clearly aren't his concepts. That discussion on Facebook was ignored. Not a single mention of me in the book. Not a single recognition of the ideas

taken from me, the aphorisms I gave him for the book, or the editing work I did. Not once. **Red flag #4**.

So it's for this reason that I am announcing I am no longer associated with Tom Torero. It's not the only reason, but it's the final straw. We will not collaborate again. Blog readers can feel free to comment about him here as if he's Daniel Blake, Ed Lopez, Johnny Berba, Michael Valmont, Alex Coulson, Todd RSD or any other public-facing daygamer with whom I have no connection. That doesn't mean I'll accept slander or hating, BTW. Just normal comments like you do other guys.

Note also I am **not** casting suspicion over his daygame abilities or the quality of his material. My opinion on those hasn't changed.

As for the Street Hustle book, you are no doubt curious what it's like. I'm going to withhold my public opinion on it. Feel free to check it out yourself or to save money by just re-reading *Daygame Mastery*.

You can buy the budget-priced Daygame Mastery here in paperback.

Product Update – My Player's Journey

krauserpua · 20 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I wasn't just dicking around on Batman Arkham Knight this winter. Most days I went off to a nearby cafe and plowed on with my next books. Here's a short video updating you all on the current progress and giving a sneak peak at how they've turned out.

** Eagle-eyed readers will see I've removed my previous post "Tom Torero Street Hustle – Review". We had a chat and came to a mutually agreed conclusion. Thank you for your spirited debate but that's now closed.*

Text Game Clinic – Catwalk Model #1

krauserpua · 23 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Eddie and I were walking around Prague one afternoon, chasing skirt. I saw a very hot tall blonde glide past with a rather elegant walk. Right, I want that! Off I ran. The first words out of her mouth were:

“Are you one of those creepy guys?”

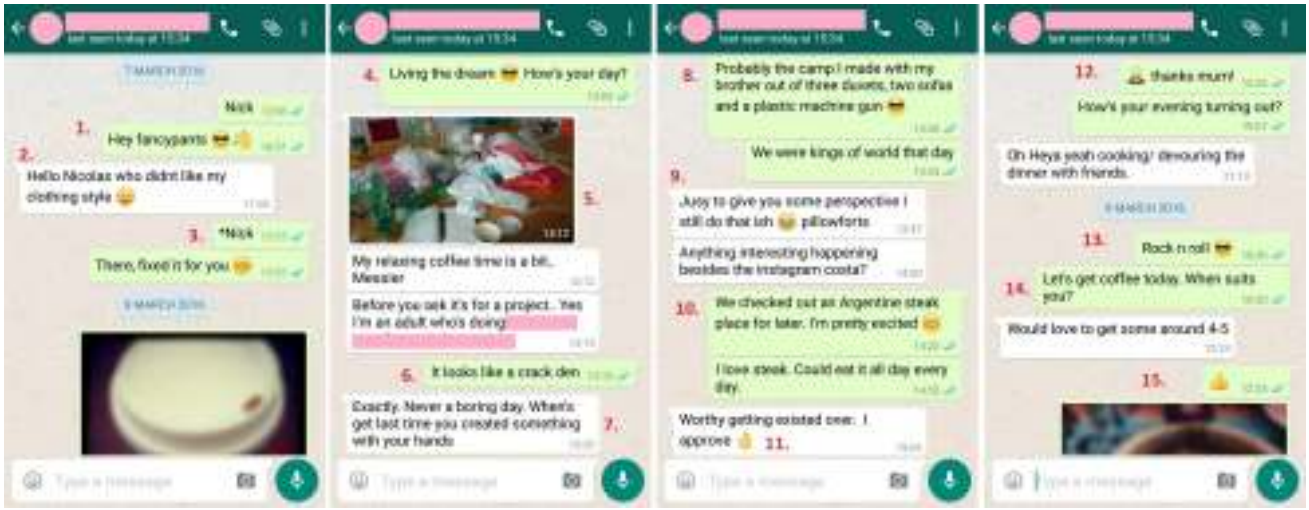
Blimey!

“You don’t know the half of it” I replied.

The next ten minutes chat were great fun because she was giving me way more banter than I’m used to nowadays. Most girls crumble under the mesmer beam and decide yes/no. This young lady wanted to play the game. Finally as I went for the close she fell silent looked me dead in the eyes for five seconds – waiting to see if I looked away or started babbling some kind of qualification. Then:

> “How old are you?”
> “41”
> “So I’m jailbait for you?”
> “Not literally”

Another five seconds of the hard stare and she hands me her number. I went back to Eddie and said “I’ve never had that many shit tests in a row in years.” Let’s now pick it up from my very first **Krauser Feeler Text**.



Analysis

1. This is many usual feeler for a girl who showed a willingness to banter in-set.
2. She does call back humour about my opener and also teases me because I’d told her only my grandmother calls me Nicholas, so she has to call me Nick.
3. So I return the banter and roll off. If she’d replied to make conversation I’d have kept going but she didn’t, so I preferred to protect the frame.
4. This is the **Krauser Coffee Ping*** paired with the **Krauser Living The Dream** ping, my usual first photo ping the next day. I deliberately do a lot of anti-DHVs now. They aren’t really DLVs, more like ironic humour.
5. This is a strongly encouraging reaction – she writes a lot, continues my thread, and invests. I’m starting to think this is a solid lead.
6. So I vacuum a little behind a tease, to dial down my energy. It’s all about frame.
7. She’s savvy. She wants to talk but wants the banter. Before scanning the next screenshot consider how you’d respond? You could easily be jumping through a hoop.

8. I respond with humour, reframe and another of those childish anti-DHVs. Does anyone know a good term for those? I'm stubbornly childish to fractionate off from my harder edge.
9. She covertly IOIs and stacks forwards. Good sign.
10. If in doubt, talk gleefully about man food. *Daygame Mastery* readers recognise this gambit.
11. Hmmmmm….. "I approve". That could mean a few things, so I had to pause for thought. Fortunately there's a default reply I have any time it looks like a woman is positioning herself as judge over me, which is…..
12. The **Krauser Mum Text**** and a stack forwards. Think what that accomplishes…. It neutralises her attempt to judge, reframes her as old and judgemental (which she doesn't want to be), and continues the child/man fractionation. By stacking it then keeps things moving. An added advantage is if you miscalibrated and she wasn't trying to judge, you've lost nothing.
13. She's telling me she's busy with friends all evening so rather than compete for her attention I roll off. I slip in another of my standard replies: the **Krauser Rock n Roll Faint Praise***. I do this a lot when a girl tells me she's done/doing something a bit square and boring.
14. It's a good time to invite her on that first coffee date. Any longer risked stalling out. I would've done it earlier but the flow of chat and her circumstances made it a bit of a long shot and I didn't want an early "no".
15. This thumbs-up is "frame-controlling" according to **Bodi** when I do it on him. After that I just send a photo ping of Gaucho soup and meeting location.

That's how I got her onto the first date without losing the frame and building some attraction and rapport in the messaging. Would you like to see the next round of texting?

** Yes, I'm joking. If Johnny Berba is gonna coin "Berba Stop" for approaching girls from the front, I'm putting Krauser in front of everything, including breathing and farting.*
*** Still joking*
**** I promise not to flog this dead horse any longer.*

Outlaw Daygame – The Next Frontier Of Pick-Up

krauserpua · 24 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sure you're all aware my YouTube channel is kinda half-arsed. I just don't much like editing videos or talking to a camera. I'm a writer, that's my thing. Nonetheless, every once in a while I have something to show whether it's an infield, a public talk, or some theoretical point that is faster to say than to write. In the spirit of Bernie Sanders, allow me to give away some free stuff.

*I am posting the entirety of my talk that I gave in London on December 6th, 2015 for the **Outlaw Daygame** seminar I did with Eddie, Richard and Tom.*

The YouTube crowd is rather intellectually-challenged and lacking an attention span so I've chopped the talk into pieces. Each video will cover one slide of the talk, representing one big idea at a time. The overarching theme of the talk was to show how to add masculine polarity to daygame at every stage of the interaction. An innovation I brought in is to differentiate between belligerence and smoothness as two gears to shift between in your game.

As you'll see belligerence and masculinity is ***not*** acting like an ADHD drunken moron and trying to pull the fattest, drunkest, sluttiest girls who walk home from the bar. I'll leave that to the US PUA community as it probably works better over there. I think my readers are more interested in how to get the hot sober girls and Y-H-T game requires more finesse.

On an unrelated note – I'm so fucking tired of seeing fake infields and bullshit seminar up-sell talks that I'm loosening my prohibition on accusing other daygamers / nightgamers of being fakes. I will thus trial a new comment policy as follows:

- You can accuse *anyone at all* of faking videos or telling lies about their results. You can also call out bullshit advice. This applies to the London daygamers as much as it does every other style of game, and includes manosphere writers. Just make sure you offer a considered argument to support your case and there is no risk of you being banned.
- The only exceptions to this rule are (i) me (ii) Tom Torero (iii) Street Attraction (iv) Steve Jabba. If you really want to accuse us of stuff, do it on another platform. I'm sure plenty of people will be willing to host that debate.
- I probably won't offer my own opinion on any accusations against other guys, as it seems my opinion carries a little weight in these parts. If I don't like your comment I'll just delete it rather than ban you. The only exception to this rule is if you're obviously just a PUAhate type looking for a platform to rant.
- If you're the one being accused, you are welcome to respond.

I'm sick of charlatans tarring the PUA community with bullshit and fakes. Some of us have worked very hard for years to show you what real game looks like and I see no reason why the cheaters should be protected by an omerta. If this policy turns out to be a mistake I'll rescind it – and I'll announce it as such so you know the free-for-all is over.

Text Game Clinic – Catwalk Model #2

krauserpua · 25 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I had my coffee date at the French bakery/cafe Pauls. She was enthusiastic, playful but also constantly hitting me with the banter and challenges. As usually happens on my dates we found ourselves talking about Donald Trump. That's great for frame crushing and it goes like this:

1. European girl who knows little about politics or the US repeats standard anti-Trump position, based on ignorance and feelingz.
2. Rather than agree, I make this my point of contention. Masculine boundary set and enforced.
3. Commence lecture on why Trump is lied about, why he's a threat to establishment, and why he is way way more intelligent than made out. It allows me to weave in history, geopolitics, media analysis, memes, and knowledge of sociosexuality.
4. Girl usually resists a while but she knows her position is based on ignorance, so she submits.
5. Intellectual mastery beatdown complete. I've now fractionated a ton of knowledge, intelligence and frame into the date to offset the dumbass bad boy side. Make Dates Great Again.

This was an intelligent girl and she knew what was going on. She wanted the Rub and she wanted to see what I was made of. Once the lecture was over she got up to pour a glass of water, giving it the catwalk model walk.

"I'm not sure if that walk was for everyone or just me, but thanks" I reply as she sits back down. "You have long legs. I like them."

She made sure there was no opportunity for physical escalation in that bright cafe as she sat on the other side of the table so I limited myself to a couple of verbal spikes, a hand test, and eye contract. She got the message but wasn't about to be rushed. Date finishes after ninety minutes.

Now let's look at the post-coffee texts.



1. We had a short exchange of pings the evening of the coffee-date and two days later we are still messaging. Now the pings are based on reading. She's engaging after the bubble burst. That means she had a good look at me on the date and decided to continue forwards. A good sign.
2. Offer rapport and a soft spike. Standard push-pull but not making a meal of it.

3. This would be “Truculent Cad” per *Daygame Mastery* texting guide.
4. She agreed but I don’t want it to be fizzy all the time so I stack forward with some normality.
5. She’d been to a pet shop. It’s all going very nicely now so I see no reason to do swirly twirly game. I try to keep the conversation interesting without using lots of words.
6. This is rather odd isn’t it. She wants to meet me but doesn’t want to come out and say it normally and directly such as “would you like to meet”. This smacks a little of bravado to hide an uncertainty. It’s a good sign that she is initiating the meet but I have to be a bit careful about the frame. Once you have frame, you don’t give it up.
7. So I decide to agree to meet but set a hoop. Girls like defiant men, not push-overs.
8. She’s bantering again but like the invite, I get the feeling it’s bravado rather than confidence.
9. A playful tease to spike. She shows up five minutes later.

If you want to text like a boss, you really need Daygame Mastery. It has a gigantic 125 pages devoted to text and facebook message game. Also available in budget-priced paperback.

Outlaw Daygame – The Legend Continues

krauserpua · 28 March 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The smartest, cleverest, most r-selectioniest daygamers have already subscribed to my YouTube channel here in order to get first dibs on the instructional goodness that flows through its narrow portal. The dummies don't know about it at all and instead watch fake shit like Simple Pickup. Somewhere in the middle are my stubborn blog-readers who *will not subscribe*.

Pffffff! *

** It would appear it's not always clear when I'm being humorous.*

Insha'Allah

krauserpua · 2 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

German sociologist Max Weber made a case in *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* that pecularities in that religion – specifically it's lack of fatalism, and it's aescetism – were instrumental in capitalism developing in the West before elsewhere. Capitalism sees the pursuit of profit as an end goal in and of itself, and that it is virtuous. One branch of Protestantism – Calvinists – believe in predestination. They believe God has already determined who is saved and damned, which leads to a natural question any Calvinist will ask himself:

> Am I one of the saved?

Naval-gazing aside, the natural place to look for evidence of having been chosen is in the world. Perhaps success in worldly activity is evidence that you have been saved. Calvinists came to value profit and material success as signs of God's favor. Sprinkle in a few psychological quirks (e.g. confirmation bias) and this is a powerful engine for the Calvinists of the 19th Century to work hard, accumulate capital, and propel Europe into a new age.

For some reason I hear the word "chosen" and think: modern daygamers consider receiving IOIs as signs of God's favour that they shall be sexually saved. Commiting oneself to the daygame grind is an aescetic Calvinist treadmill of sexual-capital accumulation to convince oneself he is still sexually relevant. The problem is that most of your success is outside your control. Lets talk about that.

A statistic that I just pulled out of my arse is that **80% of your success with women is completely outside of your control**.

- Does she like you?
- Is she available?
- Is she amendable to seduction?
- Does she need to board a flight in the next three hours, or is she wandering around with nothing to do?

Perhaps 20% of the seduction dance is within your sphere of potential control. The problem for the average chode is he doesn't have *any control over that 20% either*. So you can give him some advice: stand straighter, lose weight, dress better. He'll expand his sphere of influence from 1% up to 5% and his results will likely quintuple. "Oooooh, I like this" he thinks, revelling in the joy of having some control over life's vaguaries. So he hits the gym harder and selects his fashion carefully.

Well done. I fully approve.

Now you teach him some game: Start cold approaching, use this opener, qualify her. That 5% has gone up to 10% and he's getting laid pretty well. That Calvinist work ethic is giving him the spirit of daygame. Maybe he buys ***Daygame Overkill*** and adds another 5%. Maybe he reads ***Daygame Mastery*** cover-to-cover many times and writes a positive review on someone else's website. His success jumps up again*

Eventually his head bangs against the ceiling. He now controls all 20% that is possible to control. He's optimized his look, chosen the right locations, straightened his inner game, and learned the ~~Krauser~~ **London Daygame Model**. He's 3,000 sets in and keenly calibrated. He couldn't fuck up a set if he tried.

And now the fatalism sets in. There's nothing left to do. He no longer feels in control of his sex life because there's nowhere left to go. Now the variation in his results is entirely dependent on that 80% outside of his control.

All he can do is hit the streets, get his vibe right, and then open. After that, it's out of his hands. It's just a given that he'll do everything about right. Like a football player whacking a penalty into the top corner, the difference between lifting the World Cup and going home disappointed is all about which way the goalkeeper dives.

Christians will say “God willing” when planning a future endeavour, whereas Muslims would more often say “insha’Allah”. The Christian version is less fatalisitic because it assumes both God and man play their part, because there are two sides to the bargain. The Christian must do the spade work and then hope God grants him favour.

If you squint *really hard* that looks a bit like daygame. Control the 20% and then, God willing, the other 80% falls into line this set. God smiles and you get laid. But sometimes the Muslim version is better for your inner game.

> There will be Prophethood for as long as Allah wills it to be, then He will remove it when He wills, then there will be Khilafah on the Prophetic method and it will be for as long as Allah wills, then He will remove it when He wills, then there will be biting Kingship for as long as Allah Wills, then He will remove it when He wills, then there will be oppressive kingship for as long as Allah wills, then he will remove it when He wills, and then there will be Khilafah upon the Prophetic method and then he remained silent. (Ahmed)

Inshallah has a different nuance from “God willing”. The latter means we have done our best, and trust God to do what is best. Inshallah means that Allah may do his worst, and we must accept it. Sometimes you just hit the streets, put yourself in the mix, and let the world wash over you.

Last night I had a four-hour idate with a very hot Russian girl who looked like a peak Bridget Fonda. Lovely girl. Smart, savvy, young, hot, tight. My wing bumped into us twice during the idate and commented later “she looked completely into you. I thought you’d be banging her all night.”

So did I.



Almost SDL’d this my first day in town

However she excused herself at the end – prior to the bounceback – and actually refused to give her number. The conversation went like this:

“I don’t want to give you my number”
“Why not. I like you. You obviously like me”
“I really like you, you have beautiful eyes” (as she strokes my beard and her eyes sparkle with desire)
“So give me your number”

“No. It wouldn’t be a good idea.”

And then she walked off, her hips swaying, no doubt boiling in her own love juice. A girl who’s hindbrain desperately wanted to fuck but her forebrain overruled it as a bad decision. I’ll never see her again. As she walked off and I turned tail to go home alone, one thought came to mind:

insha’Allah.

** Not a cheap solicitation for sales and good reviews **at all**, so don’t say so.*

More Prague Diaries

krauserpua · 6 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm still beavering away on my soon-to-be-released new memoir. That means much of my creative energy for the "player's life" writing is channeled into the book rather than the blog. Nonetheless I've had a pretty good five-day trip in Prague that just ended early this morning. Let's recap how that went down.

Friday
I shuffle bleary-eyed out of Vaclav Havel airport and onto the 119 bus, a light drizzle greeting me. My usual landlady is waiting at her apartment building by Palladium mall in central Prague and she checks me in to a new place. It's nice. Perfect location, nice lounge, good solid bed and most important of all…. a hot shower. I venture out for coffee and soon meet up with one of Prague's resident daygamers. It's still a bit nippy so I'm wearing my thermal under the t-shirt and a cardigan and leather jacket over it. We hit the streets. Mentally I'm fine but just lacking enthusiasm. The first few sets are quick blowouts.

It's getting on the 6pm and my eighth set when I finally get a solid hook point from a girl who doesn't have a boyfriend. Tall, blonde, twenty-year old Russian student. Spider sense is triggering so I take her to the patio cafe on the nearby Theatre. She settles in well and joins me for a beer at Chateau Rouge. Halfway through the drink it seems really on – she's eye sparkling, gazing at my lips, allowing the kino. With smooth self-confidence I draw her in for a kiss.

"Come here" I beckon. She moves her face closer to mine.

"Closer" I command, and she comes closer still. I go for the kiss.

She suddenly short-circuits and pulls away. Denied. I try to salvage it with more comfort and a walk around the Old Town but she's decided I'm not good for her. She wanders off without leaving her number. I wouldn't call it four hours wasted – not with such a delightful girl – but it was most definitely frustrating.

Saturday
The sun has got it's hat on and I'm coming out to play. A couple of Danish guys are in town doing daygame and a couple of travellers recognise me too and introduce themselves. All told, five different people stop me on the narrow strip from Palladium to New Yorker. I press on with my daygame and it's going okay. Unfortunately I'm having bad luck – there's always a boyfriend or husband or immediate flight home. I run diagnostics on the quality of my street game and I know it's fine. Just need to keep plodding on. I'm very much focused on picking sets carefully, avoiding any blind opens. So all in I probably only do ten sets for the day. Mostly I'm enjoying the walk and watching with satisfaction as my pedometer app clicks off the kilometres.

Night cuts in around 8pm and I stop a cute Russian blonde on her way to a party. She's visiting from Moscow to compete in an event and is now joining her team for an afterparty. They leave early the next morning. I try to get her to fuck off the party but no joy. So I street kiss close her. Haven't done that in a while *

She takes her leave and I walk off with a smile. Less than fifteen metres and one minute later I stop a hot Russian student with flowing blonde hair. She's keen and joins me for an idate. Unfortunately the clock is ticking because I'm meeting a Long Game virgin at 10pm. So I escalate the Russian a little in the bar and take her number. Then I rush to New Yorker to meet my evening date. The virgin stays over and wants to fuck. Unfortunately I just can't get my dick in. It's rather frustrating. I fall asleep.

Sunday
We try to fuck again in the morning but it's just not possible – she's too tight and sensitive. She goes off to study and I sleep in until 2pm. I wake up disorientated, knowing I have a first date at 3pm with a girl commuting in from her tiny Czech village. She was a number from my previous trip here. Village girl is on time and looking nice – a twenty year old. We have coffee at the same terrace cafe and a beer at the same Chateau Rouge. She's only got two

hours until her train home so I rush a bit trying to get her into my apartment. She refuses. So I walk her to a church and kiss close in the grounds then send her home.

Next is a date with the catwalk model I fucked on my previous trip. She's been rather difficult to deal with over WhatsApp while I was back in Newcastle. My read is that she fancies me a lot but thinks I'm bad for her. She's probably right. We go for a beer at a nice beatnik bar. She spends the first hour being difficult, breaking rapport, and acting like she's friendzoning me. She spends the next hour with her tongue down my throat before rushing off to a house party.

I'm a little perturbed. That's three hot twenty year olds I kissed today and no sex. I do a rage-open, my only set of the day, on a brunette standing outside McDonalds. Strangely she's also twenty. She comes on an idate to Battalion bar where she tells me she used to do webcam masturbation for money. It's going well until I ask:

"What do you like about me?"

"Nothing at all. You're not my type" she says.

All of the sexual tension disappears and I realise she was just a time waster. I let her leave then I buy a Burger King milkshake and go home. It feels like Prague doesn't want me to get laid.

Monday
I'm out solo for a while, deciding I should up my game a little. I still can't find the right vibe or the right girls. One set goes great with a hot young blonde but then her brother comes over to cock-block. About seven sets in I'm thinking it's just one of those bad days. Then I catch an IOI of a brunette and do a set that absolutely crackles with sexual tension. She's looking at my lips constantly and I'm certain I could've kissed her there and then. But that would be dumb, so I take the number. I considered the idate but she said she's going to meet friends.

For the first time all day my vibe is good and as I'm explaining something to my wing, I clap my hands in emphasis. A sultry brunette walking alongside me starts at the clap and glances my way. That's my opener. After five minutes she says: "Are you going somewhere? We could walk a bit?"

We end up in Battalion bar again having a late-afternoon beer. Again the clock is ticking because I have a dinner date lined up with a regular for 8pm. So I have an hour to work and it's going good. I figure the questions game is a quick way to move things along.

"Tell me a secret about you" I ask.

"I am a porn star" she says.

Oh.

As we finish our drinks she pipes up, "would you like to snort something with me tonight?"

We agree to meet at 11pm and I rush off to eat pasta at my regular's house. I fuck her, shower, then rush back into central Prague to meet the porno girl. She's on time and I walk her straight home. It's a bit weird at first, she says "I'm only buying one bottle of beer, because I'm leaving in thirty minutes" but as soon as the coke is opened the mood seems to improve. I'm not telling you all the details. It's enough to know I didn't sleep a wink all night and I had an awful lot of sex with her. Including while watching her videos on the internet. That memory is likely to remain seared into my brain for years.

Tuesday
I'm an empty shell of a man all day. I stumble around, can't eat, and just struggle with one hell of a comedown. I'm getting all philosophical, telling myself that I'm pretty sure that notches no longer motivate me, maybe I've fucked enough women, and video games look awfully appealing right now. Finally I go home and watch YouTube videos of 1980s pop songs all night. I need to be up early for my flight.

Lest you think this is my usual pattern, I'll tell you now this was a rather volatile jaunt. Usually I get more steady

results at each stage of the game, rather than this kind of feast-or-famine. Nonetheless, I'm pleased. Average age of girls I've notched this year is 20.5 which is exactly half my age. I doubt I'll keep the average that low as the year progresses.

** Because it's stupid flash game*

Womanizer's Bible – The VIP room

krauserpua · 7 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Back in February 2015 I recorded the intermediate daygame seminar that would become my **Black Book** product. I had a bunch of fairly new daygame students in the room and took them through the key technical elements of creating attraction on the street and escalating on dates. While I was in London that weekend and in a seminar frame of mind, I decided to pull the trigger on another project that had been on my mind for over a year – a deep dive into the sociology of Game, red pill and advanced daygame. I wanted to weave together the disparate strands of "underground" knowledge that I'd collected over the years, and create **a grand unified theory of Game**.

That was rather ambitious. I felt like I could leverage some of my stronger points, what Scott Adams of Dilbert fame would call my "talent stack":

- High-level post-graduate education
- Ten years working in international finance
- Thousands of daygame sets
- Six years of game theory obsession

How could I get all the benefits of mental masturbation / high theory without falling into the trap most such guys have – namely that they got it all from books and never proved themselves through actually **banging younger-hotter-tighter**? I got ten keen daygame enthusiasts into a room on a Sunday afternoon and ran a seminar called **Womanizer's Bible** with the video camera rolling. Six hours later I emerged, completely depleted. It was fun. The guys enjoyed it.



A PUA forum, yesterday

Rather than release the seminar video, I kept it locked up on my hard drive and instead moved my focus onto a free podcast series bearing the same name. The podcast has been well received. It picks a narrow topic each time and dives deep. Something regular listeners have probably noticed is that it's episodic in nature – there's no clear progression between podcasts. I guess it's like the fable of the blind men and the elephant. Each podcast I show you a different part of the elephant without ever giving a full view of the whole thing. Well, my original Womanizer's Bible seminar is that full view of the elephant.

So, as I beavered away on my **Sigma Wolf** projects over winter I put a lot of time into preparing the seminar for release. I decided it would fit nicely as a "VIP upgrade" to the free podcasts. If that kind of thing floats your boat, check it out here for the **grand old price of $49**



Click on photo to visit sales page

Daygame Dominator – The greatest game of all

krauserpua · 16 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I know what you're thinking.

"Fuck all this **Dark Souls** and **Vanquish** bullshit Nick keeps talking about" you mutter with disappointment as you check my blog and realise I don't have any funny lay reports anymore. "If he *must* talk about video games, why doesn't he have a daygame one?"

What's that you say – a *daygame* game?

"Yes" you enthusiastically agree. "Preferably it would have a different level representing each familiar Euro Jaunt location. And instead of chasing girls it would be much better if the point of the game was to shoot all those pesky rival daygamers dead".

Okay okay……. I'm bending to popular demand. Here it is…….. **Daygame Dominator**.

Belgrade Diaries – April 2016

krauserpua · 24 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Long-time readers will be painfully aware of my love-hate relationship to the capital city of **Serbia**. On the one hand I find the girls to be the hottest in the world (for my taste) – a non-stop parade of leggy greyhounds – and I've also had more success there then anywhere else. But on the other hand I fall into **Groundhog Day** and quickly tire of the same routine. It's also a tough place to get laid. There's not much of the fast adventure sex to be had. I allowed a couple of wings to twist my arm and showed up for nine days in early April.

Coming directly from **Prague** I was still nursing a come-down from my fuck-a-thon with one of Italy's dirtiest porn stars. Waking up early for the Belgrade flight, I felt the last gusts of wind against my sails and then I was becalmed. Walking down to my apartment from the airport bus drop-off point at Slavia Square I was immediately reminded how different Prague and Belgrade are. Whereas Prague is a London-esque cornucopia of nationalities, sub-cultures and tourism the Serbian capital is a mono-culture where everyone dresses the same and nobody has any money. It felt like a 50% GDP-per-capita drop. I pressed on.



Some of the world's hottest women live in these shitholes

I spent the whole of **Day One** with my head planted into a **Boutique** cafe table, barely able to keep my eyes open. An illness was coming on. I organised a late-night coffee date with a long game lead and it was fun. With the benefit of hindsight we shouldn't have walked down to the river and sat on a bench for two hours at midnight. That was the final straw in breaking my health.

Sure enough I woke up the next day sneezing, itchy eyes, and strange dandruff-like flakes of skin falling from my cheeks. Unwilling to surrender the day, I tried a couple of approaches on **Day Two** but I could barely even string a sentence together. **Day Three** was worse and now my eyelids had puffed up like a boxer entering the twelfth round of a losing title bid. I sent a selfie to a few friends who freaked out at how odd my face looked (as opposed to usual). **Day Four** was rain which – as all keen Belgrade street gamers know – meant there wasn't a soul on the streets. So you can imagine that by Sunday (**Day Five**) I was immensely frustrated – barely any approaches and my one solid number had been leaving to Slovenia. I'd been jinxed. I might as well have stayed in Newcastle playing

Dark Souls.

Given that I'd fucked a porn star on Monday in Prague I also wondered if perhaps I'd caught HIV or some STD of the eyes. Another unsatisfying Belgrade experience was upon me. The illness seemed to fade a little on Sunday and I got a few sets done, plucking numbers from four sensationally beautiful women – the sort where fucking even one of them would be a lifetime accomplishment for all but the world's highest SMV men.

> "You are soooo confident! It's great" said Petra.
> "English people are just my cup of tea" cooed Andrea.
> "Yes, we can have coffee" said Sevina
> "Your accent is cute" said Milena.



Number close a flaky model

Unfortunately all four dropped off in the subsequent texting and I was reminded of the painful attrition that comes with red-lining it at the hottest women you can find. On the plus side my long game girl came out on Sunday evening after her exams. Including 2015, it would be our fourth date. She was nicely dolled up which bode well and as we sat on a sofa together in the basement of **Zmaj** cafe she had an odd vibe. I couldn't put my finger on it but I sensed nervousness. *Perhaps she's decided this is the sex date, so long as I don't fuck up?* I tried to show her some YouTube videos on my phone, knowing full well that the free wifi was too slow and my mobile signal blocked. After several thwarted attempts to show her, I finally expressed my exasperation.

"Let's just use my own wifi. I want to show you dogs doing backflips"

She wobbled a bit at my apartment door then came in. The final bedroom escalation took about an hour and wasn't ever really in doubt. She just wanted to be coy and let herself be persuaded. As soon as I looked down her shirt and saw a brand new Victoria Secret's type bra I knew she'd come to fuck.

"I have had a bad experience with sex" she told me beforehand, to explain her tenseness as my dick was whipped out. "I only slept with one guy and it was weird. I couldn't really feel it."

So I slotted another hot twenty year old. It was fairly good. She lay there sweating and panting on my bed, cheeks

flushed.

“I think you felt that” I said.



Drop half a point

The remaining few days were also shit. I started to do good street work but just couldn’t get anything to stick. A few sets were absolutely awesome but just petered away to nothing in the texting. If I’d been living there a month I think a couple would’ve come through. That’s the problem with my **one-week-one-city** pattern: It inspires me to some fantastic *tactical* genius during that week, but it is *strategic* suicide. I hope the tactical improvements will pay off should I ever move my strategy towards one-month+ in a single town.

The final day was completely rained off so I just fucked the young greyhound again. That afternoon I was sitting under a cafe awning with her and two different regulars walked past and saw us. One laughed and the other turned her nose up.

Five days lost to illness and rain, four days of so-so street work. One lay with a YHT greyhound but it just didn’t feel like an achievement against the background of frustration.

Once overheard in a daygame set....

krauserpua · 25 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm walking past the theatre on Sunday evening in Prague, just around the corner from Palladium mall. A solo vulnerable-looking girl walks past so I open, hook and run my usual banter. Just another set in a holiday full of them. One thing that stands out in my memory is this conversation. It's not verbatim, but as close as I can remember it.

Me: What do you do in life? What's your thing?
Her: I work for an NGO. We help transitional countries become more democratic.
Me: I have no idea what a transitional country is.
Her: It means countries outside the First World which are maybe moving from a dictatorship. Places like Georgia, Albania. We are a European Commission NGO and we advise and coordinate with other locally-based NGOs to help them become more democratic.

I almost threw up into my mouth. An insiduous make-work programe for women to interfere in other countries on the tax-payer's dime at the behest of the ((globalist elite)). I temporarily forgot I was trying to fuck her.

Me: Hang on a minute. Let me get this straight in my head. I'm no expert on NGOs but am I right that you're telling me…. The European Commission, that is the European Union – the most anti-democratic and tyrannical organisation in all of Europe – has the audacity to tell other countries how to do democracy. The same EU that conducted coup d'etats in Italy and Ukraine? That's sounds a bit rich.
Her: Umm…. well….

At this point I thought the conversational might get more confrontational than is conducive to seduction, so I changed tack.

Me: Don't get me wrong. I'm not a democrat. I much prefer dictatorship, so long as I'm the dictator. In fact, I think I'd really enjoy being a dictator. Once I'm King of the World do you know the first edict I'll issue?
Her: Umm…. what?
Me: I'll make it illegal to wear silly pink hats *[tug at her silly pink hat]*. That will carry a sentence of twenty years' hard labour. Yes, that's right. The secret police will come for you and march you off. To the gulag with you!
Her: **giggles etc**
Me: Second thing I'll do is have statues of myself in every town square, like Saddam Hussein. I'll fill my garage with Italian sports cars and have a swimming pool of champagne. Everything in my palace will be gold. I'd be a good dictator. The best.



How I see myself

Unfortunately she lived with her boyfriend. Still, it’s always fun to spin out fantastical stories on the fly.

The Hare and the Tortoise

krauserpua · 26 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm a logical, disciplined man reared on book reading and video games. I also spent a large portion of my adult life working in finance and learning martial arts. This encouraged me to develop an incremental linear meta-view of the world.

A meta-what????

Ask yourself this – **how does one progress or achieve in life?**

Most people of my fuddy-duddy generation were brought up to think we are tortoises rather than hares. The fact that parable is so well understood proves the point that it's heavy in the zeitgeist. We have been taught that success is about plodding on with smart, persistent hard work and as you continually endure and overcome setbacks, you make your long march towards progress.

- Work nine to five in an office and keep building up the experience and skills to earn that next promotion.
- Study for your exams, learn formulae, answer practice questions under exam conditions and then you'll eventually pass.
- Hit the gym four times a week, do your reps, slightly increased the weight each time, and your body with grow strong and ripped.
- Hit the streets three times a week for your 10 + 10 + 20 daygame sets and after enough grinding the lays come through.

But is this actually how we progress?

I don't think so. Now, I don't want to take the opposite end of that caricature and recommend the "lottery ticket" strategy or fatalistic Magical Thinking. There's undoubtedly value in grim determination and persistence – even talents like Floyd Mayweather Jnr will put the hours into bagwork and jump rope. It's a **necessary** condition but not a **sufficient** one. Real progress often comes down to two steps:

1. Recognising a rare opportunity
2. Jumping on it

[You could add an earlier step of "making your opportunities" too but that's what targeted grindwork is meant to create]

Much of success comes down to **smart decisions taken at key moments**, when the combination of hard work and lucky fate throw up a bifurcation point. How many football games have been won and lost because one player spotted an opening, made the run, and was in the right place when the ball ricocheted off the crossbar? How many boxing matches have been won not due to a steady build up of jabs and body shots but by trapping the opponent into walking onto that one home-run left hook? How many battles have been won not due to steady attrition and tactics but by one innovation or one general's courageous decision taken on the field of battle?



Me coaching by osmosis, yesterday

Most of the women you see on the street are **not** going to fuck you. Just not going to happen. They don't fancy you, or they are taken, or they are in the wrong mood, or they are against meeting strangers, or everything works out great and then logistics intervene. **Failure is the natural persistent state of Game**. Players are really looking out for two things in a girl:

1. She's available
2. She's into you

Some guys have such high SMV and their ping range so wide that (2) is frequently satisfied. However blog readers are well aware I have no interest in looks-matched age-matched "game". Even the David Gandys of this world have a narrow pool of *available/into-you* from which to draw if they are red-lining it towards the upper limit of their quality ceiling. Aiming high forces scarcity onto everybody.

So how does this relate to daygame strategy?

In poker you will **lose almost every hand**. You'll fold most hands at the very first deal because your two cards simply aren't any good to pursue. Even if you bet to reach the Flop, you'll fold most flops. That's the smart strategy because it costs chips to play a hand. If you're always trying to get involved, you'll just burn through your stack. An aspiring poker player must control his urge to play everything.

Compare this to a typical office, factory or service job. In those roles you have a linear relationship to each task. Maybe you process passport applications – you begin the day with a stack of them and then work through steadily, each taking approximately the same time and mental energy. Each incrementally earning that paycheck. Maybe you install widgets in an appliance assembly line – again it's steady even work that steadily earns your paycheck. Same with serving diners or checking in hotel guests. It's the tortoise steadily moving towards the finish line. Slow and steady wins the race.

Poker players do not incrementally increase their winnings. It's feast or famine. There are a tiny number of hands where you can win big so **you must identify them and play them perfectly**. You lose often, so make sure you lose small. You win rarely, so you'd better win big and scoop a fat pot. A key skill in poker is to keep your losses

small so that you still have enough of a stack to play the rare good hands correctly.

Daygame is poker. Almost every girl is a No, but every now and then you'll meet a girl who is available and into you. That's when you bring your stack into play.

It doesn't really matter if you're fucking 1-in-20 opens or 1-in-100. The important point is that even with fantastically (I'd say suspiciously) good ratios like 1-in-20 you're dealing with the reality of **19/20 (95%) of opens being a road to nowhere**. You need to identify these No's early so you don't whittle down your Vibe Stack on idates-to-nowhere, text-hell, and time-waster-dates. That's the daygame equivalent of betting too long on a losing hand. Just like you can only bring so many chips to a poker game, you only have so much enthusiasm for daygame and it will eventually wear out and require time-off to replenish.

The whole time you are looking to identify that rare set that could win the entire pot. That's a real skill. That's how daygame is played at the strategic level.

This is why you should *never* spam approach. That's like a poker player on tilt. A spammer is a blind idiot who bets every hand without checking his cards, running the maths, or watching his opponent's betting behaviour. He's not really playing poker at all, he's doing a mechanical empty caricature of it with none of the craft. He's pissing away all his chips on hopeless hands until his stack is gone. Even the most aspy nerd incurs emotional costs in daygaming and by spamming he is massively increasing the amount of failure.



The RSD school of "bet all-in every single hand" daygame

This isn't the "every failure takes you a step closer to success" where you judiciously choose your sets and learn from them. This is more like "every failure takes you closer to a meltdown and giving up the game entirely". When you give in to the temptation to spam you are switching off your brain and losing the ability to read signals. The sets just blur into one another as if they are more widgets or more passport applications. True art is not made by throwing paint at the canvas and no football team wins a World Cup by shooting every single time they get the ball.

You need to go out and you frequently need to grind, but don't ever think that *x number of sets will lead to y number of results*. Sets are not widgets. Grinding just means you are sitting at the poker table, putting in your ante, and waiting until you get a hand worth playing. That's when you really turn the game on, like the hare turning on a burst of speed.

How To Gutter Game

krauserpua · 27 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Saturday night in **Prague** and I'm out with a student*. I explain to him the key rules of late-evening gutter game:

1. Scan for vulnerability
2. Inquire logistics
3. Jump on any eye sparkle

The whole point of gutter game is you're trying to get laid *right away* via an idate. It's a different flavour than the usual find-hotties-take-number school of daytime dating. It's more of a street hustle. So whereas normal daygame should be aiming for YHT and then letting the texting/dating lead to lays, your gutter game is all about **opportunism**. Replace those 3 YHT letters with DTF. Night time makes things more sexual, even in normal non-depraved towns.



Scanning for vulnerability

While standing near Palladium Mall I spotted a solo mousey girl walking towards the trams and something triggered the spider-sense in her manner, look and fashion. Just a seven but she looked vulnerable so I rushed over and introduced myself. There was a ton of sparkle so I inquired logistics:

> "Obviously I'm interrupting you. My teachers did say I'm a bad influence. What are you doing?"
> "I have to catch a tram" she replies, confirming my conclusion as I'd noticed her looking that direction a few times. "It comes in two minutes"
> "Get the next tram. I'm more interesting."
> "No, I can't. I'm going to my friend's house and we'll get ready to go out tonight"

The set died there and then. I took a number and suggested we meet later but I knew it was a lost cause. So I hit the reset button and scanned again. Luckily within five minutes I spotted vulnerability at the other side of the square – a blonde girl dressed in black who appeared to be headed home. I gave chase and opened. The eye sparkle was there

and upon inquiring her logistics she said she was getting the tram home to work on her thesis. Eagle-eyed readers will note that's an easily-broken appointment.

"I have a better idea" I say while softly and enthusiastically holding both her shoulders. "Let's get a quick drink right now. I know a good bar on the next street"

Off we walked.**

Phase One of gutter game is finding those lost girls who are feeling a bit horny and have nothing better to do. You want to jump on any chance for an idate with a vaguely interested girl. **Phase Two** is the next filter – are they DTF or just window shopping? The rule here is to heat them up and start verbal/physical escalation. *** Time-wasters will happily absorb your attention but will block escalation. The trick is to pace it correctly so that you are doing enough attraction and comfort to earn the right to escalate. In a gutter game set you can go much faster than usual. I'd say you can filter them within about one drink., maybe two Usually, I use the **questions game** on this schedule:

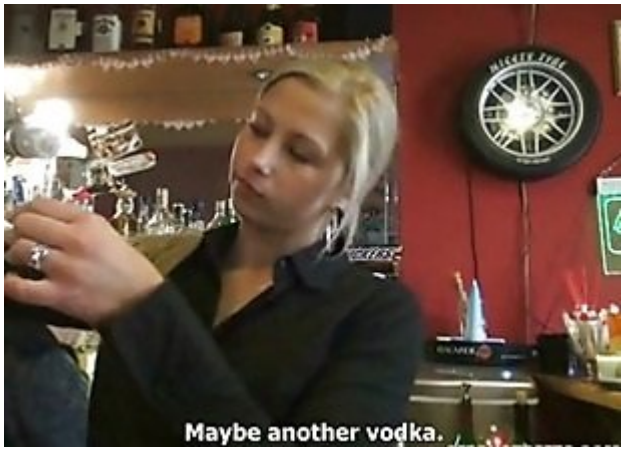
Drink One

"Tell me a secret about yourself. Something you can only tell me because I'll never meet your friends, family or colleagues"
"What frightens you?"
"Which part of your body do you think is most sexy?"
"Who is the sexiest man in the world. Fiction or real, living or dead. Note I said sexy, not perfect husband."

After half on hour we should be near the end of the first small beer and I'll have touched her fingers, perhaps her hair, and she'll be responding postively to these questions. I'll have sprinkled my own answers with DHVs and there'll be plenty of comfort too. What I'm looking for are three things:

1. Is she accepting the escalation?
2. Do I feel a love bubble has formed?
3. Is there a lack of obstacles to moving forwards? (e.g. she hasn't mentioned a boyfriend, nor a pressing need to break off the idate)

If the answer to these is "No", I'll consider taking a number and bailing. You can usually tell when a girl is just there for the ride and not sufficiently horny to keep working. If the answer is "Yes" we move on to…..



Drink Two

I don't usually change venues on a gutter game idate. Things move too fast and I don't want to lose momentum. We'll start on the second drink and now I'll usually ask these questions:

"What do you like about me?"
"What colour is your underwear?"
"What is the sexual thing you've never done – and maybe never will do – but you think about it?"

I'll usually also grab her bar stool and physically pull it closer to me, so we are suddenly very close together. This usually gives a pleased deer-in-the-headlights look and she knows exactly what's going on. Assuming things are heating up nicely I'll make my move, usually while she's struggling to think of a question:

"You've got five seconds to think of a question, or I'll kiss you"

If she takes longer than five, I go for it. If she throws out a quick question I just calmly continue the game as if I'd never made the move. She got the message. A few minutes later as I see my beer is half-finished, I'll say: "Before I reach the end of this beer, I'm going to kiss you"

Then when it's time to go for it I'll lock eyes and say "come closer". She should be reticent but smiling and sparkling. Then I'll crook my finger to call her in and say "closer". When she's reasonably close I lean in and kiss. That brings us to the next critical test: ***Does she jump into the kiss?*** If a girl is tentatively kissing, you'll need more time – maybe that night, maybe on a day two. However if your luck holds she'll kiss you with some combination of:

- Hunger
- Pushing up into you
- Tongue down your throat
- Gasping or moaning
- Hands roving over your upper arms and shoulders

These are DTF signals and you move to **Phase Three –** extraction. The key to an SDL extraction is *momentum*. A teeny-tiny window of extreme opportunity has opened and you need to recognise this and act decisively. Kiss her a bit, finish the drinks (I sometimes finish her's too if she's stalling) then do your extraction line:

"Come on, let's go walk somewhere else"



"Have you seen Beatbox Dog?"

She may wobble but she'll probably follow. If she asks where, say to your place to watch YouTube. If she doesn't, just walk anyway. Even if she refuses your apartment, walk her there and bamboozle her forebrain with soft non-sexual nonsense – I often talk about how cute pandas are and the videos of them on slides. If she comes in, great. If not…… push her up against the wall right next to your door and make out. Grab her hair, bite her neck, push your dick against her. You are looking for a sign that her hindbrain has taken control and will allow her to be taken in.

Signs include:

- Her crotch pressing against yours
- Hands clawing at you, like you're having sex already

Then try again. She won't always come in but this is your best shot to getting it done.

** It's rare, but it has been known to happen*

*** In this specific case, we got right to the end of the guide and she wouldn't come in. Bah!*
**** Actual escalation advice is explained in detail in both Daygame Mastery and Black Book*

How To Set Up A Threesome

krauserpua · 28 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

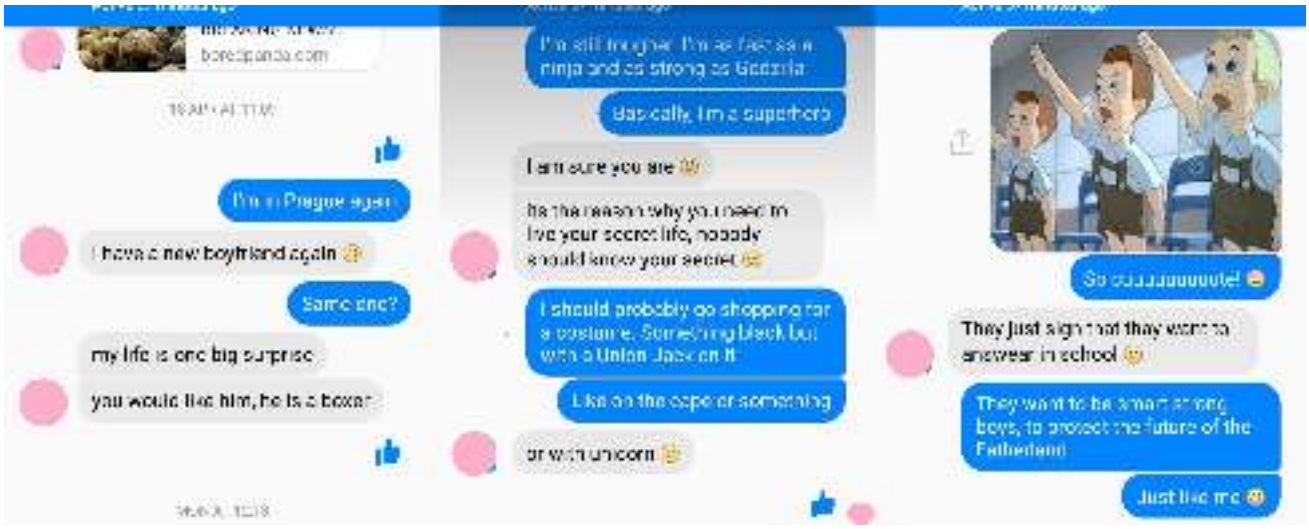
Well, until I actually show up in town and put it to the test I won't know….. but here's hoping. This is a Ukrainian girl who was an anal virgin before her second date with me in 2015. You'd think she was a shy office girl to look at her, but as we of the PUAsphere constantly hammer – **good girls are just bad girls who haven't been caught**. This opportunity just sprang up on me so I ran with it. I wasn't actually angling for a threesome as I never bother with them anymore – they are a logistical nightmare for a guy doing *one-week-one-town* daygame on normal girls. I think a guy hanging out in one place and establishing regulars is going to do a better job of it by working on his rotation girls. Threesomes have a way of falling through at the last moment due to the pressure and all the moving parts involved.

I mean, if I had a penny for every threesome I ***almost*** had I'd be a richer man*



Click on image to enlarge

And as a bonus here's a little taster of two types of game I've been doing on regulars: (i) I'm Awesome Game and (ii) White Power Game. I've fucked this girl plenty of times so there's no real risk even though she's a bit of a bohemian musician type and thus not really aboard the **Trump Train**. The goal is just to have her around and positively inclined so that when I'm in town and she's single, I fuck her.



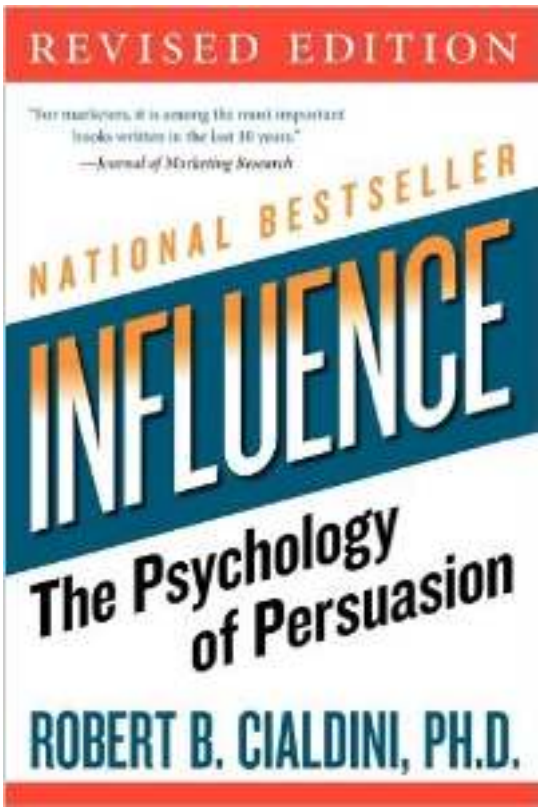
No need to enlarge this one

** Richer to the tune of about four pence.*

Robert E. Cialdini's Influence: Reciprocity and Hook Point

krauserpua · 29 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sure most aspiring PUAs are well aware of **Robert B Cialdini's** classic book *Influence*. I'm wading through it right now and I must say it's a *very* interesting text buttressed with lots of research and fun anecdotes (although most social psychology experiments are junk and cannot be replicated). So far so good and now that I'm halfway through, it looks like a book I can recommend. However, there's one rather important caveat: *If you're a cunt, this book will make you more of a cunt, ultimately to the detriment of your game.*



Before we get into that, let's make an example of the first of his six weapons of influence: **reciprocation**. Cialdini explains it thus: "The rule says that we should try to repay, in kind, what another person has provided us"

Cialdini cites research suggesting reciprocity is a universal human trait evolved because it creates high social trust and thus unlocks the benefits of cooperation and division of labour. Societies with high social trust outperform those without – as seen in an obvious comparison between Northern Europe and the Middle East. Cialdini's best example is an experiment performed by Professor Dennis Regan of Cornell University *. The experimental task was ostensibly about two subjects rating paintings on their artistic merits. The real deal was that one subject was real and the other – "Joe" – was a stooge. Cialdini continues:

> "For our purposes, the experiment took place under two different conditions. In some cases…. during a short rest period, Joe left the room for a couple of minutes and returned with two bottles of Coca-Cola, one for the subject and one for himself, saying, "I asked him [the experimenter] if I could get myself a Coke, and he said it was okay, so I bought one for you, too." In other cases, Joe did not provide the subject with a favour; he simply returned from the two-minute break empty-handed. In all other respects, however, Joe behaved identically."

After the art appreciation ended Joe asked the subject for a favour – to buy some raffle tickets for a new car at 25c (the Coke was a dime). Subjects who'd received his favour of a Coke reciprocated by buying twice as many tickets as those who hadn't. Interestingly, while the "no Coke" control group scaled their ticket sales according to how

likeable they rated Joe in a post-experiment debriefing, the “received Coke” group bought the same number of tickets independent of his likeability. Cialdini concludes the obligation of reciprocity was triggered and completely overruled likeability.

Cialdini then explains how the reciprocity rule applies to daygame. Sorry, I mean Hare Krishnas offering flowers in airports and refusing to take the gift back. He explains his observations that many travelers will try hard to avoid the Krishnas precisely to avoid feeling indebted, and that once the Krishnas successfully thrust the flower into your hand *they will not allow you to return it.* They know they’ve triggered the rule and got you indebted.

This is something Gavin De Becker in “The Gift of Fear” calls **loansharking**. A predator will aggressively thrust an unwelcome gift or favour onto a stranger *precisely* in order to trigger feelings of indebtedness and thus the obligation of reciprocation. The stranger is now faced with an internal struggle (Do I reciprocate against my better judgement, or risk the cognitive dissonance of refusing the gift and thus risking the identity of being an “ingrate”) and also a frame control battle (“No, I don’t want it” / “It’s our gift to you” / “Yes, but I didn’t ask for it” / “That’s okay, please keep it” / “Take it back” / “No. Please consider a donation”)

The typical stranger just isn’t mentally prepared for that kind of internal struggle and frame control battle – they are just trying to catch a flight. In contrast the Hare Krishna / mugger is well-practiced, mentally prepared, and carries a self-serving ideology to justify their loan-sharking ** It’s not an even battle. I’d be very surprised if you haven’t spotted the parallels to game. Let’s start with a neutral comparison and then trend darker.

Mystery Method does not engage in immediate reciprocation because it’s an indirect style of game. So in the classic MM set the player will make an offhand observation to a group, perhaps an opinion opener. If that gets a response he may drop in a neg against the girl he wants. I quite like MM but it doesn’t work in the daygame scenarios I favour. What’s important for this discussion, though, is that **no favour is given**. It isn’t until stage A2 (Female-To-Male attraction) that the girl IOIs the player, and thus he will reciprocate with A3 (Male-To-Female attraction) and IOI and/or qualify the girl. This is rather clever in how it flips the script at a meta-level. It just doesn’t work in street game so the London style changes the opening.

Street game requires an early favour to stop the girl: the compliment-tease. A player’s ability to kill momentum and reach hook point comes from pouring in some early value via the act of stopping, the insertion of good vibe into her day, and then stacking forwards with a mythology. By the time you’ve finished those early seconds you’ve done the girl a rather pleasant (but un-requested) favour. She feels indebted and the reciprocation urge is triggered. Usually this will be expressed by her smiling and politely receiving your advance until she decides Yes/Maybe/No.

In the happy-clappy world of unicorns and rainbows this is a **win-win scenario** because girls *like to be approached*. Human courtship does not allow girls to overtly initiate seduction so they can only dress nice, put themselves in the mix, and then hope the right man approaches. Even if you’re not that right man, you’ve reminded her she’s sexually relevant and given her a pleasant encounter. Win-win.

The problem is how tempting it is for an aspiring daygamer to misuse the reciprocity rule, to drain girls of the will to live. They’ll plow on despite increasingly strong IODs and constantly hit the girl with “one more thing before you go”. If they are RSD-trained they’ll follow her all the way down the street with a non-stop pestering. So we have now slipped from the win-win of reciprocity to the **win-lose** of loansharking.



Good daygame will implement all the powerful lessons of persuasion but without the black-hearted exploitation seen by the scammers and Ted Cruz types of this world. Perhaps one of these days I'll explain how *all six* of Cialdini's weapons of influence are hard-boiled into the **London Daygame Model**. The purpose of game is not to instigate a frame-control battle with an unprepared girl and then to hammer her down until you draw out an unwilling "Yes". That's the road to flaky numbers, text-hell, and dates-to-nowhere. If you get very good at it you'll get some lays that the girls bitterly regret once free of your influence.

If that last sentence got you thinking "fine by me, bring it on" you have some inner game work to do.

As both **Lord of the Rings** and **Star Wars** amply demonstrate, the Dark Side is seductive because it's *easier*. It's a set of hacks and tricks that let you plunder the world for a while. For game, the problem is that it rots your soul and pushes you deeper into the win-lose interactions that kill your vibe long term. When your vibe suffers your results will crater and you'll get longer periods of daygame revulsion.

I always tell students: "Game in a way that protects your vibe over the long term"

Cialdini is just describing the dark side rather than recommending it. He ends every chapter with advice on how to resist such attempts to influence you. Enjoy his book because it really is a fascinating look into the world of professional persuasion but don't get too carried away with the skills of scammers, fund-raisers, Hare Krishnas, TV evangelists or any other huckster persuaders. Try to extract their tactical wisdom but leave the whole win-lose frame behind or it'll tank your vibe.

If you think this post was persuasive, you should see my book.

** I dread to think where this position has be relocated under the current regressive Leftist stranglehold on US universities. Probably an affirmative action hire for an immigrant doing Anti-Male Studies.*
*** If you've ever said "Fuck off gypsy cunt I hope you die" to an aggressive gypsy beggar you'll see spectacular levels of entitlement and ego defence from them. Trust me, I've tested this.*

Reveal vs Restructure

krauserpua · 30 April 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I've noticed in person and on the internet that wannabe players are frequently talking at cross purposes. Game is a big big subject of infinite depth, wrapped up in a distortion field of ego and bullshit. It's also an intensely personal journey where every man must find his own way.

UPSELL!!! My fantastic new deep game video *Womanizer's Bible* provides the toolkit to chart your own way **UPSELL!!!**

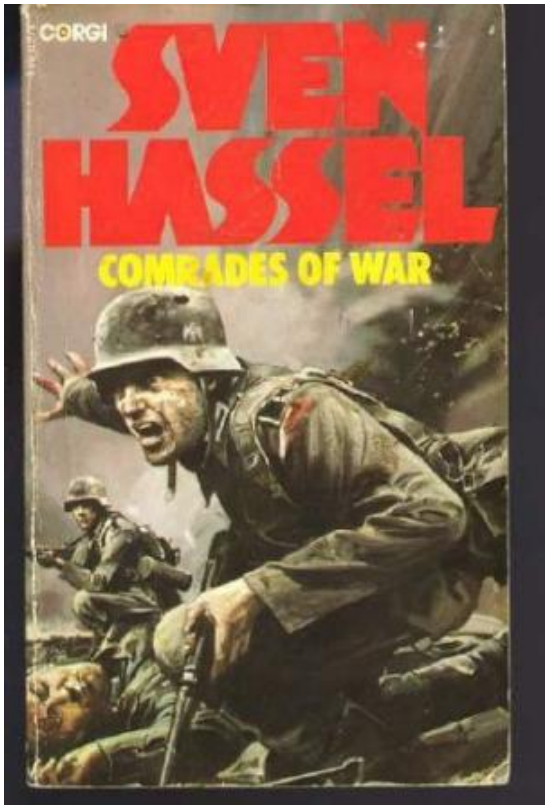
I was thinking recently why some men (I'll call them **Former Chumps**) find the **Player's Journey** to be a life-changing struggle of high drama and near collapse spread over four volumes of a Tolkien-esque memoir….

UPSELL!!! Check out my *Balls Deep* memoir and upcoming *Adventure Sex* for my own memoir detailing my life-changing struggle **UPSELL!!!**

…. whereas other men (I'll call them **Trainee Chads**) would summarise their journey as "learned a few openers, put myself out there, and got laid plenty. Cool". Naturally the fChumps tend to write detailed blogposts, build and memorise systems that are "a bit like looking at a Gothic cathedral or reading Ulysses: you are incredibly grateful that someone has put in the work and created the artifact before you, but it's hard to fathom precisely how they went about doing it."* In contrast the tChad is often ridiculing the fChump – "it's just talking to girls. Dude."

I recently finished a short coaching session with an American former Marine. That means he has finished USMC boot camp, picked up a rifle and at any time in his service could've been sent to a third world shithole to get shot at by camel-riding goat-fuckers hiding behind a line of children in the local mosque. Three days into our street ~~hustling~~ game he commented words to the effect of "this daygame thing might be the toughest thing I ever do."

Tougher than USMC boot-camp? Tougher than getting shot at in war?



"I've got this set, mate. You just keep storming the machine gun nest"

Somewhere on the internet, a tChad laughed derisively. And yet many men say the same thing – setting out on the

Player's Journey is harder than anything they've done before, just as it was for me despite me having already earned a tough professional finance qualification, competed in boxing and kickboxing matches, and completed the first three Souls games **

So why the divergence in opinion? I think it comes down to which side of this divide you fall on. Is your Journey a process of:

1. Uncovering a pre-existing SMV and personality that is attractive to women, or;
2. Ridding yourself of a Pussy Repellent virus and then building an attractive man from scratch.

The tChads are normal men with normal social skills and outlook and inhabit bodies that are reasonably attractive to a wide range of women. Some will require more work than others but all are building on a strong base. It's like cooking a meal starting with fresh organic high quality ingredients. These men already have decent value, they just lack a **Value Delivery Mechanism**** Teaching them Game is like having an out-of-shape teenage Usain Bolt show up on his first day of Learn To Sprint School. They have to put in the work but the rewards are almost immediate. There's never any real struggle.



"Dude, it's not rocket science. You just say hi and escalate"

In contrast, fChumps are a broken mess and the older they are upon discovering Game the more traumatic the transformation **** Whereas tChad just needs a daygame model and a shove in the back to start opening, fChump needs **a complete overhaul of his entire personality and lifestyle**. It's like the difference between giving your house a lick of paint vs ripping out the entire edifice because every wooden board and beam is infested with woodworm and damp. They are not the same process.

- The tChad is fundamentally attractive to women already. He just needs to reveal it.
- The fChump is fundamentally unattractive to women and needs to restructure everything about him.

This is why the Player's Journey can be so traumatic for many men. They are diving deep into their inner game to confront long-suppressed demons. They are learning entirely new ways of thinking and interacting (what Bodi calls the difference between Digital and Analog communication). They may have decrepit bodies that require extreme diet changes, cutting out all the food they like and changing their brain chemistry to overcome long-standing

associations with food and mood. They might walk into a gym for the first time in their life and suddenly realise that gym discipline is, initially, very tough. And they are learning the model and hitting on girls.

Any **one** of those challenges is big in and of itself. Some faggots spend literally years in therapy and that's *the only thing they do*. Others spend years in the gym and that's the only thing they do. That's normal – some people only have one "thing" that sucks up all their motivation and willpower. Most don't even have one.



One…. more…. set

The poor little fChump is doing them **all at the same time**. Not only that, he has an additional emotional issue: *The fear of discovering he's sexually irrelevant.*

In the beginning of a fChump's Player's Journey he doesn't have the reference experiences that pretty girls like him. He doesn't know if he has it in him to learn all these new things. He worries that the next string of bad blowouts might be the one that breaks his grip on the barrel wall and he tumbles back down into the mass of crabs below him. For a long time, it can be terrifying to contemplate that *actually, no, sorry mate but you aren't going to fuck pretty girls. You missed your window. You were born on the sexual scrap heap and you aren't getting off it.*

The tChads don't deal with this fear nor that degree of personal restructuring. They do the work and get the results. The fChumps must do far more, far tougher work, and all the time cope with the uncertainty over whether results will *ever* come.

So, that's why the fChump is rather self-obsessed during his early years and then extremely proud of his ~~Hero's~~ Player's Journey once he's started banging hotties. The tChad might think those lay reports and +1 tweets are just ego validation. Yes, they are. He just doesn't realise *how* vindicating it feels to finally get your leg over the rim of the barrel and roll onto solid ground, forever free of the crabs snapping their claws below you.

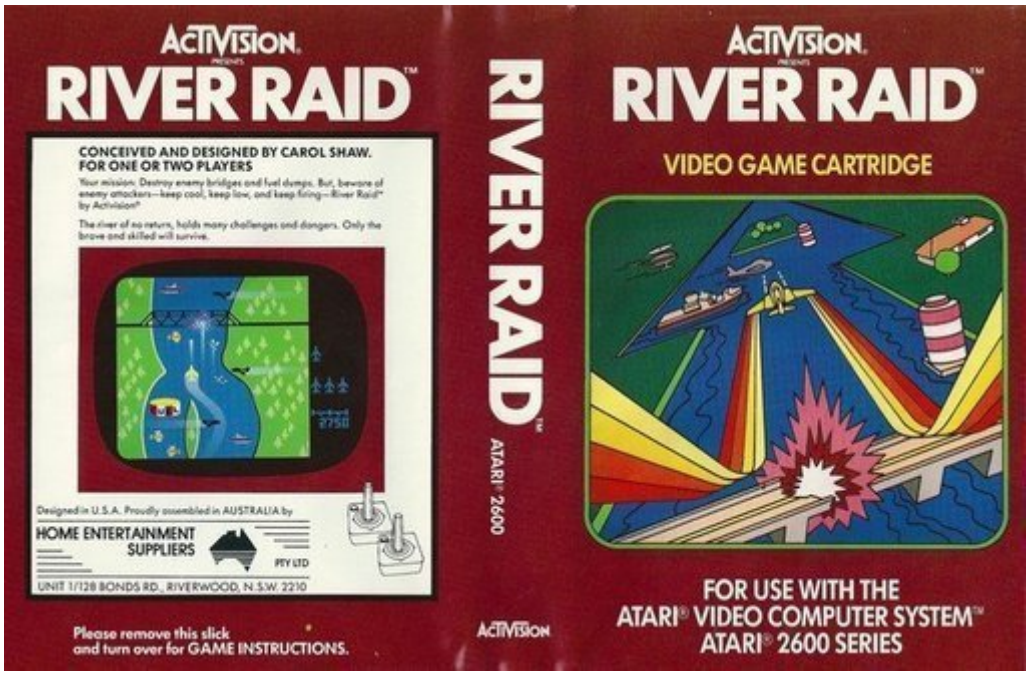
** Actual quote from a Daygame Mastery review.*

*** I only recently bought the fourth, Dark Souls III, so give me time.*
**** Term introduced on page x of Daygame Mastery*
***** For example, I started aged 34 so I'd already had 34 years of reference experiences built up of "hot girls don't fancy you" and I'd passed the age window within which a young dog can learn new tricks.*

How To Use Cialdini's "Influence" To Improve Your Daygame

krauserpua · 9 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Way back in 1984, the era of **River Raid*** on the Atari 2600 and the newly triumphant Margaret Thatcher, an interesting pop psychology book was released: Robert B. Cialdini's *Influence*. It has since become a classic. Cialdini summarises his research in the behaviour of *compliance professionals* – those individuals whose job it is to persuade you to do things for them, such as salesmen, advertisers and TV executives – and of seemingly unexplained social events such as the spike in air crashes in the weeks after a high-profile suicide in the area.



1984, yesterday

Cialdini came up with the "click whrrrr" mental model as a handy way to parse the human tendency to follow fixed-pattern interactions that overrule logic and evidence (something Scott Adams included into his "moist robot" hypothesis). He then devotes six lengthy chapters to explaining six such patterns and their triggers, being:

1. Reciprocation
2. Commitment and Consistency
3. Social Proof
4. Liking
5. Authority
6. Scarcity

What makes the book most interesting to me is that he shows each works by hijacking an otherwise highly-adaptive evolutionary program. The human tendency to follow these *click/whrrr* programs is actually very smart most of the time. The problem arises when a predator has eaten from the tree of forbidden knowledge and knows how to game them. Cialdini states:

> "This feature [of click/whrrr program] is simultaneously its major strength and its major weakness…. It provides a convenient shortcut for determining how to behave but, at the same time, makes one who uses the shortcut vulnerable to the attack of profiteers who lie in wait along its path"

So how can we take advantage of these weapons of influence ***ourselves***?

You thought this piece would apply the six weapons to influencing girls, didn't you? Admit it! You're a black-hearted rogue looking for any edge to get laid. But no. I'm occupying moral high ground so elevated that you can barely see me as I sit on a cloud in the stratosphere playing my harp. We are using Cialdini for the *Light* side of the Force. We are going to apply his weapons of influence to *ourselves*, to increase our likelihood of sticking to the path and completing our Player's Journey. Settle in, grasshopper.



Me ruminating on daygame, yesterday

Reciprocation

This is the principle that if somebody does you a favour, you feel compelled to return the favour in order to balance the books, and to avoid being seen as a welcher. How can we turn this around so we give ourselves a favour and compel ourselves to return it to ourselves? Yes, that sounds tough just trying to write it.

One way is to reduce an outrageous demand to a more reasonable demand. This makes it a *concession*, and thus a favour.

Cialdini introduces the *rejection-then-retreat* tactic, which goes thus: A man entering into a deal has his desired outcome. So he initially makes far higher demands in order to anchor his counterparty to this outrageous number/term. He knows full well he'll get rejected but it's a ploy so he can then walk back from it and make a "concession" – which happens to end in the terms he is really aiming for from the beginning. It's like **Donald Trump**** building the wall and expecting Mexico to pay for it – he can walk back a little and perhaps pay for it with US money but he still gets the wall.

Done skillfully, this triggers the *click/whrrr* program of "he made a concession to me, so I ought to make a concession to him". How can we do this on ourselves? The two participants in your internal negotiation are your forebrain and hindbrain. The pre-daygame conversation usually goes like this:

> **Forebrain**: Come on, daygame time. Let's go out and hit on ten hotties. We need out 10+10+20 this week.
> **Hindbrain**: No.
> **Forebrain**: Come ooooooooooon! Please! We need this. Ten hotties.
> **Hindbrain**: No. Let's play Call Of Duty

And another daygame session is cancelled. You spend the rest of the afternoon earning killstreaks and feeling ashamed of yourself. Let's rewrite that script for a happier ending.

> **Forebrain**: Come on, daygame time. Let's go out and hit on twenty hotties. This is going to be a big day. Only the hottest girls. Maybe we'll do some three sets and girls in lingerie departments.
> **Hindbrain**: Fuck no.
> **Forebrain**: Look, we both want success here. I'm trying to reach a deal. What do you want?
> **Hindbrain**: Call of Duty
> **Forebrain**: Look, I'll tell you what. I'm probably not supposed to do this and I definitely can't write it in a field report, but how about this: this one time, as a favour to you, we'll just hit on ten girls. They don't even need to be hotties. Nice easy sets – solo dreamy girls with rucksacks. Rattle off ten of them – bam bam bam – and we'll spend all evening on Call of Duty
> **Hindbrain**: Promise?
> **Forebrain**: Promise!
> **Hindbrain**: Okay.

Commitment and Consistency

Cialdini found that people are more likely to follow through on a large commitment if they have already actioned a small one. Once the ball is rolling and they've become "the guy who does that thing" they continue to do so even after the initial logical reason for starting has been removed. People rationalise after the fact, so once they become committed to a path they'll find all kinds of new reasons why that's the right path to continue on down.***

Needless to say, this is very powerful in motivating your Player's Journey. Once you get moving it tends to become self-reinforcing as the power of Commitment and Consistency works in your favour. Once you've normalised a regular daygaming plan – such as 30 approaches a week, an hour or two debriefing your sessions, and of course hitting the gym – it'll stick. This is why self-help gurus often set ten / thirty / ninety day challenges. If you can will yourself through the "get the ball rolling" period you'll form a habit and then consistency is on your side.

But what if we could reduce the amount of willpower necessary to form the habit? Wouldn't *that* be good?

This is where the small commitment comes in. Have you ever felt too lazy to hit the gym and too daunted by the thought of all that exertion you'll have to put in once you get there? That's enough to make a man huddle back under his duvet and watch Tellytubbies. Usually the problem is caused by two things:

- The scope of the task is too large. You've defined "a gym workout" as being two hours of grunting and pain.
- The failure conditions are too harsh. You've defined "failure" as not completing the entire workout to the very best of your ability.

Isn't it smarter to employ natural supports that obviate the need for willpower? Here are mine for the gym, when I'm wobbling: (i) put on my outdoor clothes and pack the gym bag anyway, because I know once I've started that fixed-pattern, the rest of it will *click/whrrr* into place (ii) tell myself "I'll at least step into the gym and do a little stretching. If I still don't feel like it I'll go home" (iii) I have optimized my gym workout to hit everything I want it to in just four exercises a session, taking about forty minutes. I haven't yet failed to do a complete workout under these conditions. The very same workout that I would've otherwise missed if I had to set my iron resolve without them.

Daygame is the same. The first thing to do is just put on your daygame clobber as if you were in high vibe and ready to get stuck in. *Click/whrrr*. Then tell yourself "I'll at least step onto the streets and have a look around. Put myself in the mix". *Click/whrrr*. Lastly, you'll accept that just one opener counts as success for the session. *Click/whrrr.*

Cialdini found that public statements of intent were the most powerful for producing commitment and consistency.

This is why blogging about daygame, or doing it with some friends, will help further. They'll hold you accountable and you'll feel extra incentive not to let them down as well as yourself. Blogging is particularly good because you can tell yourself "I'll just pop out and do some sets, so I've got something to write about."

Social Proof

The rule of social proof is that when faced with uncertainty over how to act in a novel situation, we instinctively look to other people in our immediate environment and take our behavioural cues from them. The more someone is like us, the more we are influenced.

This is why it's good to read daygame blogs, watch other people's infields, and to dip your toe into the daygame community of the area you're working. The act of cold-approaching is a highly novel situation for the newbie daygamer so he will be naturally looking to others for behavioural cues. Even if you're paralysed by approach anxiety it's worth walking the streets a little and watching more intrepid guys opening. Sure, you'll feel a pang of self-loathing for not approaching yourself but eventually that'll build up and synergise with the sense of normalisation you feel from seeing men just like you cold approaching girls and doing fine.

Social proof is also the reason why students can often overcome approach anxiety on bootcamps as it just requires a push from the instructor to get the first nerve-racked student to open and suddenly all the rest want in on the act. It's why pairing up with a wing slightly better than you is more helpful than winging with an advanced guy – the former is more like you, but good enough to get some decent approaches in and thus cajol you into doing so via social proof. (the latter is still very useful, just less so from a social proof point of view).

The other three Weapons of Influence will have to wait because I haven't finished the book

If you think this blog post used someone else's influence ideas brazenly, you should see my book.

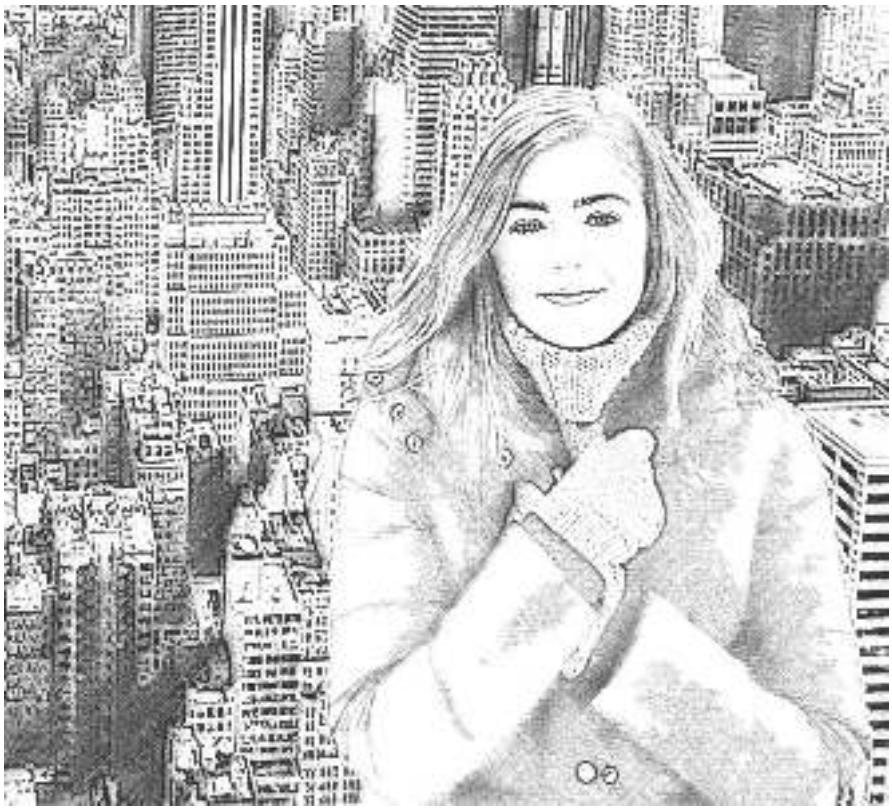
** The junior school me actually took a photo of his high score and sent off to win this badge. I was very proud when my mum sewed it onto my jacket, unaware of the small commitment I'd been lulled into. I would consistently buy almost all Activision 2600 games such as Pitfall, Chopper Command, Megamania, and Enduro*

*** Peace be with Him.*

**** I suppose my blog, business and lifestyle are one long rationalisation of an initially terrible decision to cut down on my video game consumption. Thanks for playing along and keeping my delusion bubble intact.*

There’s No Such Thing As A Jerkboy

krauserpua · 12 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original



A young girl took a stroll at night in the city. Grox saw the girl was very pretty.

“Hello, little girl. My name is Grox. Your pretty face has left me feeling shocked! Come with me to my house, it’s full of treats! I tell you now, it’s the best in these streets!”
“It’s awfully sweet of you, Mr. Grox, but I think I will eat treats from CJ’s box”
“CJ? Please do tell, pretty lady. Who is this CJ? He sounds shady”
“He’s Charismatic Jerkboy, don’t you know? He has the most perfect looking nose, and a perfect square jaw!”
“I don’t know him, so I’m sure he don’t matter.”
“Oh but be warned, he don’t like anyone giving me patter!”
“A person the same as me? I’d better flee!”
and Grox ran away and hid behind a tree.

“Young and naïve Grox, fell for my ploy. Doesn’t he know there is no such thing as a Charismatic Jerkboy …”

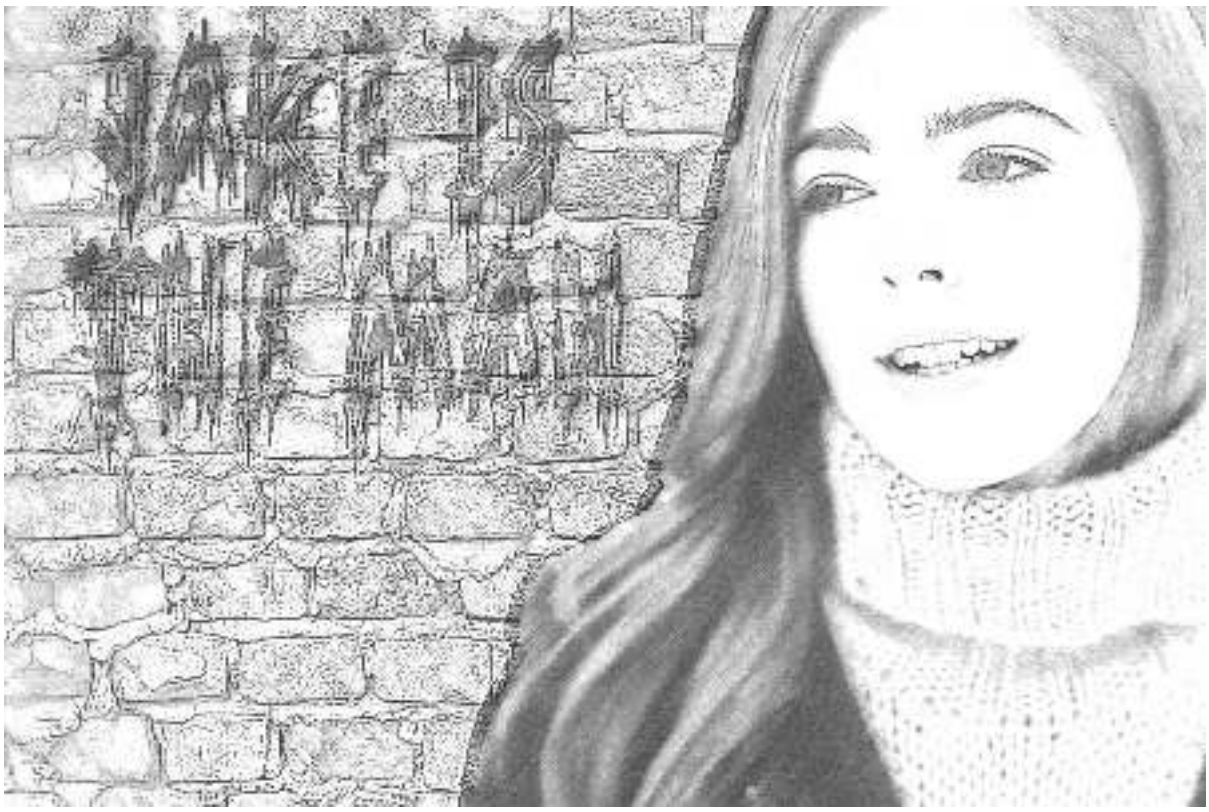


On went the little girl through the dark city. A man with a puffy blue coat saw the girl and she was pretty.

“Hey, there, lil Mama, my name is Crowl. I see you eyeing my coat, it’s 100% wildfowl! I was up all night, on the prowl. With looks like yours mama, you could make a man howl!”
“It’s frightfully nice of you, Mr Crowl, but I won’t treat my CJ so foul.”
“Come lil mama, and I’ll make you a star. Tell me, lil mama, can CJ take you as far?”
“He’s Charismatic Jerkboy, don’t you know? He has the most perfect looking nose, and a perfect square jaw!”
“Where are you two meeting? Are you his lil squeeze?”
“Next street over. He’s a guy does whatever he please.”

“That type of man? So long lil mama!”
And Crowl slinked off without any drama.

“Old and slick Crowl, fell for my ploy. Doesn’t he know there is no such thing as a Charismatic Jerkboy …”



On went the little girl through the big dark city. A male model appeared from the shadows of the alley.

Although he was very cute and his muscles smoothing, all the little girl's senses told her she needed to keep moving.
"Hello, little girl, my name is Jake. I will show you my great big snake. Come with me to the shadows of my alley, so that I could have a taste of your hidden valley."
"It's wonderfully nice of you, Mr Jake. But I'm meeting CJ and I baked him a cake."
"Look at this six pack, check out my hair. Tell me young miss, does CJ have my flair?"
"He's Charismatic Jerkboy, don't you know? He has the most perfect looking nose, and a perfect square jaw!"

"Who is CJ? What's so special about this man?"

"He's the darkest of triads, a man with a plan."

"That's too much for me, goodbye little girl!"

And Jake ran off. After giving a twirl.

"A pretty young boy, is silly Jake. But doesn't he know CJ is fake!"



On went the girl, walking on a little more. She spied a man with a perfect square jaw!

He was brash and rough, a smirk on his face. He walked with swagger like he owned the place.
CJ yelled out “I found myself a hottie , but she looks weak and rather snotty!” He tweaked her nose and asked “Are you single?” She bristled and scowled but felt a tingle.
“Weak?” she blustered. “Everyone fears me. Just walk behind and then you’ll see.”
“Alright! I’m in. I’m not missing this chance. Lead the way Miss Monkeypants.”

As they walked, CJ heard a sound from the alley. From out of the shadows, Jake made a sally.
“Hey, look it’s Jake!”, the girl exclaimed. She waved her hands “Hello, Jake! We meet again!”
Jake took one look at CJ and lost his glow. “I’m sorry little girl, but I have to go!”
And with that, he took off running. The little girl felt awfully cunning.
“You see that Jerkboy, I ain’t no prey!”
“Amazing!” he thought. “This girl can play.”

They walked a little bit more, and saw a pimp with his ho. The little girl waved, “That’s a man I know!”
“Hey Mr. Crowl!” she shouted aloud. “I’m back again, what are you doing now?”
Crowl looked up at CJ and lost his bottle. “There must be a mistake. I’m really Aristotle”

He picked up his cane, jumped in his car. Then drove someplace very far.

“You see that Jerkboy. Did you hear me roar?”
“Extraordinary!” he thought. “Let’s see some more”

As they headed further on down to the end of the street, they saw a man dancing to his own strange beat.
“That’s Grox!” she called, making him jump in shock. “Why are you still here on this block?”
“Hello, little girl with the pretty face. I think it’s time for Grox to make haste!”
He quickly picked up his things and ran as if his legs were made of springs.

“You see that Jerkboy. I’m no push-over”
“Fantastic!” he thought. “A four-leaf clover”



“Well, CJ? Can’t you see? Everyone is afraid of me! I’m a strong girl who can do whatever a man can , maybe it’s time you got up and ran!”
CJ leant back with an inscrutable face. He felt it was time to put this whelp in her place.

“That’s all very clever, I’ll admit I’m impressed. But you’d look a whole lot sweeter in a pretty summer dress”

The little girl blushed, the wind out of her sails. She didn’t know how to handle one of these alpha males.
All was quiet in the big dark city. “I’m admit it Jerkboy, you really are witty.”

He took her hand and she followed undaunted. She’d succeeded in getting who she really wanted.

Womanizer's Bible Podcasts – Season Two Begins!

krauserpua · 14 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Waking up in a European city after a night of thunderstorms to find deserted streets……. that's the stuff Euro Jaunt nightmares are made of. As I wandered around a park in the drizzle today, a tiny trickle of locals hurrying past underneath umbrellas I thought to myself: *Well, that's daygame fucked for today*.

I also thought: *Maybe I should rattle off a couple of podcasts.*

So with the usual amount of care and pre-planning that you all experienced last year, I have done the first two podcasts of this year's Womanizer's Bible. It's a shameless attempt to keep my fantastic new video product in the public eye but those of you who enjoyed last year's podcast will find a similar amount of value this time around. If you have particular questions you want me to address then put them in the comments below and I might – just might – remember it next time it rains and I have to knock out more content.

If you thought that was a long-winded piece of shit you should see my product. It's hard to imagine a better way to spend $49.

If you noticed this video isn't presented in written form, you should see my book.

Virtua Resi #1 – Gutter Game

krauserpua · 18 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Have you ever had one of those days out on the streets when you thought *"damn, I wish I'd had a camera on me?"* I seem to get one every week but the moment I mic up……. shitsville. While chuntering on with Jimmy in Warsaw we had a bunch of good theoretical chats and we were both thinking *"damn, we should've recorded that!"*

So when I arrived in **Kiev** and was rattling off the kilometres with a travel buddy, I decided to put my dictaphone on. Set record and forget about it. The result is a bunch of monologues, Q&As, and demo sets recorded on audio. Rather than simply post them I figured I might as well give it a grandiose theme for my YouTube channel. So, I humbly announce the **Virtua Resi.** You too can feel what it's like to have me chuntering on into your ear for hours on end.

I'm not pretending this is high-quality refined content. I'll put this first one up and see how the response is. If you all think it's shit, I'll not subject you all to more.

If you think this post ought to have referred to Scott Adams in a facile yet self-aware manner, you should see my book.

Come back! I'll bite yer legs off!

krauserpua · 23 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Have a watch of this famous scene from the Monty Python movie **The Holy Grail**.

Okay, stop laughng. Concentrate! You're with me? Get with the program……

I think there is a fundamental misconception about **quality** and **quantity** in the game. Many men seem to think that if they just keep cranking that handle on the sausage machine, they will eventually make a steak. As most concepts are clearer when you have ego-distance, let's talk about a woman's side of the hunt. Let me tell you about my ex-wife's ~~gross hanger-on~~ best English friend*

They met in a dance class and **Ariella** quickly latched on to my ex to be bestest friends forever. She was five years older, facially pretty ugly (big Jew nose, bad skin), at least 10kg overweight, and dressed in the multi-coloured luminous vomit style of an SJW. And she had problem glasses. A thoroughly odious woman to look at and also an unstable bi-polar sexual freak. She once turned up to a dinner party with a drunken gamma mess then slobbered on with him all evening and then went home where they took drugs and cut each other like teenager Bieber fans.

Ariella liked all things Japanese so when she was able to sell her small apartment in North London for a fantastically inflated price** she banked a big pot of cash and traveled to Tokyo for three months while we were there. It was **Operation Get Married** (she was about 33 years old then). So naturally she went to Jewish dating websites*** She lived in the same apartment building as me so several times a week she'd come back from disappointing dates to bitch about there being "no good men". Apparently the best men do not use ex-pat Jewish dating websites in Japan. Naturally her checklist was ludicrously entitled: must be tall, handsome, solvent, loving but roguish etc. Her funniest date was meeting an extremely fat chain-smoker who "never walks anywhere, only taxis". His taxi stopped to pick her up then they rode to a McDonalds where he chain-smoked as he ate two Big Macs and told her how awesome he is.

Ariella clung to the idea that if she could *just keep looking hard enough*, she'd find her secret millionaire. I tried to tell her the folly of this plan.

> "Look Ariella, it doesn't matter how many times you run up to the wall and headbutt it, you aren't going to knock it down."
> "But I know the right man is out there"
> "Instead of expanding the search, you need to figure out what these men want and be more like that. You need to change your fashion, dye your hair back to a normal single colour, take the metal out of your face, and lose weight"

She didn't like that. Last I heard she'd got herself artificially inseminated in an Israeli sperm bank with the DNA of a homosexual Jew. Really. Combine this with the folly of the **Black Knight** and you've probably taken the point. It doesn't matter how many times you enter a broken-down Vauxhall Cavalier into the **LeMans 24**, it will *never ever* win.



I'm expecting we'll need a photo finish to separate them ****

How many times would you need to fight **Lennox Lewis** before you win?

Of course the answer is simply you won't ever win. Even if you're somehow still alive by the 200th time when he finally punches, slips, and twists his ankle. Even with that freak luck he'll still just hop on his good leg and knock you out. Not only that but like the Black Knight, every challenge chops off a limb and diminishes your ability to win the next round.

That's the reality of daygamers trying to crank the handle for increased quantity and somehow expecting quality to emerge. You don't win by working harder. You do it by working smarter. The most obvious thing is to work on your value – hit the gym, dress better, and become a higher value man. Cranking out a hundred sets a week in Galleria Mall in Krakow is just headbutting the wall. Do it enough times and you are diminishing your ability to ever win should you somehow meet that one hot girl who does take a liking to you.

To get quality girls you must improve the quality of your proposition. That means learn from your daygame so that you can add pizazz (podcast on that coming soon). Workman-like "You look French…." sets will only ever pile up grotty lays that hurt your inner game. You'll just train yourself that it's all you can get. You need to straighten your inner game by becoming a better man – if you want quality girls you can't be "full R". You need to have all the admirable K traits (without the sucker side) and all the sexy r traits. **Full rabbit** guarantees a procession of grotty girls. Lots of them, but grotty.

I'll end this with a **Dark Souls** analogy. It's a game of precise methodical combat where you must read the enemy attack patterns, figure out his vulnerabilities (to physical, fire, dark, frost damage etc) and then lure them into over-committing so you can smash them with a counter attack. You must also marshall your accumulated souls so that you can level up in attributes that fit a consistent build (e.g. tank vs rogue vs spells). Something that never works in Dark Souls is to run in blind, flail around, drop all your souls, then restart at the bonfire upon your inevitable death. Daygame is Dark Souls.

** Well, by English I mean Jewish.*

*** Not at all reinforcing stereotypes regarding profiting in Gentile countries through fractional-reserve-lending bubbles.*

**** Yet again busting stereotypes about being a special tribe who inbreed.*

***** Look carefully and you'll see that's Team Jambone on the left and Team Krauser on the right.*

If you think this post didn't shamelessly link my name to Donald Trump's in order to raise my status, you should see my book.

Rabbits gonna rabbit

krauserpua · 23 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I've been reading the **Anonymous Conservative** blog a lot lately. After mine, it's probably the best blog on the internet* Now I'm quite aware that many of my readers do not share my genocidal tendencies so I'll endeavour to keep this discussion of a political concept as apolitical as possible. It's highly relevant to how you daygame. Let's first parse the rabbit/wolf concept:

> - r stands for reproductive focus – the rabbit strategy of pumping out lots of cheap offspring and fucking whatever moves. It's a response to overwhelming predation.

> - K stands for competitive focus – the wolf strategy of mating for life and raising pups together, teaching them to hunt and integrate socially with the pack. It's a response to selective pressure for individual excellence.

> There are three primary mechanisms by which the ratio of r/K expression shifts in a society:
>
> 1. Environmental cues alter psychology and biology during childhood development
> 2. Changes in the population's underlying genetic ratio
> 3. Changes in social promotion
>
> Together, these produce the cycle of history, in which hardship creates a superior K selected group, which conquers, prospers, becomes r-selected, and collapses.
>
> r/K theory also fully explains the American political bipolar spectrum of left-liberal vs. right-conservative. However, the story is a little more complex, because America is a decadent empire in decline, so both sides are mostly r.

Put in simple terms, rabbits are fast-breeding, highly treacherous, **quantity** strategists whereas wolves are slow-breeding, highly trustworthy, **quality** strategists. Rabbits are r, wolves are K. This is, in a nutshell, why you rarely see rabbity men with quality women. All those PUA videos on YouTube are stuffed full of mediocre or just plain grotty women, while the men all have that shifty, feminised, untrustworthy look. If you want to test this, just check out a few videos that have titles such as "Ugly Guy Pulls Hot Model From Street" or "Playboy Model – Fast Pull From Club"** Turn the volume down and just absorb the body language of the PUA – especially if it's a *piece de camera* and he's looking directly at the lens. Watch for the shifty eyes, the evasive body language, and the odd incongruence between his mouth and his eyes.

Now turn the volume up and listen to the grammatical construction of sentence, the precision of the language (mainly the lack of it, such as weasel words), the hints of things not really spoken. Look for the frame underlying the advice – it's almost always one of manipulation or getting something you don't really deserve due to knowing secret tricks. Phrases such as "so I met this girl and…. [tells long convoluted unconvincing story]… and then, at the end…. happy times!"

What the fuck does "happy times" mean? Did you fuck her? Did she give unbeatable LMR? Did you have a drink, good chat, but she demurred because she has a boyfriend? What actually happened? That's an example from Tyler's **Blueprint Decoded**, by the way. As good as the video is – and I do highly recommend it – it's Exhibit A in a rabbit rabbiting. Naturally, there's no evidence of Tyler banging quality. Lots of smoke and mirrors though, for the easily tricked.

When you watch PUAs talk you'll always get an icky feeling in your gut. You *want* it to be true because they are telling you that you too can fuck hot girls. *Yeah yeah looks don't matter, it's all about state, mate. Yeah yeah just grind out the sets and you'll get there. Yeah yeah just learn these little tricks and gambits in my bullet point list of hacks.* You want to believe it and because you're probably not very calibrated right now it's easy for experienced hustlers to blow smoke up your ass. The icky feeling comes from observing incongruence – your logical brain and ego are tricked by the bullshit but your hindbrain is sharp enough to send the danger signals. It's the same way you feel before an ostensibly friendly Brazilian helping you find your way to your Rio hostel suddenly pulls a knife and mugs you ***

This is the **quantity / quality equivocation** in action. They'll show you actual success with mediocre girls (and bear in mind these are cherry-picked examples, not the normal reality) and then crosscut that evidence with smoke n mirrors clips of actual hot girls. So when you see a montage of a guy "beasting" a nightclub or pulling at girl's sleeves on the street outside you'll probably see (i) short clips with hot girls that are fun but no real compliance cross-cut with (ii) clips of actual compliance with grot girls. **Vince Kelvin** is particularly clumsy at this trick. RSD are very smooth with it.

So you'll be shown a heavily-edited smoke n mirrors video showing not much actual success while they tell you it's "ten game". And then you're subjected to a long sales letter doing the usual **Influence** routine of elevating your pain, offering a solution, anchoring to high price, then pressuring you into acting now on temporary low price.

So how is this about rabbits and wolves?

As Anonymous Conservative so perceptively observes, rabbits are all about image and status. In a world of abundant resources you don't need to worry about starvation. Therefore attention turns to status-based one-upmanship in order to display mate fitness over other rabbits. This leads to politicians worrying about the "optics" of a policy rather than the real-world effect, Instagram tarts chasing likes of staged "my real life, honest" photos, chodes wearing pocket squares in Vegas nightclubs, and PUAs blowing smoke up your ass****. In contrast, when resources become scarce again in the coming Apocalypse suddenly no-one gives a shit about image and status. All that matters is can you go get the resources and defend them in a hostile world. Wolves care about getting shit done. They don't worry what rabbits think of them because when the Apocalypse comes they just kill all the rabbits.

The interplay between rabbits and wolves is fascinating, by the way. I do recommend you check out Anonymous Conservative's blog. Although wolves are far far superior animals they have a number of vulnerabilities that allow rabbits to steal from them for a long time before the inevitable pogroms.

So how is this about daygame?

The main reason that rabbitry works in pick-up is that you *accept the quality ceiling and then ramp up the quantity*. All girls will fall somewhere on the r/K spectrum and signal as such through fashion, grooming and body language. These girls both have a default r/K position but also a variation between a bandwidth during their monthly cycle, and also longer term depending on their age and current options. When I devote a chapter in **Daygame Mastery** to calibrating a girl's sexual availability, that's kind of what I'm getting at.

The push towards r-selected daygame that I initiated with Daygame Mastery is about identifying girls amenable to being pushed into an r strategy while also giving off signals to them that you are r. The problem with this is rabbits have low quality DNA. Rabbit girls are slutty and unattractive. Rabbit men are shifty and of low moral character. Wolves instinctively hate rabbits, and the hottest women have the K strategy. Basically, I'm telling you full r-selection gets you mostly grotty girls.

Don't fear, it's not that bad. Remember some girls will be towards the r-most side of their periodic variation when you encounter them and then you amp it up with your birdsong. This is the true craft of daygame and how it becomes possible to square the circle. You end up with a really odd situation where you – as a high value K-selected man – are meeting a high quality K-selected woman and yet *you are both interacting as if you are rabbits*. It's a tough feat to pull off, which is why daygame has such a horrific attrition rate and you can do these

amazing street stops with stunning women who flash massive IOIs but then flake. Most of the time the birdsong wears off before these wolf girls open their legs.

Intermediate daygamers will start falling into a trap as they climb up the Advanced ladder. By simulating (or actually having) lots of r-traits your results will improve and there'll be SDLs, street kisses and all that other fun stuff. Over time you'll start to get an ominous feeling – "this doesn't seem to happen with the hotties I really want". Looking back over all your best sets you'll notice a pattern: the girls are kind of towards the bottom end of acceptable quality. You'll tell yourself "well, it was a good story!" but still feel an ache as the genuine greyhoud walks past in heels, elegant skirt, and golden tresses. You'll notice you never see these top-tier girls with the rabbit men. Their boyfriends always have something K about them. Not chodes, just cool wolves. You notice that when you look in the girl's eyes on the street and hit her with a dumbass PUA line they smile but give back a look like it didn't really hit.

It takes mental discipline to resist going full rabbit. It's like walking past McDonalds when you're hungry because you should wait until dinner time for a steak. It's tempting to pile up the grot lays so you can text your mates another +1 with funny story. *****

> "+1, Macedonian waitress, in between the bins behind Pret A Manger on Piccadilly"******

Game has a central contradiction that being rabbity gets you more lays but being wolfy gets you higher quality girls. I've spent most of 2015 trying to square the circle, finding ways to retain all my wolfish quality while playing the r-dance with K girls ******* For now it's been a *partial* success. If I ever nail it down, I'll write another book so that you all get a chance to read it and the daygame community has some new material to package as their own without giving me credit. So, I don't have an answer to the rabbit-wolf problem but I think it's good to at least come to grasps with the shape of the problem.

** In contrast, a quick Alexis search ranks Jimmy Jambone's blog at quite literally the bottom of the entire PUA blogosphere*

*** Or any RSD video*

**** Which, really, isn't so far from the truth when discussing PUAs selling you bullshit.*

***** Also why their websites and book covers are plastered with hot models in bikinis giving come-hither looks but their real Instagrams are full of awkward hoverhand photos with chubby 6s in nightclubs. The marketing is about as realistic as the online gambling sites showing a poker table surrounded by James Bond lookalikes.*
****** Don't for a moment think I'm "above" banging so-so women if it's a good story*
******* Not an actual story of mine, alas.*
******** Such as the 21yr old Estonian catwalk model I fucked in Prague in what can only be described as an r/K fractionation masterclass. She still doesn't understand why she fucked me.*

If you think this post had lots of material you can shamelessly pilfer for your fledging PUA business, you should see my book.

The Joy of Daygame

krauserpua · 31 May 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I've been wandering around with my dictaphone a lot recently. I just wrap the hands-free set around my neck chain, click "go" on the unit, put it in my pocket and I'm ready. This means very long recordings of silence, eating and the occasional tinkle of mid-afternoon toilet breaks. Don't worry, I edited those out. One thing I realised it that lots of my recordings are dumb retarded shit *. When I'm out with Jimmy Jabroni they are incredibly retarded.

Anyway, I digress.

I've been having tremendous fun with my daygame as I feel like I've finally broken out of the outcome dependence** and gotten to a point where I'm just lolling for lolz. I'm abusing the model now and freestyling . So I figured that instead of doing a po-faced infield product of boring workman-like sets that send everyone to sleep *** it would be good to just give away all my recent infield recordings for free. I've got a few SDLs to start with. Bear in mind my focus is on doing the game rather than recording the sets, so I often fuck things up on the audio-visual side. We'll kick this off with Anastasia, a cute blonde who was foolish enough to be walking up Khreschatyk Street in central Kiev at 10pm. It was dark and rammed with greasy Turkish sex tourists propositioning all the girls for money. Absolutely gross.

While I was filming the squalid scene on my phone cam for Jimmy and generally bitching and moaning about the horrible street vibe, I spot a slim ballerina-body girl gazing through the window of Zara. She had big heels, black tights, and a vulnerable air. Right ho, I think, that's my first set of the day. I chatted a little by the window and she was giving off sparkly eyes and letting me get close. So a minute or two in I sit on the ledge of the window and she just stays close. An old babushka interrupts to sell us lucky flowers, so I try to walk her away. Instead she engages the old woman and buys a bouquet. I bounce her to a nearby bench and when it seems on walk her off to an Irish bar for a drink. At this point I check my recording and accidently plug the mic into the headphones socket and the audio gets horrible. So the audio stops as we are about to walk to the bar.

I've skipped the audio from the pub as it's completely fucked. We spent about 45 minutes in there sitting side-by-side in a dark booth and were soon making out. She was massively horny, throwing herself at me. So I got her to straddle me and I took my dick out in the pub. Classy. It didn't take long of her tugging at that before I considered it wise to pull her home. Once we got inside I was able to turn on the video so you can see the (blurred) close from 16 minute mark. She was a K-selected low-notch girl but as you'll hear right at the end, she hadn't had sex in nine months. That's how I caught her at the r-most side of her spectrum. Next I'll put up an SDL I got the afternoon before with a proper ratbag. Neither were stunners, but SDLs never are****

This is what a real SDL looks like, when you're not hiring actresses. More to come.

** No, not the Womanizer's Bible podcasts. Those are quality.*

*** The 22 near misses of 2015 had quite a big impact on my zen-like calm.*

**** i.e. every infield product that's not called Daygame Overkill.*

***** for other people, that is. I've clacked a few stunners same day.*

No more Beginner Daygame

krauserpua · 13 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

By mutual agreement, Tom and I have decided to stop selling our **Beginner Daygame** book. We now have entirely unconnected businesses. You can probably still find pirated PDFs of it, which I'm not concerned to get removed.

Full-r / Full-K

krauserpua · 21 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Every girl has her place on the r/K spectrum, meaning the degree to which she's amenable to fast casual sex. There are a number of factors which will determine her placement at the time of your approach:

- **Family background**, particularly her relationship with her father and the stability of her parents' marriage. Generally speaking, the stereotypes are true: divorce or abandonment leads to daddy issues, which leads to more r.
- **Hormonal make-up**. High testosterone means a higher sex drive and a more casual attitude towards sex. The tells for this are longer legs and mannish squarer features, which means more r.
- **Monthly cycle**. A girl's propensity for fast sex with dangerous cads peaks during the ovulation phase, which is 15-17 days following the beginning of her period. At this stage she feels more sexual, more available, and will subconsciously put herself in situations where sex can happen fast. So, more r.
- **Current options**. If she hasn't had sex in over a month she is far more likely to be up for it and every additional month makes it more r.
- **Attitudes on life**. Generally speaking a girl who has an adventurous or rebellious attitude on life will also be more r for sex. This means girls who hitch-hike, couchsurf, attend festivals, have visible tattoos, or dress in subcultural fashion are all more likely to be r.

There are other criteria but these are the big ones. So how do you figure out where the girl is on the spectrum? In the beginning, you observe Sherlock Holmes style. Once you're talking to her *you just ask* – either directly or through probing. She'll give away snippets of information and you'll file them. Here's an example from an Italian girl I met in Poland.

I'm walking along a shopping street mid-afternoon with Tomas when my spider-sense immediately triggers big-time. A twenty-year old just sauntered past me with a swish of the hips in her walk and wandering eyes. She hadn't IOI'd me but she had the dreamy look. Her hair was dyed reddish chesnut and she gave off an aura of fertility. I felt like a farmer sizing up an acre of prime land. So I opened. That was the Sherlock Holmes part.



Like this, but drop a point

For the first twenty seconds she didn't quite understand I was hitting on her but when the penny dropped her eyes sparkled and her face softened. In itself that means attraction rather than an r/K clue but it was still a good sign. The first key verbal information came a couple of minutes in:

> "I'm Italian and I'm here on Erasmus"

Score one for the adventurous girl who travels criteria. Also add in that none of her family or long-time friends could be watching her behaviour. After a few minutes she says, "Look, I don't really like standing around. I was walking this way, why don't you join me." Now she's showing me she has a bit of goal-directed action with men that suggests a comfort with them. She's also clearly amenable to the idea of being picked up without excessive coyness. More r.

The really big moment came two minutes into the walk, as we walked past a few outdoor cafes. I say "tell me a secret about you"

> "I'm bisexual."

Ding dong. Not only is she pro-actively broaching the topic of sex but she's overtly signalling me that she's sexually adventurous. This was a massive sign and I immediately decided **– Go Full R**. What does that mean?

It means make all your pick-up decisions based on *fast exciting adventure sex* rather than the well-rounded *Most Interesting Man In The World*. So don't bother DHVing about teaching your nephews judo, or enjoying the challenge of a high-status financial career. Don't bother saying you visit the town regularly and are thus a multi-date possibility for a slow-moving girl. Don't go into detail on how you appreciate the writing style of Alexandre Dumas and how he constructed his novels. Fuck all that.



Fuck all that, yesterday

Instead you show that you are an experienced bad boy cad with a treasure trove of wild stories. Spike her and fill the conversation with innuendo and nuance. And then back off and show how calm and routine it is to pick up girls and fuck them. This is all in a days work because you've done it many times before. We sat in a patio bar and ordered a beer each. As she sat opposite me I sexualised the questions game quickly, asking what sexual thing she thought about but had never done ("I'd like to arrange an orgy"). I told her I liked her wide hips and it's fun to press down on them when I'm fucking a girl. She was talking it all. Then it was time for my centrepiece DHV – doing coke and ecstasy with a porn star I'd picked up in Prague.

When I finished that story I saw her face change. It was clear as day, she suddenly had the "I'm going to fuck this guy" look of resolution. She'd made the decision.

"I have to meet a friend right now but we should meet tonight" she said. "No, we *must* meet tonight" she added, and took my number. After that it was freewheeling the car downhill. The whatsapp was just logistics and she came directly to my apartment.

It would've been easy to fuck this set up at any time in the first hour. If I'd mis-placed her as being K, my game would've given off the signals of third-date-sex and she'd be thinking "he's not the type of guy I like to fuck" or "he's not really the adventure guy". That would've greatly increased the chances that she didn't even return a text, never mind have sex. It's not enough that a girl fancies you – she has to also place you within the category of men she could have sex with.

Rewind the tape and think how differently this could've gone if she'd showed me a different side. Let's say she had well-cared-for straight hair in her natural colour, elegant mainstream fashion, and a brand name handbag. I'd have immediately scored her towards the K side. Then what if she'd said she was Italian and moved here with her parents because her dad is a diplomat at the Italian embassy? That says stable family and here by necessity rather than adventurous spirit. More K.

What if her secret had been "I like Justin Bieber's music but can't tell my friends or they'd laugh". More K.

What if she'd never really thought about a sexual fantasy (that she's willing to admit to a stranger) but now she

thinks about it maybe she'd like to have sex on a beach in the caribbean. More K.

You can bet if she'd showed me all that K, it would've been the nephews judo DHV that came out in the bar. And it probably would've been a cafe, not a bar anyway. I'd have assumed a 2nd or 3rd date lay was the fastest possible unless something significant came up to suggest faster.

A generic middle-of-the-road *some r / some K* game strategy is the best option for an intermediate because it shows both sides to you and invites the girl to find something she likes in there. However, it's sub-optimal as it also gives her reasons to reject you as unsuitable. Blindly going into every set either full-r or full-K is going to increase the volatility of your results because you'll fail more but when you get lucky enough to match your level of r/K with hers it'll juice the set nicely. The optimal strategy is to begin with an r/K mix and immediately probe where she sits on the spectrum so you can then tailor your proposition to her needs.

Two weeks after SDLing the Italian, she'd decline a booty call because she was on her period. That means, by inference, she was almost certainly in the ovulation phase when I initially stopped her. That's good luck and confirms my pre-open Spider Sense tingle.

If you thought this post introduced new ideas, you should see my book. There's still a few ideas in there un-ripped off. And a ton of other ideas I took from other people too.

The Essence Of Hook Point

krauserpua · 22 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I've been seeing a lot of "Yad" stops on the street*. It's a much maligned form of opening but it does have it's uses when first coaching beginners. Generally speaking, the typical beginner daygame is a bit of a faggot. He lacks physical and psychological presence and thus can't effectively insert his presence into a girl's day. The mechanics of the **Yad Stop** compensate for these weaknesses by making the open itself very flamboyant and movie-like.

I use it maybe 10% of my approaches, probably less.



An "Overkill" stop

Rather than get hung up on the precise mechanics of the Yad Stop (or any other stop) I decided to tweak my coaching to what I consider the essence of reaching hook point, as opposed to the superficial trappings of it. The point is not to robotically act out a series of moves, but rather it's to convey certain characteristics to the girl in order to impress upon her a positive emotional evaluation of you. So, forget about the distance, the number of steps to take, the angle of cutting in front, where to hold your hands and so on. Fuck all that. Think about this:

- Solid eye contact
- A stop signal
- Conviction

That's the essence of every quality stop. Let's analyse it further.

Eye Contact

You can gain and then hold eye contact with a girl from several dozen metres away if necessary so long as you have attracted her attention. This is why I might wave at a girl or shout "excuse me" very loud. Things like "excuse me, blonde girl with pink skirt" or "excuse me, hey! Tall girl walking fast. Yes, you!". She'll respond and you give and hold eye contact. She knows you're there and intend to say something to her. The same applies if she's brushing past you walking the opposite direction in a subway – force the eye contact by looking at her then when she returns the look you hold it and open. Same if she's sitting a few tables away in a cafe.

The distance doesn't matter. The direction doesn't matter. You don't need to wait for her to walk past then loop around and chase after her for a Yad Stop. So long as you have eye contact, she knows you're initiating something with her.

Stop Signal

Now you need to command her to stop. That doesn't mean you need to describe a wide arc towards her then leap in front as per the Yad Stop. If she's five metres ahead of you and walking towards, just step into her path while

holding eye contract, opening your mouth, and putting out your hand. Perhaps you only noticed her just as she was about to pass by you? If she IOId you can put your hand out and lightly grab her upper arm for the stop. If she didn't, perhaps you run backwards a few steps while gesticulating her to remove her headphones. Maybe you just comically wave your hands in front of her face from a few feet away. She gets the message – you intend to stop her. So she'll stop or she won't.

There must be a stop moment. A clear black and white indication of stop. Once you've got it – from whichever angle – you will maneuver yourself directly infront of her whether that requires one step to the side, or walking ten metres across the grass.

Conviction

All of this is done with conviction. You fully intend to stop her and fully expect her to respond. Of course she might just ignore you and keep walking but you are forcing her to make that decision of "No thanks, I don't want to talk to you". She has to turn away from you, or step around you, or turn her head away like a princess. That's fine, and you can let her go. But *she's definitely going to know you tried*.

So long as your opening follows these three principles it doesn't matter much what the specific movements are. Don't get hung up on the details of the Yad Stop and don't shackle yourself to one ritualised opener. The only reason it ever worked and was thus adopted as the recognisable London Daygame Model opener is because it happened to incorporate these three elements – when done properly**

And yes, I've seen many beginners do Yad Stops that somehow fail to convey any of the three key principles.



She'll know you tried

Now that you're freed from the tyranny of micro-managing your Yad Stop, what else improves your odds of a hook point? The easiest one to learn is to **roll your words**. What I mean is you deliver your opener and stack by slowly speaking the words with a rhythmic cadence like you are playing new vocabulary. Try to imagine you're speaking like waves lapping against the shore, or like a couple waltzing around a ballroom. You hook better if your vocal style resembles a dance rather than a robot.

Something like this is difficult to express in text so listen to my **Joy Of Daygame** infields to get a better idea (and

you can also infer the above three principles from them too if you listen carefully). Another way to improve your cadence is to give yourself buffer phrases that you drop into the opener and the stack which draw out completion of the sentence while also conveying self-amusement. Consider the same information presented in two different ways:

> **Robot**: Hi, I hope you speak English…. Great… I just noticed you and I had to say, you look very naughty. You had a cheeky smile and a sparkle in your eyes. It's nice. You look like you're running from the scene of a crime. Somewhere back there, a cake shop owner is reporting you to the police. "This girl came in and ate all my cheesecake without paying!".
>
> **Cadence**: Right…. ok….. phew…. [takes deep breath]….. you walk fast. Hi. I hope you speak English…. Great….. Right then, I just noticed you and….. I had to say you look very…… [looks appraisingly for a moment] … naughty. You had a cheeky smile and a sparkle in your eyes. It's nice. You look like…… like….. hmmmmm….. like you're running from the scene of a crime. Somewhere waaaaaay back there [gestures expansively]….. Somewhere back there, a cake shop owner is reporting you to the police….. he's probably saying something like…. "This girl came in and, and, and, she ate all my cheesecake! Without paying!"

We often call the assumption stack the assumption *story* and that's how you should deliver it – like a story to an excitable child. Draw out the words, leave pauses, repeat key words after a pause, gesture. Your delivery is at least as important as the entertainment value of the assumption itself.

** I absolutely hate the convention of naming a technique after the first person you saw do it, and thus I usually call it a Front Stop. That said, Yad is clearly the guy who introduced this style into daygame so I'll give him credit for it here.*

*** I guess "when done properly" is key to every part of the model.*

If you liked the furry animals referenced in this post, you should see my book. It has squirrels, cats and hamsters.

The Maths Exam

krauserpua · 23 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I remember my early teenage years when **Streetfighter II** first burst into the arcades and revitalised the industry. There was a small shop on Clayton Street in Newcastle that housed a dozen or so cabinets and gamer nerds like me would drop several pounds in them every session. This was before the Playstation era and thus arcade games still had far superior graphics and gameplay than home systems. To say a home conversion was "arcade perfect" was high praise indeed. Fighting games came thick and fast after Streetfighter II. I remember **Fatal Fury**, **World Heroes**, **Art of Fighting** and many others on the Neo Geo system. The big me-too hit was **Mortal Kombat**. I tried it and hated it. Here's why…..



+1, orchestra commemorates

Learning the moves was like studying for a maths exam. Nothing in the game felt intuitive. Nothing!

A button to block rather than simply hold the stick away from your opponent. Different buttons for high and low attacks rather than changing stance with the stick. But the real clunker in the Mortal Kombat repetoire was the special moves – they were hideously unintuitive. The arcade cabinet needed to have lengthy charts inserted into the front as a reference for players because nothing was as simple as the quarter-circles or forward-back-forwards of Streetfighter 2. It was a shitty game.

I've come to believe that too many beginners approach daygame like it's Mortal Kombat and thus try to revise all the techniques and micro-manage themselves. Can't say I blame them because there's an awful lot to learn but it's going to kill your vibe. Remember that feeling walking into your maths exam and trying to keep the formula you just revised in your mind? It's a horrible feeling and just increases your stress. The whole of your mental energy centres on the front of your head, making the rest of your body feel hollow and unbalanced.

That's terrible for daygame, an activity where you must project outwards from a solid core.



Projecting vibe from your core, yesterday

When I coach students I only ever give them one thing to think about when headed into set. Examples are:

- Remember to roll your words!
- Don't look away until you've finished the opener!
- Look for a moment to step in on her!
- Try to spot the topic she gives you!

Any more than that and he's not learning. It's said that if you have more than three priorities then you *don't* have any priorities. The daygame equivalent is "if you're holding more than one technical thought in your forebrain, you're gonna come off fake". If you're currently suffering from "daygame feels like studying for a maths exam" then take note. You are piling pressure on yourself and conditioning your forebrain to feel like it's hard work. No! As my latest YouTube series presses home, there is a joy to daygame. It's a free-flowing fun activity that you'll often look forward to. So let's have a little crib sheet for junking the maths and upping the joy quotient.

- When walking around between sets, focus on loosening your body language and feeling comfortable with the streets (solo) or bantering and fooling (with wing).
- Don't force yourself into 10/10/10/20 sets a week. Avoid any target other than "I'll open a girl that I like the look of". Let the girls present themselves to you and then open the ones which give you a stir.
- Let the "no"s happen. Avoid any "one more thing before you go" unless a clear spark of attraction has flashed through her eyes.
- Laugh off the bad sets and take breaks any time you feel like one. If your feet hurt, sit in a cafe until they feel better.
- Only take one technical point into a given set. Generally, I'd only advise taking one point into the whole day's session.

I think coaches are too focused on drills that require self-discipline. We only have so much of that stuff and it drains away quickly. It's best to daygame in a manner that trains your hindbrain that it's a hobby not an exam.

If you think this post contained stuff, you should see my book. Loads of stuff.

What is really stopping a beginner getting laid?

krauserpua · 24 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine you walk into a nightclub and you're the tallest, coolest, best-dressed, best-looking man there. Before you've even ordered your drink, girls have checked you out and thrown out shy smiles. You pay the bar tender, turn around and post up while gazing over the dance floor. Within moments a couple of girls are sitting on the bar stools near you to order their drinks, even though the entire length of the bar is free. It's almost as if they are waiting for you to say something. A pair of girls on the dancefloor reposition from the centre to the outer extremity nearest your perch – one of them with her back to you, her gyrating hips drawing attention to her ass.

You sip your drink and look like James Bond for half an hour. Soon, the most enterprising girl dispenses with the charade and just comes up and says hello, finding a bullshit excuse to compliment something you're wearing. Every time you stop talking she finds a way to continue the conversation. Finally, you suggest going somewhere else and she eagerly agrees. You take her home and fuck her after the most perfunctory LMR*

From reading this, you're instinctively shaking your head. "This isn't game. This is just letting girls choose you. Lucky for some!" But why do we know it's not game **



Tight game, mate. You should post about it on RVF

It's because this scenario completely bypasses the two biggest problems every normal man will face when doing game: **Approach Anxiety** and **Attraction**. These are the two killers that stop normal men banging pretty girls ***

Approach anxiety exposes you to the *risk of rejection*, and that carries a cost. In the worst case the girl will attempt to publicly humiliate and shame you for having the audacity to talk to her. That's extremely rare in daygame (especially among non-native-English speaking girls) but you will get the occasional hand-waving eye-rolling "go away little man" blowout. It's a far bigger problem in nightgame where girls are more keen to protect their social status by publicly rejecting men "below her class" and there are more people watching who may snigger or at least notice it (and you're still in the club with them for several more hours).

Nasty blowouts are pretty rare but even kind blowouts can rattle the beginner because he's simply not calloused

against rejection. The reason this hurts is **Assessment Anxiety**. Like I explain in detail in Daygame Mastery****, AA is really caused by low self-esteem. Beginners know they are not very attractive to women but don't like getting their noses rubbed in the fact. Taking your first steps on the cold approach journey means stepping out of your rejection-free comfort zone and exposing yourself to the unpleasant truth – **you just ain't all that**.

Which brings us on to the next fact – most men are not attractive to most women. Does this sound harsh to you? Surely you find most young women reasonably fuckable and you wouldn't instantly dismiss them, so why are girls so fast to dismiss men? Well, just think about this – *how many women over forty did you check out today? How many fat girls did you check out?* I'll bet it was none ***** The truth is that most women are not attractive to most men either. We have exactly the same cognitive bias that women have…. namely we only really notice the members of the opposite sex that are near or above our attraction threshold. Everyone else is almost invisible.

This is a big problem in daygame. If you are unattractive to most women, then most of your cold approaches will end in rejection. This is doubly ****** true if you are aiming for a solid YHT quotient.

So we are getting at the crux of what makes game tough – you must conquer AA and you must make yourself attractive enough to draw the girl's interest. These are very difficult to do and will involve considerable mental anguish and expended self-discipline as you climb the mountain. It will always be tempting to avoid it entirely and go back to scraping the barrel.

This is why there's a world of difference between choosers and the chosen.

** If you then post on a PUA forum about your killer game, it's almost certain you're a white man in South East Asia.*
*** It's "getting laid" which is still a good thing, but calling it "game" is like calling rap "music"*
**** The opening scenario bypasses them because it's using the "2-3 points below my SMV" trick. As soon as you aim that low, game is utterly unnecessary. You just smile, escalate, extract.*

***** Everything is in Mastery. Just read the damn thing.*
****** Unless you're Jimmy Jambone*
******* Well, quintuplly true really*

If you liked this combination of words and pictures flying over your head, you should see my book.

Death of a Salesman – Daygame Edition

krauserpua · 30 June 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I've been beavering away on my new book this week – no not volume four of the memoir, that's finished – and frankly I didn't feel like blogging. So I let my mind wander to an important question: do I know any solid daygamers, who post regularly about the daygame journey on their own blog, who could write a guest post here that would suit my readers? Unfortunately I don't. So instead I asked the boys at City Daygame to fill in. Take it away Xants…….*

We were all warned of "beginners hell".

Hmmmm, I think being a **beginner** in daygame is *great*. It's brilliant. Enjoy it. Throw yourself into it and revel in it because when you hit the **intermediate** stage things can start to suck. Quite simply, you become jaded.

Starting out gives you an amazing opportunity to overcome approach anxiety. Everything is new and exciting and, if like me you were pretty shit with women before getting into daygame, you'll be amazed at the early results: you're getting numbers and bouncing 8s on instant dates (even though they usually go nowhere). You've no idea which girls will hit and which will miss so you open them all anyway and you know what? Some of them do go on dates with you, some of them will fuck you, some of them will even let you same day lay them or lose butt plugs up their ass.



Not sure you get to choose which does which, mind

The first 6 months for a beginner, done right, can be like the honeymoon period when you first go to the gym. Follow the right programme, eat the right food and you can easily double your lifts, if not triple them. In your daygame honeymoon you can go from not getting laid at all, as I did for a while, to 2+ new notches a month with girls 10 – 15 years younger than you.

Then the wheels may fall off. A year in you may look back and realise your results have plummeted, to perhaps not even a notch per month. If so, it's time to analyse what's gone wrong.

I work in sales, a skillset which, fortunately for me, mirrors the daygame skillset. We say that newcomers tend to have **high activity levels** but **low skill levels** – assuming they can overcome the crippling fear of rejection which

stops them from making sales calls at all. Sound familiar?

Those high activity levels alone can lead a man to early success but it's volatile: one quarter he knocks the ball out the park, the next he strikes out**. Often his averaged performance is successful overall. As his skill level rises, however, he goes through a period of steadily good results before falling into a potentially terminal decline – due to declining activity levels. This is a bifurcation point for the aspiring salesman: either leave the industry or realise the error of his ways, up his activity and become a long term success.

This is the same challenge facing a daygamer entering his intermediate stage but struggling with dipping results.

What are the keys to enjoying that first run of success?

You do need some sales training before you make your first sales call. It's not enough to follow a script, you need a **methodology**. While you certainly can't yet handle every situation thrown at you, the methodology of the sales process steers you from Open to Close. There is no point reinventing the wheel, so you may as well learn from those who have trodden the path before. It's only when you reach the end of the proscribed path do you need to innovate.

Personally, I learned my daygame sales process almost entirely from **Daygame Nitro** and **Daygame Mastery** and as such I can, hand on heart, recommend that process as it's been proven to work.



Acknowledging those who came before, yesterday

To continue the analogy, sales is easier when your product is good. Of all of the successful daygamers I know (about ten men – which believe me is a big number), none are complete losers***. You need to meet a certain value threshold which means get into decent shape, dress well, and no more borderline aspergers****. If you're told otherwise you're being sold a pig in a poke. Some people genuinely do need to work on value before game.

Now you have a product worth selling it's time to tell potential customers about it. When growing Microsoft into one of the biggest companies in the world, Bill Gates said 'It doesn't matter how good our product is, we have to tell a lot of people about it or we won't sell anything.' For the daygamer that means opening lots of sets, perhaps two hundred a month at first. I remember rushing out after work to meet Vaughn three nights a week to run daygame, taking Friday as a rest day, then hitting street all weekend.

In summary, you will be successful in daygame if you can manage to develop your:

- Skills

- Value
- Activity

Where am I in this process? I'm in a period of decline, my new proper job has reduced my time on the streets and I'm now probably managing just fifty sets per month rather than per week. Some salesmen drop out during this period of decline. The daygame equivalent to leaving the industry is probably girlfriending a notch or living off your rotation. One particular siren has lured the goodship Xants towards the rocks and I also have a rotation on the go. It's tempting to rest on those laurels.

But no, I've got no intention of quitting now so it's time to up the activity again.



Solo, tired, appears introverted. Is there a rucksack?

** lol*

*** I apologise for not first asking your preferred pronoun. Obviously CIS-gender men, CIS-wimmin, MTF and FTM transitions and non-binaries can all also become salesmen. Of course all but the CIS-men will be utter shit at at.*

**** He hasn't met Jimmy Jambone*

***** Sorry, Johnny*

If you thought this post was an interesting ramble on daygame related topics you should see their blog.

Pain, Entitlement and Horrible Vibe

krauserpua · 6 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I was sitting outside TGI Friday's with Bodi* having a grand old time. We were in good spirits and chatting about Dale Carnegie's *How To Win Friends And Influence People*. Regular viewers of my half-assed YouTube channel will remember I discussed his brilliant polemic** on why dogs are so immediately likable and what we can learn from it as daygamers. I call it **Happy Dog Face**.

Let's talk about that first impression.

As I stuffed some tacos into my greedy mouth I felt an ominous vibe approaching, like a cold wind chilling my bones. My milkshake curdled and clouds gathered overhead. This could only mean one of two things – either the frequent showers that beset 2016 Central Europe had returned, or worse….. some local "hardcore daygamers" were walking by.

It was the latter.

Three angry men walked past with an aggressively entitled vibe. They were strung out in a row like Italian tourists, no doubt "commanding the street" in their own minds*** They didn't talk to each other. Each held his face in a frozen expressionless glare as if any hint of fun would be beta. They looked *pained*. And not just pained – they looked angry, like the world owed them success and somebody somewhere had stolen it from them. Their eyes value-scanned the oncoming girls without any excitement or desire – they were more like Jews sizing up a mark. They each walked in exactly the same manner and even fell into lockstep like a parade ground squad.

It was absolutely bizarre to watch. It was a studious, practiced attempt to be cool that created exactly the opposite effect. What would an approaching girl see, should she clock them in her RAS?

- Anger
- Bitterness
- Joylessness
- Revenge for imagined injustices****

We all learned at school that the least cool kids are the ones who try hard to be cool. It's meant to appear effortless***** Things got worse when pretty girls walked past. One particular young filly sauntered past with full hips, tight shorts, flimsy vest, and dreamy smile. A lovely girl. I scanned her and immediately liked her. It was tempting to put down my taco and give chase but I'd done a few sets and wanted to rest my feet.

The three stooges all aggressively scanned her then shook their heads.



A Yad stop, yesterday

A bit later I saw their leader****** in set with a girl outside the mall. Although an aspiring daygamer would look at his set and think it was solid technique, I just saw black clouds above him. What were the tells that this set was going to flake?

- Massive distance between them. She didn't want him close and he wasn't trying.
- Strangely hunched shoulders with his hands clasped in front of his groin. I couldn't tell if this was a subconscious shame in his own sexual intent (likely) or if he was just copying Yad and Jon Matrix (also likely)*******
- Complete absence of sexual vibe or the electricity of attraction. Her smiling was like an employee laughing at her boss's jokes, not the free easy smiling of "I love this, please continue".
- Neither of them were having fun. It was a stiff social interaction, like a job interview.

I kept walking, bought a takeaway coffee, and ten minutes later walked back and saw him take a flakey number from her. He puffed himself up a little and rejoined his wings******** A bit later I saw him open and fail to reach hook point with another girl. That's absolutely normal in daygame and nothing to get butthurt about – some girls are busy, or taken, or just don't fancy you – and it's no reflection on your worth as a man. However as this girl walked off he turned and grimaced, like he'd been kicked in the nuts. It was just another case of the evil unfair world not rewarding him with the pussy he feels entitled to.

Why am I ragging so hard on this guy? His skills and aesthetic clearly mark him as an intermediate and I have no doubt he sometimes gets laid with decent girls. He's out there cold approaching and refining his technique.

"Please Hammer, don't hurt 'em" you plead.

The problem is he doesn't understand *the essence of daygame*. He's putting all his effort into the window-dressing rather than the underlying business engine. He's treating daygame like a maths exam, a painful ordeal that can be aced if he just grinds through enough practice questions and picks up enough marks here and there. No, no, no! Intermediate daygame is ***NOT*** your 10/10/10/20 weekly sets. It's not memorising the model. It's not flicking up your toe and rocking backwards. It's not folding your arms and looking inscrutable.

It's not the fucking Yad Stop.

When you're new and clueless you have to do all that. Just like an apprentice boxer must be stood in front of a mirror and told to place his feet in a weak-hand-forwards 45 degree stance, the apprentice daygame must slavishly follow the rather prescriptive advice. But if you're 500+ sets in, it's time to liberate yourself. The big gains in intermediate daygame come from **inner game**. They will visibly express themselves in recognisable technical changes that I can quite easily point out so you see 'em and mimick them (e.g. **Daygame Overkill** analysis) but it's the inner game that makes them congruent and thus effective.

The essence of beginner daygame is learning to embrace the grind.
The essence of intermediate daygame is learning to love the process.

When I take wings out they are infected by my happy vibe and their state sky-rockets.********* They see that daygame is so much ***fun***. I look forward to it like Whitney Houston looked towards her next hit on the crack pipe. I love the streets, I love the girls, and I absolutely love the thrill of stepping up to them and making a move. I walk around in a bubble of excitable energy, like a dog bounding through the shallows of a lake. It isn't just about making me feel good, it's about impressing upon the girl that my world is a nice place to reside.

If you find yourself muttering and grumbling about daygaming, feeling a sinking black mass in your stomach before hitting the streets, then stop and think. Repeatedly throwing yourself under the bus is not progress. Ignore that 10/10/10/20 bullshit. Don't masochistically "embrace the grind". That's for beginners, as they grapple with avoidance weasels. You're past that.

Stop treating it like a maths exam. This is how I feel going into set……

[image]

** A caramel milkshake and beef tacos without onions, if you're wondering.*
*** Carnegie, not Bodi. Obviously.*
**** Or "lording it" I guess. I forget the correct RSD term.*
***** I find Twitter is a far better field upon which to express such emotions*
****** Although it's obviously a studious effort over a long period of time.*
******* There's always a toxic guru-acolyte dynamic in these groups.*
******** Matrix is good at game but he has some odd quirks that only work for him and shouldn't be imitated.*
********* "Friends" really wouldn't do justice to the toxic mutual value-grabbing race. It was a fragile alliance.*
********** When I'm not shamelessly value-tapping them, that is.*

If you think this post released secret intelligence from a private server without punishment, you should see my book. I'm taking £35 donations to the **Krauser Foundation** and I still haven't been indicted by the FBI. Special terms for Saudi Arabia and Israel.

Join the secret society – Citydaygame edition

krauserpua · 14 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I checked my pedometer today and realised I've averaged 15km every day I've been in Prague on my latest jaunt. No wonder my feet ache. It's been a funny old time – I got a notch on my first full day, then maybe deflowered a virgin on the second (there's some confusion over if I had my dick fully in for the relatively short time it lasted before she ran), got a blowjob off a 17yr old bisexual an hour after gutter gaming her, and there were a few lesser stories in the mix. It felt like I was in some kind of secret society. A tiring society. So tiring I can't be bothered to write blogposts. In fact the only thing I can be bothered to write is a Pokemon Go style easter egg. So as I'm recently won't to do, I tapped up the citydaygame boys for some content. This time Colombia-slayer Vaughn offers his thoughts on entering the Secret Society. Do check out their blog for lots of player's journey stories.



Uni days, artist's impression

I was a complete loser with girls throughout my school days and at University. During Uni I was obsessed with three girls, one was the sister of one of my best friends. A blonde girl with big tits and blue eyes. She'd come up to visit her brother and fuck one of the popular guys in our group. I tried everything to get her to like me, and wondered what the other guy had that I didn't. We'd all go out and drink together, she'd tease me, I thought I had a chance with her. I was deluded.

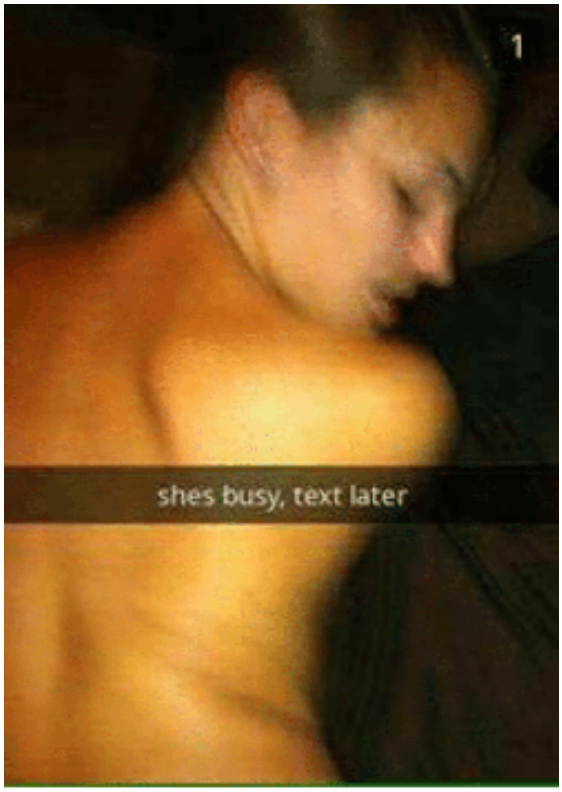
The 2nd was the first girl I fingered, I cooked her a romantic dinner to win her over, she was impressed. After dinner I tried to escalate, I had no clue, we were kissing in her bed I got my hands down her panties and rubbed her pussy roughly. That's as far as I got, we didn't meet again. She went off to Canada for a year, where she fucked a boatload of Canadian guys.

The third girl I had a thing for, was short athletic and pretty. One Valentines day, I made her a trail of messages, I remember making the clues and hiding them around our shared house. I wanted to show her how much I liked her. I cringe looking back now. I did "win" a pity date with her, which was just a way for her to get me on my own and let me down gently. She put me firmly into the friend zone.

I had no clue how to seduce any of these girls and all my attempts ended in brush offs or friend-zonings. Even the

tried and tested, get them drunk and hope for the best didn't work, at least for me. Looking back, I can see all the failures, failure to escalate them, failure to isolate, getting too drunk, over investment, pedestalisation. I had zero game, I didn't even know what game was. What was worse I had no idea how to change this. In the end I did lose my virginity.

One night I was out in a club, a girl said "I like your hair", she drunkenly kissed me, then a taxi back to mine, my first same night lay. She mounted me on my bed and took my virginity, I was 21, we dated for a while, I thought we'd be together for ever, we were a terrible match. I visited her after her first night at her new industry placement, she'd been partying the night before with her new colleagues., she was very hungover. I sensed something was different, she sat me on her bed and dumped me. She told me she'd kissed a guy the previous night, I was devastated. I'm still unsure whether she'd fucked the guy as well. Thinking back, of course she fucked him. I left her flat and actually cried.



Re-enactment with actors

Fast forward 15 years, the last girl I fucked was a cute Colombian air hostess 10 years my junior, one hour before I had to get my flight to London and 45 mins before she had to start work on her flight. It was a fast 25 mins of sex. I couldn't find her place in a Bogota suburb, I was an hour late. Her two female housemates had just arrived home, she was rushing to get ready for her work and I had to get my flight soon. She was on her period too, this shouldn't work.

I enter her room, 5 minutes of chat and 10 minutes later I've rubbered up and am banging her on her bed, she's half dressed in her trolley dolly uniform and trying to keep quiet so her housemates don't hear. I'm halfway through and her housemate calls her name, knocks on her door and asks her something in Spanish. She motions me to be quiet. I pause, she shouts an answer. A quick exchange in Spanish, interval over. She's back grabbing at my ass, pulling me deeper into her, I resume banging her, she's still trying to keep quiet, she's not doing a good job at it.

I calculate how long I have to get my flight, and realise I need to finish soon. I ramp it up, and fuck her hard, cumming as she gasps. We lay there for a couple of minutes, I pull the condom off and throw it on the floor.

She turns on the lights, the condom is a red bloody mess, I look at my groin and see the splatters of blood. I pull my pants and walk naked to her bathroom. I clean my cock in her sink and use the hand towel to dry it off. When I

return she's removed her uniform and is ready for a shower. I dress and sit in the lounge room, her two housemates eye me. I smirk and ask one of them to call me a taxi. The girl leaves the shower and dresses. my taxi is arriving. We kiss and she whispers "thank you". I rush to the airport and just manage to catch my flight.

The younger version of myself wouldn't have imagined that this pre-flight fuck was possible. I would have been disgusted with fucking a girl on her period. How things change.

Through months of cold approach and dates I've internalised much of the skill set (taught in Daygame Mastery) and tools used in Daygame and by doing this I've given myself the ability to act on opportunities with women when they arrive. You can come from really terrible to beginnings like me and still learn to slay pussy. I'm 36 and get more girls than I ever did in my early 20s. It takes time, effort, pain and applying the lessons but the rewards are worth it.

Daygame and cold approach enrich your life, they give you stories and excitement, it's dangerous, dirty and fun. You realise what is possible and you can't imagine a life without it. When the secret society opens it's bloody gates and lets you in, you won't want to leave.

If you thought that post expertly retold a daygame journey with dramatic flourish, you should see my old book.

How to escalate the “no kiss” girl

krauserpua · 28 July 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Some girls, especially the k-selects **[1]**, will have a “no kiss” rule on the first date. They may also give you a pretty strong pseudo-LJBF attempt that makes you wonder if they’ve only come on the date as an excuse to drain you of fine dining and attention.

Don’t despair! There’s a way to escalate these girls. But before we get to it, let’s understand the female psychology underlying it **[2]**.



A non-starter for Ratbag Game, yesterday

Women have a **logical forebrain** that serves as the repository for all her social programming, cultural knowledge, memories, and self-conception. When Olga thinks about “Olga” she locates said Olga as residing in the front of her brain **[3]**. While the forebrain is not where women make their decisions it can frequently act as a filibuster to prevent any decision getting made in your favour. Women also have an **emotional hindbrain** which is the wellspring of her emotions and animal drives, including the one we exploit most – ~~money~~ **[4]**. Sorry, I mean lust. This is what you need to tap into to create the tingles that motivate her to give you both happy times.

Broadly speaking, it’s best to think of the hindbrain as your target and the forebrain as a formidable obstacle that must be swatted away, smashed down, or otherwise surmounted. Plug into her hindbrain to heat it up while simultaneously lulling her forebrain to sleep.

So how does this relate to “no kiss” girls?

A girl will giggle at your street game, exchange numbers, doll up for a date, and put herself in front of you all because the hindbrain is running the *put-yourself-in-front-of-cool-guy-to-get-fucked script* **[4a]**. Despite this moving her feet to put herself into your snare, her forebrain may simultaneously persuade her that she’s “only coming out because she’s bored” and she’s “not going to kiss this guy because it’s not like that.”

Remember “Olga” resides in the forebrain, so Olga thinks the forebrain is making the decisions. Having drawn her pre-date no kiss line in the sand, she’s pretty sure she can have the date, absorb the happy feels, and return home

unfucked.



“I am Olga’s pea-sized green cog”

Recognise this is what you’re dealing with – *a girl using her forebrain rules to shackle her hindbrain tingles.* A successful player naturally aims to ratchet up those tingles while weakening the forebrain defences. Think of yourself as a PUA Soros riling up an animalistic Syrian mob to batter at the walls of her nation while your intellectual Jews neutralise the guards. You want her hindbrain to overrun the forebrain.

This is an escalation gambit I’ve frequently done with great success on those K-selects **[5]**

1. Run the beginning of your date the usual way. If she doesn’t refuse your early escalation or kiss, you may not have to deploy any of this. Just proceed as normal. If she doesn’t make a big deal of “no kiss”, just proceed as normal and do your usual repeated kiss close attempts later.

2. If she raises an actual explicit verbal objection, you are dealing with a forebrain line in the sand. For example:

- “I am not available. I am here to practice my English.”
- “I am not one of those easy [insert current country] girls. I do not kiss strange men.”
- “What do you expect from this meeting?”

3. Deal with the objection in an equally logical, calm, and non-evasive manner **[6]**. Be patient in typing it into GoogleTranslate if you must. The jist of the reply should be this – something I’ve used twice this week:

> “I find you pretty. So I want to flirt with you and find out more about your character. If we match well and I decide I like you, I will try to kiss you.”

Usually that’ll trigger some follow-up talk, which may include her doubling down on the bad stuff. Hold your ground and project outcome independence – you want her but you don’t need her.

> “You do what is best for you. I know women are completely whimsical, so I never expect anything from them. I’m a man, so once I decided I like you, I must make my interest clear. That’s why I tried to kiss you.”

You're nearly done with the logical bullshit. Time to close it off and move on.

> "I'm a man, it's my role to try. You're a woman, it's your job to resist. I understand it. It's nature."

4. Do not hammer the point. We are not trying to logic the girl into having sex. This is all about neutralising the forebrain (which must be done either logically or rhetorically) so that she has nothing solid to hold onto and fight against. Say the above things once and move on. Close the book. It's time to go hindbrain. Let her stew on the logic while you change the conversation back to whatever it is you like that isn't arguing over why she won't kiss.

5. Tell her she has lovely hair. Move her shoulders around so you're behind her like a hairdresser and then start combing it out with your hands. Play with it a little. Pull it into a pony tail then fan it out over her shoulders like a shampoo commercial girl. Scratch her temples a little like a cat. All the time ask her mundane questions about how often she washes it, how long her haircare takes each day, what the longest length was and so on. You are singing the lullaby to her forebrain while tingling the hindbrain. Occasional reach for a handful at the nape and give it a light tug – a mild version of if you were fucking her.



She's thinking of dick

6. Play with her fingers a bit, letting them rest on your thigh as your do so. Perhaps pull her head in to rest on your shoulder as your do it.

Let's pause a moment to consider what's going on here. This only works if she actually fancies you and thus the hindbrain is giving permission to paw at her. If she's purely tooling you, she won't allow this and it works as a compliance test to filter her out. If she rejects even this, pay your side of the bill and walk out **[7]** If her hindbrain *does* like you, you are getting to softly warm her up without giving her forebrain reason to suppose your are crossing her line in the sand. She's still thinking "I won't let him kiss me. He's wasting his time. I have morals, unlike those other whores."

7. Now you're going for it. Play with her hair again but this time softly sweep it away to one side to expose her neck. Now lightly blow or bite her neck. If she doesn't pull away you are golden **[8]**. Don't spend too long at it, just ten seconds or so before stepping back. Rinse and repeat **[9]**.

8. Move on to her ears. Continue your patter but slow down your words and lower the tone into a bedroom voice. It's great to keep talking non-sexual rubbish (I often recite my favourite pizza combinations) while your mouth is so close she can feel your breath in her ear. Sometimes let a full breath into her ear, or nibble the lobe. Often I do this while still holding the hair in a pony tail. It really doesn't take much of this to heat her right up. The hindbrain is ready to go.

9. At a high point pull her head in to lean on your shoulder, breath all over her forehead and down over her eyes (out of your nose, which should be positioned a bit higher than her brow). Then tilt her chin up with your fingertip and kiss close.

[1] Nearly every hot slavic girl.
[2] "Understand psychology? What a faggot! I just barrel straight ahead with Yes Girls because I'm a baller" says clueless forum legend.
[3] You can test this on yourself by asking yourself where "you" resides in your internal talk.
[4] I've been reading US blogs by the Pocket Square Faggot crowd lately. Sorry. Won't happen again.

[4a] Unless you ask her where the pet shop is and GALNUC your close, in which case she'll activate the don't-get-fucked script immediately.
[5] It's totally unnecessary on r-selects because they have no such barriers to surmount.
[6] I realise I've just lost 50% of the PUA crowd right there.
[7] I lost all the Pocket Square Faggots there. Sorry, we aren't into Game to get tooled by lifestyle whores.
[8] And if she does pull away, try again later.
[9] That haircare metaphor was postively literary. As smooth as silk. They cascade down from my keyboard like Rapunzel just leant out of her tower [10]
[10] That one is a simile, because I used "like"

If you thought this post contained unnecessary insults, you should see my book. You cunt.

Adventure Sex – New Book Coming Soon

krauserpua · 1 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

It's high time to start telling you dear readers about the next big thing to drop in the daygame world – the long awaited next volume in my epic memoir series *[1]*. Gentleman, I introduce you to ***Adventure Sex – How To Pick Up The Girls Of The Former Soviet Union***



Most of you have read **Balls Deep** by now so you're all familiar with the zero-to-hero narrative arc *[2]*. That story begins when I'm a pathetic office chode struggling to get over a divorce. I dip my toes into the slimey waters of PUA and after much failure I start to get good at it. The volume ends when I finally bone a Russian catwalk model. That gets the story as far as March 2011. I let this next volume gestate for almost two years before completing it. The last thing I wanted was for it to be more of the same: just another game memoir with a new cast of girls *[3]*.

How could I make this new volume something special?

I realised I need to try a different type of story telling. I thought back to my old university days when I dipped my (younger) toes into anthropology. Those meddling white men and women discovered that savage tribes all shared something in common – the importance of myths and oral history. Humans are hard-wired to absorb facts and life lessons when couched in story form. This is why history is so much easier to learn than mathematics. Rather than write another textbook *[4]* I thought it might be cool to weave all my theoretical knowledge into the memoir. Balls Deep had made a half-arsed attempt at that but I'm a better writer now and I'd put that idea front and centre.

I've written a book that functions like an advanced textbook but in narrative form. Prepare to be incepted.



Planting the seeds, yesterday

Volume 4 covers the calendar year of 2014, my best in the Game. I spent most of the year in the FSU and Warsaw Pact countries, getting all but one of my lays from FSU girls. It's the time I developed the principles that would inform **Daygame Overkill** and I've woven those in throughout. **Adventure Sex** will present you with a window into my real-time decision making in set (both successes and failures). It will take you along for the ride so you feel the same emotions and work with the same information I had. This will show you how international seduction is lived.

> "You've created something really good here. This is a quantum leap for you, personally, in the quality of your writing. This is the first time I've seen you really put craft into your writing, and it shows." – my editor

I'll have more to say soon, including a paper copy to wave around for YouTube from the comfort of my lounge.

[1] I very much like talking about myself.
[2] And if not from Balls Deep, you'll have seen the same story arc in every other game memoir written ever.
[3] Or invented stories that never really happened, like most game memoirs I suspect.
[4] Or rewrite Daygame Mastery, as seems to be the fashion nowadays.

If you thought this makes you want to read volume one, Balls Deep, you might be interested in my book. It's called Balls Deep.

Assertiveness Training

krauserpua · 5 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

There are several socially-inculcated attitudes that are holding you back from developing a powerful **Harambe Mindset** *[1]*. They are supported by a web of entangling beliefs and propositions built up over decades. Rather then untangle their sources, let's just cut straight to the chase – what is their effect on you, the wannabe seducer of YHT girls?

1. You should consider the opinions of others.
2. You should accept your station in life.
3. You should follow the reigning moral code.

When reading them out like that it's easy to say "hell, no! I will do *my* thing. I'm a free man" but the whole reason mind control is powerful is because the most powerful determinants are subtle. The world is constantly attacking your frame. This is why: ***Everything in the world is a struggle for resources.***

The best way to win the struggle is to make other people do all the hard work for you.



Mindset, yesterday

Literally every living organism is fighting for those resources and every one of them has developed tricks to get there. That's why they still exist – the failing strategies were removed from the DNA pool. Nothing is benign and nothing is innocent – even dolphins gang-rape seals. Flowers reach for sunlight and induce bees to do the legwork *[2]* of spreading their pollen. Fleas attach to the hide of farm animals to suck their blood. Predators hunt prey. Nature is red in tooth and claw. Here is a general rule I use to look at the world:

Any time there is value, attackers descend upon it.

Let's just think of this in ever-escalating scale:

- Put nutrients in a petri dish and bacteria will develop.
- Shit onto the floor and flies will swarm.
- Put food on the table and the cat will wait for its moment to leap.
- Put gold in the bank and robbers will blow the safe.

- Post a glowing fact sheet on a Pussy Paradise and the PUA army shows up in town.
- Build a peaceful civilisation and third world savages will invade.

This is the way of the world – *any place there is value, there will be a swarm of attackers.* You – as an able-bodied male of working and fighting age – have value too. Girls see you as a source of money, attention, security and (hopefully) DNA. Employers see you as a source of labour. The government sees you as a source of taxation *[3]*. You have value and people are coming for it. Most of us, as K-selects, are quite wise to overt physical and logistical forms of attack on our value. That's why the r-selected attackers will blindside you by underhand methods. The main method is **a moral entreaty** followed by **gas-lighting** *[4]*

There's nothing an r-select likes more than watching someone else stockpile value, then swooping in and bullshitting them out of it.

Moral entreaties are any kind of statement that follows the structure of "you should behave more like [x] because of nebulous ethical reason [y]". Examples would be:

- "You should pay the check for dinner because you're a gentleman" *[5]*
- "You should limit your carbon footprint because it's better for the environment"
- "You should support unlimited mass migration to white countries because diversity"
- "You should get married and buy a house, because that's what real men do"
- "You should date a woman your own age because that's normal"

It's pretty clear that each statement is an attempt to get you to surrender your value (or claim to value) so that someone else can take it for themselves. In order: the woman wants your money, the environmentalist wants you shamed into low consumption, the 3rd world savages want your country, the parents want a legacy, and the scold wants you to ignore the hotties and date her haggard old ass *[6]*. It's an effective trick because it engages and subverts our hard-coded inclination to support social trust and to live according to a system of moral values. The problem is it is *subverting* it.

Moral codes are really only one of two things. Either:

1. A way to bullshit you out of your value (as above), or
2. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours *[7]*



A back I'd scratch, without needing an entreaty

R-selects are highly devious people and they will shamelessly hijack your own human goodness in order to shackle you with it while they loot your safe and rape your wife. Defending yourself against it is simple: any time your hear the word "should", ask yourself *what part of my value they are trying to steal?* If obeying their moral entreaty would result in a transfer of value (present or anticipated) from you / your allies to them / their allies, then you know they are attempting to defraud you. So treat them like the dirty thieves they are.

Any successful moral entreaty / robbery is swiftly followed by a gas-lighting in order to persuade the victim that no robbery occurred.

Gas-lighting: "manipulate (someone) by psychological means into doubting their own sanity."

Gas-lighting is best explained via the old-time idiom: "don't piss on my back and then tell me it's raining" or "these aren't the droids you're looking for". The fraudster will expressly tell you that what you are seeing is *not really* what you're seeing, and if they can engage external supports for their view you may begin to doubt your own lying eyes. This is especially effective if the moral entreaty is part of the reigning orthodoxy, supported by the media and academia, and if it takes place over an extended period of time.

For daygame purposes, we'll just stick to gas-lighting from the feminist orthodoxy rather than talk about political and racial gas-lighting.

The way to resist gas-lighting is two-fold: (i) having recognised the statements are coming from someone engaged in robbing you, you are forewarned and forearmed against believing *anything* they tell you, (ii) just trust your own eyes and gut instinct. Never believe a logical or emotive argument if it sets your gut instinct churning. Even if you can't explicate why, trust your instinct. The world really isn't very complicated. Our entire minds and instincts have been honed over millions of years to see it clearly enough to reach our survival and replications goals *[8]*. So if someone is presenting you with convoluted logic, the jist of which is "your gut instinct is wrong, do it my way" then it's a safe bet they are gas-lighting you.

So let's get back to the original three stumbling blocks in your inner game that prevent you being more assertive. Other people's opinions *don't* matter at all. Most of the opinions they offer are either irrelevant to you or else an

attempt to rob you of value. Most people you think may have an opinion of you (e.g. those men sitting at the cafe watching you open the hottie) will more likely have a favourable opinon ("I wish I had the balls to open her") or just not much care ("what's the latest footie score?"). So long as you accept your station in life, I get to clack the hotties while you follow that reigning moral code of being a gentleman, treating girls with "respect" *[9]*.

The Harambe Mindset requires you to put your own interests front and centre. Without helping yourself first you can't help your people. It requires you to see the world with your own eyes and trust the information they receive. It also requires you to recognise that most of the people telling you that you should do this or shouldn't do that are really just freeloading r-selects attempting to bullshit you out of your value.

[1] heh!
[2] wingwork, really
[3] and if you're straight and white, someone to troll and to pin the blame for the world's problems onto.
[4] If you doubt it's effectiveness, consider how this strategy has brought the greatest civilisations to their knees in just sixty years.
[5] in this case, the nebulous ethical reason is tacit, not stated

[6] I hear dating haggard old cows is more normal in Belgium
[7] Literally in the case of "do unto others as you'd have them do unto you" and in the famous Tit-for-tat cooperational experiments. Much of human morality is about agreeing to exchange favours and to agree to mutual non-aggression.
[8] So no, I don't agree with Scott Adams' "nothing is real" theory. There's a world of difference between the statements ***the world is not real****, or* ***the world is inexplicable****, and* ***we are unable to explicate the world****.*
[9] "respect" is just a chode's way of reframing his own fear and exporting it onto you.

If you thought this post was eerily similar to another great blogger in a self-aware manner, you should see my book. It's completely unrelated.

Adventure Sex – Reader Reviews

krauserpua · 12 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm delighted to announce the release of my new book **Adventure Sex – How To Pick Up The Girls Of The Former Soviet Union**. It's available in paperback now from this Lulu page.

This is the fourth volume in my memoir and my best writing to date. I'll talk about it more over the coming weeks but let's hear from a couple of readers. First off here's **Mike**, who snapped up a copy on my secret Twitter pre-release a few weeks ago* He gave me lots of unsolicited feedback so I asked him if he'd write a few paragraphs for the blog:

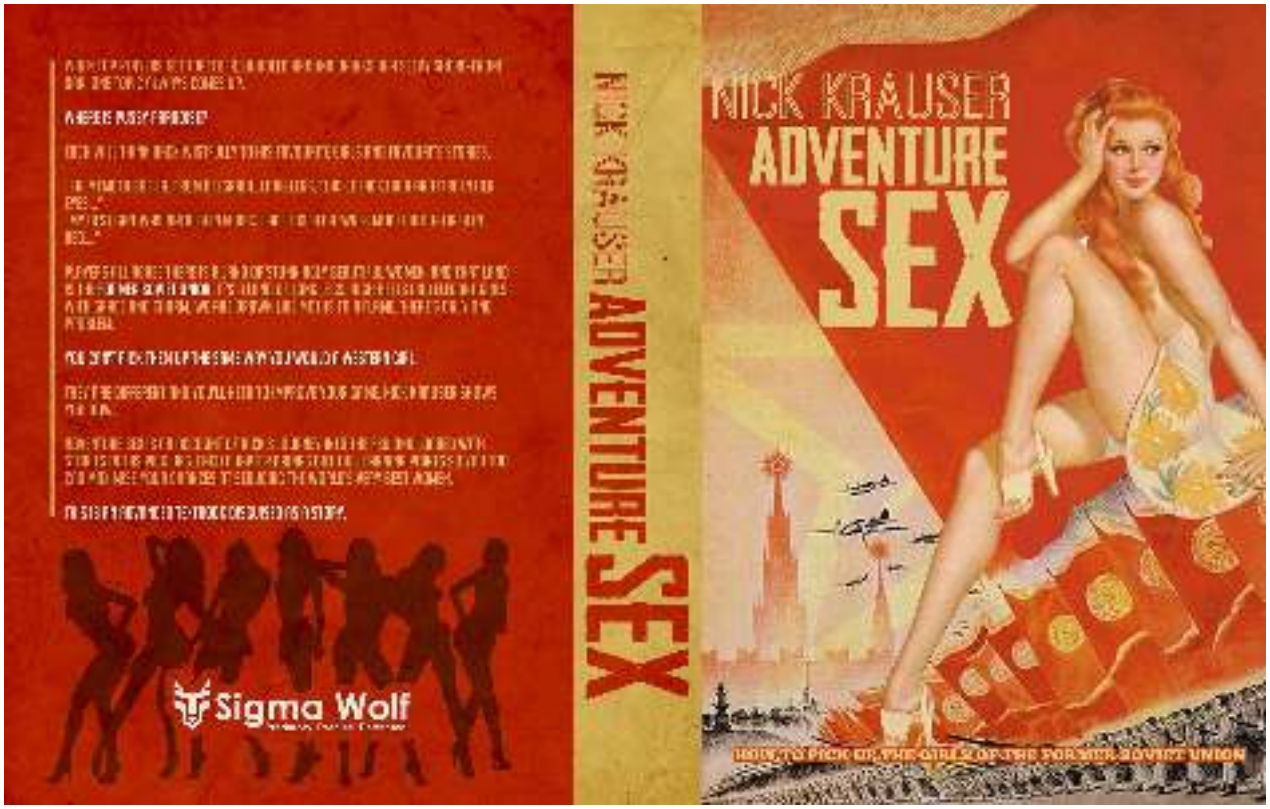
> "I found out about Krauser through Eddie from Street Attraction. I got an early copy of Adventure Sex and can say this was the most awe inspiring and lucid book I have read, dealing with a subject that has notoriously confused, and continues to confuse, a majority of people in the world.
>
> You can read theory, keep on navigating your own thoughts and emotions going over "what if's"… but will that put you in the trenches? Will that get you hordes of women wanting you in their life, telling you openly that they like you and fucking you? Hardly. But Krauser has those hordes doing that and is in those trenches. What Krauser did here is let you borrow his brain through numerous lays, numerous "what if" scenarios… except the difference here is it's real… no untested theories here. He shows you the battle scars, the fatigue and the glory… even explaining it using evolutionary biology as a guiding reference.
>
> With this book you feel like you're reading a spy novel full of intrigue and tagging along as an observer. Best of all, the women love him for it. My jaw dropped often, damned myself for misunderstanding failures in the past when I was actually so close to winning, cringed at what this exposes, laughed often and had my social paradigm rattled. I get it now. How many people want a goldmine but don't know how to dig and don't know where the mine is? His book showed me how to dig. In my opinion, in the West there is a stigma about being direct and telling a woman you think she's attractive… compliments are thought of as weak when delivered incorrectly. I mean did your last compliment get you laid or ignored/brushed off? Bluntly, Krauser tells you how to be a man, the authentic you who wants to be direct, but done with social grace. Without the social grace… without understanding what's really going on with a seduction… you'll feel worthless (am I right?) because you are totally ignorant to the subtext of the interaction, the woman can't feel comfortable with it, and you'll have missed out on getting the tools you needed as a man.
>
> Imagine that woman you like telling you she likes you and really meaning it. Imagine finding out there's tens of thousands similar to her, always.
>
> Imagine getting the skills embedded into your brain in a way you haven't experienced yet, that's going to get you laid with the hottest women in the world… well that part you can't imagine… but I can! I read the book

I think he liked it. I also asked one of my test readers **Brisey** to say a few words:

> "Volume 4 details Krausers exploits at the near pinnacle of his game. Beginning with origins of his 'Project Hollywood' style London den of iniquity with the various RSG characters then transitioning to his quest to bang younger, hotter, tighter girls throughout the FSU.
>
> It's wonderfully descriptive, hilarious at times and packed full of game advice with some great examples. You can really see the difference in his level compared to Volume 1. He has you at the edge of your seat wondering if he will smash through the last minute resistance of that 18 year old virgin. The are many moments where you think "How the fuck did he pull that off'."

Adventure Sex is available in paperback now from Lulu here. It's 516 pages and 160,000 words of carefully

crafted daygame glory.



** I like doing stupid shit like that. It was an 18-hour cryptic announcement. I also launched it on my YouTube channel a week ago, just to see if anyone still pays attention to my ramblings.*

*** I'm interested to hear all reader feedback so those of you who already bought it, please leave a comment or send me an email.*

Fast Lays and Cluster B Disorder

krauserpua · 15 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I talk a lot about blowing the **Love Bubble** with girls, that fantastic cocoon only you and the girl inhabit. While the world whizzes by at high speed outside, for the man and woman inside the Love Bubble time stands still. Every flutter of an eyelash or faintly disguised smirk is noted. The air crackles with electricity. You could say there is **chemistry**. But what *is* chemistry? Ricky Raw calls it this:

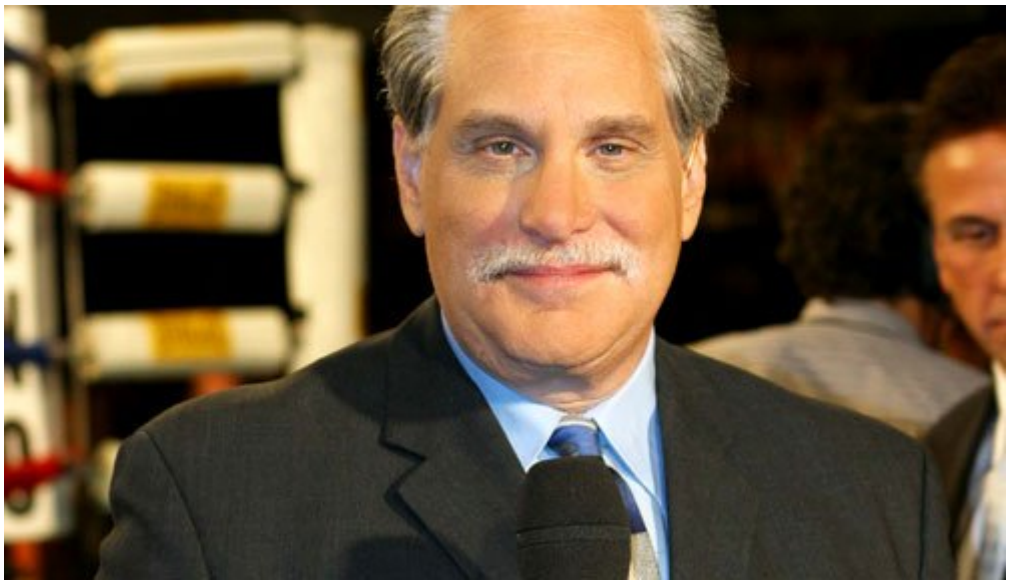
> "Here is what I think chemistry is. Some people think we get attracted to partners who represent our opposite-sex parent. Women supposedly marry their fathers and men supposedly marry their mothers. This is not necessarily true. *In relationships, we feel intense chemistry with partners who remind us of aspects of our parents we have the most unresolved, open issues with. And in relationships, we become those aspects of our parents we most identified with.*"

Uh-oh, that sounds rather pathological. Hmmmmm. Let's get this straight – we feel intense chemistry with girls (and vice versa) who in some way model the problems we have with our own parents? So for example if her father tended to be grudging in his approval and hard to please, that sweet girl standing in front of you may also feel intense chemistry if she senses you are grudging in approval and hard to please.

Ricky explains that chemistry isn't necessarily a bad thing, rather that it *amplifies* in the direction your self-esteem is pointed. Consider it like hallucinogenic drugs – people with solid self-esteem have fantastic trips whereas broken people have nightmare trips.

> "When someone with a healthy emotional core feels chemistry, it's often a good sign. When someone with profoundly damaged core damage feels chemistry, it's usually a danger sign"

Ricky goes on to quote from the book *Emotional Vampires* by Albert Bernstein (not the boxing commentator). Al calls chemistry "hypnosis" and compares it to the Cluster B emotional vampire casting a spell over his victim in order to suck him/her dry. Lets look at the tells that someone is a victim:



"And now over to you, Al…."

1. Deviating from standard procedure.

> "If you ever find yourself veering sharply from your usual way of doing things, especially in response to a person you don't know very well, stop right then and ask yourself why. Listen very closely to your answer."

Let's take an example of this from a girl's point of view. She's walking down the street thinking about whether to buy those lovely shoes or to go straight home and cook pasta. A charming man jogs alongside her, cuts in a few steps ahead, and then tells her she's nice, and looks a bit French.

Oh, you! Tee hee!

He invites her for coffee there and then.

"I don't usually do this but ok, I'll deviate from standard procedure" she says and walks off to the nearest cafe.

2. Thinking in superlatives

> "If you are thinking words like "best," "most promising," "perfect" or "most charisma" in relation to a person you barely know, take a step back. This is often happening not because of the person is those things but precisely because the person isn't those things and is overcompensating in order to be seen as the very things she isn't. (And as I describe later, narcissists and borderlines are expert overcompensators.)"

She's sitting in the cafe with this rougish charmer and he regals her with mind-bending stories. He's travelled the world, he runs his own business, and the strangest things seem to happen to him.

"You are the most interesting man I've ever met" she tells him enthusiastically.

3. Instant rapport

> "Getting to know and appreciate another person usually involves time and effort. Be careful when rapport seems to be developing too quickly, no matter how good the process feels. Instant understanding is usually the result of someone recognizing how you would really like to be seen and pretending to see you that way."

They have finished the coffee and are now walking to a bar. She orders a beer, her eyes shining and her head spinning. Thoughts of shoes and pasta are long forgotten. This adventure is so unexpected and so much fun!

"I feel like I've known you for years" she exclaims. "It's so strange!"

4. Seeing the person or situation as special

> "Defining an interaction as a special case that doesn't follow the normal rules is a clear sign that an Emotional Vampire is turning on the predatory charm…[R]emember that vampires excel at getting you to notice them, not what they're doing. Pay attention!"

"It's so random we met like this" he tells her. "It's so anonymous, just walking down the street. Nobody even knows we met. It's like anything we do or tell each other is one big secret. It's only when you're anonymous that you're truly free. This is a unique situation."

5. Lack of concern with objective information

> "Your two most important sources of objective information about another person are the details of that person's history and the opinions of other people. If for some reason you find yourself avoiding those sources, or thinking that they don't apply, watch out."

"I know so little about you" she says.

"It's crazy isn't it" he agrees. "We met two hours ago and yet here we are in my lounge watching dogs do backflips on YouTube."

"Yeah, yet it feels so natural" she coos.

6. Confusion

> "Hazy understanding of the reasons for your own reactions, coupled with unusual certainty, is a pretty clear sign that somebody has been messing with your mind."

"I feel like my mind has switched off" she says, and giggles nervously. Her loins are warm and she really wants to fuck this guy, but deep down she's a little troubled by the speed at which things are moving. It seems like days, not hours, since she was shoe shopping.

"We shouldn't do this" she moans, lying back as he gets his dick out. "Do you have a condom?"

You know what, written like that it would appear that my **Same Day Lay model** is a manual for a Cluster B emotional vampire to effectively ensnare hot young women and then fuck them.



"French, you say?"

If you think that sounds like a great idea, you should see my book. It's got all of the advice with none of the troubling psychobabble.

Text Game Clinic – Georgian Catwalk Model

krauserpua · 24 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Right then dickheads **[1]** let's have ourselves a little gander at a recent Facebook message exchange I had while in Moscow. This was a Georgian/Russian girl I met in Gorky Park during a blisteringly hot Saturday afternoon. She was with her friend who couldn't speak English and both were a bit too cool for school. As I walked off it felt like a weak close so I treated it as such in the ensuing messages – the most important goal was to **build early attraction to get a proper hook point**. So I took a few risks. [right-click and "open image in new tab" if you have trouble reading the text]



Section 1 is straight out attraction + mythology. I bait the hook with an unconventional opener that almost forces her to either (i) agree she's trouble (ii) deny she's trouble or (iii) ask why she's trouble. Any one of those three answers gives me a launchpad into a mini-routine and there's a 90% chance she'll pick one of the three. My fourth sentence was a direct prod at her because her profile at the time was a modelling picture wearing a hat and she's a very tall girl – I want this sexual from the off, so I mention long legs. My final message in this section is a visually evocative mythology to her. So, five sentences and job done. This was the make-or-break section of the entire chat and it worked. She's hooked. Time to get a little normal.

Section 2 is drawing her out in rapport to tell me about herself. Usually I'll look for a segueway into dropping a DHV – in this case having lived in Japan. I'm not teasing her because that's too much clowning after such an irreverant start. Instead I bed it down a bit, lower the energy, and set up the next spike….

Section 3 is playfully prodding her again. I like to set up all FSU girls as some kind of KGB spies, vodka drinking thugs, or forest-dwelling snipers. Any time a girl explains she comes from a specific region, I'll recast it as a peasant village. Google Images is good for that – just search "[her region] traditional costume" or "[her region] peasant village". Her reaction to to qualify herself – "I do sometimes modelling" which translates as "I do something cool, I want you to be impressed". Note how much of my concern is to manage the energy of the chat, creating peaks and troughs as if it's music.



Anytime a girl sends you pictures of herself looking pretty or sexy, she's trying to get you to think of her as a sexual prospect*. That doesn't mean she actually wants to fuck, just that she wants to be seen in that way. It's approval-seeking. When working Attraction, your response is to *frustrate* her expectations and to withhold that approval **[2]** as I do in **Section 4**. We've come a long way in a short time, from a girl who seemed fairly disinterested in me initially.

This all works to trigger **Section 5** which is her now displaying an interest in me – the meta-level is that it's "soooooo, tell me about you….. oh, cool!". I take the opportunity to DHV and present my archetype as a talented but uncontrollable wanderer. Keen students of Mystery Method will spot that we have gotten to the end of phase A2 and midway into A3. I've demonstrated value, it's hooked her in, and she's begun to qualify herself and IOI me. I just haven't yet IOId her back. I finish on an attraction spike and roll off. Job done for now. It doesn't feel like she's fishing for a date invitation so I don't want to overstay my welcome and appear too available.

It seems many people misunderstand the point of *Window On My World* pings. You don't simply tell a girl you're eating ice cream or drinking coffee. You have to dress it up, as I do in **Section 6** by self-aggrandizing my effect on Moscow's harmony. Naturally that draws a smile.



Section 7 seems trivial but just pause and consider the mechanics. I don't respond "I'm drinking coffee too" or something equally gay and agreeable. I pick up on something so minor and still twist it into a chance to prod and challenge her. I also employ some minor comic timing with my countdown. Girls like it when you can make the

mundane spectacular because in microcosm that's what you're doing with her boring mundane life. After that I let some more low-energy rapport prattle on so I don't look too fizzy or clownish, then I give her mild IOIs in liking her job. Attraction material is fun and addictive but you must still bed things down and show her you're capable of normal social interaction.

Finally I think i should try to get her onto a date so I make an ask in **Section 8**. She gives what is either a mild refusal or a genuine "don't know". I suspect the former so I decide to roll off behind a tease. My rationale is she doesn't feel sufficiently hooked and I've worked hard to get this frame. Savvy giraffes like her can sniff out thirst from miles away. I don't know if this was the right decision. That said, ask yourself this: *who is driving the conversation, and who is happily letting themselves get driven along?*



Now I need to rebuild before the next date invite so **Section 9** is a standard ping and follow-up. She's showing enthusiasm in her messages and the speed of replying, so I figure I can build momentum quickly and soon move into another attraction spike in **Section 10**. If she'd been tardy or boring I'd have cut it short without Section 10 and rolled off another day. The key learning point of this section is how I build it out of absolutely nothing, I just go off and create a mini-drama. I'd started to feel like light-hearted truculence would fit well so **Section 11** does that. It's all about self-aggrandizing myself rather than teasing her. I want to show that I'm confident and creative but don't take myself too seriously. Comparing myself to both a lion and a cute dog demonstrates this.



She responds positively and pulls me into rapport, then again sends me a completely gratuitous photo of her looking pretty in **Section 12.** I go with the rapport. She soon told me she was going on holiday and thus bad logistics intervened and she gets parked onto Long Game until my next trip. So there we have it, an example of how text game can pull in a Weak Maybe of a top-tier girl so long as you're patient, understand female psychology, and get a little bit of good luck **[3]**. Will I fuck her? I've no idea – I'll try ramping it up again when I'm back in her town.

[1] Esteemed readers.
[2] When running rapport, you give the expected (and sometimes unexpected) approval. Comfort requires meeting expectations so as not to agitate the amygdala.

[3] Or you could wear a pocket square, hit on trolls way below your own looks, then use absolutely laughable text "game" to filter for pure Yes girls

** And I have to re-upload a redacted image blacking her out because now I'm reminded that people can reverse image search the fucking thing. This is why we can't have nice things.*

If you thought this post patiently walked you through the art of seducing Soviet girls so you learned a lot about how to do it yourself, you should see my book. That's the whole point of it. Then again, you could just wait until all the PUA clowns rip off this material, rename my tactics as their own, then pretend I don't exist.

How To Ping A Lead

krauserpua · 25 August 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Let's do a quick round-up of some gambits to use when girls are placed in a holding pattern and logistics don't allow you to push for a first / another date yet – for example, you aren't visiting her city for another month or two. Bear in mind these are NOT your **Feeler Texts** (first message after taking number). They all assume you already have some back-and-forth going on.

#1 – Photo Ping
The bread and butter is to send photo pings. Usually they'll be the first thing you send that day because they are your way of initiating a short contact that keeps the connection between you both and keeps you in her awareness. They allow you to add far more colour than just messaging "hey, whassup" or doing those cheesy PUA "recovery" texts about how you're getting divorced and want to keep the dog.

The basic photo ping is the *Window On My World*. Send her a photo that represents what you're doing, or thinking, or something you saw that caught your interest. Found the photo? Okay, now STOP! Do not immediately send it.

Think.

How can I build a mini-mythology or drama around this image? How can I make this photo of a teddy bear next to a cheeseburger interesting? I saw two dogs get their leashes tangled up and fall over, how can I make that a funnier mental image?

You never simply take a picture of your coffee or steak and say "I'm eating steak and drinking coffee". That's just step one. Step two is to dress it up and make it larger than life. Make the photo composition interesting and add something – "I'm eating the world's juiciest steak. I might sell my house and buy a ranch in Argentina. I'll make a great cowboy"

Here are some pings with the same girl. You'll find that once you start sending them, it trains her to start finding her own photo pings to send you, as you see here.



#2 – She sends you a photo
Any time a girl sends a photo of herself looking pretty it's an excellent sign – she wants you to think of her as a sexual being. How you respond depends entirely on where you are in the set with her. The general rule is you use the primary energy in the set as it's been so far:

– If she was bantering hard in the street, banter her in the photo response.
– If she was shy and demure, tease her softly then say something nice.
– If she was highly sexual, focus on the sex (or completely ignore the sexual aspect of the photo and comment on something mundane within the shot)

Here's an example of a shy demure girl, quite likely a virgin. In these cases I always ask myself "which cute fluffy

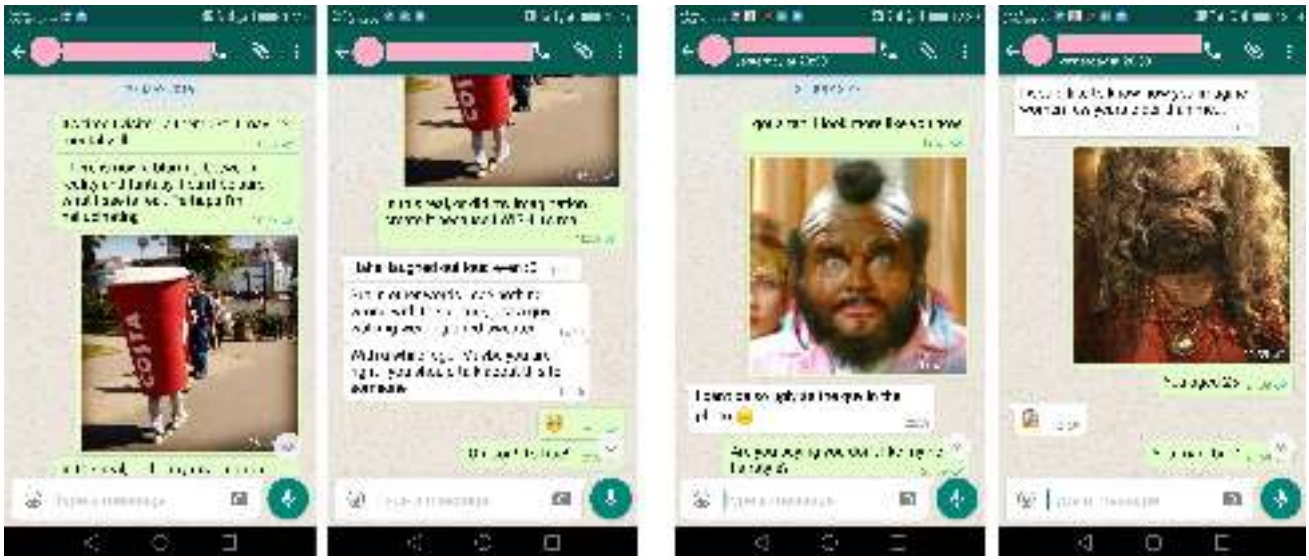
animal does she remind me of?" then I search Google Images for it. As a quick guide: Big dark eyes means raccoon. Full round cheeks means hamster. Visible front teeth and smile means squirrel. Narrowed eyes means cat. Long legs means flamingo.



#3 – Surrealism

Once in a while it's funny to go all Salvador Dali on her and give her a pattern-break. This works especially well if you've had a date already and been texting a while and thus she has greater understanding of your character from which to interpret the surrealism as an exaggeration thereof. In my examples the first girl had previously teased me that I only ever drink Costa coffee. I always accuse the second girl of tanning like a gypsy.

The key to surrealism is to find an odd arresting image and spinning off from it with a story. Play up the self-absorption so it functions like a **Parody Narcissist** who is only dimly self-aware.



#4 – Truculent Cad

Sometimes I like to just be disagreeable with a girl while overly-stating how awesome I think I am. Again it's all

tongue-in-cheek and it draws it's fun from being uncalled for and gratuitous.



If you thought this post showed interesting ways to message girls, you should see my book. It's got 180 pages all about messaging.

Adventure Sex – Excerpt #1

krauserpua · 5 September 2016 · Archived copy · Original

[What follows is the full unedited text of the first half of the opening chapter. This should give you rascals a feel for my writing style and the story I go on to tell.]

Chapter One: Hibernation.

It was January 2014. I was a bear tucked away in his cave, snoring contentedly on his bed of leaves, dreaming pots of delicious honey. The excitement of the prior year was over, but I felt travel fatigue deep in my bones. I'd been pushing myself hard for five years, climbing aboard the emotional roller-coaster week after week. Periods of respite were short. I was so determined to improve and so addicted to the unpredictable work-reward pay-off profile that I floated many consecutive adrenal highs and suffered an equal number of crashes. Like the Federal Reserve trying to re-blow the next economic bubble with additional injections of monetary stimulus, I was re-injecting myself with more trips, more sets, and more sex. The inevitable comedown was building as ominously as the Fed's balance sheet. The process needed to unwind and it might get messy.

The first real tremors came in November 2013. I found myself resentful of hitting the streets and couldn't muster any interest in fucking my regular girls. I'd drop off in the middle of Facebook chats. Girls would send me titty photos on WhatsApp and I'd not even acknowledge them.

My mojo was gone.

Rather than fight it, I decided to hole up and accept it for what it was – daygame revulsion. I'd over-eaten from the buffet of younger-hotter-tighter. Time to concentrate on something else.

There's a tension between chasing women and accomplishing other things in life. For all their seductive pleasures, women are dream-killers. So long as there's a sniff of hot pussy wafting along the air, I'm off like a hunting dog catching a scent. I couldn't multi-task this area of my life. Instead I decided to just segment them – some weeks I'd go out chasing women, other weeks I'd shut myself in and try my level best to ignore them.

Throughout 2013 I'd felt the tug of dissatisfaction from overdosing on the skirt-chasing and letting everything else decay. I wanted to produce something great and spend guilt-free time indulging my hobbies. So, I was going to write a book and catch up on my video-gaming. I had a plan for winter and no girls in this tree house!

Initially I was going to lock myself in a cabin in the Lake District. A few years earlier I'd watched Johnny Depp play a reclusive writer in Secret Window. I didn't much care for the plot, the scares, or the slow descent into madness. But I did visualise myself in his position – a crackling log fire set inside a stone mantelpiece, thick fluffy cushion on the sofa, frost along the windows, and a view over forests and mountains. Give me that – total isolation.



Artist impression

Ideally there'd be no internet connection. No bloggers, no movies, no UFC pay-per-views. Just me, my laptop, a coffee machine, and a PlayStation 3. Within a week of idle speculation I'd already made a list of games to complete. I even considered buying an old Nintendo GameCube because I regretted never finishing Super Mario Sunshine.

As it turned out, I underestimated my fatigue. Boarding a train to the Lakes was too much fuck about. Instead I feathered my nest in Hampstead, London and slid comfortably into a rut. I began working hard on *Daygame Mastery*, the first book I'd written since *Daygame Nitro* back in May 2011.

Nitro was rather scrappy and rushed, but it gained me some fleeting notoriety. It was the London Daygame Model (LDM) that everyone was using, and I'd finally gotten it down on paper. At that point I'd only been getting laid regularly from daygame for eight or nine months, which meant a lot of the content was aspirational rather than ruthlessly efficient, well drilled and well practised. I knew it was conceptually solid, but my ability to implement it was still inconsistent. Fortunately it stood the test of time.

I'd been avoiding a new book for quite some time. Once I pull the trigger on a project, I'm damned to finish it – come what may. That's both my greatest strength and greatest weakness. I don't make a promise I can't keep, either to myself or others, making me hugely reluctant to commit to any great project. I'd frittered away months indecisively, but as my hibernation beckoned I ran out of excuses.



I was living in a converted church building with fifteen other people. It was a cavernous abode, one of those horror movie houses where the heroine runs screaming from room to room for twenty minutes and *still* doesn't exhaust all the available hiding places. The main corridor was like a wing of The Shining, vanishing into the distant mists. I half expected to hear the rattling of a little toddler racing around on his tricycle. Just last night I was playing the game *Amnesia: A Machine For Pigs* in which your character wakes up in a creepy 1899 Victorian mansion suffering memory loss. You must wander the empty halls with endless rows of locked doors, gradually descending into the basement depths where an underground factory manufactures strange violent pig-men.

That's how I felt every morning, waking up at 10am after the whole house had gone to work.

We each had two adjoining private rooms, which made it easy to remain undisturbed. It also helped that while I knew a couple of the tenants from the previous place, most of them were randomers. There was a creepy Spanish guy who rode his little-wheeled bicycle everywhere, had the muscularity of a vegan, and who I only ever saw when he was eating the same breakfast cereal every night at 11pm on the dot. He briefly had an equally weird girlfriend but she didn't stay long. Further down the corridor was a worn-out old media girl who was twenty-eight going on forty. A couple of times I bumped into her going to the shared shower rooms when she hadn't painted her face on. Jesus! She certainly didn't help the horror movie vibe. There was a pretty-faced but fat-arsed young black chick who had Tinder-dated her way up to a sheepish white guy. A few doors along was a shrewish thirty-year old Dutch cunt who bullied her toy boy lover and had moved her mother into the room next door to double-team him with earache.

On the plus side, Johnny Wisdom made the move with us, too, although sightings of him were becoming increasing rare. John Bodi was down at the opposite end of the house – still probably closer to me than he'd like. I'd burrowed my way into an annex building hidden behind a solitary door and winding corridor. Hardly any of the other tenants ventured through, so I had my own kitchen, toilet and lounge. All I missed was the log fire and stone mantelpiece.

I quickly settled into a routine.

I'd wake up at 10:00am. Splintered rays of sun would peek through the gaps in my blackout curtains, finding me cocooned in the accumulated warmth of eight hours under a duvet. Everywhere was deathly quiet. Even though I was in a busy Hampstead suburb, the church had a vast tree-lined garden that backed onto our neighbour's equally vast gardens, completely cutting off all big city sounds. Usually the neighbour's dog woke me, barking contentedly as he chewed on a pair of leather boots. I'd stretch an arm out and pull the curtains apart to gaze out and see the tops of all those trees, framed in a clear blue sky. Absolute bliss.

If you think this sounds like the kind of book you'd like to read, maybe you should. It's, like, exactly that.



A book, yesterday

My New Infield Product

krauserpua · 2 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Daygame Overkill is my crowning achievement so far. It represents the perfect intersection of both my game being on-point but also me still being sufficiently fascinated by the technical innovations in daygame that I wanted to analyse it all in teachable micro-detail. I poured my heart and soul into creating that. Every daygamer with a YouTube account and website has bought a login to **Overkill** and copied the style. I'm not bitter at all, I'm flattered. But it did mean I needed to change my style and come up with some new innovations.



Back when I was good, yesterday

Those infields were shot two years ago and I've learned lots since. Perhaps another infield series could be done? It would certainly be different to Overkill. At the beginning of 2016 I settled upon a grand plan. I'd mic up with a dictaphone and record *all* my sets, where possible getting a wing to video them too. Then I'd very carefully cherry-pick the best of them to pretend *that was my normal game*. "That'll sell tonnes of books!" I thought, rubbing my hands in glee.

Surely some cherry-picking and selective blurring of girl's faces could craft the illusion that I was constantly banging hotties!



I respect this HB8 too much to show her face

Then I future-projected how much **actual work** that would involve and thought “Fuck that, I need a Plan B”. A new cunning plan formed.

I could stitch together a tapestry of infields based on a whole range of scams. I’d approach girls who looked like models then simply mute audio on the bit where I pretended to be a talent scout who could get them a job. I’d approach scammers on Khreschatyk Street in Kiev and mute the part where I invited them to an expensive restaurant. Perhaps I’d pick up disgusting fat girls high on drugs then ply them with alcohol and date rape them in my apartment and simply reframe them as being psychologically unbalanced by the power of my game.

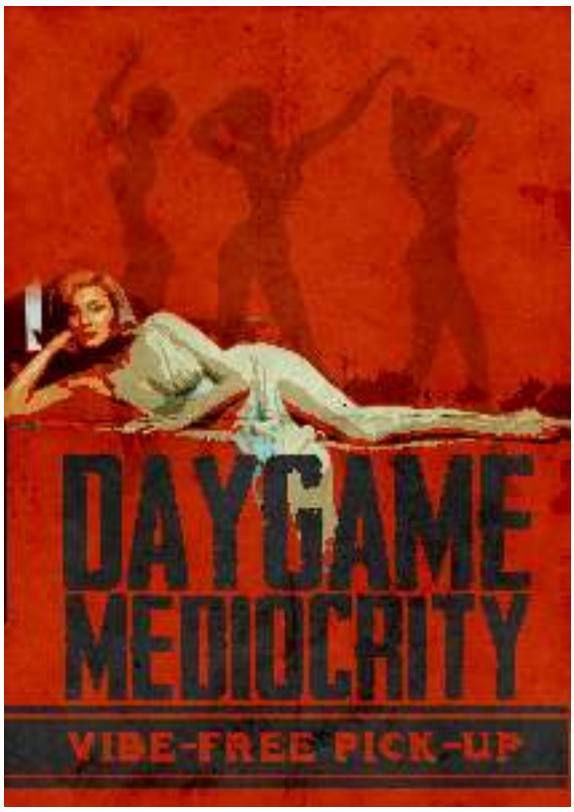
I could fill an **entire YouTube channel** with that! If I gave them salacious titles like “Foreign Bald Man Lays Hot Model Teen – Nearly Died So Wild” it might go viral. Then I realised a brown pathological liar from India had already sewn up *that* niche. Fuck. I needed a PLAN C.

How about if I got high on coke and walked around London bug-eyed hassling unsuspecting girls and uploading literally every set, occasionally monologuing in a park about “self acceptance” or “inner fear”. SHIT! Someone had already thought of *that*.

Ok, PLAN D. How about trading on my looks to get hot but skanky whores from assisted dating sites, sending them dick pics, and filming myself banging them. SHIT! Someone had already thought of *that* too! Ok, ok, Nick……. wait. Think! Is there *any* niche that some enterprising daygame coach hasn’t already sewn up?

I could take hallucinogenic drugs then video myself drinking my own piss, claiming it freed me of social anxiety? Perhaps periscope myself doing weak “PR” closes on the escalators of American shopping malls? How about getting fucked off my nut on cocaine and booze then manhandling terrified chubby drunk girls and trying to pass them off as HB10s?

Done. Done. Done.



Shitty infields, tomorrow

How about I just aped my own Daygame model but hired actresses in London and Krakow to play the part up until fumbling around in the bedroom on the “Same Day Lay”. Shit, I’d been beaten to that too! **Was there nothing left to show?** I had a good think about it and realised there was only **one thing** left that no-one else had thought of……. to just admit that most of your sets are shit and let people see them. **Daygame Mediocrity** was born! More soon.

If you somehow liked this, you’ll almost certainly enjoy Daygame Overkill. But you probably can’t afford it.

Daygame Mediocrity #1 – Bald White Old Guy De-virginates Two Communists

krauserpua · 3 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Imagine the scene – Moscow in late summer, hot girls ambling around in short skirts with smiles on their faces and adventure in their hearts. Full of new-city excitement, Nick Krauser goes out onto the streets with friends and chats up a whole bunch of them.

It's ***madness***. A five minute street kiss close with a slim brunette he fucks a few days later. Getting his hands down the pants of a tall Tajik girl one hour into a first date who finally gets cold feet at his front door. Two dates with a Miss Moscow finalist. He fucks a hot young student** on first date then gets bedroom LMR with another student*** a couple of hours later. Another two near misses due to periods. It's **magic** on the streets and **carnage** in the bedroom!

What would it be worth to you – an aspiring daygamer – to see all of that *captured on video*? Literally ***every second*** from approach to close (or near miss) captured in full HD with microphones? Video after video of **the highest level daygame there is**!

How much is it worth to **you** to see top-level seduction of hot girls broken down into learnable repeatable detail? **$500? $1000?**

Stop and think. This is a serious business!

How much would **you** pay to accelerate your learning and catapult **yourself** to the very top level of Advanced Daygame? **$2000? $5000?**



Hotties. Fucking hordes of them.

Well……. don't bother. I didn't have the camera switched on so no such videos exist.

So lets imagine *another* scene – Moscow a week later, pissing down with rain almost every hour of every day so that the girls all decided to stay home. What few girls venture outside scurry into the mall with frowns on their faces and

impatience in their hearts. Nick Krauser is there but totally sick of it all, wanting to go home and see if Tom Clancy's The Division really is any good.

This time he remembered to mic up with a dictaphone but wishes he hadn't bothered. His vibe is gone. His feet hurt. It all feels like a terrible **waste of time**. Eventually, after much coaxing from his wing, he rattles off a half dozen half-arsed sets that afternoon. Mostly he just repeats the same old tired bullshit that he can do on autopilot. There's **not a scrap** of spontaneity or enthusiasm. The next day he does a few more sets. After scrubbing the half dozen blowouts and a few sets where the cameraman messed up the memory card he's got **eight sets of tolerable video and audio quality**.*

"Fuck my life" he moans. "I'll just release that"

Welcome to ***Daygame Mediocrity* –** the most insipid street hustling you're ever likely to encounter.

** I don't have the audacity to charge for such tosh.*

*** A female student from Moscow, not the male student who was winging with me.*

**** As before, a local girl.*

Daygame Mediocrity #2 – Krauserfoolery and the Street Swindle

krauserpua · 5 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The world is not how it appears. We have been brought up to expect a certain stability to the world around us, weened off dependence on our parents and onto dependence on the government and upon cultural tropes. There's a set formula to dating now: install the **Tinder** app, swipe right, then hope you get picked. We are using machines to date.

Wouldn't it be great if we could date *against* this machine?

I have conducted extensive research into the social world and I have a secret for you: many people are already living their lives against the machine. They are swimming against the crowd and hustling a buck here and there.

- Con men are befriending elderly old women in end-of-life care homes then swindling them out of their life savings.
- Double-glazing salesmen are cold-calling low-IQ housewives on owner-occupied housing estates and bullshitting them into buying expensive new windows.
- Jewish hedge-fund managers are paying off backhanders to financial regulators to get inside information or forebearance to ignore the imminent collapse of their Ponzi schemes.

I ask you – the aspiring daygamer – ***what can we learn from these men?*** What can we learn from the world's most immoral swindlers that we can then action in our own quest to swindle women out of sex they'd *never* freely give up to us?



Respect the hustle, yesterday

Hi, I'm Uncle Nick and I'd like to introduce you to the **Krauser Toolkit** *[1]* that you can practice with your daygame. Each day you go out, I want you to do 300 sets and keep one of these tricks in mind:

Krauser Stop – This entails walking up to a girl, making weird "bee bop" noises and waving your hands like a retard.

Hand of Krauser – Shake a girl's hand when you introduce yourself.
Pedo Eyes – Holding steady and slightly creepy eye contact with a girl you really don't believe you are entitled to fuck [2]

Watch and learn, my trainee swindlers. Here is another set from **Daygame Mediocrity.**

[1] – Please, please, don't actually take any of this seriously.

[2] – Really, don't. I'm trolling.

Daygame Mediocrity #3 – Same Day Lay With Russian Supermodel*

krauserpua · 9 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

The strongest frame wins.

There is **no** objective reality. We are all *moist robots* who are programmed to survive and reproduce rather than to see the world as it really is. A true *master persuader* can win every time if only he is in the moment and he lives through his intentions with freedom from outcome and a dailed- in nimbis for the **Now** to utilise his *ultimate seduction model* to a peak of tight game with kino-leading and forward stacking.

It's simple stuff, people.

So here I present you with the most AUTHENTIC and real video to build your self confidence (100% HONEST) and become your AUTHENTIC SELF in the MOMENT and reach TRUE ALIGNMENT. Forget the **Krauser Toolkit** and all the other BULLSHIT that PUAs were selling you only yesterday. Here's the secret about women:

They don't have brains. They don't have opinions.

Even if a girl is **in love** with her steady boyfriend, they've announced their engagement to family and friends, and she's **blissfully happy** at the thought of marrying her **true love** – a man she's admired for years, feels a close personality fit with, has bonded over shared experiences, and with whom she's planned a life together.

IT DOESN'T FUCKING MATTER!

Women are IN THE MOMENT. You – a narrow-shouldered 5'6″ PUA of ethnic origin who is only in town for two weeks hitting on literally every girl you see despite not speaking her language – yes YOU can still get that girl if you do just ONE THING!

What is that ONE THING? What is the BIG SECRET? I'll tell you.

You must simply get in the moment and be truly authentic with yourself and your separate personalities to project yourself as mindful of intent and yet free from outcome and then refuse to accept NO for an answer because this is beasting and so you hold her hand and do kino-leading and move her for the idate to build a domino effect or something that I can't actually explain and then with a deep romantic connection she'll be IN THE MOMENT and forget about that**

Why?

Because she's a girl so she doesn't have a brain, or preferences, or any ability at all to reject your ULTIMATE GAME.

** Your experience of the video may differ. This was obviously a clear SDL opportunity but I decided to reject her because it was 12:55, I was a bit hungry and Coffee Shop Company stop serving ham and mozzarella panninis at 1pm. I was so free from outcome that I decided a pannin and americano were a higher priority. Still, because she would've totally fallen for my game – had I just idated her – I'm still counting it as a notch.*

*** Or just mute out the bit where you offer her a job, and the later bits where she asks about the job, and get a creepy friend to fill those spaces with audio analysis.*

Daygame Mediocrity #4 – How To Get Laid In Moscow*

krauserpua · 11 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

ANIMAL CODE
Let's have a specific analysis of animals and how to apply the magic ANIMAL CODE to a girl.

- 5'1″ and below is a Mouse.
- 5'2″ to 5'3.5″ is a Gerbil.
- Up to 5.4″ is a Hamster, although if she has an overbite she is a Chipmunk.
- Girls of middle height up to 5'7″ are Cats and then everything above that is either a Giraffe or a Flamingo.

NEVER EVER make the mistake of calling a girl a Gerbil when she's really a Hamster (and vice versa) – these two are MORTAL ENEMIES and you may get your eyes scratched out and no SUPER FAST VIRGIN SDL for you.

** This was my first mistake! You'll see this girl is in flats and only slightly shorter than me. That puts her at maybe 5'8″ so I'd missed the Cat cut-off by ONE FULL INCH! I'd failed to observe she wasn't wearing heels **

THE CLOCK SYSTEM
When a girl is walking in a straight line and you front stop her, you must stand directly facing each other, being on each other's twelve o'clock. In contrast if you side stop her you will begin on her nine o'clock and turn her around so she puts you on her twelve while she remains on your three for a while. Do you see my crucial mistake at 0:45 of this video?

** YES! I had her on my ONE O'CLOCK – somewhere around half-past. This is a DISASTROUS ERROR and I can feel the SUPER FAST VIRGIN SDL slipping away. This set was already lost. Can I rescue it???? **

So at 0:56 I pull out my big move – THE KRAUSER TOE! This lets me rescue the twelve o'clock and pull her into my MEZMA BEAM! GAME ON!!!! LET'S DO THIS!!!!!!!!!

1:12 – Note the KRAUSER WAVE OF MEZMA with my left hand. I calculate her pussy wetness increased by an average of 3.4% with each circular wave. In the end I stopped so as not to damage the poor girl's loins. Note she moves her foot position in an obvious attempt to let the stored juices squelch out into her panties.
1:32 – I smash her with the NOT FASHION line. She quickly replies "What?" as if to say "OMG I'm so wet right now. That was so spontaneous and unscripted!"
1:55 – I missed the most obvious opportunity in the set. She tells me she's studying journalism and I failed to spot the two natural openings to CLOSING THIS WHORE. I could've either (i) said I work in recruitment and often handle entry-level jobs in journalism and perhaps we should meet for coffee with a hidden camera turned on, or (ii) inquired if as a student she'd broke then suggest we shop of iPhones and then I'll treat her to dinner at an expensive restaurant.

** I cannot BELIEVE I missed this chance. This is TRULY MEDIOCRE game **

2:27 – Dirty whore. Obviously thinking of DICK. Again I miss an obvious opportunity to TAKE HER HAND to create the ROMANTIC CONNECTION and then lead her to the toilets for a SUPER FAST VIRGIN SDL.
2:52 – She shows some resistance to rape game.
4:47 – This may be the most boring set you'll ever see.
6:02 – "NO!!!!" Um, my chances of rescuing the SUPER FAST VIRGIN SDL are dropping. It's probably only 50/50 now.

** Not like this, clearly.*

Daygame Mediocrity #5 – The Rock Star Lifestyle

krauserpua · 13 October 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Oooh, we're gettin' ready Ow!!!
Here we go hahaha!!!!!
I'm ready Oooh!!!



My vibe, RIGHT FUCKING NOW!!!!!!

Whats up guys! Welcome to another episode of rockstar life with me **Nick "The Solution" Krauser.** I just woke up at 2pm because of next door's dog barking at the garbage collector truck, stoppnig my plan to sleep till three. As I lay in my bed I thought *what would Axl Rose do?*

Getting ready to rock
Getting ready to roll
I'm gonna turn up the heat
I'm gonna fire up the coal *[1]*

Rock-starring isn't all cocaine-fuelled hotel-trashing parties with groupies you know *[2]*. Sometimes you have to put on your y-fronts, **make some Weetabix**, and sit on a chair watching Killroy. Tomorrow I plan to stay in bed **until 3pm**. YES MUTHAFUCKAS!!!! 3PM!!! I heard Gene Simmons would regularly rise after FOUR O'CLOCK the madman! That's my goal.



Target LOCK!

I'm listening to AC/DC.

I'm a HEATSEEKER!!!!! BURNING UP THE TOWN! H-E-A-T-S-E-E-K-E-R!!!! My state is so high and I **DON'T NEED NO ONE TO HOSE ME DOWN**

Right. Where was I? Right, the Weetabix is finished and I'm going to hit the TOWN. Right action means taking action that is RIGHT not WRONG. Because then it's WRONG ACTION and you know who takes WRONG ACTION????

Chodes. That's who.

Anyway, guys. I hope you found that lesson useful. Email me for ROCK STAR LIFESTYLE coaching so you too can live my life. Not my actual life – that would be weird. In fact, why would you want exactly my life? What's fucking wrong with you, anyway? Are you the Talented Mr Shipley?

You gotta keep that woman firing
You gotta keep that serpent clean
You gotta make her sound the siren
You gotta hear that lady scream *[3]*

[1] – But not "burn the coal", if you take my meaning.
[2] – which is just as well because I don't seem to get invited to such parties right now. I need to increase my self-belief and freedom-of-intent to get those piling up.
[3] – Ironically after three hours of RIGHT ACTION in Covent Garden I made two little Portuguese tourists scream, and not in the good way.

The Games PUAs Play

krauserpua · 3 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

There's nothing new under the sun. This is as true of art and literature as it is of human interaction. We are all wired the same way and behave according to the same scripts. The fact that we are often oblivious to their underlying mechanics and must re-learn the lessons of the ancients doesn't mean the scripts weren't there or weren't predictable.

Think of your own knowledge of "blue pill chodes" now that you're a "red pill player". You see your friend get involved with the wrong girl, you see her playing him, and you know she'll cheat. Equally, you know he'll be devastated. In this particular circumstance, **Rollo** has done us all the favour of delineating the exact process and underlining dynamics in his books. You see it, your friend doesn't. For you it's an extremely predictable script but he's in the whirl and it's a black swan event for him.

Oh, did I say black swan?



Colour and Swan-ness are just social constructs

Anyone watching *The Big Short* will be aware that the financial crisis of 2008 was eminently predictable so long as you had access to the script. It already happened in 1929 – fractional reserve money, margin lending, opaque dealings, and a perceptable shift from Investment to Speculation to Ponzi. Just as Rollo has collected the underlying scripts together in his books, Charles Kindleberger's *Manias Panics and Crashes* collects together the underlying scripts for this cycle.

And yet, just as chodes are perpetually blindsided by relationship crisis, financial chodes are perpetually blinded by financial crisis.

But its so *predictable*. You just need to know the script. Naturally, given that there are seven billion people on this planet why is it that so few have access to the script? It's almost as if there's a conspiracy to feed us the *wrong scripts*. In Rollo's world that conspiracy is the **Feminine Imperative**. In Finance, it's **International Finance** *[1]*. We can say the same about politics – read Vox's blog or check out Stefan Molyneaux's podcast on the fall of Rome.

These things are extremely easy to predict if only you have the script.

Ok, so we get handed the wrong script by evil-doers. But why are we so bad at recognising it? Why are our instincts so bad? Well, now we inch closer to PUA again.



a PUA inching closer, yesterday

We exist because our genes survived and then replicated. The very fact of our existence is the proof that we embody a functional solution to the survival and replication challenge. However, we haven't ***won,*** in the *past* tense. We are merely *still winning*. We haven't lost yet. Like footballers on the pitch, until the final whistle goes there's still the chance the other team scores.

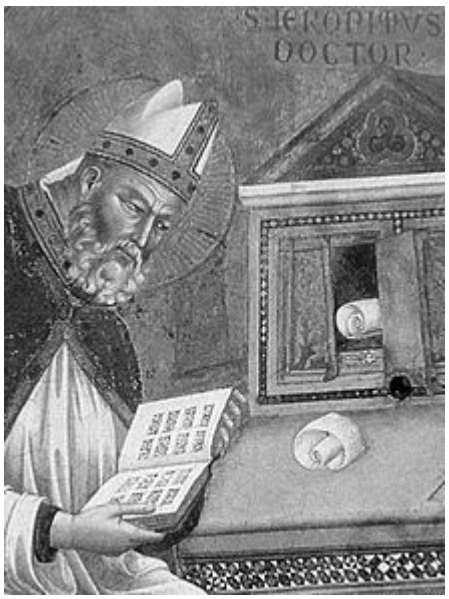
Life is a constant frame control battle.

Even when you're sitting in a cafe, sipping a latte, and chatting to your friends on WhatsApp (like I'm doing right now). Think of frames as in the same battle as bacteria and antibodies, or immigrants and natives. It's a constant battle waged at every level. It never ends. Like a real battle front you may have quiet sectors and calms before storms but it never ends.

Your frame is **always** under assault. This is because the easiest way to steal resources in the S&R battle is to frame control a rival into surrendering his resources to you, and thus you can guarantee the drive and capacity to do *exactly that* has evolved within us.

Every time you see an advertising billboard that tries to suck you in by highlighting an unmet need or an aspirational lifestyle. Every time you walk past a cake shop and smell the chocolate *[2]* Every time you read an internet lay report where the writer is trying to co-opt you into supporting his self-image *[3]* Men with strong frames can rebuff these attacks like a tank under small arms fire. Just because your frame is under assault doesn't mean you risk surrendering your frame. You ignore most billboards and don't eat the cakes *[4]*. And if you're like me you don't follow any other PUA's material.

Wouldn't it be nice if someone had collected together all the scripts of frame control? Wouldn't it be nice if someone had laid out in precise detail why we allow people to hand us fake scripts and why we act on them? How about if he explained what the true script was so you were better able to shurg off the frame control attack and understand your actions better?



Ye Daygame Masterie

If so, check out **Eric Berne** *The Games People Play*. Berne posits that people engage in games in which they follow scripts to predictable endings (usually some ego pay-off for all involved) but that the surface-level interactions are misleading (i.e. they believe the fake script) and the games are only understandable – and thus predictable – if you have access to the ulterior motives motivating adherence to the real script. Consider this example of the **If It Weren't For You** game:

> Mrs. White complained that her husband severely restricted her social activities, so that she had never learned to dance. Due to changes in her attitude brought about psychiatric treatment, her husband became less sure of himself and more indulgent. Mrs. White was then free to enlarge the scope of her activities. She signed up for dancing classes, and then discovered to her despair that she had a morbid fear of dance floors and had to abandon this project.
>
> This unfortunate adventure, along with similar ones, laid out some important aspects of her marriage. Out of her many suitors, she had picked a domineering man for a husband. She was then in a position to complain that she could do all sorts of things "it if weren't for you." Many of her woman friends had domineering husbands, and when they met for their morning coffee, they spent a good deal of time playing "If It Weren't For Him."
>
> As it turned out, however, contrary to her complaints, her husband was performing a very real service for her by forbidding her to do something she was deeply afraid of, and by preventing her, in fact, from even becoming aware of her fears. This was one reason… [she] had chosen such a husband.
>
> His prohibitions and her complaints frequently led to quarrels, so that their sex life was seriously impaired. She and her husband had little in common besides their household worries and the children, so that their quarrels stood out as important events.

"Yeah that's all well and good" you may say, "but what's that to do with me?" Well, PUA has it's own If It Weren't For You game. Hang around with an avoidant wing or spend a little time on PUA forums. Try analysing their complaints in terms of IIWFY, i.e. that they are deliberately choosing patterns of interaction which foreclose their ability to engage in a given action because they can't admit that action frightens them. The combination of fear and ego will frequently lead to hysteria in the rationalisation.

"It's so easy to bang hot girls in Russia" says the US-based chode who's never actually been there. "If it wasn't for my job here, I'd go".
"I really want to do daygame" he says. "If it wasn't for my small town with empty streets, I'd do it."
"I want to cold open and fuck girls" he says. "But so many PUAs are scammers, you don't know who to trust. If it

wasn't for that, I'd be a slayer."

I've just picked up on this example because I was browsing through an article that linked to the IIWFY game and I immediately thought of the people who protest something is limiting their options while consistently enmeshing themselves further into that limiting factor. The book lists many many games and it's fascinating.

[1] i.e. Jews
[2] Bodi never walks past a cake shop
[3] I'd never do that, perish the thought
[4] – Bodi notwithstanding

I don’t plow

krauserpua · 3 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

“I don’t plough” I say to my friend after letting a girl walk away after just thirty seconds of chat. “Waste of time”

A bit later I’m talking to a different girl. She tells me she’s in a hurry for the train home. I keep talking and tell her to get the next train. I’m much more interesting, I tell her, and what’s the point of rushing home to watch TV all night when the most interesting and charismatic man she’ll ever meet is inviting her for a drink right now? She seems indecisive, clearly weighing up the two options.

“But I have a boyfriend” she protests.
“I don’t care. I’m not the boyfriend type” I reply. “Look, there’s a nice bar over there. Let’s get a quick drink. Come on.”

She dances side-to-side awkwardly and I can almost hear Joe Strummer singing *Should I Stay Or Should I Go*.

“I’m sure you love your boyfriend. That’s great. You can get married, buy a house and have lots of beautiful children. But right now, I like you and you like me. Let’s go.”

She relents and joins me on the instant date. So, do I fuck this girl or not? Who knows, who cares. The point is why did “I don’t plow” became “I just plowed”?



Would you plow this?

I don’t think about technique in set anymore *[1]*. I trust the years of practice to have drilled my muscle memory to do everything right or at least close enough to right that fine-tuning doesn’t matter. Now I’m just looking for answers to the key questions, the main one is this: ***Does she fancy me?***

That’s the single most important success factor in chatting up a girl. There has to be some attraction there. It doesn’t need to be a lot, but she has to have *some*. Often you can take your time in the set (be it the street or a bar) and let a girl gradually warm to you and then go for the number regardless. However, sometimes circumstances require you to make a decision about whether to cut your losses or to go all-in.

Instant dates are an obvious example – it only takes a minute to take a number but idates can stretch on from twenty minutes to seven hours. Suddenly there's a massive time investment in walking her off rather than taking a number. That's a decision to make carefully and I explain exactly how in **Daygame Mastery**.

Plowing is another special case. This is because unsuccessful plowing can really fuck up your vibe and frame. If you do it too much you'll look and feel like a pussy beggar. Girls will feel awkward and it'll sour your sets. Your body language and eye contact will become needy, carrying over into all your future sets. Conversely, we've all had times when a girl initially protests but we **end up fucking her**. Nobody wants to leave money on the table. So, what to do?



Put that back on the table, bitch

For me it's simple – I ask myself *does she fancy me?* If she does, I'll plow and I'll argue the toss. So long as she fancies you, you avoid the main pitfalls of over-plowing. She won't feel awkward because the mutually-understood context is *of course* you're going to try and she's pleasantly receptive precisely because she likes you and thus enjoys your show of interest. You don't feel like a pussy beggar because you're not plowing every girl, just the ones whom your calibration directs you to. Chasing high-probability leads is hardly begging.

Additionally, once you start arguing the toss you are free to engage in very overt fourth-wall chat which makes the set even more entertaining for you both.

"Look, I can already see your future. You're nervous now and you'll run away, jump on that train. And I'm telling you – later tonight, you'll facepalm. *How could I be so stupid* you'll tell yourself. *I was talking to literally the most handsome and charming man I've met in my whole life but I ran home to watch House Of Cards*. This could be the biggest mistake of your life."

"My mother says I'm special. Don't you agree? Look at the firm angle of my jawline, the cheerful spark in my eyes. This is what charisma looks like."

So how do you know if she fancies you? I think existing PUA literature has that covered. The big ones for street game are:

- a flash in her eyes that you feel as electricity
- wide eyes and big smile

- she lets you get close
- she lets you touch her

[1] Because I'm so awesome at street game

If you thought this was specific, relevant and helpful to improving your daygame, then you might like my book. It's basically the best thing in the world.

Rage Quit

krauserpua · 5 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Daygame is a Sisyphean task. Depending on how you do it, it's either **hunting** or **fishing**. Most of the time it's the former – we go out onto the streets and search for women. When we find one we like we pounce on them. Fishing is also possible; sit in a good spot outside a cafe and chill with your friend waiting for the right girl to amble past – then you pounce.

This is both the joy and the sorrow of daygame – *it's all on you*. When you're in the mood for the work, it's exhilarating. You have the ability to roll up into a new city and make things happen. If you get the right combination of effort, skill and luck you'll bang a pretty girl that week. Long-time daygamers will also know the downside to that calculus – when you aren't in the mood, it's a ***grind***. You know that if you stop putting forth the focused effort, your results dry up.

I was watching a video analysis of Dark Souls last night *[1]* Towards the end of the video the speaker addressed the game's theme, something widely contested in that geek's corner of teh interwebs. For him, **Dark Souls** is about a bleak choice – you either strive or you die. The world or Lordran is fierce, unforgiving and no matter how hard you try you never make real progress. You put forth your best efforts, step-after-step, facing never-ending hardship and then any time you stumble you're thrown back to the beginning. It's a never-ending struggle just to stay in the same place. Any time you lose an engagement, you've had a little of your humanity whittled away from you never to return. The game is like walking up a down escalator.



And yet you persist. It's compelling. Why is that?

Is it because that while the world is harsh, it's ***fair***? Every time you replay an area you learn a little more about its traps and opportunities. Every time you face an adversary you pick up on the tells and patterns in his attacks. You learn his weaknesses. There are few moments as satisfying as taking down a boss at the tenth attempt, crowning a learning cycle that began with you getting smashed into a pulp on the first attempt.

Is it because the alternative is simply ***death***? There's no easy mode in Dark Souls. It sets you a herculean task and

you either press ahead or you give up.

Is it because that perilous journey feeds a never-ending supply of small engagements with enemies and forces you to become ***intensely aware*** of every metre of land in the level? Dark Souls forces you into a hyper-awareness of your surroundings and you come out of every play-through with a collection of mini-dramas from the battles – the wins and the losses.

When you play Dark Souls you experience video games very differently to blasting through on-rails levels like Call Of Duty. You sink into the world of Lordran and are immersed. Time ticks by while you are focused on the task. You are in a **flow state**. But sometimes it's all too much. You creep down the spiral staircase of an abandoned castle tower to the spot where you died ten minutes ago. You see the bloodstain marking the spot – if you reach that you recover all those souls that took you an hour to collect. You step into the room and….. smash, crash, bang the Black Knight has just killed you. You'd forgotten there was one there.

RAGE QUIT



An absolute fucking cunt, yesterday

Those souls are gone forever. An hour of work evaporates before your eyes while the Black Knight stands above, hacking at your lifeless corpse. FUCK THIS! Your controller goes flying across the room. You simply cannot bear to play it any more.

Obviously if daygame was that shit I wouldn't have done it for seven years. That's just the downside. Conversely, the upside creates feelings which are – without exaggeration – the most addictive and joyful I've ever experienced. Two days later Dark Souls is back on your mind. You've been strategising while in the bath – if I throw an **alluring skull** into the far corner he'll investigate then I can creep in and backstab him. Yes! I'll try that! Four hours on the Dark Souls roller-coaster and the controller goes flying across the room again *[2].* But you learned something in the interim. You opened up a new zone and unlocked a new shortcut. You had a compelling four-hour struggle and you remember some of the battles in exquisite detail.

For the past six weeks I've been deep in **Daygame Revulsion**, the rage quit equivalent in our world. 2016 has been a fantastic year with tremendous upsides and many memorable encounters (win or lose). I've unlocked new areas in

Lordran *[3]* and encountered new enemies *[4]* and also helpful NPCs. But now it's cold, I'm worn out, and I've already banged enough girls for the year.

Just as I can't go long without picking up that controller for another run at Dark Souls, I know with certainty I'll be back out on the streets putting forth real effort again. But not for a while. I'm done with 2016 *[5]*. I'll do a little half-assed opening on auto-pilot, akin to the zombies in Dawn Of The Dead stumbling around a shopping mall listening to the echoes of a former life.

[1] – Go on, tell me that surprises you.
[2] – I exaggerate. I've only launched the controller once ever. Usually I'll just shout expletive-laden rants at the screen.
[3] – Specifically, Odessa and Moscow
[4] – There's one big muscular brown mini-boss with an Indian accent. His main attacks are smoke and mirrors. It's pretty easy to just aggro him and watch him kill himself.

[5] – Personally,I blame Donald Trump. It's impossible to focus on getting laid when the entire future of Western Civilisation is to be decided within a week.

If you thought this was a bit negative, you'll be glad I was banned from Twitter. In the meantime, buy my book.

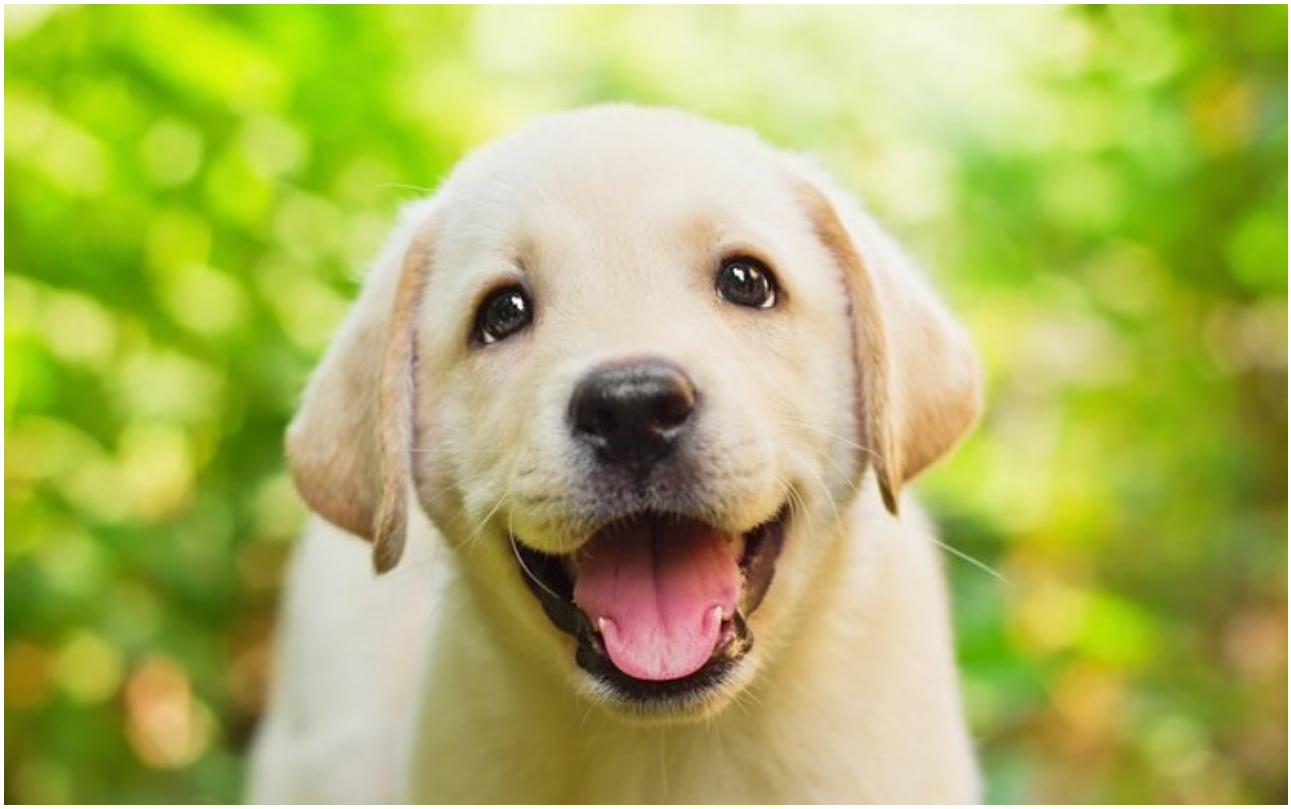
Escaping The Grind

krauserpua · 5 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

There are a few stages most daygamers go through as the years pass and the set-count racks up. Over time your relationship to daygame changes. Let's see if we can make some sense of it.

In the **beginning** it is exhilarating and scary in equal measure. The idea of walking up to any girl you choose and hitting on her is like a whole new world opening up. You'll probably get lots of friendly non-sexual reactions from girls because they think it's cute. You're like a happy puppy wagging his tail and yelping at them. They don't perceive a sexual threat so they are comfortable absorbing your happy energy and patting you on the head. Fortunately you'll miss that subtext and think you're actually getting somewhere, so you press on long enough until you stumble across a Yes Girl. That success feeds the delusion and the cycle continues.

It doesn't really matter that your daygame isn't working because the fact is you're *on the streets* and once in a while the numbers game throws you a bone. You're still getting laid, just not for the reasons you think.



"I literally just saw you and…."

Towards the **intermediate level** you've developed the skills and are doing things competently. You still likely lack calibration and the ability to make sound decision but that doesn't matter much because the model has taken care of all that for you. Your daygame is more than just the numbers game now – what you do in set *actually influences the outcome*. It's unfocused and lacking control, like trying to shoot a target 200m away with a pistol – taking good aim increases your chances but the barrel length means you're still missing most things anyway.

Finally as you hit the mythical **advanced level** you see exactly what's going on and few things surprise you. You can control about as much as you ever will, and everything else is down to chance. On your good days it feels like an opportunity to hit the crack pipe and on bad days there's a fatalism.

What interests me right now is the energy cost at these stages.

Beginners are typically burning up energy non-stop, walking around in a daze. They have a disconnected incredulity about them like the first time Roddy Piper puts on the **They Live** glasses. They used to see the streets like a normal

person – things with shops, cafes, traffic lights, and a path from A to B. Now they are taking their first steps into seeing the streets as a hunting ground where none of that matters, instead they scan for girls.



One-on-one coaching, yesterday

Most of the energy is burned up by **Approach Anxiety**, as if they've taken a huge adrenal dump. Beginners can feel physically sick and often can't handle more than an hour or two in field before their legs feels like jelly. I know from my own experiences in 2009 that I'd do two hours then sit in a pub feeling like I'd just stormed a machine-gun nest. It was exhilarating but draining. Like watching a drag race.

Intermediates burn energy like a leaky bucket loses water. It's more like a constant small flow sapping them. They are already at the point where daygame has ceased to be lulz that you might do now and again. It's a way of life, a journey, a route to salvation (or whatever). The intermediate is *committed* and takes it very seriously indeed. Most such men I meet are very serious. They have an elaborate series of affirmations or inner-game tricks, fairly rigid preferred high-probability routes, a settled set of times and days, and frequently a game-plan to work on specific elements in a given session.

They've made themselves daygame professionals. It's serious stuff *[1]*

Intermediates burn up energy *between* sets rather than in them. They are constantly switched on and the engine is burning up fuel the whole time. Even if they walk around a mall for an hour without opening it still drains them. Their head is full of self-talk, inner game mantras, an obsession with state control, and all the complexities of the model. This is where the grind hits hardest. The light-hearted puppy dog feel has gone to be replaced by a scavenger *[2]*

When I walk around with an intermediate guy I often feel he's carrying an invisible rucksack loaded with bricks. The pressure of daygame wears on him. Over the hours it'll crush him until he has to sleep it off and recharge for the next session.

Once you come out of the Intermediate seriousness into Advanced, that rucksack disappears. Daygame becomes light, joyful and whimsical. The energy profile changes so that now there's very little energy burn between sets but once you go to a girl, the afterburners are on maximum. The real art to advanced daygame is to reduce to zero the

energy burned in the empty hours when not in set so that all of your energy remains to pour into the sets themselves. That's like folding most poker hands – without getting frustrated – then going all-in on the good hands.



On my way to Kiev

When you're at this level you feel like you can be out all day because each minute on the streets costs you nothing. Throw in warm sunny weather and a good wing then your daygame session feels like pure fun.

It's not always like that, mind. The downside of eliminating the burn rate is that you are *voluntarily surrendering some of your control*. It becomes harder to open when you don't feel like it. The maniacal self-discipline you had to just-do-the-ten-sets weakens. That throws up a whole new set of challenges – how can you direct your mood into the sweet spot so that you retain consistency in effort without putting the rucksack back on?

More on that in the next book.

[1] – I'm not mocking this. We all do it precisely because it's effective.
[2] – I'm exaggerating. There are many times when intermediates are having great fun. I'm trying to describe the pervasive seriousness underlying those sparks of joy.

If you like the thought of wandering the streets chasing women, you might enjoy my book Adventure Sex. That's pretty much all it's about.

Pussy Begging

krauserpua · 5 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

There's an idea that's been floating around PUA circles a long time, the crux of which is that **chasing women is low value**. The idea takes many forms. Anti-Game types will usually give it a moral flavour, to say that sleeping around is 'degenerate'. Married men may tell you it's more 'alpha' to marry a mediocre woman and have sex with her as she ages. You'll hear it within the game community too – specifically two variations:

1. Just use Tinder. It's much easier and it gives me more time to focus on my online business, gym, and folding the pocket squares.
2. Get a social circle on lockdown then the women come to you.

In both cases, the man making the statement will look to devalue the very idea of proactively chasing women because, obviously, he's not chasing them himself. These are self-serving reality weaves. Men with significant cold approach experience don't need me to explain the obvious, but I shall for newer readers. The "don't chase" lifestyle has these big problems:

1. Grotty girls. Nature has set up the sexual market place very specifically to be that women put themselves on display, men step up and make a pitch, then the women choose whether to be swept along. A key part is *making the pitch*. The act of making your pitch shows the girl so much about your character, confidence, and offers a window into your personality. If you remove this step then you are trying to reverse SMP rules by expecting *the girl* to make the pitch. There is only **one** consistent way to get girls to approach you – drop your quality standards. When someone (male or female) feels they have a shot at someone two or more points higher in SMV then they lose all shame *[1]*. Most "no approach" systems of Game boil down to putting yourself in the vicinity of girls two points below you then acting like James Bond while they hit on you.

Tinder is a weaponised form of this. Every man swipes the girls, then the girls filter for the highest SMV guys on there, knowing casual sex is the price they pay for any kind of sexual access to a guy so far above them in SMV. Social circle game is a less extreme version.

2. Slutty girls. Expecting girls to come to you means the girl must have the drive and comfort with seeking out casual sex. It goes against a girl's hard-wiring to give herself away so cheaply and thus such an approach filters heavily for *r-selected girls*. Some social scenes are by nature extremely r-selected and thus 'make-em-come' will work fairly well there. For example, the USA is the most r-selected country in the Northern hemisphere, New York its most r-selected city, and Brooklyn its most r-selected area. If you then focus on rock or hipster scenes you are in the most r-selected of this filter. This is a *massive* filter. There are lots of girls in this scene who are going out looking for casual sex and a smart player can figure out how to be **the guy they choose**. Great. Just know that's what you're getting and don't expect it to work as well in an environment with different filters *[2]* Also note, r-select girls are rarely as attractive as k-selects. Banging sluts is great fun at first but you soon lose all respect for the women you sleep with and that ruins your inner game. It also puts you in your head over whether you can actually get one of the normal hot girls who doesn't sleep around.

There is one way the 'make-them-come' method can get you decent quality girls who aren't sluts. It's the Holy Grail of that type of game, so let's look at that.

First you must build up tremendous social value and occupy a powerful position within a chosen environment. For example you may start as a bartender in a hip bar then start a popular band, so you have a rep in your area. Perhaps you buy a strip club and hold hire-fire power over dancers. Perhaps you set up weekly house parties and become the 'connected' guy who can subtly value-tap every male in the room because you hold the invites. Girls will notice you are the top dog and gravitate towards you. Some of them will be hot *[3]*

That's great. It's getting you laid with hot girls. So the upside to this strategy is obvious. But rather than pretend it's

a panacea, let's look in detail.

1. Fundamentally, this method is a **status play** and thus you filter for girls who highly value status. You are wrapping yourself in the clothing of external status and pulling based on that, rather than your character. Of course in that environment you can still show charisma (but you'd have to develop it, and thus include other activities in your strategy). This means you are *actively selecting for girls who are impressed with social status*. Despite what Red Pillers would have you believe, such girls are a **subset** of the female population. Most girls do not just seek casual sex with the top dog *[4]*



The extreme end of girls who value status

However, some of the girls who do are hot so it's a valid strategy. How do you recognise such girls? brand name fashion, active Instagram accounts, time-consuming make-up and grooming regime. Personally I can't stand such vacuous girls (nor they me) but plenty of them are hot so if that's your thing, go for it.

2. This is *not* a low-effort strategy. You are literally changing your entire life-pattern to create a net to catch girls. That's no different to what daygamers do, so don't pretend it's low value when we do it but high value when you do.

3. It's not portable. It's an effective strategy for a man who lives in one city and intends to stay there. It falls apart when he travels. So pick the one which fits your future plans.

Don't get me wrong – I'm not saying this higher-level version of 'build-it-and-they-come' is bad. Done well it's highly effective. Just don't fall for the self-serving spiel of its proponents that chasing girls is pussy begging in comparison. Chasing girls across different countries using a charisma-based game will suit men with certain personality types, certain goals, and a certain preferred type of woman. Make-them-come strategies will suit men with a different set of variables and priorities.

Have a look at this video of lions hunting and killing buffalo. Afterwards, pop over to the National Park and explain to them that they are "buffalo begging" and ought to just sit in the zoo and let the zoo-keeper bring them food.

[1] – Just think of your office workmates at the company Christmas party when they are suddenly standing next to the "hot girl" from Marketing. They'll embarrass themselves. Conversely, if a man has very high SMV then two points below is still pretty. But why isn't he chasing girls two points above him?
[2] – I suspect many game theory arguments come from applying a model that works well in one highly-filtered environment with a model for a completely different environment

[3] – This is subtly different to being simply a bit shiny in a location full of sluts. Now we mean normal girls who don't

sleep around who are on the look-out for a man who exemplifies the things they value. That's not the same as a slut coming out to get fucked and choosing the best option that night.

[4] – The PUAsphere gets this badly wrong because most of them are engaged in world-creation. They go to places full of status-chasing girls, in a country known for it, and then try to display status. What a surprise that the only women they succeed with happen to be the status-chasers. They falsely generalise from this to think all girls chase status, because the ones who don't are outside of the filter.

If you thought this post outlined a case for why chasing skirt is a worthwhile activity, you might like my book. It's about how I chase skirt.

Simple In-Set Predictions

krauserpua · 8 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

We you talk to a girl, there are two variables that determine whether she's likely to fuck you: **interest** and **availability**. Put simply, to fuck a girl she must be at least somewhat interested (in you) and somewhat available (to you).

Contained within that are all manner of shades of grey. If she's happily married, heavily k-selected, and feels sexually cold towards you then that's an extreme **No Girl** for a caddish player in town for a week looking for casual sex. She could be a **Weak Maybe** for a local daygamer looking for a mistress over the longer term. She's unlikely to be anything closer to **Yes** for anyone else. An all-around low probability girl because she's happy with her current romantic options, her life plan, and not of the type to have casual sex easily.

In contrast a girl who broke up with her boyfriend three months ago, hasn't had sex since, is in a new city, and at the horniest time of the month – this girl scores high on general availability. If you then happen to match her on DNA or the archetype of man she likes, she's interested in you. This could be a **Yes Girl**. Between those two extremes are all kinds of **Maybe Girls**. Sometimes a girl is dating a boyfriend but growing dissatisfied and harbouring thoughts of dumping him – she's just waiting for a better option. So she is *somewhat* available and you coming along may be the push she needs. Even so, you might not be her type so she's uninterested *in you* even though she's theoretically available to a player with different characteristics.

Most daygamers have experienced a girl who eye spazzes quickly, gives a long hand-hold, allows you close and to touch her, and is clearly dripping wet on the street but….. is married and says no. That's a girl strongly interested in you but unavailable.



So, that fleshes out the concept that the girl must be **interested in you** and **available to you** – and that these are somewhat sliding scales. Let's talk about how to recognise it in set.

INTERESTED / AVAILABLE – These girls give immediate positive reactions be it strong eye sparkle, blushing, giggling, hand-holding (strong interest) or a milder version of the same, so as subtle body shifts, solid eye contact,

and an agreeability (mild interest). The crucial tell is *physical engagement*. If you see that, you can tick off "interested".

Now, does she invest? If a girl is willing to stick around for ten minutes talking to you, come on an idate, or she tells you she's late for a train but she gives you a few minutes: this *granting an opportunity to make a pitch* suggests availability – she may still be making her mind up about you (i.e. not strong interest) but she's at least willing to hang around a while to find out – she's generally available.

INTERESTED / UNAVAILABLE – These girls also give the positive signs of physical engagement but – crucially – few signs of social engagement. Think back to how many times you had a fun chat with a girl who seemed 'on' but at the end she says "sorry I have a boyfriend / husband". Now rewind your memory of the set and look for one specific thing – did she ever throw herself into the conversation?

These girls are always holding something back in-set. You feel they won't take a step forwards into the interaction. Rather, you get the feeling they are letting you run your game as if they are spectators to a football match. They aren't taking the pitch themselves. This situation emerges because these girls like you (are interested) and therefore wish to continue feeling the pleasant sensation of flirting but would *feel guilty about actively encouraging you* (are unavailable). So they fudge it – they let you run your game, coo and giggle, but don't muck in themselves. These sets usually last five minutes and end as soon as you force her to stop sitting on the fence.



No reason

UNINTERESTED / AVAILABLE – These are the flat boring sets that never seem in a rush to end. Let's say you spot a girl sitting in a cafe and you open. She looks a little dubious but makes conversation. It probably feels like you are plowing at the beginning and it takes skill and effort to keep the conversation going. Yet she's not really IODing you. She doesn't ask you to leave or make excuses (the street version is she doesn't walk away). So you think "maybe I can turn this one around". You sit down and have a twenty minute chat. She gradually opens up. She shit tests you but does give some mild IOIs. You bring the set to an end on your own timescale (not hers) be it a number close or an idate. She doesn't reply to your feeler text.

This happened because she was generally available to being picked up *by somebody* but she lacked initial interest *in you specifically*. Given that she felt open to the world she allowed you to run your game so she could see if she'd

warm to you and develop some interest. *She granted you the opportunity to make your pitch*. That's why she shit tested you, to see if it would provoke feelings of interest in her. It's why the whole thing was so flat – she's just not very interested. These sets are the worst time-wasters because the girls don't excuse themselves quickly like the INTERESTED/UNAVAILABLE girls do. Typically they'll last between ten minutes and an hour.

UNINTERESTED / UNAVAILABLE – These sets are easy to spot – you never have a real hook point. They either blow you out fast or stand around impatiently with magnetic feet (they want to be polite but also want you to take the hint). Most of these sets last between ten seconds and two minutes. You never feel like you've stopped their momentum.

Next time you're out daygaming watch for how the end result of your set can be predicted by spotting these signs while you're in there.

If you thought this post was clear, precise, and actionable you should see my video product. It's all of this done live in-field with a shit-load of analysis.

Make Daygame Great Again

krauserpua · 10 November 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Let's start by saying I don't mind if you're a fag and voted for TheCunt. I don't mind because you lost. You are still welcome at **Chateau Krauser**, which stands firm despite a recent shellacking from the snakes of Twitter. Whatever your political creed, all are welcome in the daygame journey *[1]*. I don't engage in political dialogue on my blog anymore *[2]* but let's consider the question on every right-thinking Euro Jaunter's mind.

What does the **Trumpslide** mean for daygame?



Earned me £3k at the bookies

1. No nuclear war with Russia

Russia is hated by the globalists because Putin has deftly maneuvered it into a position of relative independence. Therefore Hillary was itching for war, throwing all kinds of baseless accusations about Russian hacking and threatening retaliation. She also insisted on a No Fly Zone over Syria that would require shooting down Russian aircraft with American weapons and thus likely trigger WWIII. In contrast, Trump has expressed a desire to get along with Putin and support them in Syria against ISIS

VERDICT **–** The fine daygame city of **Moscow** will not be vaporised in nuclear war, Putin will not withdraw visas, and the world's greatest pool of hot women continue to stride arrogantly down the street in high heels and short skirts.

2. Ukraine does not join NATO

The God Emperor Trump has expressed numerous doubts about the viability of NATO and has generally presented a fairly isolationist / non-interventionist foreign policy. In contrast, Hillary is fully behind the EU-Globalist eastern expansion into Russia and it was her boss George Soros who funded the coup in Kiev. The EU has expanded eastward and held more territory than either Napoleon or Hitler in their attacks upon Russia. Bringing Ukraine into NATO (and eventually EU) would quickly lead to US military bases on the Russian border, the currently-forming EU Army in bases there and…… well, this *won't happen* because Russia *cannot under any circumstance* allow Ukraine to join NATO. Putin would likely quickly invade Ukraine again and many military strategists predict

Russia could take Kiev in a fortnight.

VERDICT – The fine daygame city of **Kiev** will not be occupied by Russian troops nor the battleground in a war with NATO. Another of the world's greatest pools of hot women will continue to stride arrogantly down the streets in even higher heels and shorter skirts *[3]*

3. Reversed Muslim Migration to Europe
With Hillary in the Oval Office the US would continue to meddle in European affairs on the side of the EU-Globalist nexus. Our Western flank would be continually under threat by a hostile power. Hillary has frequently declared she wishes to emulate arch-Cunt traitor Angela Merkel and would thus give her support in importing millions more in-bred subhuman Muslim invaders *[4]* While hordes of Muslim rapists is likely a boon for **Deepak Wayne's** business it's rather a problem for us fully-human daygamers. The streets would very quickly devolve into marauding gangs of rapist immigrants in all the Old Town squares and train stations *[5]* that are the rightful property of marauding gangs of plowing daygamers. A Trump victory means our Western flank is secured and with Putin having already secured the Eastern flank, the globalists are encircled and less likely to repel the various nationalist uprisings in Europe.

VERDICT – The fine daygame cities of **Central Europe** will have considerably improved vibe and girls more open to street stops.

4. No support for future Balkan wars
The first Clinton White House saw Bill bomb Christian Serbia in order to protect the Muslim terrorists of the Kosovo Liberation Army. Since then Serbia has been on the EU's diplomatic shit list and they are now forcing that beautiful country to heel with crazy demands on homo/tranny participation in government and Gay Pride parades. Trump has no history of violence against Serbia and seems rather pro-Christian.

VERDICT – No likely flashpoints with Serbia and thus the fine daygame city of **Belgrade** will remain a popular destination for daygamers who want to piss me off by burning it down.



The election was the right kind of near miss

I am not sufficiently au-fair with Philippines and SEA politics so I can't tell whether fellow shitlord Duterte will

respect Trump *[6]* and re-kindle the hundred-year-old US-Philippines alliance or if Obama losing it to China is permanent. If it's the former, fat losers who can't get laid in Europe with white girls will still have an escape vector from which to write pathetic e-books on getting laid abroad.

[1] Yes, even the total faggots on the Left.
[2] Though with Twitter gone, I am looking for a new platform for the next 8 years of Trump-inspired triumphalism.
[3] Likely pestered by less dirty Turkish sex tourists than currently
[4] How many millions before Germans lynch her is something I'm not qualified to estimate.
[5] I haven't asked girls if this feels any different to an RSD daygame bootcamp
[6] As opposed to quite literally telling fag-traitor Obama to "fuck off" earlier this year

If you thought this post shoved political opinions in your face without you asking, **you should see my Twitter**. Actually, *you can't* because the spaghetti-armed low-T fags banned me for Nuclear-grade Shitlordism. Given that I absolutely had to celebrate the Trump victory, it's basically them forcing me to do so on the blog and therefore they are to blame. You fag.

The Hemingway Suite

krauserpua · 6 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

I'm hibernating in Bali, Indonesia for the next month or so in an attempt to slow my brain down and get away from the terribly distracting impact of hot women [1]. A key goal while here is to complete my next book, ***volume two of the memoir****. It was already good to go last month but I decided I'd like to do another rewrite to get it into the best possible state. So now I'm incorporating feedback from two editors and my test readers. Here's a section from chapter sixteen:*



Shitsville for women

We were nothing if not grandiose. If Rock Solid Game had a larger budget we'd have carved our faces into Mount Rushmore or bought ourselves an island and declared independence. We'd then take great joy in attending United Nations assemblies and trolling the shit out of them.

"Could the ambassador for Trollistan please leave the chamber," would become a common refrain in such a future.

We were determined to build ourselves up both in reality and within our own imaginations. This was something Jimmy had become world-class at. When you met him he had a rock-star vibe and would regal you with some tales that seemed eminently plausible to hear but preposterous should you ever write a bullet-point list of the information they conveyed. He had some established favourites but was quite capable of spinning such yarns on the fly.

"I've only been to Malta once. It's the last of the Mediterranean islands I needed to tick off the list," Jimmy would drop in to a conversation with a girl. "I've heard it's great for scuba diving – crystal clear water and underwater wrecks from World War Two – but unfortunately I never really got a chance to try it. I'd taken my band there as a celebration for finishing our demo, so we could all hang out, try the local foods, and try scuba."

"You can scuba?" asks the girl.

"No, that's why I took us there. To learn. It must be fantastic to glide through the water, totally weightless, hearing shoals of colourful fish swim by while you're investigating sunken warships. I'm sure that's how freedom feels."

The girl grips her drink, and her eyes go wide at the imagery.

“But my nephew had a motorbike accident on his holiday in Cyprus the same evening I arrived in Malta. His friends had rung me up, frantic. Jimmy! Jimmy! Dave is in hospital with a broken leg, and the police are sniffing around because he had no motorbike insurance.”

“Oh my god!” the girl gasps.

“I know. We were all sitting in a Maltese restaurant built into the fort walls of Valletta harbour, drinking wine and looking out over the water. A bunch of local girls we’d just met were going to take us nightclubbing, and then my phone is ringing.”

“What did you do?” asks the girl, leaning forwards, hanging on his every word.

“I had no choice – he’s my nephew. So I booked a flight that night and rushed over to Cyprus. Once the doctors assured me his cast was solid and he could be moved, I took him back to Manchester. I must admit, once we got back, he was safe, and his mum stopped crying, I lost my temper a bit and bawled him out for being so careless and putting us all through so much worry.”

Just stop and think of the impression that kind of story makes on you. It’s basically a story about a group of mates who went on a cheap holiday to Malta, got drunk, and had to abort on the first night. A cluster-fuck and yet somehow Jimmy emerges looking like an international traveller, rock star, and adventure sport enthusiast who is king of his gang yet loves and protects his family.

That’s the power of DHVs, and I learned it from him. When we first met, he was a low-level project manager living in a squalid flat by Elephant & Castle. That’s all. And yet sitting, listening to him in a bar you’d think George Clooney felt lucky at the chance to buy him a drink.

Château Hampstead was itself an exercise in grandiosity, taking a battered Jewish care home and rebranding it as a hotbed of rebellious adventure. No stone was left unturned, and when we finally got done redecorating the ground floor common rooms our attention turned to a small office room on the top floor.

“We could create our own member’s lodge, like Milk & Honey,” I suggested to Mick as we lay in hammocks in the garden on a warm spring day earlier in the year. We convened a house meeting and made the proposal.

We asked the house to chip in money and labour towards the project, but they all declined. So Jimmy, Mick, and I pooled £500 and set to work. Or rather, Mick and I set to work. Jimmy bumbled around making a great show of interest but did almost nothing until we’d already finished repainting the entire room.

The walls were split horizontally at hip-height by a runner, so we painted the upper section and the ceiling dark brown and the lower walls dark green. Heavy velvet blackout curtains covered the windows and both inner door and fire exit to give a permanent late-evening mood. I found two deep green leather Chesterfield sofas on Gumtree and had them delivered. The room was finished off with 1940s style furniture – a low table with a world map underneath the glass surface, a chest of drawers with an art deco lamp perched on top, and then Jimmy finally made himself useful discovering a portable drinks cabinet disguised as a globe. We filled that with bottles of rum, vodka, and whiskey. Discreet lighting tucked behind the sofas completed the classy, speak-easy vibe.

The next day Mick came knocking on my bedroom door.

“Nick, put your shoes on! Someone has left a cabinet on the road outside. It’s perfect for the room.”

So Mick and I ran across Finchley Road, each took one end of the abandoned cabinet, and hefted it two hundred metres and up the fire escape stairs into the room. We’d claimed it literally one minute before another pair of locals who’d also meant to nab the free furniture and instead stood on the pavement bemused, scratching their heads.

Despite us feeling like a pair of gypsies, Mick had found a gem. The hip-height thick oak cabinet was fronted by two glass doors and perfectly suited the room.

We’d created a time capsule of the 1940s, our very own Red Room from Milk & Honey.

“What are we going to call it?” we mused, the three of us standing in the middle of the room absolutely amazed at how much better than expected it had turned out to be. Various names were mooted, each trying to capture something of our philosophical or aesthetic spirit.

“The Roark Room,” suggested Jimmy, who’d just finished reading *The Fountainhead* and was very much enamoured with Ayn Rand.

“The Atlas Library,” I thought, blending the twin influences of *Atlas Shrugged* and the *Bioshock* video game we all played.

“But there’s no books,” said Mick. We fixed that by putting up a small bookshelf in the corner and filling it with the Penguin Classics series of Tolstoy, Dumas, and Dickens that none of us read.

Finally one of us – I forget which – uttered “The Hemingway Suite,” and we immediately seized on it. It captured the time period, the manliness of Hemingway’s writing, and the upgrading of our mere “room” to the grander “suite”. I had a brass nameplate engraved and superglued to the outside of the door to the corridor.

“We’ll need some rules. Member’s Clubs always have rules.”

We quickly settled on a list that made us laugh and also feel so very important and sophisticated.

- Non members are only allowed in when invited by a member.
- No music recorded later than 1959.
- No television or YouTube.
- Women may be invited in, but they must never express an opinion on any topic whatsoever.
- No member may raise his voice or use profanities.

The rule that created the most fun was this: All insults must be delivered from a seated position. It was intended to minimise the chance of fisticuffs and ensure gentlemanly discourse. What actually happened is we’d wait until someone stood up to mix some drinks at the bar, then we’d brutalise him with insults. To respond, they’d have to run back over to a seat, sit down, hit back, then return to the drinks.

We had a grand old time. We’d suit up and hang out there every evening for weeks on end, drinking whisky and smoking Cuban cigars while listening to jazz greats like Django Reinhardt in the dank atmospheric surroundings. We’d tell stories or debate issues, the end result of which always seemed to demonstrate that we were cooler than everyone else in the world. We each felt like the Most Interesting Man In The World from the Dos Equis beer commercials.

We also consumed great quantities of liquor.

It was during our Hemingway Suite reveries that we’d develop various theories about women, lifestyle, and how to achieve the financial and geographical freedom we aspired to. We felt completely unplugged. We weren’t even in the same decade as all the traffic whizzing by outside on Finchley Road.

We were James Bond. All three of us.

Predictably, the Suite was a tremendous aid in seducing girls. We’d be sitting in the bright, airy, tumultuous environment of the common rooms downstairs and then whisper confidentially, “Let’s go up to the Hemingway Suite.”

“What’s that?” the girl would ask.

“It’s our own special members room. Like a whiskey and jazz room. Come on, let’s walk up.”

The girl would be led through the maze of corridors up to a thick wooden door with the brass nameplate on it. The door opens, and she’s led into a time-warp. We’d already arranged a deal in advance where the player could text one of the other members to set the room up in advance once he was about to pull the trigger. More than once, Mick

would have a girl in the lounge and message me so I'd run upstairs, turn on the lamps, set the music playing, then squeeze out the fire exit a moment before Mick rolled in with his girl.

Once inside, it was game over. They'd fall in with the rules, accept a drink, and ease into the languid atmosphere. It was the Lust Bubble expressed in architecture, an escape from reality for just two people.

It was also a thirty second's walk from our bedrooms.



The finished suite

If this section of masterful writing caught your attention, you'll probably want to buy Volume One of the memoir to bring yourself up to date. Just a tenner for the PDF or £20 for a reassuringly heavy paperback

*[1] Bali is **absolute shit** for women. I'm more likely to see a hot girl in Newcastle. I'll keep my eyes open but my current opinion is that no-one is banging hotties in Bali no matter how many rep points they have on RooshV forum. I haven't even **seen** a girl above a high six here.*

Book Update – A Deplorable Cad

krauserpua · 11 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

"Nick doesn't seem to update his blog anymore. He only did three podcasts this year. I think he's done with the Game" says a regular reader.

It certainly looks that way but let me reassure you all I'm most definitely **not** done with the Game. I have, however, had amended priorities in 2016 over and above regular blogging or doing in-field recordings.

I have a tendency to bite off more than I can chew. Fortunately, I also have the tenacity to push forwards and the completionist's obsession with finishing everything he starts. Two years ago I started writing my daygame memoir **Balls Deep**. It quickly became obvious that I couldn't tell the stories I wanted in the way I wanted to tell them and still keep it down to one volume.

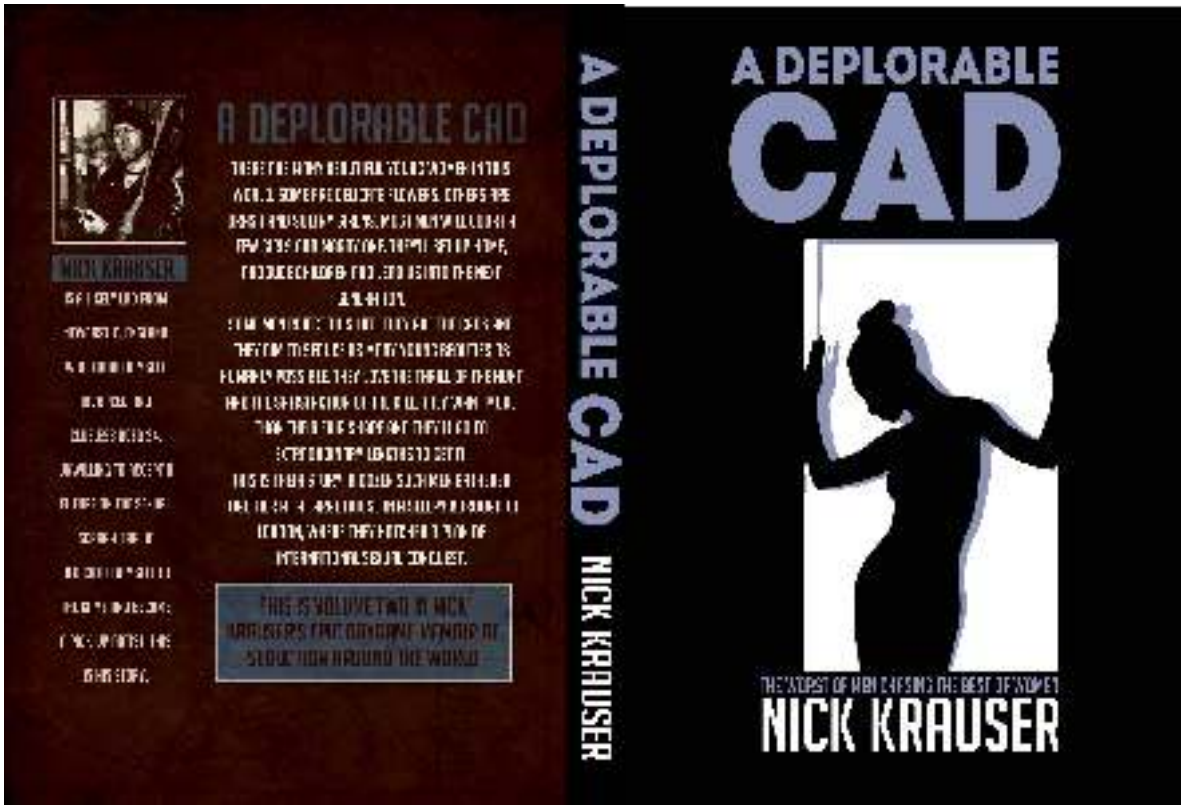
By the time Balls Deep was finished in late 2014 it had only covered the first quarter of my Player's Journey. "I'd best do this across four volumes" I mused. So I added three more volumes to my To Do list and got cracking writing all three simultaneously, as if I was filming Lord Of The Rings.

What a silly idea!

Two years later and *I'm still at it*. Back in November 2015 when my winter hibernation began I resolved that I must get these bloody memoirs out! I spent the whole winter writing volume four, **Adventure Sex**, which was released this summer (to good reviews too, check here and here). While writing these books I came to a realisation that game was no longer my obsession – writing had replaced it. Here was a highly technical, wonderfully expressive art form in which you can keep improving for *literally decades!* I'd sit down at the local Costa Coffee with a grande americano and just disappear into the book. Love it!

So let me update you on the status of the quadrilogy.

Volume One: *Balls Deep* is on sale in both paperback and PDF here
Volume Two: *A Deplorable Cad* has just been finished. It's now with the layout designer.
Volume Three: *Younger Hotter Tighter* is currently a 75k-word draft. It needs a lot of rewriting.
Volume Four: *Adventure Sex* is on sale in paperback here.



Mock cover. Will change a lot.

So the big news is **A Deplorable Cad**. I've literally just finished the seventh and final re-write this morning, polishing its mammoth 161k words to a fine sparkle. I've already received most of the commissioned artwork and now I need to go through instructing my layout designer and then reviewing test prints. My best guess is it'll be on sale in January, just in time to motivate you fellow daygamers to follow through on your New Year Resolutions to *do more sets*.

A Deplorable Cad is my best writing. I've lavished extreme care on it because writing is my big obsession now. It picks up right where Balls Deep ends. And that is why I haven't been blogging so regularly in 2016, especially lately. All my creative energies have been poured into this albatross. I've written *320,000* words of my memoir this year. Unbelievable, really.

If you like hearing me witter on, come find me on Gab – the only social media company that has yet to lock my account. Find me at https://gab.ai/NickKrauser

Early Thoughts On South East Asia

krauserpua · 16 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers will be aware that I like my hibernations. I consider my style of daygame to be seasonal in that my moods, appetite for skirt, and the weather in Europe means that going full-on all year around is just….. not much fun. So I divide up the year into the following chunks:

- **December** to **February –** Hibernation. Forget daygame, focus on non-game interests, get work done, try not to get fat *[1]*
- **March –** Excited to start daygame again and willing to tolerate iffy weather in one of the cities that has reliable flow of girls despite such weather.
- **April** to **June –** Living the dream in Europe with visits back home between trips.
- **July** and **August –** Some difficult decision making due to extreme heat and girl's summer holidays halving the number of cities with good daygame.
- **September** and **October –** Living the dream again but starting to get tired *[2]*
- **November –** A last chance to try squeezing a bit more mileage out of the Euro-season in a race against time with the cold, rain and snow coming on.

This pattern suited me but over the past few years an idea has grown until it's begun gnawing at me. A little voice has been whispering in my ear, like a mischievous squirrel trying to bullshit a bear out of his favourite cave, *do you really need to spend Winter in Newcastle? There may be a better place to hibernate.*



A siren song, yesterday

I could be escaping the zero degree Newcastle weather, the fat horrible women, the stodgy food, and the depressing multiculturalism of my city centre. Why not spend that time on a beach?

Well, I tried that. I went to **Cancun** and **Chiang Mai** in early 2011. I had fun but don't care to repeat the experience. Crappy girls, third world boring shit. I tried **Sao Paulo** and **Rio De Janiero** in early 2012 but came away decided that I hate Brazilians and Brazil *[3]*. My key learning point from two winters in the third world is that

Europe is much much better.

But there's another reason, whispers Mid-Life Crisis Future Regret Avoidance Planner Squirrel *[4], You need to take a closer look at the End Game.*
"What End Game?" I reply
You are 41 years old, quite literally middle-aged says MLCFRAPS. *Even though you'll always be able to get young girls, it'll get harder. Maybe your knees will go after all that walking. Your testosterone will drop and you just won't have the same enthusiasm to keep chasing skirt. You need to look to the future, at Old Man Game.*

Regular readers are no doubt aware of all the various Ex Pat and "Galt Game" forums on teh interwebs. There's the likes of Naughty Nomad and Roosh V forums. Now, I don't want to say bad things about these places because there are plenty of good straight-shooting men on there trying to share information and help each other out. Just because I personally dislike forums doesn't make them a bad thing *[5]*. I've noticed there's lots of talk on there from men camped out in South East Asia who are using a variety of ways to plunder the local women (allegedly).

As a general rule I don't believe anything I read on the internet *[6]*. Nonetheless, it sets me thinking about if there's anything in that lifestyle. Can a fifty-year old man go out and live in SEA and clack a bunch of hot girls? Can I add another ten years onto my player lifespan this way?

So I headed out to Asia. Bali and then Phuket. Here are my initial thoughts.



I think these are banned from South East Asia

BALI
A waste of time. I was in the Seminyak resort and also spent time in nearby Kuta. In the ten days I was there I didn't see a single eight. Not one. The western girls were either (i) gross chubby Aussies with bad tattoos and guts, (ii) pretty Europeans with their long term boyfriends. I only saw five or six of the latter. I got a ton of matches on Tinder *[7]* but after filtering out the hookers and ladyboys there were just grumpy 5s and 6s. I got one of them on a date and in my bed but after molesting her for a while she said she was constipated, hadn't had a poo in five days, and her body hurt too much to have sex.

That's just gross. Can you imagine a Moscow girl saying that?

Bali itself is a shithole. Nature is beautiful but everything is broken and dirty, the humidity is oppressive, and there's nothing to do.

PHUKET
I binned Bali and took a flight to Thailand. After dropping my stuff off at the hotel and showering I went out to a nightclub with Jabba. Well, it's more like a bar/club and really it's just a brothel for semi-pros. I grabbed a girl, chatted five minutes and took her down the street to my hotel. On my bed she asked for 1,000 baht so I threw her out. I went back to the club and pulled another girl out. She asked for 1,000 baht on the way, so I went back to club. Then Steve was smooching on with a girl and I noticed her friend was one I'd been chatting to earlier. We all went down to the beach for twenty minutes then they made excuses about having to go home because of work the next day. I took a number. Back to the club and then a fourth girl pretty much jumped me. Five minutes later I took her home. She never asked for money so I fucked her.

Next day we were dead. Hungover.

Day three I had a first date with the girl I'd taken to the beach. Halfway through the first drink I took her to the hotel and fucked her. She never asked for money. Day four an Aussie guy I know SDLd a local from Starbucks. We agreed to go to the cinema to watch the new Underworld movie. The girl invited her friend to join, who showed up midway through the movie and sat down next to me. We had a quick drink in a bar afterwards, the friend was gagging for it, so I took her home and fucked her. She didn't ask for money.

Four days, three notches. No money paid. Barely even did any game. *UPDATE: Make that 5 days, 4 notches.*

So my initial impression is that Phuket is a bit better than Bali. I see plenty of hot Euro girls, especially Russians, walking around but they are always – without exception – with their boyfriends. I'm surprised how pretty some of the Thai girls are, especially the best go-go girls, but the Russians put them absolutely to shame.

I still can't conclude on whether Phuket is a good place for the **End Game**. It's a bit Disneyland and doesn't feel like a real place. Having girls gyrating and shouting at you constantly is rather unnerving. I think it's just not healthy to know that for 1,000 baht you can fuck almost any girl you see even if they are sitting reading a book in a cafe *[8]*

My guess is I'll be sick of this place within a couple of weeks and rather glad that I put all that time into figuring out how to pull Euro girls. In the meantime, I'm having quite a lot of fun.



Difficult to stay interested in this kind of thing

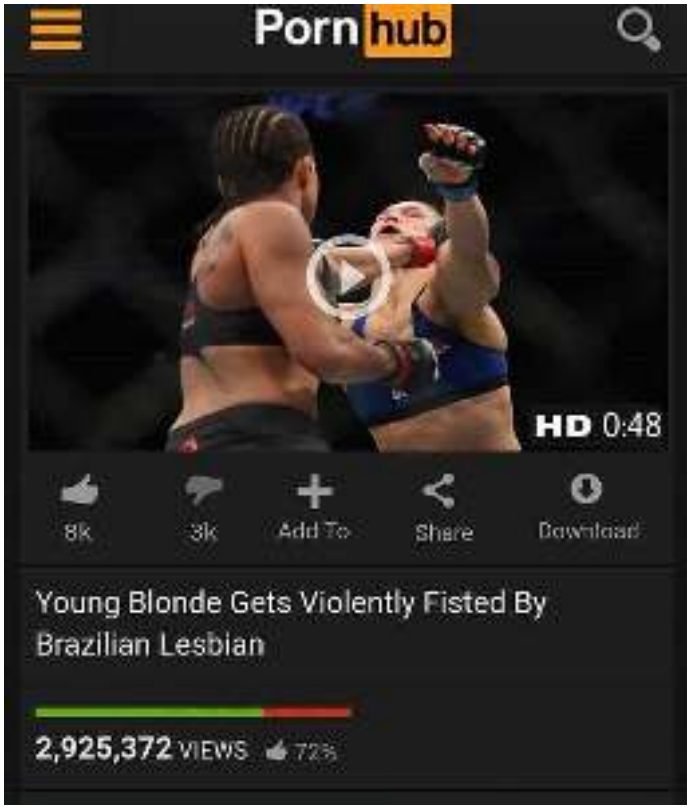
[1] Or more correctly since 2015, fatter.
*[2] This is when my blog flips schizophrenically between high enthusiasm and **Daygame Mediocrity**.*
[3] Except for my very good friend and fellow daygame blogger Suave who is as Brazilian as Romario.
[4] I wonder who that phrase sounds like….
[5] Although RVF is pure comedy in an unintentional way
[6] In fact, now that I think about it, how do I know that this blog post wasn't just made up by someone on the internet?
[7] In itself quite a strange feeling because I never get matches in Europe.
[8] Aussie dude didn't pay, but girl later revealed she actually has a sponsor.

If you enjoyed reading about my no-game successes in Thailand, you probably won't want to bother with my book. That's all game. And game is difficult.

The Upa Drill – Bedroom Edition

krauserpua · 31 December 2016 · Archived copy · Original

Sitting over a morning coffee in Thailand with a couple of friends our conversation turned towards the previous evening's events in the UFC. Before long we discussed the application of MMA techniques to the bedroom. Let me show you a very easy trick to employ with a lucky lady. It has a 100% satisfaction rate.



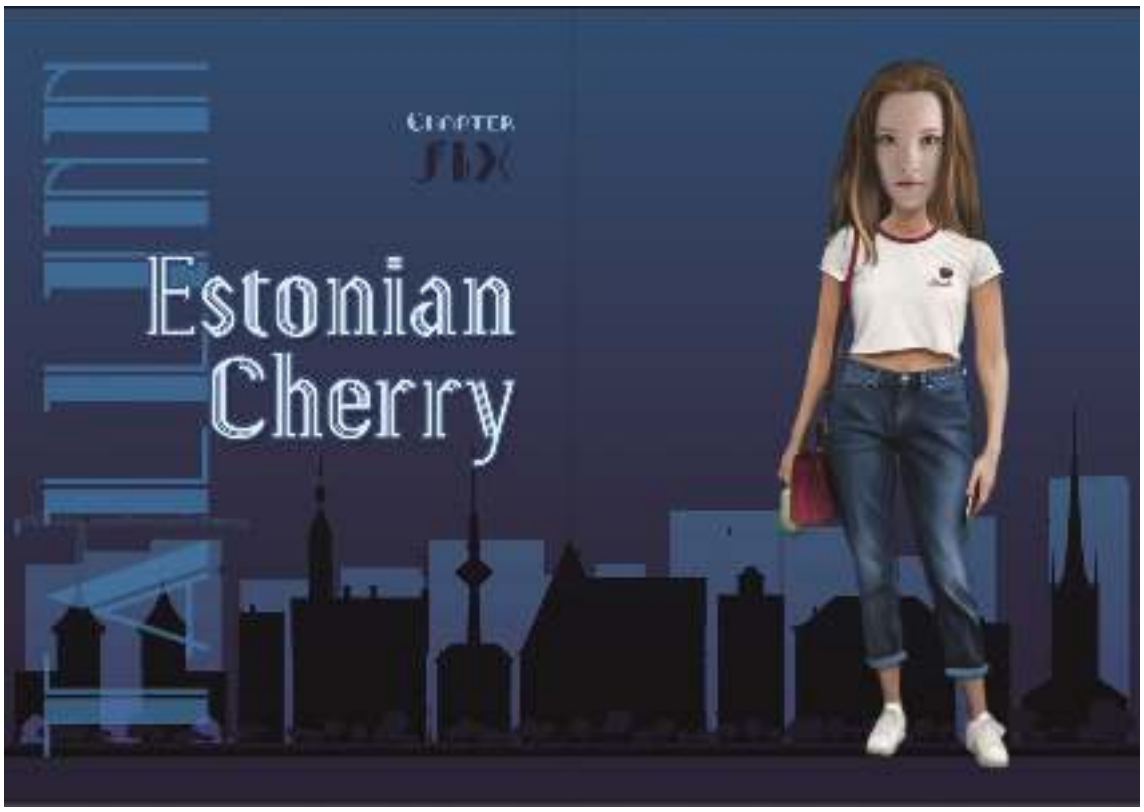
Pure porn

Do you know the "upa drill" in Brazilian Ju Jitsu? It's a warm-up / conditioning drill in which you lay on your back and then buck your hips up and to one side, then reach an arm over your head to touch the mat on the other side. Here's a video.

You can practice that on your living room floor until it's burned into your muscle memory. It's application is to bridge an opponent out of mount position. There are several YouTube videos demonstrating it, so let's pick one what has two slim women making only a token effort to pretend it's not a wank-stash vid:

The key is to conceive of the top girl's balance as like a table with four legs. If you remove the legs on two sides it will tip over. Watch the video again and note how the bottom ~~bitch~~ girl traps her opponent's ankle with her own foot, and the same-side arm with her arm, bringing it tight into her body. This removes the two "table legs" and makes her tip over in that direction with only the lightest upa movement.

If you haven't figured out why this move works great in the bedroom, I'm afraid there's no hope for you. And on another note, here's some art from my almost-ready next book:



If you liked that, you're gonna like my book. It's just not on sale yet.

Potemkin Clubs

krauserpua · 17 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I was standing in **Levels nightclub** in Bangkok with Steve and Jason at around 1am. We'd just finished drinking at Oskars bar down the road, a rather nice place that seemed to attract lots of local women who seemed exceptionally pleased to see us. Having already run the gauntlet of semi-pro hordes in Patong we had their number immediately.

"Fuck this nonsense. Let's try a club" Steve had declared. So here we were.

The initial signs were good. Nice decor, wide open area, and a quieter outside rooftop bar where the balmy night air blew in. Lots of girls, mostly Thai with a smattering of white girls. Some strong IOIs.

"This doesn't feel right" I commented. "It feels more like a nightclub scene from a TV show than an actual nightclub"

Steve knows clubs considerably better than I and he agreed. "Probably hookers. Let's see". He turned to a trio of girls spilling out of their nice dresses. "Excuse me, are you a whore?" (or words to that effect).

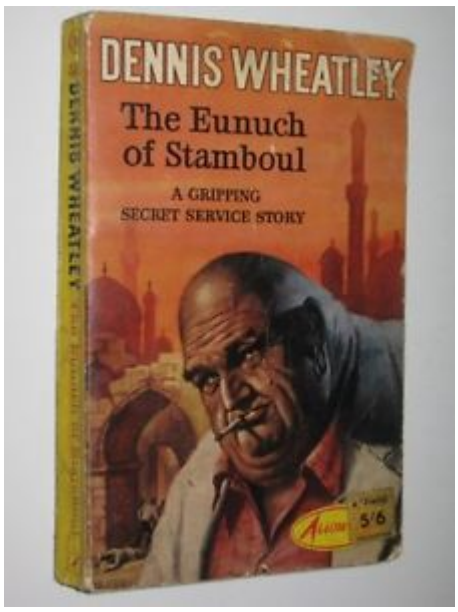


Just imagine his rep points on RooshV Forum

Yes, she was. We noticed another pair of girls at the bar IOIing almost ever man, occasionally even reaching out to touch them as they walked past. Over by the DJ I saw a rather pretty Russian girl showing extreme interest in the conversation of a chubby Indian man who looked like he could star in Big Bang Theory.

"There's two normal girls" said Jason, pointing out a mediocre blonde girl and her trashy tattooed brunette friend. A seven and a six respectively, if you're drunk and in a dark club. Both white and not hot enough to be whores.

A big fat Turk came out of the elevator and past security. Middle-aged and sweaty, he looked like Kojak after a decade living rough. The kind of man who has never had free sex in his life. He stood in the middle of the room scanning then made a beeline to the trio of Thai whores Steve had interrogated. A minute later he was back.



Couldn't help making connection to this great book

I turned my back for less than a minute and when I glanced over again he was talking to the two white girls. Literally three minutes later he led them both out of the club with the "gonna have a threesome" smirk. Needless to say, I did not attribute his success to tight game.

A Russian ex-girlfriend who'd lived in Thailand recently was chatting to me on Facebook. Asking how I was getting on in Bangkok she sent me a listicle of the Thirteen Girls You Date In Thailand. Standing in Levels nightclub I scan the list and when it covers the "sideline girl" (i.e. semi pro) it specifically identifies Levels nightclub.

"Let's get out of this shit hole" I said. Did I mention there were hardly any Thai men in this club?

We'd been recommended **Sugar nightclub** down the road *[1]*. That was 300 baht entry including a free bottle of beer. Early signs where bad as hip hop blasted out of the speakers and I felt like I was living in a mud hut surrounded by African savages. The elevator dumped us in a dark room with strobe lighting. Several rows of small high tables ringed the dancefloor and a line of young white men with hunted eyes stood frozen still watching the Thai girls gyrate clumsily.



Got me looking so crazy right now. Uh oh, uh oh, uh oh, oh no no

“Lots of two sets flashing their little eyes” said Steve, referring to a half dozen different pairs of girls standing at the tables slowly drinking beer. A large wrap-around sofa booth in the corner was hosting a fat white man, his bottle service, and four thai girls. They were dressed quite nice. Before long a drunk girl from the booth IOId me and I waved her over. She chatted a while but was fucked off her nut and playing the usual attention whore club games. She did tell me a few interesting things.

“I don’t work here” she proclaimed. “I do office job. It’s my friend birthday, she work here” and pointed to one of the girls indulging the fat white guy as he held court around his expensive vodka bottle. My new drunk friend flitted off and started chatting to two girls at a table who she clearly knew.

I began to look around the club with a new eye. Let’s assume every single thai girl here is on the club payroll, even the “patrons”. Within minutes my theory was confirmed. As the glass collector did his rounds these girls would hug him, or slap his arse, or talk freely in exactly the same manner you’d expect if they were there five nights a week because it’s their job.

“This is a Potemkin Club” I told Jason. “It’s all an illusion. The entire business is a carefully staged environment to give men like us the illusion that we are attractive and a grey area to pay for the privilege without feeling like we are just whoring.”

Suddenly half of what I’d seen in Phuket and Bangkok made sense. This wasn’t whoring in the Western model where you strike up a price then bang the pro. Thailand was offering the “girlfriend experience” on a wider level – it wasn’t just the girl bullshitting you that “you handsome man”. The entire nightclub was bullshitting you.



Not bullshit, Patong.

Steve left in disgust and Jason and I left a quarter hour later. Further down the squalid street that is Soi 11, I waited outside a 7/11 while Jason went inside to buy water. A twenty-something Eurochode walked up with his very pretty brown “girlfriend”. As he waited outside, she went inside and flashed me three massive IOIs. *[2]* The eurochode didn’t seem to notice, fumbling in his beige shorts for a cigarette.

I followed inside thirty seconds later and caught the girl perusing the tuna spread prepared sandwiches in the refrigerator. I waved a hand in front of her face to get attention.

“You speak English? Your boyfriend – boring!” I said, gesturing thumbs down. “Me, cool. Let’s get a drink.”

She gently pulled me further out of her sponsor’s line of site then we swapped Line ID contact info. Then I sidled

up to Jason at the checkout and completed my exfiltration unnoticed. In *Hitman* it would be a S-ranked Silent Assassin score.

I banged the girl the next night. For free.

[1] If I ever remember who recommended it, I'll murder them.
[2] I call these UpgradeOIs because it's semi-pros trying to upgrade the quality of their sugar daddy.

If you liked this anecdote, just wait till you read me when I actually take time and effort to make it good. **A Deplorable Cad** coming soon!

Why Do Women Hate Game?

krauserpua · 18 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Jimmy Jambone recently put a post on his blog *[1]* about why women hate the very idea of Game. It's an interesting post in his own rambling secretly-DHVing way and focuses mostly on the idea of **control**. Women don't like the idea that men can reclaim some control over their dating lives by using Game.

As Heartiste once wrote, "the goal of feminism is to remove all constraints on female sexuality while maximally restricting male sexuality". It's much the same as Rollo *[2]* writing that for the feminine imperative to succeed, the masculine imperative must be frustrated. One wag – I forget who – suggested the Western world is what happens when the feminine imperative runs amok and the Arab world is the converse, of the male imperative running amok.

Not for the first time, I think Jimmy is wrong *[3]*



Jimmy's bird gets angry

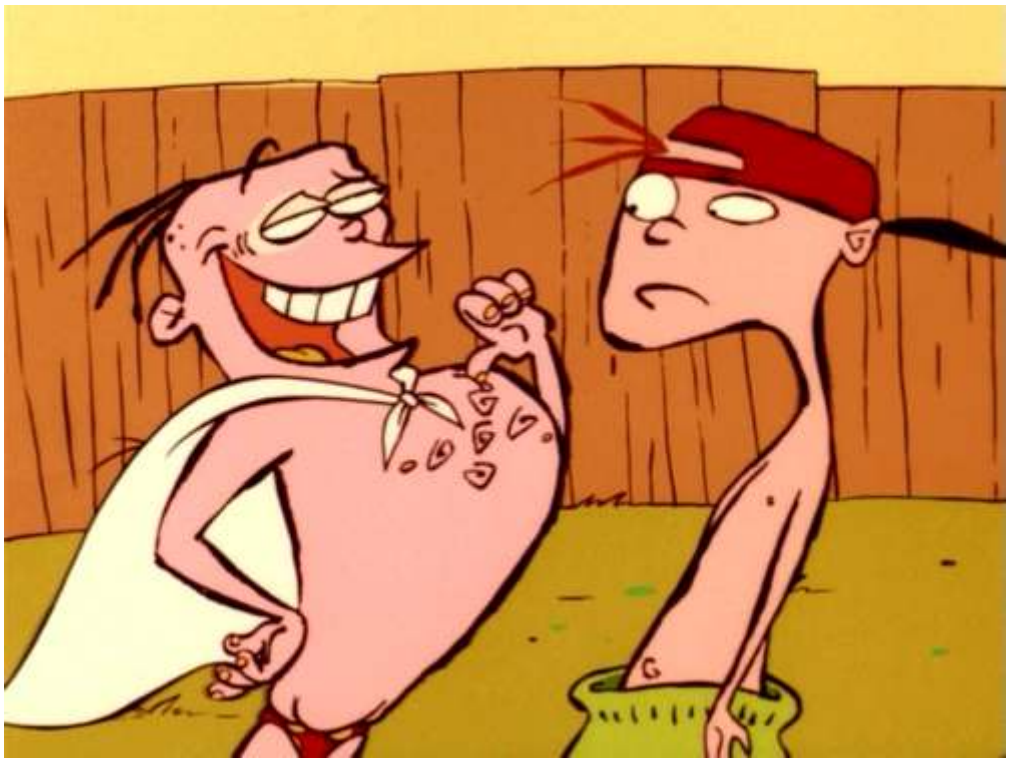
The deep-seated visceral fear women have of Game is that it **makes them unsure of their ability to discern value**. And make no mistake their hatred of Game is borne of **fear**. Allow me to explain.

In biology, we learn that animals throw out signals of their mate value. Because all is fair in love and war, animals have evolved to exaggerate their mate value by throwing out fake signals. An arms race developed where animals compete to develop sneakier fake signals while learning to see through the fake signals of others. It's a war of deception.

Women have been faking signals for centuries, such as rouge on their cheeks, corsets, push up bras and high heels. In modern times they've gotten fake tits. What all these signals have in common is they are not part of the DNA package being passed on through mating. They are not part of the core SMV proposition *[4]*. We all know that sinking feeling of meeting a pretty girl in a nightclub, taking her home, and then seeing what she really looks like in the morning *[5]*. The girl successfully faked signals of her SMV to get her victory.

Women know full well men will also fake signals, whether it's puffing out their chest and sucking in their stomachs, or fronting about a lifestyle they don't really lead. For most of the time in the male-female arms race there is

detente. It's the same old tricks and each side knows the other's capability. Game changes it all. It's a Trump-esque upending of the established order.



Higher value

Game, at it's heart, is about emulating the signalling of high SMV men. Sure, do it enough and you'll eventually *become* higher value. Nonetheless, for as long as you're doing game, you are throwing off fake signals *[6]*. Girls are hard-wired to sniff out the difference between real and fake signalling (PUAs call that "congruence") and to probe for key information in reaching such a determination (PUAs call that "shit testing").

The fact it's hard-wired is the problem. It means they are great at doing it against untrained men. However, it's like one side of the arms race standing still while the other speeds off with higher technology. Game is that technology.

Girls fear Game because it shakes their confidence in their ability to weed out low value men. They fear getting knocked up by fakers.

[1] Yes, he actually has a blog. It surprised me too.
[2] Now that I'm booted off Twitter I couldn't thank you personally for that Deep Conversion post a month ago referencing me. Thanks!
[3] It's more accurate to say he doesn't give sufficient weight to another aspect of the case, but that way of writing is less likely to trigger him.
[4] Not that I dislike fake tits or heels, mind.
[5] I've never been to bed with an ugly woman, but I've woken up with quite a few
[6] Feel free to discuss the issue of to what degree the signals themselves constitute value to the woman, such as how there isn't much difference between "signalling" charisma and "real" charisma itself

Another Potemkin Club

krauserpua · 19 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

[I've already told this story but I decided to rewrite it in the context of a similar fake club experience in Thailand]

It's late spring 2016 and I'm a little bored after a week in Warsaw. My good friend **El Commandante** messages me on WhatsApp, "let's do a trip Big Bro". I'm not really in the mood for more travel but he talks enthusiastically about Odessa, Ukraine.

"I've heard it's good, bro. There's a big nightclub complex on the beach called Arcadia"

I'd quite liked Kiev so I wondered if the coastal old resort town of Odessa might be a hidden gem. I only knew one daygamer who'd ever been and he'd given an inconclusive report. There were short direct flights out of Warsaw airport so I allowed my arm to be twisted. It would be the first new city I'd explore that year.
Coming out of the ramshackle airport I find the shuttle bus station and it's literally – I shit you not – a corrugated iron shed. There's one bus every half hour and it's a battered old mini-bus. That bus ride through the outskirts of Odessa made me appreciate just how poor and backward much of Ukraine is. No wonder the Russians look down on them.



Only Moldova is worse

That's not to say they are bad people. I've met a lot of Ukrainians I like. But fucking hell, it was barely a step up from Africa. As soon as I dumped my bag at a swanky Old Town hotel it started to rain. That rain only stopped for brief intervals over the next five days. Fuck.

It was Friday so El Commandante and I took a walk around the main tourist street. It was deadsville. All the foot traffic was families on holiday or unattractive locals. I saw literally one set in two hours. Kiev this wasn't.

"Let's get a taxi to the club, bro" said my friend.

It was quite a hike to Arcadia but as we rolled in around midnight it was pretty clear that every attractive girl in town was there. Strolling down the central plaza we passed small mixed groups sitting on benches eating ice cream and gaggles of high-heeled girls stumbling towards the nightclubs at the far end. We tried some club whose name I forget. It was pleasant. The rain had stopped so dozens of people lounged around tables in the open air and what looked like a hen party danced to cheesy music. There were a few hot girls but it was somewhat underwhelming given Odessa's reputation.

"Let's try next door" I offered. We walked into Ibiza club.



Nighttime is same girls in better clothes

“Fucking hell!” we both shouted. “This is pussy paradise!”

I have never – before or since – seen so many beautiful women in one place. The club had space for several hundred patrons and it was full. I quickly did a count of all the eights and stopped after five minutes when I reached 25. There were actually enough nines to make it worth counting. It’s no joke to say it was like the Victoria Secrets catwalk was a nightclub. Absolute stunners in abundance, all dolled up to the max.

“I don’t think I’ll ever leave this place” I said. And yet I’ve never been back. Why?

El Commandante and I started opening. The girls were friendly but we just couldn’t get any compliance. Laughs and chat were easy but trying to bounce them anywhere was impossible. They just stood in the same spot forever. After eight or nine sets I ran out of steam, sensing the futility. We posted up at a bar towards the beach which offered good sight lines of the outdoor dance floor and it’s surrounding areas. We watched.

“At least a third of these girls came in with their boyfriends” I noticed. The couples and groups were having great fun but completely insular, just sequestering themselves away from the crowd on pool chairs. All the other girls were in groups of three or more.

“Have you seen a single girl move from her spot?” I asked my Turkish friend. “It’s like they are mannequins in a shop window.”

Shortly after 1am the PUAs came in. There were five of them and each seemed aware of the other’s presence without actually being friends. We then watched as each of the five opened literally every girl in the nightclub who wasn’t with a boyfriend. Literally every girl had her turn with each PUA. There were also a few non-community guys trying to get laid. One Turk caught my eye because he looked like Dwayne Johnson. Big, jacked, handsome, and very well dressed he’d dance near girls and start trying to get their attention. After a few minutes he’d say a few words.

There was a quartet of foreign guys wearing t-shirts of the same surf shop who I assume live there as instructors. One was pretty cool, looking like James Franco in Pineapple Express and with a good outgoing vibe. He clearly led his gang, who deferred to him. I first picked them out when I saw them on the edge of the dance floor talking to two

low-eights. My head also turned when a huge American guy ordered a drink next to me. Imagine Zach Galfianakas from The Hangover but jacked like He-Man and very good looking – pretty close to a male ten and with physical presence.



Add many points

For the next five hours, until sun-up and closing time, I watched these men try to get laid. This is what I saw.

- None of the five PUAs got anything. Nothing at all. They never once kissed a girl or even moved her from one part of the club to another. Zero compliance.
- The Rock didn't get a thing. He ended the night propped against the bar with a whiskey in his hand and a defeated look in his eyes, as if he couldn't believe a man of his value could work so hard and get so little. The next night when I returned to Ibiza he'd bought a VIP table and bottle service, looking glassy eyed as an obvious hooker kept him company.
- The surfers spent literally all night working the same two set and then around 4am the girls waved goodbye and went home alone. The surfers spent the next hour muttering darkly amongst themselves.
- A drunk unattractive blonde – quite possibly the ugliest girl in the nightclub – threw herself at Zach so he made out with her and then took her home. She was four points below him.
- El Commandante and myself got nothing either.



Insufficient value to get it for free

A couple of months later I received a message from my enthusiastic Danish friend who looks like Jason Statham. “I’m in Odessa. Arcadia is pussy paradise!” he enthused.

“Watch carefully and tell me if anyone pulls in that club” I replied.

Four hours later he messaged. “Nothing. Nobody is getting laid here.”

On my last day in rain-soaked Odessa the sun had poked through the clouds and I had a mid-afternoon date with a Ukrainian girl I’d met in Warsaw the week before who’d coincidentally been planning an Odessa trip to see family. We spent a few hours drinking coffee and walking around but it wasn’t going anywhere. I inquired into the dating culture there.

“I don’t like it” she said. “Warsaw is more real. In Odessa there are lots of girls who’s job is to be a girlfriend. They don’t work. They spend all day in the gym or the salon or clothes shopping. Then they go to the club and advertise. They all compete to date the man with the most expensive car.”

Female rivalry aside, this smacked of truth. Ibiza nightclub isn’t real. Girls don’t go there to dance, have fun, and maybe hook up. It’s a shop window for tarts to find sugar daddies. Such a shame because the quality is phenomenal.

A Deplorable Cad – Quick View

krauserpua · 20 January 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I know, I know!

"Just release the bloody book, will you" my readership cries. Well, here's an update.

Volume Two of my ~~epic vanity project~~ daygame memoir is ready and has been for some time. I finished the final rewrite while sitting in a Bali coffee shop in the first week of December then sent it off to my layout designer. It takes a surprising amount of work to move from manuscript to final book. There's layout, custom artwork, cover design and…..

"Just shut up and take my money!" you shout.

Okay. Sorry! I'm stuck out in Bangkok until the end of the month so I arranged to have a test copy sent to a ~~hanger-on~~ friend in Europe who promised to look through it for printing errors. If he gives the thumbs up (that should come within a week) the book will be released. However, if Lulu fucked up the printing, it'll be delayed another two weeks to fix any issues and order another test copy. I've lavished extreme care on this project so I'm not shoving it out the door half-arsed.

In the meantime, here's the very first section from the book to whet your appetite.



Oooooh yeeeeesssss!

Introduction

In the spring of 2011 I was thirty-six years old and life was good. I was living in a huge house in the nicest part of North London with ten of my best friends. Every day I'd sleep in till late, wander down into the communal areas and 'shoot the shit' (as Americans would say) without any job, commitment, or entanglement interfering with my day. When the weather was nice we'd lie on hammocks in the tree-lined back garden, soaking up the sun, and reading pulp fiction. Sometimes we'd take the Number 13 bus into Central London and hit on girls.

We were "daygamers." Pick-up artists. Each of us had developed an obsession with chasing skirt, treating it as a

skill to be learned, honed, and eventually mastered. We'd moved into our Hampstead mansion to create the best possible environment to focus on this goal. There were the old hands who'd been rattling new girls for years – Tony and Jimmy – and also the new kids who were still flush with excitement at the endless potential our quest seemed to offer. Together we called ourselves *Rock Solid Game* and made money on the side teaching other men what we'd learned so far.

Two years earlier I'd been a completely different man; socially awkward, bitter, and lonely. My wife had left me after a nine-year relationship, and I'd turned to the underground art of "game" to try to find a new girlfriend. Volume One of this memoir, *Balls Deep*, charts my path in those first two years. It's mostly a story of misery and desperate hope. Judging from book reviews, readers liked the sheer bleakness of it all.

By 2011, after multiple mental breakdowns and an ungodly amount of time on the streets approaching pretty women, I'd had a year of consistent success. I was a long way from banging supermodels, but I'd been laid with a pretty new girl every month for almost a year and had just slotted a bona fide Russian catwalk model who was now angling to become my girlfriend. My life was changing. I felt like I was on the cusp of a new chapter – I no longer merely fantasised about becoming a "player." The fantasy had taken shape and was now a realistic goal.

This volume is the story of the next two years. It's the story of ten men with nothing better to do than chase skirt, each with his own personality quirks and with different demons chasing him away from the normal life of office, wife, and mortgage. You'll see the beginnings of "daygame" as a way of life soon to be practiced by hundreds of other men not dissimilar from yourself. You'll read of close friendships and unexpected betrayals as each man tried to balance his moral code against his own personal quest, all the time struggling under the immense emotional pressure exerted by the "players journey."

We moved into "Château RSG" because we'd become tired of reading adventure stories. We wanted our own adventures. We wanted to travel the world, drink the bars dry, and bang the hottest girls we could get in front of.

This is how I became an International Man Of Mystery. This is how I came to *Live The Dream*. It's rather more squalid than you may expect. I hope you like it because there's plenty more where this came from!

Nick Krauser
Moscow, September 2016

A Deplorable Cad

krauserpua · 12 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original



THE BACKDROP

Three years ago I embarked upon a wildly ambitious project. As an aspiring player I'd read Neil Strauss's famous memoir *The Game* in which he describes his entry into the underground world of pick up artists. Reading those pages I felt like I was along for the ride, living the successes and failures with Neil. It's a good book.

Unfortunately, it's also a bit light. In order to squeeze everything into a single volume to sit on a bookstore shelf, Neil packed a long timescale into few pages. By necessity, he skips over so many things that I had wanted to read about in detail. It felt like eating a chocolate bar when my stomach rumbled for a three course meal.
FRUSTRATING!

What I would have liked was more **detail.**

– How exactly did he meet these girls and how did the dates go?

– What was it like to deal with anxiety and self-doubt on a daily basis?

– How did he deal with women he actually succeeded with?

It's one thing to simply tell a good story. I also wanted to **learn**. I looked around and tried many books but none were able to walk me through the Player's Journey in real live detail, red in tooth and claw.

Fortunately for you scamps – Enter the Nick Krauser Memoirs!

THE BOOK

By mid-2014 I'd achieved all my goals in Game. I'd been hitting on girls for six years straight, learning, improving and ultimately writing best-in-class material on how to daygame. Now I wanted to tell my story. I didn't want to perform a victory lap, telling everyone how awesome I am (though I'll admit that's highly tempting….)



..I wanted to write a memoir that would help my fellow players improve.

..I wanted to write a book rich with detail, depth and above all wisdom.

..I wanted to chart the Player's Journey so every man following in my steps knew exactly where to go and exactly what to expect.

This was a wildly ambitious project, to write however much needed to be written to convey my knowledge. To write until it was done – however many pages it took to get there. The Nick Krauser memoir is neither a cash-in nor a victory lap. My vision was to plant my flag, to blaze a trail and leave a map for other men to follow.

Because it's not all fun and games. It's a tough path to follow.

WHY YOU NEED TO READ THIS BOOK

From my many years coaching students I've been shocked at how many men fall by the wayside. It's no exaggeration to say over 90% of men give up, having cracked under the pressure and fallen short of their goals. **NINETY PERCENT!**

Those of you who've daygamed understand why. You know how it is to trudge through the rainy streets, your mind racing with anxiety and self-doubt, wondering if you'll ever really make it. You know how it feels to have four dates lined up and then three cancel at short notice. You know how hard the downside hits you. It can sap you of

the will to continue.

Believe me, I know how this feels. I lived it.

I know how important it was to have my friends around me, riding the same waves up and down. I could look at their experiences to be **inspired** by their successes and **commiserated** by their failures. It was so very important to have someone next to me, taking the same blows, and we pulled each other forwards.



AN ENTERTAINING INNER GAME BIBLE

A Deplorable Cad isn't just a story. It isn't just an entertaining recounting of my sexual escapades. This book is **LOADED** with heartfelt emotion and deep introspection. At every stage of my journey, at every key event, I explore how it made me **FEEL** and how I summoned the willpower to proceed.

Yes, I just said this book is full of **FEELZ.**

"How gay", you laugh.

That's the problem we face as men. You can't talk about it with your mates. It feels weird, right? And Youtube and websites are full of coaches puffing themselves up like supermen who never suffer self-doubt or fear of failure.

Let's put that shit to rest right now.

I'm a successful player yet self-doubt and fear of failure kept me company throughout the **entirety** of my journey. Denying it to your audience doesn't make it go away. If anything, it hurts your audience, makes them wonder if they are the only people who doubt themselves.

A Deplorable Cad is an inner game book. The next time you struggle – the next time a girl cancels a hot date with no explanation. The next time you see your dream girl glide by, but you just **CANNOT** approach her no matter what – you will recall that I've been through this **EXACT** experience, and overcome it. **You'll feel the comfort of knowing you're not the only one.** The self doubt will dissipate and you will find the will to push forward.

And you won't need to have embarrassing confessional sessions with your mates to do it!

I lived this life. My friends lived this life. And now I can take you along for the ride.

thanks for listening,

Nick Krauser

Buy my new book A Deplorable Cad in paperback here. Enter codes FWD15 and SHIPFEB17 at checkout for 15% discount and free shipping.



The Dunning Kruger Effect in PUA

krauserpua · 20 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Game involves a strong element of applied psychology, and thus it behoves the aspiring player to make a review of 'normie' academic psychology to plunder key concepts and get abreast of the discipline. It's not difficult to grasp because the social sciences are – to put it mildly – *not* where civilisation's finest minds go to work. **[1]** If you're entirely new, I'd suggest a UK A-level textbook such as Richard Gross's *Psychology*. It's written for average IQ teenagers so my esteemed readers should have no problem whizzing through it. **[2]**

There are some great concepts in there, even at the A-level entry point, and one I like **[3]** is the Dunning Kruger effect: *"a cognitive bias in which low-ability individuals suffer from illusory superiority, mistakenly assessing their ability as much higher than it really is."*

Your first reaction is likely to be a scoff, at all those stupid *other* people who keep falling into this trap. A few seconds later you may feel a slight wobble, a tremor from deep down, that perhaps you too could fall into this trap and not realise it. Likely, you squashed that thought and turned your mind to the more spectacular examples of Dunning Kruger on PUA YouTube **[4]**. Generally, the literature considers the DK effect to be a problem, because it leads to an inaccurate model of the world and encourages overconfidence.

Overconfidence? you say.



"Yeah mate, I'm gonna be banging girls like this"

Yes.

And that's why PUAs have a unique relationship to the DK effect. If you're trying to build a bridge over the Rio Grande, you'd better have an accurate estimation of your engineering skills. If you're trying to smoke out globalist traitors from the highest levels of the NSA, CIA and FBI **[5]**, you'd better have an accurate assessment of the world.

But if you're trying to pick up women? Well, as **Heartiste** has so often advised us, overconfidence is king. I don't refer to him as often as I should so let's lavish a full quote box on his advice, from the **Sixteen Commandments**

Of Poon:

> XI. Be irrationally self-confident
> No matter what your station in life, stride through the world without apology or excuse. It does not matter if objectively you are not the best man a woman can get; what matters is that you think and act like you are. Women have a dog's instinct for uncovering weakness in men; don't make it easy for them. Self-confidence, warranted or not, triggers submissive emotional responses in women. Irrational self-confidence will get you more pussy than rational defeatism.

Delusions of grandeur are *absolutely essential* for the aspiring PUA. Speaking from my own experience, if I'd known how low my SMV really was, how bad my Game was, and how difficult the road ahead was…. I'd have given up at the beginning. The quest to bang youngerhottertighter is a foolhardy one in which we are trying to beat Nature at her own game. Most aspiring players are fucking insane for even thinking they can do it.

And yet they try, and more of them succeed in rapid escalating and first-date sodomising Mother Nature than we'd ever expect. How? How is this possible? Let's first consider the problem. The best way to have casual sex with many pretty women is to be (i) high SMV (ii) surpremely confident (iii) sure of your eventual success. Most aspiring PUAs face the following problems:

1. Low SMV
2. Low confidence
3. Persistent uncertainty

Fortunately the PUA industry has engineered a meta-game to keep its apprentices on the right path to learning the skills. It does this by engaging in the following tricks.



1. The Monomyth
Joseph Campbell wrote a masterwork distilling the key dramatic elements of literature into a single all-purpose monomyth. His book is *The Hero With A Thousand Faces* and I've written about it before. The key takeway is that when the aspiring player conceives of himself as the hero and the Player's Journey **[6]** as a proxy to the Hero's

Journey he is leveraging a deep DNA-level semantic structure within his brain. He is no longer a bumbling fool engaged in a hopeless waste of time that'll probably end in tears. Rather, he has heeded the **call to adventure**.

Consider the structure of typical novels and movies. As the Aaron Sorkin Masterclass makes beautifully clear, drama requires **Intention** and **Obstacle**. This is what distinguishes it from mere journalism. There is something the hero *wants* (in our case to bang hot birds) and there is something/s *preventing* him getting it (being shit with women, being sexually deselected, Nature itself…. this list is very long). The plot structure guides the hero in his quest to overcome the obstacles until finally he achieves his goal. Art house movies aside, he *always* achieves his goal. When inserting oneself into the monomyth, one gains a deep feeling of inevitability about success. Believe me, you'll need that. (Here's an example of the daygame monomyth in action, leading to results after a tough start)

2. The Path
I remember Tyler once saying, off-hand, in his **Blueprint Decoded** video seminar words to the effect of "the path is there, all you have to do is walk it". That's a little like saying "the mountain is there, all you have to do is climb it" but the point is in the subtext. It's not random, it's not a jungle wilderness. There is a path. That implies:

- People have walked it before you
- It is well-trodden and thus easier to walk than jungle thickets
- It leads somewhere worth going
- It has an end

The most powerful inner game is that which rests outside our conscious mind, our assumptions and world view that inform the decisions made consciously. By conceiving of the Player's Journey as following a path we acquire direction, purpose, and the confidence that we're not wasting our time on a wild goose chase. That's powerful considering our path is just an abstraction and that running around chatting up women is fundamentally a rather random act.

3. The Secret Method
Game was originally marketed just like those scam products on how to beat the lottery or the secrets to self defence. If you're an average man, you don't expect to achieve above-average results on a level playing field – be it sports, business or girls. The outsize results come when you deploy a tactical advantage unavailable to your competitors such as the Mohammedan hordes using heavy cavalry to colonise Europe, or Charles Martel developing heavy infantry to finally push them back. PUA promises you access to a secret system that provides a tactical advantage over not just the girls you're seducing, but the rival males ('chodes') also competing for them.

When you believe you're bringing a gun to a knife fight, you develop confidence and a sense of inevitable victory.

So how does this tie in with the Dunning Kruger effect?

Your early dabblings in pick-up will be met with crushing failure and yet…… it won't feel that way. An objective assessment of my first thousand sets would be: "Banged two mediocre birds. Waste of time". Yet for all my failure, pain, and despair in that first year I never truly wavered from The Path. The PUA industry had supplied me with all kinds of rationalisations to cushion the pain of reality and to nurture the flame of hope.

"Every rejection is another brick in my palace of Awesomeness"

I truly believed I was better than I really was **[7]** and that my results were better than they were. I always believed the tsunami of hot pussy was just around the next corner. My Dunning Kruger effect – let's call it the **Stunning Krauser** effect – led me like a carrot in front of a donkey. It was my visualisation of the new identity I was growing into. Each time my real abilities advanced (as they necessarily will when you put in the work) my delusional self-image would advance with it.

Your reality may never catch up with your delusion, but so long as both move forward in lock-step, you will get better with women.



“I fucked a six! I’m halfway up!”

It is only when you take a pause on your journey up **Relativity Mountain** and gaze back at what you were that you truly appreciate how far you’ve come. Looking backwards you can drop the ego and face reality. You can say “actually, that bird was a bit minging” or “that text game was awful” and it doesn’t sting, nor does it knock you off your perilously narrow path forwards.

For the aspiring PUA, the Dunning Kruger effect is a cognitive bias that keeps you afloat while you’re learning to swim. Don’t try to overcome it.

[1] Sociology in particular is a swamp of Marxist filth that makes no effort at doing real science but takes great pains to pretend it does.
[2] A general rule when dealing with social sciences is to avoid anything written in the last twenty years, as unlike the hard sciences, the social sciences usually move backwards over time because they are so pozzed. The best work in the entire field was conducted in the fifty years leading up to 1960. I read the 1991 edition so I’ve no idea if later editions have become pozzed.
[3] By “like” I mean “recently accused of personifying, by Jimmy”
[4] I feel like Deepak Wayne deserves a nod here.
[5] Obligatory pro-Trump reference.
[6] It’s no coincidence that I coined this phrase to describe our efforts to get better with women.
[7] Still do. No reason to dismantle a successful delusion mechanism.

If you like the idea of inserting yourself into a monomyth in order to chart your progress upon the Player’s Journey, you might well like my book. It’s the most detailed map of The Path ever written.

A Deplorable Cad – Chapter 1a

krauserpua · 22 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

*Regular readers will have noticed how little I blog nowadays. You've all had a tip-off as to the reasons why with the release of my latest book **A Deplorable Cad**. It's a mammoth 150k+ words, the second such behemoth I released in less than a year. Those two projects combined mopped up every last bit of energy I had for writing. The creativity required for writing is finite and must refresh, lest the writer just churn out insipid trash. I could feel this while doing the memoir so I didn't risk blogging too much. There'll be another announcement soon enough for the **third** reason I had nothing left over to put on the blog. Wait and see!*

*In the meantime, just as I did with **Balls Deep**, I'll be serialising the first few chapters of the new book. That'll whet the appetites of those of you thinking of buying, and placate the freeloaders too. I'd guess the early-buyers will be getting their paperback copies through the post any day now so we'll soon see how the word of mouth is on the quality.*



Chapter One – Rock Solid Game

Jimmy Jambone thumped the long dining room table and said, with an air of finality, "We will call it Château RSG." As if defying anyone else to disagree, he crossed his long, gangly legs at the ankles and leant so far back in his chair he was almost horizontal.

We liked the name. It was grandiose, mythological, and it spoke to an inherent style. Everything we did was designed to make ourselves larger than life, both to others and in our own minds. Thus we'd hit on a name for our rickety, old house in Hampstead, London, a cavernous former residential care home that had leaking pipes, a collapsing roof and which frequently flooded during heavy rain.

"RSG" came from abbreviating the name of the pick-up coaching company Jimmy had created: **Rock Solid Game**. Back in 2008 Richard LaRuina's **PUA Training** company was the market leader in London and Jimmy had gone along as a student to check it out. He'd been thoroughly unimpressed and considered his own game tighter than every coach bar Rob Beckster. In his typically self-congratulatory style he'd decided, "I can do better than them."

So Jimmy hunted around the local PUA forums and arranged meet-ups with fellow aspiring pick-up artists until

he'd hand-picked the founding members of **Sarge School**; Tony T, Diamond, Ace, Tomas, and himself. The new group soon built an underground reputation for doing free boot-camps every other month, and by the time I encountered them in the summer of 2009 they were still only charging £99 for two days of coaching. Sarge School would expand to bring in Johnny Wisdom, Mick, Fernando, Lee, and eventually myself. By late 2010 we'd re-branded as Rock Solid Game and presented ourselves as a hybrid of a dating company and a group of rock stars.

Diamond had dropped out, and Ace left for university in his native Poland. The rest of us were now in a house meeting, sitting around a long table in the lounge listening to Jimmy. It was September 2010, and we'd all moved into the big London house a fortnight earlier.

House meetings were as common as a sighting of Lord Lucan, but there'd been a big house party the night before, and we'd all felt the reluctant call of duty to clean up. As the clock ticked on to twelve and normal productive members of society took lunch breaks from their office jobs, the reprobates of RSG emerged one by one from the deep, dark recesses of the house. I suspect several of us lay awake in bed all morning rather than go downstairs and confront the task of cleaning up the mess. It was an entirely different way of life to my previous corporate existence.

Lee was sifting through some lecture notes for an accounting degree he'd started, while Mick picked at his toenails. Tony was at the head of the table, taking slow deep breaths and responding to everything in slow motion as he was wont to do. I was in the kitchen fiddling with the coffee machine and swearing loudly after stepping barefoot onto some mouldy lettuce that had been knocked off the bench where Lee had left it three days earlier.

We all sat around the table and agreed to Jimmy's suggestion: We'd call our home Château RSG.

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The grand-daddy of the PUA industry is Erik Von Markovich, better known as **Mystery**. Although not the first man to systematise and teach seduction (Ross Jeffries and R. Don Steele were first to market), it was Mystery who shaped the industry into the form we all recognise today. His first book *Mystery Method* is a coherent, balanced, and beautifully presented total package that draws heavily upon cold-calling sales theory and, oddly, dog training manuals. It displays a degree of rigour and comprehensiveness that earlier writers couldn't match. He was also the first to move pick-up coaching out of the seminar room and into the live environment of cafes, bars and nightclubs. Mystery invented the "boot camp" weekend in which students are taught early-evening in a seminar room and then taken in-field to watch coaches approach women in bars, then experiment themselves.



Mystery, yesterday

However, the main reason Mystery established himself as the premier pick-up artist of the 2000-2008 era was due to him befriending **Neil Strauss**, a *Rolling Stone* writer who would write the seminal *The Game* memoir where he featured Mystery as his mentor and main supporting character. That book was a New York Times bestseller, thrusting Mystery's persona into the mainstream.

If there's one thing Erik Von Markovich is absolutely excellent at, it's gaming other men to fuel his own rise. He even managed to get a VH1 reality TV show called *The Pickup Artist* that ran two seasons.

Neil Strauss's book retold the story of his entering the then underground world of pick-up artists in Los Angeles. Mystery spotted Neil's utility as a talented writer with good connections and quickly brought him into his world. They'd then feed off each other. Neil would learn Mystery's game while Mystery leveraged Neil's LA connections to get into better parties and find richer students. It's a great book, and I thoroughly recommend it. Prior to the advent of YouTube as a platform for small PUA businesses to market to prospective clients, The Game was every PUA's gateway drug into the community.

The centrepiece of The Game is when Neil and Erik decide to rent a huge mansion in Beverly Hills where a dozen PUAs would live together and hit on girls en masse. They dubbed it "Project Hollywood" and the legend was born. It's a habit in the seduction community to invent grandiloquent narratives for occasions when normal people would use everyday words. Project Hollywood was really just a flophouse for male virgins, but Neil's writing had immortalised it. I mean, who wouldn't want to live in a Beverly Hills mansion with a load of other guys, all of whom were going out to hit on women? Compare that to sitting alone on your sofa in a shit-box studio apartment watching The Sopranos on DVD.

I'd watched the show and read the book back in early 2009 when I was a nervous office drone first toying with the idea of becoming a pick-up artist. For me Project Hollywood was living the dream; a gang of expert seducers and hot bitches every night. Later, RSG felt like a rat pack when we all met up on the weekend to teach boot-camps. We'd lounge in a big private room in the East Rooms or Milk & Honey drinking beer, joking around, waiting for the students to show. It was the camaraderie I'd missed since starting my finance career in London and brought into sharp relief just how uncool my pre-game friends were (and of course, myself too).

The idea of doing a similar project sounded cool; get a big house in London, give it a great name, and move in a bunch of guys. Not only would it be fantastic motivation to build and refine our own Game, it would also bring the rat pack together on a daily basis. We figured we could do Project London better than the original Hollywood version.

The dream came true in September 2010.

The story continues soon in the next serialisation post. If you can't possibly wait because this writing is simply too compelling, rush over to the sales page and get yourself a pristine premium paperback copy of A Deplorable Cad right now.

A Deplorable Cad – Chapter 1B

krauserpua · 27 February 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Jimmy and Tony were clearly the leaders of RSG and not just because they were the founding members. Both had amassed immense experience picking up girls. Jimmy had rattled over a hundred girls since going to university. A phenomenal number for late-90s and early-00s England that simply didn't have the "hook-up culture" of modern USA universities and metropolitan bar scenes. He also had high standards, which really depresses a man's lay count.

Jimmy was a smart methodical man in all areas of social dynamics, and he'd work a bar with the same precision as Mystery advised. At university his creativity and strength of character had established him as leader of his small pack of bad lads, then he'd take them out drinking, causing a ruckus, then see which girls gave him the eye. In many respects, RSG was just a more grown-up version of his bad lads gang.

Tony was a sniper with women and deeply immersed in romantic fiction. He worked out, was an excellent salsa dancer, and dressed like a modern-day Valentino. He'd shaped himself into the smouldering masculine archetype women fantasise about while reading novels. He didn't like cold approach but had learned how to ease into sets in bars or on the dance floor. Often, the women came to him. By the time I met him he'd rattled three hundred women and kept copious notes on each seduction.

The penny wouldn't drop until much, much later, but the innovation of RSG's coaching was our ability to blend the mechanical systematic style of **Mystery Method** (via Jimmy) with the masculine polarity and seductive vibe of romance fiction (via Tony). The West Coast PUA movement that had inspired us was almost entirely the former, and it felt unbalanced and hollow.



A douchebag, yesterday

RSG would grow and evolve. Ace brought in his love for the douchebag game of Hank Moody in **Californication**. I took a one-one-one with him in Jewel bar in early 2010 and was amazed with his playful arrogance. Midway through the evening, I brought over a pair of Chinese English girls who told me they worked in city law firms. Ace sat in a chair, legs wide open, a whiskey glass dangling precariously from his hand as I approached him.

"Who are these bitches?" he asked.

Both girls cracked up laughing and couldn't keep their hands off him the rest of the night. He never fucked them but it felt like watching a glitch in the matrix; he was so rude and they lapped it up. Later that night as we stood outside in the smoking area I said to him, "if there was anyone in RSG whose game I want to emulate, it's yours."

I'd learn incredible things from being surrounded 24/7 by talented seducers. "Project London" would be a pivotal period in my life and this is its story.

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"We'll each have an en-suite room," Jimmy enthused over the phone, one month prior. "The location is amazing. It's probably a third of the market rate, with all utilities included." Standing in the tiny backyard of my grotty south London flat, I can't say I wasn't tempted.

"It's £300 a month."

"How?" I replied, "How is that possible?"

There had to be a catch. I lived in a ground floor one-bedroom flat in an old Victorian building, a thirty-minute walk from my office at St Paul's on the river. I had a lounge, bedroom, small dining room, kitchen, and tiny enclosed yard. It was £900 a month rent, and another £200 to pay off the council tax and bills.
This sounds OK, right? A decent-sized flat in a central area.

No. I lived in Kennington, which is next to Elephant & Castle. The price is low (for London) because it's a majority black and Muslim area and thus, absolutely disgusting. South London is like a suburb of Monrovia or Mogadishu. Every time I went outside I was reminded that my country was under foreign occupation, and I was being taxed to feed, cloth, house, and educate the invaders. It wasn't good for my vibe.

"Well, it's not exactly a typical renter's agreement," he responded. "We have to keep the gypsies and squatters out."

I don't like gypsies, their travelling parasitical lifestyle being very much at odds with the host culture in Britain. Vlad Dracul had the right idea when he invited them all to a feast then barred the door and torched the place with them still inside.

"You've got an hour to decide. The letting agency said they'll hold it for us until 4pm, and after that they are calling their waiting list. Really, you don't want to miss this."



The chateau

I looked around my pokey little flat with its chipped paint, rising damp, and bad memories. It was where my ex-

wife and I had first moved in together after the wedding and where things had all fallen apart three years later. Every room held memories that scaled the full range of emotion. There was the kitchen that she'd once lovingly kitted out with red pots, pans, and other assorted utensils, and which she'd used to cook me a different meal every evening, always delicious. Now it was bare and unused as I tended to get takeaways on my way home from work. Then there was the dining room with the walnut-shaped table around which my old friends would gather every second Thursday for a poker night, until they all quietly disassociated themselves from me after my divorce. I barely saw my old friends now. **Rock Solid Game** was my new social circle.

I visualized my walking home every evening from the investment bank where I worked, just across the Thames; a brisk half hour's walk ending at my 1930s-era apartment block, where I stepped in off the street and knocked on my door with an expectant smile. My wife would always be waiting for me, wearing her make-up and a beaming smile, and then stand on tiptoes to welcome me with a kiss before ushering me through to the dining room, where dinner was on the table. That felt great every single time.

But I also remembered making the same walk home in February 2009, after we'd separated, to find she'd come by in the afternoon to strip the apartment of every single one of her possessions, including all the cute accoutrements that had added life to it. She'd left £400 in an envelope with a note that it should cover the shared property she'd taken.

My flat now seemed like a dilapidated old prison. In spite of that, since becoming a player, I'd managed to fuck a bunch of new girls on the same bed (and couch, floor, and walnut-shaped table).

However, the apartment was part of my old life. I needed a clean break, so the decision wasn't hard to make. I tipped all my bank statements into a bag, grabbed my chequebook and passport then took a tube to the agency's offices in Islington. I was taking the room sight-unseen.

When I finally moved out a week later, as I closed the door for the final time, it felt like a grand symbolic gesture. I didn't so much feel that I was finishing a chapter of my life, more that I was opening a brand new book.

If you liked this, then you'll like my book. Seeing as this is in fact just a copy/paste of my book, so it's literally the same thing.

A Deplorable Cad – Chapter 1C

krauserpua · 1 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

The Château RSG experiment owes its genesis to a side of Tony's character that always aggravated me. He's a cheapskate. In all the time I've known him, he's never had a real job. Every time we had team meals, he'd insist on a happy hour or a restaurant accepting the Taste London discount card. It jarred with me because I'd spent the last few years in a $100K office job and couldn't fully appreciate the minimalist lifestyle Tony adopted.

Like most things I'd learn about game and life, I resisted it in the beginning. Watching Tony live, I'd gradually pick up on his soft, easy-going vibe, his unwillingness to be rushed or buffeted, his deep passion for the emotional pay-off of seduction, and his continuous effort to challenge and suppress his own ego. Looking back I can appreciate the profound impact he had on my eventual success. But at the time I thought he was a sanctimonious cunt and we frequently clashed.

He's one of those guys who has always managed to get by on whatever crazy idea he's had, sometimes much better than merely getting by. He was a competitive salsa performer and milked his salsa classes as an "ecosystem" to score girls. Being a good-looking man who kept himself in shape at the gym helped, but he still had to be able to dance and make the whole thing work… which he did with great success.

Tony's a masculine guy and very much a hustler. He stretches each idea until it stops paying him or it starts to feel like work and then he finds something else. After the salsa became humdrum, he started selling himself to medical experiments – drug trials specifically. Those paid well, but it was feast or famine. We always knew he'd been at a trial because there'd suddenly be a plush leather recliner in his room, a new flat screen TV, and M&S food on his fridge shelf. Then he'd be back to scrutinising itemized bills at restaurants and clipping Asda coupons from newspapers to stock up on value-brand beans. Easy come, easy go. Tony very much lived for today.

At the time, I thought it was dissolution. Madness, even. I was brought up as a saver, not a spender. Later, as I continued to extricate myself from the rat race, I came to empathize with his laid-back attitude to money. Why wait for retirement before enjoying it?



Not this madness

I suppose the best way of summing up Tony is to say that he'll always look for the edge in any situation. If there's a dodge, he'll take it. He'll do virtually anything to make money, except getting a job. That mindset led him to hit upon the idea of property guardianship.

At any given time there are thousands of properties sitting empty in London. Perhaps the tenant has moved out and his replacement is delayed, perhaps the building is to be re-purposed and remains empty in the interim, or perhaps

it's to be rebuilt but the developers need planning permission. Amazingly, for a country with so many vacant properties, England's legal system is very much biased against landlords. This has created an entire class of predatorial rent-seekers, be they gypsies or anarchists, who move in and steal the place.

There are all manner of sections, sub-sections, clauses and sub-clauses in English common law dating from hundreds of years ago which give squatters (i.e. Occupy Wall Street-type characters) legal rights that you wouldn't really expect. Often, there isn't much a landlord can do to kick him out. That makes it very easy for hustlers to move illegally into an empty property against the owner's permission, and as long as they don't cause any damage that can be construed as the criminal offence of "breaking and entering" the police can't evict them. The law deems it a civil not criminal matter, thus the landlord is on his own and a squatter's downside risk is capped at simply leaving the house and trying it on again elsewhere. Within the eviction process there are also all sorts of odd time limits and human rights laws that further complicate matters. In fact, in some cases, squatters who manage to stay put for ten years are awarded legal title to the property as "adverse possession" under the 2002 Land Registration Act.

The scammers in England, mostly Irish or Romanian gypsies, took this as a green light to break into empty properties, scam the legal system to get title to the property, sell it, make money and move on to the next score. Continental Europe's solution to the gypsy squatter problem has, historically, been murder and mass expulsion. Being fair play, cricket-loving English, we came up with a rather less extreme solution. It's called property guardianship.

Anyhow, I digress. There are specialist letting agencies who deal in vacant properties. They promise the owner that they'll take over management and then introduce tenants ("guardians") to live there. These tenants have agreed to restricted rights, including exclusions from all those laws that squatters take advantage of. An occupied building keeps the squatters out, both as a deterrent and also because if squatters enter, it's a clear case of criminal entry and thus the police can be involved.



If they looked like this, we wouldn't need to keep them out

The only downside for guardians is the lack of choice over where you stay. Many properties are shitholes and the plum properties go to those the agency know and trust. Tony and Jimmy were in that boat when they signed on with

one of the two main agencies in London. They first moved in to a massive residential care home way out east. I visited Jimmy one evening and felt it was Project Auschwitz. It was good forty-five-minute ride on the Underground just to get a sniff of civilization from a Starbucks or Pret-A-Manger. Not only that, the place was horrible. It may have been massive, with about a hundred rooms in the whole place, but only a tiny part of it was habitable. The ceiling had fallen in and there was rubbish strewn all around.

I'm not joking when I tell you it reminded me of a Vice documentary I'd seen about Liberia – that tiny West African rat-infested toilet engaged in civil war. Part of the documentary visited the old Hilton Hotel of Monrovia. During European colonial times, it had had a top-quality restaurant, a glittering swimming pool and a roaring tourist trade, but since being handed back to the Africans it had become a crack den, not safe to walk through without armed guards. And that's exactly how Tony and Jimmy's first guardian property looked.

But that wasn't the worst aspect. Already in residence were six horrendous women. They were a mix of English, American, and Dutch girls, ranging in age from their mid- to late-twenties. They didn't like the idea of new tenants moving in to share their place, having nurtured the idea that it was their place. Rather than make the best of it with the new tenants, they wanted to drive Tony and Jimmy out. They started blanking them, locking doors on them, complaining all the time, and even hiding shower gel. It was Mean Girls in Zone Six.

Unfortunately for the girls, Jimmy and Tony are strong, resourceful characters, and they certainly weren't about to be pushed around by a pack of soap-stealing hags. The script was soon flipped. The boys stood their ground with cocky smirks, knowing this would prompt the girls to double down on their annoying antics to no avail.

It couldn't go on.

If you can't bear to wait for the next instalment, buy the full book here for a reassuringly expensive £25. Otherwise, wait a few days for the next post.

A Deplorable Cad – Chapter 1D

krauserpua · 3 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Everything came to a head when two of the girls brought their new boyfriends into the house; a pair of young black guys who dressed hip-hop. Had they met Tony and Jimmy randomly in a bar they'd probably all have had a couple of drinks together and shared a few stories. However, the girls set them up to fight by playing victim and asking their boyfriends to stand up for them.

Tony and Jimmy sussed immediately that the boyfriends weren't violent men. They were just full of bravado and ghetto talk, accompanied by a little bit of pushing and shoving. It was clear that that was as far as it was going to go. Tony would've probably de-escalated a confrontation but it was catnip for Jimmy. He loves provoking others and isn't averse to kicking off either, especially when drunk. So when the girls goaded their boyfriends into action, it didn't go as planned.

"You should leave this place. You're not wanted here."

"Sorry pal, I'm just not scared of you. You couldn't knock the skin off a rice pudding."

As the repartee flowed, the two boyfriends got so worked up they started shouting threats, informing Tony and Jimmy in vague terms about the many kinds of doom that would befall them if they didn't cease their taunting forthwith, retire to their rooms, and lock the doors. It was at that point that Tony got his mobile phone out and started recording the scene on video.

"Can you say that again? What did you say?" he inquired. The angry boyfriends told him in explicit terms that they intended to do him in.

"Perfect. And how would you do that exactly?" Tony asked, gaining a few more valuable seconds of angry footage. The impassioned threats went on for a while longer until the boyfriends could see that nothing positive was going to come out of the confrontation, and they slinked off.

The next day, Tony and Jimmy went back to the agency.

They sat down and, in grave tones, Jimmy said, "Look, we've had death threats from the boyfriends of the tenants."

"Yes," Tony added, "we feel unsafe there." As he showed the agent the video, Jimmy put his head in his hands as he tried to keep a straight face. "So you can see why we're upset. We fear our lives are in danger."

Jimmy looked up at the agent with a sigh, and then with just the right hint of desperation in his voice, asked, "Do you have any other property?"

Visions of litigation danced in front of the agent's eyes. In its desire to avoid a lawsuit, the agency was ready to propel Tony and Jimmy all the way to the top of the queue for a prime property. Their response was immediate. "Well, actually, next week we have this really good place coming up in Hampstead. Why don't you guys have a look at that?"

Tony and Jimmy looked at each other, and then back at the agent. "Yes. That could work," they conceded.

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They drove out to the property that same day. It was a stunning twenty-five room building in a leafy suburb. As they looked around, Jimmy and Tony could hardly stop laughing.

"Fuck me, this is absolutely incredible. We have to jump on this!"

They then began to negotiate with the agent, saying, "Look, given our bad experience of sharing with people we don't know, we no longer feel safe with strangers. Could we perhaps fill this place with our friends?"

Agencies view properties as problems to be solved, and whether they are filled with guardians or friends of

guardians didn't matter as long as the buildings were filled and the paperwork filed. Nobody wants a lawsuit.

"This is really quite irregular," he moaned, straightening his Next polyester tie and shuffling his papers unhappily. "We can hold the property back until the close of business today and no later."

Which is how I came to receive a phone call from Jimmy while standing in the tiny backyard of my flat, eating a Curly Wurly I'd bought from the corner shop. I was renting my flat from a friend's wife on a verbal agreement that I could leave with just a month's notice. There were no contractual issues to moving out quickly.

"Look, we've got this amazing place. The location is perfect. It's massive. It's cheap. And if any gypsies do come around, you can take first crack at them. But you've got to sign up today if you want it. Are you in?"

"Of course I am," I said. We all were.

Sitting in the office in Islington, my pen poised over the contract, I was given a rundown of our tenancy terms: we would be on two weeks' notice and could be thrown out at any time, real estate agents could come through with prospective buyers, and we were expected to keep the property clean. I signed contracts, exchanged keys, and walked out into the office lobby where the rest of the RSG gang was sitting shoulder-to-shoulder on rickety chairs each clutching their own signed contract and pair of house keys.

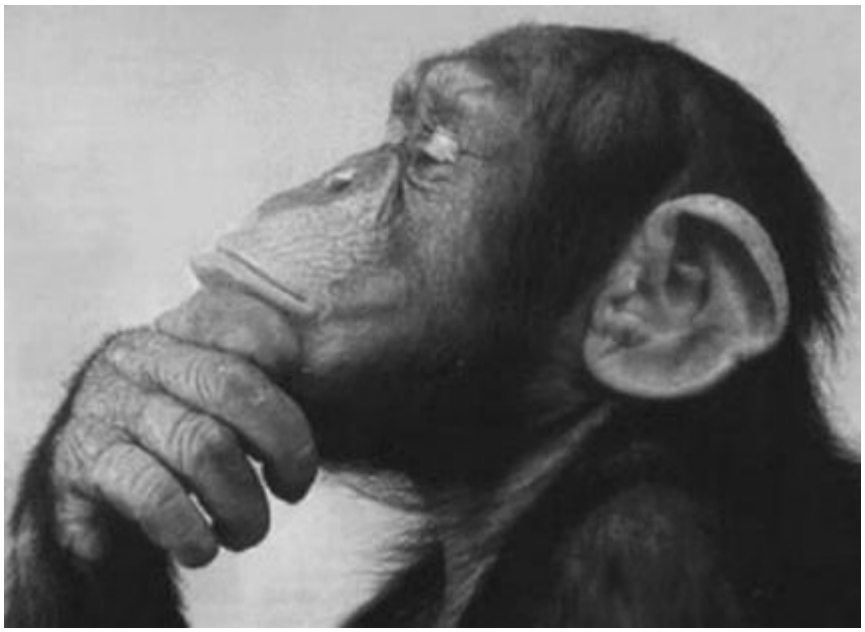
"To Hampstead!" announced Jimmy then strolled out the door like Captain Cook leading his explorers up a mountain trail. The great adventure at Château RSG was about to begin.

If you thought that was awfully long for one chapter, just imagine how long it'll take you to read the book. It's got thirty-eight of the fuckers. It'll take you FUCKING EONS, if you're dumb enough to try it here.

The Daygame Uncertainty Principle

krauserpua · 12 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I recently found out that at its highest levels, mathematics is an ***experimental*** science. How very *very* odd! Now, while I was always top of my class in maths at school, I haven't done any since I was sixteen and thus I'm in no position of authority to speak. I'm just telling you what I heard. From a man in the pub. Nonetheless, it got me thinking. I'd assumed mathematics is the most analytic and most precise of all knowledge systems. I'd thought it was a closed system, tautologically true. I'd already heard Stephen Hawking waffle on about physics as being quite open-ended and exploratory which had come as a surprise at the time ***[1] [2] [3]***. So I start thinking.



Something like this

Much of our male attempt to poke our dicks into pretty females comes down to imposing order and control onto a messy world. Within the daygame community that can express itself in a **daygame model**, mapping the stages of an ideal type interaction. A model allows someone with little experience to form an expectation and to narrow his seemingly infinite potential choices of action down to a small set that tend to lead in the right direction. A rough model is like a rough map, pencil on the back of a napkin. A detailed model can be more like a periodic table.

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Unfortunately, **the map is not the territory**. It always involves high levels of abstraction and the removal of the specifics of time and place. There will never be a daygame model that perfectly describes and patterns the reality of daygame. We just have to do our best. Anyone watching a rank beginner will soon see that a half-decent model is far more effective than nothing at all.

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So far, so meh. Let's fly on our intellectual wings, up and away into a higher tier of mindwank. Let's ask ourselves this question: *Do we ever really know what's happening in a daygame set?*

- Do you ever really know if a girl fancies you?
- Do you ever really know what your odds of fucking her are?
- Assuming you didn't fuck her, can you ever figure out why she didn't put out?

Lets say a girl appears to IOI you so you open. Sometimes you'll get the "confirmation" of the IOI because she immediately laughs and hooks, as if your opener was actually the second sentence in the set (her IOI was the inaudible first). But other times she acts like she hadn't just IOId you. So, was it really an IOI?



Well, was it????

How could you possibly know one way or the other? Even if you explicitly ask her and she denies it, it doesn't mean it ain't so.

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Lets say you're out gutter gaming and a girl seems to hook well, her eyes wide. You squeeze her hand and she squeezes back. You suggest a drink and she follows you to a bar, but at the last moment refuses to enter.
"I have a boyfriend" she says. "I shouldn't. Something might happen."
"Yes, I may kiss you" you reply, doubling down on the r-selection.
"Yes, you may. I can't." Then she leaves.

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How close were you to fucking her? Give it a percentage and then consider a different scenario…..



"I think this one might be 50/50"

You're back out gutter gaming and meet a different girl. It's a fairly uninvolved conversation with low sexual energy but she's smiling, chatting and agrees to a drink. You sit with a beer each as she tells you she's on a weekend trip

from St Petersburg, that she works as a graphic designer, and isn't it exciting to be here after you only just met. Midway through the first drink you are playing with her hair and you even get a light makeout. You finish two drinks and suggest a walk, which of course finishes at your apartment door. She comes upstairs, telling you she can only stay half an hour. Music on, some making out. She resists when you squeeze her tits but you eventually get her shirt off and a mouthful, but she's firm about not unzipping her jeans. Then around the half hour mark she puts the shirt back on, swaps Facebooks and disappears unfucked.

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Now give this set a percentage probability. How close did you come? Which is the ***nearer*** near miss?

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On raw "objective data" the second one is MUCH closer. You kissed her, got her home, and rolled around on the bed. But is that actually closer? What if she'd made a decision early on of "I'll fool around with this guy a bit but I'm never taking my jeans off"? In that case you were *never* going to fuck her, and everything that came after her decision was kabuki theatre. In contrast, that first girl may have been thinking "If I kiss him, I'll fuck him. I'd better not kiss him". By this formulation, it is the girl's internal mental state which really determines how close you are to fucking her and a girl who is wavering 50/50 at this "if I kiss, I fuck" stage is arguably a nearer miss than a girl on your bed determined not to fuck. ***[4]***

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But there is yet another tier of mindwank above even that.

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A Russian girl once told me "Nick, you are too logical with daygame. Often even we girls don't know what we will do or why we do it. Often we do it and then don't even understand afterwards why we did." So consider in both these situations the girl's internal mental state wasn't necessarily etched in stone. The first girl may have flipped between parallel yes/no states multiple times during the set like Schrodingers's Cat. The girl with a firm resolution to fool around but not fuck may have suddenly changed her mind to either fuck, or perhaps not even begin fooling around.

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Given this, it helps to relax our hold on the dream of making daygame a precise science and to instead embrace the chaos of the world. Whenever humans are involved you can rarely say "this definitely happened" or "this is why." The best you can do is assign probabilities, based on adding your experience to that accumulated by the community, to know what ***tends*** to happen when certain outward behaviours ***seem*** to manifest, based upon your ***reasonably decent*** calibration.

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But you'll never actually know. And even if you fuck the girl, you can't be sure if it because of or in spite of your game ***[5]***

If you thought this was uncertain, you should consider resolving it by making certain to buy my book, which is certainly great.

[1] Although perhaps this is nonsense as equally uninformed as his recent blabbing on about how we need to one-world globalist government to constrain "aggression".
[2] And he claims women are "a complete mystery
[3] And he's a spazz
[4] Most intermediate daygamers who've toyed with heavy r-selection will have experienced "sex on the street" sets where you talk to a girl for five minutes and she leaves without even giving a number, but you were eye-fucking each other so hard you know she was fantasising about your dick. What does that count as?
[5] Though you will definitely know you don't really care because you fucked her anyway and that's what really counts.

The Infinite Experience Machine

krauserpua · 13 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I sat in a comfy chair in a Costa cafe today, sipping on a hot latte and letting my mind wander. All told I was ensconced in my bubble of tranquillity for around two hours and loved every second of it ***[1]***. Measured in terms of happiness, it was a successful deployment of my resources. That said, I achieved absolutely nothing. Time passed, I enjoyed it, but I gained no new experience in anything of value. Which was the point. But what if I had wanted to "move forwards" with some area of my life? ***[2]*** To move forwards we need to do things. By doing things we accumulate experiences. These experiences are the fuel we shovel into the **Improvement Furnace** ***[3]***.



"Here, take another set"

Activities which get you out into the world doing things, especially difficult things in an uncontrolled environment, are great for rapidly accumulating experiences. That's one reason sports are so good for kids – they learn about all kinds of things tangential to the sport itself from the very act of doing sport ***[6]***. How about daygame? What does an extended period of in-field work give you?

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Saturday rolls around and you're feeling that ominous dread in your gut at the thought of hitting the streets and talking to women. You don't much fancy the sting of rejections nor the negative feedback it suggests as to the current state of your Game and SMV. Nonetheless, you potter through your own personalised pre-daygame ritual ***[7]*** and get those first few sets in. The AA dissipates and you might end up with a good session.

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Improvement Furnace result: increased ability to overrule hindbrain angst using forebrain willpower

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Mid-way through that Saturday session you still haven't hit your stride. The weasels are chattering in your ear, trying to talk you out of it. One particular set goes badly, a girl just waving you away while you're left hanging. You think you catch a ghost of a smirk on your wing's face, laughing at you. Negativity surges from deep down. You remember something similar happened the week before and you'd spent the rest of the afternoon ranting about how

women are bitches, game is shit, and really it's a much smarter plan to just save money and fuck whores. You'd gone to bed that night feeling terrible, having talked yourself into a seething mess. "Not today!" you tell yourself. Rather than bitch and moan to your wing about the blowout you shrug your shoulders, chalk it to the game, and resume your usual positive self talk. "Fuck me, she wasn't having it was she?" you laugh. Your wing agrees. Crisis over, vibe maintained. You can feel the session begin to shift towards the positive.

.

Improvement Furnace result: improved emotional control and increased ability to manage your own vibe



"Let me guess, I look French? Bye bye, loser"

It's getting on to 5pm now and you've had a couple of good sets. You're pretty glad you came out and especially pleased with yourself for overcoming the earlier wobbles. A pretty girl flashes you what might have been an IOI. You're not sure but there was something there, vanishingly subtle but you've been practising your sensitivity to IOIs and you think that might've been one. You go in. She lights up and giggles, hooking immediately. The set goes great and about four minutes in you just get the sense "this girl fancies me, and she doesn't want me to go".
"Look, I was thinking about having a coffee over there. Would you like to join me?"
She enthusiastically agrees and comes off on the idate. At that point you don't know if there's anything in it, but daygame has just generated another experience for you.

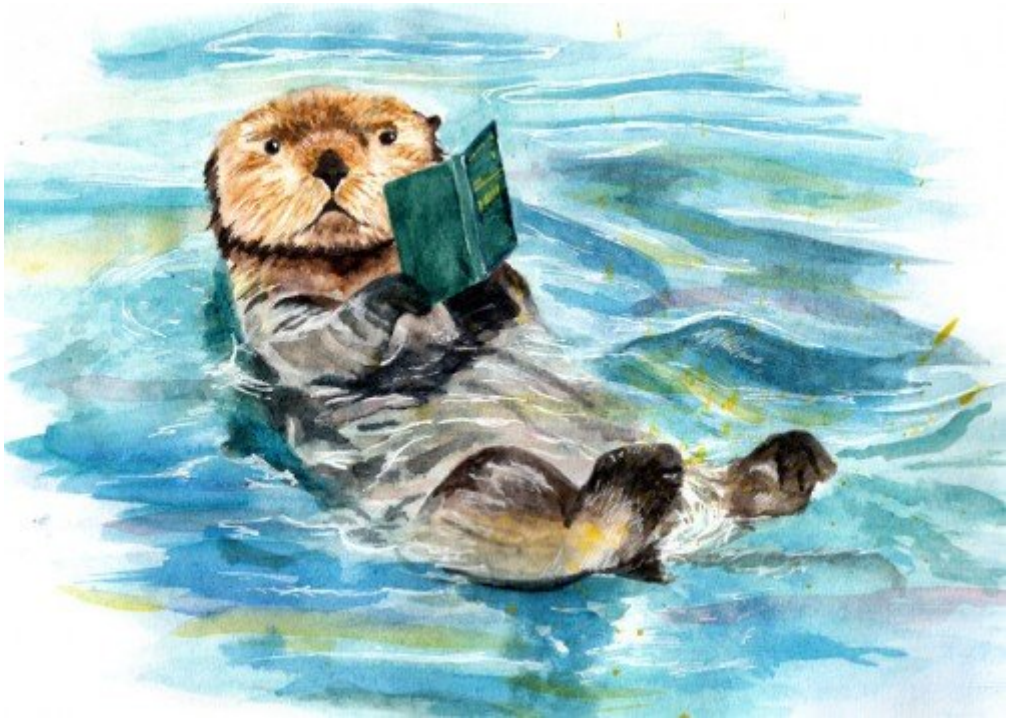
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Improvement Furnace result: improved ability to recognise, interpret and act upon subtle social cues.

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I could go on ***[8]***. My point is that whatever immediate tangible results you are getting (or not getting) from daygame, so long as you keep going out the *Daygame Infinite Experience Machine* is replenishing your fuel stores and keeping the *Improvement Furnace* going. There are all kinds of active and passive skills levelling up in the background like a real life Skyrim character ***[9]***. You still need your introspection, your theoretical study, and your process of continuous improvement. Just don't forget that you also need the fuel of new experiences and can feel blessed that the streets are always there and thus you can always go out and replenish your stocks.

If you're wondering which books you ought to buy to improve your theoretical study, I may have just the thing for you here.



Cigarette break at the foundary

[1] Indeed I'd highly recommend you try that sort of thing more often for the relaxing effect it has on you.
[2] Other than happiness. And aint no one got time for that.
[3] And perhaps the animal holding the shovel is ***Improvement Furnace Otter****, should you be of the indulgent neurotic type who wishes to personalise these sorts of things. [4]*
[4] Was that mean? [5]
[5] Probably was, wasn't it. I think I don't have a strong leash on ***Needless Insult Leopard*** *today.*
[6] I'm referring to things such as teamwork, self-control etc
[7] In London, mine came to involve the Number 13 bus, a Starbucks filter coffee with semi-skimmed milk, and an M&S sausage roll.
[8] But I won't
[9] If you take an arrow to the knee, you may need to transition towards coffee shop game.

Still your mind, grasshopper

krauserpua · 20 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

"Krausersatthva, how do I find vibe?" asks the intermediate ~~grasshopper~~ daygamer. "I have looked hard for it but haven't found it."
"Where have you looked?" I ask.
"I read some books on inner game. They tell me many things about my mind, about the conversations in my head and they try to get me to correct my self talk."
"When you engage in self talk, **who** is it that is talking? And to **whom** do they speak?"
"Well……." the intermediate daygamer thinks, screwing up his eyes and putting a finger to his lip. "It's my observing ego talking to my base self."
"So what is it that watches your observing ego talking to your base self? Who is observing the conversation of the observing ego?"



Got you there, you little shit

"I'm not sure that's the point" he replies. "We could call it a theoretical structure to represent what's going on in my mind. It need not be literally true. The point is that by understanding the dialogue I can gain some kind of control over it, and steer it in a better direction."
"And how do you do that?" I ask.
"I learn better self talk. The inner game books give me new things to tell myself."
"I see" I nod sagely. "So your answer to the problem of being in your head – that is to say of a noisy chaotic self talk that creates anxiety and thus prevents you finding vibe – is to attempt to attain greater control over self talk, and to shackle it under **even more conscious control?**"
"Yes. That's mental mastery"
"Is it?" I ask, wishing I had a long beard to stroke thoughfully. "Is that not like trying to calm disturbed waters by swiping your palm across them?"



I visualise myself something like this

The intermediate daygamer looks disturbed. “No, no. It’s not like that at all. It’s a more positive mindset.”
I sip my green tea. A gong sounds somewhere up in the hill, probably at a temple. I decide it is time to nudge my conversation partner in a different direction.
“The problem with finding your vibe is that you *can’t* find it, because **it isn’t there**. The very act of trying to analyse, control, and shackle your internal thoughts is *precisely* what creates the disturbance, and with it the anxiety.”
I’m enjoying this. I continue.
“The way to find your vibe is to look so hard for it that you eventually realise it isn’t there and then give up looking. It’s precisely by turning over every little corner of your brain and rattling off every silly mindset mantra that you realise your vibe isn’t to be found inside your head. It’s only when you’ve looked everywhere there and not found it that you can be confident it isn’t there at all.”
“I’ve done as much as I can. I’ve followed all the advice out there. My vibe still sucks. Sometimes it comes, but usually it doesn’t” says the intermediate daygamer. He looks like he’s about to cry.
“And that means you can stop suffering” I say. “You’ve done the work and you’ve suffered enough. Your penance is over and you can stop punishing yourself for not having good vibe. You are ready to let go and accept the vibe was there the whole time – but it’s **out here**.” I wave expansively at the world around us. “It’s in the air, it’s in the feel of the sun on your face, and in your connection to the street. It’s in the very absence of all these futile attempts to develop your mindset.”
“You know what” he says. “I feel like the pressure is off.”
“Great. That’s the best time to hit the street. That’ll be £50 please.”

4th Generation Warfare Handbook – Daygame Edition

krauserpua · 21 March 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I recently finished reading **William S. Lind**'s 4th Generation Warfare Handbook. "That has little to do with daygame. Why aren't you out doing sets?" you may ask, "RSD just put another rambling video with an hour of goobledegook and rehashed ideas to draw in the spivs and no-hopers, surely that's a better use of your time."

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Well, not for me. I may happen to focus my blog on daygame but it's only a small part of my life. My period of **PUA Cognitive Capture** has long since passed. ***[1]*** Evidently there is still *some* lingering cognitive capture because throughout Lind's book I kept thinking *this kinda relates to daygame*. So, let the mindwank begin.



Artist impression of me thinking

The concept of fourth generation war naturally presupposes the existence of a prior three generations ***[2]*** and Lind describes those as follows [roughly paraphrased]:

- **First Gen –** This began from the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, in which the modern nation states of Europe were created, until the American Civil War in 1861. Think of it like the orderly lines and columns of the Napoleonic Era in which armies meet on a pre-defined battlefield aiming to win a decisive battle.
- **Second Gen –** This began with the French in World War 1 after trenches, barbed wire, artillery and fast firing guns made open orderly charges suicidal. Think now of the trench warfare of WW1 in which the artillery pounds a position for a week and then the infantry runs in to occupy the battered enemy lines. The goal is to kill enemy soldiers, destroy his equipment, and advance the line.
- **Third Gen –** This developed concurrently but developed by the Germans and is best embodied in the Blitzkrieg. Defensively, it sought not to hold a line but to instead draw enemies in and cut them off. Offensively it sought to bypass (rather than destroy) enemy strongholds then roll them up from the rear. This is "maneuver warfare".
- **Fourth Gen –** This style existed before the Peace of Westphalia and has come back again now that the ordered

> nations are breaking down. Wars are no longer fought as one state army against another – they are fought by clans, gangs, tribes, and ideological fanatics. There is often no clear distinction between “military” and “civilian” participants. On the ground it resembles the hit and run of guerrilla warfare.

Lind suggests that the first two generations of war grew out of the orderliness of nation states. Having acquired a monopoly on war, states imposed their bureaucratic nature onto war itself. Thus a culture of orderliness was encouraged on the training ground (drills, salutes etc) and on the battlefield (field manuals, rigid chain of command, reliance on orders). The transition from first to second generation was driven by the increased mechanisation of war but the battlefield remained orderly and defined. The third generation sought to take advantage of disorder ***[3]*** by relying upon speed and tempo rather than firepower. This required a culture of looking outward at the scenario rather than looking inwards at orderly procedure. When 3rd gen met 2nd gen in the early days of WWII, the former won until it’s tactical and operational advantages were overwhelmed by strategic blunders ***[4]***.

So what on earth has this to do with daygame, you ask? Let’s ruminate…….



“She was so rude!”
“Don’t worry mate, harsh blowouts are part of the game”

The key drivers determining war’s passage through the four generations has been linked to the orderliness and coherence of nation states. The Westphalian states were mostly ethnically homogenous, increasingly capitalist, high testosterone, and thus notable for their high social trust and strong sense of shared identity within the nation and also a competitive rivalry with the out-groups of other nations. A man’s primary identification was with his nation and thus he was willing to fight for his country. For the most part he’d be fighting other men from similar countries (i.e. Britain fighting France is closer to fratricide than Britain fighting Sri Lanka) and thus the rules of war took on a relatively honourable tone with many shared values.

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Then socialism, multiculturalism and feminism happened, in the West, and the colonial lid was lifted from the simmering conflicts in the second and third worlds. These undermined the pillars of order from which orderly war sprang. Nation states lost legitimacy from the ground up from trends such as diversity importing people who identified primarily with a different country and from the top down such as the surveillance state flourishing.

Cultural Marxism destroyed the social fabric and now patriotism is a dirty word for many. Oh, and all the men became faggots.



Shoreditch Special Forces

The social collapse that led to **Game** as an adaptation to the sexual market place is the same as what led **4th Generation war** as an adaptation to conflict. The improved technology that changed military strategy leaked into the civilian world to change sexual strategy ***[5]***. Let's do a rough mapping of the generations of war to dating.

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First Generation Dating – This is the strategy of your grandfather's era. A highly ordered society with restrained K-selected social mores included a very specific narrow area in which men and women would be introduced. These includes church groups, Saturday night dance halls, and a Mad Men-esque work environment in which women take bullshit secretarial jobs as office flowers as a way to meet the office men who have the real jobs. Just as 1st Gen war relies upon orderly line and column formations on a defined battlefied, 1st Gen dating relies upon orderly etiquette on a defined space.

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Second Generation Dating – This is your dad's strategy. The four sirens of the sexual apocalypse have hit (Contraception, No Fault Divorce, Workplace Equality, Welfare) like a breech-loading rifle fired from a trench but they apply to a generation raised the old way and thus haven't yet wrought destruction upon the social order. There's also no diversity, so social trust remains high. Think of it like a loosening of the 'social corset'. Dating, as with much of social life, loses much of the defined etiquette which delineates acceptable behaviour but men and women haven't changed much in what they want. Look at a 1960s or 1970s sitcom for a view how this dating works – beta provision still works and rather than put firepower on target as in 2nd Gen war, you are putting value on target through getting a good job, some social status, and following loosened rules of courtship.

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Third Generation Dating – This is the old school player's strategy that ran concurrently with your dad's 2nd gen version. Just as the squareheads ***[6]*** relied on speed and tempo to take advantage of battlefield disorder in a world where the cheese eating surrender monkeys ***[7]*** clung to more effectively unloading firepower onto target, the old

school players relied on setting up an “in” and then milking it opportunistically. Think of your medallion-wearing disco dancers, your rock star, your hippy cult leader, or your racing driver. While the previous generation acts like there is an ordered hierarchy, a static world, and rewards accrue to those who pile up value (e.g. increased promotion prospects at work), the players are slipping past that Maginot Line with a fluid strategy.



“Hey baby….”

So far, so mindwanky. What happens in the fourth generation?

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Just as modern war is now notable in its lack of structure, lack of uniforms, and lack of trust, the fourth generation of dating is equally guerrilla and it’s players frequently operate on the same shoot and scoot tactics. Urban anonymity combined with modern technology such as smart phones, Whatsapp and Tinder allow the sexual war to be conducted on smaller and smaller levels. No longer do massed armies of males and females meet in a disco hall to mark each other’s dance cards – that level of logistical planning is unnecessary. Instead a girl need only log onto Tinder, alone in the comfort of her own room, to engage the enemy. A player need only walk into a shopping mall to set off his daygame IED on a passing column of girls.

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In modern dating the battlefield is anywhere and no one is wearing a uniform. The fighters hit and run, often unseen by the passing population.

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[1] – Don’t take that to mean I’m “beyond daygame”. It’s still a hobby of mine.
[2] – It doesn’t mean you, your kid, your dad and your granddad are all at war simultaneously, thus having all four generations of your family at war. Maybe in Shitholeistan countries that is true.
[3] – I’m sure someone in the comments is going to mention Anti-Fragility.
[4] – Such as Hitler fighting a two-front war, and making a foolish alliance with Japan that drew USA into the war.
[5] – I’m looking at you, cell phones, Tinder, and budget airlines.
[6]- Sorry, Germans
[7] – Oops, slip of the pen

If you thought that was ill-thought out rambling that probably misunderstood the point of its original inspiration you should see my books. They were written with the same slapdash approach in between sessions of Dark Souls.

Narrative Closure

krauserpua · 22 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

This blog first achieved notoriety because I was writing about my inner most thoughts on my **Player's Journey** in graphic and extensive detail. I'd frequently post up photos, infield videos, and date audios. I'd post more about failure than success because that was the reality. Evidently that style struck a chord with many and my readership grew. A friend recently told me "the reason you're popular is your honesty". I didn't write like a huckster (PUA old guard) nor as a shameless attempt to create a fake cool guy personality to help me draw narcissistic supply from an audience of gullible fools to stop me topping myself (PUA new guard).

Round about 2015 I decided throwing this stuff up piecemeal for the blog was no longer satisfying for me. My blog posts are always one-and-done efforts where I get an idea, immediately write it, then post with only a cursory spelling and grammar check. Posts tended to max out around a thousands words and are dropped in either when something interesting happened or when I was in the mood to write. That got boring. I decided my adventures and ruminations deserved a longer form treatment.

Enter the memoir series (currently on sale are volumes One, Two and Four)

I wanted to create a narrative arc that made sense, stitching together my experiences and theoretical development so as to create something deeper and more meaningful. It would help me develop my writing skills and make sense of my time in the Game. It would reward readers with a far more polished story as I typically do multiple rewrites and hire professional editors for the books. Those of you who've read them seem to agree that the lessons sink in deeper in book form, and it gives space to tell a better story than what can be thrown up as a blogpost.

There's a place for thrown up "just got laid" posts. They are still fun to read and can cheer you on to your own adventures. See Xant's recent lay report here for an example.

Something unexpected happened over the course of writing the memoir series. I've long believed that humans make sense of the world and their place within it through narrative. There is the **Hero's Journey** plot structure that all epic-feeling stories adopt from Star Wars through to Kung Fu Panda. We are also steeped in written and oral folklore, which is mostly conveyed through stories be they short form Aesop's Fables or long form parables. We absorb legends, morality plays, novels, and campfire ghost stories.

Humans love stories and learn through them.

Jimmy recently told me that writing volume one of his Game memoir ***(1)*** made him realise that he always prized a gang of cool mates more than clacking the women. Something about organising your thoughts sufficiently to write them down ***(2)*** will also *change the very meaning of how you think about the subject of that writing*. We are telling and retelling stories in our own minds, inserting our experiences into a self-narrative. As you go through your life you'll have an assumed narrative of who you are, where you're going, and how far you've come. Here's what is funny about writing: when you start organising it for publication, you reshape the narrative.

The act of writing about something significantly changes how you think about it. Daygame Mastery was a good example of that for me – I set out to put the **London Daygame Model** ***(3)*** on paper. Six months of rumination and writing meant that by the time I hit "publish" I'd completely transformed my own knowledge of the model. As I wrote, I'd realise there were gaps in my understanding and I had to ruminate further until I dug up the answer from my experience. In some ways the model changed in the course of writing it, for example ideas such as "respect the hustle" and r/K ***(4)*** were late additions when I was trying to organise the techniques around an implicit underlying philosophy.

The unexpected outcome of writing my memoir has been I've *closed the book* on my Player's Journey both literally and figuratively. Each of the stages came into clearer focus, as did my motivations and failings. **Volume One** was the zero-to-hero stage that covered the first five stages of the Hero's Journey, taking me from normal life into this

strange world of pick up and the trials and tribulations that ensued. **Volume Two** represented being cognitively captured by the PUA world, outrageous levels of grandiosity, and the complete rebuilding of my personality. **Volume Four** was when I reached a maturity level, secure in my skills and lifestyle but starting to feel like the job was done and perhaps it's time to move on. ***(5)***

Writing the memoir, which ends in December 2014, made me feel like the journey was over. All the game I've done in the two years since has been about something else. It wasn't a journey. There was no clear progress towards a deliberate goal. My life wasn't *changing.*

It took writing the memoir to make sense of this, to order the experiences and uncover the themes. Up until the end of 2014 I felt like I was going somewhere, my eyes on a prize. I finished the year on a major upswing, a crowning achievement that felt like standing on top of the mountain. In 2015 I found myself using daygame to spike my own emotional state, distracting myself from the fact I didn't really know what I wanted to do with myself now that the job was done. In 2016 it was more of the same but I had Donald Trump's campaign to give me a goal for the year, a sense of progress.

So in 2017 my overwhelming feeling has been….. *meh!* Running around Europe trying to clack lots of hotties was great fun but I've done it seven years straight. Each year brings good memories and memorable stories. I could easily write a 600 page memoir about each of 2015 and 2016 – there were enough stories and points of interest ***(6)*** But now it just seems rather pointless.

Let's say I bang another 25 girls this year ***(7)***. What will be different in my life? I'll be a year older and move the notch count forwards but….. is that a wise use of my time? Banging your first 25 girls is a huge deal. Banging your 25th daygame girl is a huge deal. Banging your first euro jaunt eight is a huge deal. But after seven years of that, do any of the numbers matter anymore?

Not to me.



I dare say this will get me opening again

I don't have a clear message as to how I intend to work my way through 2017. It's been three months straight of diabolical weather and I've had a period of daygame revulsion that sometimes creeps up on me. That combination

tends to sour my mood towards the player's lifestyle. However, when the sun is shining and girls are ambling around in tight shorts, throwing off IOIs….. you can bet I'll be on it. But when it's cold, wet and miserable am I going to be out grinding to try to progress my annual notch count? Definitely not.

I've changed how I daygame to reflect this. I'll be writing more about that.

1) Don't hold your breath on it ever being finished
(2) If you can't write your thoughts into paragraphs that readers can understand, then you don't really understand it either. Anyone who starts blogging finds this out very quickly.
(3) Version 2. Don't kid yourself that there's a new version 3. Old wine new bottles. When my next textbook drops you'll see the actual Version 3.
(4) Yes, both of those were introduced to LDM by me.
(5) Volume Three will fill the gap but I plan on doing the textbook first.
(6) Don't worry, I don't plan to actually write them. Four volumes is already testing a reader's patience.
(7) Or pretend I do, in order to sell PUA products to gullible fools

If you can't wait for the new London Daygame Model 3.0 then why not make do with the best infield instructional video of version 2.0, which is all anyone is doing anyway.

Violation of Expectation

krauserpua · 26 April 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I got shaken down by police recently. Let me tell the story and draw the inner game / daygame lesson from it.

Those euro jaunters among us are well aware that as you go further East you tend to find hotter and more feminine girls. This initially appears to be pussy paradise but spend enough time in these countries and enough time chasing the girls and you realise there are powerful forces that undermine your faith and bring the **Pussy Paradise** fantasy back to the real world, frustrations and all. One such problem is the extreme K-selection of the Former Soviet Union. It's very easy to get interest and attention from the hot girls but most of them switch off when they realise you're only offering casual sex. The best-looking and best-groomed girls are often lifestyle whores, treating their beauty as a full-time job and expecting a salary paid by the sugar daddy in return. It's not 100% this way and you can occasionally unearth a genuine hottie who is up for free casual sex, but it's nowhere near as common as you'd think after the end of your first three-day number farm when you *appear* to be sitting on a goldmine of hot leads.



Not worth the effort

Another problem is bureaucracy. The FSU is teeming with it. I recently came a cropper of the apartment registration system. It goes like this: For a UK passport holder to get a visa to Russia or Belarus you must get a letter of invitation (which costs a fee paid to a specialist agency) and also have valid travel insurance. After a few days in the country you must register your address with the police (and pay another fee). This is especially a ball ache if you use Airbnb because many hosts will not do the registration for you.

Fortunately, Russian police are not so strict. I registered at one place, allowed the registration to lapse over a week, then re-registered at a hotel on my last night. There were no problems at immigration's exit control on my way out. I recently found out the Belarussian police are different.

I go to register and they tell my landlady they only accept travel insurance documents in Russian (unlike the embassy which is fine with English). This is a new rule and they find a rulebook in the bottom of a filing cabinet to prove it. So I must buy duplicate insurance from a small office in the next street. I get it for seven days and register thus. Days five, six and seven are public holidays. On day eight the police telephone my landlady saying we are both

to be fined for the expiring registration and she knocks me out of bed so we can rush to the police station to see what's up.

I buy new insurance for the remainder of my stay and pay another registration fee. That should be the end of it but the cops are determined to shake me down. The say I owe a 230 rouble penalty (about £115) and my landlady owes double that. A supervisor comes out and gives her a stern telling off while his two subordinates look a bit guilty at being involved in such a blatant shakedown.

Naturally I argue the toss, via Google Translate. The embassy accepted UK insurance and nowhere on the government websites in English does it say Russian documents needed. I show them the website that says after registration lapses I have five more business days to reregister. I also explain it was not possible to reregister before today because the police station was closed for holidays.

"Doesn't matter. You should have stayed in a hotel on final day to reset registration clock" they say, in Russian.

At that point I'm happy to face them down and just be deported but the landlady is panicking about getting in bad with cops and whatever fate may befall her apartment business. I back down, because I'm not a bad sort really **[1]** I pay the penalty and chalk it to the game.



Artist impression

I'm sure you all have your violins out playing a symphony of sympathy for me. So, why is it relevant to daygame?

It's because I was barely suppressing a furious rage at being shaken down for what was, ultimately, an inconsequential fee. I was typing into Google Translate "this is a robbery, they are acting in bad faith, finding a pretext for a shakedown" and my landlady wisely refused to show that to the cop sitting across the desk. I didn't lose my head, but it was close. Why?

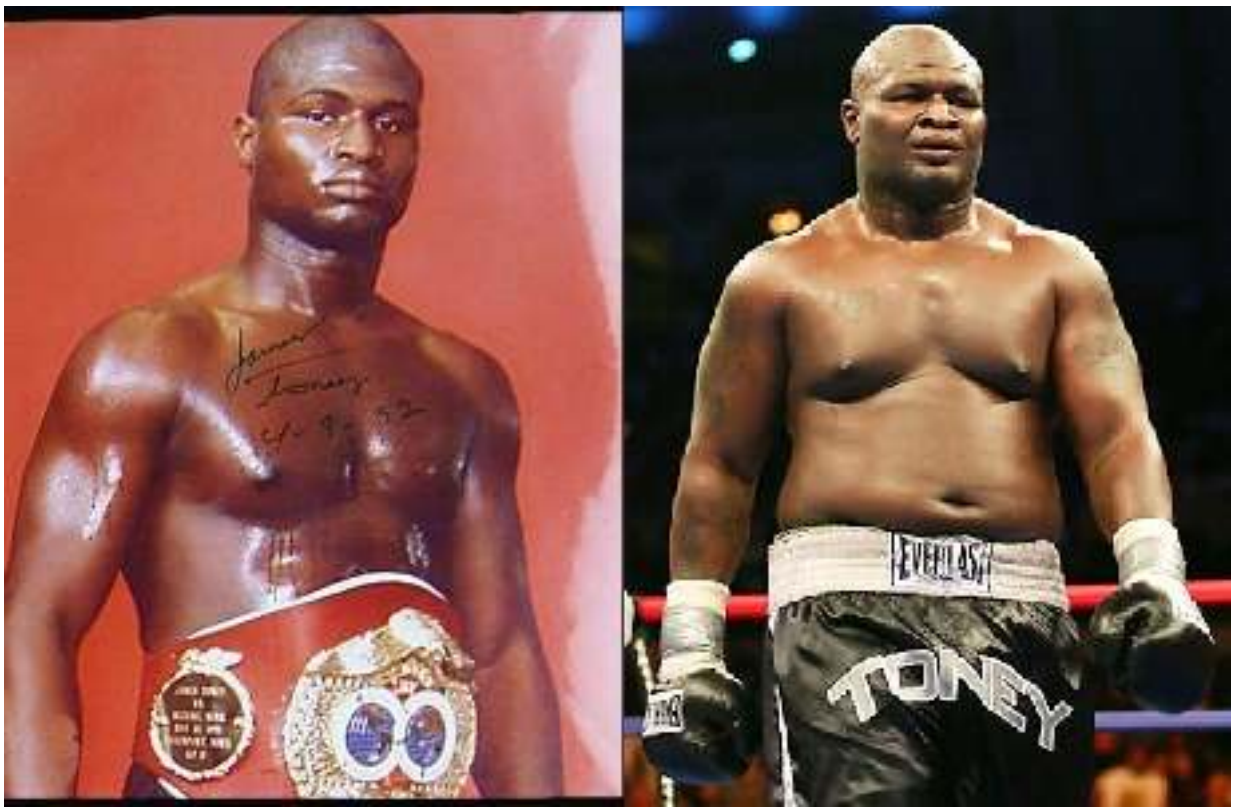
Anonymous Conservative has the answer with his rich explanation of the **amygdala**. This part of the brain is at the centre of everything when it comes to **state control** – which is the cornerstone of Game. The amygdala is the threat detection centre and it lights up (in the modern vernacular, is "triggered") when it perceives threat. Wolves have a highly trained (and literally larger, when measured in autopsy) amygdala that is highly effective at perceiving long term threats and will thus trigger the wolf to proactively seek out and destroy the threat before it grows more

dangerous. Rabbits have an atrophied and undeveloped amygdala that is oblivious to threats until they are right in front of the rabbit's nose. They seek also to remove the threat but usually at the last moment and by running away from it.

This is why in the migrant crisis wolves want to sink the boats and rabbits hold up Refugees Welcome signs. The wolves can very easily see the looming threat of importing third world savages into Europe and want to nip it in the bud at the minimum loss of life. Rabbits are blind to it, completely conflict averse, and just figure it's better to prostrate themselves at the feet of the savages and hope they are killed last.

Daygame will provide you with both wolf and rabbit stimuli, and the balance depends how you do the daygame. Grinding it out on the streets, hanging out bantering with high value players, and actively honing a skill set are all **K-stimuli**, meaning challenging behaviours that introduce you to adversity and thus develop your amygdala. Every time you mumble "first one is the worst one" before diving into your first set of the day, you might as well be saying to yourself "adversity incoming, time to train the amygdala with some pain".

Unfortunately, rootlessly travelling around foreign countries, living off passive income, breaking friendships when they become inconvenient, and having an abundance of casual sex are all **r-stimuli**, meaning they are the removal of adversity and lead to amygdala deterioration. For salient examples, look at sportsmen who go off the rails when they reach the big time (e.g. James Toney, Adriano etc). Adversity strengthens them on the way up and then comfort weakens them once at the top.

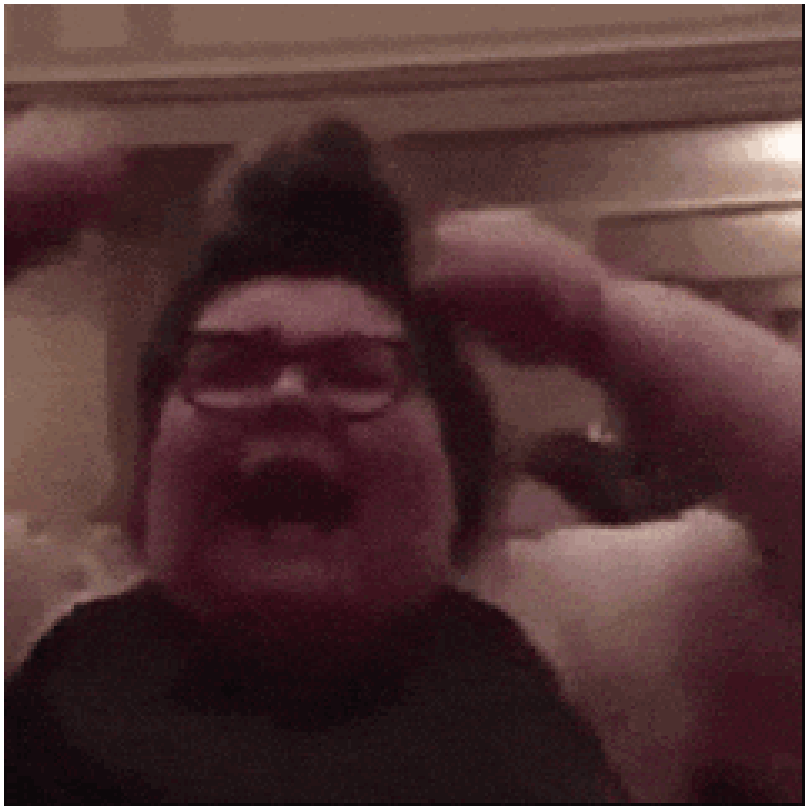


Pre and Post Adversity Toney

Anonymous Conservative has a whole typology of ways the amygdala can be triggered and thus overheat and take control away from our rational brains (like me in the police station). The most powerful is what he calls **Violation Of Expectation**. It's the equivalent of having the rug pulled from under you, and the subject of the famous book *Who Moved My Cheese?* It's pretty simple:

1. *You overcome adversity and achieve abundance.*
2. *The abundance becomes comfortable and your new normal.*
3. *You amygdala switches off as there is no threat to face.*
4. *An event suddenly rips away the comfort and confronts you with adversity.*

5. Your amygdala lights up very strongly and very quickly, accompanied by disorientation because the adversity was unexpected.
6. You're triggered. Trigglypuffing ensues. ***[2]***



Me, yesterday

I dare say that stage 6 is very unpleasant and can seem important all out of proportion, such as wanting to dig my heels in and get deported rather than pay a trivial fine. It is such situations that inspire sage quotes about wise men keeping their heads while everyone around is losing theirs.

So what's the inner game takeway?

Don't try to remove adversity from your life, no matter how tempting. And when comfort is suddenly ripped away from you, recognise the cause (and repeat to yourself "this is just a Violation of Expectation scenario") and that your emotional reaction is likely way out of proportion to the size of the problem. **[3]**

You'll probably also notice that the coolest men in the world are unruffled. Trainee players are always advised to be more chill and less reactive. This is because reactive behaviour is a sign of an atrophied amygdala and poor threat detection, and thus poor reproductive fitness **[4]**

[1] Despite Bodi's two-volume attempt to convince you otherwise.
[2] AnonCon has convincingly argued this is the crux of the North Korean crisis and the increasingly insane behaviour of Kim Il Piggy.
[3] TL:DR is "don't be a bitch"

[4] But isn't it also interesting that it's a sign of rabbitry, and thus a sign to rabbit girls that you may be suited to them. Perhaps this is why grotty sluts actually like drama and seek it out – they are seeking out men with defective amygdalae because it's a proxy sign of the rabbit breeding strategy.

If you are disappointed that this post explored some new ideas that are relevant to daygame rather than rehashing tired bullshit in a bullet point list, you probably won't like my books.

Moscow Stories #1

krauserpua · 5 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's my last full day in town and I'm purring like a cat in a sunbeam. The hectic weekend has only just passed and was sufficiently eventful that my trip has been upgraded from "decent" to "great". Now I'm just enjoying the sun, walking with Roy and Shotgun, and wondering if I can eke one more notch out of my phone list on this final evening.

My eyes rest on the middle distance, scanning Kamergirsky Street for female silhouettes in the distance. It's usually pretty quiet around here mid-afternoon, not picking up till dinner time when the girls come out to restaurants or simply prowl back and forwards. I see a girl.

Tall, tight blue cocktail dress, heels. She has the dark features I like and the undulating walk I filter for. I open. Something about walking like a cat and having a scary face. It doesn't matter. She stops and her instinctive reaction to me is to smile. Cat-like energy exudes from her. Noting this, my two ~~hangers-on~~ wings continue down the street for an early beer.

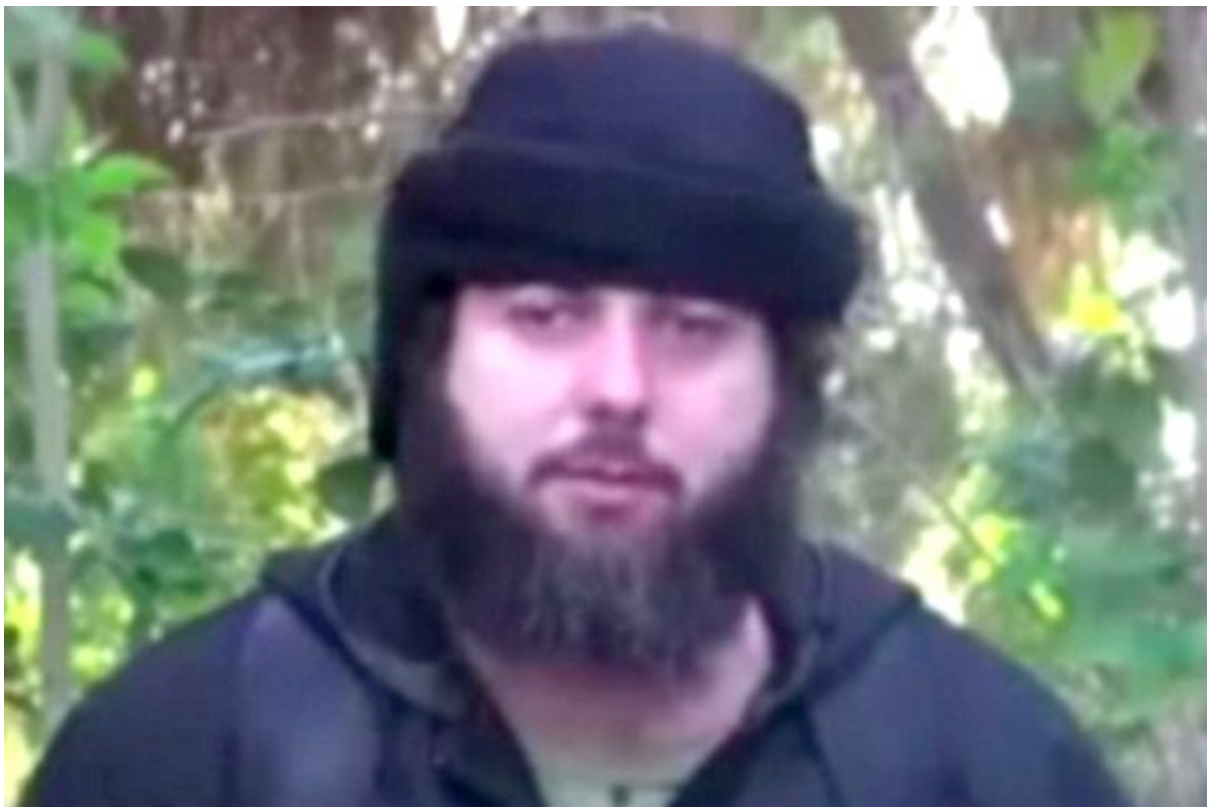


A lot like this. Probably even a bit hotter

"I'm Nick" I say, holding out my hand.
"I'm Ela" she replies. "I can't shake your hand. I'm Muslim"
"A muslim in Moscow?" I query. Surely Putin had put a stop to such nonsense.
"I'm Chechan" she says.

Deep inside, I somersault, high-five, and pat myself on the back. I've always wanted that flag. Any time you Google Image search Chechnya you see beautiful dusky girls and big fat Jihadi-bearded troll men. I never imagined I'd meet one of the former without an escort of the latter.

I look around anyway, just be to on the safe side. There are no cries of Allah Akhbar and no explosions. I'm safe for now.



Her dad

We chat a few minutes and she tells me she's just walking around, enjoying the sun. She's a violinist at a local academy and seems like a strong K-select. Yet something doesn't seem to fit. Her walk was sexual, her eyes are smouldering, and there's a crackle of sexual tension. This might well be a rabbit in wolf's clothing. I suggest we go for a walk.

The next fifteen minutes are spent walking towards Red Square then past the Bolshoi theatre and back to Kamergirsky. I politely probe her for information about her lifestyle, interests, and character. It turns out she moved here for university a few years ago (she's twenty) and finds Chechnya cloying and restrictive. She confirms that yes she feels like an outsider, yes she's a little rebellious, and yes she loves the anonymity of the big city. I calibrate my DHVs accordingly with a focus on freedom, passion, and rebellion.

We are twenty minutes in now and I'm pretty sure she fancies me. I suggest a coffee at a nice outdoor bar at Kuznetsy Most.

"I've never drunk alcohol before"
"It's tasty. It's worth a try"
"No. It's ramadan. I won't even have water"
"Surely you must be so hungry"
"Oh yes! It's terrible"
"I just had a cheeseburger for lunch. A thick crispy bun and then lashings of sweet mayonnaise dripping over a hot succulent burger. The flavour was like…."
"Stop! It's killing me!"


Like this, but a point lower

We sit at a rickety wooden table, her across from me. At this point I notice a dozen or more small scars on her left forearm. Trying not to stare, I eventually conclude they are self-harm. This girl is a cutter.

“Should’ve left her for Roy” I think to myself. “More his kind of girl“

I order beer and check my watch. Can’t get her drunk tonight and I’m out of time to do second dates. Might as well heat her up, escalate, and shoot for the fences. I begin the questions game. She enthusiastically agrees. Highlights include

- She’s wearing black lace underwear
- She’s a virgin and hasn’t kissed a man
- She thinks about sex all the time, and at least ten times about sex with me since we met
- On a scale of one to ten in horniness she is, at that precise moment, a twelve

I tell her my SDL with a porno star story from Prague last year. Every word of it is truth and it’s a beauty to drop on ratbags when you’re pulling fast. She loves it. I see her pupils dilate and she shifts position in her chair several times.

“What do you like about me?” I ask
“Your face is handsome. And your shoulders. You have deep eyes, like the ocean. And you are very charismatic”

She probably said a few more things too. Call it an IOI. This girl was boiling in her love juices and just staring at me. I try sounding her out verbally about sex and coming to my apartment. I explain I’m leaving tomorrow. She resists. I try waxing lyrically about the joy of freedom and acting on impulse, about how we only live once and it is important to take our opportunities. She still resists.

“Let’s go for a walk” I suggest then lead her to my apartment at the top of the street. She knows that’s what I’m up to and dumbly follows.

She fancies me, she’s horny, she’s been telling me her sexual fantasies, and now she’s following me to my apartment. Too early to pop the champagne but the **One-Hour Twenty-Year Old Hot Chechan Virgin SDL flag**

is looking about 50/50 now, the closest I've ever come. And she really is hot, a solid eight.

As we turn into the courtyard, she wobbles. There are just a few parked cars, and the front door to my apartment block at the end. No people. She doesn't look frightened, just immobile like her anti-grav boots have locked her to the floor.

"I can't come in" she states, standing in the middle of the courtyard.
I try hand-waving it and key the code into the door lock. I look back and she's still rooted to the spot, five metres away. I go back and try to coax her in. She's not having it.
"Do you trust me?" I say. "Do you trust that you can leave my apartment without getting raped?"
"I trust you" she replies. "I don't trust myself. If I go in, I'll have sex."
"That's the point"
"No. I can't"

I unzip my trousers and **get my dick out**, right there in the courtyard at 4pm. It's rock hard and I'm hoping no-one is looking out of the hundred or so windows overlooking us. I'm not entirely sure why I did it.

She just stares at my dick. Her jaw goes slack, her eyes lose focus and I'm pretty sure she wobbled a little.

"No! I can't" she whimpers, then runs away back to the main road.

I follow, take her number, and walk her to the metro. After saying goodbye I get a takeaway coffee and walking back past the metro I see her sat in a corner messaging. Then she walks off back towards where we met, the direction I'm headed. I give her ten metres, not intending to re-open. When we cross a road she literally helps an old lady across the road.

Later that evening, I'm checked into a hotel for one night in order to get my police registration stamped. Around 9pm I ping her – "I saw you help an old lady across the road".

She strikes up conversation and replies fast. After a dozen exchanges I suggest she come around and watch a movie. She agrees to *From Dusk Till Dawn* and says she'll get to my nearby metro station for midnight.

She doesn't come. She blocks me the next day.

If you enjoyed that vignette, you'll love my memoirs – Balls Deep, Deplorable Cad and Adventure Sex

Kiev Stories #1

krauserpua · 8 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's Thursday evening on **Khreschatyk street** and dusk is descending. I'm standing with Eddie and Xants in the square by McDonald's, subjected to the trashy music the street dancing kids are performing to. A crowd has gathered around them, enjoying the balmy summer evening.

Another crowd is conspicuous by it's absence – the sleazy fat Turkish sex tourists. There was a full-on turkroach infestation the past week, their slimy rat-faced kind fouling up the whole of the street. They'd wander around in pairs eyeballing every single girl, then tap them on the shoulder and follow them down the street trying to offer an iphone, a slap up meal, or whatever else it is they pay for sex.

Even if you discount my **very mild and well-hidden** racism, it's not good for daygamers. All the normal girls had been frightened off and it was a magnet for actual whores, who seemed to be everywhere. Xants almost got scammed by one, but that's his story to tell not mine.



"Like I give a fuck, we will rule your lands"

Anyway, they'd mostly gone home so now the street could breathe. I'd gotten some sets in collected a bunch of numbers to pour into the daygame slop machine. Unfortunately nothing really stuck.

"Time for gutter game" I announced. "I'm filtering for horniness and vulnerability"

A short time later Eddie is trying to convince me to join him in **Chernobyl** on Sunday, waxing lyrically about the irradiated soil, the deserted shacks, and of course the glowing yellow Nuclear Power Plant itself.

"My vibe is already radioactive" I complain. "I don't need more of it"

I briefly consider if radiation works like it did for The Hulk and Spiderman, granting me special powers of **eye mesmer** and **escalation**. If it would give my phone numbers a longer half life, I'd take it. Instead I decline Eddie's offer. I'd just completed *Stalker Clear Sky* and installed the Complete mod for *Stalker Call Of Pripyat*. My adventures in The Zone would be limited to the virtual world.



Criminally under-rated even by Stalker series fans

I see a girl walk past. Dark hair with fringe, wide child-bearing hips, and young. Unfortunately no better than a six but I utter the strongest inner game mantra I know: “she’ll do”

I step right in on her, almost breathing down her face. She lets me in, her eyes spazzing wide. I mumble some nonsense to her about her hairstyle and face. I probably compare her unfavourably to a hamster. She’s giggling. I start pawing at her, my hands on her shoulders or cupping her head as I talk into her ear. I sense her body shudder in excitement. It’s electric.

Just wish she was a seven or better.



A seven or better

We walk off to the nearby **Porters Pub**. The fact it's a white power pub with all kinds of militia and special forces flags hanging from the ceiling has *nothing to do with my choice*. Nothing, I tell you! It's cheap and dark.

"Don't laugh at the quality" I text Eddie.

We nestle into a corner booth near the door and she joins me in ordering unfiltered white beer. A good sign. For the first quarter hour she's at the perpendicular angle of the L-shape, rather than next to or opposite me. I get her touching my ~~Rings Of Power~~ rings then pull her in to play with her hair. After that she scoots back.

"No. Come back here. I want to touch you" I command and she obeys.

I want to escalate fast so I dive into a questions game and am soon asking about the colour of her underwear, the last time she had sex (six months ago) and if she watches porn. I drop a few ratbag DHVs and it's going great. She won't let me kiss her but she does moan when I pull her hair and bite her neck.

Funny how girls who won't kiss will often let you maul them. There's a lot about that in **my new textbook**.

I continue to maul her. I'm running a finger up and down her thighs, playing with her hair, biting her ear. Finally I decide I'm going too slow so I put my hand up inside her t-shirt and start playing with her tits. We are continuing on with the questions game like no escalation is afoot, but I've gotten her tits out of her bra and I'm fiddling with her nipples under her shirt.

I finger her through her leggings for a bit and then **get my dick out**.

That surprised you, didn't it. No way would I usually get my dick out in a bar (or street). She looks at it, then I put it away. I invite her to my apartment but she declines. Time is ticking so when she says she needs to go meet friends I take her Facebook. Finally, I summon the courage to kiss her outside. She gives it back a bit but not a heavy makeout.

"Ok, we can meet another day" she says and walks off. The bubble bursts. She does in fact strike up conversation the next afternoon.

Moscow Stories #2

krauserpua · 10 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Roy and I have only just arrived in Moscow for a one-month jaunt. I've never travelled with him before so have no idea if we'll get on, or if he'll turn out to be another daygame weirdo *[1]* However I'd been keen to get back to Russia and hate travelling alone, so when our schedules matched up we agreed. A few beers in Warsaw a fortnight earlier helped. I was informed Ricky Roma would be there a couple weeks too, and Shotgun and Gollum would also fly in.

Great, I love it when a **Team Krauser** assembles on the fly.

I check in to a grotty hostel up the road from Red Square. I've got better places lined up later but there was *a lot* of drama in getting myself behind the Iron Curtain. After returning from Minsk I had six days in Newcastle within which to get a Russian visa, a flight, and accommodation. It's no exaggeration to say my visa-enstamped passport arrived with literally the very last post before my flight.

It was nail-biting, like having an eight about to bounce home.

Roy and I meet late afternoon by the tourist district of Arbat and then rattle off some sets in an underpass that gets lots of rush-hour foot traffic. Then the heavens open. Little did I know but it would rain almost non-stop the next two weeks and really diminish our daygaming opportunities. Still, I'd just spent three weeks in Minsk where it had been thunderstorms literally every single day of my trip. Surely it couldn't get that bad again.



But more rain and no girls

I do a great set with a smoking hot girl who can't speak English. We are coseying up under her umbrella *[2]* Then we take a metro to Ohkotni Ryad and walk up to Kamergirsky. Dusk is cutting in now and the rain has stopped. Street musicians play, families walk around, and there's a few girls. As we climb the bank to Kuznetsky Most station I see a very pretty girl round the corner.



Umbrella bird from Arbat

Thick dark hair, big raccoon eyes, slinky tight figure, and tottering along in high heels and a skimpy dress. I find out later she's half-Persian.

Roy sees her too. She gives me a big IOI so I jump in ahead of him. I don't think he likes that, but she certainly does. It's immediate eye sparkle, close distance, and a long handhold. She's on her way to a job interview so I just mesmer her a bit and take a number. I apologise to Roy for going in a bit strong on the 50/50 ball but he doesn't quibble things.

Texting is sparse but keen. She comes out for coffee soon after, around 3pm in Coffee Shop Company on Kamergirsky. The moment she arrives I know it's on. Careful make-up, figure-hugging tights, and a big smile. We sit upstairs across each other on sofas but she's smiling so much, leaning into me, and agreeing with everything I say so I soon pull her over to sit with me.

Kissing soon follows. She's all over it, half an hour in. Her English is good and I genuinely like her manner and character. It's the kind of date that makes me glow with satisfaction and remember why I'm in the game. Every moment is good and she's well worth a dip.

We walk around side streets for a while, visit a free sculpture exhibition, and I finally get her to my door but she won't come in. We walk a bit more then somehow end at my door again. Still won't come in. ~~Ok, get fucked you stupid bitch! Fuck off! Next!~~ I do the gentlemanly thing and walk her to the metro, kiss her goodbye and more texting ensues.

There's two more afternoon dates like this, spread over two weeks. She's always so busy. I'm running out of time now, entering the last weekend. My numbers are finally coming through for me and I've gotten a log jam with dates, carefully scheduling four per day and trying to estimate which is most likely to put out and thus earn the coveted final evening slot.

I get this girl out for 2pm and need to meet my regular at 4pm *[3]* so I figure we'll have coffee and I'll just sound her out in case it's proper on. We sit in a cafe by Kuznetsky Most and it's great again. Good chat, she looks lovely, and just being there fills me with happiness.

I start fingering her through her tights

She squirms, smiles, lets me do it. Then she sighs, “I’m on my period”. It has the air of “I’d definitely fuck right now otherwise”.

My turn to sigh. With only two days left in Moscow, this notch will have to wait. Unsure what to do I pull a newspaper over, get her to hold it up like we are reading it, then I….

wait for it…

wait…

….

Get my dick out.



The Krauser Flash

Her eyes go wide and she gives a beaming smile. Then she wanks me off. We are sitting on a sofa in the corner of a very busy cafe but the newspaper does it’s job admirably. She just can’t keep her hands off me for ten minutes. Finally we are out of time. She poses a few photos for her Instagram that I take, then arranges the newspaper to be visible in one and adds the caption: “moments! :)”

I take her to the station, see my regular coming, and divert the outgoing girl to the other side of the tunnel and hurriedly kiss her goodbye. We’re still in touch so I’m hopeful she’s still on. Then I take my regular home and bang her. A so-so date follows, then I have a second date that leads to a notch but that’s for another post.

If you enjoyed this story then you can’t fail to enjoy my memoirs: Balls Deep, Deplorable Cad, and Adventure Sex

[1] On reflection, I still don’t know. Maybe he just hides it well.
[2] I fuck her the next afternoon, taking her anal virginity.
[2a] Actually I didn’t. I just wish I had. She flaked.
[3] “Regular” is something of an embellishment. I’d fucked her once on first date previous summer, then she’d freaked out on second date and run off. Irregular texting followed then when I met her early on this trip she’d appeared to be

on her period and avoided any talk of coming home. So, this meeting would be only second time I'd fuck her. She was a very hot 19 year old.

PUA and Serial Killing #1 – Facial Handedness

krauserpua · 12 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I've just finished reading Christopher Berry-Dee's latest paperback *Talking With Psychopaths And Savages* which I picked up at the airport on my way out to Kiev. CBD has made a career out of meeting serial killers in prison and interviewing them for books and TV. For his latest book he's put aside the grisly details of murder and instead focused entirely on the psychology of the serial killer.

He's not actually a psychologist, which is a major plus in his favour *[1]*. He's also not very red pill *[2]* Nonetheless the fact that he's a down-to-earth man of a wolfish bent *[3]* means he has a lot of insight. He provides all the data to draw parallels between homicidal psychopathy, narcissism (especially covert type) and r/K selection. He actually explicitly draws parallels between the first two in the book.

The book spends eight chapters outlining his theory then nine chapters each devoted to a case study of a murderous psychopath he interviewed. I liked the book and recommend it. However, if you're in the PUA community be ready for lots of spooky passages where you think "this sounds just like [insert public PUA coach]"

But I get ahead of myself.

The very last chapter of the book is *Could You Have Spotted These?* in which CBD wraps up his ongoing theory that homicidal psychopaths are impossible to identify until it's already too late for the victims and that such men construct a glib impressive facade *[4]* that fools normal people into believing they too are normal. Well, CBD, I probably could have spotted them. Pretty damn sure I would have if I'd ever spoken to them in person.

And to that I must thank Anonymous Conservative and his study of facial handedness. Let's have a look at it, shall we?

> "[there is a] Chinese idea that when people consciously try to generate a facial expression, the facial expression will be handed, with the right side of the face usually presenting a more effective expression of emotion, just as most people exhibit greater dexterity with their right hand. Likewise, this means that deceptive people hiding emotion will generally mask their underlying emotional state more effectively with the right side of their face, meaning the left side will be more of a true face, or the more honest representation of their underlying, true emotional state."

AC then goes on to devote several posts to mirroring photos of known sociopaths and narcissists to demonstrate facial handedness in action. Remember why this is so important to our subjects:

1. Homicidal psychopaths must hide their emotions in order to blend into normal society and to lull their victims into dangerous situations.
2. Narcissists must hide their emotions in order to present a convincing false idealised self that hides the low self-esteem they really suffer.

When you spend a lifetime faking emotions and one side of your face is dominant, you'll develop an imbalance equivalent to going to the gym and curling heavier dumbbells on one side than the other *[5]* Thus facial handedness could be expected to become increasingly pronounced as a person ages or as the degree of incongruence between true emotions and faked emotions increases.

I Google Image searched all nine case studies in CBD's book and found…. well…. why don't you have a look. Scan each photo once to get a feel for the wonkiness of the face. Then put a paper (or thumb) over the right side, then the left. Consider the difference in which emotion appears to be expressed in each, and try to simulate that expression in front of a mirror to see which emotion it brings up in you.



I've inserted two non-killers as a control test

Sorted? This isn't a foolproof test or anything but it's pretty blatant once you're looking for it, no?

I think the above photos actually show one of two situations:

1. The serial killer is trying to show a plain face, in which case the right side succeeds but the left side shows the killer's dominant emotion while at rest (usually rage or sorrow)
2. The serial killer is trying to fake a particular emotion (usually happiness), in which case the right side succeeds but the left side is unconvincing and comes off shallow and vacant.

This is probably one of the many reasons humans have evolved to sense and value facial symmetry and why crazy people almost always strike you as crazy if you clear your mind and listen to your gut. In the next post I'll draw some parallels between serial killing and the PUA lifestyle.

If you get off on the grisly adventures of sociopathic drifters, you'll probably masturbate over the rotting corpse of my memoirs Balls Deep, Deplorable Cad and Adventure Sex

[1] The entire criminological psychiatric profession is a case of rabbits working tirelessly to release murderous criminals into the world as super-predators in order to recreate the conditions of r-selection that rabbits need to out-compete wolves. CBD doesn't know r/K theory so he remains befuddled by this aspect and constantly ascribes the release of obvious serial killers to incompetence or well-meaning errors.
[2] Thus he takes at face value when the wives of all of these obvious sexual sadists claim they really didn't know what their husband was, and also seems bemused why so many borderline women would seek out the serial killers and get killed by them.
[3] Unlike the bottom-feeders of the True Crime genre, CBD is not writing to get sexual kicks from the squalor and danger of serial killers. He's actually methodically collecting evidence to keep them locked up and he'd clearly rather just execute them all. Good on him.
[4] Not unlike a PUA YouTube channel
[5] The compulsive masturbator's asymmetry, I believe it could be called.

Kiev Stories #2

krauserpua · 15 July 2017 · Archived copy · Original

“Do you find game stressful?” a wing recently asked me as we walked by Maidan mall mid-afternoon.

“Not at all” I reply. “The street work is fantastic fun and I thoroughly enjoy it. The only thing I dislike about game is the flaking. It’s the emotional rollercoaster that fucks me off.”

Daygame for me is a hobby – that is, something I do for it’s own sake simply because I enjoy it. I want to bang hot girls and try hard to do so, but even when results aren’t coming through it doesn’t take away from the joy of daygame. The joy of walking around in the sunshine with friends, chatting about life, stopping for coffees or beer, seeing a foreign city, and then popping off to open girls and have good interactions.

But fucking hell, **the flakes!** Fucking hell, the ***Kiev*** flakes. This city is a nightmare for it. Yesterday was one of those “only in daygame” days that reminds me how odd this journey is. Let’s begin at the beginning.

I overslept and didn’t get my arse out of bed until half past one. I set up a two pm lunch with an English former-squaddie who’d introduced himself to me a few days earlier while walking with his girlfriend. He’d seen my London Real interview from 2011 and made some changes in his life regarding work, hobbies, and knobbing foreign girls from daygame. He bought me coffee as a thank you *[1]*

While sitting outside a cafe a nice blonde girl walks by, dressed in a Sgt Peppers’ style faux-military jacket. She appears to IOI me. I do nothing. As the Brit goes to the bathroom, two other guys walking past recognise me and come say hello – a German and a Swede doing a euro jaunt *[2]* We chat a little and they go their merry way. The Brit settles the bill *[3]* and we walk towards my favourite Belgian place for whiskey and so I can make use of their better toilet facilities.



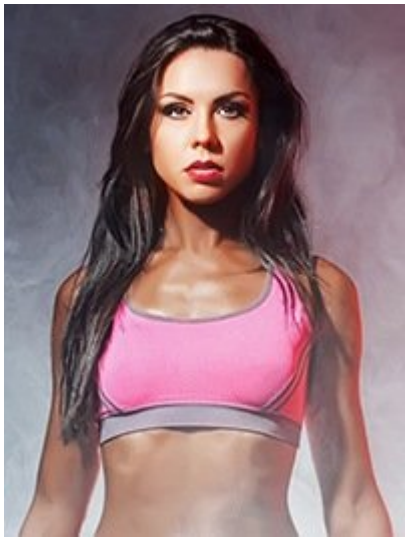
Not far off

On the way I see Sgt Pepper Girl again and she gives me another IOI. I open, it’s on, and I take a number. Half an hour later Brit has to go back to the office and I need to hang up my laundry. I ping the girl and she’s keen to meet right away. So I trundle back to Kreschatyk McDonald’s. While waiting for her to show, the same two euro jaunters walk by and say hello again. Blondie arrives and I take her to Porters Bar.

It turns out she’s only visiting Kiev, for a week. She’s rather keen so within half an hour I’ve made out with her and gotten her tits out in the bar. She seems extremely on so we walk up to a park near my apartment and get coffee, and it’s then she starts to show resistance. We try another bar and she orders juice. The whole time

forebrain/hindbrain conflict is writ large over her face. She even verbalises it.

I pull her into my building's lobby and there's more sloppy make-outs but she won't come up. I let her go because it's 9pm now and I have a Day 2 with a different girl. I drop off Blondie at the 24-hour side of McDonald's then wait five minutes and meet the Brunette at the main entrance. She's clearly come to fuck.


Imagine a mediocre version of this

Back to Porters but it's busy now, Friday night. We go to the other bar near my house and eat. Brunette drinks wine and I'm pawing her. For no particular reason I **get my dick out** then put it away again. Her phone keeps ringing and by 10pm when I pull her outside, her feet lock to the ground.

"I can't come into your apartment" she says.
"Why not?" I ask, genuinely mystified as she's clearly come to fuck.
"I want sex now" she replies. "I want sex with you, but I can't. Not now. I must go. We can meet tomorrow"

She gives me a passionate make-out, pushing right up into me and moaning. She's clearly gagging for it. However I am forced to walk her back down to McDonald's. I message my ~~hanger on~~ friend in Belgium

"I'm pretty sure I was cockblocked by a phone call"

I'm a bit fucked off now. Kiev has been flake hell and then twice in ninety minutes I had a horny young girl gagging for it at my apartment building but unwilling to come up to my room. Must be cursed, I mutter to myself.

While muttering under my breath my spider sense tingles at a dark-haired girl walking past. It's dark, the streets are almost empty *[4]* and something about her seems right. She's wearing tight black trousers made out of sequins. I open saying she looks like a disco ball. There's an immediate crackle of sexual tension.


Daygame Infinite, yesterday

Have I found her? Have I found **the one girl in Kiev** who will actually have sex with me quickly?

“I’m a tourist here, from Romania” she says in poor English. “I’m here four days visiting a friend”

It turns out she’s ethnically Ukrainian but from a border town slightly north of Romania and spent a long time living the other side. We walk up to Maidan square and we walk past the Brunette who is with her boyfriend. I guess now I know who’d been calling her. I think she sees me but doesn’t react. I figure Porters might have some empty tables by now. Romanian girl follows me in and orders a coffee.

It’s obviously on so I pull her over to my side, massage her legs, play with her hair and then make out within half an hour. She’s very much into it, pushing into me in that tell-tale way to show horniness. Her friend calls and is going to join us for ten minutes, but then messages to cancel.

“She went with a man” the Romanian says simply. “She not come here now”

I don’t inquire whether it’s a regular guy or a stranger. My phone is dying and because we need Google Translate it seems a perfect pretext to bounce.

“I need to charge my phone. There is a good bar next to my apartment. Let’s go there and I can charge my phone too”

She agrees, we walk up, and never actually go into the bar. Straight up at the apartment she takes off her shoes and jacket, sits on the bed, and ten minutes later I’m boning her. One hour SDL of a 25yr old Romanian. Nice. There’s probably never been a single day in my pre-game life that had such volatility. Three girls making out, gagging for it, at my apartment door and one SDL between 9pm and midnight.

And of course having strangers buying me lunch because I write this tosh on the internet.



High value lifestyle

If you recognise me on the streets of an FSU capital, how about you rush home and buy one of my books. Then we’ll have something to talk about while I rinse you for food and alcohol.

[1] And in true Khreschatyk tradition I rinsed him for some food too at a nice restaurant.
[2] That brings my “recognised in Kiev and stopped by daygamers” tally to seven separate occasions on this trip alone. Bless my luck I wasn’t with any RVF-level girls at the time.

[3] Cheaper than a resi, mate
[4] Really weird for a Friday night at the liveliest street in a capital city, I know, but that's two weeks in a row that it's been deadsville.

Kiev Stories #3

krauserpua · 3 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's midway through my trip and the sun is turning my head into a tomato. Having spent the first three months of the Euro Jaunt season praying for the rain to stop, I'm now praying for the sun to go back behind the clouds. Lately I've been dressed in shorts, a Guns'n'Roses vest, and some black imitation Converse I bought at an underground mall at the bottom of Khreshatyk street. I looked a right prick. So today I went back to my usual style but I'm suffering for it in the heat *[1]*

Now it's early-afternoon and I'm hiding under a parasol in the Belgian cafe on the said same street in anticipation of rapidly increasing temperature. Not a lot is going on so I'm happy to sip a beer and talk to Roy and Xants letting my eye roam over the small number of girls walking past. I swear the air shimmers from the heat, but doubtless I'm imagining things.

The sun does indeed go in, for about half an hour, and the street cools.

I do a few sets. A blonde girl seems especially into me. It takes a persistent strong stop to get her to pull up but I step in on her and her eyes sparkle. She touches my forearm, plays with my pendant, and matches my eye mesmer. It seems so very on but I remind myself that what happens in the bubble stays in the bubble. She gives her number and walks off.



A blonde bird, into me

A pint and a half later and it's roaring hot. I see a brunette walking the opposite direction dressed in tight shorts and a striped black and white shirt like my hometown football team. She's dawdling, about as slow as it's possible to walk while still calling it a walk. Her feet glide along the pavement, her hips are swaying and her head bobbling. Tick, tick, tick, she's in my sweet spot. I'd say "I give chase" but it was like the hare catching the tortoise.

She stops immediately and looks up expectantly, a smile on her face. Later she'd admit to me she was walking around *precisely* in the hope someone would talk to her. That's what the girls of Khreschatyk are like, and why it's a nightmare for false positives. I step in on her and run my patter.

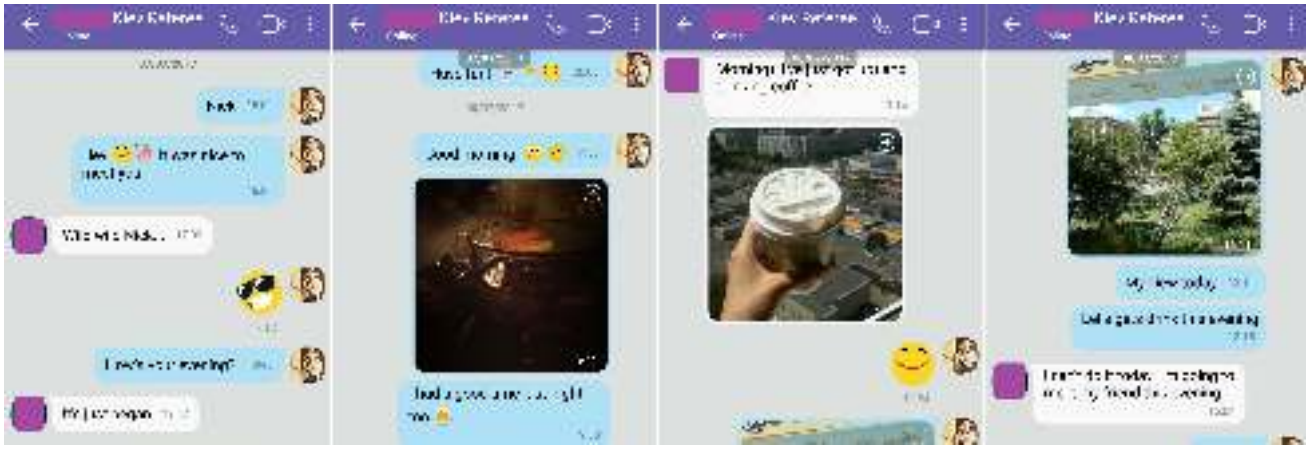
“You look like a wrestling referee” I say, searching google images on my phone to show her.

She eats it up. Emboldened, I step closer and begin talking directly into her ear. She doesn’t flinch at all. Doesn’t step back. If anything, I feel like her heart skipped a beat. So now I blow into her ear as I talk, then pull back a little to look into her eyes. Then back to her ear, nibbling it as I cup her cheek with my hand on the other side. Astonishingly she takes it.

“What a moment” she squawks, and fans herself, smiling.

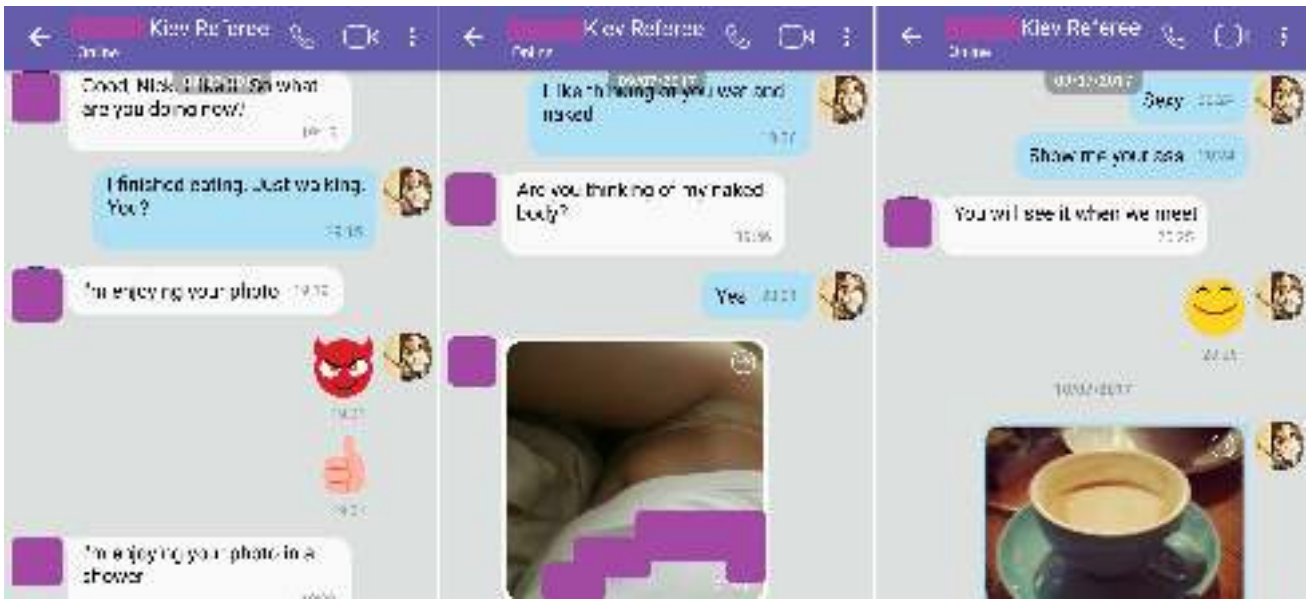
I can’t remember much about what else I did but it was close to molestation. We are standing crotch-to-crotch and I’m breathing out of my nose onto her forehead. There are many silences. The rest of the world doesn’t matter. Finally she tells me she’s meeting a friend so she we swap numbers and off she goes.

I return to **Team Krauser** with a big grin on my face. That was it – that’s why daygame is so maddeningly addictive. I just can’t go from zero to 100mph so fast and so unpredictably any other way. Then the texting starts.



So far so good, I just have to wait out her logistics and hope nothing goes wrong. I put her into a holding pattern but then she pipes up. Evidently she’s starting to wonder if I really am the bad boy she’d hoped for.





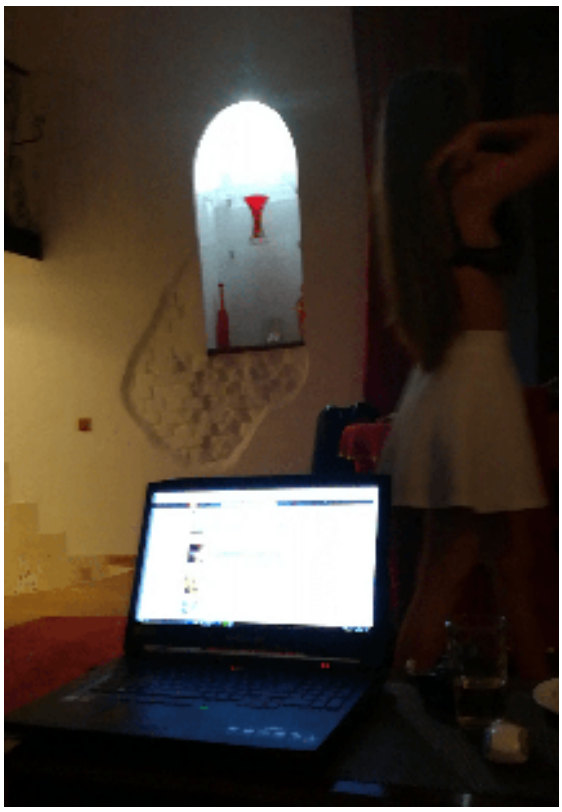
So as you'll see I noted what she wanted and gave it to her, though I couldn't help messing with her first. After the **Captain Caveman** photo I sent her a proper portrait picture of me (which I didn't screencap for this post). Often girls give you static because they aren't so interested or don't respect you. In this case, I think she wanted 'the rub'. I sense there's something going on in the background I don't know about. Is she wasting my time to get her kicks over Viber or is this a seduction proceeding to the bedroom? I wonder.

She seems keen but then leaves town a few days and we are back to the usual pinging. Finally she agrees to come out, strongly hinting that she's coming to fuck *[2]*



I've described that date here. It was a topsy-turvy day where I nearly got laid three times but had to make do with just one notch. The next afternoon she messages me and we arrange to meet later that evening. There's no pretence it's anything other than fucking. We walk to a grocery store where I buy wine and she piles some bananas and apples into my basket, then we walk to my apartment. She chops up a fruit salad and feeds me while I play **Ghost Recon Wildlands** on my laptop *[3]*

Finally I lift her onto my lap and we make out. Very soon after that I've got my dick in her ass and some extremely good sex ensues. I dare say it's the best sex I've had all year. Great stuff. Thank you Kiev, you always pay off at the end of my trip!



Like this but less blurry

If you like this kind of daygame thing, you'll probably love my new textbook **Daygame Infinite** once I've actually finished it. Doing a final edit now before sending it to a professional editor

[1] And probably still looking like a prick

[2] Note I skipped a good chunk of the chat here including where I held my frame and gave a bit comfort after she balked a little at talking about dominant sex

[3] A tremendously under-rated game. It's the best parts of MGS Phantom Pain, Splinter Cell Blacklist and Far Cry 4 mixed together. I'd go so far as to say it's the game MGS5 should've been, had Kojima actually been allowed to finish it.

Moscow Stories #3

krauserpua · 4 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Cast your mind back to September 2016. I'm coaching a residential in Moscow, teaching GG. As long-time readers are no doubt well aware, I don't really teach anymore. It's not that I lack enthusiasm for it, but rather I find coaching sits uneasily with my self-image and my medium term goals. The problem comes down to this: **I'm prone to grandiosity**. The PUA world is outrageously grandiose and coaching tends to feed a man's urge to hoover up all available sources of narcissistic supply.

A grandiose man loves to feel separate from and above the world around him. He feels *special*. Deep down he knows he has no innate special-ness and that his achievements probably don't support his grandiose self-image either. Nonetheless, the more people he can find who will buy into his **false idealised self**, the more narcissistic supply he has to support that image. Think of the many opportunities for grandiosity offered to the PUA coach:

- A blog chronicling his larger than life adventures, weaving his thoughts and world-view artfully into each post
- A YouTube channel showing him jetting off around the world doing all kinds of adventure sports, seeing cultural sights, and chatting up birds.
- A phalanx of young enterprising men modelling their own lifestyle upon his, and using a lexicon to describe it that he invented.
- Internet comments telling him how awesome his life is and how cool he is.

Once I'd identified grandiosity as a central weakness in my own character, as amply outlined in ***A Deplorable Cad*** *[1],* I vowed to be very very careful about engaging in any activities that would feed it. I want to be tied to the real world, not a delusional version of it. The thought of someone paying £5k to follow me around for a week, hanging on my every word, doing whatever I tell them, and conscientiously trying to implement whatever changes in their psyche I encourage them to….. well….. such power is dangerous *[2]*



I actually read this last year. Good book. Great author.

I received this email in July 2016

> Dear Nick,
>
> Hope this email finds you well. It's GG (you put me in touch with Skeletor, and we last met at the Outlaw event).
>
> The last few months I'm been targeting higher quality of girls. Unsurprisingly I've reached a plateau (with the occasional success). Coaching with a competent daygamer would be beneficial in speeding up the learning process.
>
> Hence, I'm contacting you to enquire if you'd consider doing residential coaching?
>
> Kind Regards,
> GG

Normally I don't reply to such mails but I'd met GG a couple of times and was impressed by the massive change between the meetings. In less than a year he'd gone from **typical Paki** to **sorted man**. He also told me he's half-white. So I reply. Five weeks later.

> Hey boss, glad to hear from you again. I've only just replied because I've been avoiding coaching queries lately. However, I'm looking to do one or maybe two more residentials this year so if you're still interested, let me know which dates you can do and we'll see how it fits in.
>
> I'm not cheap, mind.

We agreed a week in Moscow for September and it's on the second day of coaching that this story picks up steam. We'd gotten off to a good start because the weather was fine, our vibe was on, and the girls were receptive. While walking through an underpass at Tverskaya late evening I see a blonde girl coming down the steps. She gives a pretty strong IOI so I do a demo set for GG *[4]*

Her English is weak but she ticks the usual check-boxes. Smiles, laughs, flirts. All that boring stuff you read about in ***Daygame Mastery*** *[5]* so I take her number. She's just graduated and started a PR job. Twenty-one. Pretty. A solid seven, possibly an eight. Then GG and I do a few more sets and the next day I send a feeler text.

Nastya is *not* a texter. Everything is short and functional.

It takes a week to get her out, by which time it's raining heavily every day, my vibe has gone to shit, and I'm now sharing an apartment in Arbat with another ~~hanger-on~~ friend from London. Nastya meets me at Smolenskaya station and not ten metres across the path is a quaint English pub serving proper beer. We get a pint each and head upstairs. Nastya has that peculiar quality of saying very little and just following my lead: a good sign. Halfway through the pint I sit her next to me and begin escalating. It's all very easy, she's already a done deal. We make out and after the pint I walk her to my apartment.

We roll around on the bed then she tells me she can't have sex because she's on her period. That disgusts me so I don't press the issue. We watch some YouTube and I wave her goodbye at the Metro. There's still a week remaining so I'm optimistic. Giving her four or five days to become normal again, I get her out for another drink. By now I'm in a pokey private room in a Hostel by Kamergirsky and running on empty.


You'd be tempted

We meet at Red Square and walk around looking at all the pretty tourist stuff twinkling in the evening darkness *[6]*. She's dolled up nice with heels, tights, form-fitting dress, and real care in her make-up and styling. She hangs onto my arm and wants to take selfies together. **She's so obviously come to fuck**. I walk her to an underground rock bar on Kamergirsky that I'd been meaning to try. Unfortunately it's expensive and whiskey plus her wine sets me back a tenner.

Her phone rings and her face drops. Within a minute of chatting her mood sours. She starts complaining about the drink, then the bar is too loud (it isn't), and then she goes silent on me for ten minutes. I have so little patience with bad behaviour nowadays that I'm tempted to walk out *[7]* but instead I down my drink, reach over to snatch her half-finished wine out of her hand and neck it in one gulp, then walk her to my hostel.

I have no desire to humour her shitty mood but I do intend to fuck her. We walk back in silence, not looking at each other. I say a few words as I unlock the front door and walk her up the stairs but she doesn't reply. Then she follows me into the bedroom, takes off her jacket and heels then sits on the bed with a prissy look.

"Did you get bad news on the phone call?" I ask
"Yes"

I push her backwards and we start making out. She halfheartedly plays along and doesn't quibble as I undress her. Finally, she's naked but for her panties and I'm pulling them down *[8]*

"No. I can't" she says, then quickly dresses. "I want to go"

We walk in silence to the Metro and exchange frosty goodbyes. That's the end of that one. Silly cunt.

If you like stories about failing to have sex with girls you'll love ~~Death By A Th~~… my memoir Balls Deep available for just ten notes.

[1] Yes, that's a subtle up-sell
[2] There's an additional coaching problem that most students are twats or no-hopers, but let's park that for now [3]

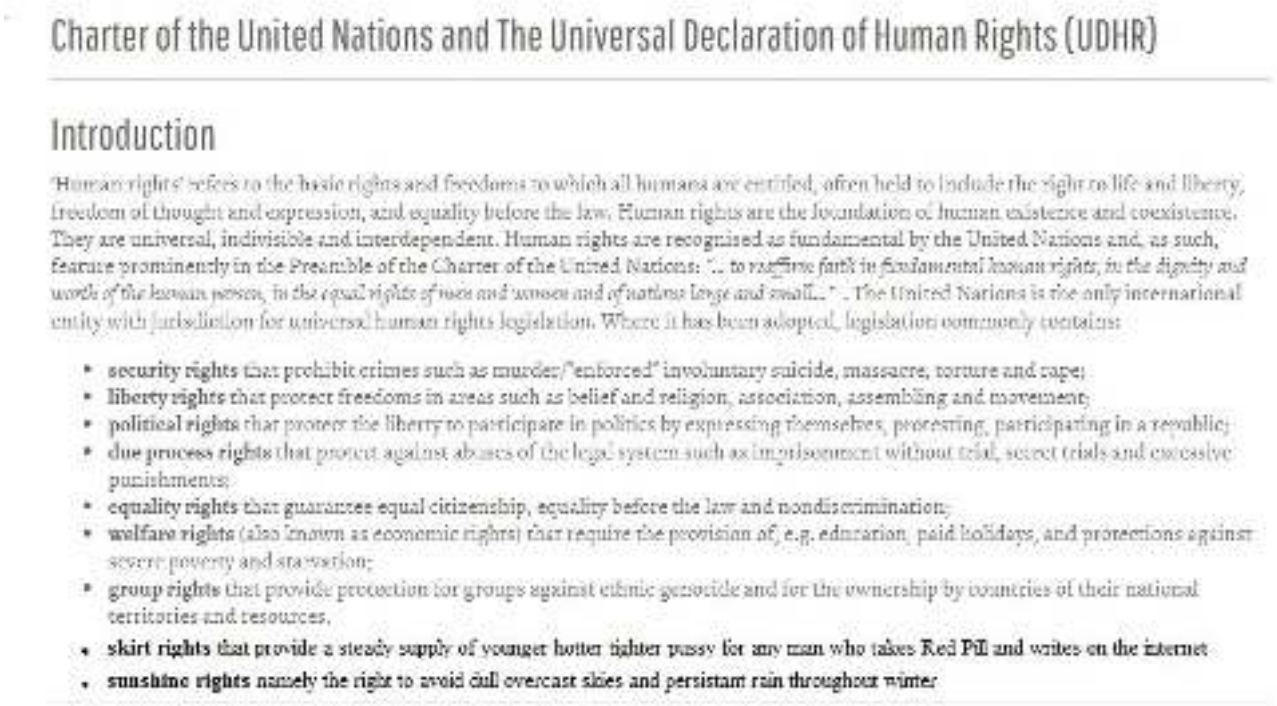
*[3] Or brown men chasing white women. When the **Day Of The Rope** comes, I don't want to be known as a daygame coach who cucked on immigration and taught the invaders to molest white women. I certainly won't be forgetting the traitors. I don't wish to be one of them.*
[4] Or at least that's what I told him it was. A demo set. For his benefit not mine.
[5] Or its shameless rip-offs. Wait… hang on… was that grandiosity again?
[6] Which I find rather boring, having spent probably a hundred hours in or around Red Square on this trip
*[7] Evidently, not **that** tempted*

*[8] Yes, I'd already **gotten my dick out***

Prague Stories #1

krauserpua · 5 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

My winter was another experiment in getting the fuck out of Dodge. Since becoming all unplugged and stuff I've become constitutionally incapable of tolerating the cold British winter. I've come to believe it's against my 'uman rights.



Charter of the United Nations and The Universal Declaration of Human Rights (UDHR)

Introduction

'Human rights' refers to the basic rights and freedoms to which all humans are entitled, often held to include the right to life and liberty, freedom of thought and expression, and equality before the law. Human rights are the foundation of human existence and coexistence. They are universal, indivisible and interdependent. Human rights are recognised as fundamental by the United Nations and, as such, feature prominently in the Preamble of the Charter of the United Nations: "... to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small..." . The United Nations is the only international entity with jurisdiction for universal human rights legislation. Where it has been adopted, legislation commonly contains:

- **security rights** that prohibit crimes such as murder/"enforced" involuntary suicide, massacre, torture and rape;
- **liberty rights** that protect freedoms in areas such as belief and religion, association, assembling and movement;
- **political rights** that protect the liberty to participate in politics by expressing themselves, protesting, participating in a republic;
- **due process rights** that protect against abuses of the legal system such as imprisonment without trial, secret trials and excessive punishments;
- **equality rights** that guarantee equal citizenship, equality before the law and nondiscrimination;
- **welfare rights** (also known as economic rights) that require the provision of, e.g. education, paid holidays, and protections against severe poverty and starvation;
- **group rights** that provide protection for groups against ethnic genocide and for the ownership by countries of their national territories and resources.
- **skirt rights** that provide a steady supply of youngest hotter tighter pussy for any man who takes Red Pill and writes on the internet
- **sunshine rights** namely the right to avoid dull overcast skies and persistant rain throughout winter

I looked it up

So I spent two months in Thailand with some friends then wrote a book about it when I got home in early February **[1]**. Having spent time in the third world surrounded by trannies, Aussies, whores and mudslime I was rather keen to just chill out in Newcastle playing video games and reading paperback fiction. By March I was anxious to travel again.

Problem is, March is a shitty month. It's just about warm enough that you know you *could* daygame, but not warm enough that *you actually should*. So I had the choice of either wasting my time on a jaunt, or feeling guilty for not going somewhere and doing something. I thought it through and booked two weeks in Prague.

Believe it or not, my goal wasn't to get laid. Really.

Since the **God Emperor** won the presidency I'd been at a loose end over what to do with myself. Men need a purpose in life and some kind of project to work on. Shitposting and tweeting in the run up to the US election had been great fun and diverted me from the central issue in my life: game has become meh. As readers of ***Adventure Sex*** know *[2],* by the end of 2014 I'd reached the end of my Player's Journey and was now just staggering around on autopilot without a grand over-arching goal.

Sure, I had goals: write a book, lose weight, finish all *Skyrim* guild questlines etc. What I didn't have was a grand goal *[3].* Nihilism and hedonism will always be undercurrents to the player's lifestyle but I'd at least had the progression and purpose of getting good with women. But now I was. What next?



Palladium, yesterday

Two months of debauchery in Thailand *[4]* was an exclamation point on the nihilism and hedonism. The last thing I wanted was to become an ex-pat loser in South East Asia, clacking sub-par brown skirt, telling bullshit stories on RVF to build rep points, and engaging in substance abuse with fellow forum-chodes and calling it “high value lifestyle”.

Fuck that.

Frankly, I was worried that all this travelling and shagging had completely ruined my ability to make emotional connections. I wondered if the absence of accountability in my last eight years had made changes that can’t be undone. So I thought about it a while and decided to put it to the test:

Can I enjoy hanging out with pretty women without trying to shag them?

Prague was a natural testing ground because I know many women there who I’d already slotted but were now in relationships. They’d still chat to me on WhatsApp. I decided to meet four of them and hang out. Crucially, I wouldn’t try to fuck any of them again. I flew out in mid-March and as luck would have it Nicolas Drillman was there so there’d be some male company too.

Much of the first week was spent discussing life with the friendly Hun. He’s not much younger than me and has done plenty of Euro Jaunting and skirt chasing so we were on the same page. I expounded my current thoughts on daygame and in particular how to integrate it in a sustainable manner as you get older and less enthused with the thrill of adventure. We discussed meta-level models of human learning and how beyond a certain level of experience and competence, all skills are learned the same way and mindsets converge. We did some sets but it was cold, wet and miserable. Very few girls worth chasing and neither of us really care to do more than a couple of sets a day. By day four I didn’t even *want* to chase skirt.

I was testing myself. *Do I enjoy Euro travelling even when I’m not chasing the skirt?* Apparently I do. I had a nice apartment, a stack of paperbacks, and just walking around was pleasant. El Commandante visited form Turkey for a weekend so that too was nice. If I remember right, GG popped in for a few days too. Probably a couple of other men too – my apologies if I forget.

And the skirt?

Readers of ***A Deplorable Cad*** *[5]* will remember a Croatian girl called Zehra who I banged in 2012 and became rather sweet on. I hadn't seen her since but she'd recently gotten a job in Prague and moved over, so we met for coffee on a Saturday afternoon. That coffee became another, then a walk, then dinner, then beers. We spent all of Sunday together too.

No, I didn't try to fuck her *[6]*

My mind was put to rest. For nearly twelve hours I chatted with an old friend, rekindled our emotional connection, and we had a great time. At no point did I get the familiar feelings of "let's just escalate and get on with the fucking". There was also a nice highlight in Battalion Bar.

We were sitting on the high stool near the entrance with a bottle of beer each. I was explaining pizzagate to her, outlining the basic charges levelled against Hillary, Bill, Epstein, the Podestas, Alefantis and so on. I spent a while explaining how Trump had suddenly excluded Epstein from his social circle over a decade ago without explanation and then in his famous Al Smith roast speech following the third presidential debate he'd made an odd quip about Hillary *[7]*

"Hillary famously said it takes a village. Which is interesting, because in Haiti she's taken a few"

That quip is incomprehensible unless you fill in two datapoints: (i) Hillary's quote that it takes a village to raise a child and (ii) the allegations that Hillary intervened to save Laura Silby from child trafficking charges after she was arrested crossing the Haiti/Dominican Republic border with a bus load of unaccompanied children.

"Trump knows!" I told my Croatian friend. "That's why his son Donald Jnr always looks like he wants to literally kill Hillary. It's why she said he'd have them all hanging from nooses"

A burly Irishman at the next table chimed in.

"Excuse me, I couldn't help but hear you mention Donald Trump. I have to ask you – what do you think of him?"

I knew where this would lead. His manner, his tone, and the fact he'd poked his nose in all suggested a typical SJW tactic: Politely inquiry intended to get to you formally utter crimethink, that they can then attack you for. You'll see this in offices every day in the UK.

"I think he's a hero. The only man in the world I idolise" I replied

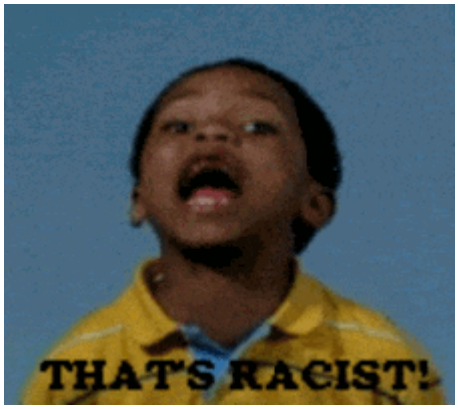
The next five minutes involved him trying to maintain his calm (unsuccessfully) while pretending to earnestly inquire into my position and to helpfully point out where I'm mistaken. By then steam was coming out of his ears because at no point did I back down and recognise that Trump is stupid, or psychotic, or sexists etc. Finally he went into a rant about the Middle East.

"But Trump is going to start wars. He's violent and dangerous. He said he wants to bomb the Middle East" he spluttered.
"No he doesn't. He said he wants to destroy ISIS. He's never beat the drum for war against any Middle Eastern country"
"He wanted war in Iraq!"
"No he didn't. He's on the record, on video, years ago saying the war in Iraq was wrong. He's already avoided war with Russia. Believe me, if Hillary had won we'd already be in World War III. Trump was the only candidate on either side who was against war with Russia"
"but but but…."
"Hillary stated she wants Ukraine and Georgia in NATO and a No-Fly zone enforced against Russia in Syria. That guarantees war. Just look at a map – Russian cannot possibly accept NATO forces on it's borders."

It was at this moment his fat girlfriend chipped in, having been mostly silent. She told me how they'd both lived in New York and it was common knowledge that Trump was a racist who called Mexicans rapists.

“Trump was the exisiting immigration laws enforced. That’s really not extreme” I said.
“I had many very nice Mexican friends in New York. At least I’m not racist” she finished, flicking her hair in a triumphant flourish at unloading her big guns.

“I am” I replied.



The Irishman kicked off and needed his girlfriend to restrain him as he backed off out the bar. Looking at the Croatian girl I probably could’ve fucked her at this point, but it was against the plan.

If you like hearing the same basic story told in dozens of different ways then you’ll love my memoir series Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad and Adventure Sex

[1] I still haven’t decided to release it as is, or fold it into a bigger memoir with the Euro stuff
[2] Well spotted. Yes, it’s an up-sell
[3] I suppose you could call that grandiosity
[4] Most of which was squeezed into the first week after which I had a rapid adverse reaction to the sleaziness of it
[5] Well, fancy that! Another up-sell
[6] She looked great, though. Slim, curvy, and still with her amazing hair.
[7] I’m pretty sure I’ve told this story before but I’m writing these posts with a different goal in mind.

What are the best daygame blogs?

krauserpua · 6 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

That's the click-bait title out of the way, so let's get to the point. A good while back, well over a year now, I wrote a post giving my advice on how to write a Player's Journey blog. Some enterprising fellows took me up on that advice and it inspired some existing bloggers to post more *[1]*



"click-bait" you say?

I promised to feature the ones I liked, but then I just kinda forgot about it. Well, I've remembered. So, this is what I'll do……. This is an open casting call for all of you on the **Player's Journey** to inform my readership of your own humble efforts. Submit a short one-paragraph description of your blog, and a link. I'll then edit this post (and my sidebar links) to neatly list them all so that enterprising fellow daygamers know what's out there.

A few conditions are attached. Your blog will only be accepted in this list if it meets them:

- **No commercial sites**. My goal is to help the community side of daygame here, not the business. If you have both a commercial page and a genuinely non-commercial blog, I'll link the latter *[2]*
- You must be producing **original content** based on your own daygame experiences. By this I mean you're out daygaming and then telling stories or reflecting on your adventures. It's fine if you're a beginner, not getting laid, and feel like you don't have any special insight. So long as you are trying to express your own player's journey in your own words, you're in. Such blogs are still valuable moral support for guys near your level. I won't link Armchair PUA blogs *[3]*
- I'm not linking blogs that **cannibalise other people's material** or general community wisdom, even if you're doing so with honourable intentions to help others. So if your blog is "Five steps to stand out on Tinder" or "What Is An Alpha Male" you are outside the narrow scope of this list.
- I don't mind if you follow material from other daygame theorists. This isn't the **Team Krauser** list. I also don't mind if you are critical of my material, so long as it's not hating on me *[4]*

Here's a starting list based on blogs I know fit the bill. If the proprietors of said blogs wish to change the one-

paragraph summary (I wrote them from memory without double-checking), let me know in the comments.

Roy Walker Daygame – An early thirties Irishman living in London and taking his Euro Jaunts when he can. Getting laid and telling mostly war stories. Heavy statistical focus, tracking open/number/close/date ratios. Very much in the LDM style of game and writing.

Ricky Roma Blog – An early thirties office lad living in London and Euro Jaunting anywhere that might have Russian girls. Getting laid and telling war stories. Focus is narrative-based, expressing how it is to live the life. LDM style game and writing.

City Daygame – Three mid-thirties Brits living in London and forming a mini-rat pack for pick-up. Stories are varied between London and travel, each man writing under his own handle. A mix of daygame, nightgame and online. Mostly war stories but some reflection pieces. LDM style game and writing.

Seven Daygame – A French-born Asian man's journey, starting in Ireland, then Tallinn and now St Petersberg. Lots of content and step-by-step field reports with lots of detail. Getting laid, too. Written in the LDM style.

Days Of Game – An American guy with a passion for Japanese jaunting. Very frequent posting, split between war stories (including field reports that don't result in lays) and theoretical discussion. Quite wonkish at times. LDM style but also talks a lot about RSD material.

TD Daygame – A thirty-ish Pole in Warsaw writing a hybrid field-report / coaching blog in both Polish and English (separate sites). LDM style street game and a heavily technical focus, but some war stories.

Mickey Miller – A forty-ish Aussie living in Brisbane and jaunting to Asia. A mix between lay reports, inner game introspection, and theory. Probably the most personal blog for openly discussing inner game issues and private thoughts. LDM style.

VicVega – A forty-ish Italian nomad travelling around Central and Eastern Europe chasing skirt with a mix of nightgame and daygame. Lots of field reports and think pieces. He's recently announced he's going to focus on the latter.

The Alpha Teacher – A late-thirties Brazilian man playing poker and chasing skirt mostly in his home country. Suave was my first good daygame wing and features in my memoirs. One of the original London daygamers and Chateau RSG tenants. He still posts frequently.

Authentic Attraction – Another hybrid field-report / coaching blog, this time from two Aussies. A series of war stories and some reflection pieces.

Rusty Daygame – A new blog from a Kiwi guy doing the LDM style. Not much content yet.

Rambo PUA – I'm not sure if this blog is still active. An LDM daygamer writing field reports of his successes and failures.

Jimmy Jambone – Not very frequently updated, this is a blog opining on game and life, wrapped up in a narrative style of war stories. One of the original London daygamers and Chateau RSG tenants.

Thomas Crown – This one has only been going a couple of months but he seems to understand the Game and how to write about it. An LDM-style blog with theory and war stories.

If you like reading war stories of chasing skirt you'll love my memoirs Balls Deep, Deplorable Cad and Adventure Sex. If you don't like paying to do so, check out the list above.

[1] I never stop with the grandiosity. Get used to it.
[2] There's a grey area, such as TD's blog, where he prominently mentions he's a coach but puts up enough helpful free content that it's not just a commercial site. So, I've linked him.
[3] I like some Armchair PUA blogs, but this list is Player's Journey blogs which is a different category
[4] I draw the line if you voted Hillary or Bernie.

Moscow Stories #4

krauserpua · 7 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I'm lying in bed at noon, tapping away on WhatsApp conversations and trying to rouse myself to action. There are a few parallel conversations running. I'm sorting out the afternoon's daygame plans but toying with ideas of lunch first. The Three ~~Stooges~~ R's (Roy, Ricky and Mr R) are still in town but Ricky is leaving imminently and wants to have one last big night out. SevenDG is visiting for the weekend so he's with us. *[1]*

Aside from the usual text game with girls I'm also canvassing opinions and schedules of the **VIP Inner Circle of Euro Daygame** *[2]* to decide which city is next on my list. I'm halfway through the Moscow trip and getting tired of all the rain. Plus there's the usual daily updates demanded by **Little Finger**, my British friend in Belgium. He takes an unnerving glee in all things squalid about the life and appears to be positioning himself as the central clearing house for filthy stories and gossip. Sometimes I feel like my real role on jaunts is as his intelligence asset, scraping up stories of filth, squalor and hubris that he can add to his Rolodex.



Is RVF aware of this tall story?

"Are you not doing nightgame?" he prods, hoping to manipulate me into getting drunk, disgracing myself, then telling him the story the next day.
"Not my thing. The others are well up for it though. All they do is drink" *[3]*
"RVF-talk is that Gypsy and Icon are where the action is at" he counters. "Give it a go"

I'd been to **Icon** the previous summer and was thoroughly unimpressed. I can see why the forums like it, because with certain prerequisites, it appears to be **pussy paradise**. What are those prerequisites you ask?

- You are used to chasing skirt in the Anglosphere, South America or South East Asia and haven't yet acclimatised to the vastly superior quality in Central and Eastern Europe. You still think a six is an eight because you just haven't seen the real top end of skirt.
- You haven't yet developed the experienced player's ability to X-ray a girl to determine how hot she really is. You're still blinded by make-up, tight clothes, heels, and dark lighting. *[4]*
- You need to get drunk before opening.



Now, I'm not saying I wouldn't fuck her….

I find that nightclubs in the FSU are simply not the place to find the hot girls. If I was to estimate the pecking order of where to find the hotties I'd say it's as follows, starting with the best:

1. **Nice cafes** in the affluent part of town. The problem is these girls teleport into them and aren't seen outside of their huddle at the table.
2. **Nice malls** selling brand name clothes. The problem here is the girls arrive in taxis or flash cars, walk around in pairs with a best friend, a parent, or a sponsor. There's also very very few of them to be seen any given day.
3. **University** buildings at kicking out time. You need to time these places for the ends of lectures. The problem is the girls are nearly always in groups, there's lots of peer pressure even on solo girls, and the universities are often nowhere near the other good daygame spots so there's tonnes of dead time.
4. **Normal daygame** in Old Town, normal malls, central parks, and busy shopping streets. This is the only place you get decent footfall but suffer a *quality-per-vag* drop-off compared to the top three places. On balance, it's still the best bet overall.
5. **Bars** not frequented by tourists. Usually you have to go a bit outside the main areas for them but rarely more than one metro stop. The problem is the girls are usually in social groups and there's very few sets over the course of the night. Also, quality is skewed towards girls who like to drink, who are rarely as hot as those who don't.
6. **Nightclubs** that tourists would know about. This is where Icon and Gypsy fit in.

The single biggest problem with these kinds of clubs is the calibre of girls in them. Almost exclusively the age skews upwards, probably averaging well over twenty-five, and the tourists attract scammers. **Arena City** in Kiev is a good example of that: the entire complex exists to let ageing women scam Turks and forum chodes out of drinks. If you look good, you might get picked for free but don't count on it.

So, back to Icon…….

We pound back beers at our favourite dive bar by Kamergirsky then take taxis towards the riverside bar area where the clubs are. We end up in a nice bar overlooking the river and I bump into a blonde I'd number-closed a week

earlier. More on that in another post. We soon stumble over to Icon and I'm blasted by the godawful dance music. Aside from that, it's lively and there's some decent skirt. We all start opening. Let me tell you a little about Icon so it makes sense.

After walking in you are in a long lobby area lined with sofas and a bar at the end with some stools. It's the only quiet room in the club and it gets footfall because every girl walks through it to enter, again to leave, and the toilets are just outside it's connecting door to the first dance floor. It's as close as you can get to bar/street game in a club that doesn't have an outdoor smoking balcony. We spent nearly all of our time there because you can open without shouting.

The next room is a large dance-floor with a long bar, upon which a couple of semi-naked women dance. It's rammed on weekends with about 60/40 men-to-women. You can just about talk if you really raise your voice but it's mostly dance-floor game in the middle, or talk-into-the-ear-of-a-wallflower game around the edges. I number closed a pretty synchronised swimmer there but mostly had conversations-to-nowhere. This room is where all the men trying to get laid ply their craft. It can get a little wild.



Who's a good girl?

Finally, accessible only by running the dance-floor gauntlet, is the "here for the music" room where the worst possible electronic dance music plays at full volume with accompanying strobe lights. It's where the "DJs" play *[5]* and vacuous fools stare at them. It's also where the VIP tables are so expect to see fat old men pouring vodka from a bottle for nicely-done-up girls who then dance on the spot at the edge of the area.

I ended up drunk

It was a night where all the sets blur. At any moment I could look around and see at least three of my four companions working a set, usually by the bar. We picked up momentum and the girls were usually game for a chat. Numbers were collected. For me, the only number that went anywhere went like this…..

I'm standing kicking my heels by the bar in the quiet room when two girls stream past. The one who catches my eye has incredibly good hair: thick, black, glossy, and literally to her ass. It shamed most shampoo commercial hair and I doubt I've ever seen better. She also had a bright orange dress and black heels. Without seeing her face I catch up

with her.

“You. Stop. Two things”
She smiles. She must have at least some English
“First, you have amazing hair. I love it. Like a shampoo commercial.”
She smiles again. Dare I say she shifts her hips and settles into giving me a shot.
“Second, your dress. You look like a tangerine rolling down a hill. I just saw a blur of orange.”

I see she’s actually ethnically Korean, though born and raised in Moscow and tells me she’s never been to Korea and can’t speak the language *[6]*. She even has a Russian name. Let’s call her Natalia.



But a bit thicker. And not just her hair.

She’s entirely self-composed and starts chatting with me, giving some gentle banter and encouraging me to keep trying it on. Out of nowhere a drunken Mr Arr comes in and starts using loud code-words to indicate it’s his set because he’s number closed her on the dance-floor an hour earlier *[7]*. This presented a tough judgement call. On the one hand, wing rules determine that whoever opens the set owns the set (and thus it’s his set). On the other, we’d all been spamming the club so there wasn’t really any set discipline. At this point it was just a quick chat so I decide to back out. I let Mr Arr run the conversation and I mostly look away, staring at other girls and looking for the right moment to leave. It doesn’t come for a minute or two because every other friend is in a set.

“You stopped talking” says the girl.
“Yeah. Wing rules” I mutter absently-mindedly
“What rules?”
“Wing rules. He chatted to you first, in the other room, so I must gracefully withdraw.”
“Oh”

Finally Roy comes out of his set so I join him and knock back a whiskey. Twenty minutes later I’m pushing through a pack of locals on the dance-floor as I’m doing a circuit of the club to eye up fresh talent. I squeeze past Natalia from behind. Her friend sees me, taps her and points me out.

“Oh hello again” she says. “How is your night?”

I'm drawn into conversation for about thirty seconds then escape. Not before she's rested her hand on my forearm and give me a strong look. I continue on and probably open a couple more sets over the next half hour.

It's getting late and now more girls are leaving than entering. I'm back in the quiet room at the bar when Natalia and her friend come past, going home. She turns and gives me a big smile and a wave, then seems to pause. I have a difficult judgement call.

Being drunk and horny, I resolve the conflict in my favour. There's a subtle shift in cosmic karma as the gods of daygame inform me that it is, indeed, my set now. I go over and take her number. An hour later I'm wandering through central Moscow with SevenDG as we both bang on about the pleasure of the Player's Journey, then I get some sleep.

More to follow.

If you like the idea of running around chasing skirt during the daytime you really ought to read my book *Daygame Mastery*. Until I release *Daygame Infinite*, it's the best there is.

[1] I may be garbling some of the details here. One reason I'm blogging this stuff now is to get it written down before my memory fades entirely.
[2] Yes, that's facetious
[3] A little unfair. All Roy does is drink. Mr Arr is fuelled more by an obsession to never quit. One sentence I've never once heard him utter, "you know what lads, I think it's time we called it a session and went home"
[4] I am interested in fucking the girl, not the dolled-up costume avatar of the girl, nor the shared-with-your-friends-on-whatsapp Instagram oil painting of the girl
[5] I refuse to speak of DJs with anything other than utter contempt. The emperor has no clothes.
[6] Nonetheless, I'm forced to score this one as a gook. Sadly.
[7] Which I hadn't seen or been told about until now. He's telling the truth, though, and Natalia confirms it.

Ruminations on happiness

krauserpua · 9 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I've indicated many times that the Player's Journey carries with it an undercurrent of nihilism and hedonism. We are engaged in a project which is nominally exactly what we as men are designed to do (impregnate lots of hot women, and thus by proxy seek novelty in sex) and yet it's just not especially *satisfying*. I was lucky enough to spend a lot of my free time at university taking philosophy classes so I'm well aware of the **Paradox Of Hedonism** and the various great men's ruminations on the nature of happiness. Of all the other Alt-Right / Game / Red Pill bloggers out there, I think **Vox Day** comes closest to my worldview.

He wrote a quick post on his reading of **Marcus Aurelius'** *Meditations* which is nonetheless packed with interesting statements. Let me pick out a few of them and give my thoughts as they apply to the Player's Journey.

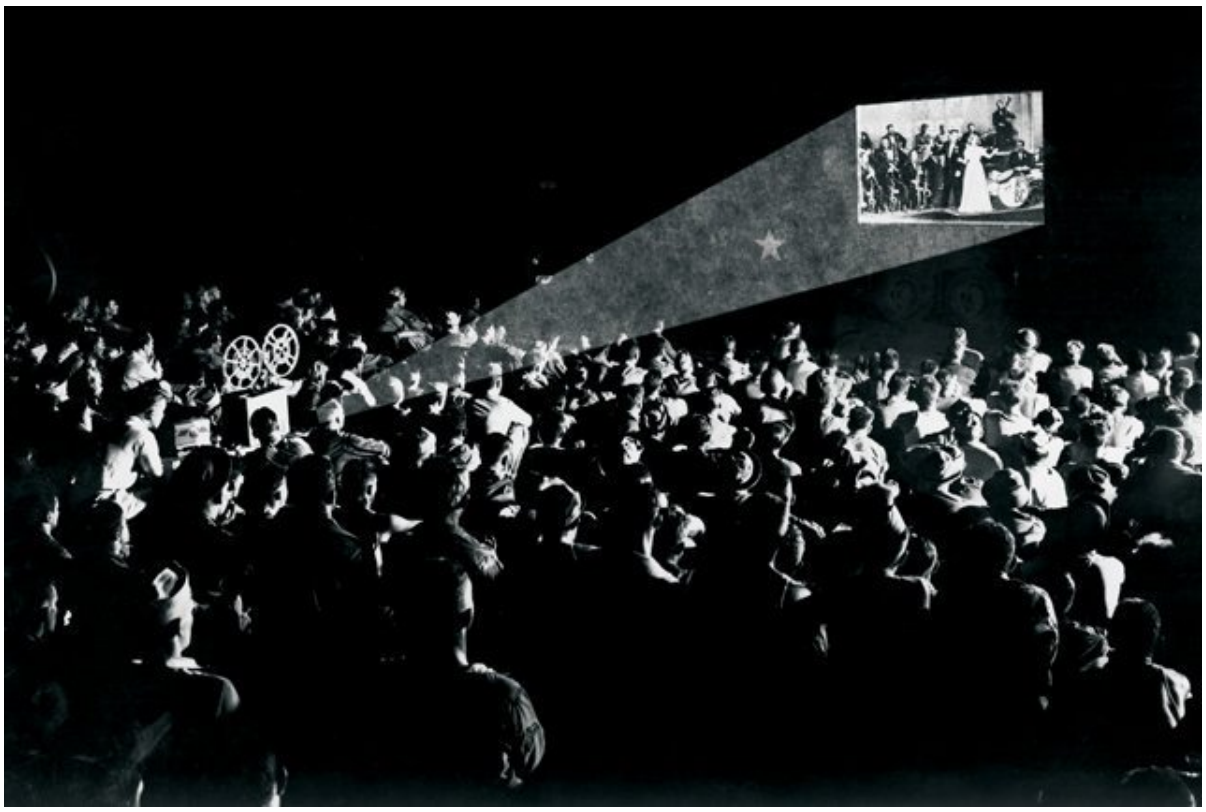
> "A man must be able to look honestly inside before he can look accurately outside"

Way back in late 2010 I started doing Game therapy sessions with Skeletor. I'd spent enough time studying psychology and informal logic to be well aware of human cognitive bias, ego defences, and the general inability of people to see anything rationally when the ego stakes are high. Even simple things like surveying opinions is fraught with issues and sociologists have long grappled with the simple problem that people either do not know or will not say what they really think.

I figured that with Game and it's attendant identity overhaul, the odds of me having massive blind spots were very high. Thus I sought out Skeletor as the best-qualified man I knew to do a deep dive and identify them, then posted commentary on my blog about the sessions. His meta-theory of Game is best expressed by Vox's above quote *[1]* He liked to use the metaphor of the human eye. He said you are conveying your character to the girl like light flowing through the lens of the eye. A good lens is (i) the correct shape (ii) unblemished. His principle idea was:

Sorting out your inner game is like straightening out kinks in the lens, until it is the correct shape to reflect the light. Sorting out your outer game is like cleaning the lens until it is free of blemishes that muddy the image.

Another metaphor would be a cinema projector. To correctly project a movie onto a screen you must have a clean, well-formed lens. Otherwise you get the equivalent of a warped, out-of-focus image and all the dust and debris sticking to the lens is magnified onto the screen.



First screening of A Deplorable Cad movie, with Idris Elba as Krauser

Thus Vox's quote above applies to the aspiring player as much as it does the military commander, the emperor, or the husband. If your lens is damaged, you can't see clearly through it. Inner game cannot be neglected and anyone telling you to "just do what works" and focus on technique is a buffoon *[2]*

> "Tell yourself the unvarnished truth, even if you cannot bring yourself to admit it to anyone else"

I wrote about **compliance** in Daygame. Most of us live our lives insulated from real-world feedback and thus nothing pops our bubble of delusion. Reading literature, watching TV, playing video games, going to the gym, eating right, doing a hobby….. these activities rarely generate unvarnished feedback to you about who you are and how good you are at doing stuff *[3].*

You'll see this everywhere, even among people who should know better. A good example of this cognitive bias going wrong (to avoid real feedback in case it's negative) writ large is the 2008 financial crisis and ongoing response to it. Federal Reserve printing, extend-and-pretend loans, SIV shell games, abandonment of mark-to-market accounting rules, SEC regulatory forbearance….. these are all complex *evasions* by the financial sector to avoid the realisation that their assets are shit and their banks are insolvent. It's exactly the same psychology as the Game forum chode who won't cold approach but wants to tell himself and others he's good with women.

Telling yourself the truth doesn't just make your decisions better, nor just quicker identify your straying from the path to success. It's also central to avoiding the dreaded Gamma and narcissist mindsets. Both are wildly delusional and spin a web of lies to themselves and others to maintain a false idealised self. The truth pricks that bubble so making it a rule to tell yourself the truth is a necessary daily discipline *[4].* This is a refreshing aspect to cold approach – few things discipline you like hitting on ten pretty women and receiving their feedback.

Now let's get to the quote that most resonated with me because of where I find myself in life in 2017.

> "No amount of pleasure will ever satisfy a man. No amount of comfort will ever satisfy a woman"

For this to be properly unpacked we must differentiate between pleasure, happiness, and satisfaction. My rough-

and-ready definition is *[5]*

Pleasure: A state of temporary well-being in the body, enjoyed in the moment, based upon what is happening right now. Chatting to a flirty woman, having sex, being drunk, and being high are all pleasurable. It is primarily sensory. Sights, sounds, smells, touch etc are pleasurable to us. It does not require a feeling of accomplishment.

Happiness: A state of well-being in the mind, enjoyed before, during and after whatever caused the happiness. Being in a new city, surrounded by friends, chasing skirt can cause happiness and that feeling remains even when you're sitting in your apartment in the evening doing nothing in particular. There is a residual effect to happiness that doesn't disappear as quickly as pleasure does. It requires some feeling of accomplishment, of having gotten your ducks in a row.

Satisfaction: An ongoing state of well-being best characterised as a peace of mind that your life is headed in the right direction. This can co-exist with a momentary feeling of displeasure and a current lack of happiness. Examples include the pain and stress of gym training (displeasure) while being satisfied that you are working hard and your plan is moving forwards. I felt quite a lot of satisfaction during my first 1000 sets of hell even though they were often unpleasant and I was frequently unhappy.

The paradox of hedonism advises us that the self-conscious pursuit of pleasure will necessarily lead to unhappiness. I agree. In one of his Darkstream podcasts Vox commented that happiness is a symptom of *doing other things*. You can't directly pursue happiness. Rather you must have a purpose in life, move towards that, and then happiness will usually result. This is why we Euro Jaunters recommend creating ongoing projects and doing stuff other than just chasing skirt, so as to avoid hollowing out.



High pleasure, medium happiness, low satisfaction. Yesterday

Anyone who has spent a long time chasing women will know how it relates to the Player's Journey. Chasing skirt is chasing pleasure. The Player's Journey is a structure that provides purpose to the process ("getting good with women") and thus happiness. For significant periods of the past eight years I've had both pleasure and happiness. It's been great. The problem comes:

1. Pleasure is subject to diminishing returns. You can only get your first SDL once. You can only bang your first

eight once. After that it's no longer the first and you cannot recover the high of novelty because it's no longer novel. Accumulating notches becomes less and less pleasurable *[6].* For a while the gradual reduction in cost as you get better offsets the gradual reduction in benefit, so the cost-benefit calculus remains strongly favourable. Eventually your improvement slows and you lose these "super-normal profits". Your game becomes "normal profits".

2. Happiness is fleeting. I believe happiness is a temporary reward that our DNA rewards our brain with for successfully advancing the DNA's plan. The very structure of human biology means we cannot stay in a state of happiness. For happiness to motivate action in a Darwinian world, it must be periodically snatched away (by our DNA) then dangled in front of us again as a carrot. Additionally, once you've become "good with women" Game loses purpose. You've gone from swimming forwards to treading water. To be happy again you need to find a new purpose.

This is perhaps ironic. A player will gradually become unhappy as he becomes successful with Game. Personally speaking, probably the lowest ebb of my entire journey was the morning after I had four girls in my bed on the same day (and fucked three). I'd reached the highest peak I could realistically expect to reach and…… well….. now what?

Chasing skirt is like a hamster wheel. It just happens to be a very pleasurable hamster wheel, and thus a better bet than whatever wheel we were spinning pre-game (in my case, the career wheel). I haven't yet figured out a way to structure my Game to maintain pleasure, happiness and satisfaction all together.

After eight years, this suggests to me that **it simply isn't possible**. Game will give you pleasure and often make you happy, but it won't ever satisfy you. The thing is, if you don't go through the journey you're likely even worse off *[7]*

If you liked this post you'll probably not like my memoirs. They are all fun stories of chasing skirt and loving it.

[1] Smarter PUAs have long said that Game success is 90% inner game and 10% technique. I think this overstates the case but the general thrust is accurate.
[2] Or a knowing charlatan who has figured out that most money is to be made in the Purple Pill area where you give the customer some Red Pill tactics that seem edgy and underground, but never require him to abandon his Blue Pill pretty lies. It's how Oprah and Tony Robbins got rich.
[3] Within reason. If you want to nit-pick there is an element of compliance. For example, you need a certain literacy, intelligence and patience to understand some books. Challenging games require competence to complete. If you have SMART gym goals then the discipline of the scales, tape and caliper present potential fail states. Competitive hobbies such as 5-a-Side football feedback on your fitness, skill, teamplay etc. Sitting watching Netflix, however, is zero compliance.
[4] I tried very hard from the beginning to share harsh truths about myself on this blog and even then, lots of delusion crept it. Imagine the delusion if I'd never even tried.
[5] Yes, I'm pulling these definitions out of my arse. They are intended to be effective only for the duration of this post.
[6] Though never actually bad. It ceases to feel like winning at life, but it is still lots of fun.
[7] At no point am I regretting my own path. I've had a great time and my life is far better now. The problem doesn't appear to be my life choices but rather the intrinsic nature of the human to never maintain a state of happiness.

Moscow Stories #5

krauserpua · 10 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's pretty rare for me to fuck up a set. Let me be precise over what I think constitutes "fucking up" rather than simply failing to bang a girl. The harsh fact of the Sexual Market Place is most girls are never going to bang you no matter what you do. It's initially quite a sobering experience to realise just how many women find you completely unattractive. I dare say there are three billion females alive today who would never take seriously the thought of me banging them.

Three billion. That's a lot of rejection.



We shall be talking about this kind of girl, in a high-7 form

I see Game like famous football analyst Alan Hansen see's defending: it's a percentages game. In every situation in which you find yourself, you have incomplete and imperfect information. With that information you must make a decision over what to do (e.g. pull the trigger now, or build more comfort). In these situations there is usually a smart percentage play, and also a high-risk-high-reward play *[1]*. So a smart player will usually do the smart percentage play but sometimes take risks if he's able to absorb increasing chance of failure, needs a Hail Mary, or just doesn't much give a fuck at that point in time *[2]*.

Playing the smart move (or the calculated risk) and then failing to get laid is *not* fucking up. The dice roll sometimes goes against you, and we are dealing with a deck mostly stacked against us.

Fucking up is when you don't even know the smart play, or even worse, you know it and do the dumb move anyway. This story is about the latter.

I'm walking down Kamergirsky late one evening with the Three Stooges. We head up the incline past Cuba Libre and I see three girls sitting on the benches outside Let's Rock bar next door. The blonde one looks nice, a high seven. We walk past then I decide to give it a try so I walk back to them, holler, and get into a chat. She seems to like me. My friends wait at a discreet distance for the five or so minutes it takes me to get the number, telling her we are going off drinking.

Having spoken to her, I don't like her much. She's lived in California a year, acquired a slight valley girl accent, and seems extremely pushy. The kind of girl you'd turn your back on if she was a six. Nonetheless, I'm in this to get laid and it's more slop for the sausage machine. Also, sometimes five minutes isn't long enough to really figure someone out.

I ping her within minutes and she's very enthusiastic, sending me long messages with short response times wanting to meet up immediately. However something still seems a little off. She seems a bit disconnected and is bringing friends. I can't yet tell is she's being social-not-sexual and thus a time-waster, or if she's just a bit aspy, or if it's the lots-of-friends party vibe. This is how I thought at the time. Reading back the messages later, I see that I **miscalibrated**.



Note all the times are really two hours later, because it was Moscow time

Miscalibration is the surest sign of an impending fuck-up.

She seems pretty keen, no? This is all good behaviour from a girl and no bullshit. However, I'd fixated on her breezy tone and her "yeah, let's hang out" casualness to think she's probably a time-waster friend-zone deal. It's not how my lays usually begin. I'd failed to adequately appraise myself of her personality and her time in America (and desire to imitate US girl's communication style), plus I was primed to filter excessively hard because I'd just had a girl waste my time on a go-nowhere date that same afternoon. Anyway, Blondie rolls up to Let's Rock with two friends about an hour late and I briefly go outside to chat. They are carded and not allowed in.

At this stage I still think she's uninvested. It feels more social than sexual, and she was an hour late. I keep drinking in Let's Rock with the Three Stooges. I conclude she's just looking for foreigners to drink with and thus deprioritise her. So, **I've already set the foundations for a fuck u**p. I keep messaging and again, reading them back now I wonder where I got such silly ideas from. She's playing it straight and yet I've convinced myself she's dicking me around.





We arrange to meet in our favourite dive bar. Now there's a curve-ball outside my control. Roy, GG, Mr Arr and myself are all sitting in the basement around a high round-topped table. There's one other free table in the bar, another high round one right next to us on my side. The girls arrive at precisely the time Roy is outside having a cigarette. Not having seen Blondie up close, he doesn't know it's my set and he opens her. He's pretty good at game and she seems to like him.

They now come downstairs and Blondie sits on the opposite side of the spare table from me (but side-by-side with my friends) and her brunette friend on the side next to me, almost side-by-side to me. This is good for eye contact with Blondie but too far for kino. The big problem though, is her friend is completely isolated on the corner. The only people she can speak to is Blondie or me. Anything else requires her talking across us. This will become significant in precipitating my next error.

I try to bring brunette into the conversation. She's very talkative, interesting, and seems to fancy me. No-one else talks to her (they can't without getting up and walking around to stand next to her) and when I talk to others she just sits there looking like a third wheel. My friends don't try to hit on Blondie but she wants to talk, so she talks to them. I can feel the momentum dying. Roy plays it aloof because he doesn't want to hit on Blondie but the very fact of doing that, in a conversational vacuum, makes her want to talk to him. He tries to escape a few times to smoke outside but….. she's a smoker too so she follows him out on the cigarette breaks. The couple of times I do talk to Blondie she motor-mouths prattle. So, it's shaping up badly….

1. Seat positions force me to be monopolised by Brunette, or look rude in de-facto excluding her.
2. Blondie can't just listen. She has to talk, so she fills the vacuum by talking to Roy.
3. They end up sharing smoking breaks.
4. I can't bear to hear the prattle Blondie is spilling. It strikes me as valley girl-esque narcissism.
5. And did I add that my friends somehow think Brunette is my target and I have to text them that Blondie is? Being daygamers, they don't immediately see that "talk to the obstacle and create demand from the target" is standard Mystery Method bar game *[3]*

You can see where this is leading, no?

There were all sorts of solutions. I could've explained ahead of time or on the fly how I intended to play the set (including soft freeze-outs of Blondie). I could've found a pretext to change the seating arrangements. I could've put more energy into dominating the table so all eyes are on me. I could've asked my wings to go to another bar and leave me to it. There were any number of solutions but I instead chose to fuck it up. Oh, and I was a bit drunk by now too.

When Blondie came back in I struck up more conversation and then she gave me a big speech about how she's an amazing social butterfly and she can get any man she wants. Rather than see that as fronting over low self-esteem and thus something to neg and then divert, I instead thought "fuck this pompous bitch, I'm gonna try fucking her

friend".

So I texted our WhatsApp group words to the effect of "I'm switching to the Brunette. Blondie is now fair game". This was late on, so only Roy was really in a position to make a play. He put in a half-arsed effort and then as we all kicked out around 2am Brunette told me she was a virgin and gave me the brush off.

The girls lived near Roy so took that as a pretext to get a cab to his apartment in Arbat where he kissed both, then eventually threw them out for playing games. I went home and tried to figure out where I'd gone wrong, so having a 4am WhatsApp debrief with Roy to express our mutual frustration and bafflement *[4].* If I was to put it all in simple terms I'd say the dynamic was this:

She liked both me and Roy. I got first dibs and made a mess of it until she ceased to like me. When the ball was turned over to Roy he did a better job and nearly got the lay.

If you like stories of me fucking up promising sets and then my wing nearly banging them, you'll love Balls Deep because that happened plenty with Jimmy.

[1] Not unlike investing, stand-up comedy, fighting, or any other number of human endeavours that require compliance from the world to succeed.
[2] For example if a girl has middling interest in you, the smart play may fail to sufficiently raise her interest in you above the crucial threshold so suddenly the high-risk move is more attractive due to reduced opportunity cost of trying it.
[3] I stress my wings were not trying to steal my set. This was just a colossal fuck up of bad luck, bad communication, and poor judgement from myself. It was my job to run the set to my advantage and I failed to do so.

[4] Sharp readers will have observed from the screen caps I took today that she's typing and I have unread messages. While screen-capping I decided to send a ping for first time since that Moscow weekend. She got right back to me. Interesting.

Moscow Stories #6

krauserpua · 11 August 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Mid-way through last September's trip to Moscow, I'm wandering through Red Square when I see a mixed-race girl with massive hooters, massive ass and…. probably…. a pretty face. But I didn't really notice anything except the hooters and ass *[1]*. She exudes voluptuous fertility. I open. Something about her looking very rock'n'roll in her fashion.

It's a normal number. Absolutely middle of the range, where she seems a bit into me and presumably available but it's not tripping any SDL alarms nor am I wading knee-deep through pussy juice. I give her five minutes then go on my merry way. The subsequent texting goes nowhere, as you can see below.



Dripping wet

Almost a year passes then I'm back in Moscow. I've hit the mid-way point of that trip and am somewhat frustrated by the trouble in getting girls onto dates. I'd gotten one notch and had two long game girls give LMR in the bedroom and force me to bin them (got boyfriends). I felt these results hardly befitting my stature in the community. A couple other sets were going well but frustratingly sex didn't seem on the immediate horizon. I decide to ping every lead from last year which had at least given me a few replies. This mixed-race girl, let's call her **Vera**, replies pretty well.



What does it mean when a girl replies with a ton of smileys and a blatantly sexual photo inviting you to check out her ass?

I'll tell you what it means: **you invite her out as soon as you can**. In my case, same day. She ended up not coming but we rescheduled for early the next evening. I haven't bothered screen-capping those texts as they are pure logistics. As it happened, at this point I actually got my sets confused and *thought Vera was a different girl*. In the previous trip I'd opened another girl who'd looked a bit rock n roll and I'd thought it was her who I'd been messaging the whole time *[2]*

"I can't remember what this girl looks like" I say to Roy and GG as we are standing outside The Four Seasons hotel at Red Square. "If a hot girl with a big ass walks past in the next ten minutes let me have a look at her before you open."

Not many girls walk by but in the distance I see a silhouette that trips my RAS. A girl in a figure-hugging dress with her tits almost falling out of the low-cut neckline, gliding across the cobblestones with her hips shucking side to side. GG is about to race off to open but then I realise it's Vera. I stress the clinginess of this dress. It was like it had been spray-painted on.

I was expecting a slim white girl and instead got a buxom half-black girl. Okay. She gives me a big smile and pushes her tits up into me as I greet her with a peck on the cheek. I'd rate her a high 6. She's oozing sex appeal but just isn't, on a fundamental level, especially pretty. Think of a curvy stripper gyrating in a seedy bar that you very much want to fuck even though you know she ain't all that.

Imagine this, basically….. *[3]*

We walk up the bank towards Kamergirsky. Everyone is eyeballing her. The men are thinking "cor blimey, her tits and ass!" while the women are probably thinking "what a slut! but I wish I got that much attention" *[4]* It turns out her mother is from Burundi and her father Russian. She was born in Burundi before moving to Moscow as an infant, so technically the rare Burundi flag is at stake here *[5]*. I take her to **Let's Rock** bar and we sit on stools at the corner of the bar.

Stools at the bar are excellent for rapid escalation. Way better than tables and chairs.

Throughout the first beer I can't believe how easy it is. Before she'd arrived I was expecting some difficulty due to her apparent lack of interest the prior year. I thus conclude she'd always fancied me but her circumstances had changed in the interim. Most likely she had a boyfriend last September and was single now. That's the most likely

explanation for any girl doing a U-turn in interest and availability. Vera kept staring into my eyes, smiling insanely, and telling me everything I said was “cool”

I decide to move fast. It seemed the window of opportunity is open.

I prod her thighs, grab her arms to “check her gym progress”, play with her hair and all the usual stuff. She reciprocates. So then I start talking about sex, which she loves.

“I’m going to kiss you later” I say. “Not now”

She almost explodes at that, her whole body rattling around like a kettle on the boil. I walk her around the corner to the **Tap & Barrel** pub. She seems to keep bumping into me as we walk. I sit her down next to me in a booth and we get another beer. I tell her my DHV story about fucking a porno star in Prague last spring. She loves it.

“When I was younger, I wanted to be a porno star” she says. “I wasn’t interested in the money or the fame. I just love the idea of having sex in front of people”

I tell her about my Argentinian ex-GF’s sexual fantasty of being tied with rope, hung from the ceiling, and then licked-out by a girl while a hundred men watch and masturbate.

“Oh, that sounds amazing” she coos.

I kiss-close her then and she’s pushing right into me, moaning. Out the corner of my eye I check our drinks, which are now half empty. Okay, should try to extract in ten minutes or so.

What do you think my next move was?

Go on, hazard a guess.



I pull over a menu as if to peruse it and then under that concealment I…… **get my dick out**. She stares wide-eyed. I put her hand on it and she brief wanks me off a bit but a minute later I put it away, just before the waitress comes over thinking I’m ready to order *[6]*

“Oh god, I’m so horny now” whimpers Vera. I can see her cheeks flush, her eyes sparkling, and her brain has clearly switched off. I down what’s left of both beers and leave cash on the table.

“Let’s go”

I walk her through the long winding corridor to the stairs up and out of the bar. Around the first corner I push her against the wall and kiss her. She's literally weak at the knees, sagging. I put my hand down her shirt and mash her tits. She's whimpering and moaning.

"No. Not today. I can't!"

I put a hand on her throat to pin her to the wall, stare into her eyes, and rub her pussy with my free hand. Her eyes roll and she'd have sunk to the floor if I wasn't pinning her. Then we walk out. I start walking her to my front door which is literally across the road but she won't come.

"Not today"
"Next time I see you, I'm going to rip off your clothes, carry you to my room, throw you on the bed, and fuck you so hard you forget your name" I say.
"I want to suck your dick and swallow your cum" she says, then waves goodbye and trots off in a hurry. That's the last I see of her and she doesn't reply to my next three pings. Then I fly home.

If you like stories riddled with confusion, errors of judgement, squalor, big tits, and the *getting out of the dick* you may just enjoy my memoirs Balls Deep, Deplorable Cad, and Adventure Sex.

[1] Oh yeah, she had on a black leather biker jacket. I noticed that.
[2] She was white and less buxom, but Vera's profile photo didn't show her face and nor did the bikini shot. I assumed the darker skin was a sun tan and the big ass was just an artefact of the photo pose and angle. Silly me.

[3] But half black, obviously. And if you think "wow, Overkill is amazing" well yes it is and for only $199 you can buy it here.
[4] And likely many of them also thought "build the wall"
[5] The rare non-HIV Burundi flag, that is. I'm sure a trip to Africa would net me that flag (and several communicable diseases) in no time at all
[6] Hence why I chose a newspaper rather than menu next time I pulled this stunt. There's a learning curve

Textbook Update

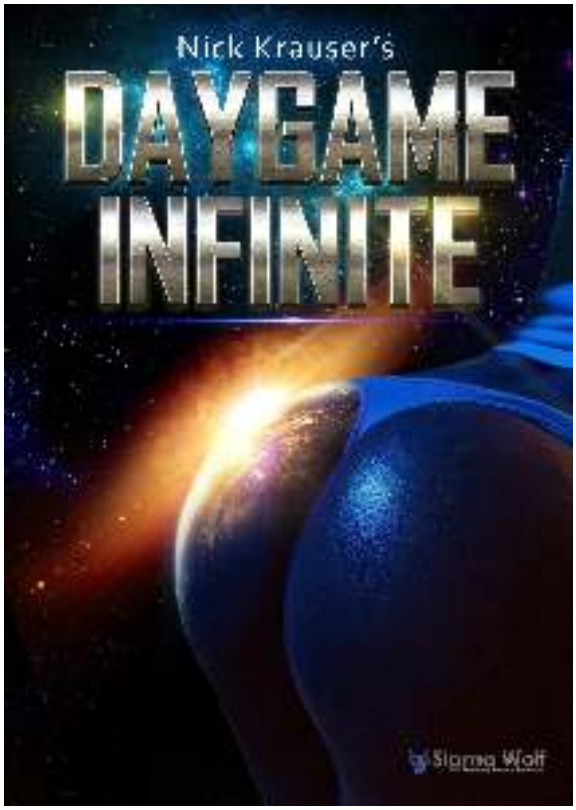
krauserpua · 21 September 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I sometimes forget where we are at in the progression of the **London Daygame Model**. Are we still at v2.0 or has it moved to v3.0? What I do know is where I am at in the progression of my brand new daygame textbook. So, let me update y'all.

I wrote *Daygame Mastery* in the latter half of 2013 and by the time it was polished and ready for release, it was February 2014. Regular readers **[1]** will be aware I've been daygaming the whole time. Four years have passed. Four years of experimentation, ruminating, and original thinking **[2]** have occurred. I've spent literally a year writing this new book.

So, how is it coming on?

TL:DR – It's about a month from completion, but likely two months from release.



Two months from now, yesterday

I've written the entire manuscript and then done a beginning-to-end rewrite four times based on my own thoughts and on three experienced daygamers giving feedback on test reads. It's currently with my professional editor for an additional edit.

I'm also making good progress on the cover design and layout, about 50% through that process. So far so good.

I won't be rushing publication of this book because it's likely my final word on daygame and I want it to exceed the quality of even something like *Daygame Mastery*. So I'm meticulously polishing it and trying my best to get everything just right. I'm confident that will become quickly apparent to everyone who gets their grubby mitts on it.

UPDATE 3rd Sept: I submitted the final edit of part 4-of-4 to my layout guy today. That means the book is fully within the "supervise art and layout" stage. Pretty much fine-tuning now. I expect a final proof-read PDF by the end of the month, hopefully sooner.

[1] If that's possible given the irregularity of my posting

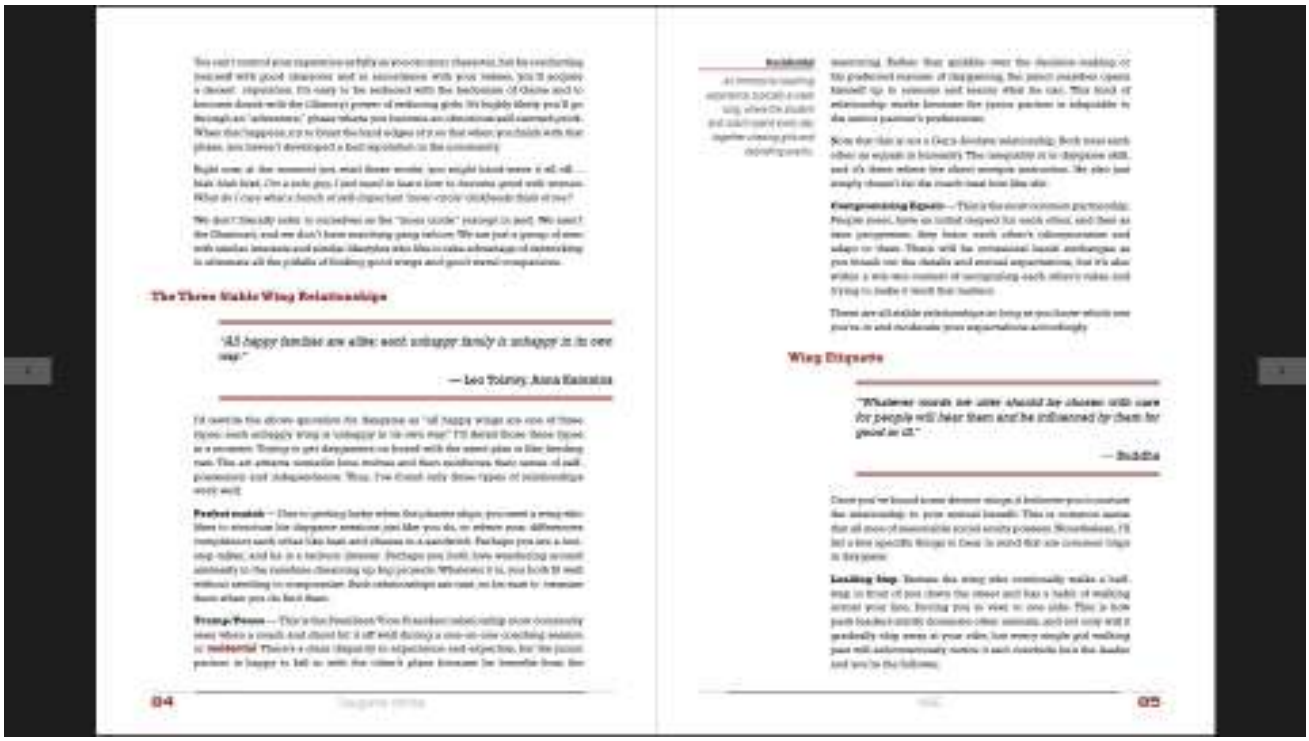
[2] As opposed to just ripping off Mastery, slapping a new name on it, and cashing in

Some Daygame Infinite updates

krauserpua · 3 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Right then ~~dickheads~~ valued readers, here's an update on my tortuously long daygame textbook project. Fuck me, if I'd realised writing an entire textbook full of new content was gonna be this hard I'd have just drunk my own piss or something instead.

Do you want to know a little about the book writing process within the esteemed halls of Sigma Wolf? You do, don't you….. okay, you twisted my arm. I'll tell you. But first, a screen grab of the draft *Infinite* layout.

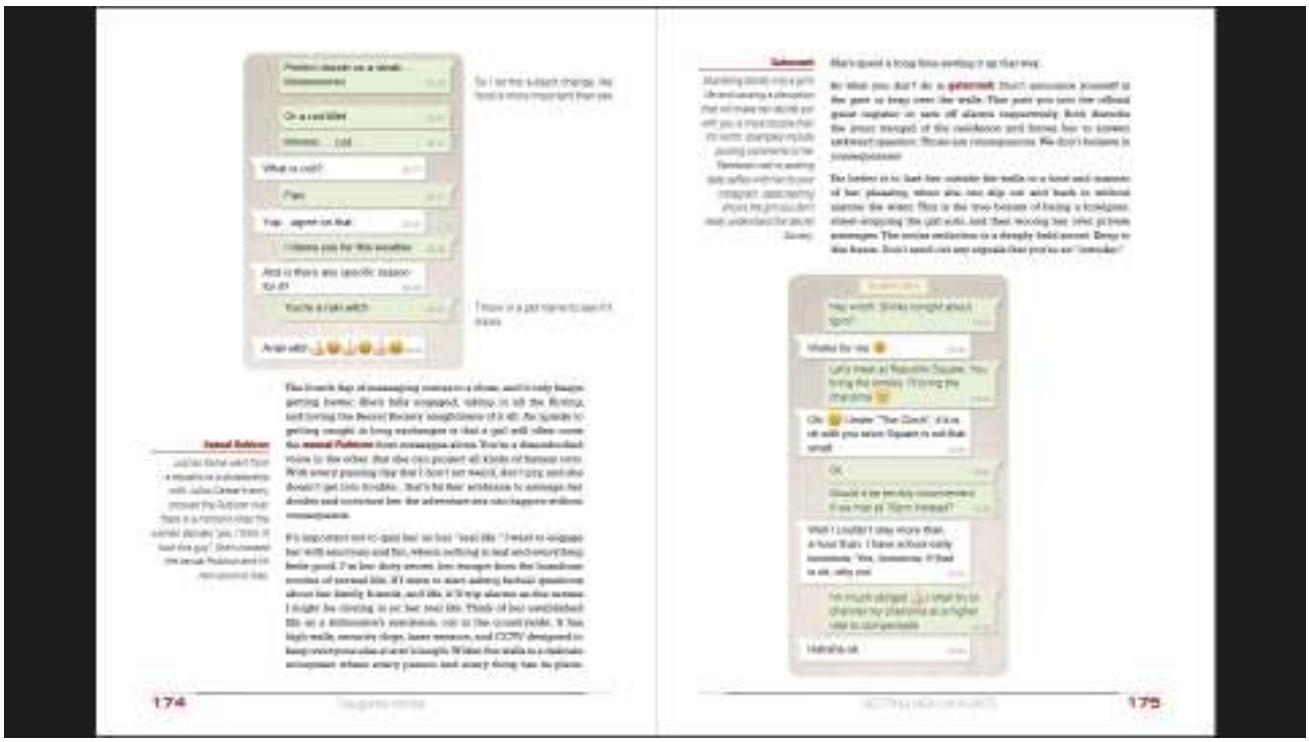


If you're wondering why I picked a page with relatively few ground-breaking ideas…. well…. I think you can guess. Anyhoo, the process.

First thing I did with *Infinite* is audio record a bunch of my dates with a dictaphone and get them transcribed. I read through the transcripts and let ideas percolate for how I could use them to tease out dating strategy in a book.

Second thing I started typing away with my ideas as and when they came into my mind, beginning the middle of 2016 until by the end of the year I had 25k words or so. At this point the book at no shape and I was still trying to figure out its direction. I showed these scribblings to a few friends.

By early 2017 I'd organised things into a structure and figured out… wait…. you don't give a shit do you? You just want another screen grab to whet your appetite. Go on then…

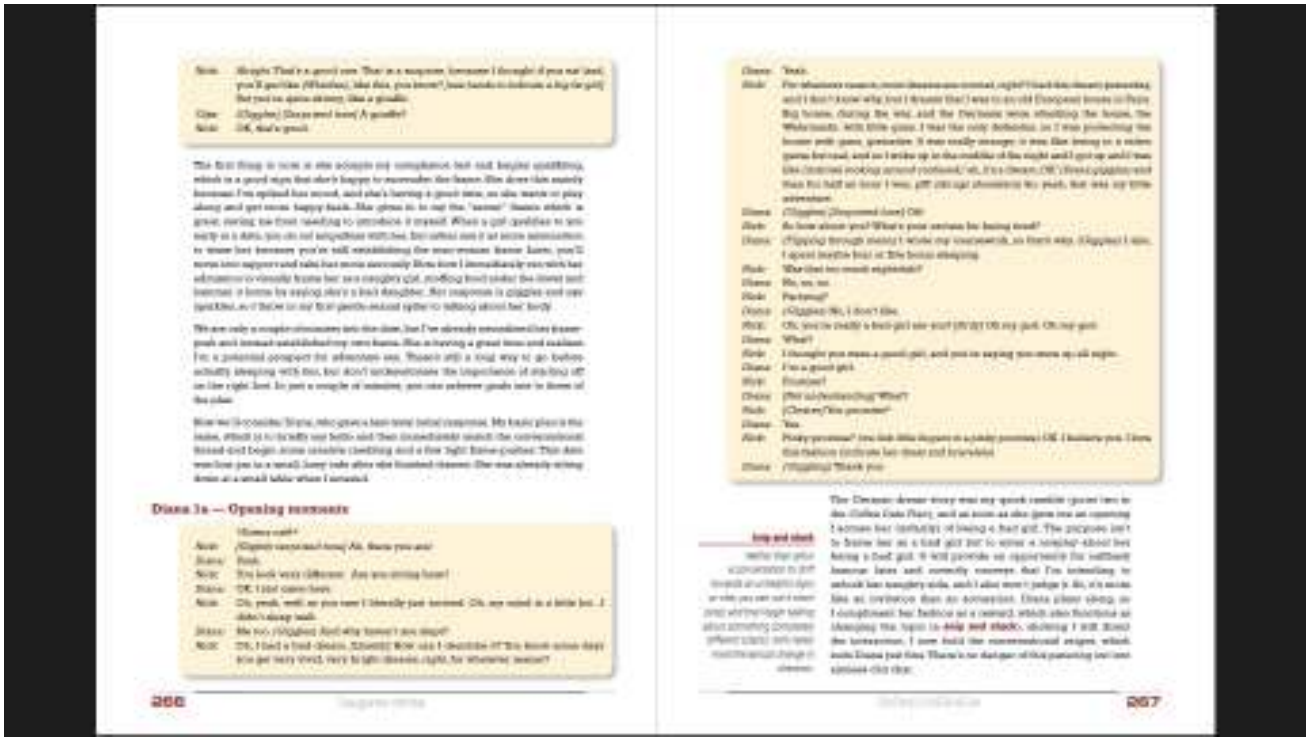


So anyway… blah blah blah… who gives a fuck. The important fact is that today's the day I finished my final edit of the last bit of text. I've now entered the most fun stage of book publishing which is ***bossing around my minions***. I think it'll take all month to get it done, and on the task list is the following:

- Draft layout of the full book, to the standard shown in these screen caps (current status: 3/4 done)
- Commission additional caricature art to replace the placeholder art shown in current layout (current status: 1/3 done)
- Prettify the draft layout so it looks more whizz-bang-woohoo such as adding photos and flowcharts (current status: 0/2 done)
- Finalise hardback cover design (current status: 3/4 done)
- Check for typos, errors, accidental private info (current status: zero)
- Write additional content to squeeze in if I have time on my hands and nothing better to do with it (current status: zero)



So I stress again that these screen captures are not the final product but they ought to give you a good idea where things are headed. What's that you say? One more screen grab? Okay…..



Reading Body Language Of Girls

krauserpua · 18 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

As will become clear from ***Daygame Infinite***, calibration is key to advanced daygame. It's the elusive skillset all wannabe players chase, the ability to know where a girl is at psychologically and therefore what you need to do next. Is she into me? Is she up for it? Is she telling the truth? ***[1]***



"okay, so you average seven girls a month but you lost your phone with all the evidence on it…."

Good daygamers are body language experts ***[2]*** which is exactly what you'd expect considering key aspects of daygame are:

- an incredible amount of social contact with new people
- constant formulation and testing of behavioural hypotheses
- both you and the girl have skin in the game
- constant diagnostics and debriefing to promote continuous learning.

When you've spent two years and two thousands sets on the daygame beat you'll have a finely attuned radar for reading a girl's body language. You won't know everything, and there will be large gaps in your knowledge ***[3]***, but you are far sharper than before you began. Additionally, if you've done sufficient inner game work to smooth out your own mental kinks then you'll be better able to perceive the data clearly rather than have your ego get in the way ***[4]***

Daygame Infinite goes into considerable detail on how to calibrate. I'll say more at a later date ***[5]*** but for now I want to make a recommendation for all you would-be body language experts. I've found a fantastic YouTube channel that uploads dozens of interviews and speeches from the news and then analyses the speaker for tells of honesty and deception. I've watched little else these past few evenings and I'd like to pass on the tip.

The channel proprietor is clearly a Trump supporter so some of you ***[6]*** may take umbrage at that but it's pretty easy to filter that stuff out. She also has videos which are completely non-political such as serial killers, crisis actors, and abuse survivors. You can quite easily pass on the Hillary and Podesta videos and still have lots of non-triggering material to learn from her.

So, what is there to learn? I'd say Bombard's Body Language channel is especially good for the following:

- Focus on the tiniest of signals above the large amounts of worthless noise. Body language reading requires you to appreciate just how small the key signals can be, and how you need to be expecting them to see them. Daygame is just like that, such as the flash of attraction that may pass through a girls eyes, letting you conclude "she fancies me"
- The importance of tuning out from the content of the speaking to instead see what the body is telling you.
- The ways of spotting "portrayal", her word for when a speaker is seeking to fake particular emotions. One such

clue is real emotions have many tells appearing together (e.g. a smile is both mouth and eyes) whereas portrayal is usually only one isolated tell at a time.

- Understanding that sometimes you aren't getting any relevant information about the topic you wish to address, because you haven't sent out the appropriate probe. This is especially relevant to escalation: you can't judge feedback signals if you never triggered the feedback by sending the probe

I've linked a few good videos in this post but I thoroughly recommend the channel. It'll get lots of you verbal-obsessives closer to the real world of game: subcommunication.

[1] If she's female and moving her mouth, probably not
[2] Whereas high-volume spam approachers most definitely are not. They try to compensate for their lack of skill by brute-forcing it with volume until a Yes Girl takes them all the way to bed.
[3] Because we are scanning mostly for signs of interest and availability, rather than other signs such as truth-telling
[4] Many beginners mistake social hook point for sexual interest, for example, because they don't want to face the fact they probably aren't very attractive to women yet
[5] Or else all my points will be quickly uploaded into a free YouTube video without credit, as seems to happen suspiciously often
[6] The faggots, traitors and morons

If you are interested in calibration while picking up girls, you're gonna fucking love ***Daygame Infinite***. I'd best keep cracking on with getting it ready for publication, shouldn't I?

Big Game Hunting

krauserpua · 28 October 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Jared slowly shuffles forwards through the undergrowth on his elbows and knees, his hunting rifle cradled in his arms. Brush scratches at his face and the midday African sun beats down hard. He's grateful for the shade offered by his wide-brimmed hat and the sweet succour of his water flask.

Water supplies are running low, as are the other provisions in his small backpack. He's been in the bush for over a week now, tracking the king lion. He picked up the lion's trail on the second day, tracked him for hours, then lost it again. There were several days of nothing, just casting around searching for spoor and carefully observing the behaviour of other African wildlife for any hints of his quarry's movements.

Jared was tired. Sleepy. Beaten down. But he was still focused on the prize.



There's a noise from a large copse of trees a few hundred yards away. A few birds are startled into the air then wheel away to fly over the horizon. Jared investigates. He reaches the copse and his heart races – he's found tell-tale spoor of a lion. He follows the trail.

Hours pass. He once thinks he catches sight of the beast through dense trees. It was just a flash of colour and movement. He's not even sure he saw it. Nerves taut, his eyes seeing everything, he follows the tracks to the best of his ability. And ability honed over years.

When it happens, it happens fast.

Dead silence, eerie, and then suddenly the crack of tree branches snapping and a roaring fiend leaps from the gloom. Jared rolls, raises his rifle, and lets off a shot. The huge beige shape flies overhead, so close he can smell it's perspiration, but so fast it's a blur. He thinks he hears a yelp of pain as well as a flash of red blood.

As fast as it came, the beast has disappeared. Jared lies on his back, pushed up against a fallen log, his heart pounding and his knuckles white from gripping the rifle close to his chest. What just happened? Did he hit the lion? Why did it suddenly retreat?



For two more days he tracks the beast but his water runs low and he's forced to trek back to base camp, empty-handed. He arrives as dusk has settled over the plains. Light peeks out from inside once of the tents and there are sounds of merry-making. He rests his rifle against a rock and ducks inside the tent, announcing his return.

There's another hunter there, one he's never met before. He must've stumbled across the camp while on an expedition of his own. A big husky man with impressive side whiskers and a ragged checked shirt. He introduces himself as Robert and pours Jared a draught of ale from his bottle.

Soon they are sharing hunt stories.

"I bagged four just last week" boasts Robert, grinning widely. "It was quite a haul. How about you?"
"Nothing" muttered Jared. It wasn't uncommon to spend two weeks in the bush and never take down the big game. "Nothing in ten days."
Robert poured him another drink and slapped him on the back in good humour. "Never mind. Come out with me on the next trip. I'll show you how it's done."

The next day the pair are riding horses through the plains. Jared looks around but they seem to be riding away from lion country. A few hours later they crest a hill and on the other side is an oasis. A herd of wildebeest are drinking at the water source. Robert slides off his horse and shoulders a high-powered rifle with scope.

"Watch this" he says and kneels down.

He sights onto a fat wildebeest sleeping in the shade of a tree, then lets off three shots. Two strike the ground but the third hits the sleeping animal in the head, killing it.



“Now wait” he says, and lights up a tobacco pipe. A few hours later the herd moves on and Robert walks down to the dead animal. “There’s number one. I’ve got a good feeling about this trip.”

Jared shakes his head. Technically, you could call this hunting, he thinks. Somehow it doesn’t feel like the same thing.

Another book update

krauserpua · 2 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I'm sure the entire daygame world is on tenterhooks waiting to see what's inside *Daygame Infinite* ***[1]***. I've been playing it fairly close to my chest for a few reasons, my extreme ~~arrogance~~ paranoia notwithstanding. Regular readers know I like to under-promise and over-deliver on my products ***[2]*** and I also like to take my time meticulously polishing them until ready.



I was recently watching one of Vox Day's periscopes and he broke it all down nicely, explaining how different people conceive of "success" in different ways. I'm too lazy to go back to his podcast, but he listed potential motivations for why people write and thus what would constitute success for them. For example:

- To get on the New York Times bestseller list
- To make a big pot of money
- To get invited on speaking tours and lecture circuit as an expert
- To get reviewed in certain high-brow magazines
- To settle scores with rivals
- To achieve something of quality that stands the test of time.

There are many motivations. I realised my main motivation is *posterity.* I want to leave my mark on my little corner of the world, producing the very best material there is while I still have the motivation to put in the work necessary to do so ***[3]***. Obviously I'm not much motivated by money or else I'd be rushing out shit to sell to fools, and I'd put way more effort into my marketing efforts ***[4]***. Perhaps next year I'll become a PUA whore selling nonsense e-books to no-hoper idiots, but at least until the end of *this* year I'm more interested in writing for the knowledgeable crowd.

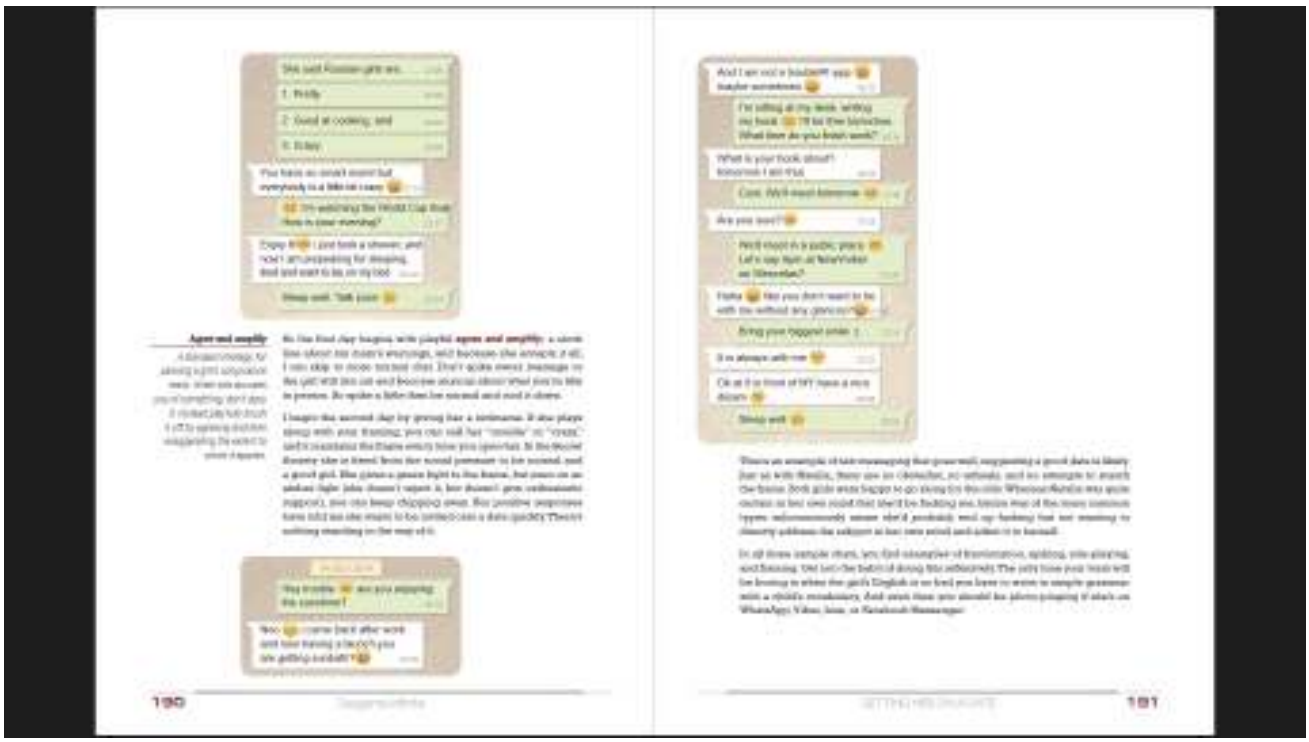
So, long pre-amble over, how is *Daygame Infinite* coming on, you ask?
Well, I'm glad you asked sonny-Jim. Let's see, shall we…….



The book is done. Like, properly done. I just sent a list of typos / layout imperfections to my graphic designer to process and after that I could release it as is. But I won't. Why? Well, two things:

- I'm having technical issues with the publisher's software accepting my PDF upload. We've been on to technical support for a couple of weeks now and they've essentially given up in frustration. They layout is so complex it's giving the conversion software a meltdown, even though tech support say it's a compliant file. So, while trying to get Lulu to take the file, I'm also trialling alternate publishers. I'm optimistic, but this book won't be released until I've had a paper copy in my hands that I'm satisfied with.
- Given the delay in publication, I've decided to add some extra commentary to the WhatsApp chats used in the book. to squeeze in a bit more content. This is a pretty quick job to fit them in, probably less than a week, so can run concurrently with the efforts to fix the printing issue.

But yeah, the book is done. I'm travelling all through November so the earliest it'll be released is **end of November** because that's the earliest I can possibly get my hands on a paper copy test print. I'm not deliberately delaying the release. If that test print is good, I'll release it to the public within hours of checking it ***[5]***



Most chats have commentary but some, like this, don't yet

[1] Or at least the coaches wondering what material they'll be rehashing for the next few years
[2] Literally the opposite of most PUA blowhards
[3] Believe me, I'm rapidly losing interest. If Daygame Infinite wasn't written in 2017 it would never be written at all
[4] Money tip: spend 90% of your time producing polished marketing and 10% rushing out substandard products. You'll make way more money than doing it the other way around, like I do.
[5] But if the test print has bad errors, it's another week or two to fix them and get a new test print.

In other news, I've returned to working on volume three of the memoir. It's current sitting at 79k words, of which I've rewritten the first 20k recently. My plan is to chip away at the rewrite until all 79k words of the first draft have been replaced with a (far superior) second draft. Then I'll reflect on where it's at, and how long it is, before doing another pass to add in new stories and additional themes. I'd like it to finish up between 120-160k words so that it matches up with the other three volumes. Don't expect to hear much before 2018 unless I get a sudden rush of enthusiasm to write. I'm enjoying it but there's no money in the memoir so I'm writing only when I feel like it.

Off the Balkan coast

krauserpua · 3 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I looked out the window as the plane began it's descent. Below me, the city sprawled for miles, clinging to a winding river as it snaked to the sea. There'd be many girls in that city. Many hot girls.

Oh yes, I wanted my share, and would fight to have it, but there was more than the girls… there was the *getting* of the girls; there was the smooth glide of the air-plane as it approached the landing strip and then the bump and rattle as the landing gear hit tarmac; there was the lap of river water against the waterfront lined with bars, restaurants and a pedestrian promenade… there were bird sounds, the water sounds… the distant hubbub of a group of students laughing and drinking… these things that no man can buy; these things that get in the blood; these things that build the memories of tomorrow; the hours to look back upon.



Volume 5 of the memoir

I wanted these more than notches. There is a time for adventure when the body is young and the mind alert and all the world seems there for one's hands to use, to hold, to take. And this was my New World, this world of the Former Soviet Union, these lands where long ago the Tartars, and Cossacks, and Bolsheviks came, and which now were teeming with hot young women. Where waterfront bars buzz with accordions and song, where hard-working men throw shots of raikya down their necks and tell tales of war.

What is any man but the total of what he has seen? The sum of what he has done? The strange foods, the women whose bodies have merged with his, the smells, the tastes, the longings, the dreams, the haunted nights? The dive bars of Kiev, the plazas of Moscow, the clubs of Minsk… the worst of it, and the best… the grand arches and monuments built by lost, dead hands, the nights on an isolated hill staring at stars, the splendour of a storm, the tumultuous power of winds whipping through streets. These are a man.. and the solid thrill of a punch landed, the faint smell of whiskey, spice, a girls perfume…. the taste of blood from a split lip.



"Excuse me! You look French. I said… YOU LOOK FRENCH!!!"

Oh yes, I had come for things other than women but that evening, for the first time, I was sleepless. Tomorrow there would be, with luck, a throng of beautiful women… and with four of my friends, many ways to tackle them. Many things to be done and memories to be formed.

Life can be carved into two halves: the anticipation, and the memory. And if we remember richly, we must have lived richly.

This fragment was inspired by Louis L'Amour and an adventure story of his I read today, ***Off The Mangrove Coast****.*

Crack Pipe Daygame

krauserpua · 7 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Let me explain to you the three main types of daygame I see people doing **[1]** and what fuels them. All three will look nominally similar on the street were you to watch an infield but once you're sharp enough to see nuance, you'll easily categorise guys into one of the three types.

Dentist Chair Daygame

This is almost every beginner and many of the less experienced coaches **[2]**. These men are carrying the "invisible rucksack" around. They are motivated by the desire to get laid but their hindbrain isn't on board so they experience significant cognitive dissonance. They don't enjoy daygame and don't want to be on the street, but they do desperately want to improve their dating life. Thus they "embrace the grind" and mentally prepare themselves to endure the pain in order to get the reward.

It's like heading to the dentist to get your tooth out. You are wracked with nerves, feel the pressure, but steel yourself for the moment the needle is injected into your gums because you know you need that tooth fixed.



First one is the worst one

Such daygame relies upon forebrain willpower overruling hindbrain resistance. In order to do so, the daygamer must repeat his favourite mantras, wrangle his forebrain, forestall the weasels and push himself into set. It's hard. It's unsustainable. It's very easy to be knocked off course because the slightest adverse wind can blow down the house of cards.

Watching these guys infield you'll see stiff body language, pained facial expressions, repetitive formulaic sets, almost always crappy Yad Stops, and forced smiles.

The invisible rucksack is the weight of expectation you carry on your back while daygaming. It tires you out. This is why men can hit the streets for three hours, do only a couple of sets, and yet they are exhausted like they've run a marathon **[3]**. Unfortunately this type of daygame is a necessary period for almost every would-be daygamer. It takes a long time to prepare your hindbrain to start enjoying daygaming.

Crack Pipe Daygame

Once you're good at the model and have stacked up plenty of positive reference experiences you can begin to enjoy what I called the Joy Of Daygame. It becomes a hobby you look forward to because the very act of being on the street chasing girls is fun in and of itself. *The Dentist Chair* daygamers may enjoy certain individual sets or even a short run of "peak vibe" but for the most part it's a miserable chore. *Crack Pipe* daygamers enjoy almost the full session including the blowouts, and all the walking between sets.



You look… like… really… um… what? where? Hang on..

This style is based on momentum. The daygamer gets himself into a happy vibe and then keeps taking hits on the crack pipe (each set) to maintain his high. Watching these sets you'll notice high energy, very real fun being had, and usually the techniques are free-form and follow the model in principle more than in specific actions. It's often belligerent, fizzy, and gets strong positive reactions from girls **[4]**

I like crack pipe daygame and did it especially a lot in 2015-16. I still do it when the weather is nice, lots of girls are out, and I'm in a good mood. I thoroughly recommend it. It does have a downside though.

It's **extremely tiring**. It's like firing the afterburners non-stop. It's not just negative reactions that tire you (like Dentist Chair daygame). The positive reactions also rapidly drain your brain chemistry and you'll soon sink into a zombie like state of muttering short sentences and failing to hear your friends talking. That's the time to end the session and refuel for the next time.

It's also such an exuberant form of daygame that it's highly tempting to over-escalate. That said, most crack pipe daygamers are savvy enough to know what's up and how to rein it in.

Fat Buddha Daygame
This is the type I prefer now mostly because it has the minimum energy spend and is thus the most sustainable. This type of daygamer has spent so long on the streets and has so thoroughly absorbed the skill-set into his muscle memory that daygame feels as natural as walking. Although aware of the model he doesn't ever think about it. He's walking around the street like a car in idling, the engine turning but barely revved up and almost no petrol cost. Usually he's talking about something completely unrelated to game with his wing.

He's standing in the *Daygame River*, enjoying the sunshine.



Not so badass

Then his pre-approach skills identify high-probability targets as they drift past. He opens, and if the immediately reaction is okay he fires up the afterburners for as long as the set lasts. Then he's right back to idling the motor for as long as it takes until the next set. While in set, it looks a lot like *Crack Pipe* daygame but not as fizzy. It's more controlled, less extravagant in the use of energy.

There's a downside to this type too, which is lower overall activity. You'll only do a 1/10th of the work as *Crack Pipe* daygaming **[5]** which is good, but you'll only fuck half as many women. This is why men who still have high motivation to turn over the notch counter prefer the crack pipe, whereas men satisfied to pick off just a handful of girls prefer the ease of the zen route.

So, that's three types I've noticed. Dentist Chair daygame is clearly the worst of the lot and you should only do it while you have to, and bin it when conditions are favourable. I'd say Crack Pipe and Fat Buddha game are equally good but very clearly appropriate for different moods and circumstances.

If you enjoyed this post you'll love Daygame Mastery, the bible of daygame

[1] Of those daygamers who actually have a decent chance of getting laid. There's probably a fourth type of Buffoon Daygame for the likes of Deepak, Justin Wayne, Sol, Berba, Jacob Prince etc
[2] By which I mean guys who've been daygaming long enough to want to try their hand at coaching, but haven't been coaching for long
[3] Or watched a Deepak infield right the way through
[4] Richard from Street Attraction is a good example of crack pipe daygame, as he usually plays that angle when the camera is turned on.
[5] The joy of the crack pipe encourages you to seek out marginal sets, chasing the hit. It's not unusual to do twenty or more sets in a crack session. In contrast, fat Buddhas may do less than five.

The [insert PUA's name] Tremble

krauserpua · 9 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I was out yesterday with Eddie of Street Attraction. We were walking up a chav street with pokey shops on one side and a nice park on the other. A girl came the other direction and as she went passed she *didn't* IOI.

No sideways glance

No smile

My spider sense immediately triggered and I turned my head to check her out as she walked past. Young-ish, probably a student, dressed in mostly black with the odd flash of colour. *Why did my spider sense trigger*, I asked myself.



This one trembled, too

Eddie clearly noticed something too because he was already off giving chase. She hooked strong and he took a number. Coming back to us he commented, "Really strong set. Strongest positive reaction I've had in a long time"

The germ of an idea formed. I think I realised why we'd both picked her out as a high-probability target over and above all the other girls walking past.

The next day, today, we were having a little walkabout after lunch. A pretty student girl walked past me and I have exactly the same feeling. I opened, she hooked well, clear attraction but unfortunately not enough to want to give up the number. Nice set, nothing doing. About half an hour later, another girl goes past and I get the **exact same feeling**. Again I open, again it's a strong hook and this time she gives up the number and seems keen.

So, three sets in three days is three data points for my emerging idea. I shall continue to consider it. I call it **the tremble**.

All three girls visibly trembled as they walked past us. It wasn't an IOI per se. But they visibly reacted to noticing us go past. How did it look? Difficult to describe. Think of it this way: how does the image on your TV set temporarily shimmer when you hit the side of the unit. There's a tiny pulse before the image stabilises it again, but for a micro-

second you notice the shimmer.

It means the girl is reacting to you. That's a good sign.

Textbook Update Video

krauserpua · 29 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Two months ago, I predicted *Daygame Infinite* would be ready in about two months. Well, that turned out to be true. I've had a bunch of people asking for an update so here it is, on video. Take a look.

Although the book is ready, I'm not releasing it just yet. There are two things left to tick off before I pull the trigger. **First**, I'm seriously considering releasing the book with a full colour interior only. No B/W edition. Why? Because it looks like I can do so without the usual exponential increase in printing costs. I haven't confirmed my calculations yet but I'll update you when I know the final answer.

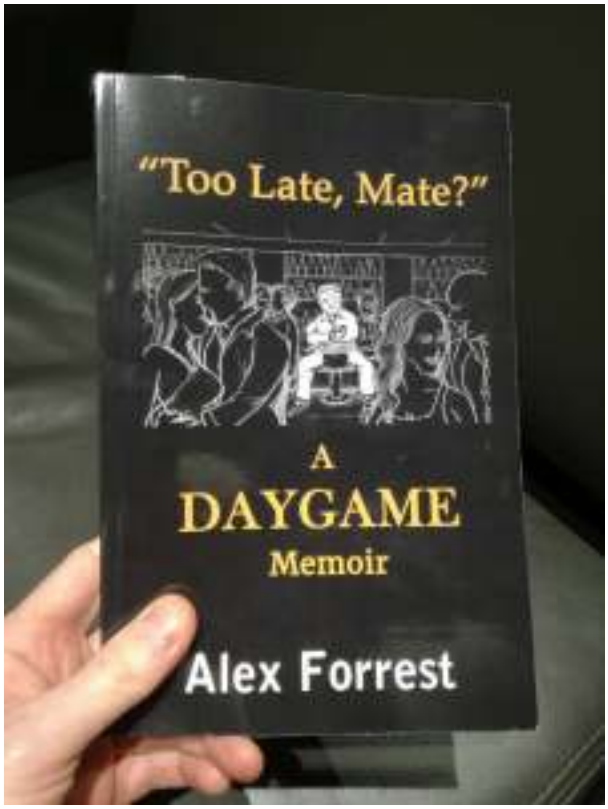
Second, I'm probably going to do a London book launch event in mid-December. Perhaps a talk for a couple of hours and then passing a sample copy around for people to see. Leave a comment if that idea interests you and you'd show up.

Too Late, Mate?

krauserpua · 30 November 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's funny how many things I learn about the world just by following back-links to my blog in the WordPress admin dashboard. Three weeks ago I saw a couple of hits from a blog called streetstories. *What's this?* I ask myself. *That sounds an awful lot like daygame*. So I clicked it. I had a little perusal and yes, it's another **player's journey blog**. I seemed to vaguely recognise the guy who writes it, Alex.

Isn't he that British guy living in Warsaw? Yep, I remember now. *What's that? He has a memoir out?* Well, well, well. How interesting. I'm writing volume three of my memoir so I'm pretty interested in that kind of thing right now. I ordered a copy of ***Too Late, Mate? [1]*** and it arrived yesterday. I just got to page 42 (of 322) so here's my impressions so far.



First impressions, yesterday

First thing that's immediately apparent is that Alex cares about the book. It's a big weighty tome that has been carefully written and clearly gone through planning, editing and multiple rewrites. It's a real book. The first 42 pages flew by with very few clunky moments to break the narrative immersion. It flows nicely, and I'm a harsh judge of such things. But lets get to the content.

The main hook of the book is that Alex began his journey aged 46 after a *fifteen year dry spell*. Yes, I shit you not. That's getting his last lay at 31 and then suffering grinding celibacy for as long as the New Labour government's run in power. As you'd expect his pre-game story is one of grinding failure perhaps even exceeding Bodi's in ***Death By A Thousand Sluts***. It gives the book a self-effacing and genial tone as Alex writes in the same affable lovable-loser tone that characterised his early adult life.

Some of his recollections show *serious* psychological issues. Technically, the big one is his complete lack of sexual threat. He'd been brought up sackless and thus never escalated girls. Several times girls give him a chance only to eventually give up in disgust having endured months of intent-free gentlemanly dating. This comes down to a central identity problem – he wanted to be a gentleman. Consider:

> "I reminded myself that I was a 46-year old lawyer with a strong social circle and a certain status, and a part of me, the old fashioned Victorian-era gentleman Dr. Watson, said, Mm! This is all a bit sketchy. These [PUAs] are not respectable individuals… Yad, for instance, seems like some unusual street animal" (page 41)

This is a similar issue I had, expressed in **Balls Deep**:

> "Yes, I messed it up. Again, I just couldn't find it within myself to escalate. All of my existing beliefs about myself, about women's sexuality, about what is possible in dating were hamstringing me. There was a little voice telling me she was in a serious relationship and it would be rude for me to push towards sex. Perhaps even immoral. So she stood at the bar in hot pants and tight top, gazing into my eyes over the top of her drink while she got some "plausible deniability" alcohol into her system… and I just chatted. Didn't even try to kiss her. She was doing everything she could to make me fuck her, and I just wouldn't take control. This was the second chance she'd given me. Poor girl. And she was a stunner too. I was so frustrated with myself." (page 127)

It's easy to puff yourself up that you are "not that kind of man" and to hang on to your self-perceived high status as a man of respectability. In my case it was my academics and finance job, in Alex's case his spirituality and lawyer job. It's a front, part of a superiority complex, and neither of us really believed it. You can't escalate girls if your identity believes you're too gentlemanly to do that kind of thing.

There's a refreshingly candid tone to Alex's book. I can tell you from experience that it's really tough to open yourself up in print and write humiliating stories of your own cringe-worthy behaviours. Most game memoirs are victory laps, trying to get the reader to agree that the author is awesome ***[2]***. Like Bodi before him, Alex wants to tell the story as it happened and give you a window into what he really thought. I admire that.

Believe me, Alex was as gamma as they come. That makes this kind of thoughtful and unflattering self-reflection particularly difficult ***[3]***. Here's an example:

> "[I] deliberately failed my A-Levels by sheer intellectual arrogance; being unwilling to allow the examiners to judge me on my favourite topics of Art, History, and English, I did not write a word on one of the exams." (page 10)

Holy fuck, the smug delusional gamma arrogance of that teenager! Now imagine what another thirty years of intellectual and professional success would do to that mind while starved of female sexual access. That's what Alex had stored up while heading into his first bootcamp in 2014. I'm amazed he didn't top himself, and interested to see how he dragged himself through his first thousand sets of hell.

So far the book is good. It takes a leisurely pace in setting the context for discovering daygame and patiently lays the groundwork. There are some choice words for navel-gazing self-help charlatans and like me he thinks Kezia Noble's PUA business is just escorting without the sex. He's foreshadowed talking about the hapless Johnny Cassell so I can't wait for that story.

You can buy the book here. Bear in mind this is just my impressions based on first 15% of it and I don't think I've ever even spoken to Alex never mind offered to promote his book.

[1] Yes, even though he's on Team Torero

[2] The memoir is itself an attempt to draw narcissistic supply from readers in order to puff up the writer's own false idealised self
[3] And, therefore, critically important in making progress

The Winter Memoir Challenge

krauserpua · 2 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's bloody cold isn't it? The last two days I've been staring out my window watching constant snowfall, the kind that lies and blankets the ground. It's been a veritable winter wonderland round my way. What is there to do in such times, when going outside is foolhardy? **[1]** My own plan is to crack on with volume three of my memoir, provisionally titled *Younger Hotter Tighter* **[2]**



Like this, but drop a few points

But why should such fun be limited to me?

In my last post I did a first impressions of Alex ~~Shrub's~~ ~~Thicket's~~ ~~Jungle's~~ Forrest's daygame memoir. I've since finished the book and rather enjoyed it **[3]**. I wasn't joking when I mentioned in the comments to that post that I wish their were more such memoirs **[4]**. Considering how many man-hours are invested in this wild seducer's ride across the globe and how many amazing stories there are to tell, there are precious few books about it **[5]**. Frankly, the daygame community is under-served for good books **[6]**

Surely *somebody somewhere* has been daygaming a while, has a story to tell, and has been thinking about writing it down. Allow me to encourage you with the **Winter Memoir Challenge**.

You've got three months ahead where the daygame is shit. You've got this season's stories fresh in your mind, and the background context of how you got into this game in the first place. You have Print-On-Demand publishers where it costs literally nothing to get your book into print. You have Fiverr.com where people will design book covers from $5 a book.

There is nothing stopping you from writing a memoir.

And here's the other thing – it doesn't matter if it turns out to be a bit shit. You can always just give it away on PDF if you really feel bad charging money for it. C'mon, tell your story! Get it down into posterity. Let the feverish hordes of your fellow daygamers who are thirsty for action have some fresh meat to sink their teeth into. It doesn't need to be a classic **[7]**

I'll do my bit. Here's my proposition…… I hereby solemnly swear to…..

- Read your draft and give some feedback
- Advise you on the details of finalising and publishing a book
- Announce your book's existence on my blog when it's done

All **you** have to do is open your laptop and type up all those stories you've already told your mates in the pub. Add a little context. Ruminate a little on what it all means. And then when you hit 50,000 words (the lower limit for being a real book) let me see it.

I have no idea if there's any real interest in any of you writing such a book, but if so talk a little about it in the comments here. Tell me what's holding you back. Pitch a theme or a hook **[8]**. If there's enough real interest I'll do a post giving more precise advise to a would-be writer.

ANNOUNCEMENT *– And in other news, I've confirmed with Eddie of* ***Street Attraction*** *that we'll be doing a joint event in London on Saturday, December 16th. Go here for the sign-up. I'm there for a book launch and I'll be talking through the concepts in Daygame Infinite. I may also take pre-orders on the blog beforehand so copies can be handed out at the event* ***[9]****. I'll have another post up once the book arrives so you can all see it. Details will be in there.*

[1] Aside from play video games, of course.
[2] This will complete the quadrilogy and may also be the final Game book I ever write. It all depends how I feel next year after having finally cleared my 2014 grand project.
[3] My favourite lines being, "So I struck out on my own path. I decided to 'go solo'. I was a wolf, not a lamb. A lone wolf, just like the sinister reprobate Nick Krauser, the notorious daygamer with unsavoury views whom every man admired and respected but disliked."
[4] This was before all the 'tards came in and shifted the conversation entirely away from Alex's book, doing him rather a disservice I think. It could've been a fun discussion on the topic of memoirs and his journey.
[5] I've been pestering Roy Walker for a memoir as he has perhaps the funniest stories. I suggest you all pester him too and maybe it'll happen.
[6] And no, that's not dissing some of my fellow-traveller's work. Even including these within the 'good books' population, there's still not many. You could read everything within a couple of months easily.
[7] That territory is already occupied by Balls Deep, Deplorable Cad and Adventure Sex.
[8] Most first memoirs follow the zero-to-hero template of the monomyth. This is fine, but it would be nice to have more variety.
[9] Signed, if you really want it. It depends on how the colour test print looks like that I'm currently waiting to be delivered. The timing is a bit tight.

Book Update – In Colour

krauserpua · 7 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

I've been asked two questions a lot lately. When are you releasing the book? *and* Will there be a colour version. To the latter question, I can confirm yes there will be. Not only that, *Daygame Infinite* will **only** be released in **full colour**. I've decided to bin the B/W version entirely because the colour print is so good there's simply no reason to own the B/W print.

Here's a video showing how well it's printed and why colour is a big step up. While producing the book I made sure to do so with full colour in mind just because I wanted the PDF to look great for my own vanity ***[1]*** This means organising a colour print was as simple as researching print options and then testing them. I didn't need to re-do any art or layout ***[2]***

Pretty nice, no?

So all that remains is to finalise the sales page. I'm using a new publisher so I'm still encountering a few snags. Hopefully they'll be sorted in a couple of days and I can formally release the book. I'll put up a new post as soon as that happens.

Don't forget the book launch event I'm doing with the **Street Attraction** peeps. Here's the official promo video for that. George is also launching his book and I'm pretty sure it'll be a good event with lots of goodies to see. I'm looking forward to seeing those guys again and to see how the London scene is getting on. You can sign up here for just £15 for the full day.

In other news, I decided I'll do a little coaching next year. These will be high-end residentials in Europe, probably five days a piece. The client will get approx five hours per day infield with me, plus debriefing, inner game work etc. In the past few years I've been doing two residentials per year when clients pestered me for them. Might as well make it official. I'll announce more details after *Infinite* is done.

[1] It'll never be released on PDF so don't wait
[2] Thank god because I'm absolutely sick of this book already, such is the amount of my life that's been spent finalising it

Infinite – Early bird orders taken now

krauserpua · 12 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

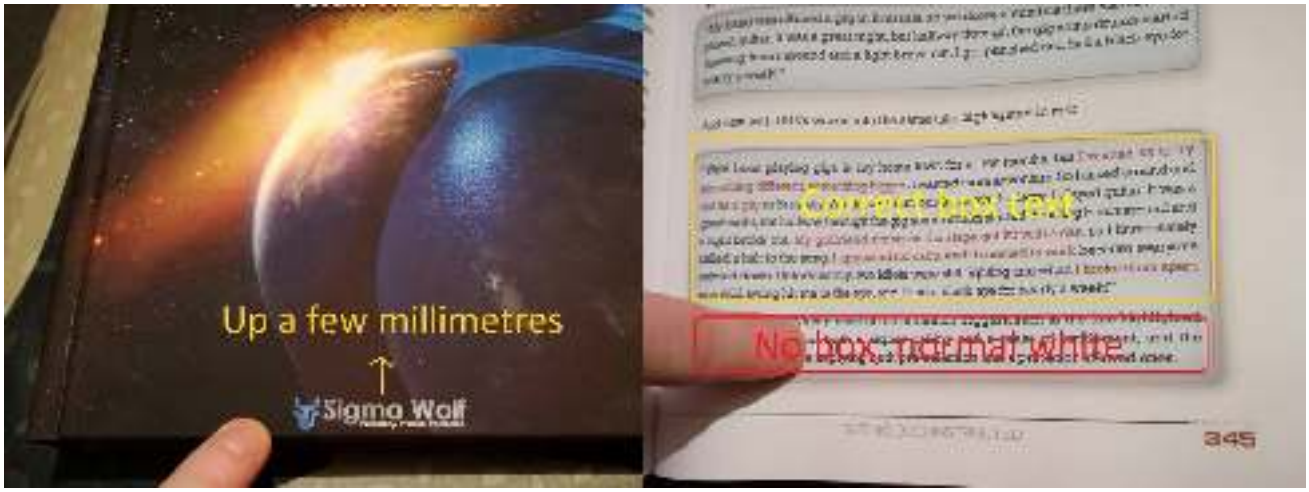
I have fixed a release date for my brand new textbook *Daygame Infinite* – **Christmas Day 2017**. You can call it my gift to the world ***[1]***. I will, however, be taking orders before that for those of you who'd rather not wait. And yes, I'll ship those orders immediately so you receive it before Christmas.

What…. uh?… how… what?

Do you remember the video I put in my last post where I show you the full-colour hardback? You can buy that now. It's a great print. However, it's not quite perfect. There are two small imperfections:

1. The cover is cropped quite close to some of the text. Specifically, the **Sigma Wolf** logo on the front, the **Nick Krauser** name on the spine, and the **Daygame Infinite** title on the back. Look at the video to see for yourself.
2. On page 345 the bottom blue box includes a second paragraph when it should only include the first. See photo below.

Those are the *only* issues I found in extensively reviewing the test print. Check the video for yourself for how the book looks. If you don't mind these imperfections, you can order exactly the same version right now and receive it in a week to ten days.



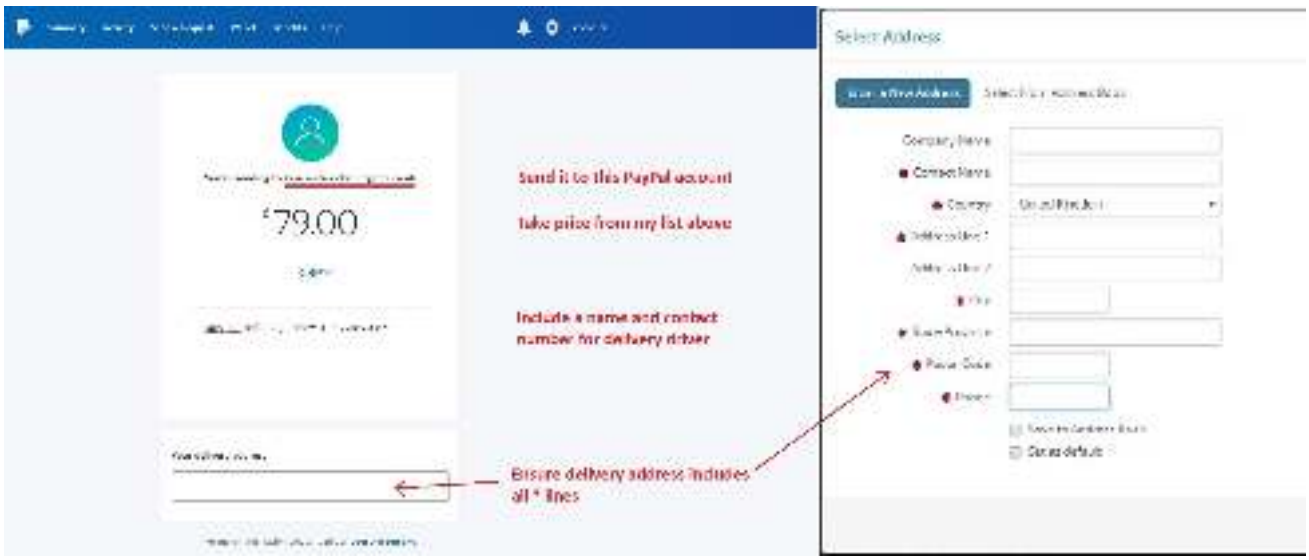
Small imperfections

I have corrected these errors for the final official version but I'm waiting for a new test print to be delivered. Due to the Christmas rush, I can't get an express-shipped version . I'm not willing to "officially" launch until I've held a physical copy in my hands and confirmed to myself it's printed without complications. Therefore I need to delay the official launch till Christmas.

Many of you will be, "fuck that, the existing version is fine, take my money!"

So, if you want to give me your money right now and get the book ASAP, here's what to do. Pay attention because I'm fulfilling the orders manually ***[2]***

- Paypal me at **krauser@rocksolidgame.co.uk** the following price, according to where you live: UK £79, USA $109, CAD $140, AUS $145, EU e99. These prices include shipping. I cannot do Rest Of The World so if you're not in those listed places, please wait until official release ***[3]***
- In the note to your Paypal include a name and number so the UPS delivery man can find you at the address.
- I'll send you a confirmation email after I've processed your order. If you don't receive it within 24 hours, email me at the same address as the PayPal and I'll get on it.



Be careful because it's manual. No mistakes!

I hope this doesn't seem too complicated. If any of this is too much aggravation, **just wait for the official release**. I'm aware that things are slow because I've had all kinds of a learning curve dealing with a new publisher and sales channel that do things very differently to Lulu, and also I unexpectedly changed from B/W to Colour.

And lastly, I do hope you enjoy the book. It's my best work and the book I'll likely look back upon with most fondness.

[1] Except you have to pay for it.
[2] But online. The books won't pass through my hands. I'll be putting your shipping address into the printer's online ordering service.
[3] I will NOT fulfill orders where you send the wrong currency. So, don't send US dollars if you give a delivery address in Europe, UK, AUS for example. Don't try to "game" the small price differentials, please. I'm doing this because copies are printed locally and this way saves you a bomb on shipping. It's for YOUR BENEFIT that I'm strict on this and I'm covering the shipping myself. UK and AUS trackable premium shipping is considerably cheaper than the same service in EU, CA and US and therefore I had to add the equivalent of $10 onto those latter prices to cover the difference.

London Seminar This Week

krauserpua · 13 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Here's quick reminder that my seminar / book launch with the **Street Attraction** guys is *this Saturday* in London, near Oxford Street. It will be a full day including talks by me, Richard, and George.



George, Eddie and Richard provide great video

Richard will be showing some of his new infields, so you can suck up plenty of value out of that. There are many elements to his style which will become very clear to readers of *Daygame Infinite*. He is most definitely not "just winging it" so I'd thoroughly recommend intermediates study him closely.

George is talking about his new book – *Game: A Cure For Loneliness*. His infields are also on the Street Attraction channel, though if I understand correctly his talk on Saturday is all about the book and it's ideas.

My talk will be a detailed theory talk about the content of *Daygame Infinite*. I'm working on the slides right now. If you check out Outlaw Daygame on my YouTube channel you'll get an idea for the kind of thing I'm doing. My plan is to work through the book section by section and talk about the topics.

It's not really a "book launch" in the normal sense of the word. It's theory. I'll also take questions about the LDM.

You can sign up here for £15. We sold out the initial ticket allocation but Eddies has been able to upgrade to a bigger room at the same location, so tickets are still available.

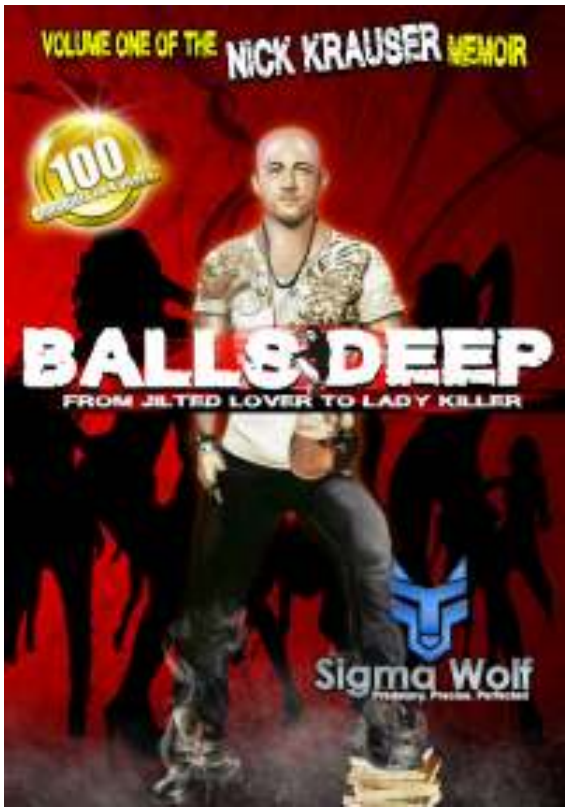
UPDATE – So far the pre-orders of Infinite seem to be going well. No hitches to report and the ordering system is smooth. I'm starting to think I should just handle all orders this way, including after the official release.

How To Write a Memoir #1

krauserpua · 19 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

You are all no doubt aware of my Winter Memoir Challenge. A couple of you have taken me up on the offer *[1]* and one has even sent his first chapter for review. With this in mind, I thought I'd offer up some thoughts on how to write your memoir so as to avoid the usual pitfalls. This post is all about the inner game of writing.

1. Just write the bloody thing.
The biggest single obstacle to a memoir writer is *procrastination*. You see hundreds of blank pages stretching far ahead of you and it appears daunting. Therefore your primary objective is to *fill those pages*. Don't second-guess yourself, don't get bogged down in narrative arc or how to perfectly express any given point. Just write. Imagine yourself telling each story in the pub to your friends and then write it whatever way it flows out of you. It's far easier to perfect a first draft you've already written than it is to write a perfect first draft from scratch.



A memoir, yesterday

2. Your first way of writing is the best way, for now.
Writing your book is not a one-shot deal. You get the chance to edit, re-write and expand it as many times as you wish. I usually do five or more passes through my memoirs before they hit the publisher (and the editors and test readers on top of that). Don't try and cram everything in on the first draft. Concentrate on just getting the core story down. Everything else can be added, deleted, or polished in a later pass.

3. You'll find the book in the writing of it.
Few good novelists have a detailed plan of the book when they first start writing. Usually they just have a vague idea, and a few elements (e.g. a plot point, or a key character, or a theme). As they write they hit a flow and the rest of the story starts to fall into place. New ideas occur all the time while writing, much more so than they do if you're just ruminating on a blank page. By the half-way point of writing you'll have gotten a clear idea where you want the book to go even if you didn't have a clue when you first started.

4. You already have all the facts.
Fiction writers need to create characters, develop them, and figure out how they'd believably act. You don't need to

because you already know these people and how they acted. Fiction writers need to create plots and advance them. You don't because reality did that for you. Fiction writers need to research locations. You've already been there. Fiction writers need to spin stories different ways to find a way that's compelling. You already did that in the pub with your mates the day after it happened. All the content and detail you need is already in your head. Anything extra can be added after you've finished the first draft.



Find a flow. Don't go mad.

5. A memoir is really a series of anecdotes.
Every girl you fuck or fail to fuck is a chapter. Every trip you did is a collection of chapters. Every key insight or leap forwards is a chapter. Your 70,000 word memoir is really a collection of 2-3,000 word individual stories. Write them one at a time. Put them in chronological order. Then write a couple of additional chapters to link them thematically. There's your book. You don't need to write them in order.

6. You already have a compelling thematic structure.
Almost every memoir (volume one, at least) will be the Hero's Journey and it goes like this:

- Chapters 1,2: My pre-game life. I was clueless and here's a few funny/tragic failure stories of it.
- Chapters 3,4: I hear about game. I'm intrigued but it takes a while to take the big step. Some friends encourage me, others discourage me. I have self-doubt whether I can/should try it. Mention who you read/saw on YouTube.
- Chapter 5: I start game. Woah, it's exciting and tough. Look at all these strange people I met.
- Chapter 6-10: I run around doing game. Here's what I was learning, and some successes and failures. Perhaps a lay report or a few.
- Chapter 11: I realise it's a lot deeper than just telling girls they look French. Some inner game thoughts.
- Chapter 12-end of book: Mostly girl stories of failure, near miss, or lays. Some mention of a technical or mindset point you learned from each.
- Chapter 20-ish: A major setback or meltdown. Perhaps feeling like you've crossed over out of the Blue Pill world.
- Last Chapter: Fuck me, that was a wild ride!

Obviously you don't need to follow that structure but if one hasn't occurred to you, this one won't put you far

wrong.

I'll do more posts later. For now I just want to impress upon you that writing a book-length memoir is not actually such a daunting task. Grind out the chapters like you've been grinding out the sets. The book will find itself in the process.

[1] And the offer is still open if you're still on the fence and haven't pulled the trigger before giving it your all [2]
[2] That's an example of the type of cliche-ridden sentence a memoir-writer should avoid like the plague [3]
[3] As is that one, dull as dishwater [4]
[4] And that one. Though the footnote tomfoolery also represents the kind of immersion-breaking self-satisified meta writing that you should also avoid [5]
[5] Like the above comment. Okay, I'll stop now.

If you enjoyed reading about writing a memoir, perhaps you'd like to read a memoir that's already been written by the writer writing about writing one

How to write a memoir #2

krauserpua · 21 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Part One is here

Should I use a ghost writer? you may ask. Let's try to answer that by seeing what it entails. The short answer is: if you are cash-rich and time-poor then *maybe*.

First let's be clear what "ghost writing" in this context actually means. I'd say the traditional layman's conception relates to books "written by" a celebrity, about a celebrity, and then foisted upon the mass market. Think of **Katie Price**, or **David Beckham**, or **One Direction**. These people are obviously not doing any of the writing themselves. Instead, a professional ghost writer will do a ton of research from publicly available sources (especially newspapers) and then book a number of interviews with the aforementioned celebrity to fill in all the blanks and get a few stories and quotes. They'll take their fee and maybe not even put their name on the book.

You won't be getting *that* service. Your life isn't documented in the public record and you're not famous enough to be sufficiently profitable for that kind of effort to be spent on you.



"I did it all myself. Yesterday"

How about all those Amazon millionaires who use ghost writers? Somebody will set up a strong brand (e.g. a **Twilight** rip-off sexy vampire series) and then hire other writers to produce content to be sold under the brand-owner's name. A big-budget version of this is the **Tom Clancy** series. Well, they are basically a marriage of a brand with an army of content producers. Not really suitable here as you don't have a profitable brand.

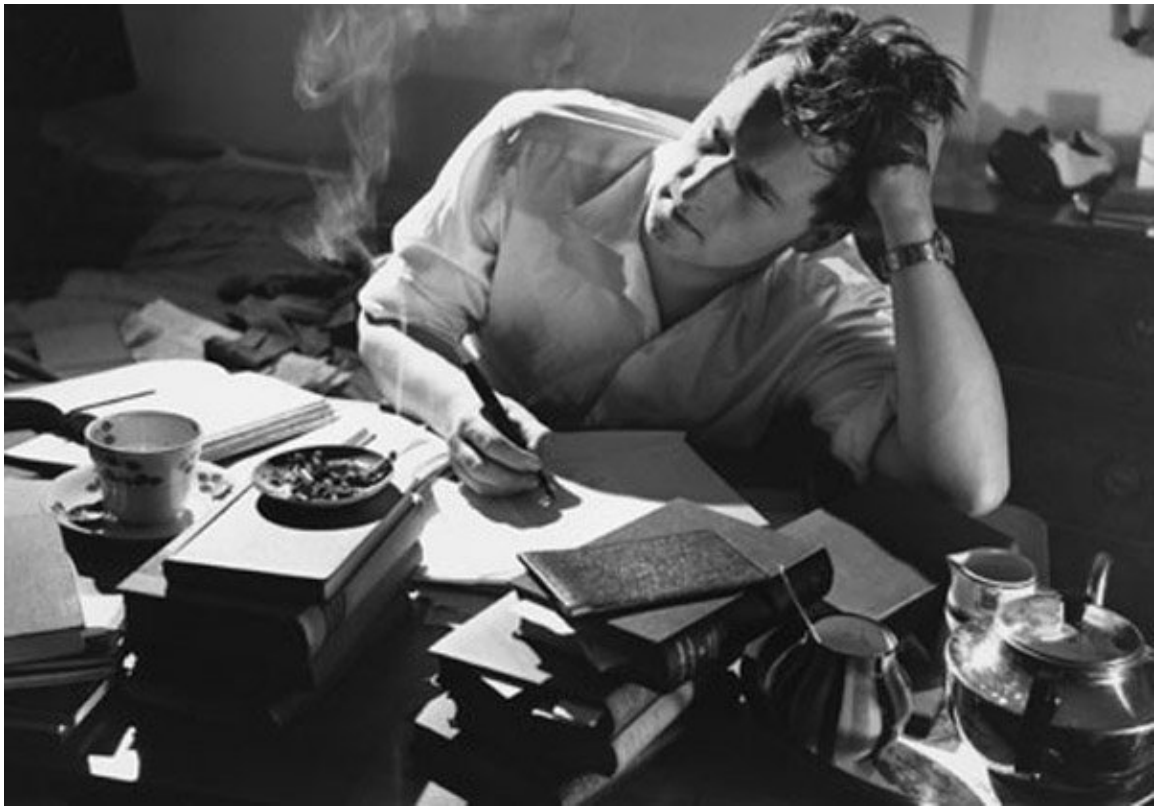
Worse yet, they are fiction. A fiction ghost-writer can work to a story outline and generate their own content based on imagination. You are writing a non-fiction memoir that sticks to facts, more like journalism. Thus the ghost writer can only write based on ***information that you personally tell them***. You need to be far more intimately involved. You can't just point them in the right direction and wait for them to return with a finished manuscript.

So here we have a problem. We don't have the budget for a proper ghost writing service, and we are writing about subjects that need massive personal input. It's not really outsourced. So, what are the options? You need to think of

ghost writing as a **labour-saving device**, and then ask yourself whether the cost justifies the amount of labour saved. I tried different writers and set-ups for my memoir series and this is what I learned.

1. Cost
The going rate on contractor sites such as UpWork is $1,000 for 70,000 words. There's variation around that but not much. This immediately puts the ghost-writing option into a whole new category of financial commitment compared to doing it all yourself and spending just $100 on cover and layout. You can't save costs by going brown because writing a book requires a native English speaker of decent IQ and Western cultural understanding. Filipinos and Indians can do cheap art design effectively but not cheap writing of PUA memoirs.

2. Advertising
Let's say you use UpWork. Take great care in being very specific in what you want. Tell them your target wordcount (70k-ish), the subject matter (sexcapades), your timescale (a few months), what you can give them as information (blog posts, diary, skype calls), and maximum budget (£1k-ish). Also tell them it's squalid unPC stuff so anyone with moral or ideological reservations should not apply. That'll save outrage and wasted time later in the process.


Pay a little extra if you find this guy

3. Selection
You need to be sure of two things in particular. Firstly, that the writer isn't a prick ***[1]*** who will waste your time or get on your nerves. You'll be spending a lot of time talking to them so reject proposals from anyone who gives you a gut feel that they are a bad fit. Secondly, you need to know they can actually write. Ask for portfolio samples and ask pointed questions about their writing process. What do they expect from you in order to work? If still unsure, suggest a smaller fee for a single chapter and then decide whether to hire them for the whole book afterwards ***[2]***

4. Process
The usual process is to collect together all of your material into one document. So if you're a blogger that means copy paste the posts in chronological order for the period within scope. Also plan out the book structure and discuss themes you want to cover. Decide the characters who are in the story. Expect one or two Skype calls to hammer out this pre-production. After that you'll be having Skype chats every week or so where you tell your stories and they

ask questions. They'll record you, and I suggest you record it too as a back-up. At some point they'll tell you they have enough to work on and they'll disappear for a while until ready with a first manuscript. Perhaps you'll have the contract set up with a few milestones to deliver on and pay.

That sounds great if you're not much into writing but have a bit of cash lying around and a good story to tell, no? There's a problem though.

There's a reason these guys are on UpWork charging just $1k for such a huge amount of work. They just aren't very good. Some are decent writers but they are hobbled by a structural problem: a memoir should be in *your* voice, with *your* humour and insight, and they are ***not you***. I found this out the hard way with volume one of mine, **Balls Deep**. My ghost writer did as well as I could reasonable expect of her but I just wasn't happy with it. I knew I had to re-write the whole thing. I soon came to the following conclusion ***[3]***

Ghost writing is simply an intermediary step in a writing process done mostly by you

Think of it this way…. You do the first twenty percent of the work, by formulating the stories in your mind, deciding how the book will be, selecting content, and putting it all together into a plan. You also do the last fifty percent of the work in rewriting everything line-by-line multiple times, adding more content, editing and preparing for publication. The ghost writer does about thirty percent.

The ghost writer is the person who helps you over the hump, in filling all those blank pages with something you can work with.

For many of you, including myself, that's a valuable service. Hiring a ghost writer ensured I got the books done. It allowed me to be more ambitious in scope. It gave me a weekly discipline of Skype chats and furnishing extra documents to ensure the project moved relentlessly forwards ***[4]***. It gave me a sounding board to whom I could tell my stories and get feedback.



Would you believe it? ANOTHER memoir!

What a ghost writer won't do, in our circumstances, is **write the book for you**. Which is probably precisely what you'd hoped they'd do. To summarise, there are two scenarios in which I'd recommend using a ghost writer:

1. You have a pile of money, are itching to tell your stories, and are happy to spend an hour or two talking into

Skype video chats each week for a few months. You can pretty much delegate everything and have a nice little book for posterity.

2. You like writing and want to focus all your energy on the high-value bits while delegating some grunt work to someone else. You are happy to rewrite the manuscript several times to get it into your own narrative voice ***[5]***

There's also a lower-budget halfway house which is to tell your stories into your smartphone's audio recorder, get the files transcribed ***[6]***, and then go through the transcript yourself turning it from speech to prose.

IN OTHER NEWS: The first copies of ***Daygame Infinite*** were delivered today so I suspect the word-on-the-street will begin now some people have seen it. I'm interested to know your feedback. Inquiring minds can buy it here.

[1] I had one silly bitch waste months of time through her procrastination and avoidance before I fired her.
[2] Personally, I'd recommend hiring a writer who makes her living writing smut for Amazon, like vampire porn or a writer who specialises in biographies.
[3] Which was confirmed with the next three volumes.
[4] Otherwise I'd have likely just played video games and the projects would've stalled indefinitely, like Jimmy's book.
[5] I don't mean to be rude to my ghost writers. This was still very helpful. But if you compare my final manuscript with the ghost writer's turn-in you're basically reading two completely different books.
[6] Going rate is $20 per audio hour, so total price will be around $250. That's how I started Adventure Sex.

Daygame Infinite Discussion Thread

krauserpua · 24 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

It's that time of year when the **Daygame Infinite** early-adopters are receiving their copies of the new book through the post. I've already had a few mails to confirm receipt. I'm very interested to hear feedback on the book and I'll bet many of you will have your own contributions and musings on the ideas contained therein.



Me being all cool and masterful, yesterday

So, in the interests of making the discussion as productive as possible, let's try to keep it all on **one thread**. I've got no particular requests or guidance for the discussion, other than you keep it focused on the book and its ideas *[1]*. If you want to get into tangents, please use comment sections of other posts.

If any comments catch my eye as good analysis or things I'd like to give my own thoughts to *[2]* I'll update this post to boost the signal.

The pre-release version is still on sale here.

[1] For example, "Nick discusses Echart Tolle's concept of the Now in daygame which reminds me of RSD's take in The Blueprint Decoded" is relevant here. In contrast, "Tyler ripped off half of the Blueprint content from Frank Kern's Core Influence video" is not relevant to Infinite and therefore better discussed in a different blog post.

[2] Or they satisfy my vanity and I wish to prolong the moment by re-posting it.

How To Write A Memoir #3

krauserpua · 27 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Many of you will be leveraging your existing lay reports – blog or forum – as the raw data for a memoir. This means you are taking one kind of writing (dry, technical, jargon) and converting it into another (vivid, clear, dramatic). You are turning a report into a story. Let's consider how to do that.

I'm currently writing volume three of my memoir. That was originally based on lay reports because I'd blogged every single lay from the period shortly after it happened. This gives me a great resource for the book: extreme detail, nothing forgotten, and an accurate picture of how it felt at the time. It also carries a few drawbacks.

- I was writing the blog to a technical crowd in a niche who had been following my blog posts and thus knew all about where I was, what I was up to, and all the in-jokes and innuendos I make.
- By writing it as a lay report, you already knew how it ended. There is no dramatic tension.
- By writing it in 2013, usually just a day or two after the events, I had great recall for details but didn't have the perspective I have now, five years later. I've learned a lot since and ruminated on the larger sweep of my journey so it would be nice to let that inform the memoir version of the story.
- My key concerns in the blog post were to record events and to analyse why this particular pick-up was a success so I could thus develop my technique ***[1]***

The challenge for a memoir writer is to keep all the advantages of the lay report while eliminating all the weaknesses, and if possible, to add more value through the longer word count and greater freedom that a memoir format allows. Let's use an example of mine that I've recently worked on.

First, the original blog post. Give it a read, then the following comments will make far more sense. Let's first look at the setting of the scene in the blog post vs it's later re-write in the memoir. Firstly the blog:

> "Girl 3 – On Saturday night in Lapa I'm pretty drunk. Suave points out a curvy black girl he thinks I'll like so I give chase. Its an easy stop and she has faltering English. I'm full of ballsy insolence and soon mini-bounce her to the kerb. Ten minutes chat and I take a number and bounce again to a nearby bar then soon kiss close. The party is winding down by 3am, an hour or so later, so I suggest a motel. She says no. I lead her to a cab and try to bundle her in. She runs away"

Now how I rewrote it in the memoir ***[2]***

> My adrenaline still running high, Fernando and I went off to Lapa for the evening. It's well known for its weekend street parties as tourists descend to sample the street vendor cocktails and food. It's close to a favela so there's an edgy vibe. Gringos like me can't tell who are the honest poor come to have fun, from their less upstanding neighbours who've come to do their weekly cashless shop from the pockets and handbags of such gringos.
> The party is all along one road that's pedestrianised for the night and thronged with bars and restaurants, as well as lots of little makeshift stalls that magically appear then disappear just for the night. As a daygamer I was drawn to the high footfall, reasonable demographics, and soft bright gutter game vibe. It was by far the best street game I'd seen in the whole country. The only drawback was most girls hung out in groups.
> My spirits were lifted. "My spirits are lifted" I told Fernando. "Maybe your country isn't total shit after all."
> We stopped a few girls and cracked on, farming a few numbers, then posted up on a first floor balcony of a bar. Dusk was cutting in and the breeze was now refreshingly cool. I liked these bars. Colourful, lively, and gameable. It made me wish I was better at bar game.
> We chatted a lot between ourselves and watched pro boxing on the bar's television. Then we walked a little and found another bar. We gradually realised there weren't so many classic daygame sets – solo girls walking

> somewhere – so we talked to a few girls standing around in groups. Fernando had a few solid-looking interactions whereas the language barrier hobbled me.
> Fairly late on, when I was "in my cups", I saw a girl sitting on a concrete traffic bollard at an intersection. The traffic was all blocked off and a crowd filled the road. She had a bottle of beer I'd seen her buy from a street vendor a few metres away. The couple of friends she'd been with had disappeared into the crowd, no doubt socialising.
> I fancied her. My spider sense told me I should open.
> "Hi. I'm Nick" I said, a big smirk on my face. She smiled and indicated me to sit on the bollard next to her.
> Rebecca had dark shoulder-length hair in a soft wet perm, a lovely beguiling smile and good hips. She had the hamster look and her English was passable. It went well.
> Being black, I assumed she was a favela kid."

That's 421 words in the memoir to describe a scene that's **three sentences** in the blog. Rather than say "On Saturday night I'm in Lapa and I'm drunk" I actually set the scene of what Lapa is like with it's people, it's look, and it's feel. I've written Fernando in as a **character** who has dialogue so I can build the friendship in the book (he doesn't speak in this excerpt but he does before and after). The conversation with Rebecca is written as **dialogue and events**, not as an executive summary. She even has a name! The memoir style works well for indicating how you feel and what your thoughts were at the time, in this case I talk about my adrenalin (I'd just been mugged at gunpoint two hours earlier), my spirits and my assumptions about her.

Let's look at the next 191 words to rewrite the second half of the blog excerpt above:

> "No, I am an auxiliary administrator" she said. I recognised her employer's name, a mega-corporation. She further told me she's twenty-four, from Bahia, Salvador, in southernmost Brazil, and was working part time while studying law. It was going well and after five minutes I felt it was really on. Rebecca kept staring at me wide-eyed like a deer caught in a car's headlights.
> I moved her to a bench a couple of metres away, and we made out. It was well after midnight and the party was winding down, so I decided to pull the trigger. Fernando had already texted that he was going off to do sets until I finished.
> "Let's go to a motel" I suggested, remembering Ana from the carnival.
> "No, I should go home" she remonstrated.
> We walked further down the road, my mind on getting her away from friends who may pop up at any moment. She was leaning into me and smiling so when we reached a taxi rank I tried to pull her in.
> "No! I don't want" she said, and scurried off quickly. I got the taxi home alone.

Again the principle lesson is that I've turned an executive summary of events into a scene. It has dialogue, characters, and actions. So, the learning points for you are:

- Take your time. You have a lot more words in the memoir so you can afford to patiently set the scene, include your inner thoughts, and expand on events.
- Try to turn summary of "she did this, then I did that" into a scene in which characters interact and there's dialogue. Don't say "She said she wanted to go" as a summary, but instead let her say it as dialogue.
- Cut out most of the PUA jargon and instead use regular English.
- In the blog you are the centre of the world and everyone else is a prop. In the memoir you are the narrator and main character, but there are also other characters who have their own motivations, lives, and who express themselves through dialogue and action.

NEWS: I had an email from UPS today to say no-one was in when the final *Daygame Infinite* test print was delivered. Bullshit. I was sitting by the door all morning ***[3]***. I'm guessing the driver got the wrong house. It's due for redelivery tomorrow. If that test print is good I'll officially release. You can buy the pre-release full colour

version here.

COMMENTS: Remember, all comments discussing the content of *Daygame Infinite* should be collected on this post, to keep them all in one place.

[1] And of course to boast. "Look at me! I got laid again!"
[2] Second draft, mind you, so don't expect Dickens.
[3] In my monster feet and dressing gown

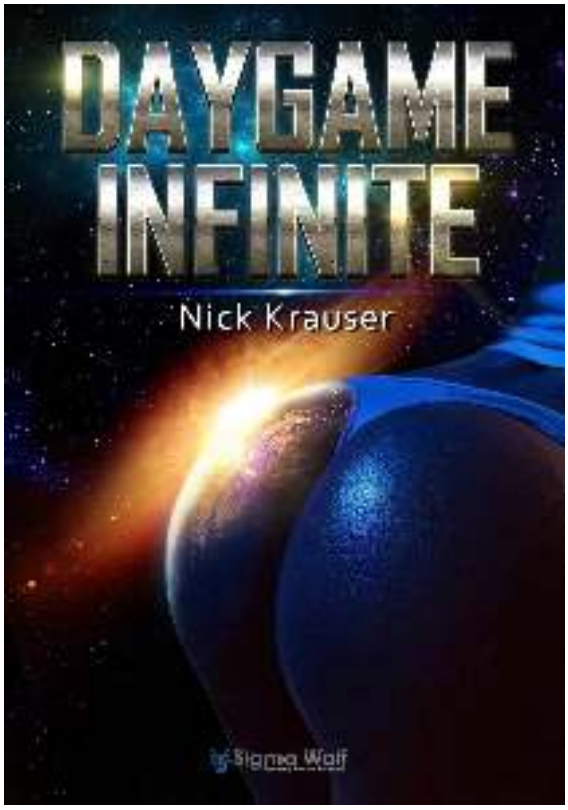
Daygame Infinite – Buy It Here

krauserpua · 29 December 2017 · Archived copy · Original

Hello fellow red-blooded male,

You thought it couldn't be done. You thought ***Daygame Mastery*** was as good as things could ever get. You thought street pick-up had already reached its natural peak.

Allow me to pleasantly surprise you.



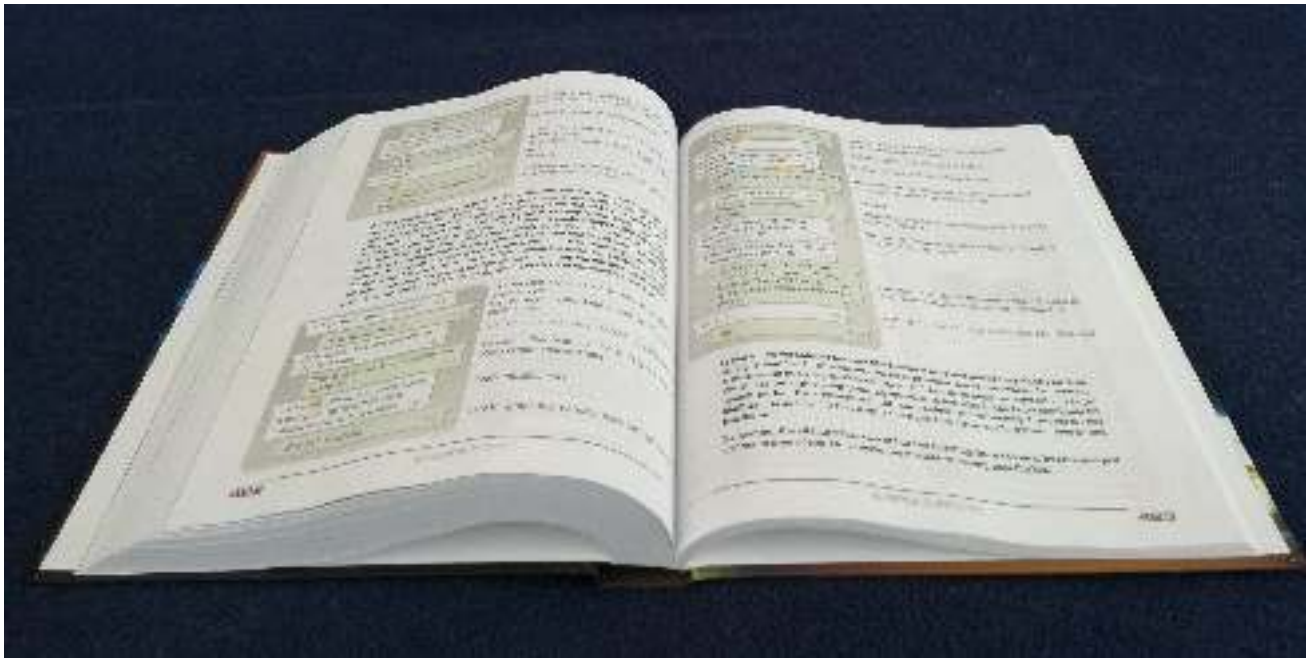
There's a new gold standard in pick-up and its name is ***Daygame Infinite***. This is the most advanced material there is. It covers the entire London Daygame Model from the moment you hit the streets until the moment you're banging the girl you picked up there. Everything!

- A full discussion of how to improve your mental state and natural charisma to prepare you for the streets
- Detailed advice on how to scan those streets to determine which girls are likely to want to talk to you
- Techniques that 'power up' your interactions, letting you leap from **social** to **sexual** right there on the street
- How to get the girls out on dates, explored in extreme detail using many real-life WhatsApp chats with analysis of what to do at every step
- The most insightful analysis of first dates ever created. Every step of the dating model is explored using transcripts of real life dates
- Detailed insight on how to handle the tricky period of getting a girl back out onto a second date in another chapter loaded with real life examples
- How to recognise the next date is the 'sex date' and then how to take her home
- How to satisfy a girl in bed so she keeps coming back.

Daygame Infinite is the most advanced and most detailed book ever written on the subject of picking up girls. It's a 524-page treasure trove of insight. And now it's available to you in a handsome full colour hardback edition. This is your opportunity to purchase a guide book that will improve your game for years to come.



Step-by-step dating advice



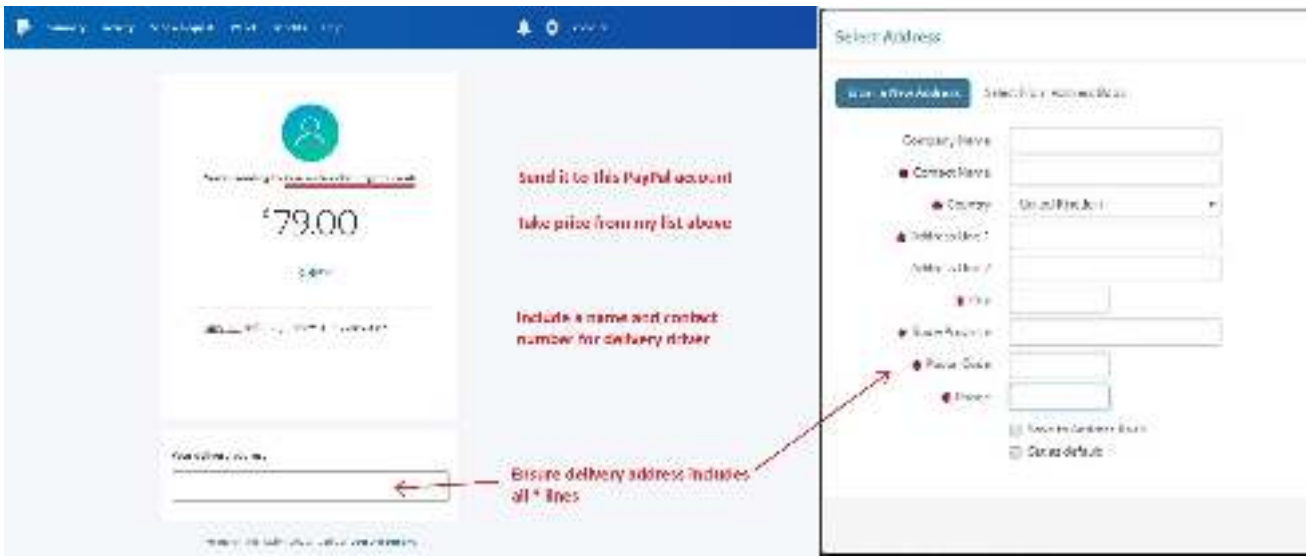
Step-by-step texting advice

Buy it now by following these simple instructions.

STEP ONE: Select the correct price for where you will take delivery of the book. Prices differ because the book is printed at the nearest print location to you, to reduce shipping costs and get it to you faster: *UK £79, USA $119, CAD $150, AUS $145, EU e99, Rest of the World £99* [all prices include trackable shipping]

STEP TWO: Paypal me at **krauser@rocksolidgame.co.uk** Be sure to include your name, postal address, the words "Daygame Infinite" and a telephone number for the UPS delivery man. See this example. You need to provide all of the information requested with the red stars ***** on the right side.

BE SURE TO WRITE "DAYGAME INFINITE" or "DAYGAME MASTERY". I NEED TO KNOW WHICH!!!!



STEP THREE: Rub you hands in keen anticipation of how much your game will improve!

Thank you for your time. I hope you enjoy the book.

Nick Krauser

UPDATE: *Many people have asked me how to buy the book if they don't have PayPal. Simple! Just email me at the same address and I'll send you a payment request. Be sure to tell me which country it is to be delivered to. Then follow the instructions in the message PayPal give you.*

AnonCon discusses Daygame Infinite

krauserpua · 5 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There are only **five** blogs I read on a daily basis: Vox Populi, The Conservative Treehouse, Steve Sailer, Heartiste, and Anonymous Conservative. The latter of these was kind enough to discuss my book in a detailed post. That gave me a warm feeling, having a man whose work has informed my worldview looking at my own work. He raised several good points and I'd like to talk about them.

1. Game skill allows you to filter for marriage

New entrants to the pick-up world will usually undergo a painful destruction of their worldview, and then gradually rebuild a newer, more accurate worldview ***[1]*** It is unavoidably painful because it requires humbling your ego, challenging your core values, and likely realising you aren't the hot shit you thought you were. Rollo calls it the bitter taste of the red pill and I agree with him. Every solid player has his own story of his own meltdowns and disenchantment. One reason it's important to undergo this process is so you can see the world more clearly, and in particular, understand female nature.



"I promise you only a cliche"

We are always and everywhere embroiled in a mating war. We take what we want from women and they take what they want from us. Sometimes, when interests align, it's win-win. However there are a lot of predators on both sides who pursue win-lose ***[2]***. An experienced player has a well-honed radar to filter out these predators. Specifically, Game skills provide:

- Elite level calibration skills in reading people and predicting their actions
- Removal of our points of vulnerability, and self-awareness of those that remain
- A huge net from which to filter girls for the ones we want
- An abundance mentality and mental discipline to walk away from red flag girls
- Satiation of carnal impulses towards sleeping around and infidelity.

There's no guarantee every player will secure game's bounty of self development but it's a path laid out for him in

the literature should he choose to walk it.

2. Player lifestyle as a goal
AnonCon rightly disagrees with me over whether the player lifestyle should be a goal but I think there's a crossed wire here. I have written my material for men who have *already chosen* this lifestyle as a goal. I don't seek to persuade any man it should be his goal ***[3]***. I consider Game to be *a toolkit* and Pick-Up Artistry to be *a lifestyle choice*. My material covers both but they are analytically separate. Personally, I'm semi-retired from the game. I like to keep my hand in but I no longer pursue notches very hard.

3. Amygdala manipulation as a teaching aid
Now here is something I wasn't expecting. AnonCon continues to surprise me with his ability to think outside the box and apply r/K theory:

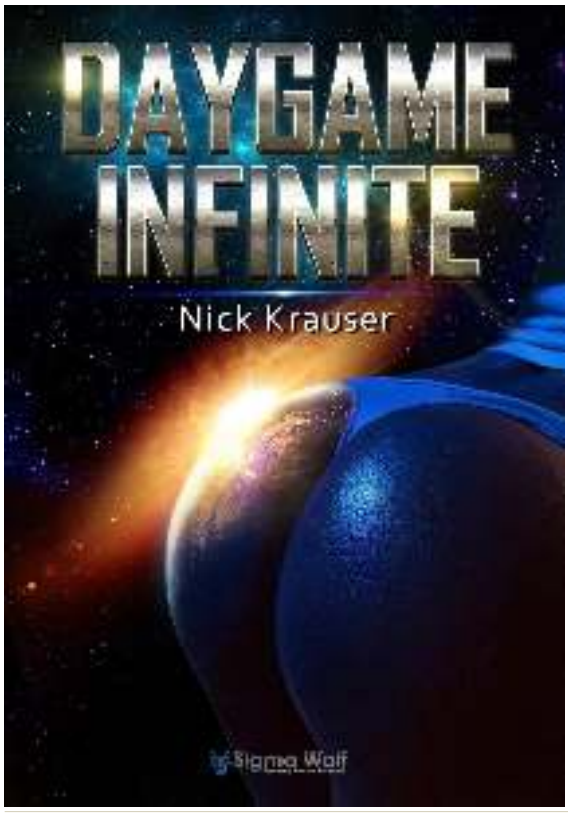
> "Krauser has bits in his book where I see things he is doing to amygdalae that will naturally adapt those who read it into more attractive mate prospects as men, and I do not know if he is even conscious of the mechanisms he is tripping"

I suggest you read his post for the specific example he walks through. At a more general level, his point appears to be this: Cold approach is a stressful activity that can easily trigger amygdala pain (through rejection) and thus discourage men from approaching. Orthodox PUA coaching styles can exacerbate this problem by encouraging in the student a false confidence in the method. Ensuing rejections are not just painful, they are *unexpected* – this creates acute amygdala pain through **violation of expectation**.

My teaching style builds into the method a natural way of reducing this amygdala activation through two methods: (i) the stoplight system, and (ii) calibration probes. Additionally, the meta-level Vibe analysis soothes the player into expecting and embracing rejection without feeling the full sting of it. Thus at a pedagogical level, ***Daygame Infinite*** helps moderate amygdala triggering.

There's more in the post. Read it all here.

You can buy Daygame Infinite in a luxury full-colour hardback edition here.



[1] Unless you're one of the purple pill crowd who wants to cling on to mommy's apron psychologically but still delude yourself you're making progress. Don't worry, there is a whole army of charlatan coaches ready to take your money, and they have perfected the subtle art of not giving a fuck (about you).
[2] Or even lose-lose, for the most broken.
[3] I used to, though. I was very gung-ho about being a player back when I was flush with the excitement of banging lots of tottie. Having satiated my own relentless notch-count hyena, I proselytise less.

How to write a memoir #4

krauserpua · 9 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Part 1, Part 2, Part 3

Believe it or not, several of my readers did in fact take me up on my Winter Memoir Challenge and have been working hard to contribute their own stories to the burgeoning literature within our niche community of odd fellows. One such scribe has noticed a rather powerful consequence of writing….

A profound sense of introspection over his journey.

This is not altogether unexpected, as I had the same thing. As did Bodi. And no doubt everyone else who has committed themselves to writing a memoir. The process seems to work like peeling an onion layer by layer.



A self-peeling onion, yesterday

Layer One – The personal debrief

As you lie in bed, a feeling of smug self-satisfaction on your face, the girl you just banged trots off to the shower. Your mind turns towards replaying events in order to determine how you pulled it off. *What were the key moments? How did you handle the key risks?* This debrief is mostly **tactical**, with a large helping of self-congratulation.

Layer Two – Telling your mates

The +1 text was fired off immediately. Now it's the next afternoon and you've met your friends / wings. There's a story to tell. So you walk them through it with a focus on **drama** and **tension**. Perhaps they ask questions to clarify key points. You'll probably end up telling the story several times and at each telling the fat is trimmed and the spice is added. It's transformed from a *debrief* to an *anecdote*.

Layer Three – ~~Bragging~~ Blogging about it

Now you wish to tell the world, or at least that small community of avid blog readers strung out across the globe. You'll probably retell the tale with a **journalistic** focus and getting the precise sequence of events correct and interpreting them according to prevailing daygame theory ***[1]***. Those of you increasing in confidence may adopt a tone of teaching the dear reader so he may yet benefit from what you've learned from the process. The incident has

now moved from debrief, to anecdote, to *lay report.*

Layer Four – Writing it up in the Memoir
You have assembled a number of such events into a narrative and interspersed it with the other things you were doing on your journey. It has been contextualised within the wider narrative of your Player's Journey. Now you are drawing parallels to other similar incidents, or grouping them together according to phases in your journey, and seeking to re-evaluate an event – that may have happened over a year ago – with the benefit of **hindsight**. Quite likely you've reached a different conclusion over the key moments and key risks that you'd initially identified. The debrief became an anecdote, became a lay report, became a *considered reflection*.

It is at this final stage that we writers zoom the camera out from the trees and take in the forest as a whole. The passage of time and the repetition of sets has granted us perspective. We see our earlier selves in a different light. Speaking from my own personal experience, I find that soon after banging a girl I tend to overestimate my own agency in bringing the events to pass, and then writing in the memoir I underestimate my same agency. Probably it's because the novelty and sense of achievement has been dulled by the passage of time.

> "Reading back and expanding upon what I wrote at the time, just after the lays, I'm finding sentences which are expanding to long moments of introspection. With hindsight I'm able to see why particular things meant so much to me personally" says a scribe.

Exactly!

The writing of the book to *publish* is a blind. A distraction. A false flag.

The real value of the book to you the writer is as a homework project in deep introspection. Consider the blog posts the term papers and the memoir your final thesis. The memoir process requires you to order your journey chronologically, re-tell it, and make sense out of it for the reader. The primary reader is you, the writer.

You are making sense of your journey.

The writing process is one of looking into the core of events and interpreting. You are understanding and fleshing out the key character – you – and finding out how that character is motivated and how he reacts to events. It is self-directed inner game therapy ***[2]*** and thus this introspective phase of the writing process should be wholly embraced. There will be many 'eureka' moments during your writing as you approach an old event from a slightly different angle. You'll see flaws you didn't realise you had, but also good qualities you didn't realise you possessed. You'll be impressed by your tenacity in some moments and embarrassed by your weakness in others.

Writing your memoir is a great tool to guide you through deep inner game change because it forces you to stick to the facts, the whole of the facts, and then make sense of them. By having the intended final "reader" in your mind as the person you need to explain yourself to, you are subjected to mental discipline in a way you could otherwise evade if you allow uncomfortable thoughts to simply dissipate in your consciousness.



Bang on time, mate

Lastly, you'll probably be surprised at how much progress you've made. Re-telling those old stories from the beginning of your journey, you'll be mentally positioning yourself back into your old frame of reference and likely be shocked. *Did I really think like that? What a chode I was!*

The primary beneficiary of your memoir is not us, the daygame community ***[3]***, but it is you the writer, who will emerge with a greater self understanding.

If you are excited at the prospect of reading memoirs, you should probably start with the best: Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad, and Adventure Sex. And then you should mortgage your house and buy Daygame Infinite. And probably Daygame Overkill too. In fact, fuck it, you're serious about this so sign up for personal coaching too. ***[4]***

[1] By which I mean Daygame Mastery
[2] Assuming you are writing the book sincerely, rather than as a grandiose ego-trip.
[3] Though we do benefit greatly from the resource you place before us.
[4] Or just deposit money directly into my bank account, I'd quite like that.

#1 – The Vicomte de Bragelonne, Alexandre Dumas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 13 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

My New Year's resolution for 2018 was to keep a record of every book I read for the year. It's something my brother has been doing for well over a decade and, seeing as I average at least one book a week, it seemed like a good challenge. I figured readers may be interested in my musings upon them, and perhaps Game lessons I can tease out. I don't know yet if I'll succeed in my ambition but I'll give it a try and see how things go. So, starting with my first book of the year….



Better than the Oxford's cover

Dumas was a rather prolific writer and a fascinating personality. He was wildly generous with money and dissolute in his ways, constantly earning and then losing fortunes. He would carouse with women, throw lavish parties, and invest in all manner of capers. He even built himself a castle-themed chateau to represent the abode of Edmund Dantes from his *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Dumas was larger than life and I love him for it. ***[1]***

But it's not his incredible profligacy that most impresses me. The guy never stopped writing, because he was always running out of money. He is supposed to have written a combined total of 650 plays, short stories, essays, and novels. Another source tells me he wrote **eighty-one** novels. If you check out ForgottenBooks.com you'll see the "entire works of Dumas" are presented in **thirty** large volumes ***[3]***. Just fifteen years ago some French journalist discovered an entire lost novel of his, *The Last Cavalier*, which is 900 pages long! He wrote so much people simply lost track of his work.



"Sorry, I'm sure I had it just yesterday"

It took me a while before I finally tumbled down the Dumas rabbit hole. Like many people, I suspect, I'd seen those big black Wordsworth Collection paperbacks on book store shelves: Dickens, Tolstoy, Swift, Bronte and so on. I often felt guilty to do so because I'd not read many classics. The English education system failed me on that score and I'd never gotten around to making up the shortfall. I was somewhat lacking in a classical education ***[4]***

Back when I decided to embark upon my own Dantes-like Count Cervantes project to become a **high value male** I'd scoped out some of these classics and even got so far as to stack them on a book shelf in the Hemingway Suite ***[5]***. One book I read then was *The Count Of Monte Cristo*, finishing it in Thailand in early 2012. I loved it. I absolutely adore Dumas' style. It's fast, it's sharp, it's rich with historical detail, it's sweeping in scope and yet every chapter ends on a cliffhanger.

I looked into that and discovered Dumas wrote primarily for the burgeoning Paris weekly newspaper market who carried serialised novels at a chapter a piece. It's good to think of them like the HBO dramas *The Sopranos* or *Game Of Thrones*. There's an overarching story told across a long timescale but each piece of it must contain its own opening and closing loops, ending on a cliffhanger that encourages the reader to buy next week's chapter. This means that in Dumas stories there's always something happening and even the slower chapters, thrown in for pacing changes, still have their own arc. And yet they don't tread water because the grander sweep of narrative action is developing. It feels epic.

I just didn't realise *how* epic.



This epic

Having enjoyed *The Count Of Monte Cristo* I tried the next of the Wordsworth Classics, *The Three Musketeers*. I was already dimly aware of the story from my childhood and was pleased to find out Monte Cristo wasn't a lucky shot. *The Three Musketeers* was just as good and at 592 pages / 184k words ***[6]*** it was an epic all by itself. But it's just the first of a trilogy. I knew that because the other two, *Twenty Years After* (880pages/273k) and *The Man In The Iron Mask* (656pages/203k) were right next to it on the shelf.

Holy shit, that's some reading to be done. But, determined to be a high value male I picked up *Twenty Years After* about a year ago and read it. Fantastic book. Even better than the first in the series. Three volumes, 2128k pages, and 660k words. All high quality writing too, so that's epic. I love finding out there's something so substantial to sink my teeth into.

However, I still didn't realise just how epic it was.

Those three volumes are the commonly reprinted series, but the entire **D'Artagnan Romances**, as they are called, is even longer still. When all of the newspaper-serialised chapters are published end-to-end it comes down to FIVE volumes. For historical reasons I'll never understand, two volumes just don't get reprinted much. Wordsworth Classics don't do them but Oxford World's Classics does. And yet it's all one long story with the same characters throughout. There's no good reason to excise the two volumes.

Volume three in the series is *The Vicomte De Brageloone* (658 pages / 238k words) and volume four is *Louise De La Valliere* (same length again). *The Man In The Iron Mask* is actually the concluding fifth volume, and two are skipped entirely! ***[7]*** Seeing I discovered this while in Serbia in November and that the bookshops didn't stock Oxford's editions I skipped to volume five and read that. Then, after sorting out the *Daygame Infinite* launch I got cracking on volume three, *The Vicomte De Bragelonne*.

It was good.

If you like epic yarns featuring a team of rascals adventuring across Europe you may enjoy The K'rauser Romances volumes one, two and four.

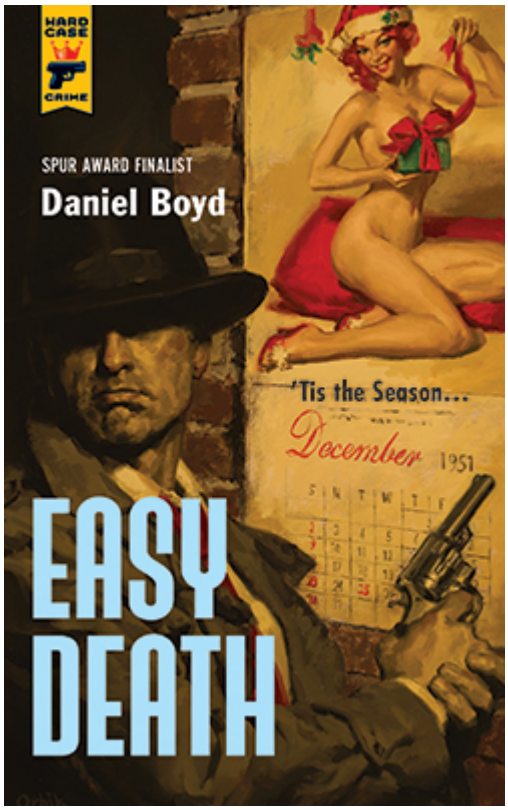
[1] Everything I write about Dumas here is from (fresh) memory. If you want to research it further there's plenty of information. Just the introduction to this book's edition furnishes a great deal of biographical analysis. I haven't gone back to it because my priority is to write fast and loose to get the content done ***[2]***

[2] An attitude I think Dumas would approve of as apparently he sometimes sent completed chapters to his newspaper publishers, completed by a collaborator that is, without checking them. Fast and loose.
[3] Although he didn't write everything in that collection. I was extremely excited to see two sequels to my all-time 2nd favourite book The Count Of Monte Cristo but further investigation showed they were written by hacks and published under his name without permission.
[4] Though not the complete philistine that most of my peers are.
[5] I read a few too, but balked at *War & Peace* after a hundred pages when I was thoroughly bored and thoroughly confused.
[6] And takes 12 hours and 14 minutes to read according to readinglength.com which seems rather optimistic to me. I don't like to skim books.
[7] I don't approve of long epic stories being published across multiple volumes out of sequence. I'd never do such a thing myself.

#2 – Easy Death, Daniel Boyd BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 14 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Having just finished Dumas' ***The Vicomte De Bragelonne*** *I needed to take a breather. It's a huge novel with a broad historical sweep. Much of the story concerns the courts of King Louis and his top nobles, and when the action decamps to Newcastle, England* ***[1]*** *it still brims with politics and intrigue. The romantic spirit in which it is written bombards the reader with flowery language and elaborate ornamentation. I checked Amazon for volume four,* ***Louise De La Villeire*** *and thought* ***wait!*** *Let's break things up a little. With that in mind I resolved my second book of the year would be the polar opposite….*

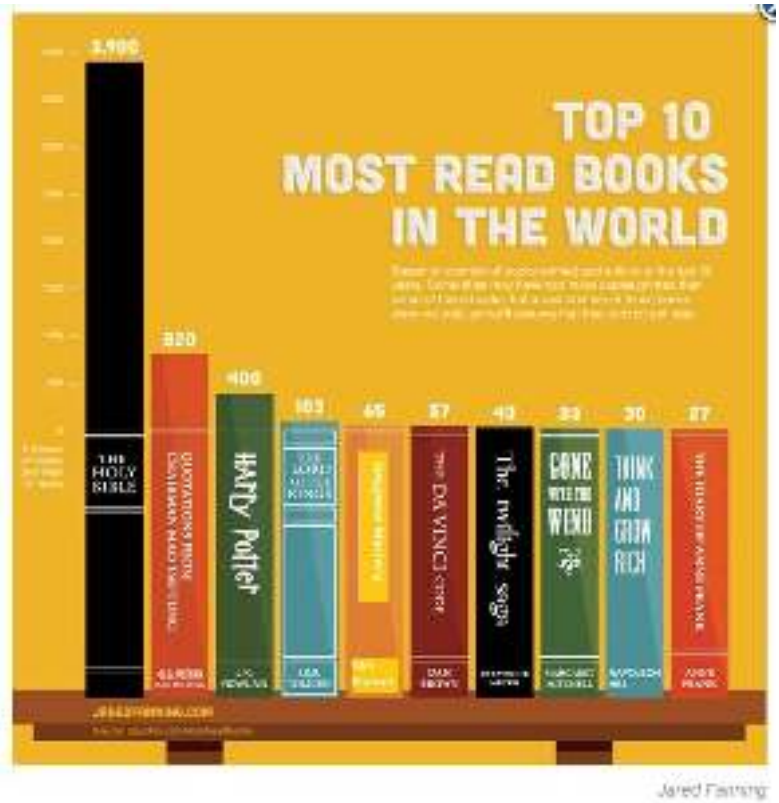


Readers, I introduce you to *Easy Death*. A short, low-class, grimy crime novel following a gang of small-town desperadoes pulling off an armoured car heist in the winter of 1951. It's everything *The Vicomte De Bragelonne* is not. Where Dumas plots long carefully-coordinated intrigues, Boyd plots fast tawdry double-crosses. Where Dumas attends grandiose fetes held in castles in summer, Boyd has bottom-feeders crawling through the snow in the forest. It's also just 236 pages of regular paperback so I read it in **a single day**.

Many of us are dissatisfied with modern mass-market fiction. Books reflect the spirit of the times, and popular books in particular. To be popular a book must get signed by an agent, pass the SJW-infested green-lighting in a publisher, get a marketing budget, and then appeal to the average moron who buys it ***[2]*** The Japanese have a word for an odd characteristic of the publishing business:

Tsundoku: The acquiring of reading materials followed by letting them pile up and subsequently never reading them.

We are in a strange situation where many top-selling books are **total shit** and it doesn't matter because the buyers aren't reading them anyway. I tried a few of them, like Dan Brown's *Da Vinci Code* and Steig Larsson's *Girl With The Dragon Tattoo*. They are appallingly badly written, failing to meet even the most basic threshold of author competence ***[3]***. This is why I like older books. It's a myth that book-writing is improving over time. Even a simple run-of-the-mill crime potboiler like *Easy Death* is written with greater poise than most of this year's bestsellers.

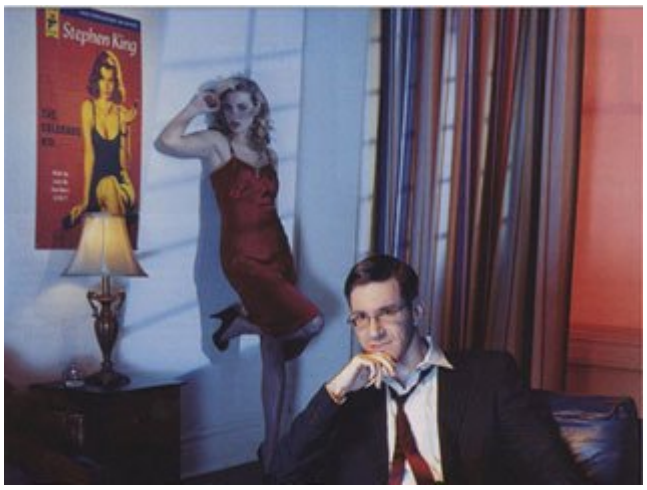


Good, Commie filth, childish nonsense, brilliant, outstanding, childish drivel, mom porn, brilliant, okay, fake propaganda

I discovered the Hard Case Crime series ten years ago when I was drawn to the lurid painted cover of Max Phillips' *Fade To Blonde*, the second in the series, in an Oxfam bookstore. I was immediately hooked. The editor, Charles Ardai, was faithfully reproducing the vibe of old 1950s pulp detective fiction. Half of the series are old books, sometimes out of print for fifty years, that are 'remastered' with new retro covers, and the other half are good crime writers publishing their new books especially for Ardai ***[4]***. I started reading the series from volume one onwards and noticed something odd.

I liked almost every book.

Different authors. Different stories. The only things the books had in common were (i) the theme (ii) the cover art and…….. (iii) the editor. I realised that **Charles Ardai likes exactly the same crime novels that I do** and he'd built an entire business upon dusting them off and presenting them in pretty, simple paperbacks. It was like having a personal shopper doing all the work for me! I've now read over 80 of them and have no intention of stopping now. So, *Easy Death* is the latest one to pass through my hardboiled detective fiction assembly line.



Thank you, sir, for providing me with literally hundreds of hours of quality entertainment

My first thoughts upon reading *Easy Death* were how effectively it conveys the situation. A local hood has hired underlings to hijack an armoured truck a few days before Christmas. Naturally, being hardboiled, things soon fuck up and spiral out of control. The entirety of the book takes place over twenty-four hours and never grows stale. Boyd keeps us continually aware of the foreboding snowy weather and lets it affect the plot constantly: characters make bad decisions because they don't want to go out into the cold, a cop can follow a getaway car because of snow tracks, a ranger doesn't buy a cover story because it doesn't fit the weather, and characters trapped in deathly-cold scenarios take risks they wouldn't in fine weather without the hypothermia clock ticking down. Snow isn't merely window-dressing to the plot – it has a greater impact than any individual character does.

Speaking of characters, Boyd switches viewpoints a lot. Half of the book is in first-person from the cop chasing the robbers and the rest is third-person for the other characters. Boyd is especially good at foreshadowing. A chapter from one perspective will omit a detail or present a scenario that doesn't feel quite right, and the next chapter has a different perspective that fills the blank and suddenly it all falls into place. I can't give examples without spoiling the book, but take my word for it, it's clever and it greatly improves dramatic tension.

I find good hardboiled crime fiction isn't any where near as nihilistic or tawdry as it's made out. Good writers have a way of teasing out nobility from the decisions characters must make. Dumas often slaps you in the face with it: high-ranking nobles expound at length on moral virtue and musketeers give soliloquies on duty and honour before crossing swords. I like it, but subtle it isn't. Boyd puts at the moral core of *Easy Death* the unlikely teaming up of the first-responding cop and the stubborn female park ranger who guides him through the forest. It's not a buddy movie. Their interplay is handled with subtly and depth, is never twee, and makes the same use of dramatic foreshadowing outlined earlier. They are likeable characters with complex morality.

Lastly, one reason I'm drawn to hardboiled fiction is the way characters influence plot development. Any of you who watched *Prometheus* or the most recent *Game Of Thrones* series were probably throwing things at the TV screen.

> "People don't act like that!"

There are few things as annoying as a character behaving **completely out of character** because the writer needs the plot to develop and can't think of a better way than for a character to be retarded. Think of those elite scientists in *Promotheus* who see a really suspicious oil-covered swimming alien snake and think, "you know what, let's take our protective gear off and start prodding it". Think of Daenerys Targaryen finally returning to her ancestral home, right next to the base of her mortal enemy, and then taking the first small boat to its beach without first sending scouts ***[7]***



"I don't require bodyguards. I shall enter alone and unarmed!"

Hardboiled fiction rarely suffers this problem, for two reasons:

1. The writers aren't idiots. Every character is on the make and has an angle. Plotting and scheming bubbles below the surface from page one to the end. It's part of what makes it 'hardboiled'. Thus writers are acutely aware of how their characters will be ruthlessly self-interested and plan every move as carefully as a Hungarian Jewish billionaire.

2. The escape clause to the above is likewise built into the theme. Hardboiled deals with low-life scum and desperados in desperate positions. Therefore if you need a character to act retarded, you've always got some junkies or crash test dummies who can be cannon fodder for your plot. Additionally, you can simply have a scheming character miscalculate his odds.

Anyway, to conclude. I thoroughly recommend the Hard Case Crime series and this book is a solid entry, about average for the high standards of the series ***[8]***

If you like how I think about books you should see how I write them. Go check out my author profile at Lulu.com for my textbooks and memoir series here.



That's a LOT of Hard Case Crime on the top row

[1] Yes, I loved that both volumes two and three resolve major plot points in my own home town. That was a very nice surprise to read in a French novel written in 1845, and nice to know Newcastle is the spiritual home of history's greatest heroes then as well as today.
[2] If this sounds catty, look into the "bought not read" stats for book shops. I forget where I read them, so here's a link to something I did find.
[3] Brown is especially bad at dialogue, and for giving the "travelogue" descriptions of location that every author is taught not to do. Larsson can't write remotely believable characters and his plotting is nonsensical. That's aside from his main characters being empty vessels for his own awkward gamma wish fulfilment.
[4] Sometimes big names too. Michael Crichton's old crime novels written under a non-de-plume have all been reissued by Hard Case, and Stephen King has written two books specially for them. Max Allan Collins has also had all his old Quarry books reissued to support the new TV series of Quarry ***[5]***
[5] I've watched all of season one and it's excellent. Gritty hitman drama set in mid-70s.
[6] After reading the first 65 volumes in numerical order, I only disliked these three: *Robbie's Wife*, *A Diet Of Treacle*, and *The Corpse Wore Pasties*. They aren't bad books, I just couldn't get into their styles.
[7] Don't get me started on how retarded the last two seasons of Game Of Thrones have become. And how fat the weird-faced female cast have become.
[8] "Which entries do you like most?" Well, I'm glad you asked: Top Of The Heap, The Wounded And The Slain, Slide, The First Quarry, Passport To Peril, The Venom Business, Grave Descend.

#3 – Death By Gaslight, Michael Kurland BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 15 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I polished off my second book of the year, Easy Death, in a single day. There's something satisfying about that, akin to getting a ***Same Day Lay*** *in daygame. Feeling emboldened in my reading habits by the quick kill, I perused my book shelf for the next victim. I'm currently playing Assassins Creed Syndicate DLC 'Jack The Ripper' and thus the grimy smog-choked streets of Victorian London fill my mind. Right then, let's try a book set in the same milieu. My local Forbidden Planet store regularly puts Titan Books paperbacks into the three-for-£1.99 sale and I'd gotten all five of Kurland's Moriarty series in that sale. I read volume 1 (The Infernal Device) last year and enjoyed it. Time for volume 2.*



Jack would daygame in any weather

A few days ago I was re-watching Frank Kern's famous CORE Influence seminar that he gave to a crowd of internet marketing wannabes in 2008. I'd first seen it upon the urging of my friend **Steve Jabba,** who was at that time obsessed with building his internet PUA business and especially in 'conversion rate optimisation' ***[1]*** and I was struck by how similar it was to Tyler's *The Blueprint Decoded* from later in the same year ***[2]***. It was very good and I thoroughly recommend it. I intend to do a post going into detail, but let's keep to the book review here. The centrepiece to Kern's presentation is The Question. It changed his life and will change yours ***[3]***

> "If there were no limitations or consequences, what would your perfect average day look like?"

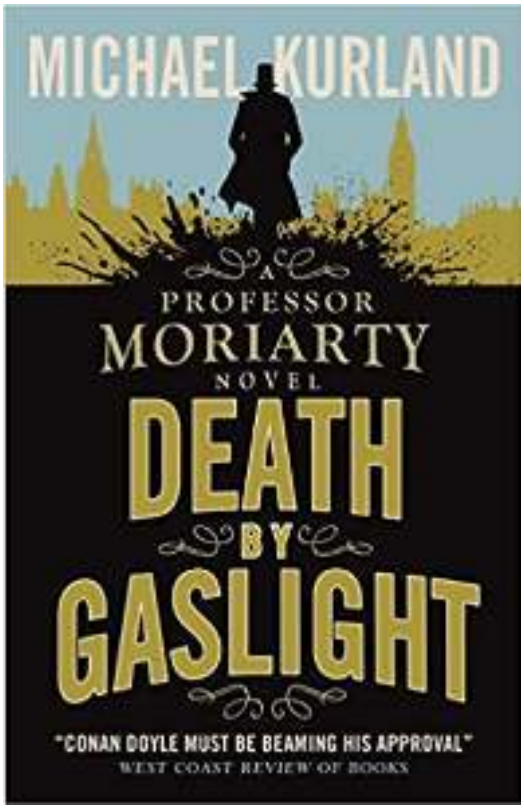
This must be a day you can relive *every day* without dying or getting sick of it. Thus one-off coke-and-hooker binges are not relevant. Kern related that he asked himself that question when he was in the depths of despair. He'd gotten rich and gotten the Ferrari, but his life was dogged by anxiety and existential angst. He'd climbed his mountain and didn't like where he'd gotten. In the presentation Kern pulls out his notes, his own answers to The Question. His perfect average day involved waking up to a view of the beach, sharing a huge walk-in shower, surfing, and other such activities unique to his personal interest.

While watching the presentation a few days ago, I naturally asked myself The Question. This is what surprised me.

I am now living my perfect average day.

It's not 100%, and it's more accurate to say I have ***two*** perfect average days. When the Euro Jaunt season is on, I have my adventuring days. When the season closes, I have my hibernation days. Catabolism and anabolism. Let me describe my perfect average hibernation day.

Wake up at 11am in a warm comfortable bed. Put on my burgundy dressing gown and monster feet slippers, then walk downstairs into a peacefully silent home. Put the heating on and brew a filter coffee, then sit in a sofa chair next to the warm radiator checking my favourite websites. I'm not a morning person so it takes an hour to switch on my mind. By then it's time for my second coffee. That's when I pick up a paperback and start reading, say *Death By Gaslight*.



An hour or two passes absorbed in the book. I occasionally message my friends and girlfriends on WhatsApp. If I'm feeling *really* scandalous, I'll make a third cup of coffee ***[4]***. Then I'll have a hot shower, get dressed, and begin my work day. Three times a week I squeeze in a gym session before that.

I put my laptop and supplies into my lovely custom leather rucksack ***[5]*** and walk across a few grassy fields to the local Costa Cafe. They know me well there and brew my favourite large latte before I even reach the cashier. Then I'll tap away on my various projects. I'll be fulfilling orders of *Daygame Infinite*, replying to blog comments, writing a new book, supervising my contractors, or whatever else is needed to run the **Krauser Empire**. When I feel like it, I'll close my laptop and go back to my paperback. Sometimes I'll just stare out into space and enjoy the pleasure of being healthy, solvent, and alive.

At some point I've done my planned work so I'll walk to the local pub and choose a delicious meal from their menu. Often it's a Sunday roast with beef, mash, garden vegetables and gravy. Then I'll return to my bedroom where a large TV is linked up to my PS4 and gaming PC. I'll watch Youtube, or Netflix, or boxing shows, or anime ***[6]***. I'll also play a lot of video games.



Like this, but a point higher

That is my answer to Frank Kern's question. When I'm hibernating, that's how I want to live my life ***[7]***

Why do I bring this up now, in a book review of a Sherlock Holmes spin-off novel? Because it was while reading *Death By Gaslight* that I was really made away of how much I love my life. Frank Kern had asked the question and, having made big changes in my life, I had my answer. It feels so satisfying to sit in my favourite chair, in my monster feet, and work through another novel. There was a time I sat in a dreary London office, tapping into a spreadsheet, and looking wistfully through the window at all the tourists who seemed so much freer and happier than I.

If you haven't tried them already, I strongly recommend the original Sherlock Holmes stories by Arthur Conan Doyle. I read them all one summer before starting college and they had a profound impact upon my naive young mind. It was like a vista of infinite possibility had opened before me, that the human mind properly trained had no limits. Holmes, fictional character though he is, remains one of my heroes. So, when I learned there's an entire niche of new novels by modern authors creating new stories with the same cast, I looked into it.

Unfortunately, most of them are ho-hum mediocre works. They are diverting if you like that fictional universe but I certainly wouldn't recommend them to someone who doesn't. Under no circumstances even open one of those books until you've read all of Conan Doyle's originals ***[8]***. When I saw there was a Moriarty series I was intrigued. The evil professor is a minor character in the Conan Doyle stories, a shadowy figure who is alluded to as a malign background manipulator but who gets very little actual screen time. So, here was a gap in the market. A chance to experience the Sherlock Holmes mythos from the other side, and to flesh out a fascinating character who Conan Doyle had left under-explored.


Not a light-hearted whimsical hero

So, does Michael Kurland succeed where most homage writers have not? Yes, and no.

The first thing to note is Kurland is ***not*** a hack writer. He's written thirty books, including the non-fiction *How To Solve A Murder: The Forensic Handbook* ***[9]***. His first Moriarty book won an Edgar Award nomination. Also, he didn't just rush these Moriarty books out for the cash: it took thirty years to finish the five-volume series. *Death By Gaslight* was written in 1982 and thus before the pozz. Therefore it was unlikely to contain any of the following:

- openly gay or transsexual characters
- ass-kicking feminist go-grrrrls
- persistent anti-white propaganda
- Marxism

Modern novels bought in **Forbidden Planet** are likely to contain much of this pozz, turning the book section into a shithole. I'd be interested to see what Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a very stable genius, would make of the currently pozzed paperback world.

I digress. The point is I was hopeful. On paper, Kurland can do the business. His first volume *The Infernal Device* was indeed a good little romp through the Ottoman Empire. *Death By Gaslight* moves it back to London and concerns a serial killer brutally stalking and assassinating men of the upper class ***[10]***. These scenes are written as intermissions from the killer's perspective and effectively convey the sense or revenge for previous wrongs, while withholding his identity and the specifics of his motive. Holmes is brought in by Whitehall to oversea the murder investigation. On the other side of central London, Moriarty is conspiring to rob Lord East, a nobleman returning from colonial service in India with a hoard of treasure for the British Museum.

It's here where I started to feel the poz. Kurland is no SJW but the story starts to drip with malign anti-Civilisation virtue signalling. Lord East is presented as a vain buffoon who has stolen from the noble Indians. Message: Colonialism was BAD, whites are BAD. Moriarty – a career criminal and evil mastermind – intends to steal back the treasures to return them to the Indians in a Robin Hood-like act of Marxist appropriation ***[11]***

As a criminal, Moriarty must disguise his schemes so one front he constructs is a news service run by his American

sidekick Benjamin Barnett, an affable and slightly dim Captain Hastings type ***[12]***. ~~Hastings~~ Barnett has hired Cecily Perrine to manage the service, a no-nonsense independent woman he promptly falls in love with. Thus is the romantic interest subplot.

This is where my "yes and no" answer comes in.

As a potboiler, *Death By A Gaslight* is a competently constructed detective story that shuttles along at an engaging clip. The various plot threads are woven together artfully, as the serial killings, the heist, the romance, the Moriarty-Holmes rivalry, the counter-intelligence operation by the Hellfire Club, and the police procedural all intertwine into an explosive payoff ***[13]***. The pacing is fine, as is the description and dialogue. I had no problem sinking into the scene and feeling Victorian London around me. It made me keen to play *Assassins Creed Syndicate* afterwards.

The problem is the violence it does to the Sherlock Holmes legacy. Arthur Conan Doyle would've likely horsewhipped Kurland for his pozz. Here are some examples:

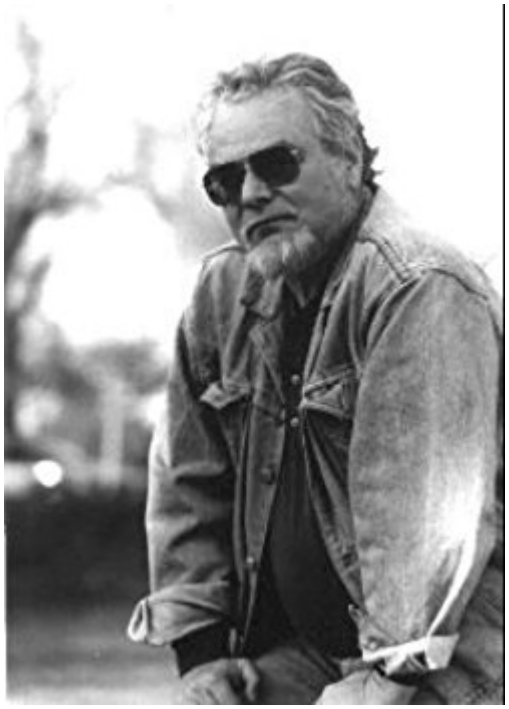
- Sherlock Holmes is presented as a vainglorious, vindictive, prissy fool who makes effective deductions half the time but the other half gets into comedic situations as if he's Wile E Coyote. This is NOT the Holmes from Conan Doyle. I realise Kurland is attempting to make it light-hearted but that too is a tonal mistake. Nothing in the orginal stories is light-hearted except the interplay between Holmes and Watson. Even then, they never look like fools. It's offensive to see your hero abused and ridiculed when his creator is dead and can't defend him. It's a bit like how Disney is shitting on Star Wars.
- Moriarty is no longer Moriarty. If Kurland didn't repeatedly tell you he's a criminal mastermind you'd never know it. He's more like an NGO do-gooder. So far as I remember he never murders anyone no gives the order to. Even in this story, when the black hats are literally sex-slaving sadistic mass-torturers, it falls to the serial killer to dispense justice. Moriarty just watches it happen with a wry smile. Why couldn't he be dark and evil like Conan Doyle wrote him?
- The tone is all over the place. At times it's whimsical between ~~Hastings~~ Barnett and ~~Sporty Spice~~ Perrine and at others we are dealing with kidnapped teenager women locked up in dungeons and sexually tortured in a Hostel-like sadist's playground. How can you have vicious murderers loose in London while the main heroes are all "I say old chap, that's a capital argument"? Not convincing. You can't do Raymond Chandler and Mickey Mouse in the same book.

The Strong Independent Woman is an unlikable cunt. Midway through the book, chapter 15, ~~Hastings~~ Barnett proposes to her. Obviously he's a totally limp fag when he does so. She gives him a long drawn-out refusal because she's too focused on her career and feminism. Consider this exchange, just after the "no":

> "You love me?" Barnett said.
> "Of course I love you," Cecily replied. "What do you think I've been telling you?"
> "Oh," he said. "But-now let me see if I understand this correctly- you don't want to marry me because then you'd have to stay at home and tend babies, if we had any babies, rather than being free to pursue your career as a journalist."
> "That's right," Cecily said. "Although you make it sound horrible. What is so wrong with a woman's wanting to do something with her life?"

So, the main female protagonist considers starting a family with the man she loves to be **a bad idea**, but become a journalist ***[14]*** to be **doing something with her life**. This is in a novel set in 1887!

That's how pozzed it is. It surprised me because Kurland doesn't look like a soyboy.



No obvious cucking

Once Cecily was kidnapped, I was rather hoping the sexual sadists would just murder her. What a worthless parasite to her tribe. I'll leave it at that. So, do I recommend the book? The pozz is fairly muted so it's not as in-your-face as an episode of *Law & Order*. Also, pozz aside it's a decent potboiler written with some ability. I've got three more of the series on my shelf and intend to try at least one more of them. My liking of the precis is sufficient that I'm willing to endure the pozz.

If you find me an opinionated boor then you're going to really hate that I've spent the last eight years jaunting around Europe banging loads of hot girls half my age, and then writing about it.

[1] An activity which is both science and scam. As many magnates are each famously attributed to saying, "Half the money I spend on advertising is wasted; the trouble is, I don't know which half." CRO seems to be such a conundrum.
[2] So much so that, given the timeline, I have concluded Tyler ripped off Kern uncredited. It's extremely similar in theme, terminology, and rationale. It's like comparing Street Hu…. wait, let's not go there.
[3] He's an internet marketer, so don't take anything he says at face value.
[4] I like to live life on the edge like that.
[5] Custom made by a leather store in Bangkok a year ago. Thoroughly recommended for Euro Jaunting as you can design it precisely to fit everything you need in cabin carry-on baggage.
[6] I'm not an otaku. I watch Detective Conan and Golgo 13 nowadays. Just dipped into City Hunter to see if I like it.
[7] Not exclusively and forever, but right now, in winter, that's exactly what I want. I can't enjoy the adventuring and shagging around Europe if I haven't accomplished things and completed projects during hibernation. Nor can I afford it.
[8] Same advice for anyone interested in Conan the Cimmerian. Read the Robert E. Howard collection first before trying the Tor paperbacks by new writers.
[9] Yes, I know. Sounds ace doesn't it.
[10] This is a red flag, from the Law & Order school of "the killer is always the richest, white-est most establishment male in the cast". It also suggests a Stieg Larsson type cucking, where every successful white man is a cowardly sexual sadist and every non-white is a magic negro of Mandela proportions.
[11] If I was the Sheriff of Nottingham, I'd have strung up Robin Hood and his merry men. I know Marxism when I see it, and would show no compunction in cutting out the cancer before it metastizes.

[12] The sidekick to Hercule Poirot in Agatha Christie's classic series.
[13] Explosive in the literal sense. It's not good enough to be explosive in narrative figurative sense but it's still enjoyable and worth sticking around for.
[14] Which is only one step above pedophile, in the moral order of the universe.

#4 – Thank You, Mr Moto John P. Marquand BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 17 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

After finishing with the competent but pozzed Moriarty book I needed to return to a pre-pozz era for my next story. I was gradually reading through a couple of non-fiction books that were a long way from completion and felt like another short one-day read would be suitably distracting. I'd taken delivery of several old paperbacks bought from eBay and now chose the shortest of them.



This is the edition I read

James Bond wasn't the first hero of espionage fiction, though he's quite likely the best of them. I've long been attracted to spy stuff because it is so alien to my desired mode of communication. To me, life is lived in a straight line where you set targets, do the work, and reach those targets overtly. This attitude is why the adventure stories of **Tarzan**, **Conan**, or more modern hero fiction like **Jack Reacher** fire up my blood and make me want to run outside with a sword and smite my enemies. These are strong determined men who face their challenges head on and out in the open.

Spies, naturally, are covert. They are scheming, sneaking weasels. Their world is one of deception, misdirection, and manipulation. Just as the grifters and low-lifes of hard-boiled fiction fascinate me because of how alien their mindset is, so do the spies of espionage fiction. They walk a crooked path where they set targets, manipulate others to do the work, change the targets, and reach those targets *covertly*.

If I was to live that way, I'd feel permanently dirty. But reading about it is fascinating. It feels like understanding my enemy, and getting a briefing on an entirely different expert system.

Writers of spy fiction thus face a quandary: *how to get the reader invested in and rooting for the spy?* It's not easy to root for a shadowy manipulator. Different writers resolve the quandary in different ways. The most obvious answer is "he's ***our*** scumbag". The English spy is on Team England and the book is read by English readers. The loyalty group can be whichever allegiance the intended readers have, such as Team Western Civilisation or allegiance to a cause, such as Team Anti-Drug Cartel ***[1]***



The movie adaptation has quite a different plot

Another quandary-solving strategy is to make the spy a man of personal honour and a consummate professional. As anyone playing competitive sports knows, you can hold players of rival teams in the highest respect while still trying to beat them. Every red-blooded man respects the brave and competent fighters of his tribe's enemies. It's the traitors – the men without honour – that we really hate, even when they are selling out their team to help our own.

> "The first and fiercest punishment ought to fall first on the traitor, second on the enemy. If I had but one bullet and I were faced by both an enemy and a traitor, I would let the traitor have it" – Cornelieu Zelea Codreanu

> "A nation can survive its fools, and even the ambitious. But it cannot survive treason from within. An enemy at the gates is less formidable, for he is known and carries his banner openly. But the traitor moves amongst those within the gate freely, his sly whispers rustling through all the alleys, heard in the very halls of government itself. For the traitor appears not a traitor; he speaks in accents familiar to his victims, and he wears their face and their arguments, he appeals to the baseness that lies deep in the hearts of all men. He rots the soul of a nation, he works secretly and unknown in the night to undermine the pillars of the city, he infects the body politic so that it can no longer resist. A murderer is less to fear." – Marcus Tullius Cicero

This is why I hate the Left, Labour, the Democrats, the Brexit-underminers, the EU, and the NGO do-gooders. But I digress.

I think it takes real skill to make the reader respect and root for a spy who is furthering the interests of a rival country ***[2]***. This is what John P. Marquand accomplishes with his long-running Mr Moto series, of which this is the second I've read. Mr Moto is a small unassuming agent of the Imperial Japanese government in the 1930s, and thus he is advancing the interests of an aggressively expansionist empire at the peak of it's aggressive expansionism ***[3]***

The narrative trick Marquand uses is to present Mr Moto as a bit-part character in each novel, where the primary narrative perspective is of an Englishman or American who is encountering Mr Moto flitting in and out of his life as momentous events take place around him ***[4]***. This is similar to how Ian Fleming approached James Bond in *The Spy Who Loved Me*. Most Fleming books follow Bond as the main character from a third-person perspective.

TSWLM is different, it's written first-person from the point of view of a young women taking an off-season job at a campsite. Bond passes through her campsite entirely by coincidence, on his return from an assignment, and she becomes very curious about him.

Most people consider it a weak link in the series but I admired Fleming's ambition and found it fascinating to watch a master spy save the world as an outsider who barely sees him.

The main theme of *Thank You, Mr Moto* is not spying at all. At heart it's about an American man in his mid-thirties who has spent so long in China that he's 'gone native'. He speaks Chinese perfectly, has a house of loyal local servants, and idles away his days in the ex-pat circuit of parties at the Ambassador's events.



And being really spoiled with the Ferrero Rocher

He meets an adventuress from the US who appears to be neck-deep in an art theft ring that Mr Moto is looking into. The story progresses like a normal adventure, with a focus on oriental inscrutability, in which the hapless American tries to rescue the girl from her folly ***[5]*** while a growing insurrection grips Peking. I dare say Mr Moto's screen time is about 25 pages total.

The overriding theme is of **shattered delusion**. This American, Tom Nelson, really believes that he has been accepted by the Chinese. His servants are nominally loyal, his Chinese friends receive him with courtesy, and he's bathing in his self-image as an enlightened westerner who has proven wrong those who say it can't be done. I know how this feels because I had the 2000s version of the same thing in Tokyo while I lived there almost four years.

For as long as the weather is fair, all is well. But, as Evander Holyfield said before his first fight with Mike Tyson: "pressure busts pipes". Trouble brews and Mr Nelson realises he hasn't been accepted *at all*. The Chinese have been humouring him. His servants disappear overnight after first betraying him to an assassination attempt, his main friend Prince Tung shows himself utterly unhelpful, and soon after Mr Nelson has some real soul-searching to do.

I too have experienced Asians pulling rank when alliances shift. It was trivial and harmless, but opened my eyes to how they conceive of group allegiance. I noted both at my school and at my kickboxing gym that once you've left the group you are ***much*** further out of it than leaving an equivalent group in the West would leave you.

Tom Nelson realises he was never accepted by the locals. He experiences profound anomie and most of the book carries this undercurrent, like he's floating in a bubble world and what was previously distinct and tangible is now blurred and treacherous. Fascinating to me, having experienced exactly the same thing ***[6]***

There is no magic dirt. There is no kumbayah we-are-the-world. If you're a stranger in a strange land then that's just how it is. You can contribute to the community, build solid friendships, and even become essential to your adopted nation's survival but if push comes to shove, you're expendable because you're not one of them. Robert Mugabe can still steal your farm. Nelson Mandela can still have your servants butcher your family in your home.

You still have to go back.

If you like my attempts to draw political and cultural parallels from a man's adventures with women overseas, you'll likely enjoy my memoir series Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad, and Adventure Sex. If you hate that stuff, stick to my textbook Daygame Infinite which shows how to pick up hot girls for free.

[1] I once tried a new author who, forty pages in, revealed the spy was on Team Homo. I literally threw that book across the cafe, surprising other guests. Then I had to pick it up, in case any of them read it and started thinking I was a shirt-lifter.
[2] I don't mean literally to support them in the real world as they act against your country. I mean simply to respect them and support them within the context of a fictional novel.
[3] I have a soft spot for all aggressive expansionists including Nazi Germany, Imperial Japan, Mongolian Khans, British Empire, Imperial Rome, and Alexander of Macedonia.
[4] That these momentous events take place in Asia is another narrative device to reduce our hostility to a Japanese agent because, lets face it, none of us give a flying fuck if a load of Chinese, Japanese and Burmese massacre each other in political intrigues so long as they leave us well out of it.
[5] Folly here meaning 'consequences of her own greedy, deceptive, and manipulative practices'. I'd have cut her loose immediately but this book was written in 1937 partly as a cautionary tale to not white-knight devious bitches.
[6] I believe Westerners living in Thailand with Thai wives are in precisely the same position.

Nick Krauser interview with Street Attraction

krauserpua · 18 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Readers of my 2015 memoir will remember ***[1]*** that's the year I had my first Euro Jaunts with Eddie of Street Attraction, and also hung out with him and Richard in Belgrade during their long extensively-documented Balkan tour. That let me see their game up close and also become actual friends with them ***[2]***

Since then, I've had nothing but good things to say about Street Attraction ***[3]*** and thus when Eddie suggested we do a joint Christmas event in London I enthusiastically agreed ***[4]*** and then when he suggested an interview on his YouTube channel I agreed yet more enthusiastically.

Here it is.

Daygame Infinite is available to purchase by clicking here.

What a difference it makes when someone with actual editing skill gets his hands on a video project! Makes me look like a bumbling amateur with my channel. Thank you Eddie, Richard, and George for having me on your show.

If you liked the thoughtful and cultured commentary George has about daygame, you'll quite probably enjoy his new book Game: A Cure For Loneliness available here. ***[5]***

[1] Actually, no they won't. I haven't gotten around to writing that one yet. If at all.
[2] Having friends in the community, as opposed to associates, wings or "people you haven't back-stabbed yet", is perhaps something of a revolutionary idea amongst PUAs.
[3] When sober. When drunk, my expressed opinions represent a fictionalised version of events that are dramatised for television and in no way represent nor are endorsed by my real opinions. I've been known to say bad things about even Donald J. Trump while drunk on whiskey.
[4] I will post video of my full talk eventually, so you don't need to ask.
[5] I'm about 25% into it so far, and it is the kind of reflective and literary work you'd expect from his contribution to our interview here.

#5 – Dennis Wheatley, Three Inquisitive People BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 20 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Attentive readers will have noted I received several vintage paperbacks from eBay recently, of which ***Thank You, Mr Moto*** *was the shortest. After polishing that off I was rather gung-ho to dip into more 1930s thrillers so I chose this 1931 crime mystery. It's of the Agatha Christie 'body in the library' type puzzle story.*

I have a rule of thumb that you can judge the quality of a book, before you've read it, by looking at a photo of the author. Physiognomy is real and, like Orwell said, "at 50, everyone has the face he deserves." Just look at these two and tell me which is going to be the more competent writer:



Some SJW, and Wheatley

Should I continue? Well, yes I should. Let's look at more author profile photos and consider what they show us. Each of the four below is an acknowledged master of his craft. Look at what they all share: strong confident gaze, clean facial features, intelligent brow. Cool guys. You just *know* their books will be good.



Chandler, Hammett, Clavell, Tolstoy

This is why the first time I saw Dennis Wheatley's photo, after having read my first book of his, I immediately punched the air. "Yes! I knew it!"

I've now read thirteen of his novels so I feel somewhat qualified on assessing him as a writer. I think the first thing for a modern day reader to grasp is what a big deal Wheatley was in his era. From the 1930s through to the 1960s he was one of the world's best-selling authors and apparently his Gregory Sallust series inspired Ian Fleming's **James Bond** (in addition to the real-life adventures of an actual British agent). There are two reasons why Wheatley is under-appreciated now, namely (i) his estate was caught up in a long protracted legal battle between his heirs so no publisher could risk reprinting him without being sure of the copyright holder (ii) he is a prime example of the Dead White Men that modern Leftists love to hate.

The villains of Wheatley novels are communists, Satanists, and the French ***[1]*** Here's a quote from the first chapter as the protagonist Duke De Richleau is explaining to his guest why he chose the Mausoleum Club for their meeting:

> "Therefore I asked you to dine in this quaint old place, behind closed doors through which the word socialism has never penetrated, and women do not come."

To read Wheatley is to relax into the warm atmosphere of old-world English aristocratic life. His heroes are mostly Dukes and Counts and they benevolently look after their loyal servants. Class conflict is absent, except when agitated by vile communists, usually at the behest of the Bolsheviks or Satan himself. Patriotism is a given, as is a man's duty to confront his enemy head-on and give him a bloody good sock on the jaw. Consider the opening to chapter two:

> Some two hours later M. de Richleau and his guest sat entrenched behind long cigars; they had just savoured the last drops of a sixty-year bottle of Madeira, and both were filled with the sense of well-being that succeeds a carefully chosen dinner and fine wines.

People don't write that way any longer. Modern protagonists do not *entrench* themselves, nor do they *savour* or

succeed. Most of Wheatley's conversations are conducted in drawing rooms stacked with leather-bound volumes along the walls and animal skins across the floor. There is always a long exposition scene early on in which the characters give voice to Wheatley's current social and political manifesto.

Some would call that clumsy writing. I love it.

> When De Richleau had finished his conversation with James Ritherdon he rang up Rex at his little house in Trevor Square.
> Rex was officially out, but actually at home. He had, however, given instructions to Mrs. Bottom that should the Duke or Simon Aron ring up they were to be put through.

In just two sentences we learn the following:

- There is such as thing as being officially out, but actually at home. I immediately decided to claim this upper class affectation for myself.
- Men should have more than one house, and a little house is one of them, no doubt for convenience when in the city centre on business.
- One has a lady to whom one gives instructions on which personages may be put through to the sitting room.

To an Englishman such as myself, who deeply believes that the Victorian era was the apogee of civilisation, reading a Dennis Wheatley book is like having a long relaxing massage. It's a reminder that life is noble, that education and excellence are to be cherished, and that great men exist. I also greatly enjoy how he frames the villains. Late in the book, there is a scene where Duke De Richleau and his friend Rex are attempting to trace any witnesses who saw a particular man leave a particular apartment building around ten pm a week earlier. After knocking on doors, they finally find a witness and he's……. a faggot.

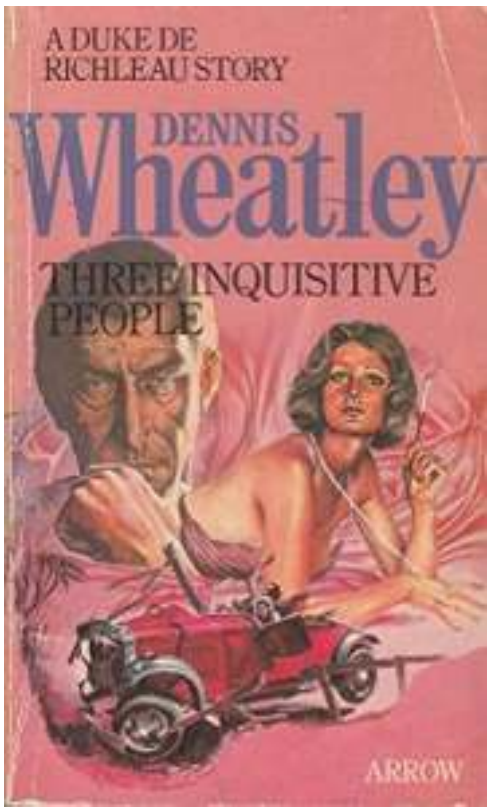
Chapter XXIII is called **The Curious Behaviour of Mr. Carrington Smythe** and he's a loathsome pillow-biter. I was laughing out loud at how unfavourably Wheatley characterised this villain, proudly trumpeting every homosexual stereotype you could ask for.

> "Rex gave the young man a sharp glance and thought him one of the most unpleasant people whom he'd ever seen. He was extraordinarily good-looking in the classic style, but he was not really young at all, and had he been a woman, one would have said he was thirty, made up to look eighteen. It was his boyish figure and his wavy golden hair that gave him the appearance of youth, on first sight. His bright, hard eyes were full of knowledge and cunning, his thin-lipped mouth a line of determined viciousness." ***[2]***

Before the book is done, we learn the following about Mr Smythe, that he:

- is middle-aged but desperately trying to look younger in order to seduce twinks.
- has pederast photos lying around everywhere.
- immediately makes a sexual play for the good-looking Rex.
- speaks like Graham Norton, as fruity as can be.
- is engaged in prostitution and has a client hiding in the bedroom.
- witnessed the murderer because he was out soliciting clients.
- blackmails the murderer and skips town, betraying the police and Justice and allowing the murderer a chance to escape prosecution.

It's so liberating to read a book that doesn't pander to the degenerate vermin in our country and instead clearly portrays them as villains. Imagine how differently Mr Smythe would've been presented in Kurland's Moriarty books. In those he'd have been making all kinds of intelligent quips that rang rings around the bigotted stuffy policemen, like an Oscar Wilde.



There's an even better cover

As much as I like the style of Dennis Wheatley, I must nonetheless confess that *Three Inquisitive People* is the weakest of his that I've yet read. The problem is this: Wheatley is at his best writing **action**, especially historical adventures spanning several countries. His best books are the French Revolution adventures of **Roger Brook** (like a Dumas book from the English perspective) or the espionage adventures of **Gregory Sallust** against the Nazis. Even the previous **Duke De Richleau** stories were all adventures. Not murder mysteries. Adventures.

In *Three Inquisitive People*, Wheatley is trying to do an Agatha Christie, turning his character into a Hercule Poirot. Consider this is 1931 when that style was fresh and wildly popular. So the whole of this book is men sitting in lounges and restaurants turning over evidence and theories to each other through dialogue. There is almost no action. No shoot outs, or car chases, or fist fights, or prison breaks. No battles.

Even the stakes are low: some old unpleasant woman got murdered in her bath.

And… he just doesn't pull it off. Agatha Christie has mastered how to follow a detective through interviewing witnesses, examining crime scenes, and following-up on clues. Her books come alive with characterisation and she rarely needs to spell out the deductions for you. Wheatley has always been heavy-handed in his exposition so his interchanges between characters come off stiff and obvious.

There were no clever twists, no artful misdirection, and little in the way of charming human insight like in a Christie novel. This book is all logical, straight-forward, and clumsily obvious. Needless to say, I guessed the killer long before the book meant it to be obvious. Unlike the rare cases I prevent Christie from pulling the wool over my eyes, this was no challenge.

Also, there's a bizarre change in tone in the final chapters as Wheatley tries to up the emotional ante to give the book a rousing climax. It's not at all foreshadowed, makes no sense, and relies upon the characters acting like retards – exactly what I complained of in an earlier review.

I won't warn you off this book as I still enjoyed it, but don't come here expecting a tightly-crafted whodunnit. If you want to enjoy Dennis Wheatley's old school vibe, I'd much more strongly recommend his earlier Duke De Richleau story *Vendetta In Spain* or for a more Dumas vibe try Roger Brook in *The Rape Of Venice* ***[3]***

If you like the idea of pompous men puffing on cigars and drinking wine in gentleman's clubs, then you'll love my memoir A Deplorable Cad where I did precisely that with my colleagues Duke James de Burnley and Count Mick von Hobart.

[1] Just like real life
[2] Interesting about the mouth, as it's exactly how Anonymous Conservative would describe it in traitors like FBI's Andrew McCabe or Peter Stroyk.
[3] The first Wheatley book I read, which I loved.

#6 – The Age Of God Kings, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 21 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Too much fiction, mate. That's what I thought to myself as I realised the first five books I finished this year were all primarily about the entertainment rather than the learning. Winter is my time of reflection and self-improvement so Project High Value Man must continue.

Having long since gotten tired of David DeAngelo videos and Muay Thai fights on Thai television, I've been looking into new ways of peacefully sending myself to sleep at night. My latest wheeze is to listen to audio books of titles that intrigue me but that I know, deep down, I'll never find the time nor inclination to read. I started with a *Warhammer 40k Horus Heresy* audio but that just confused me and gave me nightmares about the extinction of mankind ***[1]***. So, I moved onto Edward Gibbons *The Fall And Decline Of The Roman Empire*.

This book holds a very special place in my heart, considering I've never even owned it, much less read it.



"How did this happen?" I wondered

To me it's the poster boy of **a significant contribution to civilisation**. As a work of scholarship it is massive, detailed, and draws together a wealth of sources the author mastered through a lifetime of study. As a work of history it is original and groundbreaking. As a work of literature it is immense and intimidating. It stands alone, a monument to the man.

It's like the K'rauser Romances of 1776.

So as I tucked myself into bed under a fur blanket, reduced my wall TV backlight to zero, then let the audio book wash over me, I was transported into ancient history. Pretty soon, I realised a problem: though I'd love to get my arms around the major trends of history, this book is just too big and too detailed. I'd get lost in the weeds. I needed something higher level ***[2]***

Where can a man go to find a broad-strokes sweep of human history, written by subject matter experts, and lavishly illustrated so that tiny ADHD minds such as my own don't get bored? Well, *Time Life* of course. They produce beautiful coffee table books on a range of topics ***[3]*** for a lay reader with an inquisitive mind. Incredibly, I could get

the 19-volume ***[4]*** hardback set for just £35 delivered, via eBay. So that's what I did. They now form a very nice row at the bottom of my bookcase.



There's more knowledge in here than there is inside my whole head

"Nick," I told myself, "this is your chance to become well-educated. A chance to make up for all those wasted years chasing girls and bragging about it. A chance to undo the damage that non-stop video-gaming has done to your feeble mind."

"It's winter. There's nothing else to do. Look outside – it's snowing!" my inner voice continued. "Here's a project for you. Read all nineteen volumes in order. They go right up to WWII and after that you'll literally know the shape of world history. Do it! Do it now, before your ageing mind fossilises forever!"

I picked up volume one, *The Age Of God Kings*, and the synchronicity hit me. It's all about Sumeria, Egypt, Crete and Indus, the oldest empires. Wasn't I playing *Assassins Creed Origins* ***[5]*** just this past week? Isn't the God King Donald J Trump president right now? Yes! I must read this now.



“I literally just saw you. You look Sumerian, probably from Umma or Lagash”

Having finished volume one this morning I can say I have every intention of moving on to volume two and beyond. Here’s just a short list of morsels I picked up through reading:

- I can now find Mesopotamia on a map.
- I appreciate the importance of rivers and how the predictability of their flooding will lead to either a stoic fearful religion (Sumer, where Tigris and Euphrates rivers flood unpredictably and dangerously) vs an optimistic worshipful religion (Egypt, where the Nile is predictable and controllable).
- The aesthetic design of pyramids comes from Ziggurats, which themselves came from the practice of building new temples as a layer on top of the ruins of an old temple.
- A sculpted figurine of Ebih-il, steward of the temple of Ishtar at Mari, looked an awful lot like Craig Cassidy.
- The anti-clockwise current of the Mediterranean protected Crete from invasion and thus allowed it to build an early civilisation.
- Now I understand what real life circumstances encouraged the myth of Theseus, the Minotaur, and the labyrinth.
- Sumerians and Egyptians loved symmetry and spectacle in their architecture whereas Minoans and Harappans were about utility.
- Egyptians did not in fact walk sideways with their hands pressed together above their heads. Nor did they say “ooohwahoh-ohwaaaah-oohhhh!”
- The Nile (and Egypt) is effectively two countries, with Upper Egypt a narrow valley country with shallow impassable cataracts, and Lower Egypt a flat marshland with deep navigable rivers ***[6]***
- Mallia is now a degenerate Cretian holiday resort full of foreign slags getting their tits out. Back in 2500BC it was customary for the local slags to have their tits out constantly too, even at court.



Lisa had finished her cocktails and found her way to Candy Club

I could go on, but I shan't. Suffice to say, I'm feeling rather educated right now.

If you too wish to contribute a Gibbons-esque scholarly work of historiography to the emerging daygame literature, take me up on my Winter Memoir Challenge. If you'd rather just read about it, consider Daygame Infinite. You can put it in a time capsule so future civilisations realise just how much we knew.

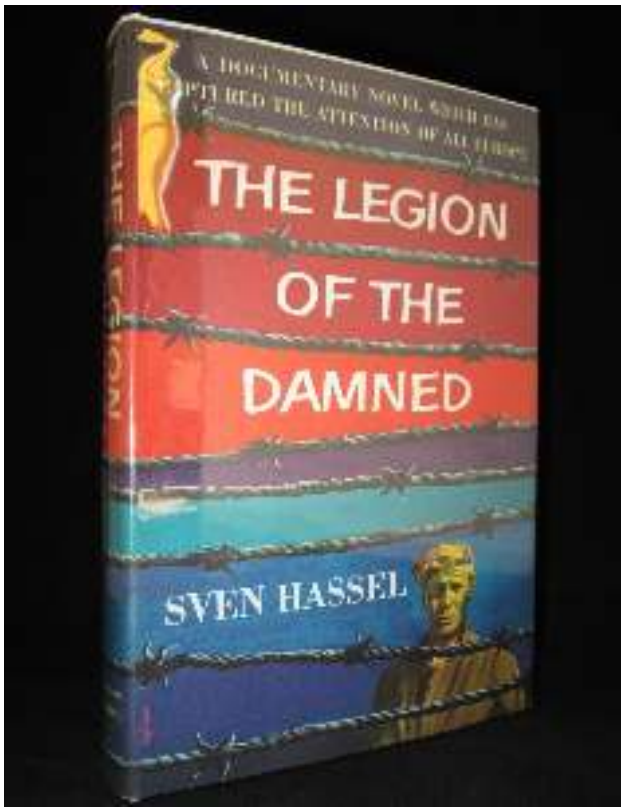
[1] Though if it was only half of mankind, and I could choose which half, it would be a far more pleasant dream.
[2] And easier.
[3] Yes, I bought the Nazi ones too.
[4] Slightly larger than my own historiography.
[5] Or, *Witcher 3 Egypt* as it's also known.
[6] I'd already figured this out from *Assassins Creed Origins*.

#7 – SS Kampfgruppe Peiper, James Lucas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 22 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

World War II was a wonderful thing. Not so much the butchery, destruction, and surrendering of half of Europe to the Bolsheviks. I'll admit *that* was rather unpleasant and I'm glad I wasn't around to live through it. What WWII did do was inspire a ton of really cool books, movies, and video games. That's a legacy I can enjoy.

Perhaps my second-favourite writer of all time is Sven Hassel ***[1]***. Now, I'm not for a moment suggesting he is the *best* writer, just that I personally really enjoyed his books. Starting in 1953, a mere eight years after German defeat, Hassel released the first of his fourteen books, *The Legion Of The Damned* ***[2]***. I've read them all and found only the first and last to be a bit shit. If you're interested, start with his second book *Wheels Of Terror*.

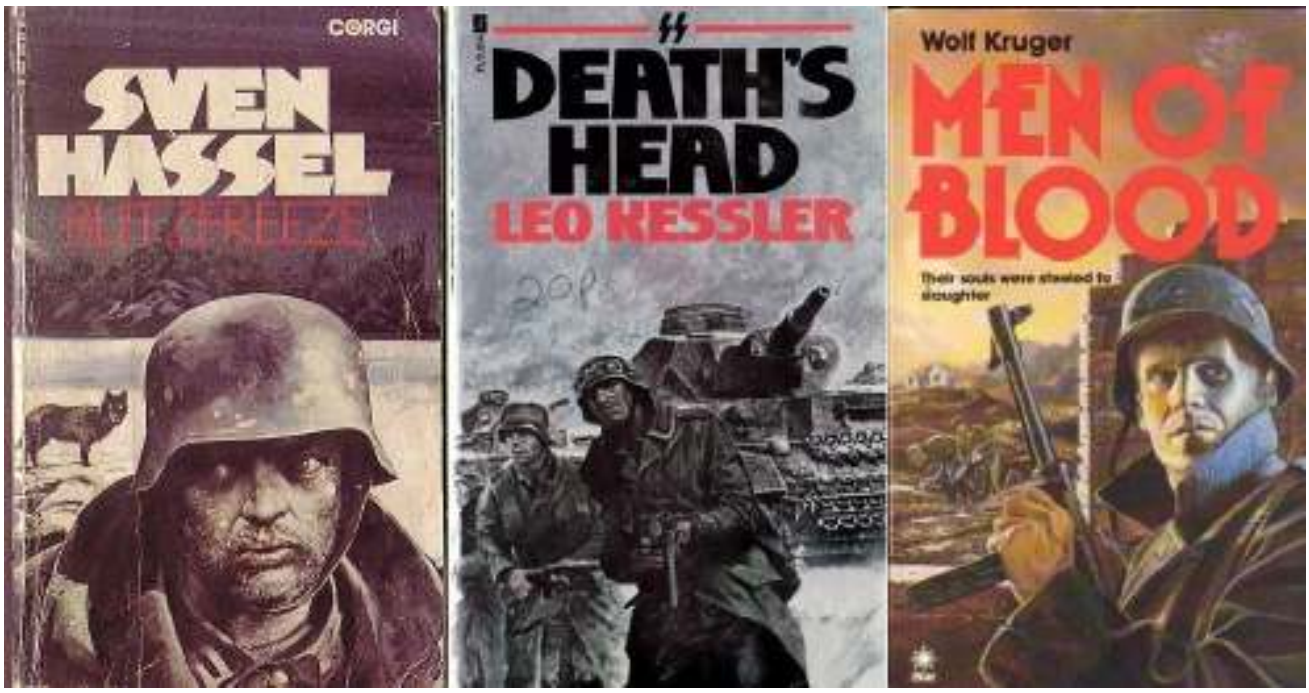


As much a "Documentary" as the average PUA memoir is, sadly

They were quite a success. He sold 53 million worldwide and 15 million in the UK alone.

Hassel did a few very clever things to make his books sell. First of all, they are written in first person perspective in the memoir style and for many years he led the reader to believe they were factual ***[3]***. In addition to this, it's a vivid immediate style that puts you into the centre of the carnage. This makes compelling reading. The precis is he's a Danish teenager who went to Germany early in the war to join a German foreign legion. He deserted over falling in love and was arrested and sent to a brutal military prison. The Nazis offered a way out for political prisoners, deserters and criminals by forming penal battalions who got the dirty jobs on the Eastern Front. Hassel joins one, makes new friends, and is horrified by the war. That's where volume one ends and the rest are continuing adventures of his small band of merry men.

It sets up a neat narrative device in which a Nazi penal battalion of anti-Nazis is fighting the Allies under horrid conditions. Half the books are about the horrors of war, and the other half is R&R time back in Germany where they are drinking, whoring, and officer-baiting. Hassel deliberately removes any context from the war. The soldiers are in a permanent haze, sent into one suicide mission after another without any understanding of grand strategic objectives. It gives the books a compelling dream-like quality ***[4]***



Those imitators certainly knew how to hustle

I thoroughly enjoyed these books. The characters are memorable, the war scenes exhilarating, and the officer-baiting hilarious. Once I'd finished them all I was disappointed at having no more to read. Fortunately an entire industry grew up around the Hassel style, as hack authors tried to get a piece of the bestseller action. Just look at how the covers are done to guide the reader.

I've tried these other writers and read some decent potboilers but it's just not the same Hassel-like experience. They can't match his flair or energy. While at a weekend market I was perusing a book stall of military literature when I came upon another Hassel-a-like. This one was from a tiny press, possibly even self-published ***[5]***. It was only a few quid, so I picked it up. It sat on my shelf for a year until I tried it this year.



My first surprise is this is just the first of the **Jackboot Series**, the second and third in print too and the fourth and fifth forthcoming from another author ***[6]***. I start reading. The preface explains that the author had discovered the diary of a former SS commander in his personal effects after he died in a suspicious fire. Piecing this together with known military records, Lucas reconstructed a particular real-life 1943 Eastern Front mission in which an SS group rescued the 320th Division from a Red Army encirclement. “Faction”, I believe it’s called.

I smelled bullshit. This is a variant of the Sven Hassel memoir hoax.

As I read I find it’s written like Sven Hassel, if he’d calmed down a little. It has the same brutality of war, the same pompous German commanders, the same sadistic NKVD commissars, and the same disillusioned front-line troops. Only….. the Army men are all rather more professional than their Hassel equivalents and the entire novel is firmly contextualised into the wider battle strategy.

Perhaps it’s not bullshit, I wonder.

I won’t spoil the story but suffice to say I enjoyed it and the quality of writing was far higher than I’d any right to expect from a small-run book from a tiny publishing house. It’s as polished as anything you’ll pick up in a real book store. The only real weakness is Lucas isn’t especially good at drawing characters. It takes a long time for the principle men, the commander of NKVD, of the battle group, and of the Siberian penal battalion, to take shape. They don’t leap from the page like the larger-than-life men of Sven Hassel’s work.

Throughout the book, I couldn’t help but root for the Nazis ***[7]*** but it was also hard not to root for the Russian troops too (not including the NKVD scum). I was at an emotional stalemate. It’s hard to enjoy any war book in which white people are killing white people. Especially when it’s the Jews setting them against each other.

Incidentally, this is a similar reason to why I don’t watch action movies anymore. They are just a long murder fantasy in which we’re supposed to enjoy watching our own people getting slaughtered for fun. I don’t care to play that game ***[8]***. That’s probably why I’ve had *Wolfenstein II The New Colossus* sitting on my hard drive since Christmas and can’t make myself play it.



I swear, some people are shameless in their imitations nowadays

Anyhoo, something didn't smell right with James Lucas. He was too well-informed and too sedate to be just another Hassel clone. So I looked into it. Well….. he's German. That's ironic considering how the Hassel Craze had English writers pretending to be German or Russian ***[9]***. He's also an actual military historian who has written over twenty scholarly works.

Oh. I got him wrong, didn't I.

Reviews of this book seem split between whether Lucas has done an historically accurate fictionalisation of the real operation, or if he's overly embellished it. Now that I think of it Lucas has somewhat realised the original promise of Sven Hassel – to tell a true story of the horror of war in an entertaining pulp-novel style format.

My conclusion? If you want entertainment I'd still try Hassel first, but if you want some connection to real history it's worth looking into the Jackboot series.

If you'd enjoy a lurid first-person adventure story about a team of degenerates invading Eastern Europe for boozing and shagging, you can't go wrong with my Daygame Memoirs. If you are more tactically minded, you'd likely prefer my strategic manual Daygame Infinite

[1] Robert E. Howard is number one. Much of his stuff is public domain now and available for free here.
[2] There are rumours his wife wrote it and he wrote the next thirteen. It's certainly written in a different style to the others so there may be truth in this rumour.
[3] You needn't look too far into military history to verify or disprove his claims. It's simply impossible for anyone to survive that many battles over six years. John Wick is more plausible.
[4] And no doubt made them much easier to write by removing one of the major narrative constraints
[5] And back when it was printed, that was usually a bad sign. Different market then.
[6] It appears they never got published as I can't find a single thing on the internet about them.
[7] Mind you, it's hard for me to go through any day without wishing they'd won considering that the alternative was Jewish Bolshevism. I'm no fan of the Nazi's socialism nor their murderous Teutonic supremacy, but the Soviets were bigger villains. Like Churchill said, "we butchered the wrong pig"
[8] It's always **men** getting massacred, usually by a white knight protecting a woman. That's hard to support when you're on Team Man. In modern times it's usually **white men** getting massacred, which is hard to support when you're on Team White. And before you stupid Indian trolls get started, think how you'd feel if Bollywood created movies like *John Wick* where you were meant to cheer for two hours as somebody massacres several hundred men *who look exactly like you*. Even worse if it's like *Django Unchained*. Imagine a Bollywood movie where every single Indian man is a total cunt, and then a white man kills you all, and you're meant to cheer it along.
[9] For example, Leo Kessler is in fact Charles Whiting and Wolf Kruger is schlock horror writer Shaun Hutson.

#8 – Parker Pyne Investigates, Agatha Christie BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 23 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

During my hibernation periods I often go down to a local seaside market on Saturday mornings to have a coffee with my brother and then walk along the cliff sides, or if it's really cold, to read a book in a pub. There are several used book stalls at the market and a year ago I could pick up volumes in the recent Agatha Christie reprint series. Check out the second-top shelf in the bookcase photo for how that little collection is progressing.

I have a big problem with reading **Agatha Christie**, the queen of detective fiction. She wrote eighty detective novels, a dozen volumes of short stories, and another ten books under pseudonyms. I've read over fifty of them. The only problem is, I don't know which fifty.

I didn't keep a list.

This is how it happened. In the year 2000 I got a job teaching English in a Japanese junior high school on a small tropical island in Okinawa. It was extremely isolated and the internet back then was still 56k dial-up. My parents would send out some paperbacks, I'd watch *SkyPerfectTV* cable, and I'd play every single **Sega Dreamcast** game ***[1]***. There wasn't much else to do. A few times that year I flew up to Tokyo during school holidays and hung out with my now ex-wife. It was a huge change of pace – from a tiny island with 2,000 inhabitants to the wild metropolis of central Tokyo. I'd be there over a week at a time and some of the most enjoyable periods were sitting in Starbucks, in sofa chairs, reading paperbacks and chatting a little. Just enjoying some quiet time together.



I spent a lot of time in Jiyugaoka

Little did I realise, but this was where I made the following deep emotional connection:

Cafe + Sofa Chair + Paperback = Happiness

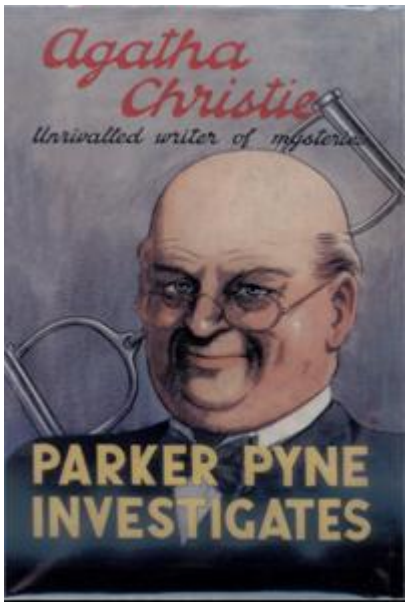
It's never left me and remains one of my most satisfying pastimes. When my year in Okinawa was up I flew back to Newcastle and spent the next four months relaxing. I had a daily routine in which I'd take the bus to the city centre, buy an Agatha Christie paperback in Dillons bookstore, then sit in Starbucks reading it. I read at least two dozen of her books in that short time period. As years passed, I'd read more. And then I'd completely forgotten which I'd

read and which I hadn't.

With Agatha Christie it's not as simple as reading the back cover to figure out if you've read it already. The stories are so formulaic, have such similar settings, and the protection of plot twists is so important, that the back cover blurbs are no help at all. Three times in a row I bought a book, sat in my sofa chair, and then twenty pages in I realised "I've already read this one!" So, I stopped reading Agatha Christie.

Ten years passed and I'm dipping my toe back in. I figure that even if I've read them before, with my advancing age I've probably forgotten whodunnit. So, we come to **Parker Pyne**. I knew for sure I hadn't read anything with him in. Agatha Christie is a genius. Her most amazing achievement is her ability to create to enduring detectives who have completely opposite methods of detection. Consider this:

- **Hercule Poirot** is a man of painstaking method and deep logical thinking. The fat little Belgian will carefully observe a crime scene, game out character behaviours, and logically deduce likely suspects. He then makes further researches, usually knows the killer by the halfway point, and then sets a trap where they will be exposed, usually in front of a room of witnesses. Poirot is above all a man of *logical deduction*. He uses 'the little gray cells'
- **Miss Jane Marple**, by contrast, is an intuit of human nature. She's a sedantry old granny who sits in the corner with her knitting, quietly watching and listening. She observes behaviour and character. As a former busy-body, she has an encyclopedic knowledge of every character in her village. When elsewhere, she logs her observations and then thinks, "which of my friends does this new person most remind me of?" She assigns people to character types. Thus she can intuit the behaviour of a new person based on her experience of the old people. Miss Marple is above all a lady of *character observation*. She uses her gossip database.



Parker Pyne didn't catch on with the public imagination but I was certainly fascinated to see how Christie would draw her protagonist. What would be his USP? I'm not quite sure. His backstory is that he worked in a government office of statistics for 35 years and upon retirement opened a private consulting agency concerned not with murder but with **happiness**. It would appear he's intended to be an actuary who uses statistics to predict individual cases.

Ooooh.

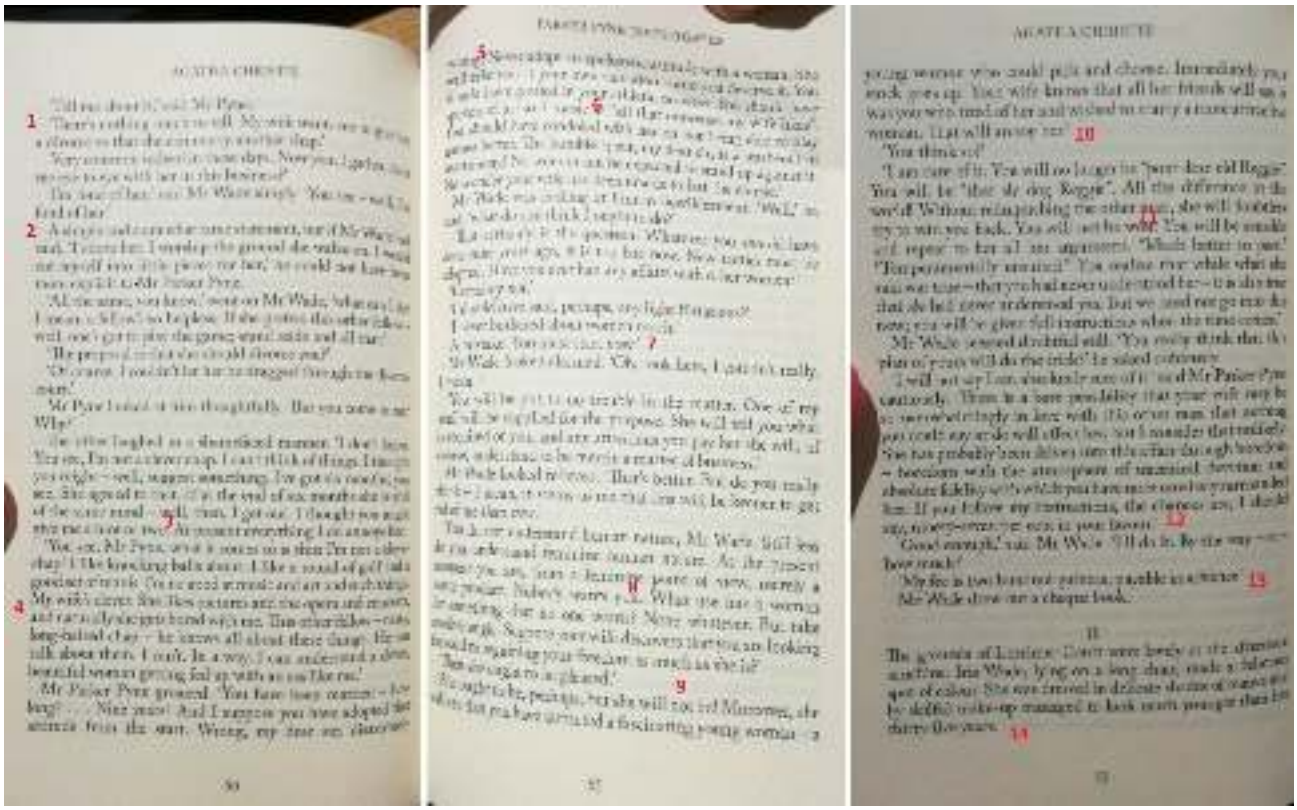
It's a short story collection, written in 1934, but each follows the previous story including the latter half of the book in which he takes a case at each leg of his Middle Eastern tourist trip. They all begin with a prospective client reading his regular advertisement in the Times, that read:

Are you happy? If not, consult Mr Parker Pyne, 17 Richmond Street.

Pyne has an agency hiring two regular staff, a reformed rake ('lounge lizard' in the book) who has retired from his gigolo ways but uses those skills to help clients. The other is a stunning vampish women who plays the same game from the other side. Pyne hires them, in the London stories, to create dramas scripted by his third employee, a popular novelist. It's a great book and I read it cover to cover in one afternoon. It has all of Agatha Christie's hallmarks: fast efficient characterisation, unpredictable but fair plotting, dark deceptive villains, and a remarkable sense of humanity in the good people.

The reason it's interesting for this blog is that Agatha Christie knows Game. Oh, does she know game! Consider chapter 4, **The Case Of The Discontented Husband**. It concerns a young man who consults Parker Pyne because his wife has fallen out of love with him and is now carousing with an interloper. They have agreed a divorce but he's against it. I won't type out any sections. Instead I'll post them as photos.

As you read, consider Game concepts from blogs such as The Rational Male, Heartiste, and of course this writer's humble contribution to the Game. I've annotated it to help you.



The PUA industry predates our own efforts

1. Women instigate most break-ups and do so by monkey-branching onto the next man
2. Pedestalisation
3. When a girl goes cold on you, you can't do anything right. It's not about you, it's about her body telling her to GTFO
4. Men who sing the birdsong can attract the bird out of another male's nest. That's #9 of the sixteen commandments
5. That's #8
6. Amused mastery, treat women like children
7. That's #2 of the sixteen commandments. Dread game
8. That's #2 again
9. That's #16. When you are willing to walk away, she'll block your exit
10. Women use their man as a foil to play the status game amongst other women. Dalrock has a lot to say about this, particularly the status of being a "wife".
11. Make her work, make her chase. Don't let her in too easily.

12. Boredom is the kryptonite of LTRs
13. Cheaper than my coaching
14. See Rollo's life-cycle for why this is the period of peak danger for women blowing up their families for one last shot at new male DNA.

Here's the lesson of the day: **there is nothing new under the sun**.

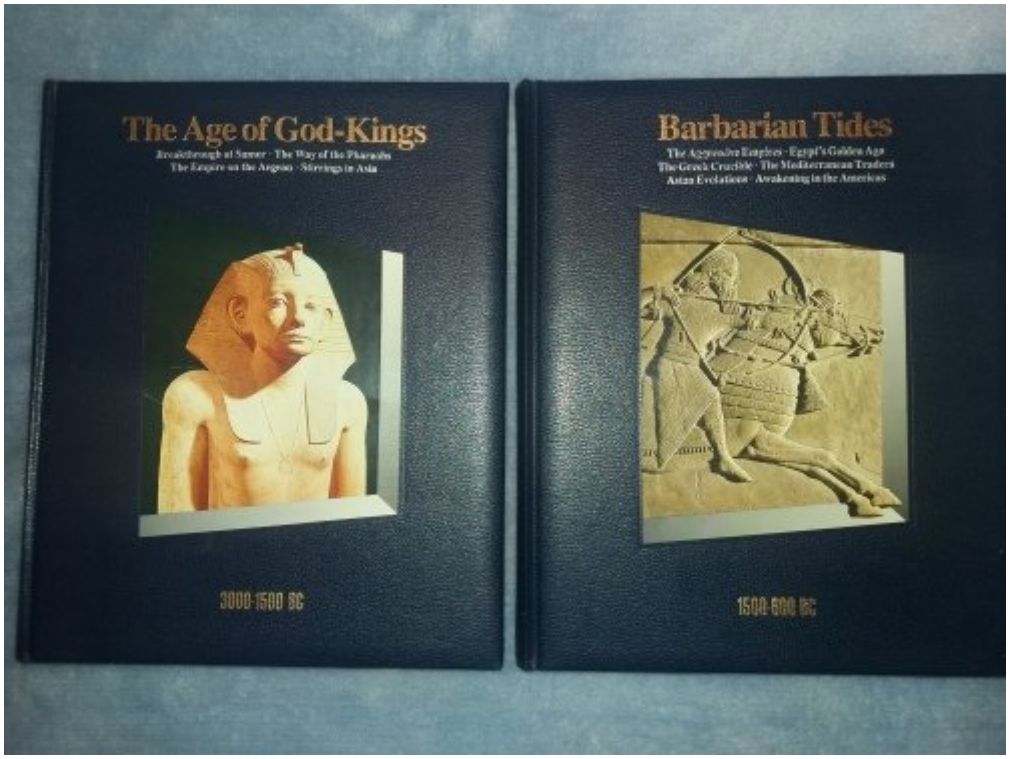
If you'd like to learn how to understand human nature in order to solve mysteries, you can't do better than Daygame Infinite. That is a 524-page tour-de-force on how to understand hot girls and to solve the mystery of "how do I get them to have sex with me?"

[1] Metropolis Street Racer, Sonic Adventure 2, Soul Calibur, Crazy Taxi 2, Virtua Tennis 2, NFL 2K, Unreal Tournament, and Outrigger were my favourites.

#9 – Barbarian Tides, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 24 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I'll admit I bit off more than I can chew. That is a constant in my life, as I'm also finding out writing volume three of the memoir (Younger Hotter Tighter). Projects seem so much faster in my mind. These Time Life books are each 175 pages long and those pages have plenty of words on them. Real books. Not like skimming a magazine. End-to-end that's over 3,000 pages. Fuck me. Well, I want the knowledge so I'd better keep reading.



The totality of my ancient world knowledge, yesterday

One of my favourite bloggers, Vox Day, likes to say "immigration is war" and that there is no "magic dirt" that will turn a non-American into an American simply by having him change location. I agree with both sentiments but it was not until reading *Barbarian Tides* that I appreciate this is **historically obvious**.

The Left, you see, hates history. It's always Year Zero with those clowns. The very last thing they want is for us to learn the mistakes of history. They'd much rather we repeat them. They are the People Of The Lie. ***[1]*** Thus Leftist history is always about airbrushing wrong-thinkers out of history and then 'revising' the record to completely pervert it. Hence all that nonsense about Shakespeare's plays being written by a black woman, Mohammedans inventing science, that Constantinople is Istanbul, and so on.

Volume two of the Time Life series picks up circa 1500BC as the great Ancient civilisations are beginning to fail. Some are hit by natural catastrophes such as an earthquake and volcanic eruption rendering the Minoans vulnerable to barbarian Mycenean invasion ***[2]***, while others fell to internal decline such as the hated Assyrians losing their military prowess and being pushed back by the Hittite barbarians from the Eurasian steppe. The Egyptians also disappeared up their own arseholes when they first let a woman run them (Hatsheput) and later a gamma fag Akhenaten who was so full of himself he changed the entire religion from worship of Amun-Re to Aten and then tried to build a new capital city in the middle of nowhere. Naturally, that didn't work out well.



Incredible that “gamma face” is clear even in stone sculptures

The meta-level trend emerging from this period of history is pretty clear. The near east, Asia Minor (Turkey, basically), and the Mediterranean was a hotbed of competing tribes and empires. As one grew dominant it would invade the land of it’s neighbours, and then be pushed back as the worm turned. Each time, the new destroyed what they could of the old. Temples smashed, people enslaved, languages disappeared and so on.

When one group was pushed out of their lands they would migrate to new lands, asking for tolerance and mercy (or just plain invade). They’d settled and then soon after overthrow the people who’d welcomed them in. For example, the Hittite barbarians were forced south from the steppe by a tribe of stronger barbarians. The Hittites settled in Anatolia, subjugating the locals, and then built their own empire. It rivalled Egypt in size and the two frequently clashed around Syria. Then a “sea people” ***[3]*** in 1300BC arrived and:

> “Whoever they were and wherever they came from, the attackers obliterated the Hittite world, reducing Hattusa to ashes, smashing stone sculptures, slaughtering much of the population and driving the rest into exile. And so, in 1200BC, the Hittite empire vanished.”

This was a time of war, conquest and annihilation.

Here’s another lesson from history that the myopic Left would do well to learn: ***everyone was at it***. It’s common for those of us raised with a Western education to think that it was the European empires that were evil. *Colonisation is bad* we are told. There is something unique and awful about Europeans and those of us around today must pay penance, or reparations, or just feel guilty for all these horrible things we did as colonisers.



Nice civilisation you've got there. Would be a shame if someone SMASHED IT

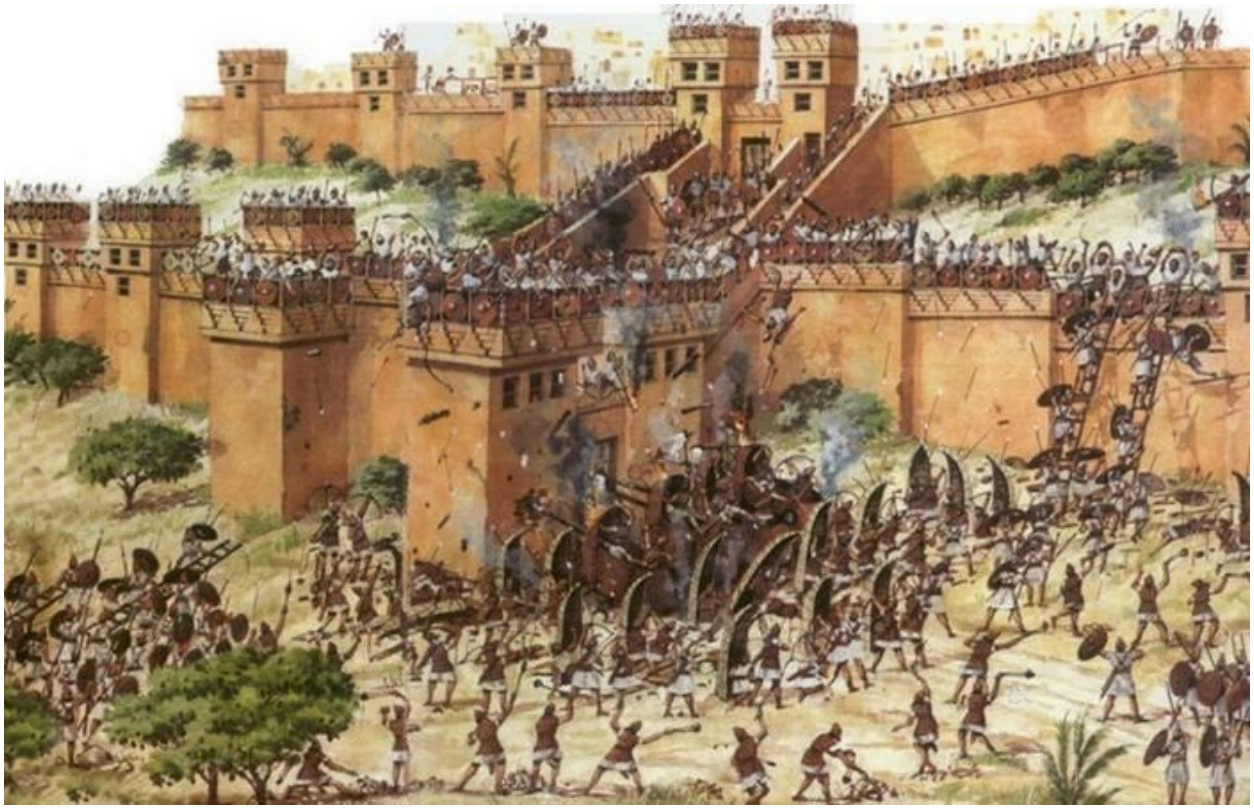
Except, ***everyone was at it***. All those *other* colonisers – which, frankly, is everyone throughout history – are wiped clean from memory. It's the European colonisation that we should focus on, the Left says ***[4]***

History truly is fascinating for putting things into context. For example, Christians make a really big deal out of the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt in 1230BC, stopping off at Mt Sinai to pick up the ten commandments, then settling near the Dead Sea, from which they promptly engaged in exactly the same sorts of wars as everybody else. In the Christian world that little episode is a *huge deal*. In this book, it's just a minor thread in a broad tapestry of warring empires and barbarian tribes. ***[5]***

I'll admit I'm struggling a little in my recall and sense-making of this era because so much of it is new to me. When reading about Egyptian pharaohs it's easy to slot the new information or interpretation into what I've been taught already, same as more recent history such as Napoleonic Era. It's rather harder to get a grasp of the Phoenician sea trading empire that founded Carthage in 900BC, or exactly how the Mycenaens became the Greeks, or how Etruscan city states merged with the Latins to become Rome ***[6]***

I'm a little more educated in world history than I was a week ago, but I suspect there's a lot more left to learn.

If you enjoy reading these reviews then you should probably leave a comment now and then because although my traffic is a little higher than usual I have no idea if my readership actually gives a shit. I had many requests for ***Count Cervantes****-style content and now that I'm moving in that direction… silence. Which is exactly why I closed down Count Cervantes in the first place.*



This is why we can’t have nice things

[1] Okay, Mr Triggered Socialist. I understand…. ooookay, so when socialism was tried in China it led to massive famine, economic collapse, millions of civilians murdered by their own government, spying that turned the whole country into an open air prison, and a complete destruction of civil society. Same thing when it was tried in Russia, Ukraine, North Korea, Venezuela, and Cuba. Next time it’ll be paradise! Next time!

[2] The Mycenaens themselves were smashed by the barbarian Dorians.

[3] About whom very little is known. They appear to have been raiders and pirates.

[4] Just as how the Left is obsessed with the trivial slavery of the US and blames all that on white Europeans despite the fact nearly all the slaves were sold to them by other blacks in Africa and that 90% of slavers were Jewish. And even then, the US/European slave trade was much smaller, far less brutal, and lasted a far shorter time than the Arab and Ottoman slave trades. Indeed, in Libya and Dubai it’s still going on today.

[5] Kind like you banging a pretty bird is a big deal to you, but she’s just one of millions of hot birds getting banged out that evening around the world.

[6] Is does seem pretty clear, though, that the Assyrians were utter cunts. They were the Ottomans of their era.

#10 – Strike For Death, John Creasey BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 25 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Who would have thought I'd lose interest in video games? At the time of writing I just finished my 11th book of the year, in less than four weeks. I don't normally read so fast but this little winter project of mine must be speaking to something deep in my core because all I want to do is read new books. I haven't touched ***Assassins Creed Origins*** *in nearly a week, and that's odd. My guess is momentum for* ***Project High Value Man*** *has been building up quietly and now I've settled myself into a comfy chair next to my bookcase, it's keeping me there. Interesting.*

Regular readers have likely observed that I'm not a fan of bandwagon jumping, nor of downloading my thoughts from the internet, media, or academia. When that Jordan Peterson interview went viral I did indeed watch it. What I didn't do was immediately put up a click-bait YouTube video about it. Just as I never posted a video about how Conor MacGregor might win his ~~superfarce~~ superfight with Floyd Mayweather. Like most red-blooded males, I had an idea how the fight would go but I also found it distasteful to hop aboard the bandwagon.

It's what women do. And the lower classes.

It's declasse.

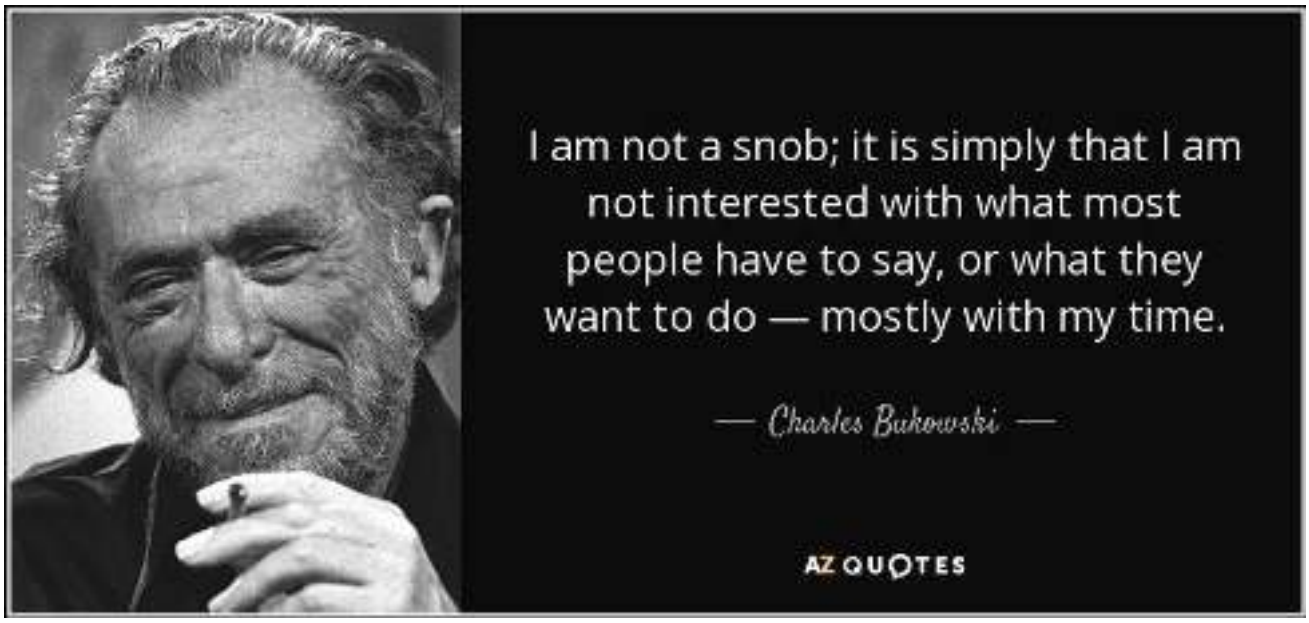


"Did you see that Stefan Molyneaux response video to the Peterson interview, Jeeves?"

While I'd like to believe I'm some kind of free-thinking iconoclast, I suspect the reality is simply that my personality type is contrarian and I will instinctively act against what I perceive is the herd instinct ***[1]***. The downside of this is I fail to ride trends and my marketing reach is considerably lower than it could be. The upside is also that I fail to ride trends. So I knew not to get involved in the speculative mania of crypto currency ***[2]*** or follow the latest game-nonsense-of-the-month ***[3]***

My unwillingness to listen to my betters ***[4]*** means that from an early age I reached my own determinations of what is or is not the case and would hold to that no matter what the 'public mind' was. Sometimes I'd be spectacularly

wrong and embarrass myself but mostly it meant I could see things way in advance while everyone else is running around like fools ***[5].*** If you think this is a good thing, you'd called it 'being sigma'.



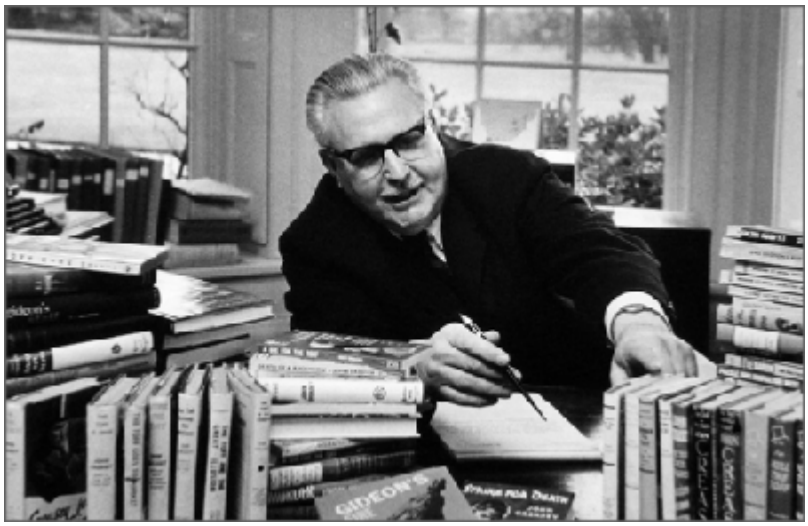
What has that got to do with reading books?

Simply put, I judge books on their merits *as I see them* rather than what I'm supposed to believe. I don't read book reviews in the magazines, I treat reputation as the loosest of preliminary guides, and I don't buy a book just because it's advertised on the London Underground and Metro newspaper tells me everyone is reading it ***[6]***. This has led me to a (mildly) controversial conclusion about fiction:

The best writers are usually in genre fiction, not prize-winning literature

Genre writers need to tell a story. They need to sell books. To do that, they must grip you in the first few pages and maintain dramatic momentum to the end. You have to finish the book thinking "I want to read more of his stuff". In contrast, literature writers are mostly trying to get invited to the right parties, full of dull-witted chattering classes who don't actually read their books ***[7]***. When I was a teenager and I found literature boring, I figured I simply wasn't savvy enough to appreciate it. Now I'm older, I realise much of it is just the Emperor's new clothes.

This brings me to John Creasey.



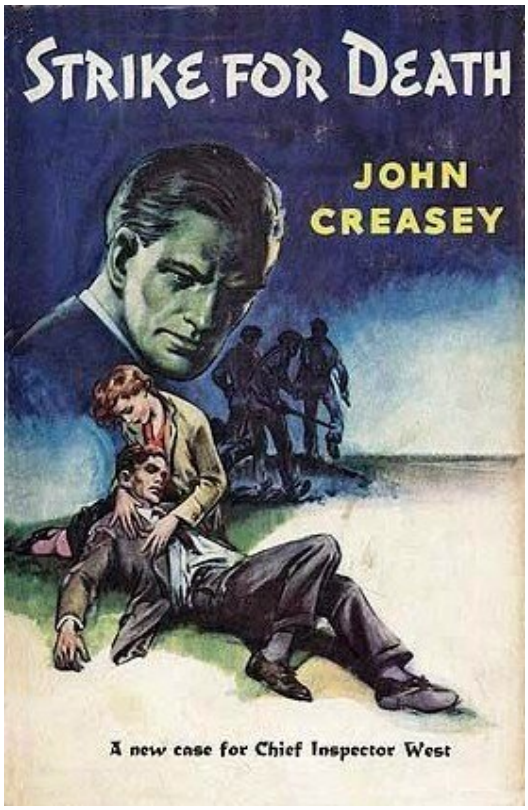
Here's one I wrote last week…

I greatly admire this man primarily because he was so prolific. He wrote six hundred novels under twenty-eight different pseudonyms over forty-three years. That's averaging over **one novel a month**, consistently. It's quite

staggering really. Most absurdly prolific artists are just rubbish ***[8]*** but I've read ten or more Creasey books and they are good. You'd never guess they were rushed.

I'm always impressed by men who can maintain a prolific output without suffering a drop in quality. That's talent and professionalism. It inspires me to work harder. I see no reason to adopt the archetype of a writer popular in the public imagination as a man who patiently and slowly labours over every word and rewrites chapters many times until finally, ten years later, his lone novel is published. Nope, that's bollocks. Rarely are such books any better than the one-month-turnaround genre fiction. Why?

Because prolific writing is its own apprenticeship. People learn by doing. They learn by getting busy, putting skin in the game, and then reflecting on the lessons that reality has taught them ***[9]***. Anyway, let's turn our minds to this book in particular.

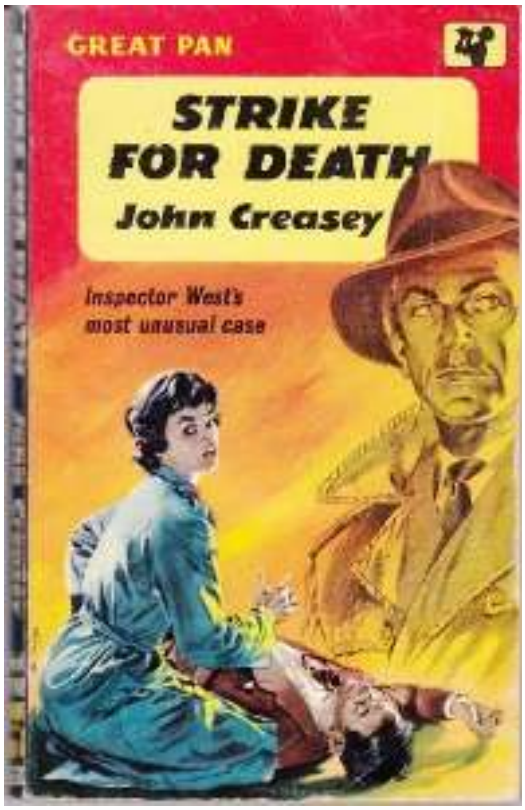


Creasey was a crime writer who created a few similar characters and then cranked out books according to a formula. He had police procedurals featuring **Inspector West** and **Commander Gideon**, and also a more hard-boiled series featuring **The Toff**, an upper-class fixer and sometimes private detective. Those are the three series I dipped into. He's got others I haven't yet tried.

What I like most about the Inspector West series is the image of 1950s England that it presents. It's a country with strong collective spirit rebuilding after the war and not yet suffering the onslaught of mass immigration. The Brits still have a stiff upper lip but the war is too recent for them to have gone soft. The Soviet Union is a new menace and constantly meddling in UK affairs. West is a rising star in Scotland Yard. Unlike modern police procedurals, Creasey doesn't do any post-modern bullshit with "complex" flawed characters. West is a hero. He's a modest family man with good judgement, strong moral code, and a commitment to correct procedure. He's not a haunted alcoholic like the hard-boiled detectives, he's not a rebellious rule-breaker like Dirty Harry, nor is he a pompous virtue-signalling psychiatrist like Alex Delaware.

I like stories where protagonists are men with a real life worth having, and a commitment to doing the right thing. There's not a lot of melodramatic flourish in the West stories. He doesn't leap from moving trains, or quick-draw to shoot down a gang of thugs, nor does he disarm a bomb one second before the presidential motorcade arrives. He's just a solid copper doing the right thing, with a little flair.

This realness to his character, where if he's working late he phones the wife to tell her not to wait up, brings the story to life ***[10]***



She looks like a Croat I fucked

This maturity and realness spreads into the subject of **Strike For Death**. I'm sure you're thinking it's a vulgar potboiler, to judge from the lurid cover. Nope. The story is that a big car factory is rolling out a new model that will pull in lots of export orders. The union is agitating for a ten percent pay rise and as tempers flair, there's a murder. Scotland Yard is brought in to solve the case, which rapidly evolves into additional violent incidents.

As a narrative experiment, Creasey seems determined to keep almost the full book on factory premises. There are brief interludes where West returns to the Yard, and one key scene in the factory owner's house, but for the most part it's all on-site. Creasey pulls that off well and makes the factory one of the characters.

I liked how he handles the industrial dispute. This is not a simple case of good vs evil, either on the side of the owners or the union. Creasey takes care to present both the chief shop steward Michael Grannett and the board CEO Sir Ian Munro as sympathetic characters who have a sincere commitment to their ideological positions yet also somewhat bull-headed and prone to dismissing opposing points of view. Grannett is doing his best to protect the interests of his workers and Munro is trying to keep the factory profitable in tough times. The conflict is due to a balance of conflicting and shared interests, rather than a simple white hat vs black hat.

Nothing annoys me more than when a writer decides the bad guy's motivation is simply "because he wants to do bad stuff".

Books reflect the spirit of the times. In 1958 England was a different place with different concerns. Balance of payments was a big problem and thus foreign currency earnings through exports were a big deal (this is part of the book's high stakes), workplace agitation by KGB-backed shop stewards was a massive problem ***[11]***. The UK economy was heavily nationalised in 1958 and regulation stifled everything.

It's almost quaint to see what types of crimes were the focus of fiction, and what type of criminals committed them. In this case there's a murder of a young worker by someone on the factory staff. The entire case is local and the motive is one of the big three : greed, jealousy, revenge. There are no ISIS terrorists setting off bombs on busses, no

Muslim immigrants setting up child-rape gangs in provincial cities, no Yardies hacking each other with machetes over failed drug deals.

This was a time of East End riff-raff robbing a post office, of a wife poisoning her husband, or a jealous teenager stabbing a love rival.

Honest times.



The good old days when criminal and victim alike wore suits

There'll be an announcement very soon about a small project I'm working on. Thanks to those of you who took me up on the Winter Memoir Challenge. There are now SIX books in the works, that I've been told of. Two guys have already sent me significant first draft manuscripts for my review. I'm starting to think 2018 may be the a bountiful year for daygame literature.

[1] I play video games this way too. The very last thing I do is the main quest line, and any time an NPC tells me "you must…" I immediately try to kill him.
[2] Here's a rule of thumb. Anytime you're told "this time it's different" or "it's a new type of economy now", get out.
[3] I'm old enough to remember when people took HookingUpSmart seriously, and I'm waiting for people to give up on the Dark Triad fairy story. I've been told that Instagram and Seeking Arrangement are the "new game". This time it's different.
[4] Or to take a telling, as some friends have told me
[5] For example I've been saying for years that Obama is the worst president in history, a stooge for the Chicago mob, a vain fruity narcissist of middling IQ, raised and groomed by Saudi Arabia as a Manchurian candidate, not even a US citizen, and that he's neck-deep in the worst political corruption in US history and will likely go to jail for it. Right after his election I stated he was a classical Mussolini-style fascist in how he worked with Wall Street in corporate America. I wasn't the only person saying this, but it was considered the lunatic fringe by the gatekeepers of the narrative.
[6] Speaking of which, I finally watched **The Girl On The Train** movie last night. Absolute shit. In contrast I thought **Get Out** was brilliant and absolutely NOT the movie the critics said it was.

[7] That might be a slight exaggeration.
[8] Such as Spanish film director Jess Franco or his Italian equivalent Joe D'Amato.
[9] I consider my own memoir series to be my writing apprenticeship.
[10] Incidentally, this is how daily soap dramas like Eastenders should've been. Instead of revelling in door-slamming dysfunction of mongs, they could've shown real people trying to do the right thing. Still, that would subvert the cultural Marxist agenda so it was never going to happen.
[11] And didn't stop for a long time. For example , KGB agents were everywhere in the 1984 miner's strike in an attempt to bring down the Government and also behind the CND's attempt to unilaterally disarm the UK.

#11 – A Soaring Spirit, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 25 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Right this is a big one. I came to the cafe with my laptop fully intending to play SimCity (the new one that everyone hated but I like) and then I just got carried away with writing. I'm quite used to limiting myself in what I'll say on the blog in order to keep it all about Game. I thought I'd relax those rules further for at least this post. Let me know if you think that's a good or bad idea.

I'd always thought the Persians were cunts. Except the women, obviously, who are well hot. But as a general rule, they seemed like a right bunch of twats. I may have been mistaken.

Back when I used to daygame the London streets I spoke to quite a few Iranian girls, usually in or around Selfridges department store. Their thick black hair, dark eyes, and strong features would really attract my interest ***[1]***. I noticed that when I did the usual LDM stack and commented they looked Middle-Eastern, they'd always describe themselves as Persian, and not Iranian. In contrast, men always seemed to say Iranian ***[2]***.



I've never had a problem with this kind of immigration

Ten years ago, my knowledge of Iran/Persia was limited to the following:

- They murdered a female police officer then held hostages in the London embassy. Our SAS smashed them, big time.
- The Ayatollah put a fatwa on a smug annoying novelist who, so photos seem to show, has pretty good game.
- Saddam Hussein took US/UK support to pick a fight with them in the 1980s, leading to the Iran/Iraq war. At one point Iran responded by emptying it's insane asylums and marching the patients through minefields to clear them.
- In the 1998 World Cup they beat the USA in a football match with a crazy amount of heat on it.
- In 1985 they received weapons from the US, via Israel, in contravention of sanctions and the cash they paid went to fund anti-communist guerrillas in Nicaragua.

So, I was hardly a subject-matter expert on the region. And, except for the hotness of their girls, there didn't really seem to be any point to the country existing. Recently, I've been taking a keener interest in them because of the sweeping world revolution that **Donald J Trump** has instigated, with the help of Crown Prince Mohammed Bin Salman.

Now, what I'm about to lay out here is based on one part evidence and three parts conjecture. It is completely against the dominant media / scholarly narrative. Subsequent events may prove it to be incorrect and I'll thus look a bit foolish ***[3]***. However, today, on the 25th January 2018, this is what I know about Iran/Persia……. or think I know.



Cover of Time Life #20 – "The Saviours Of Western Civilisation"

Contrary to the impression you'd get from walking around the East End of London, any part of Germany, or from watching LiveLeak, Muslims are not *all* jihadi cunts. It just seems like that because the jihadi element is very vocal, very well funded, and their collaborators are installed at high levels in Western governments, NGOs, media, and of course certain Mayors.



Time Life #21 – “Jihadi Infiltrators Who Were Executed For Treason”

Most Muslims are as half-assed about Islam as most Christians are about Christianity. Only a small proportion have ever read the Koran and, like most Christians, most Muslims rely upon professional preachers to tell them what it says and how to interpret it. I know from my own experience of banging Uzbek girls ***[4]*** that they have no discernible interest in a theocracy, much less the global jihad. They were rather more interested in fashion, chocolate, and whether I was willing to date them monogamously.

So, how come the jihad has so much funding? How come the third great wave of Islamic expansionism is blighting Europe? Well….. because of this guy.



A real-life Bond villain

This is **Al-Waleed bin Talal** and he is the central hub of global jihad. He's a Saudi and over there it's like *Game Of Thrones*. The Saudi Royal family is nothing like the British Royal family ***[5]*** who are mostly ceremonial. The Saudis have a huge family and they all wield real political, financial, and administrative power. They are organised loosely into two factions: jihad, and secular. Talal leads the jihadi faction and they've been ascendant most of the past thirty years. They funded Al Qaeda, shipped their militants to Syria, funded the mosques and madrasas in Europe, spied and blackmailed politicians, and of course did 9/11.

Naturally they couldn't do this without support in the West. So Talal funded the Bush dynasty and 20% of Hillary Clinton's campaign. He put Barack Hussein Obama through Harvard before traitor Barry had even gotten into politics, and he got very tight with George Soros.

With Obama as POTUS and Hillary as Secretary of State things got complex. Obama is no fan of Saudi Arabia but loves Iran, as did the *real* president Valerie Jarrett, an Iranian national ***[6]***. So whereas the Hillary/Bush cartel was in SA's pocket, the Obama interlopers were not due to the Iran connection. Hillary just wants $$$ and power, happily selling her office to whoever pays into the Clinton Foundation. Obama is more ideological, he wanted to destroy the USA.

These conflicts came to a head with the **Uranium One deal**. Putin had zero respect for the Obama/Hillary clown show but never expected it to end, so his job was to make deals good for Russia and for enriching himself. He had a front company under Russian control buy 20% of the USA's weapon's grade uranium, but that required the CIFUS board (representatives of the US government's agencies) to authorise it. Russia paid Bill Clinton for speeches in Moscow and sent $146m to the Clinton Foundation, then Hillary approved the uranium sale. It was shipped through Canada under Justin Trudeau's nose ***[7].***

There was a problem, though. Obama was being set up.

That uranium found it's way to Iran, because in the Middle East there are two key power blocks. There's the Sunni-based alliance of *Saudi-Qatar-Emirates-Israel* and there's the Shia-based alliance of *Iran-Syria-Turkey-Russia* ***[8]***. Russia gave that uranium to Iran to help them get nuclear weapons. Saudi Arabia would not be amused.



“Fuck”

Poor foolish traitorous Obama was caught between a rock and a hard place. The **Iran deal** – the only thing he did in his second term – was the result. It was nothing more than the Iranian mullahs blackmailing Obama, and Barry trying hard to prevent evidence of his treachery coming out.

Up until two years ago, that was the West fucked. The richest country in the world funding our destruction and all our treacherous politicians on board. Iranian mullahs holding the US administration to ransom in order to get nukes. Then two men stepped up: Donald J Trump and Mohammed Bin Salman.

Salman is the leader of the **secular** faction in Saudi Arabia. He wants them to be a normal country, not a vipers nest creating global chaos and jihad. Luckily for the world, his faction became ascendant. He began cutting the strings of the jihadis and their Western puppets. And it was definitely in the Saudi national interest.

You see, Saudia Arabia has oil. And nothing else. They need oil at $80 a barrel just to balance the budget. Salman knows this. He knows he’s ruling what would be, without oil revenue, a one-camel town. For a long time it didn’t matter. The Saudis had bought off the Western governments and ensured they passed all manner of environmental regulations to prevent the West ever tapping it’s energy reserves.

Did you really think the Paris climate accords had anything to do with the environment?

Saudi Arabia has had one very strong foreign policy goal for decades: *prevent the USA becoming energy independent*. The moment the USA stops buying Saudi oil is the moment the whole house of ~~cards~~ Saud falls. Back to being a one-camel town. That’s why Hillary wanted to put Pennsylvanian coal miners out of work and why she opposed fracking, oil shale, and Arctic fields. She was paid to keep the USA dependent on Saudi oil.



“But why am I not twenty points ahead?”

With Trump coming in Salman saw the writing on the wall. Saudi Arabia faced a choice: continue with oil dependency and slowly sink into oblivion, or diversify the economy by buying up assets at the moment of their peak wealth. He chose the latter. The very first foreign state visit Trump did as president was to Saudi Arabia. Salman laid out his plan to de-jihadify the Middle East and Trump agreed to support him.

Everything going on in the Middle East now comes from that. SA, via the **Gulf Cooperation Council**, has elite teams of expensively-equipped commandos annihilating the jihadis. Iranian mullahs are in the cross hairs. So, what has been happening lately:

- ISIS and Assad routed in Syria. Russia declared victory and left.
- Iranian-backed Houthis annihilated in Yemen.
- Hezbollah (the Iranian-run irregulars) routed in Lebanon.
- Hezbollah drug cartel financiers in South America assassinated.

Between them, Trump and Salman have cut off ALL the money – both official and black. The Mullahs are broke and they spunked away their troops in Syria. Trump even suckered them into massing in the Golan Heights (with his Jerusalem embassy ruse) so that they’d be elsewhere when the GCC kicked off the Iranian protests against the Mullahs.

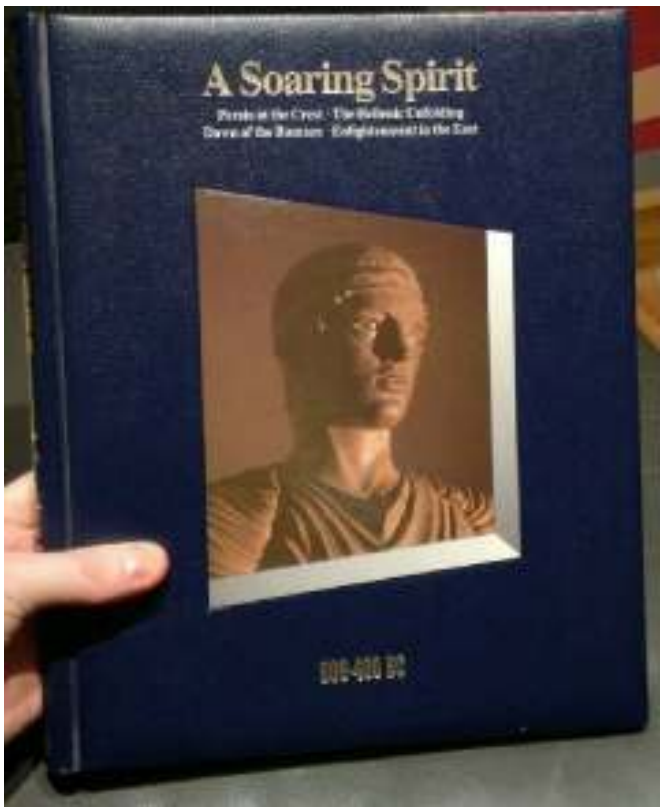
Have you wondered why Antifa haven’t done anything since Salman arrested the Talal faction? Why has the migrant crisis suddenly slowed down? Salman is a critical part of The Storm. The globalist cabal who almost took over the USA has had it’s funding sources cut off. The Democrat party has lost it’s small-donation base ***[9]***. For a long time, the Democrats have relied on the following funding: (i) Saudi jihadis (ii) Hollywood pedophiles (iii) Globalist billionaires (iv) embezzlement of tax-payer funds ***[10]***.

The Storm is cutting off all that money.



So, let's bring this round to Iran. Right now there is an attempt at regime change in Iran in which the Iranian people free themselves of the Mullah's Islamist yoke. Up until 1979, Iran was a 'secular' Muslim country, in that it wasn't a theocracy. The primary victims of the 1979 revolution were the Iranian people. For 40 years they've been run by a corrupt gang of criminals who've worked to alienate their country from the whole world. They've had enough, and the GCC and Trump are quietly helping them.

When the Mullahs are thrown out, expect considerable calm in the Middle East. Expect a significant downturn in the jihad. The two major sources of jihad – the Mullahs, and Talal's faction – will be neutralised. Saudi Arabia and Iran will become, per Salman's wishes, normal countries.



Spirits soaring yesterday, too

So how does this related to volume three of the *Time Life* history of the world? Well, history doesn't repeat but it does rhyme. There was a time when Persia was a big deal. If all you've watched is **300** and it's sequel ***[11]*** you'd be forgiven for thinking the Persian Empire was on a par with Mordor for size, slaughter, and evil. They were the devils and Europe was at risk of being swamped by the brown horde.

Sounds familiar.

From reading A Soaring Spirit I see that 300 is not a historically accurate movie ***[12]***. The brief history of the Persian Empire is this:

- **Cyrus The Great** is a bad ass who conquers Media, Lydia and Babylonia to establish the empire. He is far from a brutal dictator (by the standards of the time). He shows considerable mercy in victory, allows subjugated lands to retain their social order, and rules primarily through adminstrative convenience and mutually-beneficial outcomes.
- Cyrus dies and his son **Cambyses** takes power. He is a total cunt and runs the empire like the brutal Assyrians. He doesn't last long. I suspect he's Talal's role model.
- **Darius I** takes the throne and extends the empire right through to India. It's a golden era and like Cyrus he runs it more like a Commonwealth. Persepolis becomes fantastically rich but the tide raises all boats in the Empire. Darius would be the Salman of his day. Mind you, he did have a go at Greece but they smashed him at Marathon.
- Darius dies and **Xerxes** takes over, and he's a total cunt. This is the lisping faggot from the 300 movie. He has a go at Greece but the Athenians and Spartans rout him in several key battles at Salamis and Platae. He returns to Persia to suck the dicks of his faggy mates, probably. Fifty years later assassinations and intrigue have put the empire on the brink of collapse.

So what is my learning point in all this?

Most people, most of the time, act more or less the same (in aggregate). Most just want to be left alone and will remain this way unless stirred up by expansionist leaders, or through the age old formula of Diversity + Proximity =

War. The difference between the brutal Persian empire of Xerxes and the administrative empire of Darius wasn't because the nature of Persian *people* suddenly changed. It was instead their leadership, and the tone of the times. The Persian people of 1980 were no more of a problem that the Persian people of 1978, but the Mullah's seizure of power was.

It's easy to take a **Clash Of Civilisations** view of how Europe and the Middle East constantly bump up against each other. It's worth remembering that there have only been *three* great Muslim attacks on Europe in two thousand years, and all three were significantly due to having warlike scumbag leaders take power. If Trump and Salman are successful, we are about to enter a period of significantly reduced tensions. A period of soaring spirits.

Without the Mullahs or Jihadis to rouse the rabble, they won't be roused. Without Leftist traitors in government, the West will turn away from "invade the world, invite the world".

If you are reading this in early 2018, you probably think I'm crazy. If you are reading this in 2019 you think I'm either a total genius, or a total buffoon, depending upon how events unfolded. Let's see which turns out to be the case. Either way, buy Daygame Infinite.

If you want to know my sources for the analysis of current affairs, I strongly recommend the following:

Dystopia USA – The easiest entry point to understanding The Storm and, so far as I know, the first guy to predict it in detail (at a time it seemed like a crazy conspiracy theory)
The Conservative Treehouse – Extreme detail and breaking news/analysis of The Storm (he calls it The Big Ugly) in how Trump is taking down the USA Deep State. This guy deserves a Pulitzer. True journalism. If you're new, try Dystopia first because TCTH details will probably get you lost in the weeds.
Thomas Wictor – Amazing Twitter feed for perceptive and minute analysis of Middle Eastern politics and warfighting. I absolutely recommend his tweet storms, especially unrolled. Don't be put off by his cranky humour and frequently irreverant replies. When he tweet storms, it's deadly serious. Stunning perception and eye for incongrous details.
Stealth Jeff / Imperator Rex – Excellent tweet storms breaking down FBI/DOJ corruption and how The Storm is routing the black hats.

[1] Serbs and Armenians look pretty close to this too, which is probably why I like them so much.
[2] Which I found out in the wrestling / MMA world, not from daygame.
[3] I did warn you about this in my previous book review.
[4] Three, so far. Not expecting to ever increase that number although I'd quite like to.
[5] Except that several of them are paedophiles and visit Jeffrey Epstein's lolita island.
[6] Obama was cherry-picked at an early age by the Chicago machine to be an empty suit run by Valerie Jarrett and sold to foreign governments hostile the the USA. Jarrett made most of Obama's decisions for him.
[7] Another globalist empty-suit working with the Saudis.
[8] Think of the Middle East like the English summer weather: mostly Sunni but sometimes Shi'te. But now it's Sunni side up.
[9] Hillary was able to rig the nomination against Bernie because she literally bought the DNC, such was their financial straits. Donna Brazille's book explores this in details.
[10] For example the CFPB, a government-run protection racket to extort fines out of businesses and give the loot to Leftist activists. Needless to say, Trump is shutting it down and Elizabeth Warren is in big big trouble over it.
[11] Admittedly, it's fucking awesome. I was initially meant to be cast in the role of Leonidas but the producer said that to keep it realistic, they'd then have to rename it ONE.
[12] No shit.

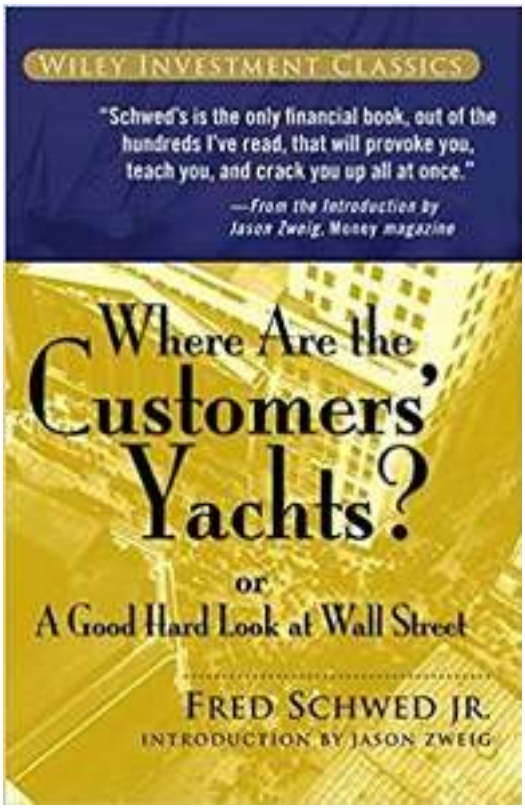
#12 – Where Are The Customers' Yachts? Fred Schwed Jnr BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There is an apocryphal story of a summer day in 1870 when friends of a major short-seller, William R. Travers, got together by the shores of Newport, Rhode Island. They were admiring the enormous yachts of Wall Street's richest brokers. After gazing long and thoughtfully at the beautiful boats, the short-seller asked wryly,

"Where are the customers' yachts?"

The obvious implication is that the brokers get rich off the backs of their customers, and thus Wall Street is a scam ***[1]***. This would lead you, as it did me, to expect Schwed's book to be an indignant diatribe on the evil of Wall Street ***[2]*** but it's nothing of the sort. This book is about farce. The central theme Schwed pushes throughout *Where Are The Customers' Yachts?*, written in 1940, is that the "masters of the universe" ***[3]*** are deluded buffoons tilting at windmills. Some get rich, most don't, but all of them are scrabbling around thinking they'll make it big and it's pure luck who succeeds and who goes broke.



I worked in Finance. I spoke to a lot of brokers, traders, hedge fund managers, mutual managers, compliance officers, salesmen and so on. Although many were very smart and very sincere men, I came away thinking they were indeed deluded. There is no ***there*** there. They may as well be divining financial performance from animal entrails ***[4]***. Here's an example, where Schwed talks of **chartists –** a fringe element who now call themselves "technical analysts" and "swing traders".

> "There have always been a considerable number of pathetic people who busy themselves examining the last thousand numbers which have appeared on a roulette wheel in search of some repeating pattern. Sadly enough, they have usually found it.
>
> I once suggested to a chart reader, who was explaining his theories to me, that since I wasn't a customer he should slip me a wink. It was a social error; he was as deeply offended as if I had said something gross about his religion – which, I suppose, I had.

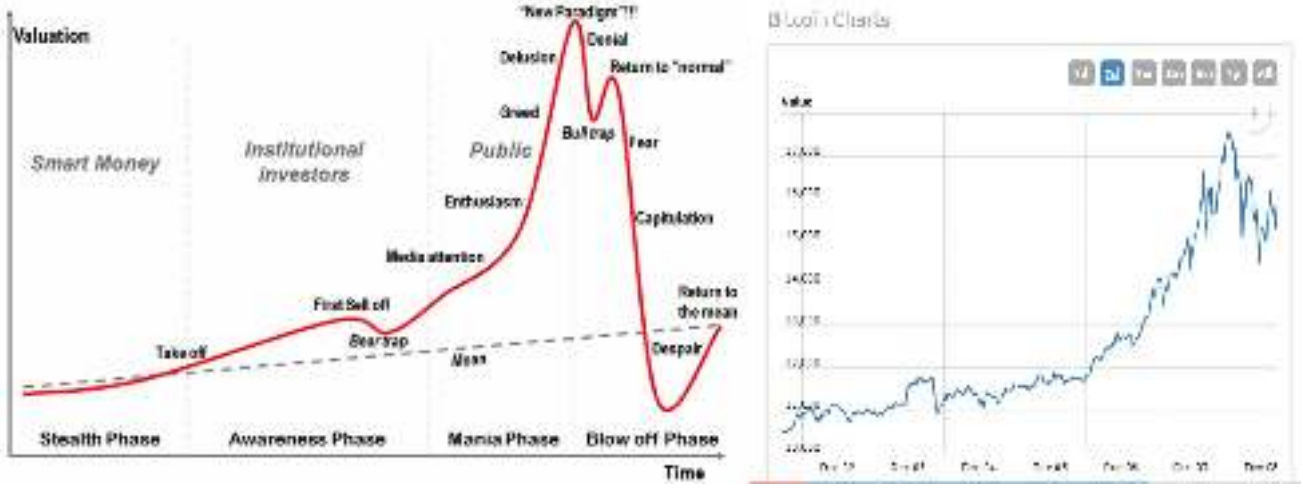
> A busted chart reader, however, is never apologetic about his method – he is, if anything, more enthusiastic than the solvent devotee you may run across. If you have the bad taste to ask him how it happens that he is broke, he tells you quite ingenuously that he made the all too human error of not believing his own charts."
> *[page 37-39, excerpts]*

Note the tone of Schwed's language. He isn't reaching any theoretical consideration on the merits or demerits of the chartist approach. He's instead making a (facetious) factual reference that the chartists he knows personally are all broke and that their thinking is more like the religious fanatic than the dispassionate investor. He's interested in the **psychology**. He's explicitly stating that the chartist is sincere in his folly. He's a ***fool***, not a crook.

All that remains of my interest in financial markets is the psychology of them. It's pretty obvious that the entire system of financial expertise is hopelessly bankrupt both morally and intellectually. This became particularly clear to me when workmates were studying for their Chartered Financial Analyst (CFA) exams. These are brutally-tough three-year exams which are a level above those who've already passed their Chartered Accountant exams ***[5].*** My team were very smart young people with solid maths and lots of experience of the investment business and they all struggled to pass the CFA and spent the whole time stressed out. They'd use their annual holiday just for study and revision time. I stayed well away.

The thing is, the syllabus of the CFA is all bullshit. It's an attempt to "do a Friedman" ***[6]*** on investment theory. It's all built upon spurious assumptions, fake economics, and the conclusions don't pass the smell test. Just look into the **Capital Asset Pricing Model** if you want to disappear down the pseudo-science rabbit hole ***[7]***.

Schwed isn't interested in why something like the CFA is bullshit, because that's theory. He just wants to note two things, (i) it's of no help in making successful investments, and (ii) the people who believe in it have the psychology of deluded fools.



A total utter coincidence, yesterday

Most of *Where Are The Customers' Yachts?* is a survey of the different participants in financial markets. So there is a chapter on financiers and seers, one on customers, one on investment trusts, one on short-sellers, and so on. Schwed considers them all fools who are easily-led and financial products little different to the wicker baskets passed around in insane asylums

> Doctor to patient in room one: "Here's some wicker, make a basket. It's good for your inner calm and will keep you busy."
>
> *[one week later takes completed basket from patient]*
>
> Doctor to patient in room two: "Here's a basket. Unravel it. It's good for your inner calm and will keep you busy."

Even if, somehow, there was a legitimate scientific basis to financial investment ***[8]*** you still couldn't predict it because of **PvP**. In video games there are two basic forms of play: Player vs Player, and Player vs Environment. In the latter you master a skill and then beat the levels. The levels themselves remain the same so your progression in the game lies in better handling the static challenge they throw at you ***[9]***. This is how you can go from being rubbish at Super Mario 3 to speed-running it in a snip under 51 minutes. Watch some "no hit" playthroughs of *Dark Souls* and *Bloodborne* for how much skill these people have.

Everything changes when there's another player who has a theory of mind. Now everyone is second-guessing everyone else. Most interesting things in the world are PvP not PvE. This holds in sport too: the 100m sprint is PvE, as is most track and field, whereas the interesting sports are all PvP ***[10]***.

Financial markets are PvP.

Schwed also goes into detail about the problem of hiring expertise. He only lightly covers the agent-principal problem, that you hire someone for help you and they instead use the opportunity to help themselves ***[11]***. Schwed is more interested in conundrums and psychology. Here is a lengthy example:

> "Let us have 400,000 men (and women) engage in this contest at one time. We line them up, facing each other in pairs, across a refectory table miles long. Each player is going to play the persons facing him in a series of games, the game chosen being a matter of pure luck, say matching coins.
>
> The referee gives a signal for the first game and 400,000 coins flash in the sun as they are tossed. The scorers make their tabulations, and discover that 200,000 people are winners and 200,000 are losers. Then the second game is played. Of the original 200,000 winners, about half of them win again. We now have about 100,000 who have won two games and an equal number who have been so unfortunate as to lose both games. The rest have so far broken even.
>
> [by the fifth game] these 12,500 have now won five straight without a loss and are no doubt beginning to fancy themselves as coin flippers. They feel they have an "instinct" for it. However, in the sixth game, 6250 of them are disappointed and amazed to find they that they have finally lost, and perhaps some of them start a Congressional investigation.
>
> [by the ninth game] this little band [of a 1000] has won some nine straight without a loss, and by this time most of them have at least a local reputation for their ability. People come from some distance to consult them about their method of calling heads and tails, and they modestly give explanations of how they have acheived their success ***[12]***. Eventually there are about a dozen men who have won every single time for about fifteen games. These are regarded as the experts, the greatest coin flippers in history, the men who never lose, and they have their biographies written" *[pages 126-127]*

Surely no-one is so stupid as to believe this, you may say. Well, go have a look at the marketing literature of mutual funds. Look at the league tables where each fund manager is sorted into quartiles and, if they are first quartile, they loudly trumpet it in the literature. They are telling you they won the last few coin tosses.

Schwed does hold out the theoretical possibility that performance is more than simply luck but he laments that no-one has ever been able to explain to him what that theory is.



“There is strong support at £6k but the candlestick pattern suggests a double bottom and possible resistance at £7k”

If you liked this post, you’ll probably urge me to explain my thoughts on the recent speculative mania in crypto currency and how neatly it fits in to both Schwed’s opinion on chartists and Time Life’s on ancient shamans and diviners. It’s all about the psychology. Till then, buy Daygame Infinite. It’ll make you rich ***[13]***

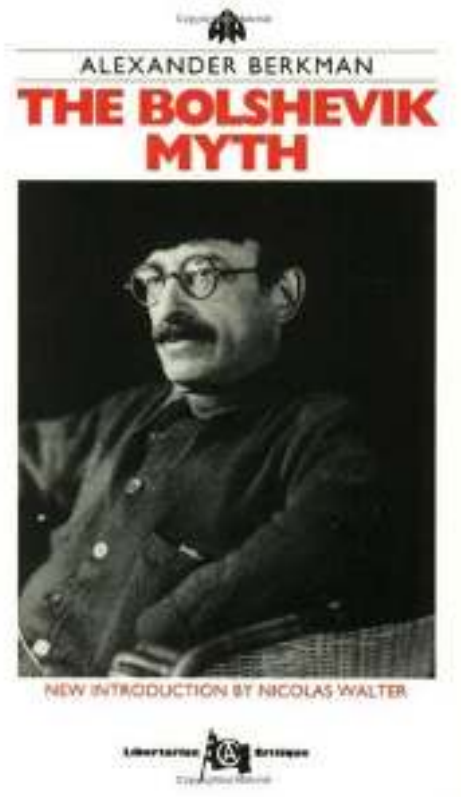
[1] No surprise it’s a short-seller who said this. Their role is to pop the bubbles of financial markets and the entirety of government, regulation, and popular mood is lined up against them. Nobody likes the child who mentions the Emperor has no clothes.
[2] And thus, likely, Jews too.
[3] As they were called in the 1980s in the time of Gordon Gecko, before Charlie Sheen had AIDS.
[4] The parallels with shamans and seers in the Time Life history of the ancient world is fun. There appears to be very little difference between them and the Wall Street shamans and seers.
[5] I guess you’d call it the *Daygame Infinite* to the ACA’s *Daygame Mastery*.
[6] Milton Friedman tried desperately to cloak the pseudo-science of Economics in the clothing of Physics by drowning it all in equations, graphs, theorems and other some such. It was an abject failure. You might as well do the same with dog-petting or poetry-recital and call those sciences.
[7] For as long as economists misunderstand what money is, they’ll get economics wrong. So long as they misunderstand human psychology, they’ll get economic prediction wrong.
[8] There is, but it’s very simple and experts can’t charge high fees for it. The value of an asset is the net present value of all future cash flows. The skill in investment is to accurately predict those cash flows and then apply a suitable discount % rate to them. The difference in those judgements of two inputs explains the whole difference in valuations of an asset. Note value and price are not the same thing – price can be influenced by other factors.
[9] Artificial intelligence will shift the dynamic into PvP if it’s good enough, in that it simulates a player who can adapt to your strategies. If the AI can’t, it’s still PvE.
[10] The acid test for PvE is “would my strategy change if my rivals change theirs?”. The 100m sprint is eight PvE races running side-by-side. No matter what the other seven people do, your strategy always remains “cover the 100m distance in the quickest possible time”.
[11] This is a huge problem in Wall Street but he doesn’t cover it because it comes under the “crook” province which is outside of his scope. A great example is how all the major broker-dealers like Lehman, Merryl, Morgan,

and Bear switched from partnerships to public companies and immediately the managers began a “bankruptcy for profit” model to gouge the new owners.
[12] I don’t remember where I heard it, but I like this sentiment: “when I hear investors giving advice on how to get rich, I’m reminded of last week’s lottery winner explaining how he chose his numbers.”
[13] Nick, where are all *your* customers’ yachts? I’m asked.

#13 – The Bolshevik Myth, Alexander Berkman BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 29 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

You'd be forgiven for thinking I've lost interest in Daygame, but no. This is simply ***Project High Value Man*** *limping it's way to the finishing line in month one. I've had this book on my shelf since my second year in university but never got round to reading it. Wish I had, as it would've ended my experiment with Leftism a few years earlier. What's fascinating is throughout his time describing Moscow, Kiev and Odessa I have actually walked many of the same streets as he did.*



My parents are Leftists. My mother is a low-information champagne socialist who hasn't studied a single page of socialist theory or real world history in her life. That doesn't stop her from routinely saying "I wish someone would shoot him" while watching the BBC trashing Donald Trump. My dad is less retarded and less hateful, our conversations going like this:

> **Me:** Trump is draining the swamp. Today, [say something fact-based from an actual event currently hitting, such as Devin Nunes giving an interview on *#ReleaseTheMemo*]
> **Dad:** **shakes head dismissively** No Chance.
> **Me:** What don't you like about Trump?
> **Dad:** I don't like him.
> **Me:** What is it don't you like? What policy of his do you oppose?
> **Dad:** I just don't like him.

My father prefers the ostrich's head-in-the-sand approach. Usually I let it pass, but once in a while I'm a little exasperated and I'll say what I really think, such as:

> "Dad, you're just hoping you can make it to the grave without ever suffering the humiliation of knowing your world view is completely wrong and that you've always voted for the maximum evil every chance you cast a ballot."

Harsh, I guess.

My parents are living in a carefully-constructed delusion bubble and I frequently see the anxiety in their eyes when reality presses too close. They have restricted their information about the outside world to just two sources, the ~~Bolshevik~~ British Broadcasting Corporation and The ~~Grauniad~~ Guardian. Their response to reality is to hide from it and double down on their self-inflicted gas-lighting.

> "Dad, you're like a battered wife. Every single time the BBC and Guardian lie to you, I tell you in advance of the lie. I prove it to be a lie. You still dismiss it. Then within a week I'm proven right and what do you do? Run right back to the people lying to you."

Harsh, I know.

It is from dealing with my parents, and from spending several years around fringe Far Left politics as a teenager ***[1]*** that I've come to understand Leftism as a mental illness rather than a political ideology. There are two types of Leftist:

1. Lenin's "useful idiots". My parents and most of the Far Left foot soldiers fall into this category ***[2]***. They are low-information, easily swayed by emotional and overly-simplified appeals, and completely oblivious to human psychology.
2. Alinksy's "radicals". These are the self-aware organisers and political fixers, like Cuffy Miegs in Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*. They know Leftism is bullshit but understand it's utility for giving themselves power. These people are truly evil. See also: Hillary Clinton.

I include this long preamble because Alexander Berkman is a high-functioning useful idiot and *The Bolshevik Myth* is the story of him getting raped by reality. He began in high hopes:

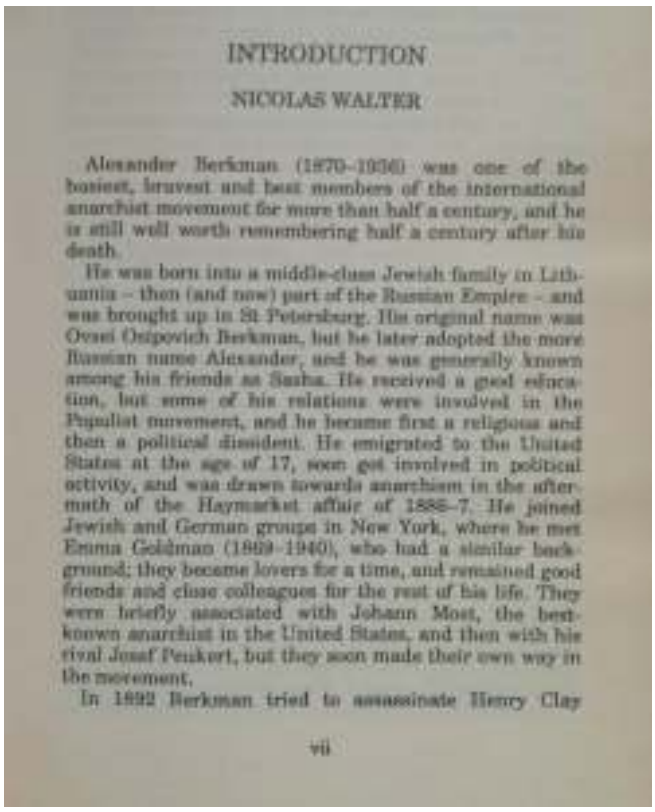
> "Without exaggeration I may say that the happiest day of my existence was passed in a prison cell – the day when the first news of the October Revolution and the victory of the Bolsheviki reached me in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. The night of my dungeon was illumined by the glory of the great dream coming true." [page 327]

This quote is from his post-facto analysis in which he's thoroughly disillusioned and yet can't quite give up on the Leftist dream. He's seen exactly what terrors it creates, how utterly hypocritical its radicals are, and yet he still believes it was simply *socialism done wrong*. He devotes the last chapter ("Anti Climax", not in the original edition) to a theoretical analysis of where it went wrong and, precise though it is, he just can't let go of his commitment to Leftism.

It's Leftism that is wrong. It's fundamentally broken. This is because at its very centre it is built on theft, which requires totalitarianism, which then requires lies. This has never – in the entire history of Leftism – been proven wrong. Every single time, Leftism begins with theft, proceeds to totalitarianism, and is covered in lies. Berkman remained a battered wife to his grave, lamenting that socialism just needed one more chance.

Few people today grasp how evil the Alinsky Left is. Not 'mistaken' or 'deluded' but outright evil. Those people would do well to read Orwell's *Animal Farm* as it draws out the tragedy of the Bolshevik revolution. However, although Orwell is biting in his satire and perceptive in his observation of trends, his book is ultimately about pigs, sheep and wolves. If you read Berkman's *The Bolshevik Myth* you get an unvarnished account in human form. This is real-life starvation, corruption, mass murder, and ideological fanaticism. It's in your face, horrifically bleak, and 342 pages of data points collected from first hand experience of how evil the Left is.

The book begins with the author's deportation form the USA just before Christmas 1919. Interestingly, Alexander Berkman is a Leftist Jew himself. Exactly the sort of person who should've been deported. Just look at this biography from the introduction (by a sympathetic editor):



INTRODUCTION

NICOLAS WALTER

Alexander Berkman (1870–1936) was one of the boldest, bravest and best members of the international anarchist movement for more than half a century, and he is still well worth remembering half a century after his death.

He was born into a middle-class Jewish family in Lithuania – then (and now) part of the Russian Empire – and was brought up in St Petersburg. His original name was Ovsei Osipovich Berkman, but he later adopted the more Russian name Alexander, and he was generally known among his friends as Sasha. He received a good education, but some of his relations were involved in the Populist movement, and he became first a religious and then a political dissident. He emigrated to the United States at the age of 17, soon got involved in political activity, and was drawn towards anarchism in the aftermath of the Haymarket affair of 1886–7. He joined Jewish and German groups in New York, where he met Emma Goldman (1869–1940), who had a similar background; they became lovers for a time, and remained good friends and close colleagues for the rest of his life. They were briefly associated with Johann Most, the best-known anarchist in the United States, and then with his rival Josef Peukert, but they soon made their own way in the movement.

In 1892 Berkman tried to assassinate Henry Clay

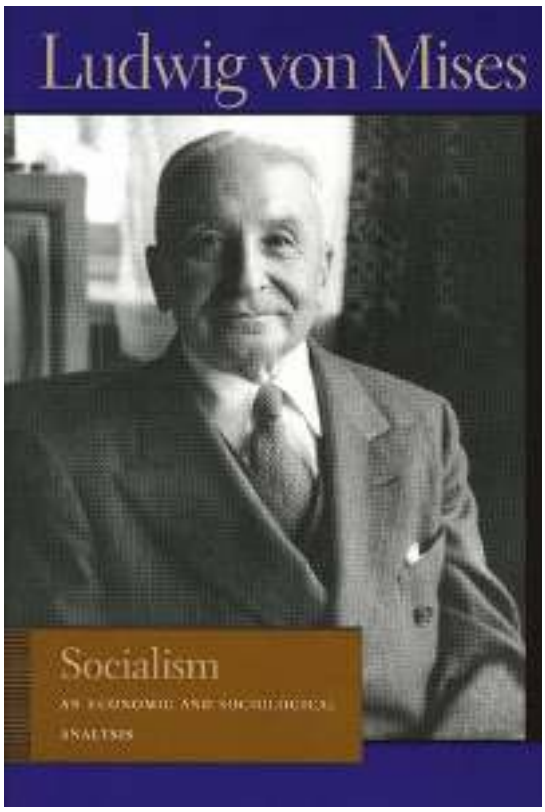
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And people wonder where the reputation comes from….

Every. Damn. Time.

This review is not, however, about how you should never allow Jewish intellectuals into your country ***[3]***. It's simply to set up the key theme of this book: disillusionment. Berkman is as Left as they come and a lifetime agitator for Anarchism. He was extremely excited to be sent to Russian a year after the revolution because he wanted to help the revolution. This book is written by a man absolutely sympathetic to the cause of the Russian Revolution. The book then describes the most harrowing experience a Leftist can ever suffer: reality.

Ayn Rand was inspired to write *Atlas Shrugged* because of the same period in Russian history, which she too experienced first-hand before escaping to the USA. From 1919 to 1921 was a period of utter **incompetence** from the Bolsheviks. She makes a great deal in *Atlas Shrugged* of how most deprivation and tragedy occurs not due to sneering evil-doers actively hurting people but instead due to the utter incompetence of the Left once in charge. Many of them sincerely believe running an economy is easy. You just have to kick the capitalists out, tell everyone to work hard, and then decide where the products go ***[4]***. Ludwig von Mises absolutely destroyed this argument in his book *Socialism*, written in 1922, and in particular with what he terms the 'problem of economic calculation'.



Can someone give me the cliff notes?

As is clear from Berkman's book, we didn't need to wait for Mises. Back in 1919 everyone in Russia knew exactly what the problems were. It's just the Bolsheviks were too busy murdering and betraying everyone for it to be stopped.

I've long believed that the only difference between the actions of SJWs now and the Tcheka in 1920 Russia is **opportunity**. The psychology is exactly the same. These are self-serving narcissistic personalities with hair-trigger amygdala. Total hyprocrites. Capitalism rewards the kind of people who effectively deal with reality. The Bolsheviks created a system that perfectly selects for dangerous murderous hypocrites and then encourages them to get even worse. Berkman's book is very long on the examples. That SJW reporting you to Facebook and conducting a whispering campaign behind your back is the Commissar who would have you summarily executed without trial for 'speculation' if it was 1920's Russia. Same people. Vermin. Evil.

Berkman presents a world of utter chaos and a population too tired from starvation and terror to do anything about it. He arrives in Petrograd when the White army is still fighting the Reds, and the Mahknovists in Southern Ukraine are still taking territory. The West has an economic blockade on and my oh my do the Bolsheviks make use of that as an excuse.

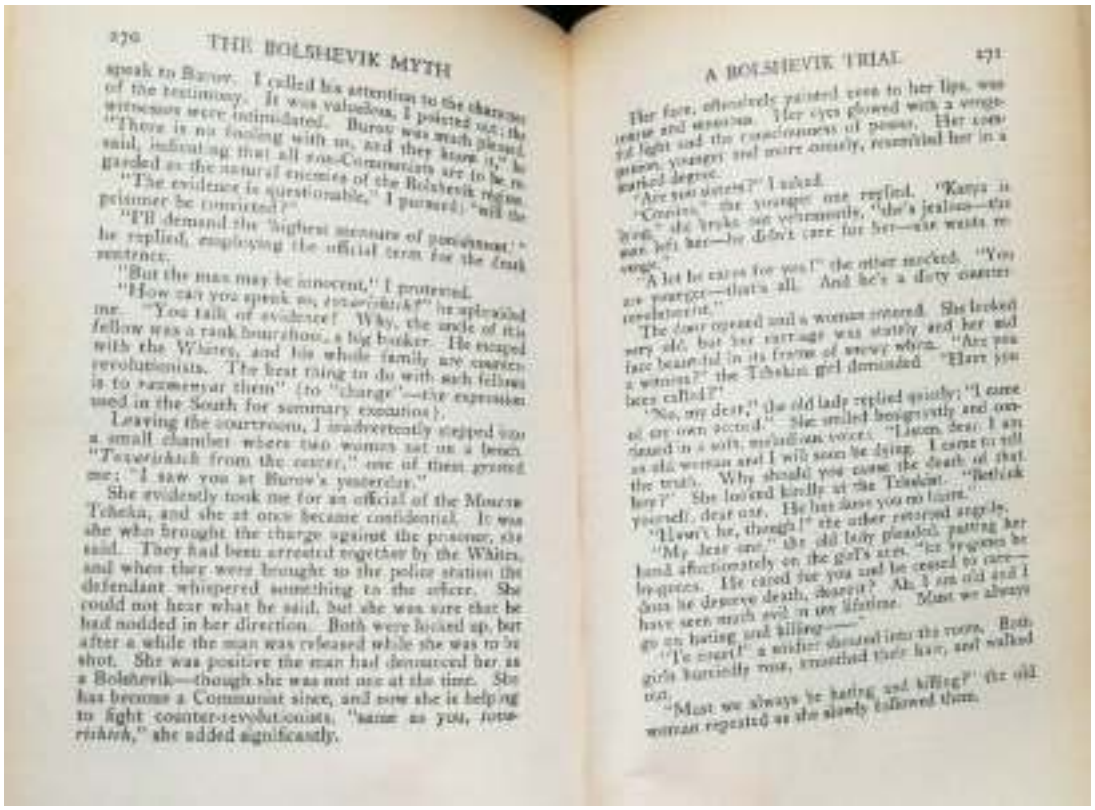
The narcissist never accepts responsibility for his failures. Berkman shows us this throughout his examples. At a high level, the problem is "the blockade" or "the speculators" or "the counter-revolutionaries". It's never ever the Bolshevik policy. At a street level the chaos is always blamed on somebody else. Commissars and functionaries spend most of the day shirking responsibility ***[5]***

At times I felt like I was reading a Sven Hassel novel.

Hassel wrote a pseudo-memoir of his time fighting in a German penal battalion on the Eastern Front in WWII. His books are full of chaos. Commissars and SS officers barge into villages and press-gang conscripts for suicide missions. There is an ever-present fear on both sides of the military police because they are constantly arresting people on trumped up charges and executing them without trial. Quartermasters steal the foot solider's stores so the infantry are left bartering secretly with peasants to survive. Political fanatics rant and rage, looking for people to abuse, always blaming their own errors on everyone else. Caught in the middle of it all is the oppressed masses,

waiting for the madness to end.

The whole time I read these Hassel books I thought, *this is a bit overly-dramatic*. It's not very believable.



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speak to Burov. I called his attention to the charges of the testimony. It was valueless, I pointed out; the witnesses were intimidated. Burov was much pleased. "There is no fooling with us, and they know it," he said, indicating that all non-Communists are to be regarded as the natural enemies of the Bolshevik regime. "The evidence is questionable," I pursued; "will the prisoner be convicted?"

"I'll demand the highest measure of punishment," he replied, employing the official term for the death sentence.

"But the man may be innocent," I protested.

"How can you speak so, *tovarishch*?" he upbraided me. "You talk of evidence! Why, the uncle of this fellow was a rank bourgeois, a big banker. He escaped with the Whites, and his whole family are counter-revolutionists. The best thing to do with such fellows is to *rasstrelyat' them*" (to "charge"—the expression used in the South for summary executions).

Leaving the courtroom, I inadvertently stepped into a small chamber where two women sat on a bench. "*Tovarishch* from the center," one of them greeted me; "I saw you at Burov's yesterday."

She evidently took me for an official of the Moscow Cheka, and she at once became confidential. It was she who brought the charge against the prisoner, she said. They had been arrested together by the Whites, and when they were brought to the police station the defendant whispered something to the officer. She could not hear what he said, but she was sure that he had nodded in her direction. Both were locked up, but after a while the man was released while she was to be shot. She was positive the man had denounced her as a Bolshevik—though she was not one at the time. She has become a Communist since, and now she is helping to fight counter-revolutionists, "same as you, *tovarishch*," she added significantly.

A BOLSHEVIK TRIAL 271

Her face, ethereally pained even to her lips, was tense and sensitive. Her eyes glowed with a strange light and the consciousness of power. Her companion, younger and more sensibly, resembled her in a marked degree.

"Are you sisters?" I asked.

"Cousins," the younger one replied. "Katya is ill," she broke out vehemently, "she's jealous—she knows he didn't care for her—she wants to revenge."

"A lot he cares for you!" the other mocked. "You are younger—that's all. And he's a dirty counter-revolutionist."

The door opened and a woman entered. She looked very old, but her carriage was stately and her old face beautiful in its frame of snowy white. "Are you a witness?" the Tcheka girl demanded. "Have you been called?"

"No, my dear," the old lady replied quietly; "I came of my own accord." She smiled benignly and continued in a soft, melodious voice. "Listen, dear. I am an old woman and I will soon be dying. I came to tell the truth. Why should you cause the death of that boy?" She looked kindly at the Tcheka girl. "Refrain yourself, dear one. He has done you no harm."

"How'n he, though?" the other retorted angrily.

"My dear one," the old lady pleaded, putting her hand affectionately on the girl's arm. "Ice vengeance begets. He cared for you and he ceased to care—does he deserve death, dearest? Ah, I am old and I have seen much evil in my lifetime. Must we always go on hating and killing——"

"I'm cured!" a mother shouted into the room. Both girls hurriedly rose, smoothed their hair, and walked out.

"Must we always go hating and killing?" the old woman repeated as she slowly followed them.

This could easily be a scene from a Sven Hassel novel, or modern US university campus

Berkman's book reads just like Hassel, without the battle scenes. The Bolsheviks really were that crazy, that incompetent, that fanatical, and that evil. They betrayed everyone who ever helped them. Just like Vox Day describes SJWs as following the ever-changing narrative like a school of fish changing direction, Berkman depicts the Bolsheviks as shifting alliances on pure expedience. Evil people.

We are left with a country in the grip of madness. A hell on earth. The Bolsheviks take control of a city and murder the opposition. They install themselves as leaders and steal everything 'for the people'. They then set impossible targets for production but make the bureaucracy so unwieldy that no-one can even get a permit to work. The factories are idle so they need to blame somebody and shoot some workers. Then they raid the markets and imprison or shoot some local traders, the very people keeping the population alive. By now the peasants have had everything stolen so they aren't planting the food needed to keep the cities alive. So the Bolsheviks shoot the peasants.

It's a horror show but…. if you've ever watched the Left run organisations nowadays in the West, you'll see they do exactly the same thing, limited only by their lack of power and access to guns. The Left always eats its own.



Just another mass murderer worshipped by the Left

I've said before that it's always Year Zero with the Left. There's a reason Orwell said: "The past was alterable. The past never had been altered. Oceania was at war with Eastasia. Oceania had always been at war with Eastasia." Everything the Alinsky Left touches they destroy. They are pure evil. The only way they can keep singing their ruinous siren song to the next generation of useful idiots is by airbrushing and falsifying the history of what they did last time. ***[6]***

I read an illuminating book by Anthony Flew when I was at university, called *Thinking About Thinking*. In it, he introduced the logical "No True Scotsman" fallacy. It goes like this:

> Imagine Hamish McDonald, a Scotsman, sitting down with his Glasgow Morning Herald and seeing an article about how the "Brighton Sex Maniac Strikes Again". Hamish is shocked and declares that "No Scotsman would do such a thing". The next day he sits down to read his Glasgow Morning Herald again; and, this time, finds an article about an Aberdeen man whose brutal actions make the Brighton sex maniac seem almost gentlemanly. This fact shows that Hamish was wrong in his opinion, but is he going to admit this? Not likely. This time he says: "No true Scotsman would do such a thing".

We can make the logical structure of the fallacy clearer by changing the topic from murder to porridge, and from Hamish to Angus

If Angus, a Glaswegian, who puts sugar on his porridge, is proposed as a counter-example to the claim "No Scotsman puts sugar on his porridge", the 'No true Scotsman' fallacy would run as follows:

(1) Angus puts sugar on his porridge.
(2) No (true) Scotsman puts sugar on his porridge.
Therefore:
(3) Angus is not a (true) Scotsman.
Therefore:
(4) Angus is not a counter-example to the claim that no Scotsman puts sugar on his porridge.



A true Scotsman, yesterday

If Bolshevism, a socialism, is a criminal racket of theft, murder, torture and lies, is proposed as a counter-example to the claim “Socialism is the highest expression of human society”, the “No true Socialist” fallacy would run as follows:

(1) Bolsheviks are evil thieves and murderers.
(2) No (true) socialist is an evil thief and murderer.
Therefore:
(3) Bolshevism is not (true) socialism.

This is why no amount of examples, in China, Venezuela, Cuba and so on, will ever persuade a Leftist that socialism is evil. No amount of predictive and accurate economic and social analysis (i.e. Mises) will persuade them. No amount of Democrats getting caught red-handed trying to build a Bolshevik state, or of Labour flooding the country with third world savages will ever persuade them.

War is Peace. Diversity is Strength. Refugees are Welcome.
Four legs good, two legs bad. No human is illegal.

Berkman’s book is fascinating not just because of the powerful critique it lays against socialism but also because of the degree of self-delusion as Berkman simply cannot leave the partner who is beating him. He can’t escape the gas-lighting and keeps doubling down on his **No True Socialist** fallacy until finally he collapsed and died. It’s sad too, because this book positively drips in Berkman’s essential humanity. He’s a fundamentally good guy who desperately wants what is best for the people and puts himself at personal risk repeatedly to alleviate what suffering he can. He’s in anguish at the sufferings the Bolsheviks subject the Russian people to. ***[7]***

Naturally, the idealist loses and Cuffy Miegs wins.



The Workers Paradise, yesterday

If you think I'm smart and write intelligently about smart stuff, you'll fucking love Daygame Infinite. It's proper smart. Or, if you are curious about how the Former Soviet Union is now, post-Bolshevik, for clacking tarts then you'll like my memoir Adventure Sex. It's in the same place as The Bolshevik Myth but there's waaaaaay more shagging.

[1] And watching Monty Python's Life Of Brian
[2] As did I until about my mid-twenties. It takes a long time to shake off the narcissistic abuse of living in The People's Republic Of Northern Britain.
[3] I might do a post on that later. Almost every ideology or administrative act to destroy Europe and the USA has a Jewish intellectual behind it somewhere.
[4] Nothing has changed on the Left since because they never ever learn from history.
[5] And the other half feathering their nests with stolen goods. The 1920s equivalent of Patreon accounts and Government jobs, basically.
[6] It's no surprise that people who adhere to an ideology based on lies would also be shameless liars themselves. Look at how many times Hillary Clinton has been caught at it and yet her supporters simply don't care. They all embrace the lie.
[7] Even though he's a Jew. There are several chapters which are the usual Jewish belly-aching where they are apparently the worst victims. Sigh…. don't care

#14 – The Italian Secretary, Caleb Carr BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 31 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I bought a multi-volume hardback special collection of Robert E. Howard's *Weird Tales* some years ago. Each volume had an editor's introduction and one in particular stuck with me. He was commenting how many literary sorts would poo-poo Howard's prose style as being unsophisticated. In Howard's defence, the editor said (and I paraphrase): You can either tell a story or you can't. If you can, the reader will forgive you all your literary errors. If you can't, no amount of literary polish will bring him onto your side. Howard tells a great story ***[1]***



Caleb Carr, in this book at least, can't tell a good story. I'm shocked at how inept it is because, in contrast, the prose is polished. Carr isn't a buffoon, he's just a terrible storyteller.

This book made me angry. Actually angry. That is most unlike me as I tend to be extremely charitable to writers, respecting anyone who puts forth the effort to write a decent book. I don't demand talent or excellence every time out. Just a decent effort and a little ability. If this book had been subtitled, "A further adventure of Laszlo Kreizler" ***[2]*** I'd have accommodated myself to his position. I'd attempt to understand what world view he was attempting to represent, what his characters' actions show about themselves, and I'd let him unfurl the plot at his own pace and with his own preferred machinations.

Thing is, this is actually subtitled "A further adventure of Sherlock Holmes."

It was marketed as being in the Holmesiverse, and I handed over my £12.99 ***[3]*** and committed my seven hours reading time upon that promise. I know who Holmes and Watson are, how their stories progress, and what to expect. This book betrayed that, and I'm angry because I can't have those hours back.



Was this too much to ask?

For the first thirty or so pages it appeared promising as his prose style imitates the vocabulary and verbosity of Conan Doyle's Watson but then it all starts to fall apart. I began to realise he'd misconstrued Watson's style. In the original short stories Watson gets to the point quite quickly. Although his verbiage is a little flowery and his sentences often indirect and full of sub-clauses, he is nonetheless always talking about something that moves us forwards. He doesn't just prattle on. Watson of *this book* prattles on.

"This book is a short story stretched into a novel" I concluded. Hardly anything was happening but page after page of waffle overwhelmed me. It was an effort not to begin skimming pages until something happened ***[4]***

David Mamet released a writer's masterclass last year, which I recommend as highly as the Aaron Sorkin one, and he constantly impresses the point that a novel should throw out everything that isn't advancing the plot.

"You are going from New York to Baltimore. That's your plot. You don't stop off at Boston just because it looks pretty. Get to Baltimore." [paraphrase]



Great writer, BJJ player, and a Jew. I'm conflicted

He goes on to discuss 'location sickness' in the movie and television business. Let's imagine the script calls for filming a scene of some cheerleaders outside a high school. You roll up at the school location and notice there's a really cool shoe shop across the road where the building is in the shape of a shoe.

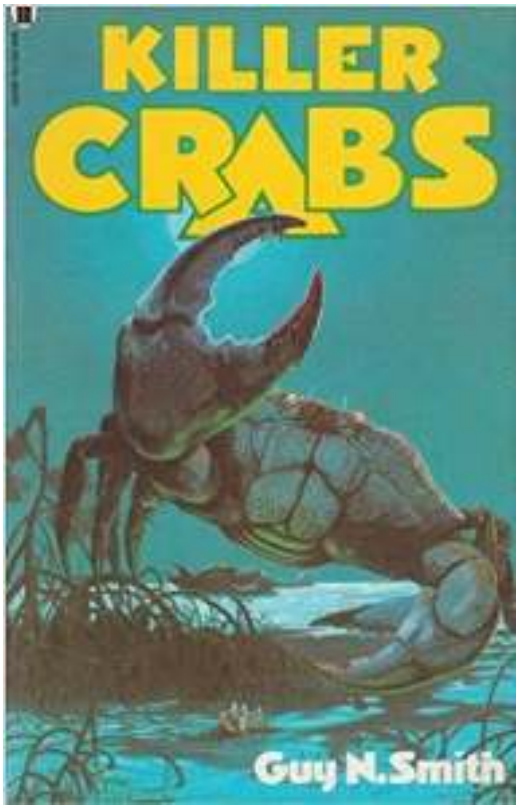
"Wouldn't it be cool to fit that into the movie?" asks a location manager.

No! It's not part of the plot. You'll kill the movie by trying to put every little interesting thing into it. Stick to the script.

I was reminded of this while reading *The Italian Secretary*. It is loaded with pointless details and diversions, going into the history of an old murder in the time of Mary Queen of Scots or really obvious red herring such as political intrigue in Germany. At least half of this book has no reason to be there and it builds reader resentment in being slowed down. It's a feeling akin to the helicopter rides in **Metal Gear Solid 5:** offensively pointless padding.

I also watched a YouTube interview with schlock horror writer **Guy N. Smith** in which the interviewer asked about his fast-paced writing style. Again, I paraphrase (heavily):

"I don't see the point of detailed descriptions" he said. "If your scene is: he strode out of the door, picked up a shovel, and struck a heavy shot to the giant crab's pincers then *that's what you write.* Nobody wants to know if the door is teak, oak or mahogany. We don't need to know it's two metres high or two inches thick. Or if the door knob is polished brass with scratches and rust. Just have your hero stride out of it and hit the bloody crab."



Can you tell a story?

Here's an example from Carr's book, where Holmes, Watson and a servant creep into a castle tower at night:

> "There was no ambient light of any kind: The window shutters in each of the rooms – starting with the antechamber, into which the stone staircase disgorged us – had been closed and fixed generations earlier, and far more efficiently than in the rooms immediately below. They had been covered with much heavier curtains, such that we continued to see solely by the light of Hackett's relatively small torch: although what we saw was, in truth, far less important than what we felt. The basic appointments of the chamber – panelled walls and ceilings, wooden floors, rotted textiles, decrepit furnishings – were proportionally more unnverving than those below, the more so for being Tudor rather than baroque in style. And yet, as I inspected the appointments further, it occurred to me that there is, in houses, a certain moment at which decay seems to slow dramatically, so long as the building's walls and roof remain intact (as was the case with the palace's west tower); indeed, the process of decrepitude seems at some point almost to stop, as though not only Time, but vermin of every variety, have taken all they can take and destroyed all they can destroy, leaving behind what amounts to the bleached bones of a formerly warm, living habitation. And Queen Mary's rooms had, apparently, long ago reaches this archaeological nadir." [p. 198-199]

Admit it, you started skimming didn't you? I'd rewrite it as follows:

> "Closed shutters and heavy curtains created an oppressive darkness. Hackett guided us with his small torch through a chamber thick with musty air and decrepit furnishings in the Tudor style."

It takes Carr fully three pages to convey the action of walking up a staircase and reaching the Queen's old room. It should've taken one paragraph. This is painfully slow writing made all the worse that it's utterly boring and none of the added details does anything to add richness to the scene, the characters, or the plot. It's junk.

Bad writing aside, this book also suffers from being nothing like an actual Sherlock Holmes story. If the characters weren't called by the same names as Conan Doyle's men, you'd never guess. I'll outline the key plot events, and ask yourself "is this how a real Holmes story plays out?" **[spoilers]**

- An architect is murdered in the grounds of Holyroodhouse while conducting renovations to an old tower. Two weeks later a builder is also murdered. Both are stabbed many times.
- Holmes and Watson take a special train to Edinburgh following a needlessly cryptic note from Mycroft. This is ostensibly due to the espionage red herring, but it becomes clear Mycroft didn't much suspect espionage so a simple note would've been more likely.
- The train is held up by an explosion, then a red-bearded Scottish nationalist throws a bomb into the carriage. It turns out this was a blind. The "nationalist" was attempting to distract from the real motive, and the bomb wouldn't go off. It's never explained how he knew the train was coming (evidently the note wasn't sufficiently cryptic) and when it's later revealed to have nothing to do with espionage, it makes even less sense. If Mycroft really did fear espionage enough to send a cryptic note, he wouldn't have tipped off the guy who turned out to be the bomb thrower in disguise. A plot hole.
- Holmes never once inspects a crime scene. Wow.
- Holmes recognises the facial structure of the house groundsman as being the same as the train bomb thrower, thus solving the murder within ten minutes of arrival on page 102 of a 275 page book. The rest of the time he's just filling in the blanks without telling us or Watson.
- It's never explained why the two victims were stabbed many times, or why all their bones were broken. Initially it's presented as a puzzle, but it never becomes relevant in figuring out the murderer's identity, means, or motive.
- Holmes discovers that two local men are running secret mystery tours of the tower in which Queen Mary's Italian secretary was brutally murdered. Literally, tourism. This runs many years without anyone finding out (!) and makes so much money that they fill an entire mattress in the tower with gold sovereigns.
- They just leave the sovereigns there. Because Carr needs them to in order to set up the finale.
- They murdered the two men because they were about to stumble upon the secret tours. Yes, this entire book centres around tour guides taking tourists into a tower for thrills. Moriarty it isn't.
- Some dappy servant wench is hiding in the tower, pregnant with the child of one of the tour guides. She just tells Holmes who he is and about the tours. Holmes doesn't actually deduce anything.
- Rather than confiscate the sovereigns or arrest the men, they instead lie in wait near the tower for the murderers to break in and take their sovereigns. It's never explained why the murderers will do it tonight. Or at all. Or why they never emptied the mattress months or years ago.
- Rather than remove all sources of confusion, Holmes leaves the frantic pregnant girl hanging around. Later she falls off the top of the tower in a dramatic scene that had no reason to happen.
- One of the two tour guides is a good guy, so he marries this tart who his brother got up the duff. It's never a modern Sherlock story without some cuck being cucked somewhere in the plot.
- The murderer's great strategy to sneak in and get their money back is to….. build a medieval trebuchet and launch the fiery body of a murdered policeman at the castle wall, then set a bomb off at the gates. Naturally, Holmes and Watson immediately run to the site of the diversion and leave unguarded the one place which they knew the murderers had to go.
- The main bad guy sets himself on fire by accident, without Holmes or Watson having contributed. The other bad guy escapes and is caught by police at a port, again with no input from Holmes or Watson (and not even as a scene, it's just reported later).

It's staggering how bad this book is. Holmes and Watson do basically nothing useful throughout. The only deduction is Holmes recognising the face of a man he meets, a couple of hours after the same man stared right into his face but had a red beard. You master detective you! He doesn't even do anything with that deduction. He finds out about the plot because they stumble into a girl who tells them the full story. They then completely fuck up their stakeout, nearly get the girl killed, and only catch the killers because one of them is kind enough to set himself on fire and the other runs into a police cordon. Watson does nothing except bloviate.

Horrible, horrible book.

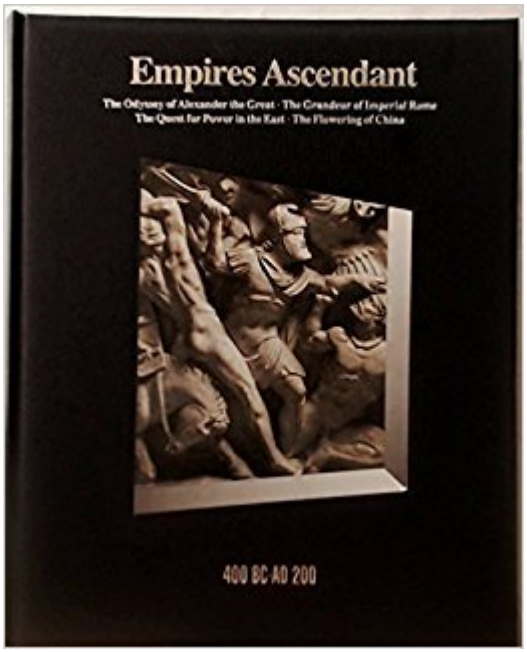
If you'd prefer a story featuring real heroes who accomplish fantastic deeds through wit, charm and good-old-fashioned pluck, then you'll love my memoir Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad, and Adventure Sex.

[1] His prose style is also under-rated because he's high-t and action-heavy, which modern readers hate progressively more as their t-count gets progressively lower.
[2] The Holmes-a-like sleuth Carr invented in his earlier books.
[3] Or would have, if I hadn't found it on a market stall for a few quid. But that's not the point!
[4] The afterword explains that it was in fact commissioned as a short story and then turned into a novel. Bad move! A novel needs different pacing, more sub-plots, and more plot development. A short story can be hung upon a single idea or gimmick.

#15 – Empires Ascendant, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 31 January 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I have now answered a question that had bothered me for a while: "how many books could I read and review in one month, if I set my mind to it?". Most of the projects I undertake are attempts to answer a question that has been bothering me. The rest are normally just assuaging my OCD impulses in compulsive collectathons ***[1]****. So, my reading blitz is over. I'll continue reading and reviewing but not at such an extreme pace.*



Tony Robbins once said: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" ***[2]***. I think it a very wise statement and I endeavour to live my life in accordance with it ***[3]***.



Tony Robbins, yesterday

Today's book, *Empires Ascendant* really brings out the clarity of the statement. It concerns a time when **Alexander the Great** carved out the world's largest empire in just eleven years and shortly after when **Julius Caesar** became Emperor of Rome. Many men struggled and vied for supreme power. And like **Queen Cersei** says, "in the game of thrones, you win or you die."

There are certain dogmas in the manosphere that are reflective of equivalent dogmas in the mainstream world. I find they are particularly acute in the USA due to it's own cultural history (the American Dream, the industrial giants, and so on). There is a certain idea, tangible in the air, in the zeitgeist of what success is.

Money. Power. Girls. Respect. ***[4]***



Something like this, I imagine

The modern male self-help community is mostly about grasping and striving. The white hats tell you to build you value, the black hats tell you to fake it till you make it. The white hats advise on entrepreneurialism and the black hats tell you to buy crypto-currency or run affiliate programs. They differ in whether you should earn your success or steal it. A worker's vs a grifter's mindset. But they both seem to agree on what success is.

Does the dog chasing cars ever wonder what he'll do if he eventually catches one?

Back in the summer of 2013 I was sitting in a restaurant on Knez Mihailova with he-who-cannot-be-named ***[5]*** as we each tucked into a delicious steak washed down with red wine. The sun was shining, beautiful girls sauntered by, and we both had dates lined up for the evening.

"This is it" I said, with a mouthful of beef. "This is living the dream. Just 200 years ago you had to be a prince or an Emperor to eat food like this, travel like this, shag women like this. And now it's available to any man with gumption."

It set me off thinking. When Alexander the Great swept through Babylon and towards the Indus river, what was his quality of life like? Was his steak any tastier, his wine any winier, or his bed any more comfortable? It wasn't just his army crossing the swamps, mountain passes, or rivers – he had to ride his horse Bucephalus over them too.



I've been, Alexander hasn't. Do I win?

I kept thinking. Does Bill Gates read better books than me? Does being the richest man in the world give him access to books better than *The Count Of Monte Cristo*, *War And Peace*, or *Daygame Infinite*? No. They all cost just a few pounds ***[6]*** It doesn't buy him better movie-going, or video-gaming, or greener trees or grassier parks. There are extremely harsh diminishing returns to increasing riches. It doesn't even buy you much better health care, as Steve Jobs found out.

I'll admit I have *occasionally* entertained the thought of being an Emperor. Just once or twice. There are certain upsides, such as having a statue of myself on every town square and free run of a harem, but I suspect they'd become boring very quickly. As any common man who has rutted a dozen whores can tell you, having sex with girls who don't fancy you just isn't much fun.

Lets say that's the profit of having gained the whole world. What is the cost?

I remember watching Saddam Hussein get executed. Not literally – I wasn't there – but there were clips on TV News and the whole thing on LiveLeak. This was a man who held absolute power in Iraq for 24 years. He had a statue in every town square, huge palaces, a fleet of Italian sports cars, lots of concubines, and whatever else he wanted. However, he could barely enjoy it.

I read *The Devil's Double*, a memoir by a man who was hired as a bullet-catcher for Saddam's son Uday, due to the ever present assassination risk. He describes the time he met Saddam. He was held in a room and stripped naked, then searched head to toe including cavities and hair. Then he was dressed in a special outfit, taken to another room, searched again, and then finally met Saddam.

That's the level of security Saddam lived under. He was playing the game of thrones.



Not enough security, evidently

When you're at that level of power you can't just book a flight to Belgrade and hit on some birds. You can't get shitfaced drunk in a strip club and wake up covered in your own vomit on a park bench. You can't buy a ticket to an FA Cup match of your favourite team. You are trapped by your own power.

Look at how the Mafioso lived as described in *Donnie Brasco*, flitting away money on strippers because money laundering laws stopped them doing anything useful with it.

Empires Ascendant makes it clear that winning the game of thrones is a Pyrrhic victory ***[7]***. Almost all of the major leaders of the era died young, violently, or both. Here's a roll call:

- **Phillip II –** "as Phillip entered the stadium to preside, a body-guard named Pausanias stepped forwards and ran a sword through the King's heart" p.19
- **Artaxerxes Ochus –** "had been poisoned by his own grand vizier" p.22
- **Darius III –** "was murdered by a rebellious Persian satrap, and Alexander went after the killer. He caught up with the man in the wastes of Turkestan, had him flogged and turned him over to a Persian court, which sentenced him to death" p.29
- **Alexander –** "while inspecting a drainage project in the Euphrates swamps, he was bitten by an infected mosquito and contracted a [fatal] fever" p.31
- **Roxane** [wife] and young **Alexander** [son] – "were murdered; so were most of the dead king's other close relatives" p.35
- **Hamilcar Barca** (of Carthage) – "during those years Hamilcar Barca died in battle. His son-in-law succeeded him as leader of the Carthaginian forces in Spain, but not long afterwards he was murdered." p.56
- **Hannibal –** "he fled to Syria, then to Bithynia, where he committed suicide by poison in 183 BC just before he was turned over to his enemies" p.58
- **Gracchus –** "was campaigning for re-election, he and about 300 of his supporters were set upon and clubbed to death by a huge mob led by senators" p.66
- **Pompey –** "escaped and fled to Egypt… It is said Caesar wept when Ptolemy later handed him his old ally's severed head" p.73
- **Julius Caesar –** "60 senatorial conspirators fell upon him as he presided over the assembly, inflicting 23 dagger wounds." p.73
- **Cicero –** "his head and hands were displayed nailed to the Rostra in the Forum he had so often graced with his

eloquence; a nail had been driven through the orator's tongue" p.75

Mark Antony committed suicide by stabbing himself in the stomach, Caligula was murdered by his guard, Claudius was poisoned by his wife Agrippina who was herself murdered by her son Nero. Nero committed suicide when his guard turned against him. His immediate three successors all died in the same year, two murdered one arkancided suicide. Titus was stabbed to death by a servant.

Phew! That's a lot of short-lived runs at the top, is it not? Augustus, Tiberius, Vespasian are among the few who lived into old age and died peacefully. Generally speaking, the shelf-stacker at Tesco who rents a comfortable flat and has Netflix will live a longer and happier life than most of the above tyrants and kings.

Back in 2013 I came to the conclusion that high level success is not a goal worth chasing. Reason one is that it's wildly unlikely that you'll succeed and thus you waste precious years on a failed project. Reason two is that even if you do succeed, the rewards probably aren't worth it, because the best things in life are fairly cheap. Reason three, is even if somehow you dodge those landmines you are faced with the central problem addressed by Zen philosophy – the material accoutrements and phantasms of ego aren't actually satisfying anyway. You're just chasing chimeras.

And lastly, if you somehow become incredibly successful and powerful you've just lost all of your freedom – which in itself is more valuable than all the palaces, sports cars and hookers put together.

If you thought that was a long-winded rationalisation for myself being very comfortable with exactly where I am right now, you may be onto something and would definitely enjoy Daygame Infinite.

[1] It's why I like Ubisoft games.
[2] Okay, technically it was Matthew 16:26 in the King James Bible but I'm sure we can all agree that it's not wisdom unless an internet marketer self-help guru says it.
[3] Another good one is "victors write the history books". Those five words are a rabbit hole all of their own, the degree to which I even now struggle to comprehend.
[4] Dan Bilzerian, basically.
[5] "my mate from Wales"
[6] Except the last one. You get what you pay for.
[7] Page 53 also told me what that is, "one more such victory over the Romans," Pyrrhus supposedly said, "and we are utterly undone."

The Daygame Infinite Seminar

krauserpua · 5 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers will know I delivered a two-hour talk on the **London Daygame Model** just before Christmas. The Street Attraction team was kind enough to film it ***[1]*** and Eddie gave me the mixed video files. My plan is to release the full talk in a series of bite-size chunks, a new video every week ***[2]*** until it's done. So far I've edited the first 1/4 of it.

Here's part one.

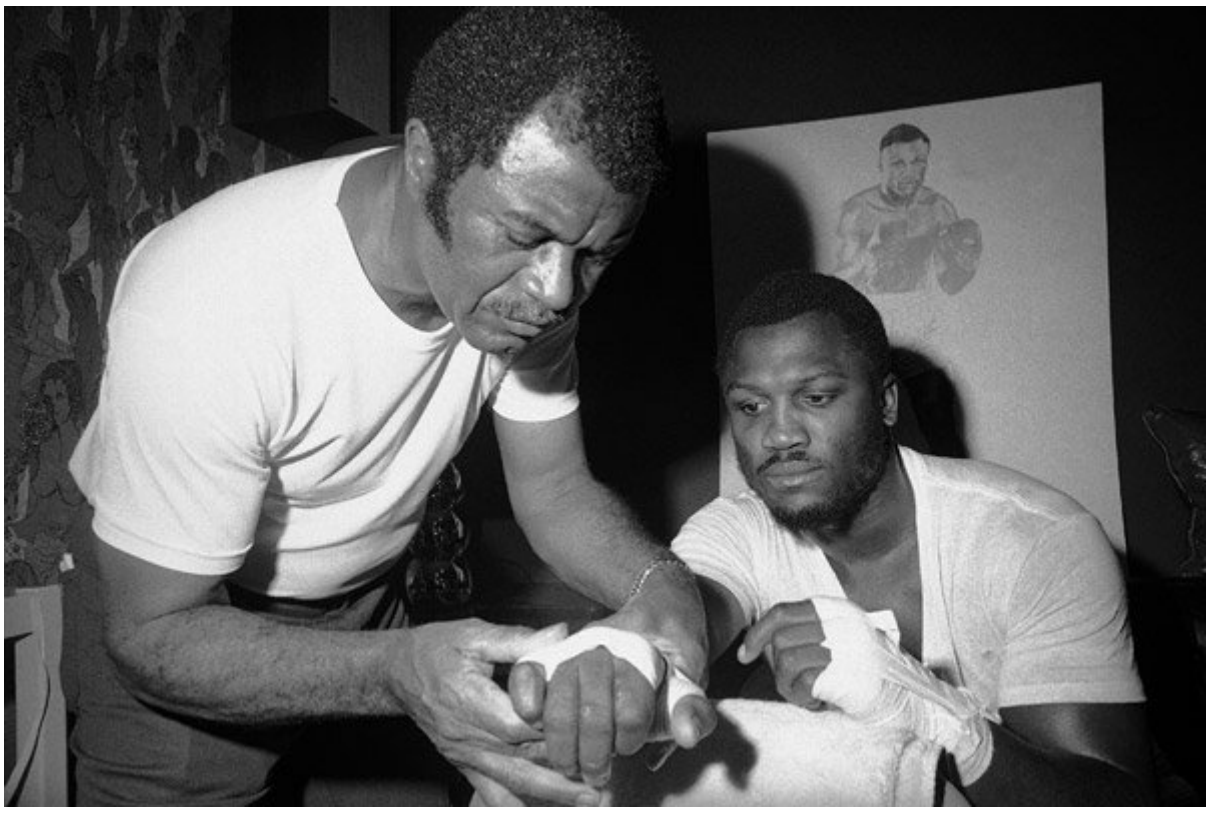
You can buy Daygame Infinite here.

In other news, I have now received THREE completed first-draft manuscripts from the Winter Memoir Challenge, being 80k, 50k, and 50k words respectively. I've given feedback on all and it's looking increasingly likely that you avid daygame maniacs will be blessed with a veritable bounty of dirty stories to entertain your filthy minds. I am optimistic that 2018 will be the **Year Of The Memoir**. Another FOUR guys have told me they are writing memoirs so hopefully they'll have something to wave around proudly in the next month or two also.

I'm very pleased with this response because, I must admit, I wasn't sure *anyone* would get a manuscript done. It's a huge investment of time and emotion to write a book. Not for the first time I'm reminded that whatever qualities I think make *me* so adorably special are in fact possessed by quite a few others too.

Now that I'm an old-timer and semi-retired from the daygame life I see my primary role in the community as encouraging the next generation of players to step up and take things in their own direction. I'm part of the wave that came up in 2009-2012. I learned a lot and I've done my best to capture it all in books and video so that the knowledge is passed on. As these newer guys build their blogs and tell their stories, the baton is passed and I hope they run with it.

Then I can retire in peace, put my monster feet slippers on, and reminisce about "I used to be a player like you, then I took an arrow in the knee". I'll be Eddie Futch rather than Joe Frazier.



“Remember it’s two compliments and one tease”

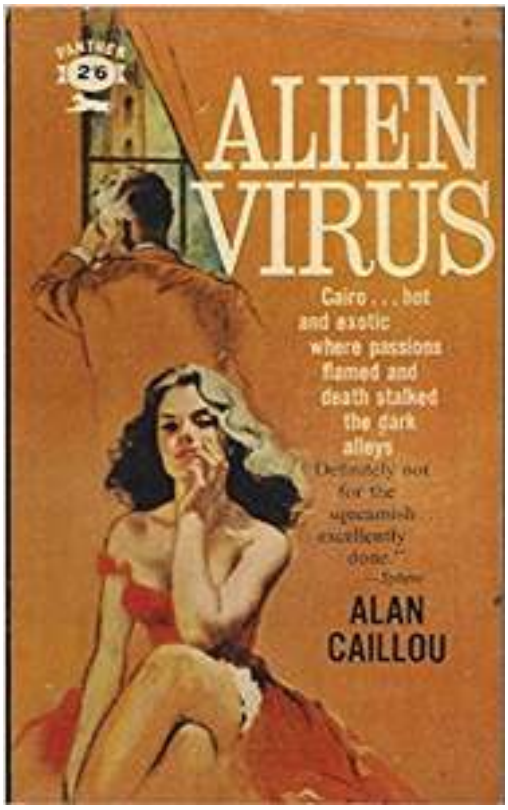
I’ll have an update on the new **Mastery** colour edition fairly soon. It’s still a long way from completion but I’ve got stuff to talk about related to it.

[1] They basically did everything at the event. I just rolled in an hour late for my talk after sleeping through my alarm. Sorry, complicated business.
[2] The talk is primarily a marketing exercise for Infinite. If you can’t wait, just buy the book.

#16 – Alien Virus, Alan Caillou BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 9 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes I like to take pot luck with books. Two weeks ago I decided to write "retro pulp" into the eBay search bar, for the books category, then filtered prices low to high. I spent 15 minutes browsing through listings and bought the first three books whose covers I liked. This was the first to arrive in the post.



I read this 1961 edition

My brother is an avid reader and former speciality bookseller. We frequently have the same disagreement. He believes book writing has gotten better over the years whereas I think it's gotten worse. It'll go something like this:

"Paperbacks back then were just what daytime TV was ten years ago and YouTube is now. It's just mass entertainment" he says.
"It's not the same thing. The quality of books is higher than such trash, and writing for people who need the focus to read two hundred pages is a higher bar than a five minute YouTube or a half hour TV show" I reply.
"It's the same people. Fifty years ago a man on a construction site would read a paperback in his lunch hour and now he watches a video on his smartphone. But it's the same person."
"That man fifty years ago was smarter, better educated, and higher-t than his equivalent now so the entertainment was better."
"The average book reader has changed. Fifty years ago the average book reader was the average person. Now the average book reader is higher than average IQ and literacy. The average people are watching YouTube."

Who you think is closer to the truth doesn't matter to me for this review, but you now better understand my position towards old paperbacks and why I don't look down on them as trash. Alan Caillou's *Alien Virus* is a good example of how a bog-standard no-frills pulp paperback is, in terms of literary quality, equivalent to a considerably above-average book by today's depressing standards of literature ***[1]***

First things first, I have no idea why it has a title appropriate to a Sci Fi book. There are no viruses in this book. Neither real, such as bio-weapons, nor figurative, such as Marxism. It's an espionage thriller set in Cairo following a British agent attempting to discover and then thwart a Soviet attempt to bring about the downfall of an Egyptian

government favourable to UK interests. If you're really stretching things, you could say the "alien virus" is that foreigners from multiple countries bringing their own conflicts into your country and using it as a battleground is a nasty virus brought by aliens ***[2]***



This is the actual author. No joke.

The first thing that struck me about this book is how thick the local atmosphere is. It begins with a sleazy Italian informer waking up in a brothel in Egypt's red light district and stumbling upon a list of names typed onto a sheet of paper, his theft of which kicks off the whole story. Consider the opening paragraph:

> "When he awoke, the sweet sickly scent of the bordello was thick in his nostrils. The purple satin quilt had fallen to the floor so that it lay brightly close to the red plush armchair on which his clothes had been carelessly, hurriedly thrown. His jacket was too far tossed over its back so that the pockets were upside down and their contents had fallen out and were strewn untidily over the floor. A silk stocking lay beside them on the green carpet, a thin ladder in it clearly visible as if put there deliberately to disgust him with its cheapness. He was not disgusted; it was too constant an episode in his life."

I like that. It's not great literature but it's highly competent. It sets the scene for the sleaze to follow as spies, agitators, hookers, informers, embezzlers and all the other riffraff in Cairo rub shoulders and figure out how to each out-scheme the other. The whole time the smells, sounds and buzz of the city is thick and alive. I'd discover later the reason everything rings so true is that the author *was* a spy and he'd lived in Cairo.

This book does a good job of presenting a world where everyone has an angle, nothing comes for free, and suspicion rules the day. There are bad guys (such as the scrawny weasel Arab pimp who guts a hooker on Soviet orders) and also good guys (such as the Commander of the British delegation in Cairo) but they are all tainted by the grime of the city. Nobody's hat is truly white or black. It's all grimy. In that sense, it's like reading hard-boiled detective fiction.

The book's languid pace matches the stifling North African climate and despite this it never gets dull. The plot threads weave together steadily, all the characters act believably, and except for the main protagonist you get the sense that any other character could be killed if circumstances go against them.

I quite like the Cold War atmosphere. This was written in 1957 when the Soviets really were the greatest danger to world peace. Stalin had been dead just a few years and all but the Leftist intelligentsia of the UK ***[3]*** admitted he'd murdered millions and now Khruschev had taken over. The Suez Crisis was ongoing and is relevant to the plot as the UK delegation is using discussions between Israel and the UK as a cover for their real plan. The writer (real name: Alan Samuel Lyle-Smythe M.B.E) had a very interesting life having worked in the Intelligence Corps, spoke Arabic, was almost executed in Italy, fought with the partisans in Yugoslavia in WWII and finally worked as both a professional hunter and a television actor featuring in The Man From U.N.C.L.E.

There's no special reason to read this book as it's just one of a long long line of competent paperbacks from its era. But if the idea of a, authentic spy thriller set in the dirty streets of Cairo at the height of the Cold War grabs you, you could do a lot worse.

If you like reading books you absolutely must buy Daygame Infinite if for no other reason than I'd like the money and could put it to better use than you will.



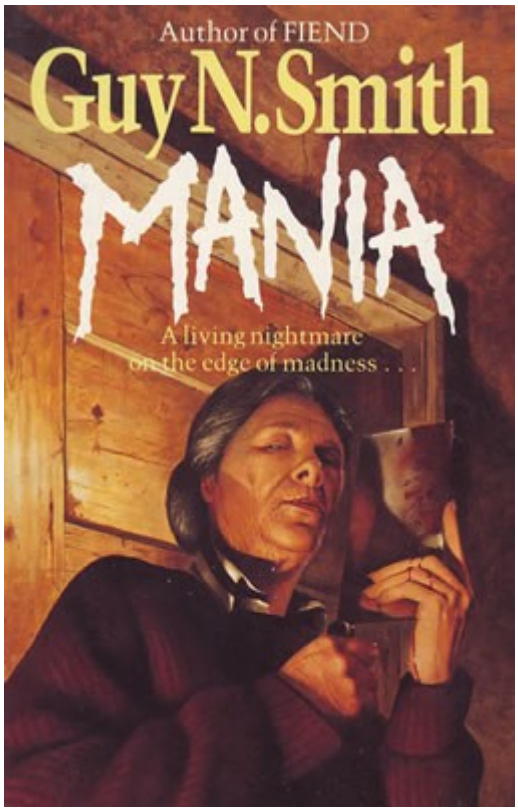
I used to own a few of these Odhams editions

[1] Mainly because he's not a faggot.
[2] So, Europe now with the 3rd World and Muslim invasions. They have to go back.
[3] All of the intelligentsia, that is. Well, perhaps not as bad as it is nowadays.

#17 – Mania, Guy N. Smith BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 9 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Back in the late eighties, as a tweenie ***[1]****, I started reading my first adult novels. No, get your mind out of the gutter I don't been that type of 'adult'. I mean horror fiction, such as Stephen King, Shaun Hutson, James Herbert and so on. While doing my weekly Saturday afternoon browse in Dillons bookshop in central Newcastle I picked up this book, Mania, and bought it. I never got round to reading it and it had always bugged me a little. Thirty years later, I thought I'd give it a try.*



Any man who has hung around a taxi rank at 3am after leaving a night club will notice the bizarre transformation that affects young women. Much like vampires stepping into sunlight, when a girl totters out of the club and faces the harsh glare of street lights, it's like she turns into a monster. Gone is the sexy allure, replaced by a stumbling, drunken, mess.

Painted up harlots, really.

Well, I exaggerate. All I wish to draw your attention to is the concept of **putting lipstick onto a pig**. Good writing will zing along, your attention captured from the first page. Words flow naturally, images form in your mind, and you feel the mood the author wishes to create in you. Good prose is like the lean smooth lines of a jaguar leaping onto the neck of a stag. If your prose is mediocre, you may try to disguise that fact by piling additional literary weight upon it. Like this.



Is that too obtuse an analogy? OK, try reading this segment. The context is that three guests at a small hotel are attempting to escape the building before an over-heating boiler explodes:

> The hallway was deserted when they reached the ground floor, an elongated tomb where their footsteps echoed, the walls a spectral white from the reflection of the snow through the skylight over the front door. A door that seemed to beckon them, taunt them; come on, death by fire within, death from the snowdrifts outside. Take your choice, either way you die.
> The boiler was louder now, like some demon in the vaults immediately beneath their feet, a monster that pulsed with demoniac fury, trying to lift up the floor to get them; heaving and pushing, creating its own background symphony with a rattling of crocks and cutlery in the filthy kitchen behind them. [p.208]

That's rather over-written, wouldn't you say? I get that he's trying to imply there's a demonic presence in the house but….. c'mon….. tomb, spectral, death, demon, monster…. that's laying it on rather thick. Imagine Guy N. Smith sitting at home with his wife watching TV.

> Her: "Will you put the kettle on love? The adverts are on soon and I'd love a cuppa."
> Him: "Can't you hear it? The deathly rattle of the demonic biscuits in the cupboard. The chocolate digestives leering, waiting to pounce like jackal hell-spawn."
> Her: "Darling, not this again. Turn the light on if you're scared."
> Him: "A stench of evil emanates from the lair of devil biscuits, a pungent odour of naked concentrated evil spreading it's black tendrils through the air in the hope of ensnaring a lost soul.
> Her: "No, that's the Asda Value bananas. They've gone off. I told you they needed to be eaten by yesterday. I'm going to have to make the cuppa myself, aren't I?"

I suppose this is a different form of **Dread Game**. Let me just outline the plot for you, then you tell me if this seems like it can carry the weight of a 234-page horror novel.

There's a wild snowstorm in Southern England causing the roads to be blocked. A mid-thirties divorced mother gets stranded with her teenage daughter but struggled through the blizzard to a small old hotel which was a former

nursing home. Some after, a young man also arrives. They are the protagonists. There are six “patients” in the hotel, a retirement-age old couple running the hotel, and the man’s weirdo brother living in a basement apartment. The owners are mental. Not evil per se, but neglectful and mean. All six patients are mental. This is the “mania” of the title.

Everyone is shut in by the storm for two nights. As time passes it turns out that Satan appeared in bodily form nine months earlier and shagged the dimwit teenage girl patient, getting her pregnant. She is in labour now. The old couple think it’s their young daughter reincarnated (she died of meningitis decades ago) but the hyper-religious patient thinks it’s Christ’s second coming. Another patient is a busybody old maid.

Things go to shit. Satan in spirit form possesses the basement brother, he dies, then his hand comes off (possessed by Satan) and runs around the hotel. It possesses the newborn, turning it into a grotesque little demon, but the baby demon can’t survive. Satan goes back into the hand, then possesses the bible-basher, who falls several stories in a stairwell and breaks his neck. He then possesses the old man who tries to abduct and sacrifice the teenager traveller, then possesses the busybody who cuts the head off the other dimwit girl patient. Then the boiler overheats, explodes, and obliterates everything. The end.

I have several problems with this *masterful* plotting…….

1. Why did Satan pick a tiny out-of-the-way hotel staffed by nutters? What are the rules that determine taking bodily form (to bang the bird), possessing people, and being only the dismembered hand. It rather seems like Satan’s limits depend entirely upon author expedience.
2. Every single time something really scary or portending of incoming danger happens, the main guy (the “hero”) decides to NOT tell anyone else about it, so as not to worry them. Why?
3. The whole time they are there, the hero does literally ONE thing of use – drag the teenager girl away from the crazy old man who wants to sacrifice her. That’s it. The rest of the book he just mumbles “things will turn out okay”.
4. Multiple times, the hero wishes he had a weapon. At no time does he try to obtain one. The kitchen has knives, the shed has hammers, and there are chair legs and broomsticks that would suffice in a pinch. Instead, he just cowers in his room with the two women, hoping for the best. His strategy is “wait out the night and if the snow clears we’ll leave in the morning”.
5. While hiding out, there is no lock on the inside of the door and they don’t block it either. There is a lock on the outside, which they do no disable. There’s a dramatic scene where the possessed guy is trying to break in (but fails). So then he just slips the bolt and locks them in. They now immediately try to break out…. after having just tried their damnedest to stay in!



Owain cowered in fear as Brenda approached menacingly

But I think ultimately what really had me shaking my head is the formidable nature of the threat they face. They are in terror of **two frail old pensioners**, one of whom who has a kitchen knife. That's it. If I'd been in this book it would've lasted two pages:

> Brenda Clements glared at Nick, her eyes flashing with the fire of hell, boring into his skull. What twisted demonic mania gripped this woman? Her eyes darted to the kitchen knife in the rack a few feet from her quivering fingers.
> "You vile invader!" she screeched. "I'll show you. Our daughter will be reborn!"
> "Shut your fucking mouth, you crazy witch" said Nick in a firm, low tone. "Turn it in. Either go to bed, or put the telly on and watch Going For Gold. But if you try anything on I'm going to fucking spark you out, you old cow."
> Brenda lunged for the knife. It was a very slow lunge because she was seventy years old.
> Smack!
> Nick punched her on the chin, knocking her unconscious. He felt a bit bad because she's so old, but she was intending to stab him. Then he stayed up all night with a chair propped under the door handle. In the morning, he left. The end.

What I will say in this book's favour is it does actually build the mania of the characters quite well. They are a strange bunch but each has a definable personality disorder and acts convincingly within the context of being in a dumb schlock-horror book. For example the evil old woman running the hotel is a textbook malignant narcissist and the brother in the basement is obviously suffering from severe Aspergers.

The most horrifying thing about the whole book is just how much it reminded me of being at my parent's house in winter.

Daygame Infinite Daygame Infinite Daygame Infinte!!! Buy it or I'll sacrifice your daughter and then fuck a retard.

[1] NOT twinkie. A tweenie. They are NOT the same thing!

Mastery Update Thoughts

krauserpua · 10 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I've considered numerous plans for my blog and business in 2018. On the one hand I'd like to do the "sell shit to idiots" market because that's by far the most lucrative and also if I wanted to put out ebooks like what you see on Amazon, I could write one a week with little effort. I could tone that down a little and try the "sell beginners stuff to noobs" market, which is also lucrative. The problem with both markets is they are fundamentally unsatisfying to write for. The former would make me feel like a scammer and the latter like a mediocre mind.

It would be like fucking hookers or fucking Asian 5s, respectively. Not conducive to my peace of mind. Anyway, as an aside here's the next part of my *Infinite* talk….

Before I make up my mind on whether to become yet another PUA Whore, I do have a little unfinished business, namely getting my "final" premium product line up completed. These are:

1. The textbooks: Daygame Infinite, Daygame Mastery
2. The video: Daygame Overkill
3. The narrative: The four volumes of memoir.

It is these which I care about above all else because they represent me conveying my knowledge at the limit of my ability to do so. Everything else is in some way a step down. **Beginner Daygame** was limited by its intended noob audience. **Daygame Nitro** and **Black Book** were deliberately simplified for similar reasons, of appealing to intermediates without over-complicating things. **Womanizers Bible** was openly embracing of mindwank. I think of those four products as diversions rather than as primary material.

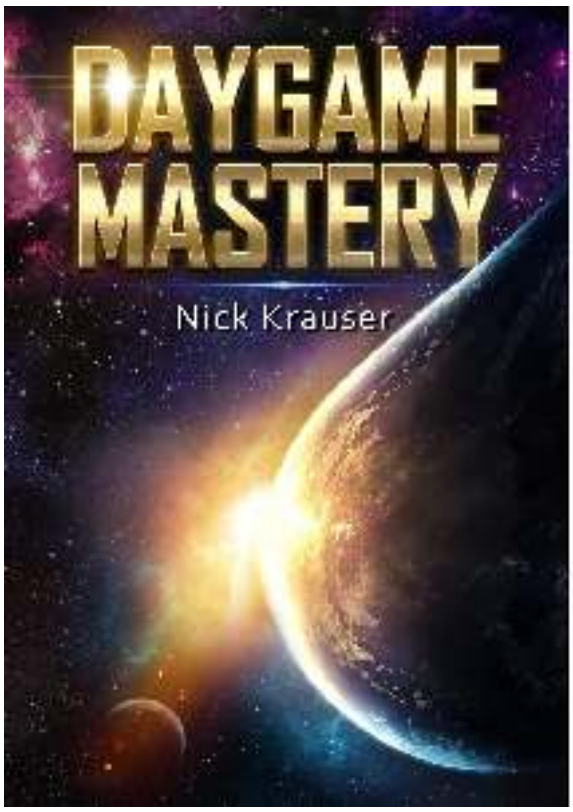
The blog is my test bed of ideas, not the final distillation of those ideas. That comes later in the books. I rarely edit blog posts beyond a quick spelling and formatting check, whereas the books get a half dozen rewrites and paid editors.

Why am I rambling on like this? ***[1]***

Because I am currently finalising the new colour edition of **Daygame Mastery.** My guess is it's a month, maybe two, from release. The rationale is that I want to bring it up to the quality bar set by *Infinite* and harmonise the content a little so the two volumes fit more complimentary together. What does it mean for you, the reader? This is how I see the changes to the second edition:

1. Full colour edition with same matt finish cover and interior pages as Infinite.
2. New layout to match the more appealing visual style of Infinite.
3. New commentary and paragraphs added here and there to flesh out existing chapters.
4. One or two entirely new chapters to boost the overall value proposition from 400 pages (as it is now, in Infinite layout style) to nearer Infinite's 524 pages.

I don't know yet how well the final edition will meet my objectives but I'll keep you all updated. For now, here are some screen grabs of how it looks so far. Let me know your thoughts.





[1] Aside from the pleasure to be had in rambling, which is quite considerable.

#18 – Handbook For Spies, Alexander Foote BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 10 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

My hatred for all things communist is hardly a secret. Communism doesn't belong in the category of "political theory". At best it's an ideology, at worst it's a **personality disorder**. I'm inclined towards the Dennis Wheatley view, that it is Satan at work on the earth ***[1]***. I find it absolutely unbelievable that anyone could observe the people who practice communism, read the theory of communism, and observe the *results* of communism and come away with any conclusion other than it being a pure distillation of evil ***[2]***.



I've been here

What Alexander Foote's book *Handbook For Spies* makes quiet clear is one of the central ironies of communism: they are far harsher on their own followers than on their enemies. They are constantly on the edge of betrayal and purging. For a light-hearted introduction, watch this:

At it's core, communism is a struggle for **faked moral purity**. This is why it also collapses into every decreasing circles of virtue signalling and sectarianism. People are drawn to communism by a chance to feel morally superior to everyone else, as a justification to lord over them and to steal all their stuff. It's no surprise that the most enthusiastic followers of the evil ideology are mid-wit university students studying bullshit degrees. Such people have all the necessary qualities to be a communist:

1. Totally disconnected from reality
2. Smart enough to feel superior but lacking the wisdom to know they aren't that smart
3. Terrified at the thought of having to earn an honest living
4. Grasping and amoral in personal advancement

In Soviet Russia they join the Party, in modern UK they get public sector sinecures, and hopefully in the near future they get….. executed ***[3]***. Anyway, I digress.

Much of the reason why communists are not hated, reviled, and hunted down for slaughter in the West right now is

simply because most people don't know what they are and how they are trying to shape the world ***[4]***. *Handbook For Spies* gives a nice little window. It's not as horrific as *The Bolshevik Myth*, but only because the author's gaze is pointed away from the worst atrocities of the Soviet system.



A commie spy

This book is a memoir from a British man who headed the USSR spy network in Switzerland in the late 1930s and found himself, during WWII, as handler for the Soviet's best mole in the German High Command. He was thus able to deliver crucial intel that significantly impacted the war, such as several weeks' advance notice of **Operation Barbarossa** ***[5]***. He was arrested by the Swiss but inexplicably released and ultimately recalled to Moscow shortly after the end of WWII. He then defected to the UK and wrote this book in 1956.

Although couched as a memoir it really is like a handbook. There are several chapters formally outlining how a clandestine network is set up, how informers are approached, how meetings made, and data transmitted. In this pre-NSA pre-electronic era its fascinating to read about a world that began by attaching tiny microfilms of information to postcards and then evolved into radio transmissions.

My first observation was how the espionage was always run via the local communist party, and Left-leaning politicians and journalists would give them cover so that patriots were unable to arrest them unless catching them red-handed. Foote was recruited in the UK and had his first spy interview in the official Communist Party headquarters in London. Watching how the KGB used UK union leaders and left-wing papers for their espionage in the 1980s, this is no surprise. As it should be no surprise to see how the Democrat Party and MSM is doing the same thing now in the USA ***[6]***.



"What fake dog poo?"

My second observation, quite surprisingly, was how *unpleasant* a Russian agent's life was. These spies were barely paid, were overworked, and were run ragged by the demands of 'Central' (the Moscow spy leadership). Interestingly, Moscow only ever paid in US dollars and spy remuneration actually followed the Marxist doctrine of "from each according to ability to each according to need". Spies weren't paid according to their skill, the quality of their information, or even the risks they ran. Payment was entirely according to the costs of maintaining their cover. Thus a brilliant spy who worked as a plumber was paid a fraction of a bumbling fool masquerading as an aristocrat.

Unlike James Bond movies, Foote presents a Soviet spy network constantly on the verge of bankruptcy, frequently hamstrung by Centre's incompetence or lack of trust, and often broken up due to purges or venal scheming. His primary contacts in France conspire to get him abducted by the German Abwehr, which he only narrowly escapes (and only because he resists Centre's original advice).

Foote is soon disillusioned by communism in action and it's only his ideological commitment that keeps him going in a job he knows has a life expectancy of only a few years. Per international law spies can be executed, and often were. He sees how even when exposure threatens, Centre cheerfully tells him to stay at risk and they sacrifice agents willingly. He realises what everyone soon learns about communism: the brotherhood of man rhetoric is just that, rhetoric. These are evil selfish psychopaths who will sell you out in a heartbeat.

The book concludes when he and his handler are summoned to Moscow to explain fuck-ups that led to the collapse of his network. His handler absconds in Egypt and initially Foote's interviews in Moscow lead him to believe he will be executed. Luckily, his handler is abducted to Mosocw, sweated down, and then executed in his place. Foote remains in good favour but by now he's been in Russia for almost two years and realises how awful communism actually is. He's shocked by conditions.

His escape comes when he's sent back to Germany on a new mission with a cover story as having been captured in the war near Stalingrad. He expresses concern to his Moscow handler that returning legit POWs may expose him.

> "The Director told me not to worry about that, as more than ninety per cent of the Stalingrad prisoners had died of typhus in Siberia" ***[7]*** p.159

Here's another nice comment:

> “In fact, my first six weeks in Moscow had convinced me that Nazi Germany as I had known it was a paradise of freedom as compared with Soviet Russia. I was determined to get out of it as soon as possible and return to a world where freedom was more than a propaganda phrase. The only way that I could get out alive was to feign enthusiasm for any espionage plan put up, carry on in Moscow as a good Communist till I was posted elsewhere, and then get out of the clutches of the Centre as fast as possible. I had done my best to help the Russians win their war, but after I had seen them and their methods first hand and at home I was determined not to help them win their peace” p.152

The book ends rather abruptly when he arrives in Berlin and walks into the British zone to freedom. It’s a fast read and I’d recommend it to anyone interested in espionage, the Cold War, or communism. The whole time I was reading it I kept thinking of the People’s Front of Judea and how they’d handle espionage.

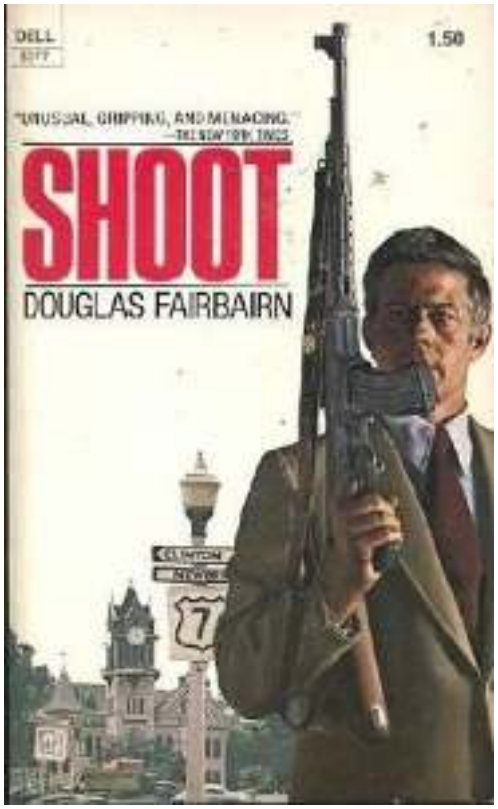
Have you not bought Daygame Infinite yet? Shame on you comrade. I shall be forced to report you to the Nick Krauser Vangurd of Daygame (NKVD) and you must report for re-education.

[1] Considering I believe in neither God nor Satan, you may wonder why I subscribe to such a view. Keep wondering. It’s to do with r/K and evil/good being symbolic representations of them.
[2] Evil doesn’t approach you with skulls and fangs. It is all smiles and lofty ideals right up until the moment they have you in their power. It’s best to treat their felicitations the same as you would those of a gangster attempting to lure you into an empty warehouse.
[3] I don’t believe in executing everyone who disagrees with me. Just communists and crypto-currency shills.
[4] In this, they have much in common with homosexuals. I doubt it’s a secret that many homos are also commies.
[5] Which Moscow ultimately ignored. Heh heh!
[6] Those of you unaware of The Storm probably just scoffed at that. I won’t try to convince you. Just remember I said it, then you can tell me later that I was right all along. Obama was an enemy agent.
[7] If you think the Nazis were worse than the Soviets, history will give you a very rude wake-up call. It’s hard not to punch everyone you see in a Che t-shirt.

#19 – Shoot, Douglas Fairbairn BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 10 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

"Do you want to meet again tomorrow evening?" a girl once asked me, towards the end of a short coffee date.
"I can't. I'm halfway through Assassins Creed Black Flag, got one level remaining on Metro Last Light, and I haven't even started Crysis 3. I simply haven't got the time."
She pouted. "Nick, you talk about video games like it's work."



I realised she was right ***[1]*** and there must be something deep in my personality that makes me relate to games this way. I suppose there are many ways to approach your hobbies, and gaming in particular. I remember once back in 2011 when Jimmy was on his **Bioshock** binge ***[2]*** he said to me, "Nick, I don't want to complete this game because *then it'll be over*."

I play games to finish them. He plays them to not finish them. Others presumably play them to enjoy them, which is probably the most psychologically balanced way to approach them. Thinking about this further I was greatly saddened at another thought:

Even if I dedicate every waking moment of every remaining day of my life to playing video games, I'll never complete every game that I want to.

My life is littered with lost opportunities to finish games that I know I'll never go back to: Okami, Super Mario Sunshine, Zelda Majora's Mask, Call of Duty 2, Skies Of Arcadia…. it's just depressing. Even if I excluded gaming's long back catalogue and focused only on what's out there right now, well, my Steam library is another boulevard of broken dreams. I never will get good at XCOM or the Anno series. Sigh. Fuck my life.



I may never build the city of the future

With books it's even worse. That back catalogue stretches back hundreds of years and each month sees an awful lot more good new books than it does new games. Even if I read one **Alexandre Dumas** novel per week – which is basically a full time job – it would take a year and a half to finish his bibliography. And then there's all the follow-up books other writers did in his literary universe… and how about **Eiji Yoshikawa**? He's like Dumas all over again ***[3]***

I reconciled myself to a depressing reality: *I'll never read every book that I'd like to.*

The purpose of this pre-amble is to explain two proclivities I have in my selection of books to read:

1. I'll often read a short book I have mild interest in over a long book I have a strong interest in. This is for the OCD reason of wanting the satisfying closure of finishing a book more frequently. It is, however, a pendulum swing. After a few fast books, I'm thirsty for a big fat epic.
2. I'll often make impulse reads of books I encounter randomly knowing nothing about them but the covers. This is because I accept that it's impossible to get a true overview of world literature so there's no opportunity cost in knowledge by reading haphazardly. This too is a pendulum and sometimes I'll got through a more structured reading list with a specific knowledge / entertainment goal in mind.

Am I boring you?



There was a film too, you know

Right then, let's get on topic. Douglas Fairbairn's *Shoot*, written in 1973. I don't even remember where I got this, I just found it in the bottom of a box when I was emptying out my storage locker in London a few years ago. I was in the mood for a fast haphazard book and this a mere 143 pages, from a writer I know nothing about. Pot luck. Here's what the back cover said to lure me in:

> "The Armalite and the Uzi and the Stoner and the Sten and the Beretta and a Schmeisser and the AR180 and plenty of ammo….
>
> Why should six ordinary guys take that kind of hardware on a weekend hunting trip? When you've seen action in Korea or in Vietnam, you can get a thing about guns. For some men the war is never over…."

"That'll put hairs on my chest" I thought, and settled down to read. I finished it the same day. Good book, very compelling.

The story is that a small group of firm friends and former war buddies are out hunting in the woods when, walking along a wide stream towards their lodge, they come across a similar group of men on the opposite bank. Inexplicably, one of the strangers raises his rifle and shoots. The group returns fire, killing the initial shooter. There's a quick and fierce shoot out before the group withdraws. Luckily the man who caught the first bullet is not seriously hurt. On the drive home they are utterly confused as to why that other group opened fire.

A great narrative conceit is they never do find out why. This book is all about the reaction.

These guys are war vets and, in 1973, Vietnam was winding down but not yet over. Korea was a recent memory. They are a pack of closely-knit K-selects who are deeply resentful not so much at being shot at but at the insult of being chased out of their regular hunting ground. The narrator is the alpha male of the group and he's not going to stand for it.



I'd have gone with a camo hat myself

The entire book is about how he plans for the next weekend. He takes it for granted that they must go back and reclaim their territory. Before that he must do some recon on who shot at them and try to second guess what that group is doing. They did, after all, have a man down. It's hardly likely they'll let that lie.

As the book progresses we find the narrator, Rex, is actually a bit of a cunt. Although clearly a natural leader he's also a philanderer and the type of alpha whose ego won't let him back down from a challenge no matter how stupid. There is some dissension in the group including from Lou.

As far as Lou is concerned, it's madness to go back. If they stay away, there's no problem. Going back is just looking for trouble. Who cares? They don't have any fallen comrades to avenge and they aren't at war.

Rex paints Lou as a coward and the group expels him, making chicken noises as he begs to stay. Fairbairn subtly lets the reader know this is all headed for disaster. He's not explicit in outlining Rex's issues or the folly of seeking trouble. Rather, he uses the unreliable narrator technique giving us windows into Rex's character based on how he treats people during the week of preparation. Fairbairn gets the socio-sexual hierarchy and how to write groups (and the women on their fringes).

Finally, the weekend arrives and Rex's team drive out into the woods….. you see, Rex thinks of gun fights the way I think of video games. Once you've started one, you have to finish it.

I liked this book. The characters were believable, the story set-up was intriguing, and the plot moves along well. It's a book that raises some interesting questions about group dynamics, hard choices, and whether bravery and folly are on the same side of the coin (and indeed if wisdom and cowardice on the other). It isn't written as a gamma male screed of anti-alpha sentiment, rather it's more like a thought experiment for alphas on questions of leadership and betas on questions of following.

Here's the full movie.

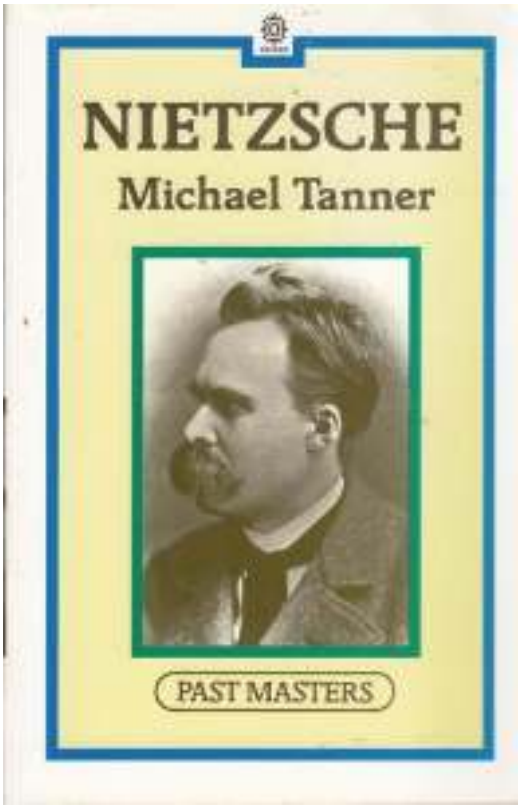
Speaking of alpha males and leadership, I wrote a book called Daygame Infinite and the pick-up world is in agreement that it's the bestest thing every and a veritable bargain at the price. Buy it here.

[1] I still stayed home and played Black Flag the next evening, though.
[2] Which mostly consisted of running around Rapture with a wrench seeing what he could smash.
[3] But with slanty eyes

#20 – Nietzsche, Michael Tanner BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 14 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This review is slightly out of sequence (it's actually #25) but it's fresh in my mind so I'm going with it. This book is from the Past Masters series, short introductory books for university students intended to cover the major thinkers in the Western canon.



Never once spelled that right

I've long believed that understanding the personality, situation and background to a writer will tell you at least as much about his writing as the words he leaves on the page do. Nietzsche was a weirdo. Here are some choice highlights of his life:

- His first book *The Birth Of Tragedy* was published when he was 27, was briefly subject to controversy within German university circles ***[1]*** and then he was pretty much ignored until after his death.
- He caught syphilis from an Italian prostitute, which is what ultimately drove him mad
- He resigned from his professorship long after students had stopped attending his seminars, such was the lack of interest in his work.
- Despite falling on hard times and nobody reading him, he never stopped writing. He would frequently go back to his own older books and write his own self-critique of them ***[2]***
- He was convinced he had momentous ideas that the world ignored at their peril, ideas which would destroy the current basis of morality ***[3]***
- He once had 118 days of migraines in a single year. Ouch.
- He began as a disciple and fan of Wagner, writing his first book to valorise him. Then he fell out with him (so passively aggressively that apparently Wagner didn't even realise he had for several years) and wrote his next books as anti-Wagner treatises ***[4]***

Nonetheless he seems to be taken rather seriously in certain circles so it behoved me to inquire a little into his ideas. I have mixed feelings about him now, though bear in mind this book is the only thing on Nietzsche I've read so I'm

somewhat at the mercy of Tanner's own understanding of the man.

Things get off to a bad start with *The Birth Of Tragedy*. Nietzsche shows himself to be as susceptible as anyone to the utter insanity of the post-Hegelian German intellectual tradition. This tradition seemed to mostly follow this little loop:

1. Fall in with one particular "name" philosopher who is either currently in the zeitgeist or is fashionably contrarian. Draw heavily from his ideas.
2. Recast history ("historiography" I believe it's called) as being an eternal battle between two opposing grand concepts. For Hegel it was the master and slave, for Marx a materialistic version of the same, for Nietzsche it was epic vs tragedy.
3. Shit this nonsense over hundreds of pages of interminable obfuscatory prose intended to make you look clever.
4. Hope everyone in the coffee houses talks about it and your own name is advanced.



This kind of thing

This is what all these snidey gamma fuckers were up to and it's left a *horrendous* pseudo-intellectual tradition of high-sounding gibberish behind them ***[5]***. I suppose we can't blame Nietzsche for it when he was 27 years old and absorbed in that way of doing philosophy. Fortunately he appears to have grown out of it.

He wasted lots more paper with *Human, All Too Human* but then seems to settle down a bit with *Daybreak* and moves away from pretension and towards coherent argument. Tanner outlines in chapter one that Nietzsche is ironically misconstrued by history due initially to his work being badly translated until 1950, secondly by him writing copious notes that are *works in progress* rather than completed thoughts which later writers disingenuously cherry-picked from to lend weight to their own opinions. Also, people seem to have linked him inextricably to the Nazis ***[6]***. It's ironic because virtually the last thing Nietzsche wrote was this:

> "Listen to me! For I am thus and thus. Do not, above all, confound me with what I am not!" [preface to Ecce Homo] ***[7]***

Tanner asserts that Nietzsche was not a proponent of the nihilism that made him famous. He actually feared it's

onset. Primarily concerned with how culture can deal with the preponderance of human suffering (remember Nietzsche's life was full of suffering) he'd first tested his ideas with the historiography that epic plays ennobled humans but were unsustainable and that tragedies nourished the soul more effectively.

By the time of *Daybreak* he'd begun speaking directly of morality in the sense moral philosophers do.

> "There are two kinds of deniers of morality… first, to deny that the moral motives which men claim have inspired their actions really have done so… [second] to deny that moral judgements are based on truths"

He states he agrees generally with the second, and sometimes with the first. His full paragraph is an awfully wordy way of saying (i) people claiming moral virtue are often insincere and (ii) there are no foundational ethics. Still, what do I know. I think these Germans are all full of shit and tie themselves in knots constantly ***[8]***.

Unlike Marx, Nietzsche doesn't like the idealistic telos of the German tradition, the idea that history is progressing towards a greater goal. Marx famously built his epistemology on the proposition that all ideas in the superstructure are conditioned by the economic infrastructure, and thus we take as timeless and immutable modes of thought that are specific and conditional. Nietzsche seems to agree in broad strokes but without the inevitable movement forwards. It could just as easily regress.

His worry is that modern society has lost its originator of moral belief (God) and is thus drifting towards nihilism. He states this in *Twilight Of The Idols* about "the English" philosophers:

> "They are rid of the Christian God and now believe all the more firmly that they must cling to Christian morality. That is an English consistency… We others hold otherwise. When one gives up the Christian faith, one pulls the right to Christian morality from under one's feet. This morality is by no means self evident; this point has to be exhibited again and again, despite the English flatheads. Christianity is a system, a whole view of things thought out together. By breaking one main concept out of it, the faith in God, one breaks the whole: nothing necessary remains in one's hands.
>
> When the English actually believe that they know 'intuitively' what is good and evil, when they therefore suppose that they no longer require Christianity as the guarantee of morality, we merely witness the effects of the dominion of the Christian value-judgement and an expression of the strength and depth of this dominion."

I'm inclined to agree and certainly believe it an accurate prognostication of the decline of the West into atheism and degeneracy. The human mind is swayed primarily through habit, herd-instinct, and rhetoric. By kicking away the supporting pillar of Faith, the free-thinkers set the stage for ultimate collapse and rendered the West easy prey to the ~~satanists~~ cultural Marxists from within and the more fanatically-held Faith of ~~Muslims~~ rival cultures.

But is this very *clever,* to justify Nietzsche as a great thinker? Evidently his contemporaries didn't think so.



Now this is a problem of moral philosophy

Not really. This is a repeated pattern of human action. People adhere to a principle, live their lives based on it, come to believe they no longer need the principle, and behavioural inertia continues for a while to give the impression things are fine…. and then collapse. We see it everywhere. For example, the Feminists of the hippy era abandoned all the beliefs that held the family together but because those individual women had been raised under patriarchy, their pro-family behaviours held things together, mostly, until their own children grew up. The problem came when those children, raised without patriarchy, began forming (or not forming) families without having all the pro-civilisation patterned behaviours.

Thus we see the screeching harpies of the 1970s mostly got married, had a few kids, and stayed in the house their husband paid the mortgage on. The screeching harpies of the 1990s are crazy cat ladies.

This is just how people are. There's always a group who don't like societal strictures who will say "let's just relax the rules, nothing will go wrong". The rules get relaxed, things seem okay for a while, then we get the collapse which were the reason why we had the rules in the first place. The car drives in a straight line a little while after the driver has fallen asleep at the wheel.

I'll restate that this is the **only** book on Nietzsche I've read, and thus I have far from a nuanced reading of him. But so far I'm very much underwhelmed. He seems like just another German pseudo-philosopher reheating a load of nonsense under impenetrable language. I had more than enough of Hegel, Feuerbach and Marx. I don't need more trash.

If you'd like to see modern rationalist philosophy organised into a coherent readable structure that does not betray a syphilis-addled mind ***[9]*** *then you're best off reading Daygame Infinite. It is truly beyond good and evil.*



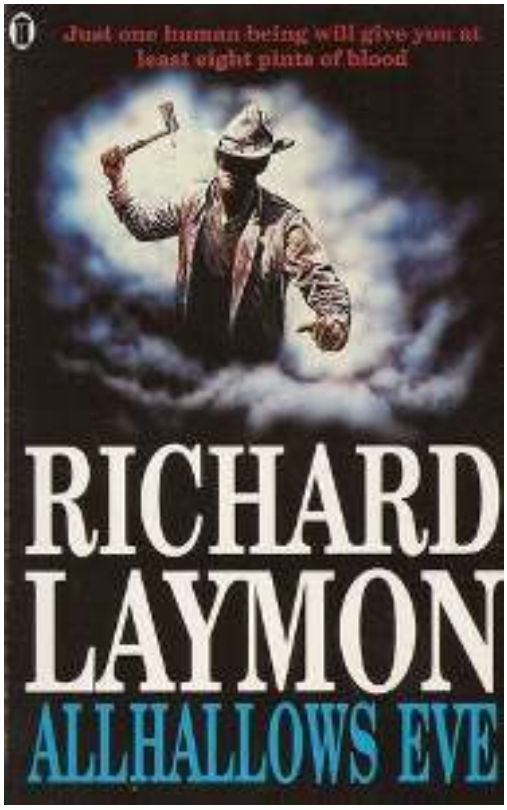
Not this shitty Lefty French game

[1] In itself hardly a mean feat. Those pompous intellectuals were the manosphere of their day, gossiping like little girls over the fashion of the week.
[2] There's a gamma tell if ever there was one.
[3] There's that secret king thing again
[4] Funnily, I've experienced a low-rent version of this with former fan boys of **Daygame Mastery** casting me in the Wagner position. Many still write hate-fuelled long-winded comments on my blog despite them all wasting away in my auto-spam folder
[5] The French intellectuals did their own version last century which was just as awful
[6] I'm not sure why this would be a negative.
[7] Considering he was still unread and unheard at this point I don't think anyone was confounding him with anything. Shades of gamma self-importance there.
[8] Just try reading Marx in his own words. Fucking hell, what a moron.
[9] Fingers crossed. Haven't had an STD test in a while.

#21 – All Hallows Eve, Richard Laymon BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 14 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I seem to be averaging about one non-fiction book for every three novels. Until starting this little review project I'd never really thought about it, but now I wonder why it is so. I suspect it's a tension between entertainment and self-development. Investing vs spending. This horror novel is most definitely not going to develop any facet of my mind.



This edition

My first ever encounter with SJW-ism came in an old Computer And Video Games magazine review of a Japanese rip-off of Galaga. One of the alien attack waves were winged women whose animation involved spreading then closing their wings. When the wings were closed, your bullets couldn't kill them.

Some SJW reviewer interpreted this as: you're meant to shoot them between the legs. That's Galaga-RAPE!!!!! Thus my ten-year old brain was confused as this SJW reviewer went on a long rant about sexism in games rather than commenting on the graphics, sound, gameplay or any of the others things that I, as the payer of his salary, wanted to know.



I think we all learned something here today

My second encounter with SJW-ism came with Richard Laymon. A book review in some horror magazine, perhaps *Samhain*, had a real go at him for misogyny because of how some female character is murdered. I think she was thrown into a bath full of broken glass or something and he'd described her as "nubile". The book may have been *Resurrection Dreams*. This is an awfully long time ago so my memory is vague.

Naturally, I went right out and bought it.

Richard Laymon has been called a 'splatterpunk' writer ***[1]***. I remember thinking of him as a simple, energetic writer who had daft stories, softcore sex, and plenty of gore. As a twelve year old boy who considered Stephen King and James Herbert to be "a bit soft", I was more into the crass exploitation of Shaun Hutson novels and collecting the 'video nasties' on VHS. So Laymon was right up my street.

In the spirit of nostalgia, I decided to check in with him again and see how he stood the test of time ***[2]***. *All Hallows Eve* is like the famous movie *Scream* in novel form (but predates it). It's focused on a high school in a small US town where there are jocks and nerds, one of the latter a bit of a dark vengeful character. Some mysterious stranger murders a few locals and there's talk of a big Halloween party in a spooky house that's been deserted since the whole family was butchered.

Knowing this, you can probably fill in the blanks yourself. Agatha Christie level misdirection this is not.

I read the book entirely in one sitting late at night. It took two whiskeys and three toilet breaks ***[3]***. I enjoyed it. This is simple fiction that I like to call 'straight line'. There are some regular folk who are good guys, a couple of bad guys, and the plot moves straight ahead without any bullshit. Nothing is there that doesn't need to be, nothing slows the pace, and the liberal dashing of sex and violence occur at the correct intervals. It's *Friday The 13th*, or *Nightmare On Elm Street.*



The first and third movies are fantastic

No bullshit, no frills horror. A McDonald's cheeseburger of a novel. If I fancy a bit more schlock-horror later this year I'll happily pick up another of his books.

If you find yourself alone in a dark house at night with a psycho murderer prowling around, you'll be really glad you bought Daygame Infinite. At 524 pages in a solid hardback binding, it will absorb at least one murderous blow from an axe, giving you ample time to scramble to safety.

[1] According to google when I just searched his name ten minutes ago
[2] Nothing else from that time of my life survives a second look. The music, movies, fashion, books I liked then were all utter shit.
[3] No I wasn't scared going to the bathroom in the dark

#22 – SJWs Always Double Down, Vox Day BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 15 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I got it in paperback

Oh am I conflicted in reviewing this book!

Let's just establish a baseline: **I absolutely recommend this book.** I read it cover-to-cover in one day, and I feel like I got good value for the £12.99 that the paperback version cost me. I read it the day after I read the Nietzsche book and, for the first half of SJWADD at least, I kept thinking "this is much more like real philosophy than that Nietzsche bullshit" ***[1]***. So, in light of the critique I'll subject certain parts of it to, don't lose sight of the fact that I *like* this book.

The reason I'm conflicted is that I respect Vox Day more than any other blogger ***[2]*** and many times in the past five years I've taken his advice. He's one of the few writers out there who, should I find myself in disagreement with him, I'll immediately start worrying that it's probably ***me*** who is wrong ***[3]***. Here's a few examples of his influence:

- It was his articles on self-publishing that got me interested in making a professional job of Daygame Mastery in late 2013 and his then-fledging Castalia House publisher that gave me the idea of my own smaller-scale Sigma Wolf
- His adaptation of Roissy's sexual hierarchy is the one I adopted and in particular his concepts of sigma and gamma were extremely influential in my inner- and outer-game ideas
- I was aboard the Trump Train long before the first Republican primary but Vox was one of the steady voices whose analysis of polls and voting reassured me I wasn't crazy in thinking he'd win (Bill Mitchell, Scott Adams, Heartiste, and Mike Cernovich were others). I won £5k backing him.
- I was mostly Alt-Right back in 2008 but Vox's constant promotion of Christianity has encouraged me to become a "cultural Christian" in that I don't believe in God but I strongly support Christendom.
- I watched every one of his Darkstream periscopes and was positively impacted by his moral fortitude, humility (while he's not given to false modesty, either), work-rate, and tireless working behind the scenes to promote Alt-

tech and organise against Leftist narratives ***[4]***

- Vox's prodigious reading and writing gave me encouragement towards my own long-standing desires to keep up my reading and writing.

So, after reading that it sounds I've got my nose **right up his brown-eye** does it not? Well, before I get into anything critical about SJWADD let's first look at what I thought the book did well. Perhaps time for some context.

Vox uses his blog as a test bed for ideas so, if you read him as long as I have, you'll see him introducing concepts, fumbling towards the core ideas, and his numerous regular commentators debating him. Over time this crowd-sourced debate leads to elegant and precise theories. For example, I remember he used to talk of the SFWA crowd as "the rabbit people" and that debate led to the crossover of r/K and SJW that is pursued in SJWADD. I remember the term "secret king" emerge through a series of comments under his posts on gamma males.



Be glad few ever become actual kings

One outcome of this crowd-sourcing was the three laws of SJW:

- SJWs always lie
- SJWs always double down
- SJWs always project

Vox has presumably planned a trilogy of books with each taking it's title from a law, because SJWADD is the sequel to *SJWs Always Lie* ***[5]***. What Vox has done with this series is to extract the results of his blogging into a structured book format to give it both permanence and a little extra polish. This is both its strength and weakness.

The obvious main strength is he has originated new ideas, streamlined the concepts, and subjected them to a peer review before even writing the book. We thus get some mature theorising that can already anticipate and rebuff the most obvious critiques. I like that.

The second main strength is at the meta-level. Vox is well into his military history and table-top gaming (*Advanced Squad Leader*, I believe). He is a strategic thinker who applies the lessons of military history to his own work. One recent Castalia House publishing effort has been towards popularising the concept of 4th Generation Warfare (I reviewed one here) in which a key takeaway is the importance of capturing the moral high ground and maintaining

troop **morale**. This was succinctly put in one of his Darkstreams. I paraphrase:

> "There have always been folk tales of dragons attacking the tribe and heroes going out to fight them. The point of those stories is not to teach the young that dragons exist. The point is to teach them the dragons **can be killed**."

This is the role of morale in warfare. Marx knew this full well, which Mises points out in the introduction to his book *Socialism* in which he outlines the three memetic inspirations Marx added to the otherwise moribund corpse of Utopianism which suddenly resurrected it and inflicted Marxism upon the masses. Read those three – they are all in the introduction – and you'll see Marx was engaged in meme warfare to improve the morale of Utopians.

Vox gets this and therefore he avoids the defeatism of most "conservative" writers on Leftism. Most take the frame that the Left is attacking society, we are under threat, and this awesome menace is so *terribly frighteningly awful.* They are cowering before the dragon. Vox writes about the **inevitability** of winning (using one of Marx's three memes against him) and goes so far as to repeatedly state the rhetorical mantra: The Alt-right is inevitable.

This meta-level tactic is best seen in Chapter 2, "Peak SJW and the Backlash of 2016" which is one long victory parade about Trump smashing Hillary. It may seem a bit crass and irrelevant in a book that advertises itself as "your guide to understanding, anticipating, and surviving SJW attacks" until you realise this is about **morale**. Before stepping into the cesspit of SJW evil, Vox wants to fortify your morale by reminding you that we are winning, and our winning is inevitable. We will rout the SJWs and cut them down as they flee in panic.



Scary dragons, yesterday

Something else I like about this book is its place in what I see as a growing convergence ***[6]*** in the modern alt-social sciences towards a Grand Unified Theory Of Everything. I say that somewhat facetiously. What I mean is this: SJWADD weaves the following strands into its fundamental framework of social life:

- The socio-sexual hierarchy
- Meme warfare, and its predecessor in Aristotle's "Rhetoric"
- r/k mating strategy and its influence on politics and interactions

- narcissism

I believe the world is moving towards a better understanding of where Evil springs from. Vox's thesis is that SJWs are a bizarre hybrid creature of r-selection, narcissism, Gamma ranking, and pseudo-rhetoric. In his chapter on "Understanding The SJW Mind" he explicitly draws these threads together to uncover why SJWs act in such evil, relentless and utterly stupid fashion. I agree with his analysis.

However the book has by now already begun to fall apart, something I noticed from Chapter 6 onwards. So, let me talk about the weaknesses.

The first is that this book was obviously rushed. I know this to be true because I watched his Darkstreams where he continually expressed frustration that his other projects were preventing him from finishing SJWADD ***[7]***. I'm guessing that it was towards the end of chapter 5 where this crunch hit because the book nosedives in literary quality after that.

Not in quality of *ideas*, mind, they are still excellent. Rather, it's evident that he went from writing new prose **specially for the book** to simply copy-pasting former posts into the document with only a cursory re-write. Chapter 7 is most obvious because his socio-sexual hierarchy text is almost word-for-word from his original 2010 blogpost, the Gamma discussion felt extremely familiar (though I can't place it to a specific blog post), and then Chapter 8 on GamerGate feels like a rehash of tangentially-related history that assumes an incredible amount of preexisting knowledge on the ins-and-outs of the Hugo Awards that a new reader couldn't possibly be expected to have.

It's not just the copy-pasta. Chapters 1 thru 5 patiently lay out a case that builds organically and explains each concept as introduced. It has a logical flow as the five chapters combined are building into a coherent case. Vox then outlines the **SJW Convergence Sequence** which is the key value-add of the book (when assessed against the book's stated goal). As I reached the end of chapter 5, I thought "this book is excellent!".

It falls apart from there as it seems like it hasn't had an editor. I know how Vox thinks because he has the same predilection as me towards hopping around topics and skipping links in the logical chain because he just assumes the reader can fill in the blanks themselves. The best way to smooth out these problems is to have test readers unfamiliar with the material to highlight points of confusion as they meet them ***[8]***. There were many cases where SJWADD, a book intended to reach a wide audience, would benefit from precisely this process.



Totally irrelevant, but I know my readership's squalid minds

Some of the points of confusion are small, such as mentioning "secret king" without explaining what it means (p.134), as if it had already been addressed earlier in the book, or odd turns of phrase like "remember, nothing is ever forgotten or forgiven by a gamma" (p.135) when this wasn't first explained for us to now remember.

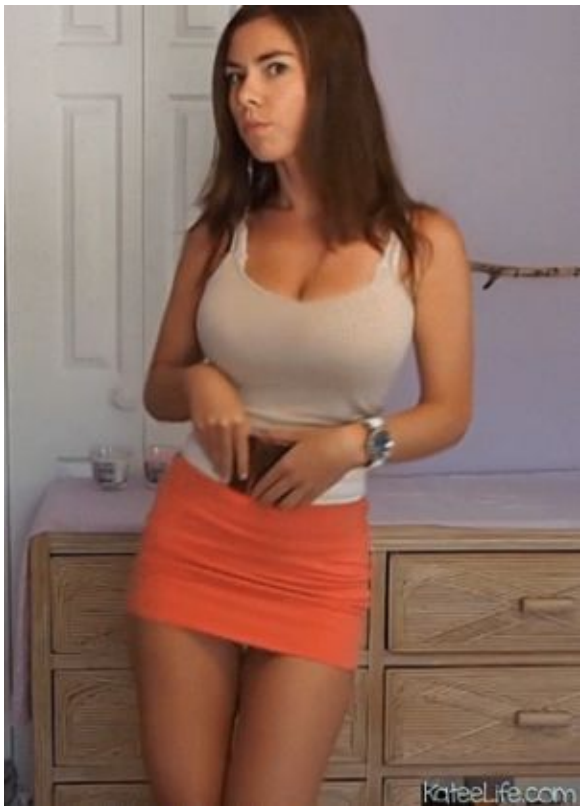
Chapter 6 is mostly a discussion of logical fallacies employed by SJWs, using Aristotle as the guide. This could be considerably clearer. It feels like Vox wrote an essay to trace SJW tactics back to Aristotle (which he does admirably) and then just threw it into this book. It feels out of place stylistically (though not intellectually). In the previous chapter there's a cleanly-written outline of the SJW Convergence Sequence using pertinent modern examples and an emphasis on clear exposition so that a newcomer can follow the argument and appreciate its modern-day relevance. In contrast, the Aristotle chapter is scholarly and archaic with unnecessarily obtuse language. The "individual SJW tactics" that follow are clearer but not as patiently explained nor demonstrated through examples as is the Convergence Sequence.

Am I nit-picking? Yeah, probably. These are not game-breakers, just a sign of being a bit rushed.

Others things made me feel the book was wandering off topic, no longer being a guidebook to "anticipating the thought police". From the mid-point his central developing argument is abandoned and instead replaced with a potpourri of concepts that are all interesting but aren't coherently tied to the main thrust of anticipating the thought police. For example:

- Just after outlining the socio-sexual hierarchy, there follows a lengthy exploration of Gamma. "Great!" I thought, "he'll tie that to examples of SJW behaviour or show how CEOs can filter for Gamma so as to keep them out of important roles". What actually follows is advice on how to *stop being gamma yourself* (and a longer treatment of that in the appendix). This is good stuff but not really relevant to the book's main thrust and thus a missed opportunity. It feels it was put in because it had already been written for other reasons and the author was too rushed to adapt it specifically for SJWADD.
- There's a review of the Rapid Puppies exercise (p.147-156) which seems like it belongs more in a memoir or "history of SF/F" than SJWADD. It doesn't really have any learning points or show how to keep SJWs out of your organisation. If anything, it just shows how to burn things down rather than save the institution.

- The ComicsGate discussion is focused on why SJWs are a problem and how destructive their entryism is, but doesn't offer lessons. It's descriptive not prescriptive. The bullet point lessons of GamerGate at the end are good but SJWADD would've really benefited from systematically applying them to the stories therein, not tagging them on the end. It was something Vox was doing great at in the first five chapters.



If she's selling those puppies, I'll have the one with the pink nose

Okay, that's enough. I don't want to give the impression I disliked the book, because I thought it was excellent. I'm just faintly disappointed that a disciplined, systemic and original thinker like Vox couldn't maintain the quality he'd started off with right the way through the book. I'm well-versed in all his ideas and own personal history of battling SJWs so I had no trouble following the book and filling in the blanks where needed. ***[9]***

If you like the idea of a grand unified theory of everything that weaves together r/K, socio-sexual hierarchy, memes, and narcissism but on the topic of shagging birds rather than battling SJWs, you'll love Daygame Infinite which you can buy here.

NEWS: I'll be drinking heavily this weekend, out of town, with Team Krauser. Thus I'll be a bit slower in fulfilling Infinite orders. Don't worry, they'll still get done by Monday (which is when printer opens offices again anyway).

[1] The more I think about it, the more I think Michael Tanner represents everything bad in philosophy and that Nietzsche was a worthless gamma hack who deserved the obscurity he seemed destined for.
[2] Yes, even more than the original Roissy.
[3] There are numerous times where I concluded I was right and he wasn't, but the fact that I considered the disagreement itself to be grounds enough to look deeply into the topic is the sign of the esteem in which I hold him.
[4] Incidentally, it's this organisational push which I like most about Roosh. He's been good at building an alternative forum and various meet-up initiatives and troll jobs.
[5] Which I also read and enjoyed.
[6] In the normal sense of the word, e.g. how smart phones have converged calls, texts, browsing, cameras, video players into one device.
[7] I don't fault him for that, he had a lot on his plate. Infogalactic, Alt Hero, Castalia House editing etc
[8] I did precisely this for Daygame Infinite and A Deplorable Cad.

[9] I'm not implying my books maintain their focus and quality any better than his either, so don't read this as me trying to say I'm better.

Be careful who you take advice from

krauserpua · 20 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

"Try not to pick fights with other lifestyle coaches" I told myself on January 1st. "They aren't *all* cunts, and many of them have valuable things to say."

I'm not sure how well I'll keep that New Years resolution.

On Sunday, I woke up at 11am with a minging hangover having been out getting smashed with **Team Krauser** in London. It was a grand old night. I have video of three of us doing a drunken pull-up competition from the pub lighting rig, and a random American was sparked out in another pub right at the end of the festivities ***[1]***



"This way, lads" said Jimmy, with conviction

So, I have a few cups of coffee and wander into Covent Garden to do a hastily-arranged consultation that Eddie talked me into when I was drunk. So far, so good. However as the session developed my client (not Eddie) happened to be asking a question related to other pick-up/lifestyle coaches. I won't name names or give details.

"Such and such a coach said….." our conversation went. "What do you think?"

Now, I happen to have a rather low opinion of this particular coach, but that's not really the point, nor is the specific content we were discussing. What interests me today is this question: **Why do you take his advice?**, and this: **Be careful who you listen to**.

London daygame ***[2]*** from the beginning was hyper-documented so it's relatively easy to review a man's public record of his bona fides and then decide whether to take him seriously or dismiss him as "just another charlatan PUA". The euro-jaunt scene is also fairly close knit so it's also quite easy to ask around to find a few people who've hung out with the expert/clown in question.

So, first thing I did in this consultation session to give my thoughts was bring up this PUA's Instagram and we scrolled through his photos. It was rather underwhelming for someone who claims to know enough that he's marketing himself as a coach. The Instagram showed a few unattractive women, almost no friends, and lots of DLVing. A few red flags too. So, even if this guy's advice is effective, he doesn't seem to be taking it himself ***[3]***

Ok, so now you're all wondering who I'm talking about. It doesn't matter. I'm not going to tell you. I'm just suggesting that before elevating someone above "random man on internet" you look critically at his publicly available bona fides ***[4]*** and if possible find credible witnesses. Don't assume someone is an expert just because they have a podcast, or a website, or some big name guy is shilling for his products.

For example, here's a big-ish name. Have a look at these photos and ask yourself whether he's an expert or a clown. I won't give my own opinion. Is he hiding anything in his, ahem, closet?







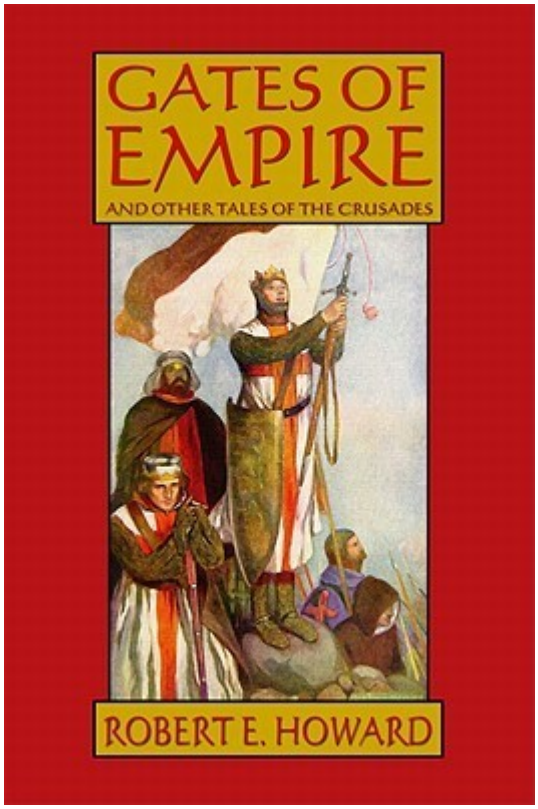
If you'd like to take advice from me, and pay for the privilege, you'll definitely enjoy Daygame Infinite. It's widely believed, by me, to be the best game book ever written

[1] He deserved it, I think. It was no reflection on how much we respect his president.
[2] And, increasingly, other schools of pickup
[3] Or he might be the one public PUA in the whole world who respects privacy too much to ever allow a photo of himself with a hot girl become public
[4] Or lack of them, as a dog that didn't bark. See *The Adventure Of Silver Blaze* if you don't know what that means

#23 – Light In The East, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 21 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

My favourite author of all time is Robert E Howard. He's best known for his **Conan** saga but he also holds the distinction of inventing the Sword & Sorcery genre with his **Solomon Kane** character. Not limiting himself to any one genre, he'd write anything that was manly and would earn a writer's check from the 1920s-30s pulp magazines. Thus he wrote Lovecraft-style horror, wild west tall tales, and my favourite of all, crusader stories.



The wrong book

A great collection of crusader stories can be found in *Gates Of Empire* (Wildside Press) ***[1]*** featuring stories written from 1931 to 1934. These are lusty, epic yarns of Frankish knights battling marauding Arabs and Turks. Consider this opening to *Lord Of Samarcand*:

> "The roar of battle had died away; the sun hung like a ball of crimson gold on the western hills. Across the trampled field of battle no squadrons thundered, no war-cry reverberated. Only the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying rose to the circling vultures whose black wings swept closer and closer until they brushed the palled faces in their flight."

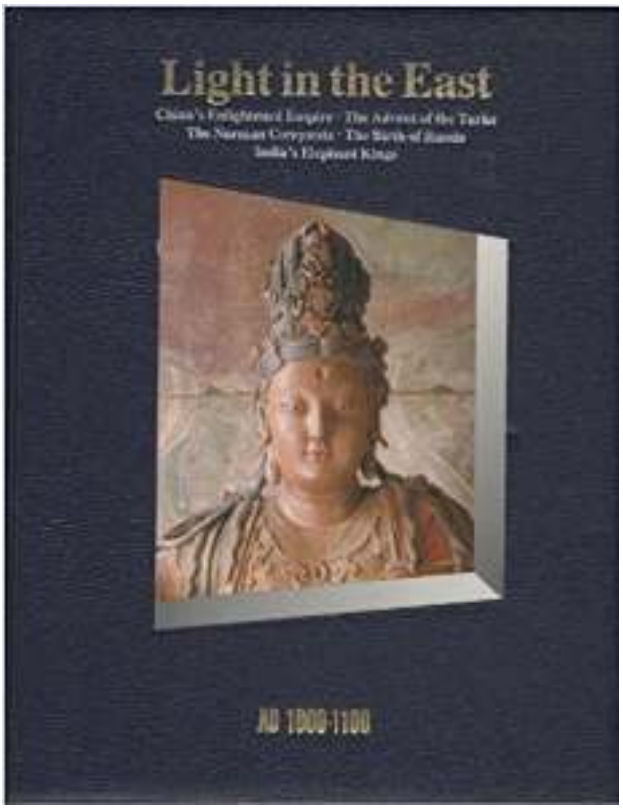
Wait a minute, you say. Aren't you reviewing the wrong book here?

Well, *Gates of Empire* is all about the Crusades which were a Frankish counter-attack to the Turkish invasion of Constantinople. Howard never left his home town of Cross Plains, Texas but he was a voracious reader of history. It was the spirit and events of these times, around 1000AD to 1200AD that he fictionalised in his best stories. Take, for example, *The Lion Of Tiberius*:

> "The battle in the meadowlands of the Euphrates was over, but not the slaughter. On that bloody field where the Caliph of Bagdad and his Turkish allies had broken the onrushing power of Doubeys ibn Sadaka of Hilla and the desert, the steel-clad bodies lay strewn like the drift of a storm. The great canal men called the Nile, which connected the Euphrates with the distant Tigris, was choked with the bodies of the tribesmen, and

> survivors were panting in flight toward the white walls of Hilla which shimmered in the distance above the placid waters of the nearest river. Behind them the mailed hawks, the Seljuks, rode down the fleeing, cutting the fugitives from their saddles. The glittering dream of the Arab emir had ended in a storm of blood and steel, and his spurs struck blood as he rode for the distant river."

None of this made much sense to be, historically, as I first read it ten years ago. I'm aware Howard wasn't going for strict historical accuracy but these eddies and flows of empire had no meaning to me. I lacked the greater perspective of world history within which to anchor these battles, and to colour them with knowledge of the customs and culture of that era. It is reading these Time Life books that has deepened my enjoyment of Howard's work.



The right book

Right now I'm reading about the Seljuks, who became what we know as Turks. They were a nomadic border tribe of sheep herders related to the Mongols and they too fought on horseback, were expert mounted archers, and fought primarily harrying battles based on mobility. They emerged from around Turkmenistan ***[2]*** and swept through Persia, defeating the Byzantine Empire in a decisive battle at Manzikert in 1071.

Reading the Time Life description of the build-up, battle, and aftermath felt ripped straight out of a Howard story. The Seljuk leader Alp Arslan ("Heroic Lion") pushed out of Persia where he led his Sunni Muslim army under the name of Bagdad's Sunni caliphate. His goal was an internecine battle with the Shiia anti-caliphate in Egypt and to clear the way he reached a non-aggression treaty with Byzantine emperor Romanus. As Arslan pushed through Syria, Romanus took advantage of his absence to reconquer Christian Armenia from Muslim influence, so Arlsan turned back around and eventually the battle of Manzikert ensued.

His army routed, Romanus was captured but treated well and agreed a new treaty because Arslan was not interested in taking Byzantium. However upon his return to Constantinople, palace plotting by his top general Adronicus had placed a rival on the throne and Romanus was blinded and exiled:

> "Carried forth on a cheap beast of burden like a decaying corpse, his eyes gouged out and his face and head swollen and full of worms and stench, he lived on a few days in pain and smelling foully, and finally died"

> [contemporary historian]

Arlsan himself was killed after returning east to put down a rebellion. Capturing a fort, the commander was presented to him bound up. The commander so infuriated Arslan with his insults that the Seljuk leader had him released so that he could shoot him dead himself, but his arrow flew wide. In the ensuing confusion, the prisoner drew a concealed dagger and sprang at the Sultan, stabbing him before he himself was hacked to pieces. Arslan died four days later, in 1072.

Howard's stories brim with such events. *Lion of Tiberius* seems directly inspired by the Seljuk advance on Egypt, and Turkic-Arab fighting. It tells the story of a son of the defeated Arab who is convinced to lay down his arms in defeat upon promise of quarter, and promptly blinded in spite by the victorious general, dying soon afterwards. His man-at-arms, an Englishman John Norwald, is captured and condemned to life as a galley slave. Twenty years later he hunts down the general, infiltrates his camp at night, and stabs him to death with a dagger. I'm sure Howard knew the story of Romanus and Arslan.



"Fucking get stuck in lads!"

I'm quite regretful that it took until my fifth decade in life to make a genuine study of world history. It's one thing to slot more pieces into my overall Grand Scheme Of Everything mental map – that's an obvious benefit of this study project. What I didn't expect is to enjoy my fiction reading a lot more.

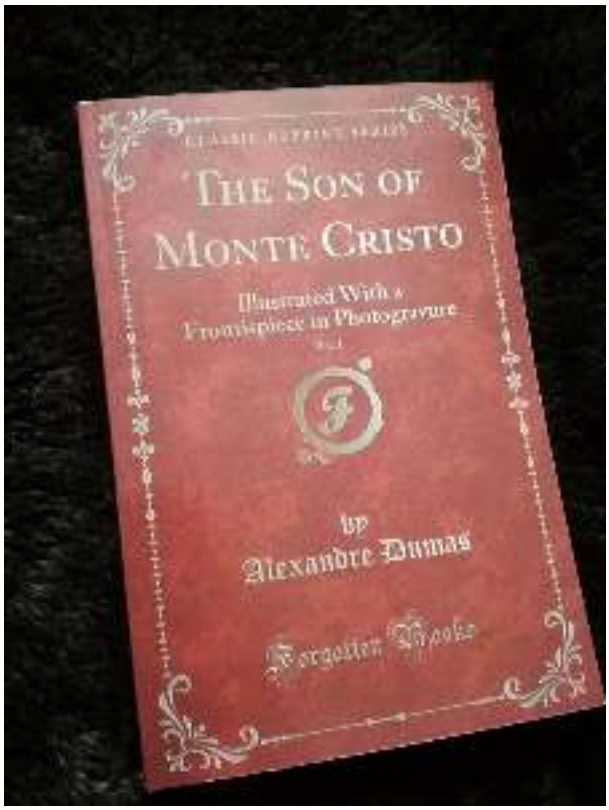
If you'd like to learn the Grand Scheme Of Banging Chicks, you can't do any better than Daygame Infinite. It's the best book out there and not a word of fiction.

[1] There are far cheaper versions available. I just linked the one I own.

[2] I'd always wondered why that country was named so, despite being rather far from Turkey. Now I know.

#24 – Son Of Monte Cristo vol.1, Alexandre Dumas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 22 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Quite a nice reprint edition actually

The French newspapers of the immediate post-Napoleonic era were the Kindle Unlimited of their day. Nowadays, prolific writers churn out episodic content for Amazon's platform and build up a series-loyal readership. Each yarn unravels over small novellas, each following on from the next, as you are exhorted to save money by purchasing the bundle now. Successful writers can find their brand expands beyond their ability to produce new stories and thus a network of ghost writers, editors, proof-readers and cover designers make a living from the one writer's brand.

Back in 1850, Alexandre Dumas was up to exactly the same thing. This book is an example because he quite clearly *didn't* write it. He'd created the Dumas name-recognition and **Count Of Monte Cristo** was one of his most popular books. Readers thirsted for more stories within the ~~Marvel~~ Monte Cristo universe so, when Dumas had died without furnishing a sequel, ghost writers obliged on his behalf.

This book is actually written by Jules Lermina, a Frenchman who wrote not only this and another Monte Cristo story, but also stories inspired by Edgar Allan Poe and stories which pre-figured the Tarzan stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs and the yellow peril stories of Edgar Wallace ***[1]***



You don't know the Three Edgars?

If I didn't already know this wasn't Dumas, I'd have guessed it within a handful of pages. Although Lermina does a serviceable job of imitating Dumas' style, he can't reproduce the quality. In particular, this book is extremely fast-paced to the extent that Lermina wastes almost no time on scene-setting or character development. This is a book of *action*. Characters do, they don't much think.

This is a double-edged sword. I like derring-do as much as the next red-blooded male but to care about events you need to care about the characters experiencing them. Dumas was especially good at drawing scheming avaricious men, vampish women, and deluded pompous oafs. He'd constantly set characters to secretly swindle each other while making grand public gestures of nobility. Many many times upon reading Dumas, a wry smile crept onto my face.

Lermina is too straight-forward for that. In his story the white hats are all good and the black hats are all bad. It's balls-to-the-wall and the plot hurtles forwards. I do wonder if he took this approach knowing his limitations, figuring that fast-moving action is the best way to prevent the reader lingering long enough to notice cracks in the edifice.



It would work well as a movie

As a simple tale of adventure in the Monte Cristo universe, I enjoyed this. In its 380 pages we have a public trial of Benedetto (a cutthroat whom Dante revenged himself upon near the end of Dumas' original novel) and wrapping up of loose ends. The main characters are scattered to the winds. Benedetto escapes his sentence as a galley slave and reinvents himself as a pro-Austrian plotter in occupied Italy. Before the story is through, we've seen Paris intrigue, Marseille jail breaks, Italian revolution, tussles with desert Arabs in Algeria, and a big pub brawl on the wharf. Heady stuff.

Dumas patiently plotted his stories, switching perspectives from chapter to chapter to set up each plot thread in the first third, so the reader can enjoy all paths crossing in the second third. By the end of the last third, things have resolved in ways that were *theoretically* predictable from the beginning. Dumas relies a little on providence to supply chance encounters (e.g. the protagonist bumping into the antagonist in the same street in a city as large as Paris) and furnishes multiple rug-pulling surprises but it always feels fair and reasonable. Lermina isn't as far-seeing so his story is more like a toddler telling a story.

> And then this happened… and then that happened… and then this happened….

Still, I started reading this book at midnight, hit the halfway mark at 3am (my bedtime) ***[2]*** and then finished it the next morning by my third cup of coffee. I enjoyed it. I dare say it was a page-turner. It's certainly an easier read than Dumas.

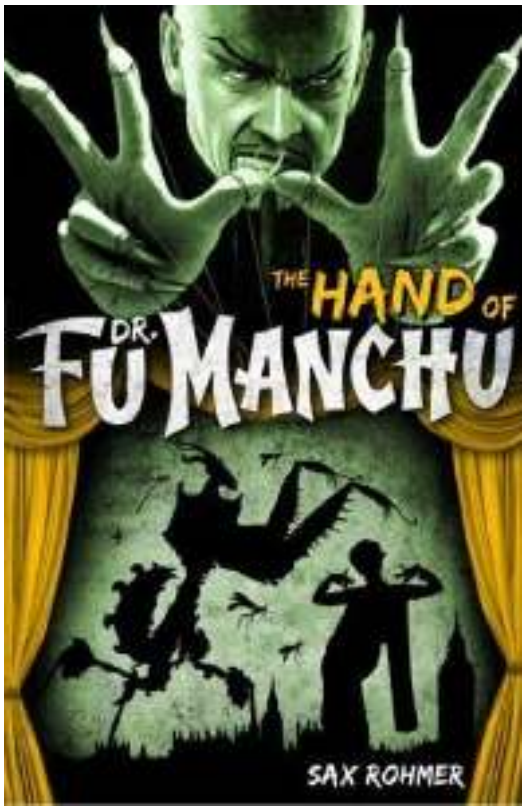
If you liked *Count Of Monte Cristo* and want more, you could do worse. If you like reading light, slightly-nonsensical fiction and wonder how the equivalent books were in 19th century France, you could do worse. Otherwise…. there are far better books out there, including dozens by the man that Lermina is imitating. That said, I will be reading volume two soon.

If you want to read a large high-quality book which has been shamelessly imitated by lesser writers, you could do worse than Daygame Mastery. If you want a real legitimate sequel, there's only Daygame Infinite

[1] Evidently, he had a thing for men called Edgar.
[2] I'd had my supper, but thanks for asking

#25 – The Hand Of Fu Manchu, Sax Rohmer BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 23 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original



There are even better covers

I was watching the new Netflix sci-fi drama *Altered Carbon* last night, episode four, and was struck with how utterly degenerate modern culture is. The show is basically *Blade Runner 2049: The TV Show*. The production values are eye-poppingly slick so that it feels like a Hollywood blockbuster the whole way through. However, two contrary impulses overcame me while watching:

1. This is so sadistically vicious
2. This is so mind-numbingly *boring*

How can both feelings co-exist in a single 55-minute episode? Early on the girl cop – a thoroughly loathsome grrrl – is running her mouth with vulgarities at work and then takes offence at a male prisoner being brought in. He's got his hands cuffed behind his back and two burly cops escorting him. So this cunt of a woman stuns him with a cattle prod in the nuts. She assaults the bound prisoner right in front of the entire office.

Rather than beat the shit out of her, or bring her up on charges, or even mildly remonstrate with her, her colleagues just continue with work as usual. This scene seemed meant to let you know she's a tough no-nonsense independent woman. It was simply sadistic.



The actress is certainly good at portraying a cunt

Later it gets worse. The main character, a Ryan Gosling-a-like, is captured by a shadowy group and then tortured in virtual reality (the twist being he can be tortured to death and revived ad infinitum). These scenes are *outrageously* vicious, sadistic to the extreme that I can't think of a single movie on the notorious 1984 "video nasties" list that comes close.

But this is almost-network TV and…. meh!

The rest of the show has a dream-like ambience to it where nobody seems quite real and everything feels underwater. It was then that I figured out what was striking me so oddly about this TV show….. it was a metaphor for the modern rabbit people ***[1]***

Anonymous Conservative has made much hay from the observation that as rabbits drift further into r-selection their amygdala is so withered that they need ever-increasing stimuli to get the dopamine rush they are addicted to. It's like a junkie needing ever more dope. We see this in the pick-up community with lost-soul PUAs getting into ever more depraved sexual practices until they are all hanging out in fetish sex clubs with horrendously unattractive women. We see it with jaded bedroom trolls scouring **LiveLeak** and **BestGore** for stimulation. And we see it in movies with ever-increasing sadistic violence.

It's not absolute *power* that corrupts absolutely. It's the absolute *comfort* you can acquire when you have absolute power. Consider this Thomas Wictor thread for a reference on what absolute leaders get up to. See what this blog is saying about the what bored rich people get up to.

When everything is easy, your amygdala withers and you pursue every more degeneracy for stimulation, and every moment between these hits is utter boredom. It's nihilistic. It's like watching an episode of *Altered Carbon*.



Beautiful and sadistic

Sax Rohmer's *The Hand Of Fu Manchu* is almost quaint by comparison. It's the fifth of his books and if you haven't heard already, Fu Manchu was the prototype for the James Bond super-villain. Like *Altered Carbon* it too presents a sonanbulistic dreamy world as unofficial detectives haunt a dystopian metropolis where nothing seems quite real and they are constantly on the fringes of a secret world. Whereas *Altered Carbon* has mind-hacking as the narrative device to explain all the confusion, Fu Manchu has opium, hashish and bizarre Chinese elixirs (it was written in 1917). *Altered Carbon* has it's secret society of hi-tech conspirators whereas Fu Manchu runs the secret Si-Fan group of Chinese and Tibetan spies.

Really, the parallels are quite interesting. *Altered Carbon* is essentially an old-school hard-boiled detective story pasted into a cyberpunk future ***[2]***. The difference is that Sax Rohmer lived in a K-selected world. In his world all of England is united in defence of it's culture and territory. The Yellow Peril is an enemy here and little good comes from letting foreigners in, unlike *Altered Carbon* which wants us to accept a multi-cultural shithole as the norm ***[3]***

Sax Rohmer is also unburdened because he's not writing for an audience of nihilistic thrill-seekers desperately craving an escape from modern life. Everyone in Rohmer's books talks politely, they wear suits, they are punctual, and there are none of the pointless exchanges that pepper modern TV dramas:

> Him: Fuck you
> Her: No, fuck you!
> Him, No, FUCK YOU!

That's not actually a scene from *Altered Carbon*, by the way.

Comparisons aside, the reason I've now read the first five Fu Manchu books is they present a nice alternative to their contemporaneous Sherlock Holmes stories. Both are puzzling mystery stories set in late Victorian London with a detective and his trusty (but dim-witted) sidekick exploring the secret worlds of conspirators. Arthur Conan Doyle was notable for his crisp well-organised and highly logical manner whereas Sax Rohmer plays up the mystical and the confusing. It seems like Dr Petrie (the narrator) is constantly confused and can't seem to stop putting his foot in it. He's a bumbling fool, unlike Dr Watson who was oafish but never got in Holmes' way. Petrie is *constantly* sabotaging investigations because he's madly in love with a gook in Fu Manchu's employ – in this book

he has the deadly Chinese doctor held at gunpoint and lets him go in order to get his gook back ***[4]***

These books are crime fiction done the old-fashioned way. Atmosphere, a cat-and-mouse chase, everyone has a Browning pistol in his suit pocket, and most murders are knifings (and don't happen 'on camera'). There's none of the sadism you see in modern TV.

Back in 1917, people had plenty of other things going on to keep their amygdala busy.

If you like the idea of a mastermind who runs an international empire of nefarious actors who spread across European cities to befuddle and dishonour local women, always one step ahead of the police, you could try Daygame Infinite. Your hypnotic induction into my frame begins there.

[1] That's r-selected idiots, to you
[2] So, yeah, Blade Runner. It even has the Japanese script everywhere and lots of rain
[3] The white male hero lets a Mexican woman tell him what to do in real life, and an African woman tell him what to do in his flashbacks. It's horribly mis-cast and both are just mouthy cunts.
[4] Should've just paid the bar fine, imo

More Daygame Infinite Seminar

krauserpua · 25 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I've been so carried away with my reading (I'm now onto book #32 of 2018) and new content for the **Daygame Mastery** reissue that I forgot to keep the Infinite seminar flowing. Sorry lads, here's part three.

In other news I am proud to link the world-first Daygame Infinite review ***[1]*** from a London guy you'll be hearing a lot more of in 2018: Thomas Crown. "Why a lot more?" you ask. Because he's closing in on the release of his first memoir, which will no doubt do the rounds among Euro-Jaunt circles. Also, his blog is pretty good too. Here's his overall thoughts on my book:

> "Most people expected the book to be a home run, and I was one of them. My expectations were met. The book is excellent and I acknowledge the "Daygame Infinite vibe" when I go out now" – Thomas Crown, link above

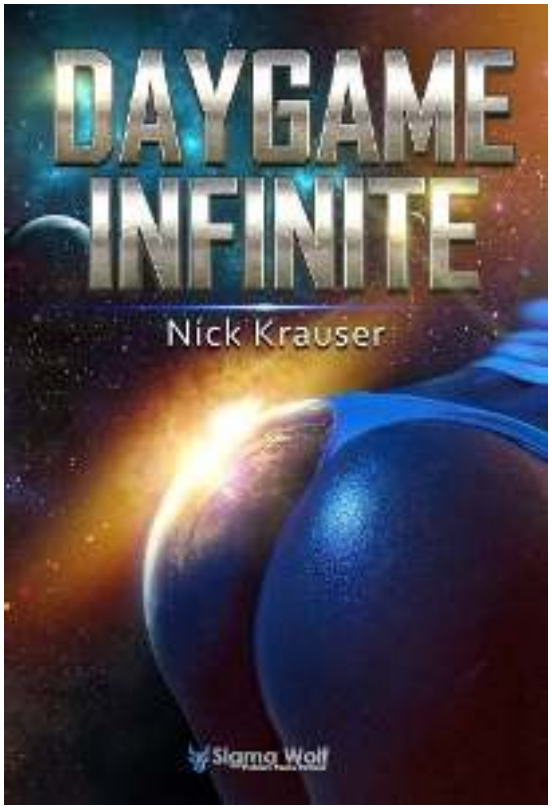
In other news, I have settled on writing TWO new sections for the *Daygame Mastery* reissue. The first is a 13k-word "Banter Clinic" that just passed it's editing stage today, so I'll send it off to my layout guy tomorrow. While he's painstakingly laying out the WhatsApp chats I shall finish up the new inner game section. I still expect it to be released before the end of March.

[1] I'll link others too, so long as you don't shit-talk me of shill other people's products such that me linking ends up shilling for them too.

Daygame Infinite Review #2

krauserpua · 27 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

*You know how it is: you wait ages for a bus and then three come along at once. It sounds like enthusiastic daygamers are finally getting to the end of the epic journey that is reading **Daygame Infinite**. Here's a review recently posted to a closed Facebook group of daygamers by Mr. R. I present it in its entirety and without edits.*



It's taken a long time to finish reading the book, but I'm now ready to share my review of **Daygame Infinite**, the latest and most in-depth book from the dark sorcerer of daygame himself, **Nick Krauser**.

In short: I think it's an excellent book, filled with solid knowledge, but its usefulness depends on your level. This is a book for experienced daygamers who want to improve, not for guys who want to jump in and "give daygame a try".

In long: I think most of the content will be no use to guys who aren't actually out there approaching. Which is good, because it's not a list of "do these actions and get laid", it's in-depth examinations of real-life situations that you need to apply to your own circumstances.

Even if you read Krauser's responses and see nothing like what you'd do, he explains not only what he was doing, but also explains why he did it, giving you the framework to explore your own reactions and consider whether they're the right choice in any given moment.

If there's a downside to the book, it's that it doesn't 'flow' like a novel, but that's because it's a real textbook, and you should dive in and out of sections for reference when you need to. It's not a book designed for repeated cover-to-cover reading.

As you'd expect, Infinite covers the whole process from approach to bedroom, but in fact one of the major sections is all about everything before the approach – how to understand yourself and your needs, and put yourself in the position to actually enjoy daygame without being so driven by outcome or process dependence.

The book fits together with **Daygame Mastery** – in the earlier book you get the "what to do" instruction, while Infinite proves the explanation of why that action was recommended. Mastery is the book that takes you from your first few successes to solid intermediate level, Infinite is the follow-on that supports creating your own style and cultivating a congruent masculine persona.

So which volume you should buy depends on where you are in your journey. Everyone can pick up a copy of Mastery and find some useful tips and techniques to apply, but Infinite requires that you've reached a certain point

before it will even become possible to understand the meaning behind the words. This isn't a boast "look how advanced I am", it's just an acknowledgement that some issues never come up until you've had enough success to think "so, what next?"

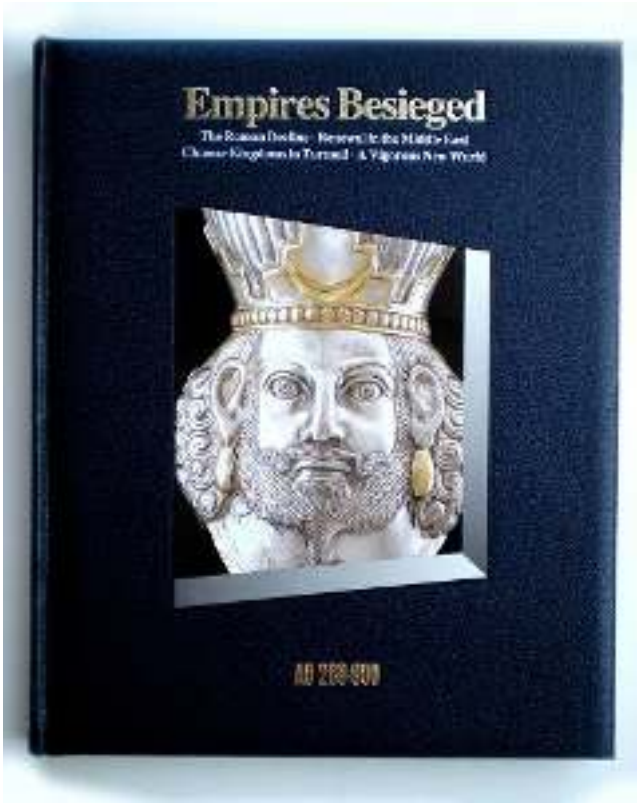
Why do I rate it so highly when it has (potentially) such limited audience? Though I have spent time with Krauser hearing about his thoughts on daygame in detail, I also independently came to several of the same conclusions he did in the past year and a bit of intensive daygaming since leaving the UK. It won't resonate with everybody, but if you're a guy at intermediate level who's actively approaching but finding less satisfaction from the process, the introspection triggered from comparing your actions and motivations to those in the book will rekindle some of the love, and return the joy to your approaches.

You can buy your copy of Daygame Infinite by clicking here. Full disclosure: I know Mr. R. I did not badger him for a review nor promise anything in exchange. He paid full price for his copy.

#26 – Empires Besieged, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I'm afraid I'll be going off on a tangent in this review because this book was actually #21 and I'm up to #33 now, so the details are all rather hazy.



One of the most important axioms you can ever internalise is **history is written by the victors**. I used to brush that statement off, knowing it to be true but never fully appreciating just how deeply it is intertwined with the fabric of how we view the world. It puts us in the heady realms of unknown unknowns.

> "There are known knowns. These are things we know that we know. There are known unknowns. That is to say, there are things that we know we don't know. But there are also unknown unknowns. There are things we don't know we don't know." – Donald Rumsfeld

This goes back at least as far as **Plato's cave**, an allegory later turned into *The Matrix* movie. Here's how it's commonly described: A group of prisoners have lived chained to the wall of a cave all of their lives, facing a blank wall. They watch shadows projected on the wall from objects passing in front of a fire behind them, and give names to these shadows. The shadows are the prisoners' reality, which they take to be reality because they know no other. They cannot perceive the true form of reality. The inmates of this place do not even desire to leave their prison; for they know no better life.

When reading history, you are looking at the shadows. Whoever writes it determines how you perceive history.

In reading *Empires Besieged* it was illuminating to consider which cultures were the subject of historical discussion and which were not. As a bare minimum, a culture needs to have left behind evidence they existed. Many times in a discussion of the great civilisations of China, Greece, Rome, and Persia there'll be reference to such-and-such a tribe who got smashed. They disappeared from history and most of the records of them ever having existed is the chroniclers of the culture that smashed them.



An empire besieged, yesteryear

Some of these tribes survived but interbred and were absorbed by others. Throughout this Time Life series there are the 'big' cultures where historians know a lot, stretching from Ancient Egypt up through Rome before swinging out east to Greece, Middle East, Persia and over to China. Outside of that narrow belt there be dragons. The nomadic tribes of the Siberian steppe are a constant menace for over a thousand years but they didn't have scribes and ultimately they lost the game of thrones. The barbarians of northern Europe are similarly dark, known only for their marauding raid into the great civilisations. It's not until around 200AD that we come to know much about who they are.

"That's all ancient history" you may say, but modern history is also written by the victors. You can see this daily in the MSM, and can test it too. Watch a Donald Trump speech in full (or a Jordan Peterson interview) and then observe the crafting ***[1]*** process that reshapes the message before it is entered into the official narrative history. There are a lot of Americans who still think Trump said all Mexicans are rapists and that he sexually abused dozens of women ***[2]***



Roman British history, as rewritten by 2017's victors

I'll bet you have a completely inaccurate view of **World War 2** and the **Holocaust** ***[3]***. The official narrative is that Nazis are bad, they persecuted Jews, they started the war, then murdered six million Jews, and it was all rather unprovoked. Perhaps a bit to do with the terms of the Versailles treaty, but we still need to punch Nazis. If you haven't studied history you may be surprised by the following:

- Germany was winning World War 1 in 1916. The Russians on the Eastern Front had collapsed and the French/British on the Western Front were gradually losing. So the Jew leaders met the British War Council in London and agreed a pact: Jews would use their influence to bring USA into the war, and when it's over Britain supports the creation of Israel. (oh look, a Rothschild!). The Jews strung out WW1 an extra two years and changed the victor.
- The Versaille Treaty ending WW1 forced Germany into reparations, so that the Allies could repay the Jew bankers who loaned them money to finance the war effort. These reparations led to the hyperinflation of the Weimar Republic because Germany didn't have the foreign currency reserves to pay reparations. This crashed all asset prices and wiped out the German middle class. Jews used this manufactured crisis to buy up everything in Germany at rock-bottom prices.
- While this was happening, in the early 1920s, the Jewish Bolsheviks in Russia were formenting communist revolution in Germany, conducting political assassinations, and making frequent military feints and attacks on the Eastern borders.
- Throughout the late 1920s, Germany nationals were blackballed from all the professions (e.g. medicine, law, finance) as Jews practiced the same in-group nepotism they do everywhere else, freezing Germans out of the good jobs in Germany.
- Also in the late 1920s Jews were destroying German culture and corrupting the women with the same bawdy brothels and entertainment complex we see them doing in Hollywood and Manhattan now. They always go after the local women.
- When the Nazis were elected to power as a pro-German party, international Jewry immediately declared war on Germany. The following economic boycott crashed German GDP 20%, and this an economy that was still wrecked from what they'd done to it since 1916.

- In the mid-1930s the Jewish Bolsheviks in the East had invaded Ukraine and murdered ten million white Europeans in the Holomodor and purges. They set their military formations facing Europe and looked for the next white European country to conquer.
- After the breakout of World War 2 in 1939, the Jewish Bolsheviks signed a peace treaty with German and then immediately break the terms by building up attack formations along the Western border of the Soviet Union. The Nazis pull the trigger faster with Operation Barbarossa in 1941.
- FINALLY after 25 years of Jewish attacks on Germany, the SS and militia begin massacring Jews in Eastern Europe. They move in after the army has taken a village, round up the Jews, march them into the forest, and shoot them above mass graves. This is the real part of the Holocaust
- At the end of the war, the Jews begin constructing the Holocaust narrative to reframe the concentration camps in Poland as "extermination camps", lie about everything, and then use the false narrative to screw Germany out of billions of dollars for the next seventy years and to justify destroying its entire demographics with Turkish immvasion and then later the 'refugee crisis'.



Daily Express

JUDEA DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY

Jews Of All The World Unite In Action

BOYCOTT OF GERMAN GOODS

MASS DEMONSTRATIONS IN MANY DISTRICTS

DRAMATIC ACTION

HIGHER WAGES FOR STEEL WORKERS

AN INCREASE OF THREE SHILLINGS A WEEK

BRIGHT SPOT IN A BLACK TOWN

New "Sweep" Bill In The Dail

MR. DE VALERA AND STATE CONTROL

SECRET MEASURE

MR. MacDONALD EXPLAINS HIS TOUR

"PEACE CAN BE KEPT IN EUROPE"

LATE NEWS

OFFICER'S DAYS OF LOVE

CUTS THAT KILL

Down the memory hole for you, inconvenient fact

I'm not pretending those bullet points are the whole truth. I'm not pretending the Nazis weren't unsavoury characters. But how much of that did you know? Frankly, the Holocaust (the bit that was real) sounds to me like an under-reaction after decades of intense provocation. Germany was under attack from Jews on the West, the East, and internally in an existential fight for its own existence as a nation and a people.

Funniest thing of all is, when seen through the non-stop battles and genocides of history, this whole German-Jew thing is just another in a long line of ethnic struggles.

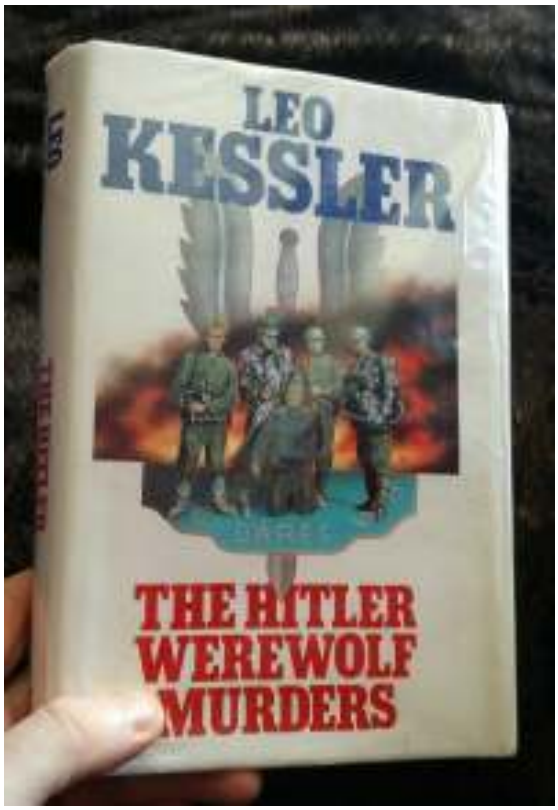
If you like the idea of invading Germany to corrupt its women then you'll probably like Daygame Infinite. If you'd rather read a fake story written years after the fact by a lying piece of shit, you may prefer ~~Balls Deep~~ Anne Frank's diary.

[1] i.e. "lying and propagandising"
[2] This will change, because Trump is winning. However for now, the old winners still run the MSM
[3] Though I trust my readers have a much higher than average chance of having researched the topic and hit upon

the truth.

#27 – The Hitler Werewolf Murders, Leo Kessler BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original



World War 2 wasn't all fun and games, you know. I know it seemed like a great laugh, putting on your great coat, climbing into a tank, and blowing shit up. Frankly, I think I'd have a whale of a time. Thing is, I'd want to do it like I do *Call Of Duty* and set all the bots to recruit difficulty and have fast regenerating health.

I picked up Guy Sager's memoir of war on the Eastern Front, *The Forgotten Soldier*, and got a quarter of the way through before thinking fuck this, it's boring. Lots of tragedy and precious little fun. So instead I pull this gem from my bookcase.

Werewolves, you say? Surely you're familiar with the werewolf women on the SS

No? How about the famous werewolf biker gangs of California?

It pains me to crush your dreams, but the werewolves of this Leo Kessler book are not shape-shifting lycanthropes but rather it's just a tough-sounding name for a squad of assassins trained up by the SS in 1945 in a last-gasp bid to stave off Allied invasion ***[1]***

Leo Kessler was an odd sort. He jumped on the **Sven Hassel** WWII bandwagon to write lurid adventure stories of German troops full of drinking, officer baiting, wenching, and hellish battles against the Russians. None of these bandwagon hoppers were real, by the way. Wolf Kruger the retired German assault captain was actually Iron Maiden-loving English horror writer **Shaun Hutson**. I found out Leo Kessler's real identity in the Newcastle branch of a the Child Support Agency ***[2]***. The woman across the desk saw me pull out a Kessler paperback at lunchtime and commented:

"I know him. He's my uncle"

Turns out his real name is **Charles Whiting** and he's a former military historian. I've got no idea if he's a good one. When you read books like *The Hitler Werewolf Murders* it's not the historic accuracy that drives you. Consider this

passage:

> Otto took off his leather flying helmet and clambered out of his seat. He staggered back to where they sat on their parachutes in the captured American bomber and, shouting above the roar of the engines, said: “Buckle on your chutes! Ten minutes to the DZ – dropping zone!”
> They nodded and rose to their feet, including the woman.
> She wasn’t pretty, but he knew under her bulky overall, she had a nice pair of tits. [page 4]

The assassination squad is thus parachuted behind American lines tasked with murdering a local collaborator in the German town. A bit later the woman has infiltrated the collaborator’s house on a reconnaissance.

> She knocked on the door. There was the sound of footsteps. The door squeaked open. A pretty, dark-haired woman of her own age stood there. “Sie wunschen?” she asked politely.
> Behind the maid there was a full-length mirror and she caught a glimpse of herself: tall, erect and those big breasts of hers straining to burst out of the poor synthetic material of her pullover. [page 14]

After the murder is committed, the Werewolf team is broken up by on-rushing sentries and the woman escapes into back streets then the next day she looks to hitch a ride out of town.

> On the first leg of her journey she had been picked up in a jeep by a callow young Belgian soldier who had eyed those splendid breasts of hers as he had braked to a stop. [page 39]

Things turn out bad as she fails to pass a military checkpoint and is arrested in the ensuing chase through a forest. Finally, she’s held in interrogation at an American base.

> He swaggered off, leaving the two of them to stare at the woman, who had risen from her wooden stool in the corner of the makeshift cell.
> She was a big sturdy woman in her mid-twenties, with enormous, proudly jutting breasts and a pale, defiant face.” [page 50] **[3]**

Lest you think this is all about admiring the decolletage of buxom Nazi wenches, there is some story here. The Werewolves murder a half dozen collaborators so the military police of the occupying Americans is tasked with tracking down the killers. They discover there’s a training camp on the German side in a hillside castle, the Werewolf HQ. So a commando raid is planned using newly-formed SAS troopers and it all ends in a bloody catastrophe for both sides. Think of it like *The Dirty Dozen* or *Inglorious Bastards* with bigger tits.

I neither recommend nor warn against this book. It’s exactly what it sounds like and canters along at a fair pace with the usual lashings of banter, sex, and violence. It lacks the hard-bitten edge of Sven Hassel, feeling somewhat more comical. And if you can’t be bothered, try watching this for the same vibe.



They made three sequels

If you like chasing after big-breasted wenches and fancying yourself as a member of an underground secret society, you are probably itching for a copy of Daygame Infinite which can be obtained by clicking here and sending me a pack of Ami cigarettes and three crates of 20mm ammunition for an anti-aircraft quad-cannon.

[1] I have no idea if there really existed such a squad outside of Leo Kessler's mind. He wrote histories of the Werewolves under his real name. We can certainly hope.
[2] Long story, but I was there to do a few day's work in the back office. Nothing to do with my own bastard kids, should I have any
[3] Big tits and mid-twenties birds. Love it.

#28 – Accuse The Toff, John Creasey BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

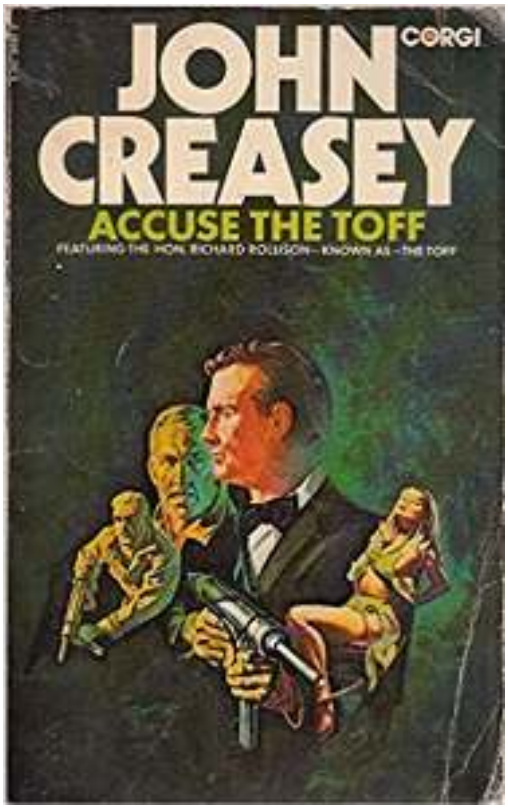
In the unlikely event that I ever discover the secret of immortality, one of the first things I'll do with my newfound unlimited time is try to read every one of John Creasey's six hundred plus novels. Sometimes you find an author who just fits what you want to read, and Creasey's potboilers from an England of a pre-EU age suit me just fine. His most famous characters are the Scotland Yard policemen Inspector West and Commander Gideon, but he also had a series with an upper-class British equivalent of a Raymond Chandler private eye.



I'll shut myself up in Chateau Krauser till I'm finished

I'm talking about the Honourable Richard Rollison, also known as The Toff. He has the charm and foresight of James Bond, the rough-n-tumble put-up-yer-mitts of a Peter Cheney hero, and he straddles both the aristocratic society and the street level duckers and divers. Quite the man.

This story was written in 1943, when the outcome of WW2 was still uncertain but leaning towards the Allies. It opens with an off-duty commando walking along Chiswick High Road when he suddenly loses his mind and opens up with a revolver on passersby, before escaping in a car. Things aren't quite as they seem and The Toff takes an interest in the case. It's a nice crime yarn that'll suit anyone into police procedurals, hard-boiled, or espionage thrillers.



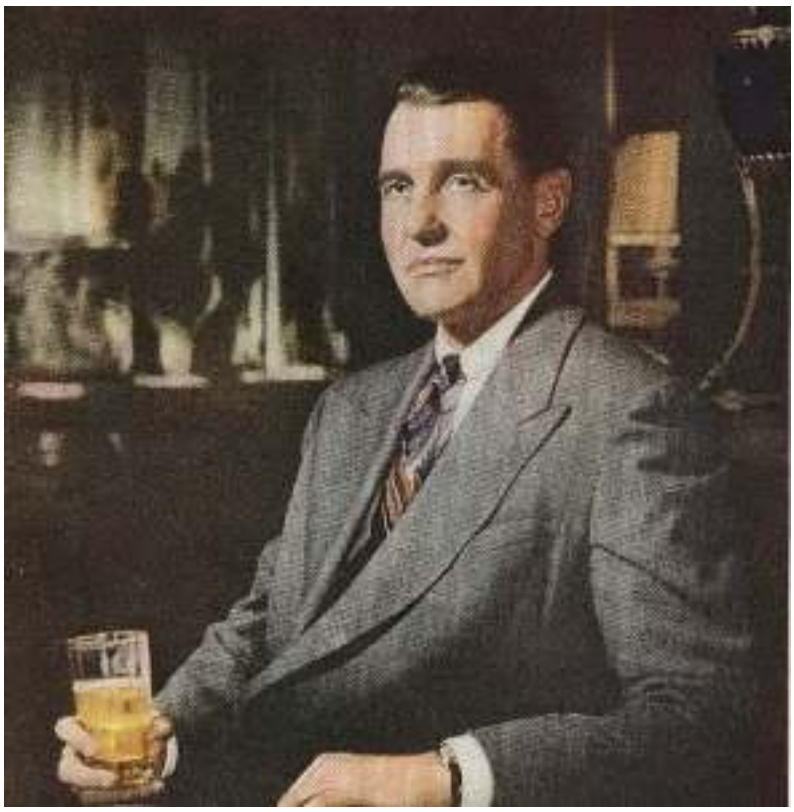
I read this edition

As I hinted above, what draws me to Creasey, aside from his absolute mastery of the 200-page potboiler format, is his image of England. He's as wolfish as they come and this is a world where commies, krauts, frogs and homos are not welcome. It's in reading these old pre-Marxist novels that one thing really stands out: no class conflict.

The Marxist world view holds that society is a battleground upon which competing identity groups vie for power and wealth. Back when the bearded parasite himself (Marx) was writing, the key battle was proletariat vs bourgeoisie ***[1]*** but the Bolsheviks soon found new enemies of the revolution in the Kulaks, or the Mensheviks, or pretty much anyone really. In our post-Modern world these competing identities are called "intersectionalism" and until recent was essentially "straight white men" vs "everyone else". ***[2]***

Marxism is an ideology of permanent division. It's about a gang of malcontents stirring up whatever division they can, and this expresses itself in modern fiction. Of course while doing so they profess the same unity and tolerance that they persistently undermine. Watch for this next time you read a modern book. Look for asides suggesting the author considers the world to be a battleground of identities, such as assuming cops are the enemy of the people, or the rich are screwing the poor, or religion is a fraud to anaesthetise the masses. Marxism positively drips from modern literature once you look for it.

None of that shit with Creasey.



"We'll have no such tomfoolery in here, thank you"

Like Dennis Wheatley, Creasey presents a people unified across class and geographic boundaries ***[3]*** and tied by the horizontal bonds of community, religion, race, parish, hobbies and so on. The nation is like a body politic, an organism. It's enemies are occasionally rival groups from without but the dozen or so Creasey books I've read don't pit nation vs nation. Rather, his enemies are criminals. They are dastardly rule-breakers. They are a defective malcontents, chancers, and greedy scumbags. They aren't honest men of competing interests (as a Marxist may call a terrorist a 'freedom fighter') and ideology doesn't justify them in robbing and killing their fellow citizens. Not at all. These villains know exactly what the right thing is and choose to do wrong.

They are rabbits.

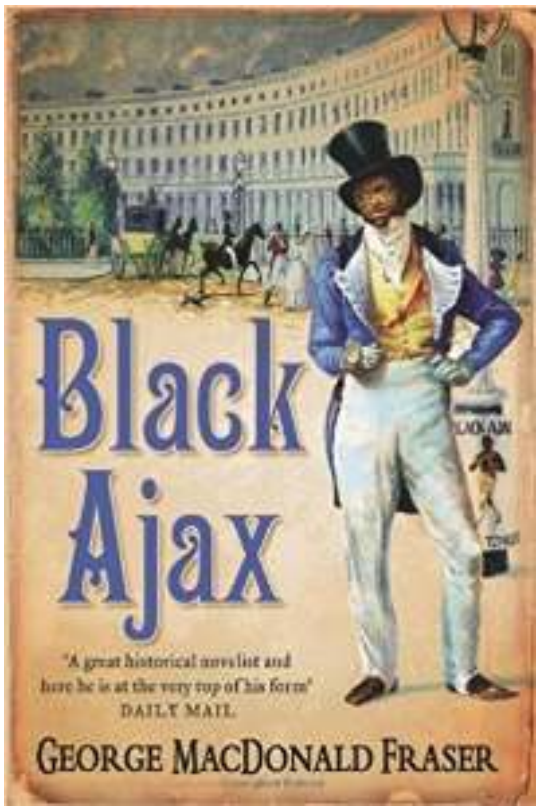
As the world shifts back to K and the noose is slipped over the necks of rabbits, it is nice to read fiction professing the K world view. Ten years ago I'd have read this in sadness, lamenting at a lost age. Now, it is like a preview of the world to come. I'll bet that after the Day Of The Rope, Creasey will find his way into reprints ***[4]***

If you admire highly-educated dashingly-charming heroes who command the respect of men and the desire of women, you'll love the Honourable Nick Krauser and his adventures in Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad, and Adventure Sex.

[1] How very ironic that the two men who wrote the *Communist Manifesto* for the worker's movement and neither had a real job in their whole lives
[2] Not by accident as if your goal is to tear down civilisation you'd naturally demonise the one group essential to maintaining that civilisation. Though now the left is eating it's own with ever faster and more vicious enthusiasm, such as the Blacks throwing the whites out of the Democrat Party, and the different race feminists attacking each other. Splitters!
[3] Within a nation, not across nations
[4] It's all very subtle, mind. Creasey presents his worldview through allusion and nuance rather than hit you over the head with a fifteen page lecture in chapter two like Dennis Wheatley does every time out.

#29 – Black Ajax, George MacDonald Fraser BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original

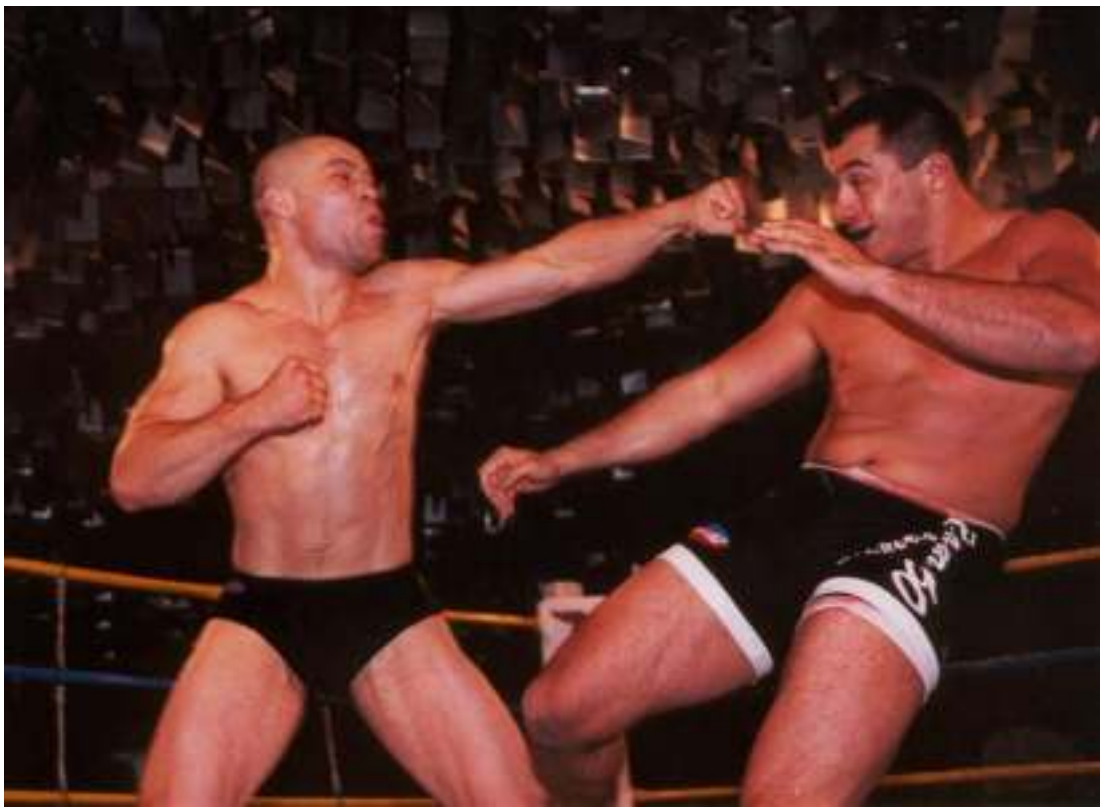


It's not Floyd nor Adrien Brody

Back in the late 90s, before the internet really existed, I was well into my Mixed Martial Arts. The UFC had only been going five years and a little over a dozen shows. It had been banned from television after ~~Chinese agent~~ Senator John McCain called it "human cockfighting" and used his pull with the boxing industry and state athletic commission to ban it. Some shows, such as **Extreme Fighting Championship**, even had all the fighters and staff arrested by local police after the event.

It was wild west times for MMA. Just like boxing in the bare knuckle era of the 1800s.

MMA was *interesting* back then. Fighters tended to specialise in one discipline, entered MMA after achieving much in their own sport, and often had personality too. Nowadays they all look the same: crappy tattoos, facial hair, herky-jerky sprawl'n'brawl style, and giving interviews less interesting than the typical Premiership post-match piece. And don't get me started on the women…..



Before it became MM-Gay

Sigh, I long for the good old days of MMA. Back when collegiate wrestlers would blow themselves up with steroids then fly down to Brazil for a bare-knuckle bout with local BJJ guys. The days before rounds and referee stand-ups. The days when weight classes were a bit gay and time-limits were getting in the way of the fun.

Sure, it was corrupt as fuck. Sure you had the Japanese writing "we don't test for steroids" in contracts to make sure their fighters got the hint. Sure, the Yakuza would force managers to sign away fighter rights at the point of a gun.

But this was all good fun. We had Jose Pele Landi Jons, Igor Vovchanchin, Rumina Sato, and Mikhail Avetysan. We had 350lb Bob Sapp piledriving a still-functional Rodrigo Nogeuira. I was well into it and collected all the VHS tapes I could. I got lucky finding one tape trader who had every single Pancrase and Shooto event from Japan, going back to 1993 and 1989 respectively. And I watched them all.

I can barely watch MMA now, it's become so boring and chavvy. Pride has long gone and no major Japanese promotion has arisen to take it's place. The UFC is painfully tedious to watch most of the time, being sloppy boxing. Oh there's the occasional great fight and the occasional interesting fighter (for example Nick Diaz) but I find myself skipping through on fast forward nowadays. ***[1]***

But those wild west days….. oh my!

Black Ajax is written by the creator of the *Flashman* series, **George MacDonald Fraser**, and though I haven't read the latter I very much mean to now. It sounds like it's Alexandre Dumas but if the *Three Musketeers* were all alcoholic womanizers. Black Ajax is set during the wild west era of British boxing, in the early 1800s. Specifically, it follows former slave and first great black fighter Tom Molineaux on his voyage to England to take on reigning champion Tom Cribb ***[2]***. It follows his development, his life in England, his being trained up from a crude slugger into a real "millin' cove", and then finally the big fight.

Structurally, the book is experimental. Each chapter is a different participant in the drama reminiscing on the times, and on Tom. His trainers, manager, mistress chip in as well as sports writers of the day. It's written as speech in an approximation of old English and uses much of the old jargon.

The lefties among you will likely find the language eye popping as it doesn't SJWise the thoughts of 1800s

Englanders. For example:

> "Ah's a fighter!" roars Tom, looking monstrous, and yet in awe of this fiery browbeater half his size. "Ah won my freedom fightin'! Won fiffy-fi' thousand' dollahs, beatin' Black Ghost, an' my master set me free."
> "Well, 'imagine that!" cries Bill, in mock amazement. "You mus' be one hell of a fightin' terror, Tom Molineaux!" He stepped back, slipped off his coat, and squared up. "C'mon then! You show me! Sport your fives, boy! Fall to, an' let's see how you goin' to beat Cribb!"

That's some of the milder language. This book is all nigger-this, nigger-that, plus having Molineaux racing around London banging every white slag he can find. I seriously doubt a publisher would touch it nowadays. *Black Panther* it isn't.

The book's momentum drags somewhat in the middle because it's taking 250 pages to cover just a few fights and the build-up between them. However one thing it does fantastically well is recreate the feel of the times ***[3]*** immersing me in the sights, smells and attitudes of 1800s London. Everyone is a rapscallion and Flashman's dad the worst of the lot. I especially enjoyed hearing boxing discussed using old jargon and concepts. It feels very well researched.

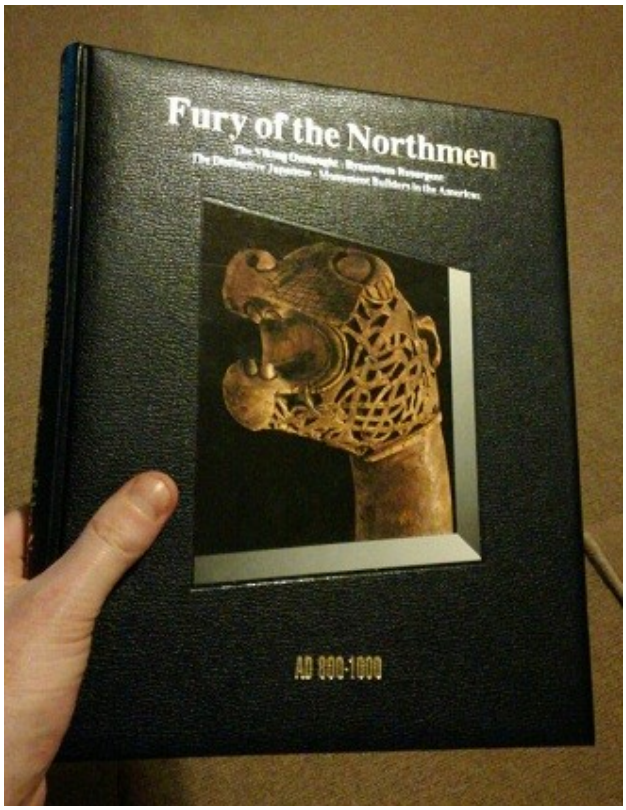
Had there been film-reel footage of the fights I'd have immediately watched them on YouTube. Instead I had to settle for warriors of a later era, watching myself a bit of Burmese boxing (Muay Thai without the gloves, mostly) and then the late great Philadelphia fighter Benny Briscoe and the ol' mongoose Archie Moore. Oh just watch Benny move. Now that's old time!

If you'd like to immerse yourself in an old-time art back when it was all wild west, get yourself a copy of the original Daygame Nitro. Or for the same price you could get five times the content at five times the quality by purchasing Daygame Infinite, the Floyd Mayweather Jnr of pick-up advice ***[4]***

[1] I'm sick to my back teeth of Conor fucking Macgregor.
[2] The Tom Cribb pub still stands near Piccadilly Circus and indeed I've had a few idates there back in 2010
[3] Presumeably. I'm not that old as to remember them personally
[4] But arguably less cunt-ish

#30 – Fury Of The Northmen, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 February 2018 · Archived copy · Original



My brother has been recommending I watch the **Vikings** TV show for quite some time. Apparently there's lots of raiding, fighting and wenching going on. I resisted that call but did get my fair share of Viking type behaviour from **Skyrim** and then later in the Skellige islands in **The Witcher 3**. There's something about the windswept coastal villages, thatched huts, and dour manner that appeal to me as a Northman.

Now that the *Time Life* history of the world reaches the Vikings with volume seven I was getting very curious. Frankly, I'd grown a little tired of reading about headhunters flaying each other in Peruvian mountains or Persians beheading entire cities over bizarre sectarian differences. Far better to just strap an axe to your back, jump in a longboat, and then go raiding and pillaging. It's the original Euro-Jaunting.



There were many surprises to me about the Vikings, seeing as I'd only ever conceived of them as ale-swilling village-raiding heathens. Here are some:

- The Baltic region gives entry to both the Dnieper and Volga rivers, which both flow right down into the Black Sea via Kiev and Moscow respectively. The Vikings used these as major trading routes, bullying the slav villages along the river banks into paying tribute.
- It was the Vikings who first built up Kiev from a pissant village into a major settlement. On their trading visits to Arabs, they'd shanghai lots of local slavs to sell into Arab slavery, hence the root of the word 'slave'
- The Vikings didn't much distinguish between trading and raiding so from 860AD they had a century-long series of cracks at besieging Constantinople, still by far the biggest and most impressive city of the era. Though it gave the Byzantines conniptions, the Vikings never succeeded.
- They introduced the jury trial system to Britain.

They were dirty pagans, of course, but it was interesting to read about Norse legends and the use of runes. Round about 800AD the Vikings first got to adventuring in the East and the slavs called them the Rus, which is likely the source of the original name Russia ***[1]***. They also took the easterly fork of the Volga to ride by camel all the way to Baghdad ***[2]***.

In the West things were stranger still because after repeated Viking attacks on the Frankish settlement of Paris, a peace agreement was reached by which the Vikings were conceded territory north of Paris which over time became Normandy and the Vikings became Normans. Thus in 1066 when Harold of England fought Harold Hadrada at Stamford Bridge and then raced to Hastings to fight William The Conqueror, it was really a Viking invasion at both ends.

It's all a bit too much for me. I'd always assumed they were just drunken roughnecks who sailed across the North Sea, smashed some shit up on England's eastern seaboard, then sailed home to drink ale and butt heads. How wrong I was.



I reckon this'll draw some IOIs

These *Time Life* books always have four sections, intended to cover the whole of the globe within the timespan of the volume. So section two is more on the Byzantines who by now had completely split from Rome to form a rival Christian empire (and thus create the Orthodox patriarchs in opposition to the Catholic popes), had fallen under a weak king then risen again under a strong king. Mostly they were content to extract crushing taxes from their subjects and then plot against each other without end. Section three has the Japanese getting their shit together to create the unified Heian dynasty which produced lots of poetry, calligraphy, court drama, and then finally fell apart to plunge the country into centuries of war between rival fiefdoms.

Most surprising of all in this book is the fourth and final section on North America. It concerns the settled agrarian peoples around the Ohio and Mississippi rivers from 1000BC through to it's zenith in the 11th century until it's sudden decline and collapse. Note these were not the ~~Indians~~ ~~Redskins~~ Native Americans who we are currently told were the original people of the US. I'd never even heard of the Mississippians and Ohians.

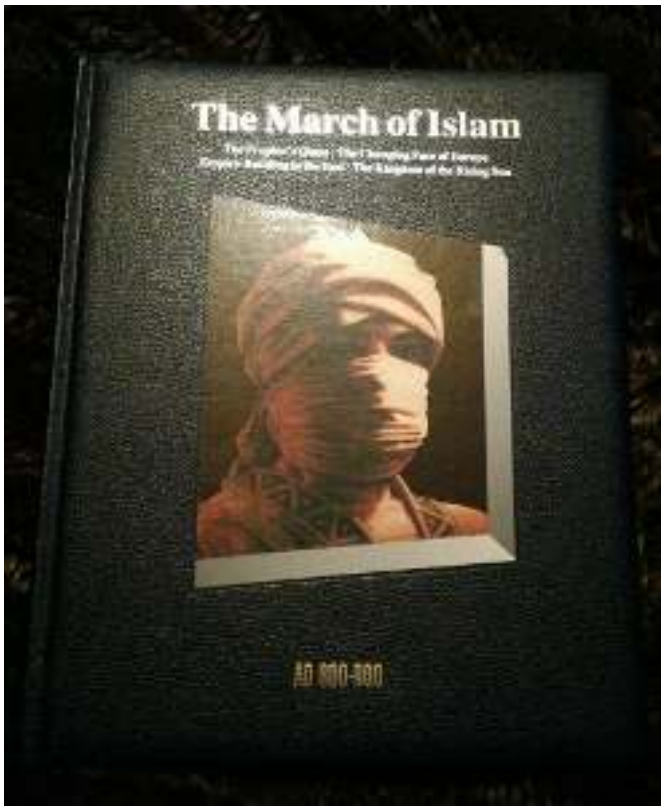
That's what's fascinating about reading all these history books. It's not just how much I've forgotten from my school days but how much of it was never on the syllabus to begin with.

If you are fascinated by wild uncouth men setting sail for Kiev and Moscow to oppress the locals and steal their women, you'll very much like my memoir series Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad, and Adventure Sex

[1] A bit weird seeing as what we now call Russians are actually Moscovites and Slavs.
[2] Then a major city and key point on the Silk Road trade with China and India.

#31 – The March Of Islam, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 1 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I've occasionally given readers a hint towards what I think of Islam, and particularly the third great wave of Islamic conquest that attacks Europe now, mostly via immigration. I haven't read the Koran, don't ever intend to enter a mosque without automatic weapons, and certainly haven't attended a madrassa. My knowledge of and interest in Islam comes entirely from the perspective of an infidel who would very much like to keep them out of my lands. What goes on in Muslim lands doesn't concern me: that's their business. Close the mosques, send the immigrants back, and reconquer Constantinople. They can keep Antioch, Damascus, and Baghdad.

Over the last couple of years I realised that I've been treating Islam the same way Cold Warriors used to treat the Soviet Union, as a vast faceless monolith. Knowing that the white peoples of Europe consider themselves a multitude of nations with many variations in national character ***[1]*** I knew, deep down, that Islam isn't one army all of a single purpose. For a long time this awareness just pecked at the edges of my main interest in **reconquista**. Little things here and there:

- Banging a few Muslim girls who hadn't the slightest interest in jihad, and who drank beer.
- Reading Nassim Nicolas Taleb's tweets about Levant culture and it's historic opposition to Gulf culture.
- Seeing how little support ISIS actually had beyond a few goat-fucking longbeards and the Iranian mullahs.
- Hearing about how many Taliban fighters were recruited because the Taliban was the one organisation in Afghanistan that didn't rape little boys.

I grew increasingly interested in learning a little more about the trends, divisions, and schools of thought within Islam. Reading Time Life's *March Of Islam* is the first time I've become wise to Islam's history and I dare say I'm rather surprised. Here are three learning points:

- Muhammad wasn't a jihadi.
- Life under early Islamic rule was preferable to Byzantine, Sassassian, Turkic, Hun or Egyptian rule
- The first great wave of Islamic expansionism wasn't the total war I thought it was.

Here's the rise of Islam as I understand it from this book: For most of early history, Arabia was irrelevant. The Egyptians built pyramids, farmed the Nile valley, and created a vast empire. The Greeks and then the Romans built up massive cities, advanced the arts, and campaigned across the known world. Persians too. This whole time, the Arabs were riding camels from oasis to oasis and living under tents down in the desert scrub of what is now Saudi Arabia. The one exception to this was the flatter, greener coastal areas where thriving small towns built up at key sailing ports along the Chinese Silk Road through the Red Sea, as this was the most convenient route to the Mediterranean.



The first thousand years, basically

Muhammad comes off somewhat like Jesus. Of low birth, he grew up among the raider-trader Arab nomads and with it was imbued with their ascetic lifestyle and clannish value system. Upon moving in to Mecca he gained in prominence as a wise head so he set up in the courtyard of his modest home and dispensed both worldly and spiritual advice, and with time came to adjudicate disputes ***[2]***. The rulers of Mecca thought him too big for his britches and chased him out. He settled again in nearby Medina, doing the same as before. But now he was pissed at the Mecca lads and, utilising his desert raider upbringing, he formed a small gang of bandits to raid the caravans between Mecca and Medina. Before long he was strong enough that Mecca bent the knee and let him back.

And that's it. Soon after he died.

My overwhelming impression of Muhammad is that he was a hard-bitten desert nomad and wise sage who limited himself to his local area. No expansionism. No conquest. No jihad. He didn't build palaces nor hoard gold. Didn't take many wives. I suspect he'd have been as outraged with the pomp, arrogance and greed of the Ottoman Court as Jesus would be with the ~~satanist pedophiles~~ bishops who live in opulence in the Vatican today.

Muhammad was so *small-scale*. No-one outside the Arab peninsula even heard his name until he was long dead.



This would suit the Byzantines more than the first Muslims

Yes, yes, I've heard about him marrying a six-year-old girl. I've heard there is rather bloodthirsty advice in the Koran about stoning women and beheading infidels. Thing is, by the standards of the time (e.g. what the Persians, Olmecs, Chinese, Huns, and even Christians were getting up to those days) it's mostly par for the course.

Squabbles over succession led to the Sunni-Shia split that remains to this day and in the next few hundred years of Islam, the hawkish Muslims were more concerned with fighting sectarian battles than conquering Europe. This book argues that the first great wave of Islamic expansionism was mostly peaceful ***[3]***. The main reason they were able to spread so fast was because Islamic rule imposed such a light burden upon the conquered, and thus many found the Islamic yoke lighter than the Byzantine, Roman, Persian, or Egyptian yoke. These lands had spent 1,000 years passing between empires so they expected it to be someone's yoke.

The Byzantines would tax you mercilessly, convert you to Orthodox Christianity, conscript you in their army, and it seemed a pretty oppressive rule all around. The first Muslims asked just five things of you:

1. Worship Allah, with Muhammad the messenger
2. Pray towards Mecca five times a day
3. Give 2.5% of your money to charity
4. Fast during the month of Ramadan
5. A pilgrimage to Mecca one time in your life



But how should we fast, m'lord?

That's really not a lot is it? Especially as you're allowed to dodge the pilgrimage if too poor or infirm. So a conquered people need only nod their head when the Imam is banging on about Allah, spend a few minutes doing Allah-ballahs, pay a very light tax ***[4]***, save your eating for the evening and…. not much is it? If you put some heavy cavalry behind those preachers and send them into lands already riven with strife you can see how they'd sweep all before them.

Later caliphs acquired a taste for empire and became as vicious, grasping, and indulgent as the Roman emperors but for the first couple hundred years it seems like Islam was a very different beast to the likes of Erdogan or the Mullahs now. As an aside, this makes the theatrics of ISIS make more sense. I'd always found it odd that the ISIS goat-fuckers proudly trumpeted such an ascetic lifestyle, but I see that in this respect at least they were closer to Muhammad than the perfumed gold-bedecked Sultans of Istanbul.

So, while I still want the mosques closed and the kebab removed, I'm at least clearer about the Islamic world being no more a bunch of jihadis than the USA is a bunch of Neo-Cons.

If the ascetic nomadic lifestyle and dreams of conquest appeal to you, you should shed your materialistic opulence and give alms of £79 to the Church of Daygame Infinite and buy final absolution through Daygame Overkill for the very reasonable price of $200.

[1] French are slimy, Germans are aspy, Belgians are a joke nation, Spanish are lazy, Italians are greasy, Welsh are sheep-shaggers, Irish are dumb, and the porridge wogs of Scotland like Jews in girl's skirts. The English stand alone without flaw.
[2] Written records of these sessions were later collected together to create the Koran.
[3] Again, by the bloodthirsty standards of the time
[4] Perhaps the most surprising thing of all in reading world history is that levels of taxation that live in infamy and led to revolutions back then are way lower than what the average European pays under yoke of the European Union thieves today.

Part 4 of the Infinite talk

krauserpua · 2 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I was commenting to a fellow traveller today about these book reviews I've been doing. Some yahoos have been fouling the comment section with words to the effect of "why all this book nonsense, you should talk about birds?"

I've noticed that some people are unwilling to learn something unless it's written down – overtly and obviously – in textbook format. There's merit in that but much of what humans learn comes through **osmosis**. You learn by doing, or being around those who are doing ***[1].*** I know this from time spent hanging around players ahead of myself ***[2]***. Additionally, the lessons learned implicitly and covertly through storytelling tend to sink deeper into your subconscious that those learned by rote from textbooks.

It was with this in mind that I wrote my three memoirs to be textbooks masquerading as stories. It's also why I continue to write book reviews on this blog ***[3]***. It's one thing to write a quickie eBook about *Alpha Mindset For Playboys* exhorting the poor reader to "develop a strong frame" or to "cultivate one's mind and construct a solid mental map of the world". Anyone can write that ***[4]***. I think it works better to lead by example and show the frame being built and the mental map being filled in with details.

Still, for those of you who need it all in bullet points and simple obvious language, here's the next part of the *Daygame Infinite* talk.

If you'd like a textbook that makes everything really obvious and in-your-face you might want to try Daygame Infinite, available by clicking here. You won't be challenged by subtly or nuance.

[1] Mirror neurons are a wonderful thing
[2] And also Jimmy Jambone
[3] For as long as I'm actually making reading a major personal goal
[4] And indeed pretty much everyone does, to judge from Amazon and blogging

#32 – Sir Nigel, Arthur Conan Doyle BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 3 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I read this edition

Chances are if you're familiar with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle it's because of his **Sherlock Holmes** stories. They are possibly my favourite short story collection of all time **[1]**. I was quite surprised to learn that Conan Doyle grew to resent his character, felt it wasn't his best work, and dragged his heels on the final *His Last Bow* collection because he didn't want to write it. Given these conditions, I'm amazed the quality was so high.

I tried his **Professor Challenger** series late last year and the first, *The Lost World*, was excellent. The first two chapters are a brilliant narrative example of alpha game, and then it becomes an adventure story. The other four Challenger stories are a bit shit. I then discovered he'd written a series of historical romances and my brother gave me a copy of *Sir Nigel*, an adventure tale set in 1350s about an ambitious squire who sets off to battle the French and win honour. It's a tale of chivalry.

I really enjoyed it. It felt like reading about an English D'Artagnan. The pacing is sweet, the language convincing for the age, and it opens out nicely. We join Nigel as a young troublemaker in his own shire playing pranks on the local monks, his spirit for adventure having found no outlet. Events conspire to give him an out, so he joins a raid of Calais planned by King Edward. His journey begins and the level of his challenge scales up as he drifts further from home. Pranks on monks change to swindling goldsmiths, highway rascals, capturing a small boat of fighters. The stakes keep rising and the battles bigger under the final climax in a pitched battle between English and French armies. It felt akin to the learning curve of a good RPG. It made me want to play **Kingdom Come Deliverance**. Or **Mount And Blade**.



Tally ho!

Good salesmen can sell snow to Eskimos. Good writers can make believable a preposterous world. Admirable, even. That's what Conan Doyle does here. The language is relentlessly upbeat and all "tally-ho" and "let's have a solid play for honour, good sir" while this little band of English knights reave across the French countryside. I had to stop myself and separate out the tone from what was actually happening. Here's the gist of the story:

A bunch of knights seek adventure. They are motivated entirely by doing honourable deeds that advance their name, in order to impress the women back home. That's it. No empire, no greater good. Just personal advancement through honour. This makes their decisions seem comical and brutal to the modern eye, such as:

- While storming a boat carrying a spy from England to France, the English kill a dozen Frenchmen. The leader is a knight in heavy armour so when he's subdued he formally surrenders himself to ransom. Nigel sends him to his missus to deliver news of this deed, and thereafter the knight is freed to return to the enemy camp. How about the commoners on that same boat? They are all thrown overboard to drown.
- While travelling overland to a designated rendezvous with English forces at a French castle, one set of English stumble upon an obvious ambush. The hot-headed second-in-command rushes his men into the trap to win glory with many losses and twenty archers captured. Those archers are taken to a raider's castle and tortured. So the English attack the castle with a comical lack of forethought, many dying. They think this is good because of the valour they've shown.
- Best of all, the kings of France and England reach a truce the same day Nigel's group arrive at their rendezvous from which to launch an attack on the local French castle. That evening the French lord rides over and is welcomed at the English feast. He explains how the truce will prevent each side winning honour, so together with the English lord they contrive a way to fight anyways. Nigel and the French lord have a spurious disagreement over whether French or English women are hotter as a pretext to fight the next afternoon. Each side brings thirty warriors, agree to ban archery, and then have a bloody melee where most of them die.

If it wasn't so well-written it would make my head spin. This is the first war story I've read where the front-line soldiers are *mortified* at the idea of truce and try to circumvent it. All for bragging rights to the missus back home.



This actually happens, in less gruesome form

This was a period known as the Dark Ages in Europe. The book begins with the Black Death killing half of the English population, leading to many great opportunities for those remaining. Northern France is a mess of rival baronies fighting non-stop. Into that mix ride thousands of knights-errant whose sole aim is to pick fights to win honour. They'll fight anyone. Several times the English party is almost beaten because two knights on the same side pick a quarrel over nothing. These buffoons care nothing for team objectives and will derail everything in a heartbeat.

Conan Doyle doesn't hide this. He writes that the whole of Northern France is near famine because peasants can't bring in harvests because of all the battling and raiding. The English make good cheer of looting and burning, bringing home the furniture and heirlooms of every French manor they despoil. From reading the Time Life history it does seem that a primary effect of chivalry was that mobs of knights-errant (and their less honourable counterparts, red barons) turned the whole area into a war zone so that any time something was built, it was either stolen or burned to the ground. Hence a Dark Age.

I was commenting to a friend today my general world-view.

The world has stores of value. Some people create that value, and it then attracts others who try to loot it.

For all their bravery and chivalric code, these knights-errant are looters. They are a curse on the land, denying normal people the stability they need to harvest crops, build villages, and create civilisation. They are the ISIS of their day, the Bolsheviks, the Mongols. Parasites. That said, it's a great story and I enjoyed every page of it.



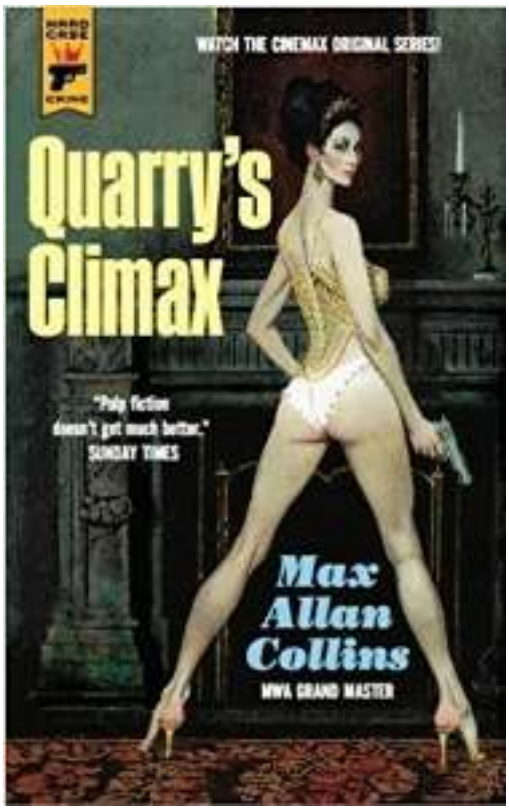
Witcher 3 captures the time well

If you'd like to build value and act as an honorable knight of the streets, impressing maidens with your courage and dynamism, buy Daygame Infinite. It makes every other pick-up book look like a pagan shitpile from the Dark Ages

[1] I prefer individual Robert E Howard stories, but his don't form a cohesive whole like Conan Doyle's. Nor did any of his series run so long.

#33 – Quarry's Climax, Max Allan Collins BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 3 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I wonder why hit men are so compelling as fictional characters. What little I've seen of real life assassins suggests they are weaselly ragamuffins and about the least cool section of society. Fredrick Forsyth's *Day Of The Jackal* introduced the idea of a meticulous, highly-skilled assassin hunting the high value target of French president Charles De Gaulle. In contrast, the coke-addled skinny-fat sicarios of Mexican cartels ***[1***] are a pathetic bunch.

Quarry is one of the cool fictional hit men.

This series was started in 1971 about a young soldier returning from Vietnam to find his wife in bed with a draft dodger. Quarry goes around to the man's garage the next day to remonstrate and ends up crushing him under a car. He avoids prosecution but the case attracts the attention of The Broker, a middleman for arranging assassinations. He recruits Quarry and the legend is born. These stories have a nice old-school Mid-Western feel in the books.

The series didn't catch on and died after a few books but when Charles Ardai republished them for his Hard Case Crime imprint they found an audience. And then it was picked up for TV. Have a look at this trailer. I watched all of season one. Great stuff.

Unfortunately the series was cancelled before filming the second season. Bollocks! ***[2]*** I do recommend it though. They moved it to Memphis for a sweaty southern feel but otherwise remained faithful to the books. It even features Marlo Stanfield in the pilot.

I've read all the Quarry books now and they are rather formulaic. He'll be minding his own business at his lakeside cabin when the Broker calls with a job. He heads off to join his partner Boyd who had spent a week doing surveillance on the target. Then Quarry gets involved and shoots them.

Oh, did I mention that he bangs ***every single woman*** in the story? Or that he never gets himself into danger, and thus never needs dig deep in courage or wits to save himself?

He's basically a super hero.

That got me thinking to the difference between when I read the first few Quarry books pre-game, and the rest of them post-game. It's not the same experience. When I was a chode, I was living with my ex-wife, working in an office and resigned to living vicariously through others for adventure. Quarry was fantasy wish-fulfullment, a cool badass who rolls into a new town, bangs some hotties, then whacks the target. So when Max Allan Collins has the local nubiles throw themselves at Quarry under the most unlikely situations I just nodded my head and took my vicarious enjoyment.

Now, post-game, I just think "that wouldn't happen" ***[4]***

More fundamentally, Quarry is no longer adventure lived vicariously. You see, post-game, I've been the cool badass ***[5]*** rolling into a new town, banging some hotties and then whacking the target. Except for the last bit. Foolish though it may be, I now mentally put myself into Quarry's position and think "how would I work that situation", or "what would be the real-life way this fictional situation would play out?".

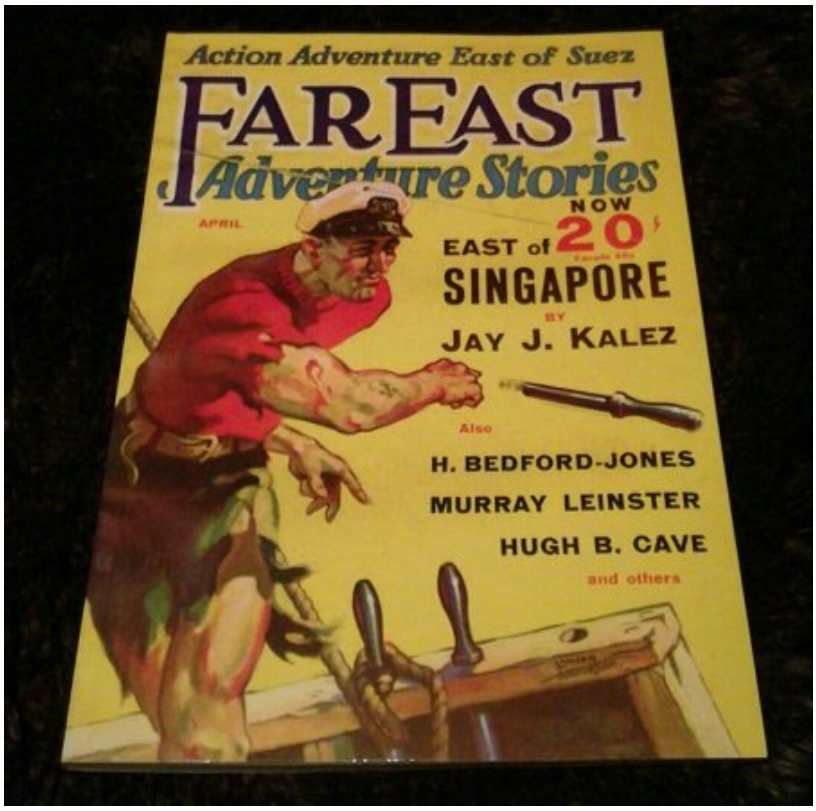
I dare say I wonder what his notch count is.

If you'd like to live vicariously through the adventures of a cool badass you'll probably want to buy Quarry. If you'd rather there was even more shagging per book, how about you try my memoirs Balls Deep, Deplorable Cad, Adventure Sex.

[1] Who, quite comically, seem to get themselves decapitated and dismembered for Liveleak on a regular basis
[2] If any readers know of a hard-boiled series about a professional assassin, please let me know. La Femme Nikita and Quarry are the only two I know of and I've watched every episode of both ***[3]***
[3] Come to think of it, if you know of a novel or short story series of that type I'd like to hear about it.
[4] Though to be fair to Collins, many of the girls sleep with Quarry for an angle such as to pump him for info when working for the opposition, or they are just coke whores or strippers at work. Some MILFs too. So in that sense it's not all so unlikely.
[5] In my own mind, at least

#34 – Far Eastern Adventure Stories, April 1931 BOOK REVIEW

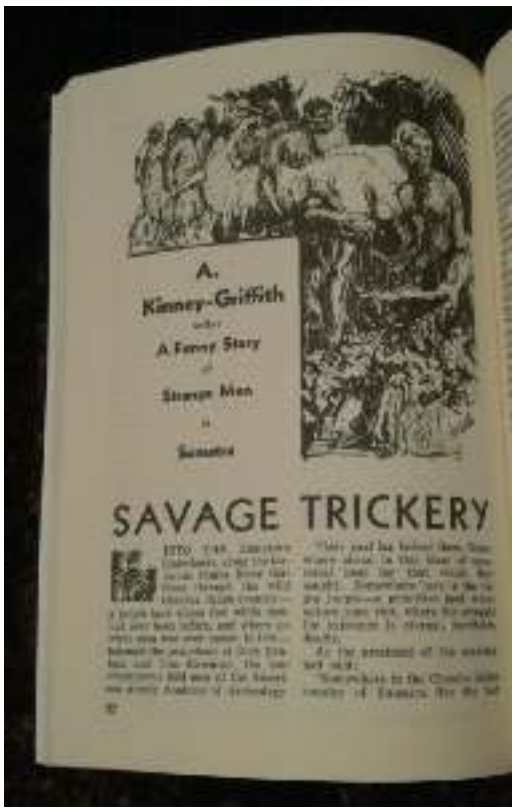
krauserpua · 4 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



There are several reasons why I enjoy reading historical rather than modern fiction. Much of it is down to the depressing nihilism and Marxism of modern popular fiction. There are still many great books written, but they are niche. If it's in a bestseller list today it's almost certainly trash. Quality and themes aside, I like historical fiction because it's like taking a holiday into another time and place.

Mirror neurons, I believe a commentor recently said. Magical things they are. If you get close to somebody feeling certain emotions then your mirror neurons fire and let you share those emotions ***[1]***. Immersing yourself in fiction is a great way to broaden your mind. I really don't get this common idea that only non-fiction counts as learning. I often advise clients that a good way to build masculinity is to leverage the mirror neurons by consuming heroic fiction.

Another good reason to read old books, rather than new books about old times, is the lack of anachronism. It's very odd to read a medieval story where the female characters are kick-ass go-grrrrrls. In reality they'd have been backhanded across the face and kicked down the cellar stairs, at best. Old books are written from the frame of their times and it can be illuminating to see how people thought back then. Mentally, it takes you outside your comfort zone. Here's a good example



Note the story is billed as "funny". What do the authors of this 1931 story find funny? Here's the plot. Two explorers for the American Asiatic Academy of Archaeology are sent to Sumatra upon rumours a stone age tribe lives in the jungle. The AAAA wants proof one way or the other. The man who started the rumour, George Hanley, has gone missing. These two intrepid chaps take a canoe up river into the green hell and are immediately captured by a cannibal stone-age tribe. They are hustled to the village, locked into a cage, and they see a row of shrunken heads including that of Hanley who preceded them. The language is rather non-PC:

> The giant glared back. But after a few seconds his snaky eyes wavered, just as those of an animal might do. No animal can steadily meet the gaze of a white man standing still. And this brawny brute, although strong enough to tear Tom apart, was not much more intelligent than an orang-outang. He soon proved it.

That's a *tame* section.

The intrepid explorers are able to convince a jealous native, using sign language, to challenge the chief and then in the ensuing melee they escape with their rifles. But they don't have any proof for the AAAA! So they recover their 16mm camera and set to filming the scrap between rival factions of the small tribe and then….

…. shoot them all and torch the village. While filming. Basically it's Cannibal Holocaust or Africa Addio forty years early. *Hilarious*. They return to the US and screen their footage to the AAAA of the stone age tribe they found and then wiped out. This is the AAAA's response:

> "Yes," said the president, "undoubtedly they are Gormoras every foot of this film reveals the traits of the Neolithic Age. What utter savages – giant brutes – they must be! And now, in behalf of the academy I wish to congratulate you upon your splendid achievements: your bringing the facts of George Hanley's fate: these films, the proof of a Stone Age existence that will electrify the scientific world."

The president of this esteemed academy is congratulating the two men on wiping out the stone age tribe they were sent to find, so long as they returned with a snuff movie proving it. Funny, you see?

Imagine how a Refugees Welcome do-gooder would react to this story, should they read it while handing out Soros-

bought life jackets and mobile phones to Somali cannibals waiting in Libya for a ferry ride to Italy. Different times, different thoughts about “the other”.

This *Far East Adventure Stories* is the second I’ve read from this series. **Adventure House** is a small publisher that specialises in producing facsimile reprints of original pulp magazine in full, including advertisements. The quality is wildly variable between series. For example *New Mystery Adventures* has great covers but childish writing. FEAS is pretty good. This April 1931 issue only has one dud story, the first one. The rest are ripping yarns. They move fast, pull you into the scene, and because it’s crammed with EIGHT stories there’s lots of variety.

This issue has a rescue mission into the Malay forest to battle an agitated crocodile god cult (that’s the dud), a revenge story in the Bornea wharfs between a captain and his first mate, a police heist investigation in the Burmese logging camps, a slave rebellion against brutal Portuguese masters in West Africa, an old hunters tale of searching for a lost Elephant graveyard retold in a bar between retired ivory traders, the aforementioned murderous explorers in Sumatra, part 3 of a 4 part novel about Moroccan bandits fomenting rebellion against French colonials funded by an old treasure, then finally a confrontation between a Saudi emir and a bandit leader he captures.



Two on the left are great, two on the right are trash

Don’t think these are just trash. Some great fiction writers got their start in the pulps. For example, in an advertisement here for a sister magazine, *Amazing Detective Stories*, it heralds the next issue having stories from **Erle Stanley Gardner** and **Edgar Wallace** – two bestselling crime writers. The key is to find the right pulp, because writing quality varies massively between titles.

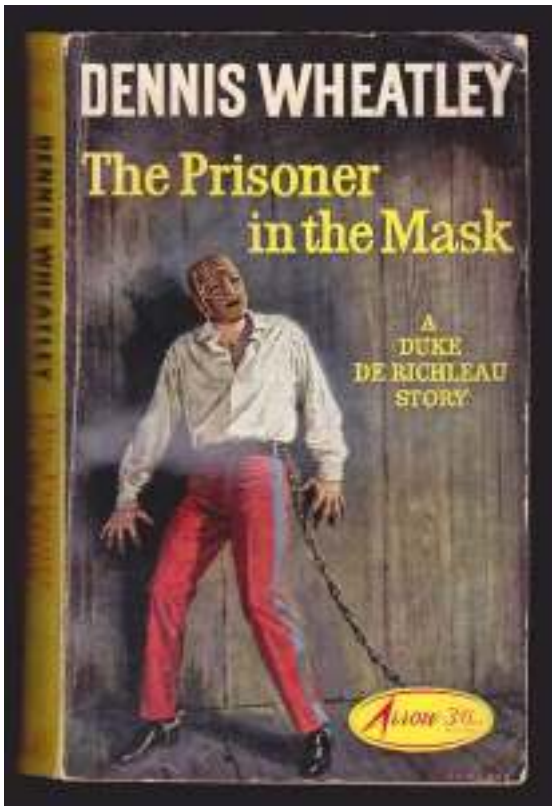
You can find them all on ebay. I think I’ve read a dozen or so over the years.

If you blah blah blah blah blah Daygame Infinite blah blah bullshit who cares blah blah blah Daygame Overkill blah blah.

[1] My untested hypothesis is that psychopaths and autists both suffer from malfunctioning mirror neurons, hence their lack of empathy and learned rule-based system for guessing emotions in others

#35 – The Prisoner In The Mask, Dennis Wheatley BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 5 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I'm very much into reading nowadays ***[1]*** and, lately, have put more thought into learning the craft of writing than I have into that of chasing skirt. I guess writing is a skill suited to my advanced station in life because it's something I can improve at year-after-year for literally decades. At some point, pretty young ladies are going to look at me and say "ewwwwwww! get lost grandad" and my player career will come to an ignoble end. Not so with writing.

My **Writer's Journey** has seen me casting my eyes around for a learning methodology. How does one become good at writing? Here are some of the things I've tried:

- Read several "How To Write" books that explore the mechanical structure and the mindset of writing novels. It feels something like the academic side of Game study.
- Watch seminars and lectures from top writers advising younger writers, such as the Aaron Sorkin and David Mamet Masterclass series.
- Read lots of books from many different eras to absorb how others do it.
- Write my own material and then hire or cajole other writers and editors to review it with feedback, which I then implement in a rewrite.
- Edit other people's writing, to get an outside perspective on problems that occur in the writing process and how to fix them.

I'm serious about becoming a good writer and I'm hopeful about my progress. Just as with Game or any other skill, if you apply yourself in the right direction you'll improve. I remember being extremely proud of my first memoir Balls Deep upon release in late 2014. I've written five books since then (one unpublished) and have improved such that *Balls Deep* feels cringe now ***[2]***.

So where is this preamble leading?



Not relevant to today's post

I tend to deconstruct books as I read them, observing the craft of the writer below the words in order to pick out learning points for my own writing. "oh, here's the bit where he establishes the stasis for the protagonist" or "here's where he foreshadows the reversal" and so on. Sometimes I'll admire a writer's smooth and invisible insertion of exposition while other times I'll shake my head at how clunkily it is thrown at the page. Recently, I've come to notice a difference in structure between old and new fiction. Let's see if I can articulate my thoughts.

Writing gurus often distinguish between **plot-driven** and **character-driven** fiction. The vast majority of paperbacks, including likely 99% of genre fiction, is plot driven. The Quarry book I recently reviewed is one of them – there's a template and each book differs in location, supporting cast, and small details here and there, but they all proceed in much the same structure. For epic fiction there's a single template: the **monomyth**. Regular fiction has the eight-point story arc, and the three act structure. This is why modern books feel so samey. For hundreds of years writers experimented with the novel form and over time there was convergence upon a limited prescriptive formula. Writer training and reader tastes shifted to accommodate it.

Not unlike how every popular song sounds the same nowadays ***[3]***

There's an upside to this. As a reader you know what to expect, get all the right buttons pushed, and it's a formula that has been fine-tuned to keep you engaged from beginning to end. Modern books tend not to drag or take odd diversions from the main story arc. If you read a half dozen books per year you won't mind, and likely won't notice, this convergence and its throttling of variety. Having read 37 books in two months, I've noticed.

Modern "character-driven" novels are not character driven at all. They are plot-driven stories that happen to have strong characterisation. You can tell this because you feel an underlying structure akin to a funnel. The book begins with a wide funnel and ends narrow. That's rather abstract, let me try to explain ***[4]***

The story begins with a wide-open field. Let's say it's Quarry drinking beer in his lakeside retreat in chapter one. Things could go in any direction. Detrioit? Chicago? Memphis? Mexico City? Quarry is a pin in the centre of a map but we as yet have no idea where the story will take him. So the Broker arrives and they converse, a contract killing being pitched to Quarry.

What job is it? Will it be a quick hit of an accountant who embezzled a mob boss, or perhaps it's complex such as killing another assassination team before they kill their target?



I suspect I'm being encouraged to go a particular way

By chapter two, the story has taken some direction. He's going to Memphis and the job is to protect a controversial pornographer and to thwart a hit ordered on him. That big wide funnel has just narrowed. Most of the world, and most of the potential situations within it, have been discarded. They won't enter into this book. You could call it narrative focus.

Quarry rolls up in Memphis and now, on a smaller scale, he's in a wide open field. Who will he meet there? How will they react to him? What oddities will they observe that determine how he plans his job?

By chapter five we've met all the main characters, gotten an inkling to their friendships and enmities, and the likely avenues of threat. The funnel narrows again.

I won't go into the whole story but beneath the surface, the book reads like a wide funnel gradually narrowing down to a fine point – the climax. At no time does it widen out again. At no time does Max Allan Collins throw out the funnel and send Quarry down a new funnel ***[5]***. Modern stories have a certain inevitability about them, proceeding relentlessly towards the end point in the funnel – usually in a straight line. Or to use another metaphor, the plot threads introduced in the first few chapters are like side roads all converging to join the highway, then the highway lanes merging into a single lane. Always moving forwards.

When the protagonist suffers a reversal (i.e. a setback) he isn't actually set backwards. Rather the antagonist has simply pulled further ahead. The overall story momentum is *forwards*, even if the gap between antagonist and the pursuing protagonist has widened following the reversal.

If Quarry has a bar fight in chapter 6 you know he's going to win easily. If the same bar fight happens in chapter 15 he's probably going to suffer a significant reversal, because that stage of the plot template requires it. If his friend Boyd is also in the fight, he'll survive because he's a recurring character. If it's a friend he just met in this book, he'll probably die in the fight.

Modern books have the same predictability as modern music. Even the plot twists are predictable at the meta-level ***[6]*** like the "different bit" that occurs after the second chorus in a pop song before the reprise ***[7].***

Character-driven stories, theoretically, shouldn't have a plot. Their dynamic is to create an interesting protagonist, put him into situations, and then see how he handles it. Even the writer shouldn't be clear where the story is headed until he begins thinking in his character's shoes. This gives character-driven stories the feel of a "random walk" in finance terms – there appears to be direction to the movement but you can't predict it, only observe the pattern after it's finished. You don't know what's coming next, but you're keenly anticipating how the character will get himself out of the mess he's in.



A strong character, yesterday

Dennis Wheatley books are like that. They are a snakes and ladders game for the hero.

When I first read him, I had a sense that the funnels didn't apply. The story would seem headed in a particular direction and then suddenly switch. For example in *The Prisoner In The Mask*, the story is about Duke de Richleau hanging out at his dad's manor in Russia when some French royalists try to recruit him in an effort to restore the French monarchy in the 1880s. They settle upon a strategy of putting de Richleau into a Paris cadets school as a coach who can keep an eye on their preferred claimant to the throne, a teenage boy of blue blood. All the plans are carefully laid until suddenly at a drunken graduation celebration, a betrayal sees the party raided by police. Duke de Richleau must react quickly to this surprise and things turn deadly. He's now a wanted criminal, on the run.

The entire plot shifts, the best laid plans thwarted. All of that cadet school stuff becomes completely irrelevant for the rest of the book because that plan was binned. The next act is all about rescuing the young noble from prison (he's the man in the mask now). On and on it goes like this as de Richleau is presented with unexpected situations and must think on his feet and plot a new course of action. At no time does the book narrow the funnel. It never feels inevitable.

The story is like a winding mountain road, going up, down and winding back in on itself. It's not a straight highway merging lanes down to one.

In this case, the royalists completely fail in their plans to restore the monarchy ***[8]***. That would be like Quarry failing to complete his mission – it wouldn't happen, the modern reader would feel cheated. I realise this is why I like Dumas so much. His books too draw compelling characters and set them off to achieve objectives but all kinds of turbulence upsets their plans and forces them to completely change tack. They often fail in their quests. I like books when you don't feel this relentless inevitability of the hero closing in on success with barely a backward step ***[9]***

And in case I didn't mention it earlier, I liked *The Prisoner In The Mask*. It's a solid espionage and adventure yarn in the usual Wheatley style.

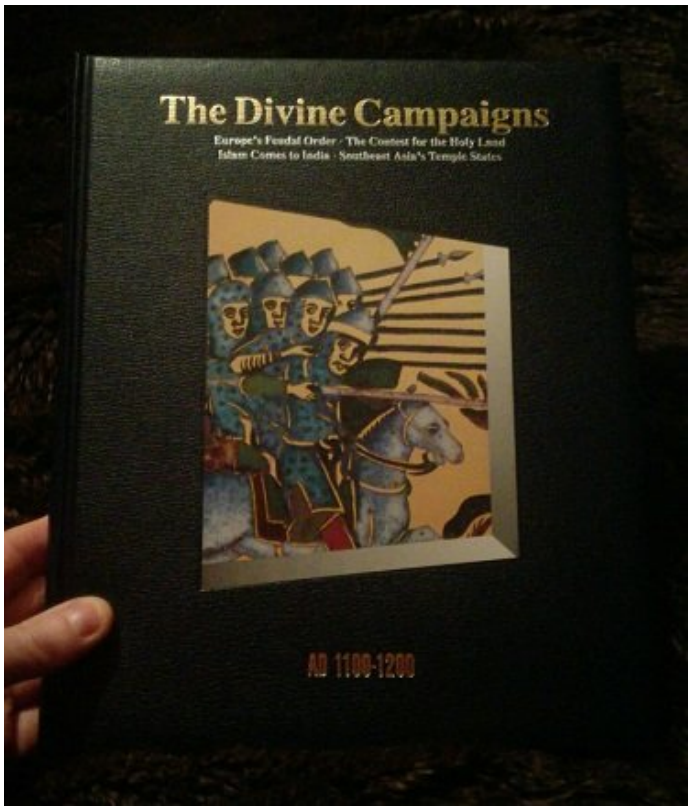
If you'd like to fortify your compelling character so as to bravely and intelligently meet all unforeseen reversals upon

the streets, you can't do better than Daygame Infinite, everyone's favourite pick up guide.

[1] This likely comes as a big surprise based on how little I've talked about books recently.
[2] I've noticed that when I do something to the best of my ability, I think it's great. Then when my ability improves and my best becomes better, the old stuff feels cringe.
[3] And are all written by the same two Scandanavian men
[4] You can see I'm struggling to articulate the concept. I haven't been able to find anyone talking about this from whom I can borrow concepts or jargon.
[5] Because that would break the rules of modern plot-driven fiction and likely anger the reader who invested in the first funnel.
[6] You may not know the specifics of how the plot is twisted, but you know it's coming and have an inkling what it'll involve.
[7] We all know the pop structure of Verse-Chorus-Verse-Chorus-Different Bit-Verse-Chorus-Chorus-Fade
[8] You probably knew that already, seeing as the grubby communists of France still don't have a monarch. They seem to prefer a closet-case EU puppet who bangs grandmothers.
[9] Except the predictable reversals at points four and seven as required by the eight-point story arc.

#36 – The Divine Campaigns, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 5 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Before faggots stole “divine” as a word

Finally, this twenty-volume history of the world is getting to a topic I can enthusiastically get behind, the **Crusades**. Get stuck in there, my son!

As has happened many times over during my little 2018 “learn history” study exercise, I’ve not only had the factual blanks filled in on various periods of history but I’ve also tended to shift my opinions on the matter ***[1].*** My main takeaway here is how *unlikely* the whole Crusades episode was, that thousands of Dark Age knights from Western Europe would call truce on their vicious internecine struggles and then voyage East to give Muhammad a bloody nose. This was a time before EasyJet and Airbnb, lest you forget.

Before we get into the real history, let’s just say a prayer of thanks for all the awesome stuff that the Crusades gave us:

- Awesome castles dotted throughout Syria, such as Krak De Chevaliers
- Awesome battle armour and swords, many reproduced in video games such as Dark Souls
- Awesome historical fiction about adventurers in the Middle East, e.g. Gates Of Empire
- Awesome modern-day Deus Vult themed t-shirts and bedspreads.



Imagine living in this cunt. Would be awesome

Western Europe of the 12th century was feudal. That's not as obvious as it sounds because the era of Empire had only recently passed, such as the Romans stretching their borders as far as Northern England, Charlemagne uniting most of Europe, and then the Vikings turning themselves into Normans. With the weakening of centralised power, European power became regional again and local warlords dominated. The end result was a network of highly militarised nobles who were obliged to provide knights and men-at-arms to the King, but who were otherwise self-ruling. Western Europe, insulated from all the chaos towards the East, had reorganised itself into army divisions spoiling for trouble but no existential threat to worry them.

Interestingly ***[2]*** the Christian world had it's own pilgrimage route to Compostela in North-Western Spain. Four major roads, beginning each in Paris, Vezelay, Le Puy, and Marseilles, converged at the Pyrenees mountains than a single highway crossed Spain almost to its Atlantic coast. It seems to have been quite a thing. Picard wrote a tour guide for it and:

> "The pious travellers provided a living for many: pedlars, entertainers, confidence tricksters and money-changers abounded all along the route" [page 45]

Traveller's rests at hospices drew the Hospitallers knightly order and Templars originally established in the Holy Land. It sounds like a good little jaunt.

Anyway, to the Crusades. There were three, and only the first was a success. There should've been a fourth but the kind of yahoos detailed in Sir Nigel were on it, so they got sidetracked and just sacked Constantinople instead even though the city was supposed to be on *their* side.



“Excuse me, do you have a moment to talk about Jesus Christ?”

The unlikely first crusade succeeded largely because of division in the Muslim world. Two rival dynasties saw themselves as true successors to the Prophet: the Abbasids of Baghdad and the Fatmids of Cairo, sunni and shia respectively. Against that fighting there was civil war in Egypt and the Seljuks had carved their own little piece out of Egyptian territories. This meant that Syria, which was tossed between each side regularly, wasn’t under anyone’s firm control.

It all came to head when the Byzantines had a crack at the Seljuks in Anatolia, failed miserably, and then sought aid from arch-rival Rome rather than be overrun by the Turks. Pope Gregory VI in Rome couldn’t help but the Byzantines survived under emperor Alexius and then, spotting opportunity when the last undisputed Seljuk leader died in Baghdad, Alexius looked East and had a thought.

> “I fancy a crack at that” **[3]**

He wrote a speculative letter to the new pope Urban II requesting aid for a little jaunt into Anatolia. Time Life suggests taking Jerusalem wasn’t on his mind because it had been many centuries since Byzantium had embraced the Holy City. Urban had a thought:

> “All those Sir Nigel yahoos are heavily armed, spoiling for a fight, and currently just running around Europe smashing shit up. Let’s point them towards the Muslims”

Saint Augustine had already defined, in the fifth century, that Christians can view warfare as holy, even an act of love, if its object were to restrain sinners from evil; if it were carried out under due authority and with a charitable disposition of the heart. Urban sweetened the pot further by declaring all those who went to fight the infidel, whether they lived or died, would receive complete absolution of their sins and thus certain salvation ***[4]***



Point me towards the infidels

Crazy heavily armed yahoos pointed at foreigners and promised salvation. **Sign me up!**

The Crusades were wildly popular, the Woodstock of their time. A People's Crusade of barely-armed fanatics led by Peter The Hermit walked right into a Turk ambush and were massacred but by 1097 the real knights had assembled in Constantinople then 40,000 struck out into Anatolia. A series of victories followed and as they pressed on into Syria, Alexius wisely pulled his men back, letting the yahoos march into certain death without pulling his empire down with it.

A series of wild risks that pay off, Muslim division and internal treachery, and occasionally inspired leadership from Raymond of Toulouse led to the Crusaders unexpectedly reaching and then taking Jerusalem in 1099. Unfortunately it was all so improbable, so far from home, that holding it all was impossible. By 1144 the Muslim counterattack began reclaiming territory that further Crusades could not recapture.

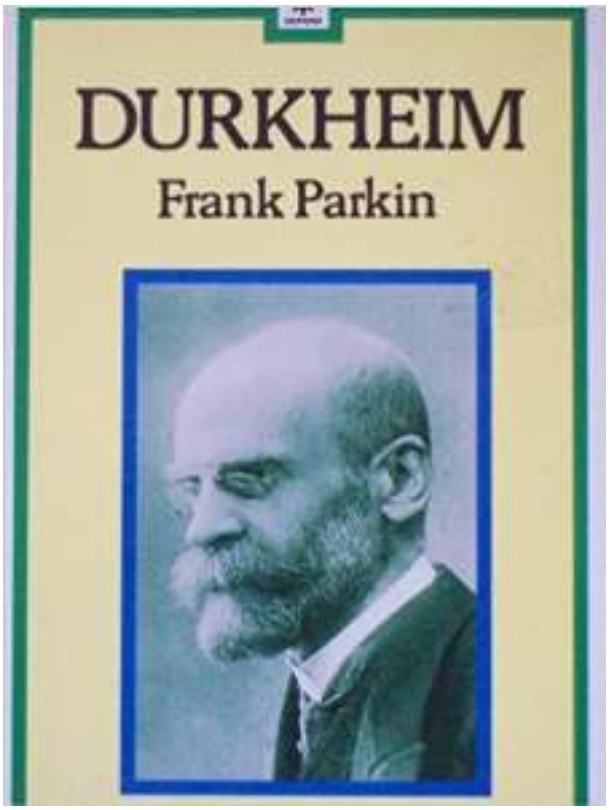
It's a fascinating period and my biggest takeaway is how unlikely the enterprise was and how fragile the Frankish empire in the Middle East. It's the equivalent of Pakistani or Turkish Muslims deciding to set up their own empire in somewhere so far from home as…. I dunno…. say Luton, Bradford, Highbury, or Rochdale.

If you'd like to strap on your cowboy boots, leather jacket and skull rings then sally forth into foreign lands to teach those infidels a thing or two by stealing their women, I think Daygame Infinite will give you complete absolution for your sins.

[1] Don't get me wrong, I still think the Crusades were fucking awesome and I hope we have a fourth one to kick that Islamist boor Erdogan out of Constantinople.
[2] To me, at least.
[3] His actual words, I'd wager
[4] Though not 72 virgins in death, or a harem of kidnapped sex slaves in life, so not quite so sweet a pot as ISIS promised their jihadis.

#37 – Durkheim, Frank Parkin BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 6 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



But why is Freud on the cover?

I'm a fan of high quality scholarship and it thrills me to my panties to find an unexpected gem. Frank Parkin's overview of sociology's founding father **Emile Durkheim** is such a book. It's not going to blow your socks off, but it's a succinct insightful introduction to a complex thinker, written by a man in full command of his subject.

So impressed was I that I had to look a bit more into Parkin's background. It seems he was one of those well-read cynical English professors who could effortlessly delve into, exegesise, and compare competing theoretical paradigms without becoming a shill for any, nor lose his cutting humour. Parkin specialised in Leftist theory without being what we red pillers would call a leftist. Consider this in his 1979 book *Marxism And Class Theory*:

> "Contemporary western Marxism, unlike its classical predecessor, is wholly the creation of academic social theorists – more specifically, the creation of the new professoriate that rose up on the wave of university expansion in the 1960s. The natural constituency of this Marxism is not of course the working class, but the massed ranks of undergraduates and postgraduate students in the social sciences; its content and design mark it out exclusively for use in the lecture theatre, the seminar room, and the doctoral dissertation…. professorial Marxism has, in the manner of all exclusive bodies, carried out its discourse through the medium of an arcane language not readily accessible to the uninstructed…. [professorial Marxists'] presence at the gates of the Winter Palace[to join the revolutionary fight] is perfectly conceivable, provided that satisfactory arrangements could be made for sabbatical leave" link here

Lol. Parkin knew where the Western universities were headed. His primary scholarly focus was upon the three founding fathers of sociology: Marx, Weber and Durkeim. He wrote overviews of all three men. So, let's turn back to Durkheim. The best thumbnail sketch of the Frenchman's ideas comes on literally the last page of this book:

> "Durkheimian sociology is driven by a concern to identify pathologies in the body politic with a view to

> offering practical remedies." [page 86]

He was both a **functionalist** and a **postivist**. Crudely, his functionalism means his metaphor for society was the body, in which all parts are there to fulfill a function and, all parts contributing correctly and in balance will result in a healthy body. His positivism means he sees social facts as things that can be observed and analysed much as how the physical sciences see physical things ***[1]***. With these twin commitments, Durkheim sought to carve out a space for the emerging discipline of sociology and a methodology with which to research it. He put this to the test with his famous study of suicide, about which all sociology undergrads are taught in their freshman year, myself included.



Parkin, yesterday

He began by confronting an intriguing puzzle. Actuarial statistics give us a wealth of detail about people's life chances including their cause of death. In aggregate, we know how many people of a given country will commit suicide next year as accurately as we can predict the average rainfall. Like the rainfall, the fact we can't predict any individual case does not stop the aggregate amounts being extraordinarily constant year to year.

Given that we know in advance the approximate amount of people who will kill themselves next year, how could suicide possibly be explained as a purely individual phenomenon? This is the case for sociology: if statistical trends are discernable between groups, the explanation cannot be simply individual differences. So Durkheim set himself to an innovative analysis of such trends.

The general consensus in sociology (and of Parkin) is that Durkheim asked the right questions but got the wrong answers. I'm inclined to disagree. I think his writing around turn of the 20th Century was remarkably prescient but the oddities of events in the last century gave the illusion of him being passe. Consider his answers to the suicide issue and judge for yourself.

His statistics showed suicide rates were higher in particular social groups: divorcees higher than married, city dwellers higher than villagers, members of small families higher than large, Protestants higher than Catholics, and educated higher than less educated. From this he concluded that the central explanatory thread was the strength of "moral community".

People deeply enmeshed in the norms and values of a community are less likely to top themselves. People isolated or adrift are more likely. As Parkin puts it:

> "Durkheim concludes from all this that insulation from the suicidal current is best afforded by the bonds of social integration. Members of closely-knit groups or cohesive moral communities enjoy the greatest protection" [page 15]

A further cause of moral un-mooring is “anomy” which occurs under conditions of social or personal upheaval such as stock market crashes or personal destitution ***[2]***. Anomy is the sudden loss of meaning in your life that can occur in the dislocation of the humdrum routine of daily life and upsetting of traditional values and expectations. These can be both social or personal events, and thus amendable to both sociological and psychological research.

Anomy is most likely to afflict those lacking a moral community, and the uptick in anomic suicide is a symptom of societal breakdown (and to a functionalist, a thermometer for the health of the body politic).

Does that sound relevant today? Well, I’m so glad you asked Sonny Jim. Let’s see what Steve Sailor has been writing lately.

> “I coined the term the White Death last year when attention finally turned to a remarkable fall in life expectancy among some white populations”
> “I’ve been pointing out since November that the spike in increases in deaths by (especially) drug overdose, suicide, and alcoholism seem to be centred in whites who turned 18 in the late 1960s through the early 1980s: i.e., the long Sixties.”
> “So, here’s another model: the White Death is less demand-driven, more supply-driven by innovations in first, providing pain pills, then in Mexican black tar heroin gangs marketing at the retail level to whites in obscure parts of the country.”

Sailor weaves in lots of themes so you’d best head over to his site if you want to get abreast of his analysis. I’ll just pull out two things. Here are two of the major risk groups for early death either through dramatic suicide (e.g. shooting yourself) or slow suicide (e.g. heavy opioid use).

1. Baby boomers enamoured with the Cultural Marxism of their hippy formative years
2. Young unemployed white kids frozen out by NAFTA, immigration, and globalisation.

I don’t much give a fuck about the baby boomers ***[3]*** so lets talk about the kids. White millennials have been raised in a culture that *since before their birth* is completely corrupted by Marxism. That culture worships nihilism, decadence, libertinism, post-modernism, narcissism, and the noble savage. It hates truth, science, testosterone and white skin.

These kids have been brought up by a culture that hates them, and screams it in their face every single day from cradle to grave. They are the kids of mass-bastardisation, the globalhomo alliance, and Jew trickery. The modern Marxist state has severed all bonds ***[4]*** that could give these kids Durkheim’s “moral community”.



So what a surprise that there's an opioid-driven suicide crisis among that demographic. A crisis so serious God Emperor Trump declared a national emergency over it ***[5]***. Trump governs like a functionalist, intimately concerned with the health of the body politic.

This analysis is all well and good but the mind-blown element of Durkheim's thought comes when he discusses socialism. Bear in mind he died shortly after the Bolshevik power-grab so he's really discussing the utopian socialism of Saint-Simon and Marx, more than he is Lenin or Stalin. I'll quote Parkin at length because this is gold:

> "In his lectures on socialism, given towards the end of the nineteenth century, he adopts the posture of a medical man called in to diagnose a strange and worrying illness. Socialism is examined as the symptom of a disease; its very appearance is a sure sign that society is sick. Socialism, he writes 'a cry of grief, sometimes of anger, uttered by men who feel most keenly our collective malaise. Socialism is to the facts which produce it what the groans of a sick man are to the illness with which he is afflicted'…
> … Socialism for Durkheim, like religion for Marx, was not itself an ailment but an external sign or symptom of an underlying malady. Society would have to be cured before socialism would go away. Seen in this way, socialism was functionally equivalent to suicide. A high or abnormal suicide rate sends out the same kind of warning signals to the organism as the presence of a socialist movement. The remedial steps taken to ensure fewer people kill themselves should at the same time bring about the demise of socialism. The appropriate treatment for both is good social hygiene." [page 67]

God I love that. As psychologists we can diagnose Leftism as a pathological disorder of the individual. As sociologists we can diagnose Leftism as a pathological disorder of the body politic.

If you'd like to chase skirt in order to resolve your own pathological disorders, you can't do better than Daygame Infinite. It'll encourage you in your misadventures.

[1] He wasn't so crude as to think people are as easy to study as rocks, but that's the gist of it.
[2] Or mass immigration into your country.
[3] They are the locust generation. They spent all their grandparents' money, all their own, all their kid's, and then ran up debt to steal their grandkid's money as well. They inherited utopia and bequeathed us a multi-cultural

Marxist hellhole.
[4] “socialism made the error of confusing bonds with bondage” is a great Parkin one-liner [page 70]
[5] Seeing as those drugs are all coming through the southern border via Mexican cartels, you can see why Marxists don’t want the wall. The last thing they want is the hated white man rediscovering his moral community.

Part 5 of the Daygame Infinite talk

krauserpua · 7 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Here's some daygame content for a change, the next part of my Infinite talk.

In other news I booked up my first two months of travel for the 2018 season. I'm going to prioritise girlfriends, socialising with buddies, and drinking beer over the usual skirt chasing but I certainly expect to keep my hand in with the game. Should any pretty girl be sufficiently indiscreet to throw me a come-hither look you can bet I'll still pounce upon it.

I've signed up all four of the residential coaching sessions I wanted to do this year. I'm may yet add to them, so feel free to contact me if you're interested. Read the "Coaching" tab at the top of the page for details. As yet I'm undecided. People interested in coaching July/August are the most welcome to enquire.

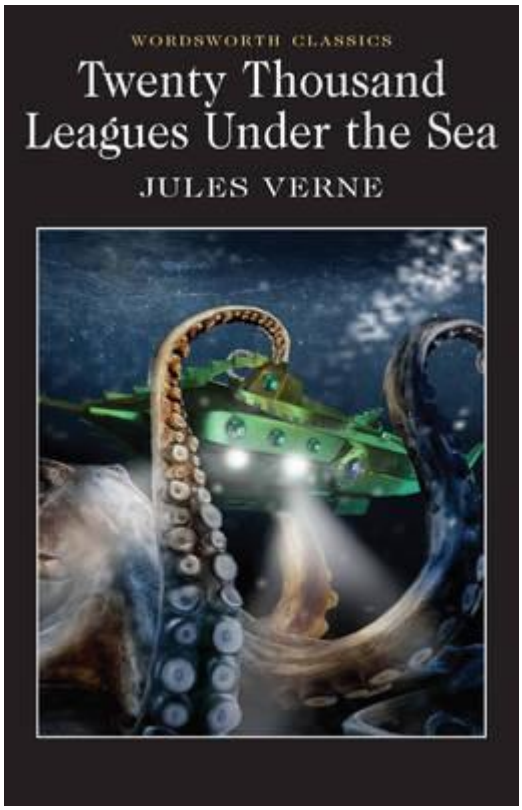
I'm pleased to announce there's a detailed third review of *Daygame Infinite* in the comments to this post. Here's a few snippets:

> "The case scenarios cover three different types of girls and also provides further "calibration examples" which is effectively more examples (that's a good thing). I can say from my personal experience in adopting a similar style (not using same words, but style) that the engagement I am getting from girls has both increased and improved."
>
> "The book is damn good"

So click on the link if you'd like a third opinion on the product.

#38 – 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea, Jules Verne BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 9 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Here's a rule of thumb I use in deciding if a book is any good: do I keep putting it down and reading other books instead?

I bought *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea* (TTLUTS) in Serbia in November last year. I'd just knobbed a gypsy-looking girl from Nis who had massive ***[1]*** fake tits. I decided that was me done with chasing girls for the year so I wandered into a big bookshop just off the Knez Mihailova main boulevard ***[2]*** to their huge English language section and perused the Wordsworth Classics shelves.



Seriously, just like these

“I’ve never tried Jules Verne. He was the original sci-fi writer wasn’t he?”

I wish I hadn’t. I read thirty pages – this story starts off good – but got distracted with *Resident Evil VII* and the *Mafia III* dlcs. I read another twenty pages at the arse end of December and was bored. There were still two hundred pages remaining and I just didn’t much fancy the job. It felt like hard work.

Between starting and finishing *TTLUTS* I read **thirty-seven other books**. That’s how poor an impression poor Jules Verne made on me. But what’s so wrong with this book?

Here’s my thoughts.

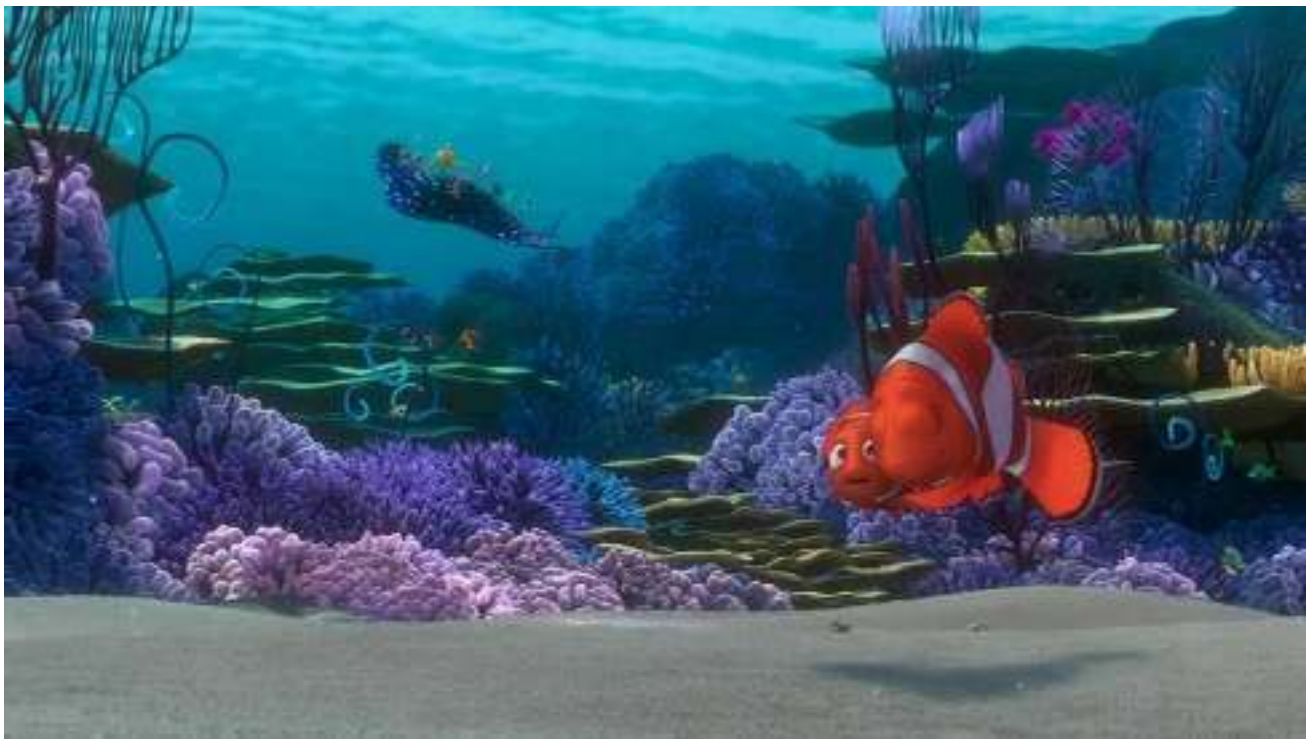
1. Intention + Obstacle
The key driver behind drama is that the protagonist wants/needs something (intention) and then must try to overcome the obstacles in his way. Think back to any fictional book or movie you enjoyed and you can easily pull out the intentions and obstacles. *TTLUTS* starts out well with mysterious reports of a sea monster than has rammed ships in every ocean, new stories about it, and then a hunting expedition setting out to kill it. The narrator is a natural scientist aboard the hunting ship. This is the good start the book gets off to:

Intention: Find and kill the sea monster
Obstacle: Locating it, and besting it in battle.

As we all know and the cover makes clear, the “sea monster” is actually the world’s first submarine, *The Nautilus*, piloted by Captain Nemo. The narrator is rescued from the sinking ship and held politely as prisoner aboard the submarine along with two of his colleagues, his servant Conseil and a grisly Canadian harpooner called Ned Land.

From this point on the intention and obstacle disappears. The rest of the book is just Nemo taking them on an underwater magical mystery tour ***[3]*** and the narrator documenting the fauna and sea life in *excruciating* detail. There are occasional dramas, such as being attacked by savages, being trapped under ice, but they all come and go quickly. There is no long-term momentum.

This means the book flounders badly. It’s becalmed, like a sailing ship without wind. This more than any other thing is what makes the book drag. It’s aimless.



Wish I'd never found him

2. Horrible prose

Jules Verne cannot write a good paragraph to save his life. Some of his paragraphs are so long and turgid that they last longer than an enter page. Each page in this paperback edition has 42 lines and approximately 12 words per line. So, some paragraphs are over FIVE HUNDRED words long. That's a wall-of-text that would make even the most insane conspiracy theorists of QAnon scholarship think "that dudes's crazy writing walls of text like that".

Worse is that so much of the prose is pointless zoological detail. For example:

> "The vegetation of this desolate continent seemed to me much restricted. Some lichens of the species unsnea melanoxantha lay upon the black rocks; some microscopic plants, rudimentary diatomas, a kind of cells, placed between two quartz shells; long purple and scarley fucus, supported on little swimming bladders, which the breaking of that waves brought to the shore. These constituted the meagre flora of this region. The shore was strewn with molluscs, little mussels, limpets, smooth bucards in the shape of a heart, and particularly some clios, with oblong membraneous bodies, the head of which was formed of two rounded lobes. I also saw myriads of northern clios, one and a quarter inches long, of which a whale would swallow a whole world at a mouthful; and some charming pteropods, perfect sea butterflies, animating the waters on the skirts of the shore" [page 193]

Did that just paint a memorable image in your mind? *Of course it fucking didn't.* That's only the second half of a paragraph too! Lest you think I chose the worst example, I assure you I just turned to a random page a moment before typing. Imagine page after page of these walls of text while nothing is actually happening in the story. Your eyes will glaze over and you'll struggled not to skim until there's some action. ***[4]***

3. No character development.

Captain Nemo is a well-educated, cultured man who holds a deep bitterness against landlubbers which is never explained nor resolved. Conseil is a polite plucky servant who says "yes sir" and "I should think so sir" to his master. The narrator is fascinated by the sea adventure and wishes to record everything while half-heartedly thinking of escape. Ned Land is a gruff whale hunter who is impatient to get back on land so as to board another boat and start killing sea beasts again. That's it. The characters are completely one-dimensional. We never find out their back stories, or deeper motivations, or hopes and dreams, or interests. They never change from page one to

page 244. Nobody has a character arc and they barely even interact with each other except to exchange pleasantries.

This book is awful. So why is it considered a classic?

I can only assume it was Verne's **imagination** capturing the readership. This book was written in 1870 when science fiction didn't exist. By casting his book as an adventure under the sea and then pretending to document its wonders, the reader could feel like they were getting a travelogue. It reads a bit like a BBC2 *Holiday* show.



Better off with a ticket for this kind of thing

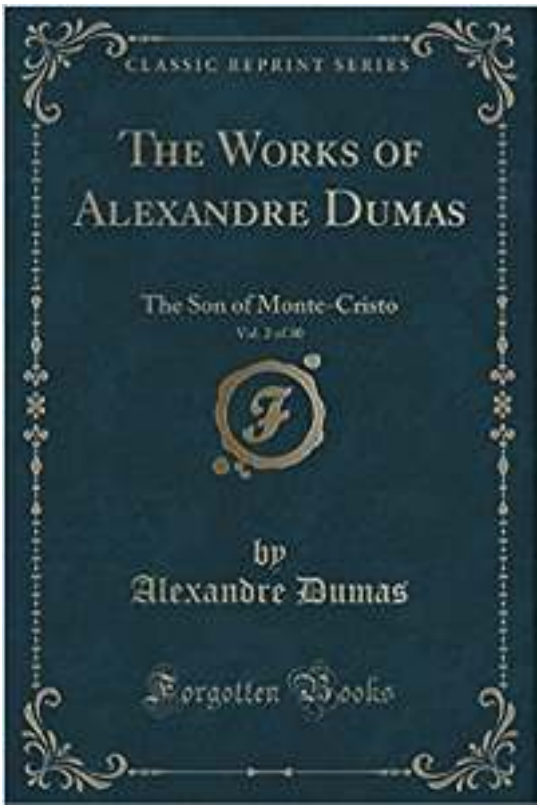
There's no excuse for the shitty prose or absent plot. It was written a full 25 years after *The Count Of Monte Cristo*. Frenchmen had long since figured out how to write a good novel.

If you'd like a travelogue of a wild adventure above the sea, gasping in excitement at all the exciting street fauna wandering past the narrator, you'll have to buy my memoir Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad, and Adventure Sex

[1] And I mean massive.
[2] Belgrade has many bookshops, all of which seem to do a brisk trade. Yet another reason why I like Serbia.
[3] Living in his yellow submarine. Did you see what I did there?
[4] Bear in mind this is not scientific witness. Verne is just making all this shit up because half the time the Nautilus is in deep ocean that had never been visited for real.

#39 – Son Of Monte Cristo volume II, Alexandre Dumas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 9 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Inquisitive minds will have noted my rule of thumb introduced in yesterday's Jules Verne review. Jules Lermina's *Son Of Monte Cristo* is a far superior book and I read all 356 pages of volume two in one afternoon non-stop ***[1]***. It would appear Lermina has won the "Battle of the Jules" in my mind at least.

If you haven't already, I suggest you cast your eye over Forgotten Books. It's a very odd website and I still can't quite figure it out. The headline business case is clear: they are unearthing, polishing and republishing important or obscure old books that are out of copyright. That isn't so remarkable. What is remarkable is they have almost **a million** titles.

Wait… what?



The Freemasonry section alone has 200 books

This isn't Google with limitless ~~CIA~~ investor funding nor Ferrari selling high margin single items. Forgotten Books is scratching out a living from 18th and 19th Century books that nobody read the first time around either. Consider some titles on sale:

- The War Detective; Or, Secret Service in the Rebellion. A Story of Booth's Great Conspiracy (volume 7)
- The Report at Large of the Coroner's Inquest on Jane Watson, Shot at Mr. Robinson's, in Old Burlington-Street
- Gleanings From the Desert of Arabia
- Grey Maiden, the Story of a Sword Through the Ages

We aren't talking *Harry Potter* sales numbers here, are we lads? Clearly they are using some kind of automation but I wonder who scanned all these original paper copies into the system and who checked their software's output. Who uploaded the products to Amazon? ***[2]***. I held off on buying any Forgotten Books paperbacks for over a month because I assumed they'd be rushed botched jobs, or that it's all a scam.

But I can't resist the idea of having a treasure trove of lost scholarship. This was my way in.

You see, I've always wanted a library of my own. Not a public library that plebs can use for free coffee while listening to rap music on their smartphone speakers. I like the great libraries of antiquity, such as in Alexandria, or the fictional library in *Game Of Thrones* where the fat cuck discovers the secret to stopping the white walkers. I like George Lucas' private library in his house. I like the libraries where Dennis Wheatley characters sip port, smoke cigarettes, and plot the destruction of communism.



I'm glad winter is coming because I intend to spend it here

Back in my university days I'd enjoy exploring untraveled aisles of leather-bound academic journals dating back up to a hundred years. Some university would put out *The Postivist Journal of Criminology* ***[3]*** starting in 1923 and it would run quarterly for two decades. Each issue would have ten academic papers, each summarising a genuine research project backed by statistics, graphs, and methodological musing. My university would have a subscription and at the end of the year some librarian would have them bound into a single volume and placed on a shelf. There it would remain unnoticed and unloved for decades until I came along, dusted it off, and tried to figure a way to reference it in my term paper.

A university library is like a hill of rabbit holes, each one lets you tumble into a different world. I like that kind of thing. Forgotten Books lets me reproduce the experience at a fraction of the cost. I have my own library of Alexandria at my fingertips ***[4]***

I couldn't resist so I found *Son Of Monte Cristo* and ordered a paperback on Amazon. It's print on demand (using the same printer as **Daygame Infinite**). Two weeks later I had a copy and it was solid. Nice cover, quality paper, no printing or legibility issues, and it felt weighty in my hands. Not a scam. I was impressed. You can read my review of volume one here.

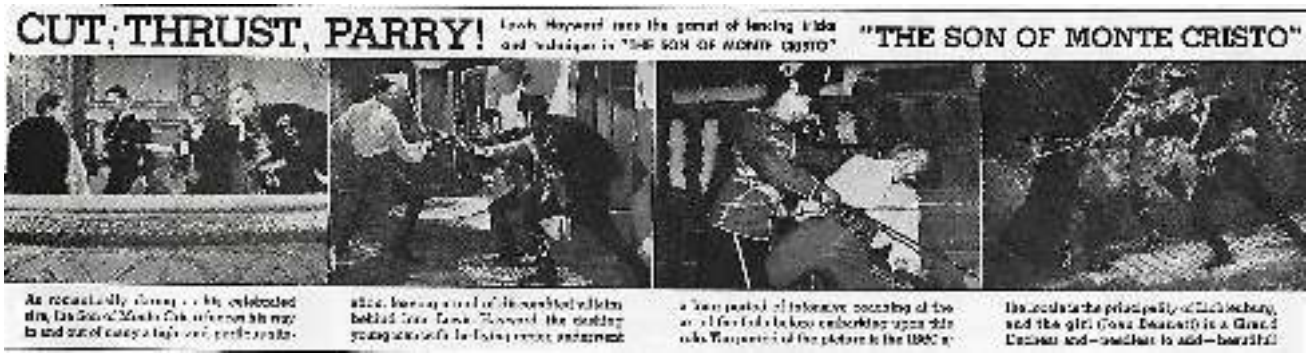


The movie version

Volume two picks up right where volume one left off, as Edmund Dantes' team are sitting around a camp fire in Algeria having just seen off marauding Bedouins with the help of some former travelling acrobats led by a man named Fanfaro. This volume begins with Fanfaro's back story and…….. that backstory (told as flashback) doesn't end until page 202.

Really. This is a 356-page book and over half of it is a completely unrelated story involving characters who've only just been introduced a chapter before, and involving none of the main characters even tangentially. It's like it was its own novel thrown in upon a tenuous pretext.

You'd likely think this is a bad thing? Nope. It's an excellent 200-page story. I really enjoyed it. It concerns a dastardly plot for a dissolute vicomte from Paris to murder his brother to secure inheritance of a fortune, then to hunt down and assassinate the brother's children as remaining legitimate heirs. The travelling acrobats get wrapped up in the plot. It begins with unexpected meetings in a Black Forest tavern in Germany then moves on to Paris.



I think they added all the fights in for the movie

The story told, the remaining 156 pages do then tie Fanfaro's story into Dantes', so the saga ends with symmetry and purpose. Nonetheless it's a brave diversion. We are in the unusual position of having a Count Of Monte Cristo book barely involving the Count, and not written by Dumas. Bold ***[5]***.

Written only ten years after his fellow Jules' aquatic adventure, Lermine's tale is a real page turner. However, the plotting is preposterous in its reliance upon wild coincidences to advance the plot. Here are a couple:

- Fanfaro must flee across the rooftops from police and accidentally falls through a skylight…. into the new home of his best friend he hasn't seen in years and didn't even know was alive.
- Fanfaro's sister escapes an abduction and throws herself into the Seine to commit suicide, unwittingly right in front of Spero, Edmund Dantes' son, who loves her and happens to be walking that street at that moment.
- This sister fled an Eastern province where her mother was burned alive during a Cossack raid. Ten years later in Paris she asks at a local hospice for an elderly unfortunate to take care of and the clerk assigns her…. her mother, who still lives but has lost her memory.

This book really is coincidence after coincidence. It's written as if France only has twenty people living there so they are continually pressed up against each other by fate. It didn't bother me because this is intended as a romantic (in the philosophical sense) tall tale so I switched my brain off and enjoyed the action. Lermine isn't lacking ingenuity nor the imagination to create interesting plot devices. He's also in keeping with themes from the Dumas original, such as a family being broken upon under traumatising conditions gradually reconstituting itself through unexpected meetings many years later.

A flaw of this book that isn't so forgivable is his characterisation of the two Monte Cristo men, the father Edmund and the son Spero. Readers of the Dumas original will have been impressed by his presentation of Edmund Dantes as a complex character. Edmund burns with vengeance but is also tempered by a love for the world and a thirst for self improvement. He's calculating, brave, resourceful, and patient. Very patient. Edmund Dantes is a mover, a man who bends the world to his will. Modern men like *The Count Of Monte Cristo* specifically because Dantes is such a great fictional role model.

Lermina's Dantes doesn't really do anything but make noble speeches about doing the right thing. He's constantly referred to *by other characters* as a great man but within this book does nothing at all to earn it. It's tell not show. He's barely even in the book. His son is worse. He's an impulsive dunderhead who is tossed around by the vagaries of fate, precisely the opposite of Dumas' Edmund Dantes. It's hard to root for him because although brave and virtuous, he is very easily tricked. Watching him face up to a challenge is as cringeworthy and incompetent as watching a **Deepak Wayne** daygame infield.

Perhaps Lermina was trying to convey the tragedy at the heart of the book, that for all of Dantes' riches, his

unquenchable thirst for vengeance ultimately ruined him and all around him. There's a section towards the end where Spero reflects upon having been overly protected by his father and his training in manly arts was at the expense of learning to chart his own path through the world. So, Spero's blockheadedness and reactivity may actually be a deliberate theme – he's *not* a hero like his dad.

By far the best characters in the book are the black hats. Benedetto the former galley slave is brilliant, a squalid and irredeemable rogue. The Vicomtes of Talizeric, both father and son, are good too in their scheming and vanity.



A purchase of Daygame Infinite helps fund the Krauser Library of Antiquity

In summary, if you like the idea of rummaging through literary history like it's your own virtual library you could do a lot worse than dusting off this story. It won't uplift you like the Dumas original can but it's a ripping yarn within the same universe. I just ordered *The Countess Of Monte Cristo* to see if that can maintain the pace.

If you'd like to see a talented craftsman creating a masterpiece of personal development literature you should get yourself Daygame Infinite. If you'd rather see an unoriginal hack shitting out a pale imitation you could try Str…. no, don't bother.

[1] Except for toilet breaks and a walk to Tescos to buy a bag of onion rings crisps.
[2] I don't have any answers.
[3] I just made up that particular journal but it's close to the real ones.
[4] Literally all 945,609 books if you do the online subscription because it lets you access every volume instantly by PDF. I just happen to prefer paper.
[5] Or total piss-take, depending on your point of view.

Ruminations on this blog's direction #1

krauserpua · 9 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A friend of mine recently sent me a long message commenting upon this year's change of direction in the blog towards doing book reviews. His general conclusion was "great to read, but likely bad for business". I think I probably owe my readers an explanation.

Around mid-2015 my attitude to daygame had changed. From early 2009 right through to the end of 2014 I'd felt like I was on a **journey** of self-improvement. I was very clear what I wanted – shag lots of birds and become a skilled player – and set myself walking that path. There was always doubt over whether I'd achieve my goals, but the goals themselves were very clear ***[1]***. Most of you can relate to this because you are either walking down that path yourselves or have, like me, completed the journey.

This is why my memoir series ends at the close of 2014. It's the end of that particular journey.



Since then I've been daygaming for the fun of it with no real end goal in mind. Lacking any sense of a project it became increasingly **aimless**. I'd already banged enough girls, I was experiencing heavily diminishing returns in improving my technical Game, and it all felt rather like treading water. Well, considering how much fun I was still having, perhaps the better metaphor is it felt like relaxing in a jacuzzi. But, importantly, the sense of **forward motion** had stalled.

From mid-2016 I started to get increasingly long periods of daygame revulsion and by mid-2017 was barely even approaching. For two years my subconscious was telling me to change tack but I hadn't yet figured out what the next project was to be. So I kept at the old routine of Euro Jaunting and chasing skirt. I'm not complaining, I still had a great time.

Rapidly losing my interest in doing or writing about game, I set myself to writing **Daygame Infinite**. It would be the final distillation of all my daygame experience, written while I still had enough motivation to complete it, and leave a permanent mark. I believe it was a success.

Blogging was badly impacted by Infinite because (i) all my good ideas were saved for the book (ii) writing it took all my creative energy with little left over (iii) Since it's publication a few months ago, I don't have anything left to

say, as *Infinite* is still recent and there's been little time for another round of new ideas to occur to me.

If you want to know about daygame, get Mastery, Infinite, and Overkill. It's ALL in there and in a far more polished and systematic presentation than this humble blog. By all means read my blog, I do like having a readership, but if your goal is to *get good at daygame* then those three products are the obvious choice.

There is, however, the **culture of daygame**. For most of us, daygame is a hobby (even a way of life) and we like to be in the mix chatting and reading about that hobby. It's pleasant. It feels like a community. There is a growing world of daygame culture, such as other blogs, YouTube channels and podcasts. I personally don't pay any attention to that stuff anymore but I used to, and enjoyed it while I did. My blog and YouTube will continue to contribute to the cultural side of daygame and I intend to pick it up more next month when I start travelling again.

I suggest you don't conflate the cultural side with the instructional side. Both are good, but they aren't the same thing. My major recent contribution to the culture side is my memoir series.

If readers are interested, I'll continue this line of thought in another post explaining why I'm doing the book reviews and how it fits into Game development.

[1] Even when mission creep expanded the goals, I always knew the next one.

Another trickle from the Daygame Infinite stream

krauserpua · 19 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I've been busy lads, sorry. After my ridiculous reading binge that led to 39 book reviews in just over two months, I turned my mind to other matters. I'm still reading, currently up to #43, but I'll get round to reviewing them later ***[1]***

So, what other matters?

First and foremost is the impending release of the full-colour *Daygame Mastery* second edition. It's taken longer than I expected purely because I decided to spend more time writing new material for it. When the 468 pages from the first edition were re-laid in the *Infinite* style, it came to 401 pages. It's now 481, the extra 80 pages being entirely new content. So, about a 20% increase.

It also takes a ton of time to carefully monitor the layout to get everything right. These are complex pages with a lot going on. I sent my latest amendments on Friday. If I'm lucky it'll be finished by the end of the month but don't bank on it.

The other big project was returning to volume three of the memoir, *Younger Hotter Tighter*. I'd written the first half by the beginning of January, twenty chapters, then parked it. It's good to cool off from a book and let ideas settle, then come back to it cold. The book review and *Mastery* projects pushed it back further.

So, this week I wrote four more chapters and a total of 25k words. It's up to 95k in total but there's still 16 chapters remaining for me to chip away at. I hope to reach the end of chapter 30 before I begin travelling, and then cheerfully plod on while I'm on the road. Don't expect to see YHT any time soon but be sure it will be done. This isn't an idle fancy. My memoir project will be completed this year.

I have ten days of hibernation remaining.

[1] So far, my reviews total almost 50k words, which is the length of a short novel all on its own.

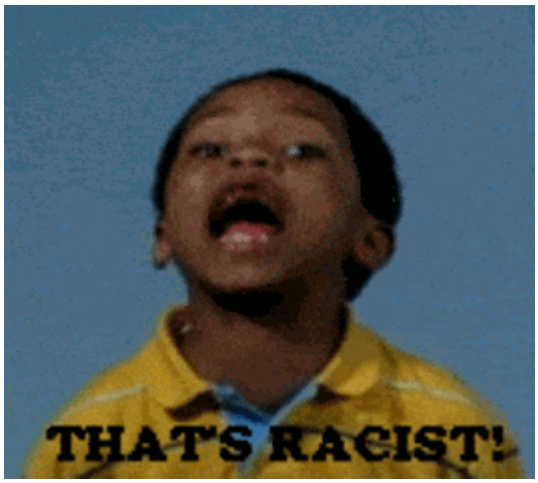
#40 – The Witching Night, C.S. Cody BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 24 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

In the USA of 1952, when this horror novel was written, it was actually illegal to write Satanic-themed fiction unless you used a pseudonym beginning with two initials. Thus we had writers like H.P. Lovecraft, C.A. Smith, A.A. Milne and of course this book's author C.S. Cody.

I just made that up ***[1]***

I have, however, been reading an awful lot of **Howard Phillips Lovecraft** recently. You may have read about him in *The Guardian* or *Huffington Post* a few years ago because the fat pedophiles of the World Fantasy Convention ***[2]*** were up in arms that their award trophy of all these years was a bust of HPL and they'd just realised that – shock, horror – he was racist ***[3]***



RACIST I tell you!

HPL is the guy who invented his own sub-genre, "creeping horror". He was writing in the 1920s when the established sub-genres had been defined by Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (the charismatic predatory vampire of high social class) and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (the mad scientist and tortured monster). HPL drew his influence more from Edgar Allan Poe, using the madness and mania of the human mind and allying it with the idea of secret societies and the hidden slumbering dark gods they were trying to awaken. His key contribution was The Call of Cthulhu in which HPL allied all that with "cosmic horror" and thus created an enduring Mythos.

Bloodborne, arguable the greatest action game of the PS4 generation, owes it's entire lore to the Cthulhu Mythos.



Cosmic horror, yesterday. I wasn't scared. I killed the fuck out of it.

My brother is well into HPL so he's always banging on at me to read more. I bought a yuuuge compendium edition of HPL short stories at the market for a fiver and left it on my shelf for two years. After writing 39 book reviews in the first two months of this year I thought to myself, "I think I'll read something very long, that I shan't finish, thus relieving myself of the pressure to review the bloody thing". My eyes wandered to the shelf and there it was, almost 1,000 pages of small-font HPL work. I opened it.

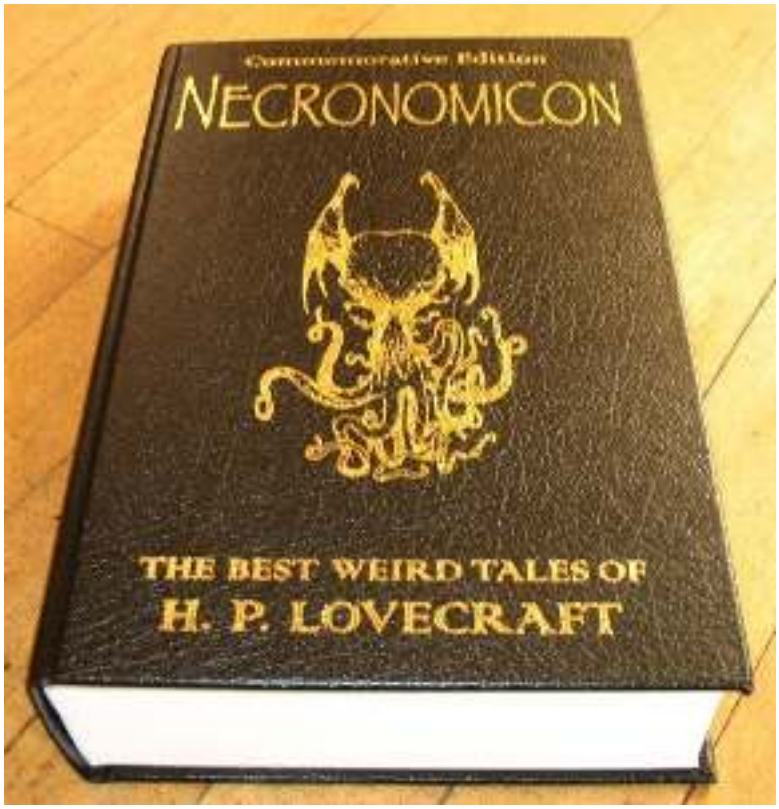
I shall continue this review by adopting the HPL literary style……

> **Extract from the diary of N.N. Krauser, author and scholar, Gateshead, UK.**
>
> My hand trembles as I put pen to paper. The wind howls outside, an unspeakable wail carried across the dark skies like a whisper of ghosts in a forgotten cemetery. My time, I fear, is up as the clinging tendrils of madness entwine my scorched brain. I have seen things that cannot be unseen. I have read words, lost words in dusty tomes hidden in cobwebbed vaults of forbidden Sumerian archives, words that no man was ever meant to read. Who is that? Someone is coming. They are coming? Have they found me already? I know they suspect I read that lost chapter of Milton's Arcane Rituals Of Haitian Voodoo.
>
> Hahaha! I laugh manically, fearfully. I must set myself to outline my narrative, fool though I am to believe any other soul may read it. I am damned. Yet, I must struggle to organise my thoughts, make some sense of the unfathomable cosmic horror that will inevitably overtake me. Alas! So, with trembling hand I attempt to relay that strange twisted turn of events that perhaps no mortal man would dare believe.
>
> It began, I see now, on a cool spring afternoon when I was due to visit my great-uncle Wilfred, the famous botanist who had recently returned from a scientific expedition to Uruguay. The Jarrow Amateur Botanist Society were hosting a speech where he'd deliver remarks on his findings in those dark jungles never before penetrated by the bright illumination of Science.

That's all I can manage.

Perhaps you already see the big problem with HPL. Though blessed with a feverish and fertile imagination, HPL couldn't write to save his life. His prose is downright *awful*. I don't say this from a mere cursory glance. This month I read 19 of his short stories, coming to 250 pages, or a quarter of the compendium edition. That's equivalent to

over 500 pages of a normally-set paperback. I have a good idea of his style.



Then how about YOU try reading the fucking thing?

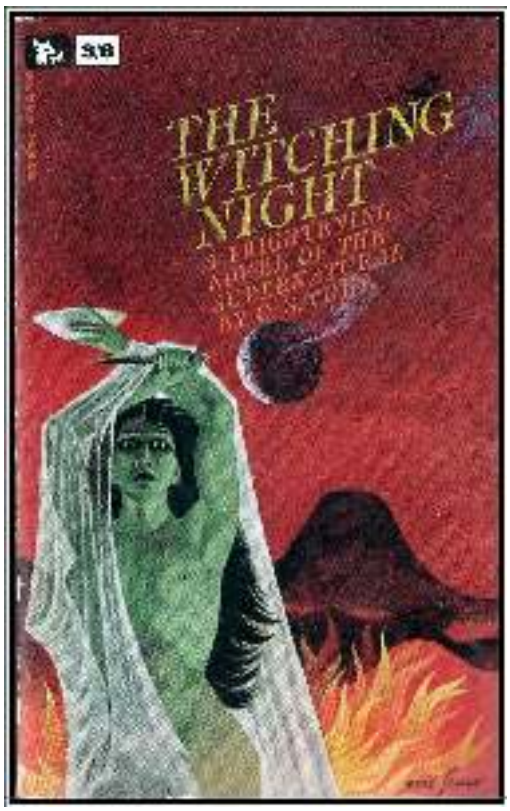
And it's awful. Sentences stagger along interminably with ever increasing complexity of sub-clauses. He never uses a simple word when his thesaurus suggests an obtuse alternative. Every sight seen is indescribable, every sound unspeakable, every occurrence unfathomable, and every source of knowledge forbidden. Worst of all, nothing ever happens.

I realise this is deliberate. HPL was attempting to develop an original way of writing. His stories are rarely in the usual format, where there's a scene with characters who communicate with dialogue, and actions press the plot forwards. Rather, HPL is imitating an attempt by unreliable narrators to chronicle their own experiences after the fact, while driven half-mad. He likes to refer to news clippings of strange events around the world, to paraphrased accounts given in lost manuscripts, and to found letters and diaries of long-dead madmen. You could call him the originator of the "found footage" genre.

> "What did you reckon of HPL?" asked my brother, hoping I'd caught the bug.
> "Unfathomable. Unspeakable. I dare not relate what I learned."
> "No, really, what did you think?"
> "There ought to be a secondary market of HPL stories re-written by proper novelists. Imagine how good a book Lee Child or Michael Crichton could write in the Cthulhu Mythos."

He told me that's precisely what has happened. Oh. ***[4]*** A week later he hands over a copy of *The Witching Night.* "It's like HPL but without the slumbering demon" he said. That's exactly what it is. It's quite a good book.

It begins very HPL-like. The author is suffering incipient madness and fears imminent death after having meddled with forbidden knowledge. He resolves himself to write an account of his misfortune, in an attempt to stave off insanity. It all began when an old friend showed up at his medical practice with a splitting headache. No tests could identify the cause, and no treatment could alleviate the symptoms. His friend was evasive in explaining how he got the headache, claiming it's better he didn't know.



Frankly, I wouldn't trust the bitch

After months of permanent migraines, the friend dies. He leaves a trail of breadcrumbs that the narrator curiously follows. This leads him to an enchantingly beautiful young lady and her oddball friends, including a pompous Romanian emigre who fled his university in Europe. It's **Cthulhu Mythos** in all but name. The narrator is ensnared by a coven of witches who put a hex on him. He begins to notice a rising headache…..

Aaron Sorkin, in his Masterclass seminar on screenwriting, said a writer should always consider the correct medium for his tale. It's not always a book. He said as follows:

- If the primary expression is thoughts and interpretation, it's a book
- If the primary expression is dialogue, it's a play
- If it is expressed through actions, it's a movie.

The Witching Night is all about nuance, second-guessing, uncertainty, and intention. Most of the scenes are superficially common-place and harmless, such as a dinner party of a local residents association, or a dinner in a five star hotel restaurant. Horror and tension is created by the seedy undercurrent of menace that things are not what they seem. In that sense, it reminded me of Len Deighton's spy thrillers which are – at heart – just a series of routine conversations ***[5]***.

The central plot arc is about the narrator being led astray by the beautiful witch. Is she the unfortunate tool of dark forces, or is she a willing malevolent participant? The narrator is kept guessing until the end, though I dare say I wasn't . In a spy thriller a clumsily foreshadowed twist would destroy the finale, but in a book all about creeping dread, it doesn't really matter.

This book is indulgent and thick with atmosphere. It was like HPL written as real scenes with real characters. I quite liked it.

If you'd like to read a book that helps you chase after suspicious women without getting constant headaches nor led far stray, you ought to buy Daygame Infinite. It's by far the best pick-up book ever written. Frankly, you're lucky such forbidden knowledge is even on sale to the uninitiated such as yourself.

[1] If you believed such obvious bullshit, I suggest you stay away from PUA marketing literature.
[2] Who are not to be confused with the fat pedophiles of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America association who give the Nebula awards to talentless diversity hacks.
[3] I remember the controversy at the time and checking it just now on Wikipedia I see those fat pedophiles have already airbrushed history, claiming it wasn't just another SJW attack. That's what the Left does – non-stop lying, as George Orwell liked to point out.
[4] Not Lee Child or Michael Crichton, but some actual proper novelists did write HPL homages.
[5] And yet they are excellent. I read the entire Game Set Match trilogy. It's also a good TV show.

#41 – The Glass Cage, Colin Wilson BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 24 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

It's very rare I'll read a book that someone thrusts into my hands uninvited. I like to wait until my subconscious prompts me to explore a particular genre or writer. Sometimes I'll have my eye on a book for several years until I finally feel I sudden urge to read it. Perhaps that's weird. I don't know. I'm stubborn and I always try to follow my subconscious. Little good comes from trying to overrule your instincts.

So when my brother thrust two smelly paperbacks into my hands last week, I muttered "thanks" and threw them onto the pile. To my surprise, I found myself picking up and reading *The Witching Night* cover-to-cover that evening, and then this book the evening after. I think I just wanted something outside my usual genres.

So, Colin Wilson. Where to start? How about with a photo.



I really don't know what to make of this guy but the one thing I'm certain of is he's interesting. Look carefully at that photo and make educated guesses about his personality type. I'd say the young Wilson could well be sigma. He's good looking, bright with energy, and giving a believable affectation of a beatnik artist. Or is he just a gamma who's serotonin is off-the-charts because he's actually hoodwinked society into believing his bullshit ***[1]***. **George Orwell** famously wrote that every man at fifty has the face he deserves. The older Wilson looks like a fruity old pedophile.

So, which is it? Or neither?

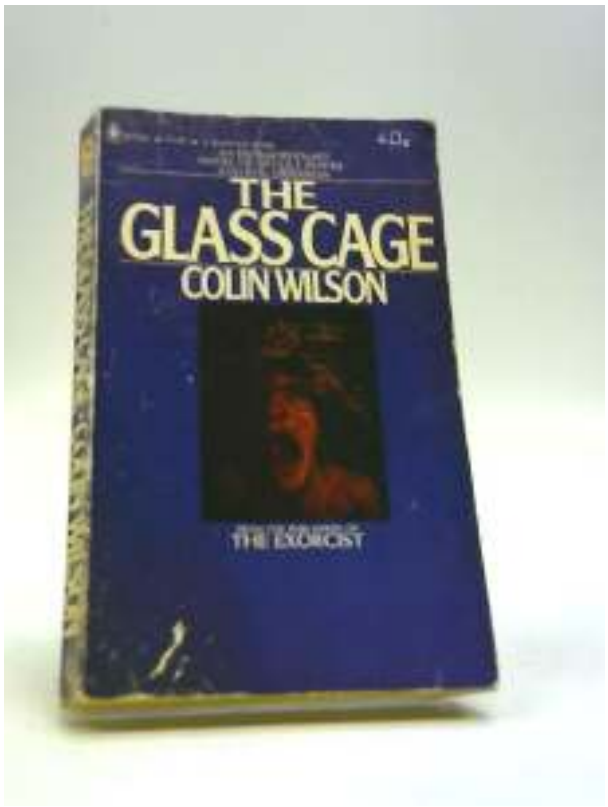
Wilson came from humble ***[2]*** beginnings and dedicated himself to writing at the age of sixteen, churning out short stories and political essays. At just twenty-five he published *The Outsider* and made a huge splash in literary circles. Wilson describes the genesis of the book in 1954 as follows:

> "It struck me that I was in the position of so many of my favourite characters in fiction: Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov, Rilke's Malte Laurids Brigge, the young writer in Hamsun's Hunger: alone in my room, feeling totally cut off from the rest of society. It was not a position I relished…Yet an inner compulsion had forced me into this position of isolation. I began writing about it in my journal, trying to pin it down. And then, quite suddenly, I saw that I had the makings of a book. I turned to the back of my journal and wrote at the head of the page: 'Notes for a book The Outsider in Literature'…"

The book, viewed through a modern red-pill PUA lens ***[3]***, is an exploration of the Sigma Male. Wilson is attempting to trace the socio-sexual archetype through famous literature and then apply it to his own experiences.

Vox Day, you see, was perceptive when he explained the temptation of every reader of his socio-sexual hierarchy attempts to redefine himself into a higher category ***[4]***. It would appear Wilson was a talented gamma trying to redefine himself as sigma, though he lacked the theoretical structure to do so.

For a 25-year old to do that, and so successfully that the literati bought the bridge he was selling, is testament to just how smart this young lad was. He was the toast of London and the serotonin flowed. Doubtless, he banged a few hotties off the back of it.



As I began reading *The Glass Cage*, I was at first very interested in Wilson's prose. It was clean, thoughtful, and drew me in. I felt like I was reading a very intelligent man's work. He was only 35 when he wrote this book too. It's nominally a detective story, about a scholar of **William Blake** who is challenged by a friend to try to find a serial killer currently tearing up the lower orders of London. However, I grew increasingly disturbed by the philosophical undercurrents.

Part One of the book is all set in the Lake District near Keswick. The protagonist, Damon Reade, is a reclusive mid-thirties scholar living in a cottage five miles from town, next door to a small family of shifty gypsies. A local policeman comes to visit because a London serial killer has been chalking quotations from William Blake onto the walls where he dumped his victims. As the UK's preeminent Blake scholar, the police want to know if there's any pattern or clue within the killer's choice of quotations. Or if he's received any crank letters which may be from the killer.

Reade resents the intrusion of the outside world, being an extremely introverted and bookish man. He later walks into the village to see his sole friend, a fat ageing seller of antiquarian books. The friend has recently become legal guardian of a fifteen year old niece, following the death of her parents. Reade has known this girl since she was ten.

What follows is creepy as fuck.

For several chapters this fifteen year old niece is flirting with and attempting to seduce Reade. Bear in mind Reade is very obviously a Mary Sue character for Wilson himself. The uncle is a panty fetishist who in one scene tells his niece to lift her skirts to show Reade the frilly new panties he'd bought her. The girl thinks it's slightly odd, but no big deal. By the end of Part One, this girl has spent the night in Reade's bed, kissed, but not yet fucked. It also turns

out Reade is a virgin.



Gagging for it. Over-35s only, please

As if the subject matter wasn't creepy enough, the scenes were written for titillation and Wilson seems to be normalising the situation:

"But you don't mind, do you? I wouldn't try to lie to you. Do you want to marry me?"
"You're too young to marry."
"I know. And you're twenty years my senior. Will you marry me, please? Am I being terrible?"
He propped himself up and looked down at her. Her eyes were open and candid. He said quietly, "Yes, I'll marry you if you really want me to."
She smiled, and for a moment he wondered if she was going to cry; her eyes took on a strange, clouded expression. She said, "And you'll tell Uncle Hugh tomorrow?" *[page 44]*

The uncle gives his consent. This isn't the serial killer being introduced. This is the ***hero***. I felt like I should put the book down and wash my hands. Perhaps this is a good time to quote the real-time chat I had with my brother on Facebook:

> **Me**: "I'm really not sure I want to read this. Without spoiling the story, tell me if the hero is actually a pedo. This entire chapter has been two creepy old men grooming a girl, and her in love with the hero since she's ten, and now trying to seduce him at 15. Basically, pedo apologetics that kids want it."

I sent him another photo of a page.

> **Me**: "Jesus. Is this intentionally weird in a clever way to bring out characterisation, or is Wilson really such an oddball?"
> **Him**: "He's definitely an oddball. But a literary type. He puts gays in quite a bit but always because it's the 1960s and every club or pub sounds more seedy if there's some gays in. In most books I'm sure the hero has to run away from unwanted fag attention."
> **Me**: "I'm 80 pages in. Pretty good, just odd views about women."
> **Him**: [quoting The Guardian feature on Wilson] "But now, at 73, he has written an autobiography. Dreaming

> To Some Purpose, of considerable charm. It is jaw-droppingly – one might say cringe-makingly – honest and often unintentionally hilarious. I particularly enjoyed his account of how, as a panty-fetishist and visiting lecturer at an American university, he contrived to look up his students' skirts with the aid of a glass-bottomed mug"
> **Me**: "He's certainly a bit fruity. I checked his photos. The Glass Cage is full of panty fetishism."
> **Him**: "He was basically you before you were born. A self-declared genius who was mostly self taught and wrote on all manner of subjects."

A natural gamma with some sigma traits, then.

> **Me**: "Sounds a lot like a fruity man's view of how men and women interact"
> **Him**: "He was actually married more than once. With kids from both marriages."
> **Me**: "I read the wiki. But I was thinking, what kind of man is irresistible to pretty barely-legal girls? And then I realised it's obvious: a 35-year old reclusive scholar of a dead poet, who lives in the forest surrounded by gypsy criminals, is a virgin, and had one fat old mate. I've seen it on Euro Jaunts. Those guys clean up!"
> **Him**: "If he wasn't dead you could sell him one of your books."

By the time I reached Part Two, where Reade takes a train to London and attempts to solve the murders, I felt I had a good read on Wilson's personality type. The rest of the book bore it out. On his first night in London, a black 17yr old cleaner in his apartment block seduces him and he fucks her, but feels cheapened by the experience. She's an actual whore, but jumps him for free. Two days later she jumps another character. The old friend he's living with, a famous composer named Butler, is constantly leching and on the first night a young model comes round to fuck him, then later he fucks some other women.



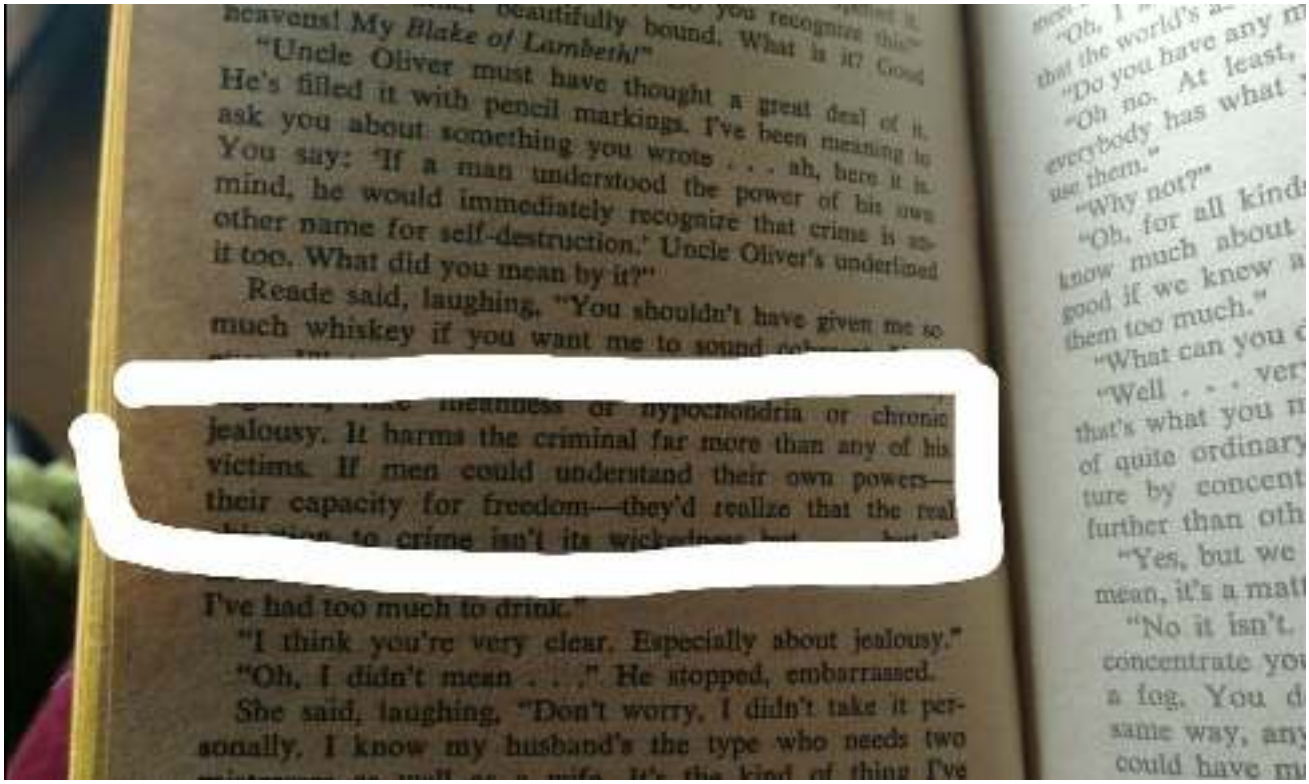
Also gagging for it. Not fussy.

It's the most unlikely ideas of male-female relations you're ever likely to see. Men are just minding their own business and hot young women leap onto their dicks. It's the same way sex happens in modern science-fiction and fantasy. Pure gamma wish fulfilment.

I read the book cover-to-cover in just over one day because it's actually quite compelling and the prose style is so smooth that the pages just keep turning even when the plot sags. The whole time I was more interested in solving the puzzle of Wilson's mind than I was the puzzle of who the murderer is.

Was this book a legitmate statement of Wilson's own world-view, or was he convincingly inhabiting the minds of characters who he deliberately made into degenerate oddballs in order to titillate his literati readership who liked to slum it with the commoners? Did he really believe women throw themselves around like that in squalid Portobello Road apartments, or was he mocking the upper class literati who thought that's what they did?

I don't have the answer, as this is the only Wilson book I've read.



The murderer is the real victim of his own murders

Towards the end of the book, Reade identifies the killer but tries to get him off with the murders because "I find it difficult to believe a reader of Blake can be fully irredeemable". His mate Butler is aghast, that he would sympathise with the man who has brutally murdered and dismembered nine innocent victims just because they like the same poet.

Again, I can't tell if Wilson is trying to outrage us with such a sanctimonious protagonist or if Wilson himself is really so evil as to think that's a defensible position. The whole time I'm reading, I suspect Wilson is a prankster. He's a clever man deliberately messing with the emotions of his readers.



“But I like Blake!”

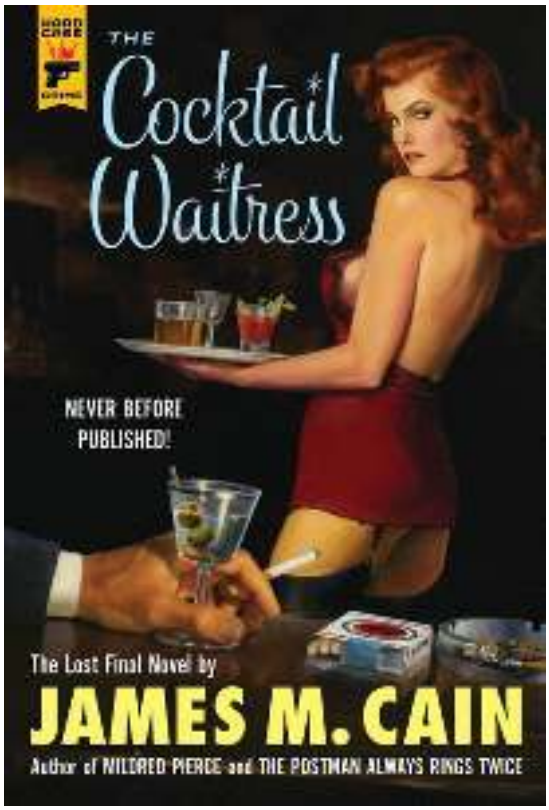
So, it’s a fascinating book. I can’t tell is Wilson is trolling the literati scum who invited him to wine parties on the back of *The Outsider* and then ostracised him when they realised he was working class. Or, is he just a fruity degenerate with the gamma male’s love of pederasty?

If you’d like a book on seducing women half your age which ***totally isn’t at all creepy*** *you might like Daygame Infinite. It has pictures and everything.*

[1] Every gamma dreams of becoming the Recognised King rather than the Secret King. That will lead, to believe Jordan Peterson, his brain to reward him with serotonin for rising up the dominance hierarchy and thus he’ll come to adopt the behaviours and vibe of the sigma rather than the gamma.
[2] Or should that be, ‘umble?
[3] I’m sure the literary world is really crying out for such an interpretation.
[4] Rollo Tomassi has also often noted how many of his readers attempt to redefine alpha to fit themselves perfectly.

#42 – The Cocktail Waitress, James M. Cain BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 25 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



If you've heard the phrase "the postman always rings twice", that's because it's the name of James M. Cain's debut novel which was subsequently made into a movie. I wish someone would tell *my* postman to ring twice, because that work-shy public-sector cunt doesn't hang around *at all* when an Amazon delivery needs signing for. He rings once, then I have to hurry out of the shower dripping wet or quickly crimp out the last turd and race to the door trying as best as I can to hold my arse cheeks apart so the fudge doesn't spread before I can get back on the throne.

But I digress.

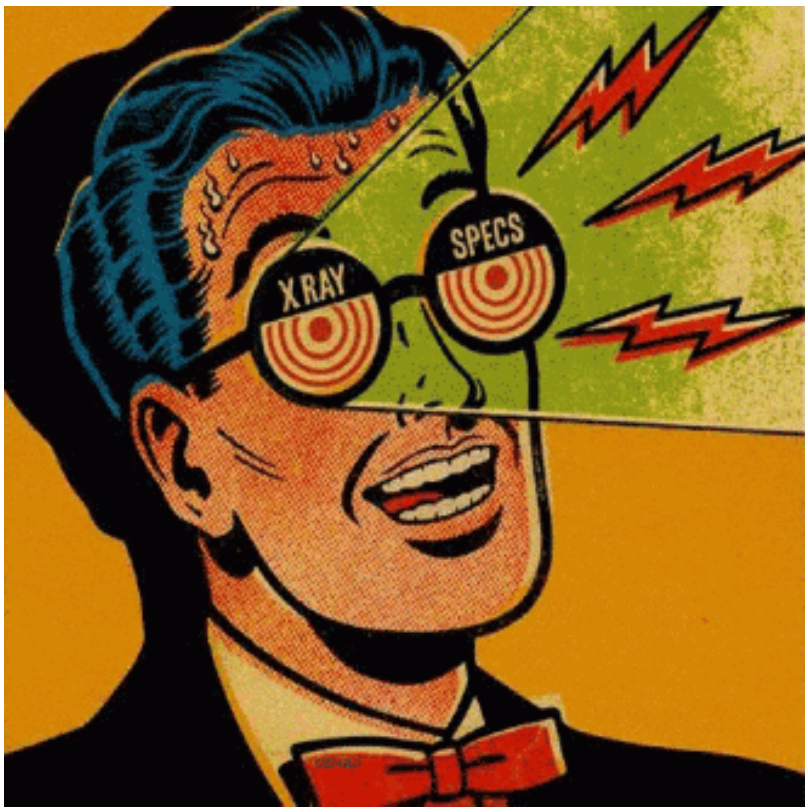
Cain is widely considered to be one of the three greats of hard-boiled detective fiction, the other two being **Dashiel Hammett** and **Raymond Chandler**, both of whom I'm read extensively. This is my first Cain book. Chandler didn't like him at all, saying "He is every kind of writer I detest… a Proust in greasy overalls, a dirty little boy with a piece of chalk and a board fence and nobody looking." You could say I was intrigued.



If new to the genre, try LA Confidential

Hard-boiled fiction dragged murder out of upper-class drawing rooms ***[1]*** and into the alleyway where it belongs. It's characterised by tawdry motels, cheap tarts, alcoholic men, and every character has an angle to screw every other. I learned a lot about humanity from my sojourns into hard-boiled, because I'd always preferred a view of the world closer to Sir Nigel and his gallant knights. For any men who struggle to shed their naive view of the world, I recommend an immersion course in crime fiction. Pick any five Hard Case Crime novels and see how your mental map changes to incorporate the new worldview.

I spoke yesterday about how some writers present mundane everyday situations but fill them with nuance, deception, and sinister implication. It's good training for a wannabe player, to practice tuning your mind into the hidden wavelengths of human interaction, like seeing the world through infrared googles or in x-ray. You see levels of scheming and manoeuvring otherwise invisible ***[2]***.



"IOIs!! I see them now!"

For example yesterday evening I had a Skype consultation with a daygame client. We were reviewing the status of his leads. He'd describe the set (sometimes with audio), send me screencaps of the messages, and describe the dates. We'd then try to figure out where he was at and how to proceed. Each time, a key stage in the analysis was this:

Put yourself into the girl's position and try to understand her objectives and motivations.

It sounds obvious but many men have a personality that defaults to considering only their own actions, or of taking her actions at face value. If you are such a man, consider your homework assignment to read some hardboiled fiction. Get used to seeing **angles**. It comes naturally to rabbits, but not to wolves.

This preamble is particularly relevant to *The Cocktail Waitress*. It's written from the first person perspective of a gold-digging slag who is recording her side of the story to clear her name after several murder accusations. Cain does a very convincing job of simulating the sophistry and self-delusion of a Machiavellian woman ***[3]***

The principal device here is of the **unreliable narrator**. The reader is entirely dependent upon Joan Medford's (the waitress) account as she introduces only those facts she wants us to see. Cain deftly hints by omission at those she tries to conceal. Medford wants us to believe she is buffeted by forces beyond her control and the victim of terrible luck. She is shocked – shocked I tell you – by the string of wild coincidences that seem so suspicious *until you can just listen to her side of the story* and how they aren't anywhere near as bad as they first appear.

The story opens at the funeral of her husband. He was a heavy drinker and abuser – though we only have her word for that. She mentions her young boy Tad's damaged shoulder but there are later hints that it might not have been her husband Ron who hit him. Joan and Ron had a shotgun marriage when she fell pregnant at 17 and was cut off by her well-to-do parents. One night he comes home steaming in his friend's borrowed car and she throws him out. He drives into a culvert wall at 70mph and dies.

Unemployed, widowed and broke, Joan must temporarily entrust her three year old son with her sister-in-law Ethel, who hates her. Ethel is the main antagonist in the book, a jealous woman who's recent hysterectomy has rendered her barren, so she is scheming to take Joan's son for her own. But remember this is written by an unreliable

narrator. Ethel doesn't ever *do* anything bad, but rather Joan ascribes nefarious motives to her. It's a whispering campaign. Joan is attempting to demonise Ethel to her readership, accusing her of the very scheming and whispering campaigns that she herself is engaging in.

It's the classic Alinskyite tactic of the Left. Accuse others of what you yourself are doing [4]



Very much in love

One of the two cops assigned to Ron's death is highly suspicious of Joan, thinking she may have laced his beer with the sedative Thalidomide. Joan's narrative treats him as young and impulsive, rather vindictive, and writes that his older partner assures her he's just hot-headed and there's nothing suspicious. As a narrative device it's common – disagreeing cops in a case – but in *The Cocktail Waitress* it has an extra layer of meaning: Joan is using an appeal to the older cop's authority to discredit the judgement of the younger cop who is against her. It's the unreliable narrator advice again. Remember, this book is written as if she's justifying herself to the world (to avoid punishment).

She takes an emergency job at a cocktail bar where she wears a revealing costume and scores big tips. She assures us she *really didn't want* such demeaning work but she simply had no choice: it was to secure her son's future. Almost immediately she's receiving the attentions of several men and again we are left as readers to wonder if this is an unfortunate coincidence to befall a bereaved widow who just wants to make an honest dollar, or if she's actively harvesting dopey men and hiding that from us.

Two men fall hard. A young attractive hot-head and a battered old rich simp. The rest of the book has her make the familiar dual-mating strategy decisions: sex with the attractive guy, bilk the old guy out of his life savings. Being a crime story, she gets herself into all kinds of trouble and some people die.

The first crime doesn't actually happen until halfway through the story and until then I felt like the book dragged. The book is clever, but it's slower than I'd like. When it picks up in the second half you realise why it's published by **Hard Case Crime** and not Harlequin. Still, I prefer my sex and violence to come thick and fast from the beginning, just like my real life.

Cain keeps turning the screw as he entices us to see through Joan Medford's bullshit and begin treating all of her words as syrupy lies. The book becomes more interesting in trying to reason out what Joan is hiding from us, more than what she tells us. Because the book is, within the conceit of its narrative place, tied to facts. She's writing for

readers who've read the newspapers, read the trial reports, and some of whom work for the police in the district where the murders happened. She must persuade those readers, so she can't tell any lie that can be disproved by a third party or the credibility of her elaborate self-justification would fall apart.

That forces her to admit unsavoury details, then scramble to explain them away. You get the feeling any conversation said one-to-one in private is recounted as a tissue of lies but things said publicly are truthfully reported (if spun to her favour). It really is very cleverly written.

Unfortunately the greatest strength of *The Cocktail Waitress* is also it's undoing. It's 254 pages of a silly tart justifying her own bad behaviour and spinning stories to manipulate you into white knighting her, or at least taking her side. Every player who has ever dated a silly tart knows how gruelling it is to endure such nonsensical self-serving prattle. At least on a date you know it's over in a few hours and you might fuck her. This book took me three days to finish and there was no sex at the end of it.

If you want a fast-moving, gritty crime story then skip this. If you'd like to conduct a psychological experiment of putting yourself into the position of a dirty gold-digger and seeing how she'd manipulate her targets, give this a try. Next time you're on **Seeking Arrangement** it might save your life.



She's costing him $1m a month according to Hollywood gossip

If you'd like to dodge gold-diggers entirely and just bang birds who fancy you, consider Daygame Infinite. It is one of the "big three" of Game textbooks, alongside ***Daygame Mastery*** *and something else that some magician in a furry hat wrote.*

[1] That is to say, Agatha Christie locked room puzzles
[2] No, I'm not talking about the Jews. At least not today.
[3] Otherwise known as "a woman".
[4] Russian collusion, sexual harassment, and using your political position to enrich yourself being three you might have heard the Democrats accuse Trump of. Oh, and yes, Alinsky was a Jew.

#43 – Wide World Adventures, August 1929, Adventure House BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 25 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Tommy Robinson visits Telford

Are you an adventurer?

Now, let's be clear what it means to be an adventurer. Back in 1929 you might skip bail ahead of the bondsman in New York and sign onto a ship headed for the South Seas. At other times in history an adventurous spirit might trek his way through the Himalayas with just a guide, a goat, and a curved blade. Or perhaps he'd run security on a rubber plantation in the Ecuadoran jungle, horsewhip in hand and a hundred sweaty natives cursing his name.

Adventure is harder to find in 2018. We live pampered, sheltered lives, never far from Wi-Fi or video gaming. Are we condemned to experience our adventures vicariously through others? ***[1]*** Are we limited to storybooks, movies and games?

It was when reading the letters page at the back of this pulp magazine reprint that I considered what role the magazine had originally played, who its readers were, and why they read it. *Wide World Adventures* was evidently quite a new periodical and the editors were soliciting reader opinion on content and help in spreading word-of-mouth to friends and newsstand buyers ***[2]***

In particular, this letter from one Fred H. Barner of 7 Valentine St, Roxbury, Mass. ***[3]*** caught my eye. I'll reproduce it in full because it really jumped out at me:

> Dear Editor,
>
> Even though I have only read two or three copies of WIDE WORLD ADVENTURES, I can call it the best magazine I have ever read. You can bet that I won't miss a single copy. The stories can't be any better.
>
> The article in "With Pick and Pan" by John A. Thompson, on opal mining, struck me just right. Have any of the readers ever tried opaling or any other kind of mining? Let's hear from you.

> "Adventurers All" is great **[the name of the reader's letters section, K.]** Aren't we all adventurers at heart even though we may be chained to a desk in some hot stuffy office? We can't all roam around the world looking for adventure, but we can at least read about what someone else has done – someone who has been more lucky than most of us.
>
> I would like to hear from some of you fellows who live in South American, Australia and Africa. Let's hear from anybody, no matter where you live.

Aren't we all adventurers at heart?

That letter could easily be a reader's comment on a Player's Journey blog or a post in a pick-up forum like RVF or Naughty Nomad. Not much has changed in 89 years. Young men still burn with the thirst for travel and adventure. In 1929 they'd walk to the newsstand and pick up the latest from a selection of their favourite pulp magazines. Nowadays we have daygame blogs and memoirs.



The newsstands have really gone downhill since then

It comes to the same thing: Adventurous men dreaming big and building a community to facilitate it, either those lucky enough to chase down experiences, or those slaving in an office and patiently plotting for a future where they too will be free to roam. I'm so used to the lifestyle that I've come to take it for granted. I'd like to (posthumously) thank one Fred H. Barner of 7 Valentine St, Roxbury, Mass. for reminding me just what a great time it is to be alive.

The world is still full of adventure. It's really not hard to find, be it a long weekend to spam approach Galleria mall and Florianska street in Krakow, or to live by a beach in Thailand to swim, surf, train BJJ, and chase dirty tourist girls ***[4]***

Oh, and what about this issue of **Wide World Adventures**? Is it any good? you ask.

Yes it is. I thoroughly enjoyed it. It's towards the upper end of writing quality for the pulps and every one of its seven stories was fun to read. *The Cross And Rubies* is a novella about two yahoos who take a boat to Burma on a hot tip for buried treasure only to run into local bandits and an odd white secret agent in their midst. *The Coffin Ship* is an undercover investigation into Chinese bandits waylaying their own countrymen on the shuttle boat to Indonesian copper mines. *Three Graves On The Beach* is like a wild western revenge tale as a grim man-hunter pursues the bandit troupe who murdered his friend – but set in the South Seas. That was my favourite. *Spinifex and Gold* is an Australian Outback story of betrayal. *The Jest Of The Jade Joss* is a far east tale of confronting a Triad warlord aboard his merchant ship. *African Outlaws* retells the legend of a hardy adventurer in the Transvaal as he leaves mayhem behind him. Lastly is the hilariously-named *Chink-Running* about coyotes trying to outwit ICE on the Canadian border, smuggling illegal immigrants into the USA.

Like I said, the more things change, the more they remain the same.



Chink-Running

By J. F. Wilson

A FEW months ago I was working in the [illegible] Eighth Avenue-ville, Calgary, Alberta—the Times Square of the prairie country—and trying to decide whether I would go on the circuit or a vaudeville show.

I had arrived in the city about a week previously, and after spending a couple of days in purchasing supplies for my winter's trapping, was now taking away the time until my partner, who was making his home in Chinatown, should join me. He had arrived on [illegible] to take the train for Edmonton, and from there proceed to our location on the Slave Lakes.

I had just about decided that the [illegible] offered the greatest attraction when I received a letter which became the deciding factor. Instantly shortly stated, I found myself looking into the grinning countenances of Ken and Dick Y— the inseparable brothers of No. 23 Academy, A.E.C.—who, all [illegible] when I had last seen them, gaily [illegible] the duration of the [illegible] in the classic Cromwell fashion some years before Ryan's class in Aberdeen, 1910.

After shaking hands I said, "What have you been doing with yourselves?"

"Oh, we've been doing various jobs," replied Dick, "including smuggling."

"Smuggling!" I gasped. "What kind?"

"Aliens," said Ken, grinning. "Now we are [illegible] back it, but we've had the [illegible] fellows."

I find it hilarious, and that's all there is to it

If you'd like to live your adventure vicariously, be sure to grab my memoir series. If you'd rather live it directly, get a hold of Daygame Infinite.

[1] I put rather a high price on my own hide, so you won't see me picking up a rifle to fight ISIS in the Iraqi desert or infiltrate Mexican drug cartels for the DEA. I'm quite happy experiencing that vicariously, thank you very much.
[2] I'm sure this approach is more commercially successful than my own rather high-handed attitude towards my own readers. Sorry, the fact remains that I'm still a bit of a cunt.
[3] I guess I just doxxed him, 89 years after he wrote the letter.
[4] One reader knows exactly who I'm talking about.

#44 – Adam Smith, D.D. Raphael BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 25 March 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I have a low opinion of modern universities, which is hardly a controversial one to hold nowadays. There was a time when only a small proportion of the UK population attended higher education, being those who were from lower orders and had graduated grammar school due to intelligence and hard work, or those from the middle and upper classes who benefited from a private-school-to-university escalator system.

Either way, the end result was universities taught students towards the top 20% of academic ability. Then the communists came along and decided it should be 50%. Anyone who knew the **Bell Curve** could predict what happened next.

Before long, you got this



Retards, yesterday

The modern university is now a Satanic institution. I don't mean that literally. However, a modern university functions only to completely corrupt the younger generation. It turns the men into faggots, the women into whores, and all of them into mindless Marxist drones. More recently, it's also been turning blacks into uppity racist vandals. Thanks Obama!

University is now something to avoid. Back when I graduated it had three things to recommend it to students:

1. Tuition was paid by the taxpayer, as was a small maintenance grant
2. The educational content was still pro-civilisation. Even the Sociology department was only *half* Marxists.
3. A university degree helped get a professional job.

In 2018 it does none of those things. You finish university with massive debt, no prospects, and a head full of dogshit. So what does a young man do if he wishes to replicate the old-style classical education that university once delivered? Well, that's easy. The internet changed everything.

There are many quality YouTube channels out there so you could do a lot worse than to follow Stefan Molyneaux, or Voxiversity, or the multitude of channels uploading Jordan Peterson courses. There are channels devoted to Medieval history, or warfare, or philosophy, or….. well, everything really. The only problem is in filtering the wheat from the chaff but I've already given you a good start. Decide what you'd like to study then schedule a "study course" with an hour or two every evening and a set "reading list" of lectures.

It's really easy ***[1]***



Easy, I tell you!

For as much as I like YouTube and the explosion of blogs, there's no substitute for reading and writing. There is something about the long-form book that can cover topics in greater detail and penetrate your brain deeper than simple video can. This was made especially vivid to me when reading a Jordan Peterson essay on the flip-side to reading: writing. It's a fantastic essay and I thoroughly recommend it.

For Peterson, writing is thinking.

He begins by explaining that most students don't realise why they are assigned essays. They treat them instrumentally, as the thing they need to do to get a grade. Peterson stresses that though this is what they've devolved too, originally they were a tool for learning:

> "The primary reason to write an essay is so that the writer can formulate and organise an informed, coherent and sophisticated set of ideas about something important."

Writing is inseparable from thinking, and actions based on good thinking will lead to far less painful outcomes than those based on muddled thinking. He builds a strong case for the ***why***, for the reasons to want to develop your own writing (and thus thinking) capabilities. He then patiently leads the reader (it's intended for his undergraduate students) through a methodology for essay writing. For me, it's his theoretical and psychological observations between the technical advice that is most illuminating ***[2]***

I don't want to write more on his essay. They are Peterson's insights and I don't want to claim them as my own. Read the essay (second red link). You won't regret it. Then come back to this post.



Done?

Now you see why I'm engaged in **Project High Value Man** ***[3]*** and it is accomplished through massive amounts of reading and then writing an essay on every single book. These reviews are essays. I'm taking a point or two from the book and then organising my thoughts around it. This encourages me to read each book actively, with a student's mind rather than an idle chump looking for easy entertainment. Even the pulpiest of pulp fiction can inspire thought on the deeper issues in life.

My **Time Life** history project was designed to reproduce the historical education I never received at university. I asked myself what did I most want to learn and the answer was "all of world history". So I thought it through and prioritised breadth of learning over depth, determining to fit all the pieces of world history into my mental map first and only then choose particular themes to dive deep into.

I'm currently ten books through the twenty, so the breadth phase hasn't yet finished. It's a long term project and I just happened to take advantage of winter hibernation to get off to a fast start.

This book, *Adam Smith* from the **Past Masters** series ***[4]***, could fit nicely into a **History Of Ideas** course, should you wish to reconstruct a classical university education on that topic. I'm quite amazed at how easy it is to be spoon fed such incredible scholarship. The Past Masters series from Oxford University Press is all available on Amazon and Ebay, starting at 1p for paperbacks and £5 on Kindle. As of 1989 when my copy was published, the series had SIXTY FOUR volumes.



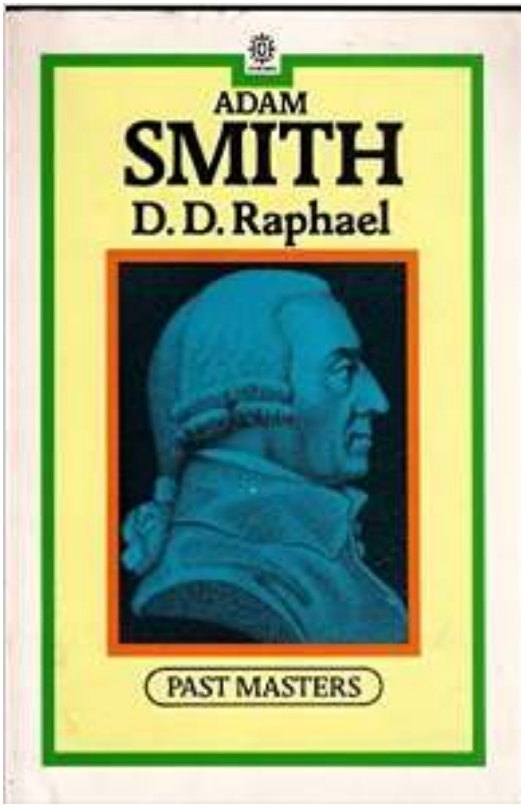
Count 'em

They are short books, about 100 pages each. You could read one in a day, no problem. Imagine the potential. Read ONE **Past Masters** book per week, and write a short 1000-word essay on it when you're done (if you blog it, I'll link it). In one year you'll have covered 52 of the world's greatest minds ***[5]***. Not just skimming them either, you'll have really thought about them.

That's no small thing, learning how 52 of the world's greatest minds thought. And doing it in one year and costing only a couple of hundred pounds ***[6]***

As I wrote in *Daygame Infinite* and elsewhere, I'd become a little disillusioned with Euro Jaunting. Though I was enjoying the day-to-day experience of chasing and clacking skirt, I was neglecting my more wolfish interests and slowly hollowing out. Thus when winter hibernation rolled around I decided to rededicate myself to my higher passions: literature, philosophy, history, and writing. I wanted to forestall my decline into a dunderheaded rabbit driving around chasing low-calibre skirt like its the only thing in life.

If you'd like to ignore everything I said about reading Past Masters and instead chase skirt like a dunderhead, then I've got just the book for you: Daygame Infinite. From April to October the dunderhead lifestyle is actually a whole load of fun.



and this is pretty good too

[1] Of course you won't actually do it, because that requires thinking and commitment, the lack of which is why you haven't done anything before and won't ever change.
[2] I'm already a very good writer. And a modest one.
[3] A somewhat tongue-in-cheek title
[4] Which, I realise now, I'm not actually going to review properly because I've gone off on such a tangent already. It's very good, though.
[5] And if they write asking permission to do a Krauser volume, I'll grant it
[6] But of course you won't do it. Because you don't really want to be high value. You just want to talk about it in blog comments.

Jordan Peterson on picking up women

krauserpua · 2 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This is a good **Jordan Peterson** talk relevant to daygame winging and state-crashing – particularly the opening minute. Most consistent daygamers are familiar with the following cycle, one that hits especially hard when euro-jaunting:

1. Two guys fly out together, share an apartment. Full of optimism
2. They hit the streets. Collect numbers, wait to see what hits
3. Guy A gets laid
4. More streets, more numbers, more filtering.
5. Guy A gets laid again. Guy B still struggling despite doing equally good street work
6. Guy A buzzes with enthusiasm. Guy B crashes

Intellectually, we all know the stats. We know that daygame success is like a poker player waiting for his big hand, and he can be getting ante'd away by the crappy cards until that happens. Sometimes you get your luck early (like Guy A in this example), sometimes late, and sometimes *not until the next euro jaunt*.

Knowing all this **intellectually** doesn't make it **feel** any better. Jordan Peterson explains why this is not a problem of mental constructs (i.e. how you process and interpret reality) but is actually neurochemical. It's your body's natural changes to your brain chemistry that state crash you.

In the video he's talking about dominance hierarchies. When your brain tries to regard itself in the face of difficult problems, it will defer towards the group conclusion. If you rise up in the dominance hierarchy, that is the group giving a favourable regard to you, which you can then give to yourself. Here is Peterson's key contribution:

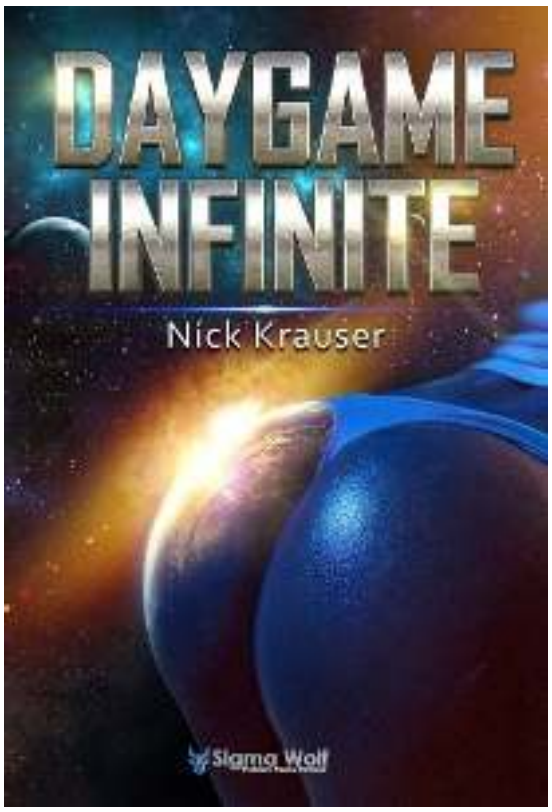
Your brain then rewards you with serotonin.

You get more 'feel good' chemicals, lower neuroticism (i.e. "in your head" self-talk), and your body language and facial expression naturally reflects it (which girls notice, putting you on a roll). This is when daygame becomes extremely good fun because you are in a virtuous circle of success driving serotonin production which itself drives success.

When you're euro-jaunting with the wing, you are in a dominance hierarchy of two ***[1]***. If he starts pulling away, your brain will reduce serotonin production and give you the symptoms of state-crashing.

People chase pleasurable stimuli. It's a form of self-medication. I think every intermediate daygamer comes to understand the value-tap / state-crash dynamic and it's tempting to take advantage to give yourself a boost to serotonin and thus improve your results and mental state. In the virtual realm, this is why so many pricks are trying to one-up each other on forums puffing themselves up with (often imaginary) successes. They are trying to climb a rung or two higher up the dominance hierarchy and get a serotonin boost.

I go into detail in **Daygame Infinite** about how wings should behave to avoid such problems and I list out three pages of dirty tricks to watch out for so you don't get value-tapped and, for the conscientious among you, so you don't value tap your wings. It's also why I promote the "daygame river" type of daygame that sidesteps these silly dominance games in the first place.



If you'd like to get good at daygame, you can't be without Daygame Infinite, the cutting edge textbook for street pick-up instruction.

[1] If you obsessively compare your results against other bloggers and forum guys, you have a virtual dominance hierarchy to compete with too.

The Daygame New Blood #1 – BangUp PUA

krauserpua · 7 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers are well aware that daygame is a fast-moving new phenomenon. Although men have always been trying to get laid, what is now considered "community" daygame is new. The USA kicked things off in the early 2000s with the likes of Paul Janka in NYC, Jon Sinn in LA, and Gunwitch in some obscure meth-ridden shithole. In the late 2000s London began to take over and the first wave of London Daygame happened – guys like Yad, Yosha, Sasha, Eddie, Richard and of course myself and my mate from Wales.

Since then, I've had my eye on the next generation of up-and-comers. Some of them are blogging such as those listed on this post. I'm starting a new series to highlight the most talented of the new blood.

So, let me introduce you to a daygamer recently released into the community. Bristol's ***[1]*** top PUA and the creator of AlphaSarging ***[2]***….. Bang Up PUA. You can find his twitter here.



Dropping value bricks of pure gold

BangUp formed AlphaSarging with his mates SwitchBack and TenHunter mostly based around the mall in Bristol, especially C&A and the off licence on the corner between Tescos and Sarah's Tanning Salon. They sometimes "jaunt" across the border into Cardiff. I'm not sure if the AlphaSarging team is still together as, reading between the lines, it appears BangUp and TenHunter have fallen out over a woman and there's the suggestion TenHunter might not actually be sarging tens ***[3]***

I was going to review BangUp's new PDF on **Wolverine Mindset** but I can't seem to find the checkout link. Again, if anyone has read it, comment below. What is available is BangUp's text game for his upcoming AlphaSarging ***[4]*** text chat guide. Let's have a look. I'll add a short commentary.



Ok, that's a solid start. Snappy, to the point. I'm not sure Llama is the best animal comparison – perhaps squirrel or chipmunk is statistically more likely to lead to the bang – but this girl is presumably very hot and perhaps and Llama-like long catwalk model legs. Chelle is playing hard to get so BangUp keeps the frame and stacks forward with a "crazy" neg and then plows. Good use of a masculine profile image too. So far, the wolverine mindset is strong.

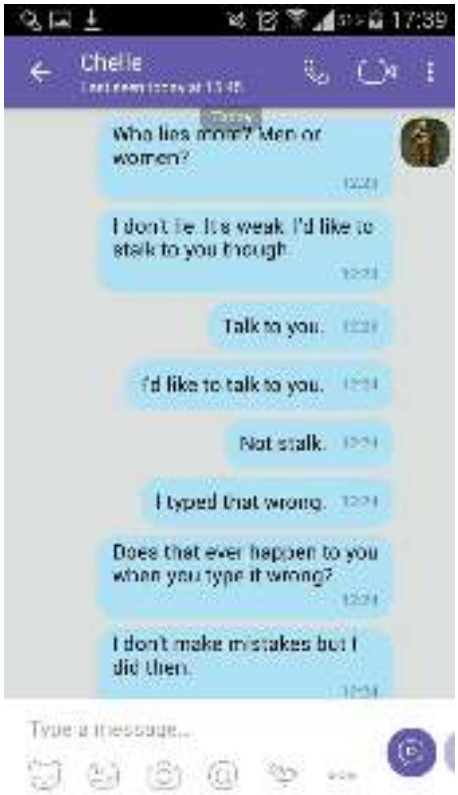


Chelle continues to push back, as TENS always do. Sensing the need to draw her in with rapport he begins **The Cube**, to elicit values. She continues to pattern interrupt but was clearly impressed with his moon-walking skills.

This is callback humour from her suggesting BangUp is FLIPPING THE SCRIPT.



This is all about holding the frame.



Tens can often go silent. Chelle is probably on a high value yacht party somewhere with high value men doing high value things, so BangUp needs to build his stack and pour value in. Here's a chain of masculine ALPHA dominance. Following BangUp's twitter you'll see many such nuggets of mindset wisdom.

Be Alpha. Don't be beta. BE ALPHA



You can see Chelle's frame is crumbling because she throws out a token "boyfriend" defence. This is PRECISELY what Bang UP HAS BEEN WAITING FOR and he SMASHES it out the park with his BOYFRIEND DESTROYER ***[5]***



He reverses the final frame-snatch by deftly positioning Chelle as waiting for BangUp to call her *and not the other way around*. That means each time she's strutting down the catwalk, or at a photo-shoot in Venice, or sleeping with

her boyfriend she'll be constantly worrying whether BangUp calls her. It's an open loop.

Overall, I give this text game 8.5/10 and the Chance To Bang ***[6]*** is about 94%.

If you'd like to adopt the Wolverine Mindset so you can AlphaSarge ***[7]*** *at the new hotbed of daygame in Bristol, check out BangUp PUA's twitter feed here.*

[1] And Cardiff's and Clapham's, depending on his mum's travel schedule
[2] TM
[3] Perhaps BangUp and TenHunter could clear this up for me?
[4] TM
[5] Although I suspect he got this one from RSD.
[6] TM
[7] TM

THE DAYGAME NEW BLOOD #2 – Alpha Man Training

krauserpua · 8 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

You wish you were more alpha man.

Alpha mens get the chicks. It is alpha male who know how approach sexy girl walking down street and pull her back to your apartment and have the sex. If you are man who must blow his confidence and learn ALPHA SYSTEMS you must train from right man.

Alpha man.



Alpha Mans and definitely NOT a paid actress

Latest number one street-to-pull-bedroom man is Alpha Man of **Alpha Man Training** ***[1]*** Let all beta mens check out his number one website here.



Many real alpha mans

I can't write in this style any more. Let's return to normality. **Alpha Man** is a Baltic dude who has been posting videos to several different YouTube channels to show all the key elements of alpha lifestyle

- Street approaching
- Night game
- Solo dance moves in your small Lithuanian apartment
- Taking your shirt off in public and doing push-ups
- Putting on a suit then talking to a camera in your lounge
- Putting on a suit then talking to a camera in the middle of a forest
- Putting on a suit and talking in an even thicker forest
- Putting on a suit then talking to a camera while driving in the rain

He is possibly the best-kept secret in the PUA community. This is the *real* secret society, as currently only fifty or so people watch his videos. It's THAT secret. Alpha Man Training is your chance to get in on the ground floor as a new pick up technology takes the world by storm.

But how can I take advantage of this opportunity, Nick? you ask me.

Fortunately AMT has many products. Many products. Here's a DVD of a London 1-on-1 immersion coaching available to you for just ~~$5,000 USD~~ $1,997 ***[2]*** Let's review what you'll learn from these discs of pure seduction gold.

> We have created a new product for men who already approached around 0-50 girls, got around 5 numbers and would like from Beginner level move to Intermediate. Also in this product you will see who is AMT Coach's dad.
>
> If you are 25-32 years old, approached few girls, got few numbers, but need to blow your confidence and learn AMT SYSTEMS Check this product until is too late.

That's a good start. It's always wise to be grounded and respect your elders. But, let's really dive into what you can gain from the AMT program. Bear in mind Alpha Man carves up the beginner/intermediate/advanced player's journey a bit differently to us old-fashioned London daygamers. Readers of *Daygame Infinite* (that's my less alpha advanced textbook) know I consider 'advanced' to mean something in the ballpark of a few thousand sets, a few dozen lays, and you're getting girls mostly of the YHT type, perhaps one to four a month depending how hard you are hitting it and how exacting your standards.



Many alpha levels, yesterday

I thought the player's journey topped out at 'advanced'. Evidently not. That's just level three in the AMT system. There are **FIVE MORE LEVELS of alpha mans** than in the LDM!

Think of all the room to grow!

I don't feel qualified to comment on life at the FBI/KGB Ninja level of Game, having not reached that myself. Perhaps one of you could drop the $1,997 onto the DVD and let me know what I'm missing.

I'm not paying $1,997 for a DVD, you potato-headed fool! you say?

You don't realise just how loaded with gold these discs are. Look at who you'll get (quoting the site):

- Amazing approach of 10`s blonde in Central London. **You will see her face and how she was reacting to AMT Coach.** Blonde has 10 point ass and face. Incredible approach. AMT Coach went on 9:30 PM to Central London and saw this amazing hot blonde in black clothes walking down the street. **He approached her and**

have seduced. You will learn everything from this video. You will hear how AMT Coach opened her and have seduced.

- **How to go to your place and not to be taken to girl's place and reality.** Crucial! You will learn AMT systems.
- Where to take girl for sex if you are living with your parents in London ***[3]***

Amazing, is it not? Look, I know what you're thinking. You have all kinds of questions. Don't worry, the FAQ answers it all.

What length of this program is?
413 minutes. It is almost 7 hours. It is enough to understand how to approach a complete strange hot girl in public and get her to relationship.

Can I get those videos for free in torrents?
Those videos are forbidden to be in torrents. Our clients accept this responsibility:
If you will send videos to your computer, you agree to pay 1,000,000$ for AlphaManTraining.com If you show those videos to your friend or other person you agree to pay 1,000,000$ for AlphaManTraining.com Once you will break copyright of AMT we will BAN you from our client list and write you a claim. Your friends will not value free thing. They must pay in order to change. Do not talk about AMT to friends or any other person. It is your secret.

Our clients are not stupid and they will not create problems for themselves. ***[4]***

If you think you really can't handle Level 8 FBI/KGB Ninja Level success with girls and would be more comfortable topping out at Level 3 Advanced, consider my slightly-alpha book Daygame Infinite or even more alpha Daygame Overkill



Pick up many girls with Alpha Man's system

[1] TM
[2] That's the price of the DVD, not the immersion coaching itself. A bargain.
[3] BangUp might want to pay attention to this bit
[4] And if you're a shy Asian male who wishes to be **Total Alpha Male**, he's got you covered with a different

product, for just ~~$6,085~~ $1,217. “Asian man rented out 3 bedroom Ranch in Phoenix Arizona. In living room they were doing Alpha Man Training. Asian male bought magnet board, provided food and paid for other expenses. In the End of Training Asian client was superb confident and became Total Alpha Male!”

THE DAYGAME NEW BLOOD #3 – Revolution Pickup

krauserpua · 9 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Not every man is blessed with charisma or good looks. Not every man can learn how to dress well. What if you're such a man and yet still want to get laid with BEAUTIFUL WOMEN? Such charisma-challenged men in London had an answer: train with Johnny Berba.

It's a pretty simple chain of reasoning:

1. Berba has poor social skills and dresses badly.
2. Berba gets laid with beautiful women.
3. I have poor social skills and dress badly.

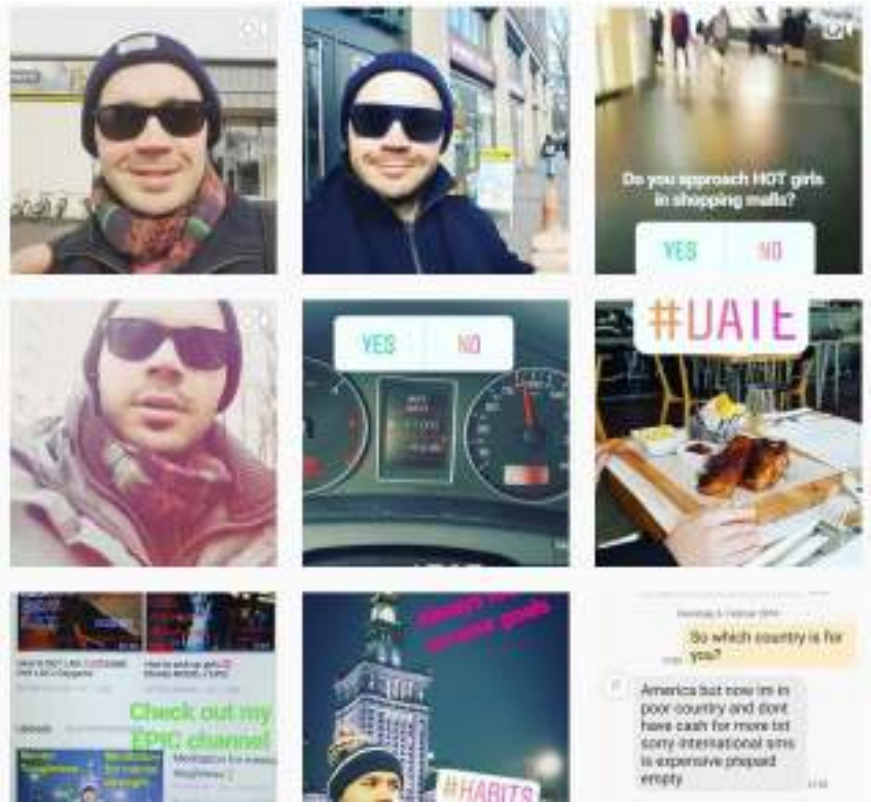
THEREFORE….
4. I should learn the Berba method.

Now, the cynics among you may dispute *one* of those four premises ***[1]*** but let's say you really really want to believe that charisma-free lunatics can get laid. What if you live in Warsaw? Berba doesn't coach in Warsaw.

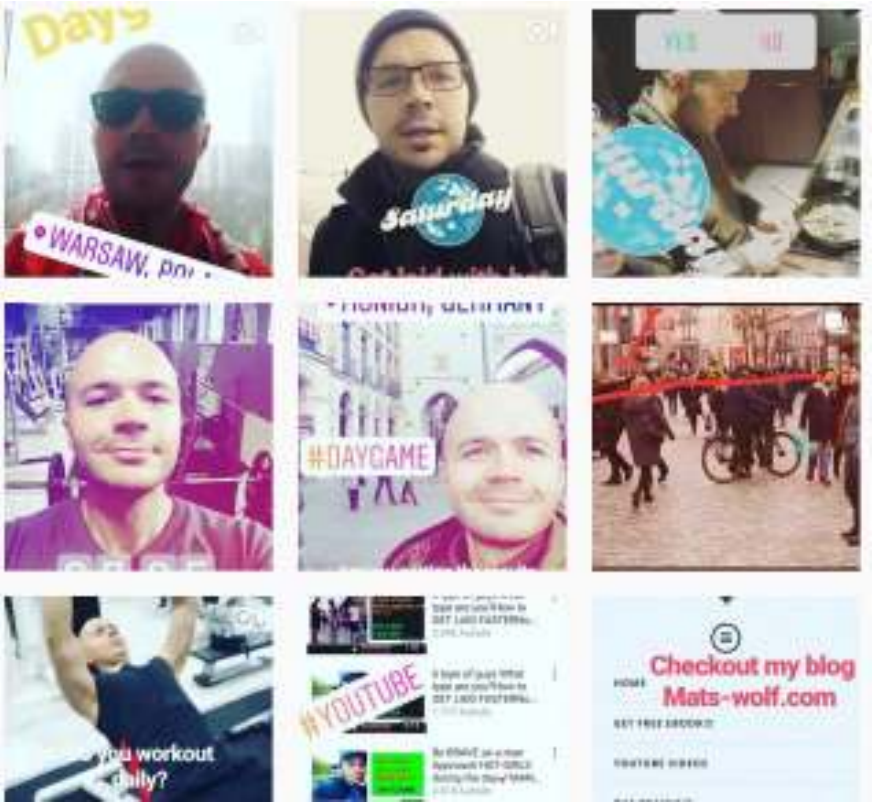
Don't lose hope! Warsaw has its own Johnny Berba and his name is **Mats Wolf**. Let's have a look at his Instagram shall we?



Right then. He describes himself as a dating coach and assures us he helps guys GET LAID with hot girls ***[2]***. He'll get you 9s and 10s and is so alpha he has an alpha book out ***[3]***. I think it's fair to say we are in good hands. Okay, let's find those elusive 9s and 10s…..



Okay, that's just a weird-looking guy standing by himself and having dinner alone. Just a coincidence, I'm sure of it. Let's scroll further down and find the tens……



Nope, still just a weird-looking man with a facial expression like he's just been anally raped by a hairy Turk in the park outside Terasy mall. Wait!!!!! Found one. I found a ten!

Ok, it's from almost a year ago but not only has he got evidence with a #sexybeauty but she's famous! It's **Lena Dunham** from hit HBO drama *Girls*. That's mPUA level celebrity game!



Captured from both angles

Okay, so we've confirmed parts 1 & 2 of the **Berba Theory**, confirming Mats Wolf has poor social skills, dresses badly, and gets laid with beautiful women. I can't wait to see his mad skills infield. Let's head on over to his infields channel ***[4]***. I'll add a commentary, see if we can bring this up to the *Daygame Overkill* level ***[5]***

0:32 – Very efficient. He manages to get his entire capture phase done in about half a second, before he's reached her or she's looked up from her phone. Slick.
0:34 – Rapport laughter. When you're so alpha you have an alpha male textbook, you have to deliberately add beta behaviours so as not to freak her out by thinking you are too high value
0:40 – Immediately ask questions. Flip the script and MAKE HER DO THE WORK. Why bother stacking when you're alpha
0:45 – If you like your opener, might as well repeat it for the third time. Perhaps it's an NLP trick
0:55 – "What are you up to?" is perhaps the most creative mythology you can do. Nice line.
0:57 – Don't let her answer! Keep her off balance.
1:29 – "Or cosmetics train you?" You sly dog! Slick!
1:44 – Another pattern interrupt. Mats is keeping this girl off balance so she is easy prey to his alpha charm. He deftly avoids all her attempts to fix onto one topic and create a flowing conversation. Alpha.
2:20 – There's so much sparkle and attraction here, it's electric. I think I need to have a lie down to recover. Just as well he's strictly maintaining social politeness range and not touching or there could be a PUSSY EXPLOSION
2:45 – Boyfriend objection brushed aside
2:55 – Friendly coffee. This is the first moment where I think he's at risk of not anally penetrating her. If he's not careful, he'll just end up giving free English lessons.
3:41 – When you are alpha, you can beg for a friendzone coffee in a tiny break in her schedule without losing value
4:08 – "private English teacher for free". Oh.
4:53 – Okay, he's explained it is just a subconscious thing girls do and this set is actually really good. Thank god! I knew there was something I was missing. I'd erroneously believed this was just a terrible set with an uninterested girl.
5:28 – "I'll be her private English teacher. *Know what I mean guys?*" Huhuhuh, yeah, I see it now. You're gonna bang this chick.
5:49 – "I have a dog". Great, I'll remember that. Nice that he's giving away such gold for free.

Okay, I'm convinced. Where do I sign up for coaching? Here? Wow, just 1,550 Euros for two days one-on-one coaching. But Mats, before I pull the trigger and take out my credit card I need to know something.

Can you get Same Day Lays? Can you get me to the FBI/KGB Ninja Level of daygame?

You can? You have an SDL on your YouTube channel? Great, lets have a look…..

0:30 – Well, I dare say that's a very odd open. Almost as if it was set up in advance and he already knew the girl. And then that sudden "I was driven by it in my childhood"…. dunno, that's a bit off, I think. Or perhaps she's just crazy. Some girls are crazy. Maybe she just likes him immediately. It does happen.
5:27 – Why don't we see her face? It suddenly cuts away as she turns. Perhaps she's a TEN so he doesn't want us to be jealous.
9:19 – Still can't see her face. Odd. Some ~~actresses~~ girls don't want to have their face on YouTube. I'm skipping this now because it's all music. Do we ever see her face? Seems odd there's not even a coincidental head turn in the camera's direction. Perhaps she said "I've noticed there's a little creepy guy following us with a camera, I don't want to look over that way."

Why is the audio cut out for the entire idate? He's mic'd up. What are they talking about? Is this all secret game technique held back for the coaching sessions? Lets see if **part two** answers our questions.

1:57 – Still can't see her face and very odd body language. This is a new form of FBI/KGB Ninja game that I'm entirely unfamiliar with. It looks completely non-sexual to me. I guess I lack calibration. It looks like two friends acting out the script of a bounceback.
5:39 – She leans back every time he leans forwards. I guess alphas can do everything wrong and still win
8:37 – She throws her arms up between him and the kiss, as she simply can't believe she's so lucky to be seduced.
23:56 – She flinches again on the kiss. Too alpha. So much attraction she must pretend to be unattracted to avoid a PUSSY EXPLOSION
32:26 – He cuts away while they are still both fully clothed and she is uncomfortably being kissed but I HAVE NO DOUBT that this REALLY IS a same day lay. NO DOUBT AT ALL!

I don't know about you, but I'm convinced this guy is banging 9s and 10s. This is the game you get when you've been in the game for five years.

If you want to do game the hard way, and not necessarily gets 9s and 10s consider by textbook Daygame Infinite and my infield instructional video Daygame Overkill. I regret to say the "I have a dog" boyfriend destroyer is not in them.

[1] And perhaps be so cynical as to point out that in over 100 videos on his channel, Berba has never once been seen scoring with a beautiful woman.
[2] Sorry, I meant HOT GIRLS.
[3] But is he as alpha as Alpha Man and BangUp?
[4] He also has a Mad Rants Of Lonely Fruitcake Wandering Lost Around Warsaw playlist but I guess you guys aren't so interested in the mental game.
[5] Lets at least hope we get above the Stealth Seduction level

Lol! Justin Wayne caught hiring actresses... again!

krauserpua · 10 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Few pick-up companies can pair both dishonest scamming and unintentional hilarity quite like **Wayne Dating**. I'm often left scratching my head at how inept they are and sometimes their buffoonery reaches levels that even Ricky Gervais couldn't write into a script. Old-timers will know what I mean, but for newer readers let me summarise some highlights.

Back in 2010, ghetto-wannabe **Justin Wayne** of NYC was a new sensation in daygame. He was posting infield videos of what appeared to be same day lays, and also videos hanging out with a couple of different girls in his apartment. They were fairly hot, in a grotty Ke$ha kind of way. For a while, I too was taken in, thinking he had some talent ***[1]***

Jimmy and I had a skype video chat with him once and he sent me an unpublished infield of him getting a number of a girl in Whole Foods. It was a bland low-intent Mystery Method type set, very different (and considerably less impressive) than the SDL stuff. That was red flag #1 and I ignored it.

Watching the SDL videos, I noticed there was very little audio. It seemed pointless to mute the audio when you're mic'd up, but he did. Red flag #2, and I ignored it.

Fortunately Aaron Sleazy did not.

I don't get on with Aaron Sleazy but I'll give him credit where it's due. He did a fantastic expose of the NYC bullshitter with some real investigative work. Go to his blog for the full story here. (I linked four separate Sleazy posts here) I'll give you the short version of what Sleazy discovered:

Justin Wayne had advertised in local media press to cast a reality TV show that he claimed had MTV backing (it didn't). He then sold tickets to men to be part of his "social circle game" to hang around girls, and defrauded aspiring fame-whore women into casting. Thus he created the illusion of having a harem of hot girls, muted videos of whom he put on his YouTube as "same day lays".

Keep in mind this dual-market scam of presenting one thing to defraud girls, and a different thing to defraud men both at the same time. It's a unifying principle of all Wayne Dating scams.

The girls found out and went **ballistic**, to put it mildly. One threatened legal action and then gave Aaron Sleazy a file of the Skype video chat where Justin is begging her to back off. Even funnier, he deleted his channel and literally ran away to hide in Puerto Rico.

His tough guy image is a sham. He's a total faggot.



A boss-eyed fat faggot, yesterday

This all hit in August 2012 and since then every self-respecting daygamer has steered well clear of him. He's a hardcore con-man. Like any dyed-in-the-wool fraud, Justin came slinking back later and rebuilt his brand off the back of a new generation of newbies not clued-in to his shenanigans ***[2]***

One of Justin's tricks to rebuild his brand was to keep posting on pick-up blogs under various sock-puppet aliases about how awesome Justin Wayne's "Domino Effect" theory was (with a link to the sales page, of course). He tried that a few times every week on my blog for months on end so I'd just send them into the spam queue ***[3]***

I ignored Justin Wayne entirely until the evening before the Outlaw Daygame seminar in November 2015 when, while hanging out with Eddie from Street Attraction, we see that Tom Torero had just put Justin Wayne on his podcast that very day.

A known scammer appearing on the channel of a man also busted making fake infields with actresses, but whom we'd assumed was an isolated error of judgement. We were now about to host a seminar that tied our names to his. To say we were unhappy about it was an understatement. Tom didn't care about the ethics of promoting a known scammer, he just wanted the co-promotion of getting his name out to Justin's subscriber base. Squalid, low-value behaviour.

That same 2015 I suffered through my first **Deepak Wayne** video. Massive red flags everywhere, but I didn't care because it never crossed my mind anyone would take Deepak seriously ***[4]***. Then I saw one where he's basically date-raping a fat ugly German alcoholic, and while he's "bouncing" her home he has a few snarky comments for the "London Daygamers" (and he's still "exposing" it now.…)

Watch that video. Deepak is actually *proud* that she's so angry at being date-raped that she's screaming into his face. To him, he's just holding a strong frame.



Well, he's made that particular video private for now. Here's hoping he reposts it

Anyway, by mid-2016 Deepak's lies finally rile me enough that I write a couple of expose posts. It's in reading them that my regular commentor Zatara actually figures out the precise nature of Deepak's primary scam ***[5]*** It's the same dual-market theory Justin Wayne uses (and taught Deepak). It goes like this:

1. Open girl with mild physical compliment while expressing ZERO sexual intent through non-verbals. This simulates a direct opener for the viewer but puts no pressure on the girl to think she's being hit on.
2. Immediately tell her you're NOT hitting on her, but are actually a talent scout for a business (e.g. modelling, PR work, waitressing). Crucially, MUTE this audio and disguise it by offering a voice-over pretending you are still hitting on her.
3. Continue to play the grey area where you say mildly sexual things verbally, with zero sexual non-verbals, and mute any time you disclaim hitting on her, or continue explaining the job interview you're trying to set up.
4. When she agrees to the job interview determines if it's an "idate" or a "day 2". Mute some of the number close because that's obviously interview logistics.
5. Record the "date" and do very light kino, which she'll accept as simply you being a creepy boss and not take seriously as an attempt to fuck her.
6. Pass it off as a successful seduction to low-IQ Indians who desperately want to believe an ugly charmless Indian immigrant can get lots of white women. Accuse any critics of racism while you yourself play the race card to scam your very own countrymen.

Watch Deepak's videos with this in mind and it's like wearing the They Live glasses. He does of course occasionally post videos of real pick-up attempts, or hookers, or paid actresses, so bear in mind not all of his infields do this dual-market scam.

Anyway……



My favourite ping photo to my friends

I exposed Deepak and he went mental. He started rambling into his smartphone camera about "exposing" me, and it's absolutely hilarious. Try to get all the way through to the end of one. He was in Kiev at the time, so he went down to Khreshatyk Street and offered free meals to a few of the scammer girls there to get "evidence" of all the girls he claimed to be banging. And then, best of all, he had an interminable two-hour Skype video podcast with Justin Wayne where they both "exposed" me ***[6]***

You can imagine that after several hours of low-IQ ramblings into smartphone cameras, I felt they'd pretty thoroughly exposed me.

Deepak then went on to "expose" **Street Attraction** and then….. oh it gets better…. he exposed Justin Wayne! I shit you not. Suddenly all those low-IQ ramblings were from Justin and Deepak exposing each other. It was essentially this:

> **Deepak**: "Here I expose the real scam of Justin Wayne. I know this because he taught it to me when we were friends."
> **Justin**: "Here I expose the real scam of Deepak Wayne. I know this because I taught it to him when I was grooming him for my business."



Slanty Wayne has yet to expose anyone, AFAIK

I have no idea if **Slanty Wayne** is involved in the mutual exposing. There's a fruit if ever I saw one. Naturally, both Deepak and Justin brazened it out and their army of low-IQ desperadoes continue to clutter YouTube comment sections. More recently, **VICE just exposed him**. I thoroughly recommend you watch the video below to the end. It's only eight minutes.

He's back to the dual-market scam, but this time very straightforward: he's hiring hookers.

Look at the two girls in the video. Both have a strong hooker/sugarbaby vibe and show absolutely zero emotion in Justin. They are allegedly *so in love with him* they got tattoos of his name ***[7]*** and yet they show *not the slightest* emotional or physical interest in him. They look exactly like what they are: hookers hired to play a role for money, so he can scam men.

Look at the blonde tart's face when she says "I love him". Zero emotion. Doesn't even look at him. For comparison, look at how a normal girl's face lights up and she looks to a man she loves – see my video above. The fact VICE catch him on a hot mic admitting to paying her to be there is just the icing on an already obvious cake.



Burning desire, yesterday

"But Nick, he's doing that because he's a pimp type"

Perhaps prostitution has changed recently, but I always thought it was the girls who paid the pimp, *not the other way round*. The word to describe Justin is **simp**, not pimp.

Anyway, I'm not exposing Justin because Aaron Sleazy and VICE already did that for me. This is just an I-told-you-so post. I think the lesson for readers is this: if you've picked up lots of girls, and your gut tells you a guy is fake, he's probably fake. If you're a noob and you hear experienced players tell you to be careful, you should be careful.

If you want to buy a real infield product of actual legit game, with real girls who weren't acting, you might like Daygame Overkill. It's my five-hour street pick-up instructional video and still by far the best of it's type on the market. Alternatively, if you'd just like a curry and a watermelon, try Wayne Dating.

[1] 2010, mind you. I was easily impressed then, lacking any calibration and daygame being far less developed and documented than it is now.
[2] This is one reason I have no time for newbies who witter on telling me who is legit and who isn't. I've seen this all before and I'm much sharper at spotting red flags now. That's why it was obvious to me that JMULV is just banging hookers and calling them notches. No doubt he'll be exposed within a year or two, and the same idiots will learn nothing and believe whichever guy comes along with the *next* scam.
[3] Readers have no idea the shit people post here that I spam and thus you don't see. Imagine the most retarded comments I do approve, and multiply the retardation by ten.
[4] I consistently underestimate the desire of the community to be wilfully misled so long as they can cling to pretty lies.
[5] One reason Wayne Dating retains credibility amongst morons is they use a few different scams and mix them together.
[6] I can't link it because Justin took all his videos down. If it comes back up, let me know. In case you're wondering about Deepak's challenge, it was originally "come to Berlin and I'll show you what I say is unedited footage on my laptop and then you quit pick-up". Hardly a real challenge. I said "I'm in Moscow now, come here and we can go head-to-head each with our own cameramen filming everything". He declined. Steve Jabba offered to go head-to-head with him in Warsaw while Deepak was already there, and Deepak declined. Deepak's challenge

was just squirting squid-ink to cover his retreat.
[7] Whatever the story of the tattoos, the one thing we can be 100% sure of is that the story Justin told is a lie. Personally, I don't believe they got real tattoos at all.

Daygame Memes

krauserpua · 10 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

These are some light-hearted memes I've been sending daygame friends. Don't take any of them seriously. It's just for lolz and I thought it might get a few laughs. And if you don't understand them, it really won't help if I try to explain the joke.






SECOND TIER CITIES IN FSU
HAVE THE BEST DAYGAME


LET ME TELL YOU GUYS ABOUT
BECOMING HIGH VALUE


STREET ATTRACTION VIDEO
GETS 150K VIEWS
imgflip.com


DEEPAK WAYNE VIDEO
U.S.S.R
GETS 300K VIEWS
imgflip.com


I CALL THIS...
... THE TORERO DOOR


RVF
REPUTATION
REALITY


NICK GETS HIS RUSSIA VISA
MOSCOW REACTS
imgflip.com


NYC IS WHERE YOU GO
FOR THE HIGH VALUE WOMEN
imgflip.com





In case you missed it, there's a new real post underneath this one.

A Day In The Life

krauserpua · 14 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE: *A fuckwit with poor grasp of English has just started sneaking around under an alias, to dig dirt on me. It's clearly malicious. The IP address he uses is in Latvia. So, it's looking a lot like Alpha Man Training and the timing is suspicious too, coming so soon after my expose post. Are any readers good at internet sleuthing? It could also be Deepak, but I'm leaning towards Alpha Man. I'd like to be clear which of them it is, so I know who to go after should they escalate further. I'm not much concerned what he'll find (because I don't have secrets) but if he does something illegal or especially retarded, I'd like to be able to destroy his life. If you can help, leave a comment or email me.*

Yesterday was a normal day on my euro jaunt, but when I stopped and thought about it…. well, it was rather odd really. Not special, amazing, or *wow look at me*. Just **odd**. This is what happened.



Puzzled, yesterday

I woke up at 11am with hay fever symptoms. I'd been on a first date the previous evening with a 20 year old student and gotten pretty hot and heavy. Almost got her home, but she got cold feet fifty metres from my front door. I'd drunk lots of rum by then. I fell asleep with a swollen throat (it hurt to swallow), ear infection, and itchy teary eyes.

So, I woke up feeling shit. Had a shower, and went out for lunch with a friend. Gradually, the symptoms alleviated so much I didn't even need an anti-allergy pill ***[1]***

While standing outside the restaurant looking for a table, a cheerful Swedish guy comes up. "Are you Nick Krauser?" Well, I am. So I said yes. He chatted enthusiastically for ten minutes, explaining he was on a drinking/partying weekend with some friends from back home. He took a selfie with me. It was all a bit *sudden*.

My friend and I sat down, ate lunch. Then he went back to his remote office job.



Like this, but two points higher

I received a text message from a London guy I've met once but don't know well. "Hey, I'm in town. I'd like a consultation if you have time." So, I walk over to a cafe and meet him. We have a one hour consultation. Considering I didn't even know he was visiting this country, it was all a bit sudden.

We walk around a bit, looking at girls. While he's in set, I ping an Armenian girl I'd dated in Moscow but hadn't been able to kiss on our first date. She's 22, pretty, and has massive tits. She replies with pleasantries then says she wants to **marry me** and have strong sons. I tell her it's rather sudden, and she tells me she just decided.



I'll hire this Armenian actress when Vice want to film me

The London guy comes out of his set and we walk further up the road. A local guy comes up to me. "Are you Nick Krauser?" Apparently I still am, so I tell him so. He has a chat for a bit then walks off. A sudden encounter.

Crossing the street near some cafes I spot a small blonde girl walking past a few metres away. Fortunately she's got her head down and doesn't see me. I recognise her and last time we spoke, she wasn't happy. She's likely a bit sore that I took her virginity and didn't marry her – though I never once pretended to be anything other than a player. I'd seen some posts she left on a local girls forum saying she wanted to get her brothers to beat me up. It sounded like she was joking, and I certainly hope so. Either way, probably best she didn't see me.

She was the ***fifth*** girl I've walked past since coming to this city two weeks ago who I'd fucked in a previous trip. It just happens, suddenly.



The one who reminds me of Gabriella Bond

My remote office job friend comes back out. We are walking again when I see a girl approaching, about twenty metres away, who starts staring at me with a look of recognition. Then she boldly strides over.

"Are you Nick?" ***[2]***

Yes, indeed I am I tell her. "You talked to me outside a museum in London, in 2013" she says. I don't recognise her at all. She seems really pleased at the wild coincidence. We chat a few minutes then I excuse myself. That was sudden, I think.

I also did a handful of sets and took a few numbers. What an odd day.

If you'd like to increase the amount of odd and sudden things in your life consider learning daygame with Daygame Infinite. Alternatively, if you'd like to read about a long series of odd and sudden things in my life, try the memoir series volumes one, two and four ***[3]***

[1] I know, fascinating story. It gets a bit better.
[2] Not "Krauser" this time.
[3] I've written 75% of volume three so far. It's coming along very nicely.

#45 – Highway To Hell, Heinz Konzalik BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 23 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers of aware of my enthusiasm for **Sven Hassel**'s gritty WWII pseudo-memoirs about a battle section of former prisoners fighting in one of Hitler's penal battalions on the Eastern Front. They are bawdy, high-adrenalin thrill rides with gruesome battle scenes. Hassel was a bestseller throughout the 60s and 70s so many other authors jumped on the bandwagon. Konzalik is one such writer who got his chance due to the market Hassel had created.



Who wouldn't enjoy this?

I'm euro-jaunting now, having been on the road since the last weekend of March. As expected my productivity has nose-dived ***[1]***. I finished coaching a week-long residential on Friday and have another one starting tomorrow. I'm a busy man!

Still, it's roasting hot outside and the streets are dead. It's physically draining just to be out in this weather, so instead I'm sitting in a quaint old study room in a rustic city centre apartment I'm sharing with GGG. It feels like the kind of room **Ian Fleming** would write a James Bond story in. With my feet up on a footstool, reclining in a wing-backed chair, I finally finished *Highway To Hell*, a book I started on the flight out over three weeks ago.



Like this, but with a skinhead and stronger vibe

The nominal story is that it's late-1944 and the war has already turned decisively against Germany. Their threadbare army is strung out along the steppe east of Minsk with barely enough men, munitions or food to stave off collapse. The Russians are amassing offensive formations ominously as the German soldiers in the trenches mutter about how it'll all end. Over the course of the book, the Russians attack and the Germans retreat in chaos along the highway to Minsk, or to hell according to the title.

It's interesting what Konzalik is trying to do with the book. Although marketed to the Hassel demographic, it lacks most of the Dane's signature elements. Hassel focused exclusively upon a small group of recurring characters – Porter, Tiny, Old 'Un, Heide, Legionnaire etc – as they were engulfed in chaos. We lived right alongside them as they were sent on suicide commando raids behind Soviet lines, fought pitched tank battles against Russian T-34s, or garrisoned towns far behind the front. Hassel's books were pseudo-memoirs of a small band of brothers who often had no idea how the war was progressing. Told in first-person, the fighting was always raw and immediate, which is why I liked the books.

Konzalik throws these elements in, but seems half-hearted about it. I suspect his first books never included any of it but his editor likely told him, "make it more like Sven. Give me blood! Give me fanatical Nazi officers and murderous Siberian snipers!". So the central dynamic in *Highway To Hell* is between battle-hardened foot-sloggers Leskau and Strakuweit who are proxies for Hassel's Porter and Tiny. This is supported with a dynamic between officers Scheider and Vogel, who represent the "guts n glory" fanaticism of Hassel's vainglorious officer corps, and also two surgeons in military hospital each on the verge of defeatism under the weight of broken men sent to them from the front. There's some light comic relief with RSM Kunze, a fat coward who constantly abuses his position to sell out his comrades, and his chubby Russian girlfriend Tamara.

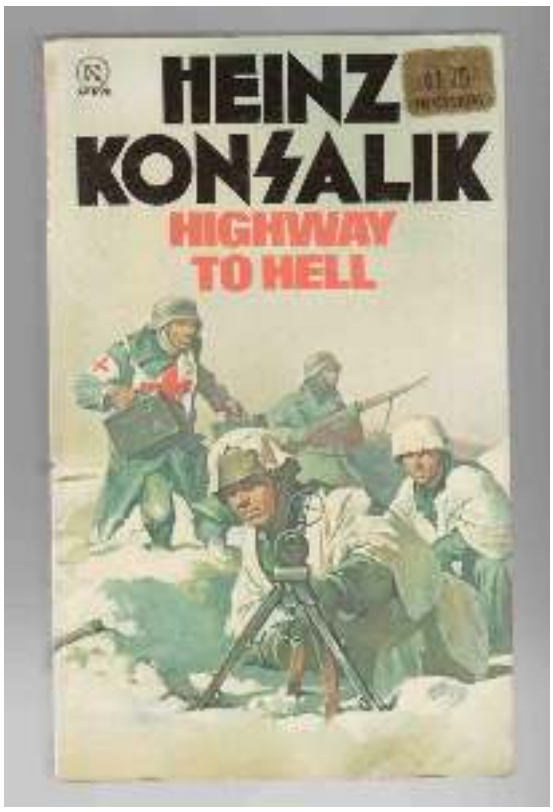

Tamara didn't survive the war

I think Konzalik wanted to make this book a Dickensian tale of War, weaving together stories from different locations and situations across the front. So we have the surgeons trying to stem the tide of blood but increasingly disillusioned by the fresh orders from High Command to send injured men back into the grinder. We have infantrymen griping about prissy officers and trying to stay alive as Russian jabos strafe their columns or Siberian assault troops raid their trenches overnight. There are scenes of Generals at Hitler's Wolf's Lair trying to speak reason to an unravelling Fuhrer.

Think of it as *The Wire*, but swap out Baltimore for the marshes and steppe of Eastern Ukraine.

Konzalik gives it a good go but he's only got 235 pages and must cater to an audience of readers raised on Hassel's flair for the dramatic. He doesn't pull it off. I enjoyed reading but it never felt compelling. There are so many story threads that there's never any space to develop a main plot. If Konzalik intended to portray a world where the common German is overwhelmed by grand forces completely outside their control, then he's succeeded. *Highway To Hell* is relentlessly bleak as almost every character has given up thoughts of victory and has been disabused of all ideals. They are scrambling like animals simply to stay alive under the Russian onslaught.

It makes a point, but it means the book lacks any sense of forward momentum. Even the story is, at heart, about retreat. At no point does the German army advance. The book opens with stalemate and then the Russians gradually push the Germans back into Poland. Even the minor skirmishes are failures. For all the bleakness of Hassel's overarching narrative, his characters get multiple minor wins at the operational level. They'll occasionally blow up a supply dump, collapse a bridge, or capture an town. Konzalik's soldiers are punching bags for the commies.



Compared to Hassel, even the cover is low energy

I neither recommend nor advise against this book. If you like blood'n'guts WWII stories, read all of Hassel's books before dropping down a tier to the Konzaliks and Kesslers of the genre. If you want it more heroic and with more conventional dramatic progression, try Alastair MacLean.

If you like reading my reviews of my year's reading, you'll have to wait a while for more updates. My reading has slowed to a crawl. Just go buy Daygame Overkill or something.

[1] Though I've almost finished the **Daygame Mastery** second edition and have only four chapters left to write on **Younger Hotter Tighter**. So, I've still made progress.

Daygame Trip – Where to find the best daygame locations

krauserpua · 23 April 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I was recently talking to my wings as they mooted exploratory trips to cities not yet daygamed. One told me, “I am thinking of going to Tbilisi in Georgia. The Georgian girls I met in Moscow are hot so I want to see them at the source.” Another wing had told me, “I’m going to do either Kazakhstan or Armenia this summer, have a sniff around and see what they are like.”

“There is no uncharted territory left in daygame,” I said. “You might have a good time and find some girls but I guarantee it’ll be a big step down from the usual cities.”

What are the usual cities? Have patience, grasshopper. We’ll get there.



Girls! Give me girls! With legs, and tits. And everything!

I learned daygame when it was all Wild West. There was no daygame model, the advice was all conflicting, and euro-jaunting wasn’t even a thing. When Jimmy and I stepped off a plane in Zadar, Croatia we had no idea what we were getting into. We only discovered Belgrade by accident, rolling up on a Saturday night in our hire car because it needed to be returned to the rental company the next afternoon in Zagreb, and the Belgrade-Zagreb motorway was our fastest route back from Sarajevo.

Oh how things have changed now!

We have vast quantities of infield videos on YouTube ***[1]***, dozens of daygame coaches ***[2]***, a range of textbooks outlining the model ***[3]*** and a wide body of knowledge of where to go to find the girls.

Almati, Kazahkstan? Nope, it’s shit. Eddie and my mate from Wales already tried it.

Chisinau, Moldova? Nope. Too small, too poor, and everything it has is done better by Kiev.

The list goes on. Experienced euro-jaunters know all the best cities, the best streets in those cities, the best time of year to be there, and even *the best times of the day* for each strip of pavement. There’s no uncharted territory remaining.

What's that you say, "you talk about territory being charted, but no one has actually done so?" ***[4]*** Well, my cheeky chappy, you are in luck. My wing **Oscar Ruggeri** has done precisely that. Allow me to announce his new website



Daygametrip.com

This is a simple facts-based city guide beginning with nine of the best places, and more to be added later. Oscar has personally daygamed every one of these cities, many of them multiple times. So, this isn't some blowhard on a forum spouting nonsense. This is a seasoned euro-jaunter who has done his research.

Indeed, I reviewed a few of the pages to add my own thoughts on the best places and times. So, avowed euro-jaunters and armchair voyeurs alike might like to head over to his site and have a look.

[1] Nearly all of them shit
[2] Also mostly shit. But a handful are very good.
[3] Many being incompetent reproductions of Daygame Mastery.
[4] Unless you count RVF fact sheets and Cold Calling, which are both lame.

Daygame Infinite – IN DEPTH review

krauserpua · 3 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Inquisitive minds will be aware that there is a second generation of London daygamers who were raised on the materials of the first gen ***[1]***. I'm talking about men like Mr White, Craig Cassidy, Ricky Roma, Seven Daygame and many others. One of the most ~~obsessive~~ successful of the second gen is Roy Walker. He's been hitting it hard for several years now and reaping the rewards of multi-notch Euro Jaunt trips.

I first met RW in Prague when I was in a bad mood. Summer 2016 I think. He and SD were trawling the main street for sets when we bumped into each other so we sat outside TGI Fridays and had a beer ***[2]***. I was miserable company, as I often am first time I meet daygamers on my territory.



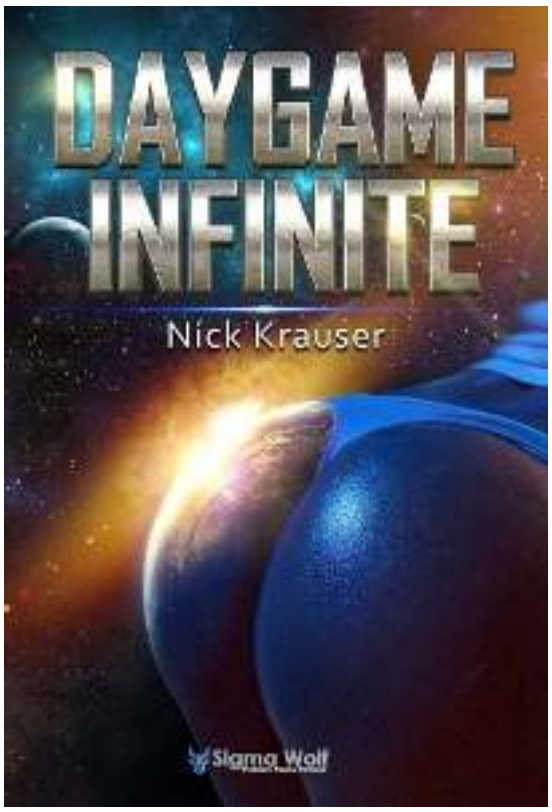
"I'm having the slag in the dark blue shorts"

The next time, I had just stepped off the train from Krakow to Warsaw and was carrying my heavy rucksack to my apartment to check in. I'd been in Warsaw *literally five minutes* and a local daygamer stops me, "Are you Nick Krauser?". I wasn't in a good mood. He made small talk a couple minutes then I walked on to Chmeilna street. Then RW stopped me.

For fuck's sake, can't I just get to my apartment?

I was miserable then so fobbed him off with, "let's get a coffee later". As it turned out a shower, shite, and change of clothes revitalised me. My grumpiness was shed like a PUA's integrity. RW and I hung out a bit, winged, and we realised we actually got on well together.

He takes up the story from there….. [click here]



Long story short: RW had a good look at a late draft of *Daygame Infinite* and we had a couple of sit-down feedback sessions in Moscow and Kiev. My goal was to get a solid daygamer in the London style to test-read my book ***in the context of watching me day-to-day as a wing***. I wanted *Daygame Infinite* to capture my real daygame ***as I actually did it.*** It needed to be authentic.

The final version of *Infinite* has been out over four months now and people have had time to digest it. I'm thus proud to announce RW has completed his in-depth formal review of *Daygame Infinite* and you can read it here. It's a long piece and goes into a lot of detail about the book's content.

Here's a sample:

> By Krauser's own definition, you should be free-styling and coming up with your own material. So surely you shouldn't need to read a book to tell you how to become "advanced"?
> The best way to answer that question will be to go through each chapter and highlight the parts that I found the most interesting which I could perhaps apply to my own game, this blog is all about me, after all. Let's dive in…

RW goes through each section in turn to bring out what it's saying and how he related it to his own daygame. RW is a perfect test-case because he represents the ideal audience for *Infinite*: an experienced player who is already having good success and wants to take himself to the next level. He concludes.

> Krauser set out to do something that I thought wasn't possible; to teach someone how to be "advanced". His own definition of an advanced daygamer is someone who is free-styling and creating their own new material. This book does a great job of trying to sort out your inner game as much as possible in order to make that stage seem more achievable. It is easily the most in depth piece of writing when it comes to doing everything apart from the actual daygame itself.

So click here for the full review. You can click for the first and second reviews ***[3]***

If you can't be arsed with reviews and would rather just buy the book RIGHT FUCKING NOW then click here to

reserve your copy.

[1] Such as myself, Yad, Yosha, Sasha, and Mr White Van.
[2] I think I had a strawberry milkshake, as I was addicted to them that summer.
[3] Word on the street is Nash is going to write a fourth. I look forward to reading it.

My 2018 Project Status Update

krauserpua · 8 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

After four months cooped up in Newcastle working on my books, video game backlog, and reading projects, I finally hit the road. I've been out in Europe since the end of March and, as expected, my productivity has slowed right down.

So I've been wandering alone, circling the drain of nihilism, posting photos of myself to Instagram along with inspirational quotes about how this dreary existence is so fulfilling. I'm hoping you won't notice how ugly the birds are, and will instead co-sign my bullshit so that I don't top myself.

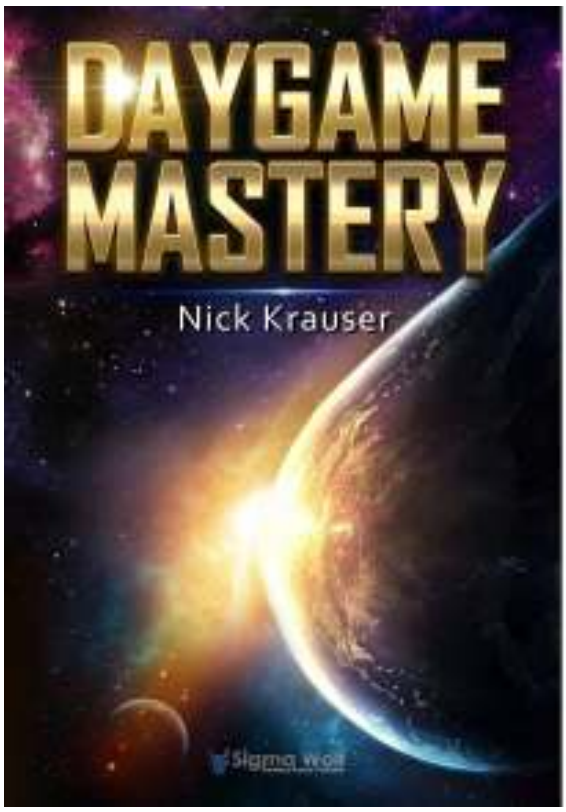
Wait… sorry. I was thinking of someone else.

Actually, I've been having a great time hanging out with a half dozen friends and made a few new ones too. The birds have been well hot, though the hottest few slipped through my grasp, sadly. It's been a month of sunshine, chatting, getting drunk, and a bit of sex too ***[1]***

I have, however, been very busy coaching. I'm midway through the third of four week-long residentials scheduled in this trip alone. It's been interesting ***[2]*** and caused me to think about the LDM ***[3]*** from a different direction. I've noticed multiple commonalities in client questions, strengths and weaknesses. I've better honed a process for instruction. I've developed new metaphors, explanations, and actionable drills.

So, perhaps there's a product in that for later this year. I'll think about it ***[4]***. For the meantime, let me bring you up to date on which pans I have frying in the fire right now.

Daygame Mastery second edition
This is the main one. The content has been finished for quite some time, as has the layout. I'm currently trying to iron out all kinds of wrinkles before sending it to the printer. It's surprising how many things crop up but once it's done I'm sure you'll all be quite impressed. There's 25k words of new content in this, mostly in the Vibe and Banter Clinic sections. I'm presenting it as a companion to *Daygame Infinite*, as my new book was always meant to stand alongside it. I reckon I'll have a test print to review when I return to Newcastle at the end of this month. If that's okay, I'll release it immediately.





The Memoir Volume Three

I've had a lot of fun writing the final volume in my memoir series. I've tried to write each volume as a self-contained story and varied up the themes and writing style to avoid them becoming repetitive. This one, *Younger Hotter Tighter,* is almost done. I've written 34 chapters to a level I'm happy with, and have 4 more to go. Hopefully that'll be done by the end of the month. It will then enter editing / layout / art stages which will likely take another two months before release. My guess is it won't take as much post-production as the other volumes because I'm a better writer now, and I've had a writer friend editing it as I rewrote each chapter.



A New Infield Product

I've had lots of requests for a new infield instructional, as my last one was *Daygame Overkill* which was filmed nearly four years ago. I don't count *Daygame Mediocrity* as that was a joke ***[5]***. I haven't done a lot of sets this past month but I have recorded some and they came out pretty good. So, I will likely continue to film. If I think there's a product in it, I'll let you know. It's much too early to decide.



Residential Coaching

I signed up six clients this year, four of which will be completed by the end of this month. It's been more fun than I expected so I may do residentials more often. However, I'm absolutely knackered from it and it's killing me to give up all the good sets to the client. When I've finished the fourth, I'll take stock and analyse how they went. Then I'll decide if I'll do more, or knock it on the head.

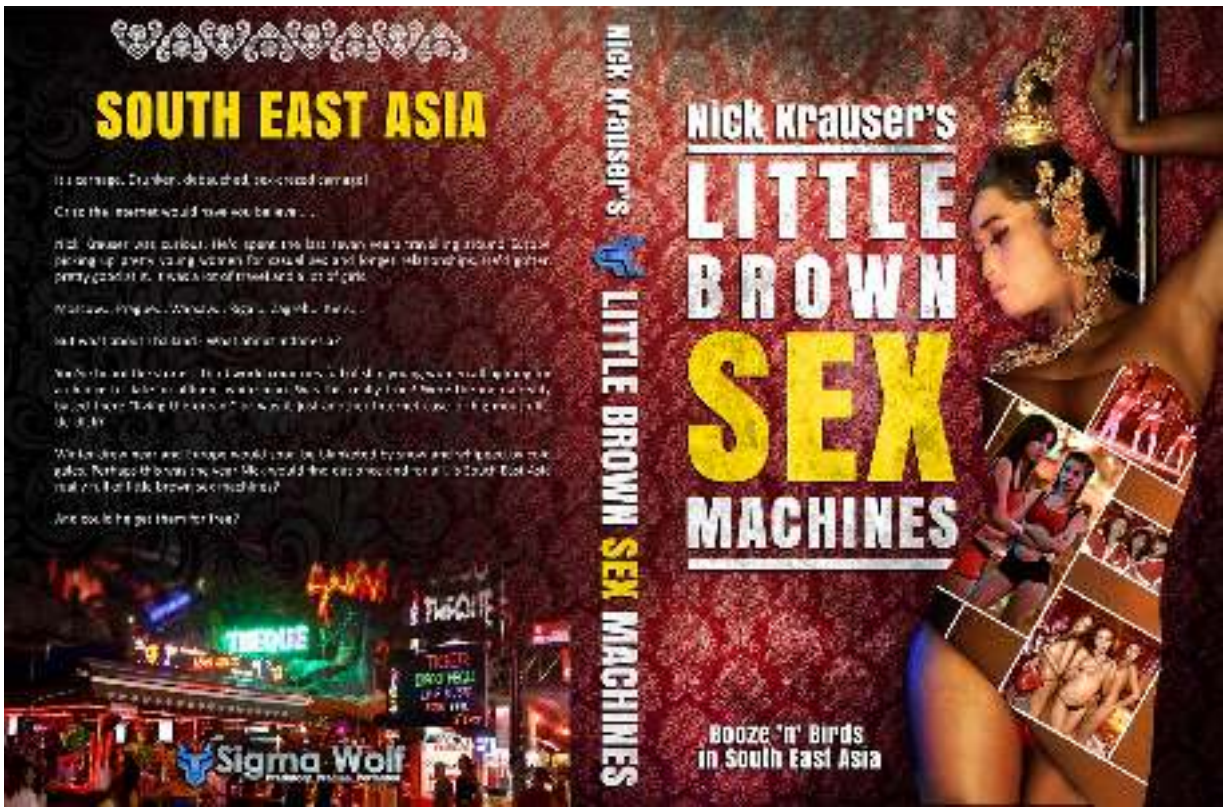


YouTube Channel

I keep meaning to get back to this. I have 3/4 of the *Daygame Infinite* talk to finish editing and then upload. There's even a few bits of *Outlaw Daygame* still left to do. I've toyed with the idea of a new season of podcasts, of a technical daygame series, and throwing up infields. Right now it's all parked until the other stuff is done. YouTube isn't good for money and I don't care about the freeloader retard audience. I'd rather spend my time coaching a good resi student or doing the blog. If I find the motivation to do that AND a YouTube channel I shall. It all depends how relieved I feel when the last book comes out.

Little Brown Sex Machines

This is a memoir I wrote in February 2017 immediately after returning from two months in South East Asia. It's 60k words and written in a similar style to my usual memoirs. It's been finished for a year but I just haven't decided what to do with it. I might use it as the first 1/3 of a 2017 memoir, or I might tart it up a little and release it as is. Dunno. It's not a priority.



New Undisclosed Products

I set myself a rule before winter of NO NEW PROJECTS. I made a mistake opening too many loops back in 2014, such as committing myself to four volumes of the memoir. When Mastery and YHT finally come out, I will have completed my "grand project" ***[6]***. I'll have a clean slate. From there, I'll only take on projects one at a time. Perhaps a fifth memoir, perhaps a new infield series, perhaps a new textbook. I'm not committed to ANYTHING right now. There are no secret projects bubbling away. Ideas, yes. Defined projects, no.

I hope that clarifies things. And Donald Trump is still the US President.

If you like the idea of giving me your money, I suggest you start with Daygame Overkill. That's the most profitable per unit and it never fails to warm my heart when PayPal informs me of a sale.

[1] With the girls, not my friends.
[2] And lucrative.
[3] Does anyone mind if I just call it the **Krauser Daygame Model** now? I mean, the one people do now basically is just that.
[4] I'm not going to just shit a product out regardless. I'll wait till the end of the year and see if there's a product's worth of material to organise. If not, I won't do one.
[5] I mean a deliberate joke. Not a **Stealth Seduction** type joke.
[6] Or "grandiose project", if you prefer.

The Underwear Gnomes of Daygame

krauserpua · 28 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Inquiring minds will have observed strange doings in the night. You are lying in bed, starting to drift off, no doubt dreaming of hot tub threesomes with scraggly whores ***[1]***. So, you're in bed, you've still got a chubby, and you are peacefully slipping into the dreamworld of sex and frollics. Suddenly, there's a bump in the night. You hear high-pitched chattering from the next room.

You ignore it. You sleep. The next morning as you towel off after a shower and open the dressers drawer to find your fresh pair of shreddies ***[2]*** you find….. SHOCK HORROR!…. no shreddies. Not even slightly skidmarked Primark 70% polyester specials. Gone!

Those goddamn UNDERWEAR GNOMES have struck again!

For those of you unfamiliar with what I'm banging on about ***[3]*** check out this video.

So, back? Great. Put your feet up and light a cigar. The underwear gnomes have been adopted by business schools the world over to memetize organisations with a shitty business plan. The gnomes have three phases to running a profitable enterprise.

PHASE ONE: Steal Underwear
PHASE TWO: ?
PHASE THREE: Profit.

The jokes comes from the gnomes not understanding the first principles of business. A business only exists if you have a product and customers. Everything else is secondary. The gnomes are so excited about stealing underwear that they never get as far as figuring out how (or even if) it can be monetised and thus be a real business.

This, by the way, is almost every silicon valley start up. In that depraved shit-hole of homosexual globalists, only Facebook and Google make a profit ***[4]*** and the latter only on their AdSense because everything else they do is shit.

So, to daygame.

I've been noticing a common theme among all the monkeys posing as daygame coaches ***[5]*** that they all seem to employ **Underwear Gnome Daygame** ***[6]*** in which the street portion goes as follows:

PHASE ONE: Open
PHASE TWO: ?
PHASE THREE: Get Number

Try as I might as I watch their shitty infields and laugh at WhatsApp videos my friends surreptitiously record during their (for example) Budapest bootcamps, I can't find any actual game being done. Phase two does not have any definable things that appear to be getting done.

Go watch them yourselves. It's fucking awful.

Anyway, I've been looking into some of the dating advice on teh interwebs and the gnomes appear to have infiltrated that too. Most of the dating advice I find on the forums ***[7]*** is according to this complex operational plan:

PHASE ONE: Turn Up
PHASE TWO: ?
PHASE THREE: Get Laid

It really hurts my head to watch this nonsense. So, with that in mind, I shall pour myself another whiskey and consider having an early night. Peace out ***[8]***.

If you like mad drunken ramblings from a raging egotist, perhaps you'd like to buy my Womanizers Bible product for

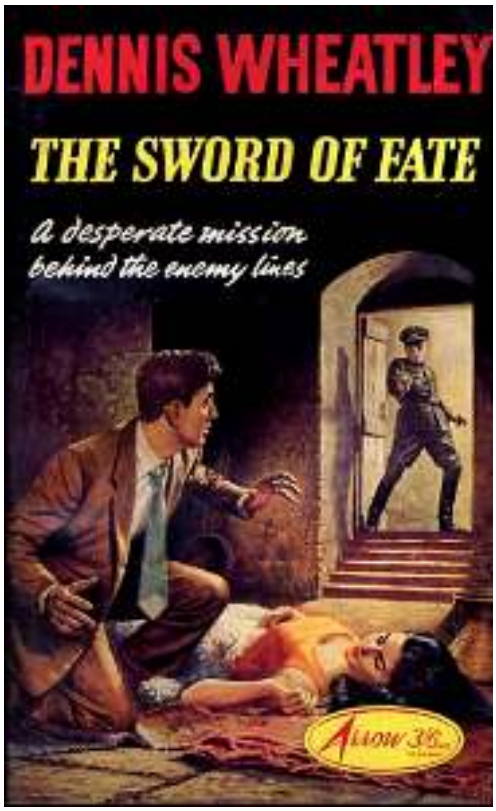
the very reasonable price of $49. If you'd like 1,000 pages of very detailed instructions on PHASE TWO then perhaps you'll be wanting Daygame Mastery and Daygame Infinite. If you want it on video, try Daygame Overkill

[1] Actually, I heard they were ok. Sorry Xants. Just joshing.
[2] Uniqlo supina cotton, I would hope.
[3] the gnomes, not the skidmarks
[4] And I don't include freaky Elon Musk and his taxpayer-subsidy riding bullshit shennanigans and shifty soon-to-be-exposed accounting practices
[5] There are a small number of very good coaches, who are all my mates, and the rest can fuck off.
[6] Version 3.0
[7] Other then everyone agreeing not to mention the Pay part of P4P, or admit the real quality of the stinkers they are banging
[8] You wankers

#46 – The Sword Of Fate, Dennis Wheatley BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 31 May 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Oh yes, this man just keeps knocking it out of the park! Many modern writers make their name with one recurring character in a series of books, be it the protagonist (Lee Child's *Jack Reacher* is one I like) or the antagonist (rarer, but Thomas Harris' *Hannibal Lecter* is a good example). It makes sound financial sense to keep churning out books with the same well-loved character but I imagine it diminishes the author's desire to keep writing. Even J.K. Rowling ***[1]*** got sick of writing *Harry Potter* and wrote a book under another name ***[2]***



Wheatley had a plethora of series, such as those featuring Duke De Richleau (11 books, of which I've read 4), Gregory Sallust (11 books, read 3), Roger Brooks (12 books, read 2), Molly Fountain (2 books, read 1), and lastly Julian Day (3 books, read 1).

I dare say I've enjoyed them all.

This one kicks off in Cairo, Egypt where Julian Day is stationed in the early days of WWII. He has a chance meeting with a local bird of mixed Italian/Greek descent after crashing his motorbike. Naturally they fancy each other so a love affair develops. It's named *The Sword Of Fate* because the bird seeks guidance from a fortune teller who informs her such a sword will always stand between them, and that forms the book's theme.

In 1939 the war had yet to expand to North Africa but then the French surrender and the Vichy government sabotages British interests in the Mediterranean, leaving Her Majesty's navy overstretched and the English troops sandwiched between the French on the Algeria side and the Italians on the other.

Initially Day and his bird are split up by a dastardly Italian officer, her fiance from an arranged marriage. He turns out to be working for the Nazis and also the globalist cabal who'd ruined Day's reputation in the first book in the series. Then the Italians invade Greece and kick off trouble in Africa. The British army is drawn into fighting and Day with them. All kinds of machinations follow in typically unpredictable Wheatley style.

By book's end he's fought tanks in Libya, been held as a POW, liberated by advancing British forces, and deserted in Greece to chase down his nemesis and rescue his bird who has gone deep undercover to battle the Nazis. It's a

proper adventure story.

What made the book most interesting to me is its publication date: 1941. It was written when the war's outcome looked strongly in Germany's favour. The Battle of Britain was ongoing ***[3]*** and it seemed Hitler may yet invade Britain. Operation Barbarossa wouldn't start until June 22nd 1941. At the time of writing, Germany had handily sewn up the Western Front, there was no Eastern Front, and Pearl Harbour (and thus USA's entry on the Allies side) was a year away.



Before this happened

Things were pretty bleak for those of Europe who didn't want to be ruled by squareheads.

This means *Sword Of Fate* is constantly jumping between a typical adventure story and two of Wheatley's primary passions: venting about stupid decisions by British command, and lambasting the French for so meekly giving in to the Nazis. He also spends long passages giving pep talks to his readers about the need for Britain to hold out against the Nazi menace.

It's interesting to read a war adventure story written before anyone knows who is going to win. So much of the war was as yet unknown.

If you've read one Wheatley novel you've read them all – you'll know the style. It begins with an international flavour among characters of high social class and breeding. The protagonist shows himself a thoroughly solid chap, meets a girl and then things go to shit. There's always a dastardly rascal opposing him who acts with an underhandedness that would shame even a pro-wrestling heel ***[4]***. The protagonist sets off on a quest and encounters all manner of reversals on the way forcing him to think and act quickly and decisively. And usually recklessly.



More dastardly than the Iron Sheik. Really!

Wheatley likes to give us full explanations for the reasoning process the protagonist follows before deciding a course of action. It's really quite strange to read two pages of cogitation before Day decides to throw down his rifle and surrender to an Italian tank formation, or to kidnap a Nazi agent and stage a hunger strike from his prison cell. It's also odd how random and unexpected his stories' reversals are. Modern books have a habit of moving in predictable directions as the plot narrows it's focus. Wheatley will patiently set up a dynamic that leads us to expect that and then just flips the table with a new event that wrecks all former plans.

There are some unintentionally hilarious passages too. This is a favourite, as Day infiltrates a small Archaeological Society in Athens used as a front for Nazi spying:

> 'Here," I said, thrusting out the basket. 'Hold this a minute, will you? I've just trodden on a nail.'
> Grudgingly he took the basket from me, thereby rendering himself temporarily powerless to use his hands in his own defence. Immediately he was supporting the full weight of it I drew back my right fist and gave him a terrific swipe under the jaw.
> That is not a nice thing to do to an inoffensive person, but this fellow was a German.

Take that, Fritz!

If you like Wheatley, or like WWII adventure stories with a focus on spying over combat then this is easy to recommend. I thoroughly enjoyed it and the pace never let up.

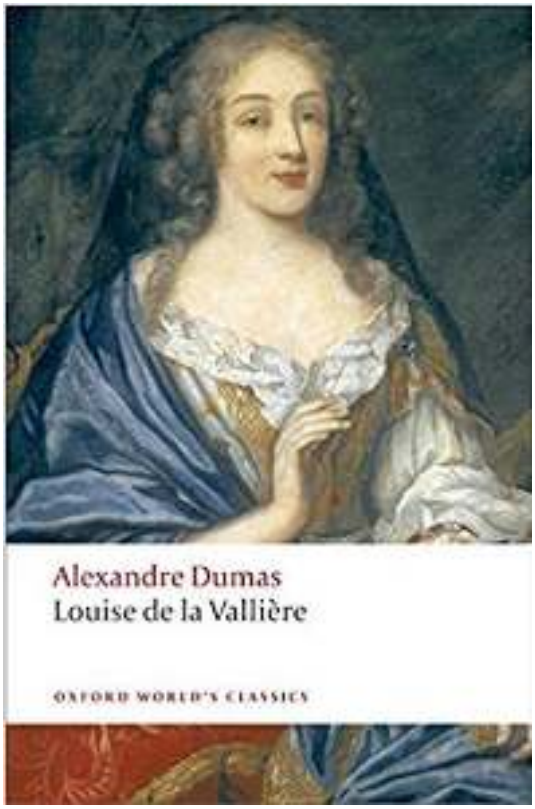
If you like reading stories of international adventure then just hold tight until volume three of my memoir comes out, very soon.

[1] A despicable lying leftist cunt
[2] The Cuckoo's Calling. Even though it reviewed well, like most books it flopped on release. Before the secret came out that JKR had written it, it sold less than Daygame Mastery in the same timespan. (I think).
[3] It ended November 1940 and thus no way this book was written with it's result known.
[4] The baddies are either French, German or Spanish every time. Can't trust those countries now, can you?

#47 – Louise de la Valliere, Alexandre Dumas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 3 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I was suitably forewarned, by no lesser authority than the introduction of this very volume, that the fourth of Dumas' five volumes in the **D'Artagnan Romances** is the weakest link. So it turned out to be. Whereas the other parts are full of adventure, plotting, sword-play, buccaneering and camaraderie, this one is just….. boring. It's focused almost entirely upon timid palace romance, particularly Louis XIV's inept flirtations with his sister's maid of honour Valliere.



WNB

And oh my isn't she a boring character! She spends the entire book wittering on about a lady's honour while strenuously declining the king's advances even though she loves him. At one point the little drama queen runs off to a convent. It made me wish Milady made a comeback.

I'm not satirising it when I say this romance has the pair meeting under willow trees in the rain to share protestations of love, writing poetry on hand-delivered missives, or sharing glances and blushes at court. The king tries climbing up a ladder to sneak a conversation at her second storey window without her guardian seeing. It boggles my mind that such trite romance weighs down a series full of war and violence.

The three musketeers are barely in it, and D'Artagnan makes only brief appearances to shepherd the love-strick Louis XIV around. I'd say the vast part of the book's 669 pages concentrate on the passage of a couple of weeks at the palace of Fountainbleau. It's hard to remember precisely what happens because it got samey. And I only finished the bloody thing two days ago, two weeks after starting.

Despite all this, I still enjoyed reading. So, why?



More of this next time, ok Alex?

Well, first and foremost is the sense of epic scope that the full series represents. This is a hugely ambitious story where each of the five volumes is epic in itself. Reading Length places them at a total of almost a million words, compared to an average paperback's 70k. It isn't a run of disjointed stories either. The same characters drop in and out and Dumas will foreshadow events not due to reach a head until a thousand pages later. For example, in *Louise de la Valliere* we see Aramis first ferreting out the secret of the King's twin imprisoned in the Bastille and his buttering up of both the prison governor (for the later escape attempt) and the King's financier Forquet who's palace will be scene of the coup d'etat. I'd made the mistake of reading *The Man In The Iron Mask* first ***[1]*** so it was nice to see all the patient set-up of palace intrigues where I already knew the payoff.

I also loved how all main characters develop over time as they age. Louis XIV is first introduced in *Twenty Years Later* as a small boy of no consequence as the story focuses more on his mother and father but by the *Vicomte Of Bragelonne* he's a sharp-eyed ruler whose relationship with D'Artagnan builds so that by the events *Man In The Iron Mask* we understand why the fiery Gascon sides with him. We also see very patient set-up of the jostling between Colbert and Fouquet for the King's ear and the importance of the Belle Isle fortress where the whole saga eventually ends.

It's as epic a story as I've ever read and it felt like a privilege to finally finish all five volumes. I may never read such a saga again. The only thing that comes close is Eiji Yoshikawa's *Musashi* story though it's probably less than half the length of this one. That too is awesome, and thoroughly recommended. If readers can suggest another, please do ***[2]***



No such bollocks here. It's non-stop fighting

Unlike the other volumes, there's really not much to say about this one. The series really dipped here. No good villains, no great missions, no real suspense. It just stumbled along setting up character arcs and plot points for the next volume. It's the *Two Towers* of the D'Artagnan Romances. Now that I've read the full thing, I'd definitely recommend reading all five in the correct order. However, if you're on the fence just try *The Three Musketeers*. If that grabs you, try the next two *Twenty Years Later* and *Vicomte De Bragelonne*. All three are fantastic and if you make it that far you'll be so invested you really won't mind the little dip on quality *Louis de la Valliere* represents before the rousing finale of *Man In The Iron Mask*.

If you'd like to read an epic story covering nearly a million words you'll be pretty excited about my memoir series. When the soon-to-be-released third volume is out that'll bring it up to 600k words and at least one more still to come.

[1] Understandable, as only that and the first two volumes are widely published, and usually presented as a trilogy as if books three and four didn't exist.
[2] And don't you dare suggest Robert Jordan's *Wheel Of Time* abomination or you'll be insta-banned.

#48 – The Mongol Conquests, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 3 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

The prize for dirtiest cunts in history is claimed, without shadow of a doubt, by the Mongols. For about three hundred years up until 1400 they ravaged an entire continent from the Pacific in the east to the Mediterranean to the west. All they did was kill. It's really quite eye-opening.



A different dirty Muslim anti-Western cunt, yesterday

They started out as nomadic herders on the steppes of northern Asia and although many such tribes would cause havoc, it was the Mongols who reigned supreme thanks to the military genius of Genghis, Kublai and a couple of other Khans. I actually read this volume two months ago ***[1]*** so rather than trying to recall the details, I'll just convey my lasting impressions from the book.

Firstly, the Mongols had a unique set of skills that happened to match the times perfectly to aid their supremacy. They didn't have a general brilliance, or they wouldn't all be smelly goat herders now. It's like they were always destined to be living in tents and ekeing out a living on the steppe and then a strange confluence of events conspired to make them empire builders for a brief flash of history.

So, what skills?



Shouldn’t you be cooking, woman?

The Mongols lived in the saddle and everything about them matched this demand. As young boys they became expert horseman and mounted archers. Their re-curved bow was made of layered and lacquered hide and wood that was a far more advanced technology than even the English longbows of the era. The Mongols could ride fast and fire quickly and accurately.

Being nomadic, there was no supply train distinct from their warriors. Thus the supplies could move as fast as the troops and they didn’t need a base. Thus the Mongols could travel en masse without dividing forces or leaving a vulnerable homeland. They’d invade before the invadees were ready for them, the horde arriving almost as fast as the news they were coming.

Strong tribal loyalties and the wild nomad’s code of honour made them very reliable in battle and far less prone to all the pre- and mid-battle defections that often lost the Byzantines, Persians, and Mamluks their own battles before swords were crossed.



Let them in. Don't be racist!

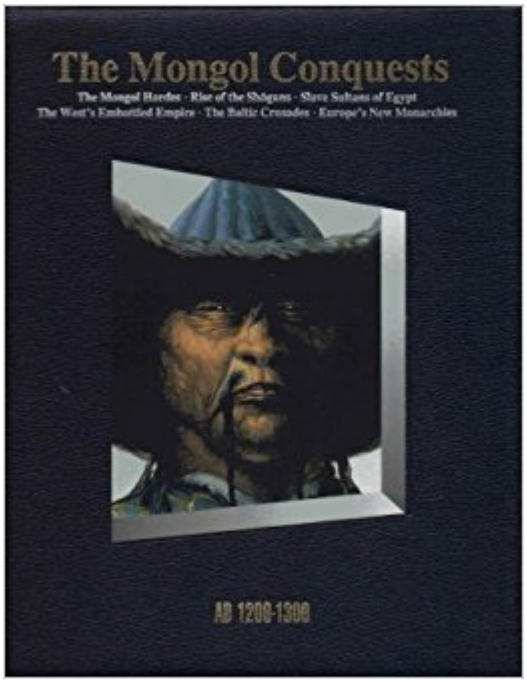
Mongols also had little interest in establishing a civil administration to maintain their empire. They'd show up, conquer, loot, then move on. It was difficult to pin them down. This meant the empire's didn't survive the deaths of the leaders but while they were alive, they were formidable.

But fucking hell what a bunch of utter cunts!

The Mongols would regularly massacre entire cities, sack them, then burn them to the ground. They'd devise all kinds of cruel tortures and were fond of stacking skulls into mountains outside city walls. The last great Mongol leader, Timurlane, was especially viscious. He once accepted a city's surrender after promising the defenders no blood would be shed…. and then buried them all alive under and inside the city walls. No doubt he thought he was being witty by not breaking the letter of his promise. So I was pleased to hear he died painfully of illness while on his way to invade China.

About the only silver lining to the Mongol curse is they mostly fought other Muslims, such as the Ottomans ***[2]*** and only rarely fought Christians (the Armenians and Georgians getting the shit end of that stick). Just as in the modern day, who really gives a fuck what's going on in the Middle East? Not me ***[3]***

It wasn't until the National Socialists of Germany and the International Socialists of Russia, China and Cambodia came along that the Mongols had a serious rival to their title of History's Biggest Cunts. Fascinating reading. These were brutal times.



If you'd like to know more about some of history's biggest cunts consider trying my memoir series when my friends and I go reaving through Europe smelling just as bad as the Mongols and drinking twice as much beer.

[1] And didn't get round to reviewing it due to a backlog
[2] Also utter cunts.
[3] Not quite true. I'm very interested in what Mohammad bin Salman is doing in Saudi Arabia

#49 – Front Line Theatre, Heinz Konsalik BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 12 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original



What's the first thing that comes to mind when you hear the title of this WWII book? Perhaps that the theatre of war it concerns is on the front line of the Eastern Front? Or maybe you look at the red cross markings on the soldier prominently positioned on the cover and think it may describe a medical theatre and thus focus on medics?

I certainly did.

But would you think this book is, in a very literal sense, about a theatre on the front line? I mean the **normal** use of the word "theatre" as the place where primadonnas and faggots mince around on stage in front of an audience too la-di-da to go to the cinema. Yep, this book is about a touring theatre troupe sent into Russia.

I was a little disappointed. It's like an episode of **Eastenders**, with background artillery noise. There's not any actual battle scenes until about page 130, of a 179-page book. For all that, I still enjoyed it. Konsalik is up to his usual tricks in presenting a sweeping narrative from multiple locations in which various story-threads entwine until there's a big fat knot at the end where they all end in the same place: in this case, in a small Russian village attacked by partisans ahead of the Russian advance.



Urahhhhhh!!!!

It's all very obvious and strikes predictable notes: the effeminate idealistic concert pianist who volunteered is blown up by a bomb and his hands ripped off, the wide-eyed teenage girl gets pregnant and finds love with a young soldier but they each believe the other dead in the fog of war, the fat sweaty Nazi functionary is a villain who abuses his position to creep on actresses, and the Soviet partisans are wild-eyed wolves pitilessly torturing anyone they find. All the WWII trash novel tropes are in here.

So, I enjoyed it.

I finished it today and by coincidence caught Vox's latest Darkstream "I was wrong about Hitler". It makes for a nice segue. A couple of years ago, a commentor here ***[1]*** directed me to Victor Suvorov's book The Chief Culprit, whose thesis is that Stalin started WWII by baiting Hitler into invading Poland, so Britain and France would declare war. The USSR would roll up the weakened victors and take over Western Europe ***[2]***. I bought the book and read the first half, fascinated by the idea.

It seemed to fit some anomalies I'd noticed, such as Guderian talking about military exercises teaching the Soviets blitzkrieg pre-war, about Stalin's meddling in the Spanish Civil War against both the anarchists and the fascists (yet being harsher on the former), and his unusual (apparent) activity in the early war years.



My WW2 wargaming is hardly Advanced Squad Leader

So I read Suvorov but felt I wasn't in a position to judge his work. I lacked the necessary wide-reading in the Eastern Front ***[3]*** to judge whether Suvorov was fairly selecting and interpreting his evidence, or if it was a big spin job to make a name for himself on the back of persuasive bullshit ***[4]***. I'd also read a good bit of The Wages Of Destruction a few years earlier which argued the Nazi economy was nowhere near as strong as legend has it and that Hitler had been pushed into war to revive flagging German fortunes. My mind was at least open to the idea that Hitler wasn't the wildly aggressive leader he'd been painted as but that key strategic decisions may have been a result of choosing between poor options rather than being head of a dominant economy and army full of super soldiers.

I remember these key items that Suvorov provided evidence for to support his thesis:

- Russia had the world's first long-range strategic bombers but Stalin repeatedly cancelled orders to build them because they are only useful in defence. When you intend to conquer a city you don't want to flatten it or you destroy your own prize.
- Stalin instead built up lots of fast light fighter-bombers that are designed to take out defensive emplacements to clear the way for a ground invasion.
- All Soviet forces were lined up in attack formations on the border with little defensive fortification
- USSR took lots of military training from Germany in the 1930s including the emerging blitzkrieg ideas.
- Stalin meddled in the 1933 election, getting the Communist Party to support the Nazis in order to keep out the Social Democrats, because the latter were less likely to start the war he wanted.

There's more, I forget most of it because I was rather overwhelmed with detail. So, I parked his thesis as "interesting and likely true" but held it in mental quarantine until I knew more. This did not stop me adding it into my **Jewish Question** stack that I started using with girls on dates in 2015/16.

Yes, I would rail against Jews on dates in 2015 (in 2016 I swapped it out for my "Trump is greater than Alexander" stack). It was based on the **Hitler Was Right** idea and went roughly as follows:

> "The main problem with the Final Solution is that it was not sufficiently final. There were two holocausts, one real and one fake. The real one was in Eastern Europe following Operation Barbarossa and it consisted of reserve battalions following the German advance. They'd roll up into a village, round up all the Jews, walk

> them into the forest and machine gun them into a mass grave. Done and dusted in one afternoon."
> "But Schindler's List…" says the girl.
> "It's a Jew movie. Imagine for a minute you're Hitler and you really want to exterminate Jews. You control the world's greatest army and head the most efficient people who've ever lived. Say one of your subordinates presents you with this idea…. Let's round up all the Jews and send them by train to different camps around Germany and Poland. We'll feed them for several years, then on a whim push them into small shower rooms and use a weird gas to kill them, then burn them in ovens barely big enough to cook a modern pizza. That's ridiculous. Plus there's so little evidence the 'death camps' were anything more than 'work camps' or 'internment camps' that suffered the same malnutrition, outbreaks, and squalor as the rest of Germany towards the end of the war."

At this point the girls are usually giving rapt attention just because of how unexpected the thesis is, so I followed it up with this…

> "Germany had won WWI by 1916 but then the International Zionists met with the British War Council in London and promised to use their influence to get the USA into the war if Britain supported their claim to create Israel in Palestine. Obviously the British agreed, as it was something for nothing. USA came in, and WWI went on twice as long as it should have and the victor was changed. That's a few million white Christians killed due to Jew tricks."
> "Then the Versailles Treaty wrecks Germany in order to force Germany to pay reparations to France and the UK, who use the money to repay loans to Jew bankers in the USA. The treaty was like the AIG bailout in 2008 that was really about covering Goldman Sachs who held the winning end of the trades with AIG. That's an old Jew trick."
> "The result is the Jews got their money back and Germany hyper-inflated the currency to cover reparations. That destroyed all asset values in Germany, allowing the Jews to buy up all the industries and lock down the professions in the 1920s. They then blackballed ethnic Germans out of all economic opportunities. The late 1920s were a time of Jewish depredation and preying on German women, much like Hollywood and Manhattan today."
> "At the same time, the Jewish Bolsheviks had taken over Russia, the leaders Lenin and Trotsky facilitated by New York Jews. Almost 80% of the Politburo was Jewish. The Russian Revolution is best understood as a Jewish attack on Russia, with Russians as the victims. So, Lenin immediately begins agitating for a communist revolution in Germany, which is already in desperate straits. Terrorist attacks, uprisings, commie agit-prop. They are trying to destroy Germany."
> "Finally in 1933 the Nazis take over and quite politely begin unwinding the Jewish interference. So, in 1934 International Zionism literally declares war on Germany – you can find front page headlines of it on the internet. Germany's already ruined economy loses another 20% GDP. Then in the mid-1930s the Jew Bolsheviks genocide ten million white Christians in Ukraine in the Holomodor."
> "The WWII kicks off in 1939 and Germany has incredible success that shocks even their own High Command. Guderian's memoir even says they kept telling him to slow down. Then in 1941 they realise Stalin is amassing forces on the USSR's western border, to attack Germany."
> "So, think of it this way…. starting in 1916 there have been 25 years of Jewish attacks on Germany, mostly successful. They made Germany lose a war they'd won, bankrupted the country, destroyed the currency, urged revolution, stolen the industry. They'd already murdered well over ten million white Christians, declared war, and were now amassing a massive army for invasion."
> "Really, in the circumstances, after 25 years of intense provocation, I think the Holocaust was little more than a mild overreaction by the Nazis. If anything, the Jews owe us at least 4 million more lives."

Anyway, I don't know how much of that is fair but it made for fun dates. It interests me that Vox Day – a man with vastly more military knowledge than myself – has just read **The Chief Culprit** and declares himself mostly

convinced by the thesis that Stalin started WWII and intended to invade Western Europe ***[5]***

Reading all these WWII novels written from the German perspective is making me increasingly sympathetic to the Nazi side. If only they weren't so damn socialist. Churchill famously declared after WWII ended that "we butchered the wrong pig."

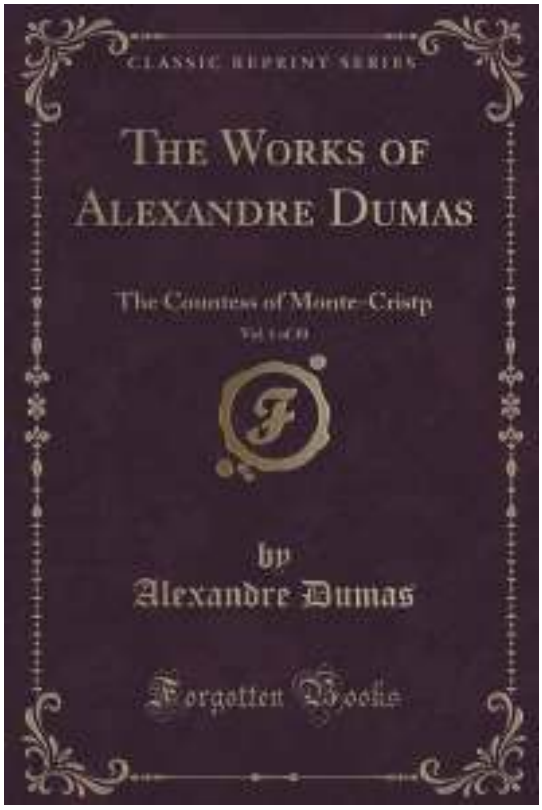
If you'd like more anti-Jew rants I'm afraid you'll find very little of it in my books. They are all about shagging hot white girls for free, which Jews appear to be unable to do without a casting couch or cocaine.

[1] I forget who. A pat on the back to you all the same, sir
[2] It turns out their funding of Western academia, unions, politicians, and feminists was far more successful in making Europe communist.
[3] Sven Hassel novels aside, which are hardly a documentary record
[4] Seeing as I'm part of the PUA industry and have a background in financial services, you can imagine I've been the victim of persuasive bullshit in my time and become quite suspicious.
[5] Stalin wasn't a Jew but he married one and filled his Politburo with them.

#50 – The Countess Of Monte Cristo (vol. 1), Alexandre Dumas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 12 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Obviously this isn't written by Dumas, it's merely credited to him to help sell the thing. I have a Forgotten Books reprint of the 1890s edition that was part of the "complete" works of Dumas released in thirty volumes.



So, it's not by Dumas, and his actual works are **81 novels**. Not the most authoritative series then….. Still, I find there to be something alluring in digging up lost books that likely nobody has actually read in years. I could've easily invested the same amount of time reading *an actual Dumas novel*, and it would've no doubt been a vastly superior tome and yet…. I wanted to see how these chancers would try to spin the Monte Cristo legacy. I wanted to read the Street Hustle version of **The Count Of Monte Cristo**.

As expected, it was a bit shit.

Nonetheless, I raced through *The Countess Of Monte Cristo* in less than 24 hours even though it is a solid 374 pages. Just like The Son Of Monte Cristo before it, this is paced at break-neck, far faster than the (himself fast-moving) Dumas original. The prose style maintains the flowery manner of Dumas but lacks the sharpness and rigour. Whereas the old master will often write long paragraphs dressing the scenery and characters, this one spends only a couple of sentences.



The award for Least Faithful Adaptation goes to….

The story goes as follows ***[1]***: A rich old man is dying in his castle adjoining a factory and his small family and retinue are collected around. A plot is afoot as four conspirators ***[2]***, all servants, have him and his legitimate heir murdered then frame his wife (who re-emerges as the Countess). A young stable boy escapes with the secret to a buried family treasure nearby and has made a solemn promise to the faithful manservant of the Count to spend it getting revenge on the treacherous quartet. So ends the long prologue.

Twenty years later in Paris everyone is under new names. The quartet have used ill-gotten gains from the murders to enter high society. The stable boy comes in as a dashing nobleman, working with a mysterious Countess who is the talk of Society. All kinds of machinations follow as the Countess tries to outwit the quartet, save their latest victims, and take revenge for the age old murders.



I imagined one of these was in there

Thematically, it's the same as the Dumas original: a betrayal, a hidden treasure, and a re-emergence as mysterious nobility to execute a plan of righteous vengeance. Stylistically, it tries to do the same thing too. But…

It's just not very good.

The book whizzes by fast enough but in a few chapters it bogs down and it becomes obvious the lack of craft in it's construction. In that sense, it's a bit like slowing your car down in GTA V to pay attention to the textures.

I like old books because they present a different world view in simple things how the writer assumes knowledge or opinions in the reader. The dialogue in this one is excessively effusive and romanticised, with even street urchins orating like a philosopher on an Athenian town square. Reading this book felt like finding an old photo album in a musty old attic, giving a picture on how a few long-dead families lived.

I have absolutely no reason to recommend this book. Think of all the **Game Of Thrones** or **50 Shades Of Grey** rip-off me-too books on the shelves of today's bookstores. This is just an 1800s version of that. I admire this writer's hustle but he just doesn't have the original thinking, skilful construction, or lively prose style to say he's reached Dumas' level of mastery ***[3]***

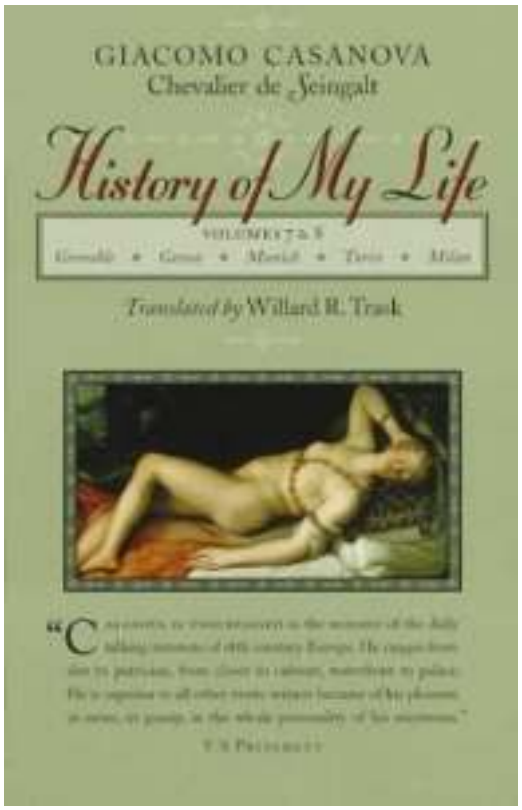
If you'd like to read fast-paced adventure stories full of heroes and villains, and even a brief section in Paris, you might like to try my memoirs.

[1] I think, it's not entirely clear at times because all the characters resurface under new names and the book deliberately makes the reader guess who they are meant to be.
[2] Not Jews, by the way.
[3] The quality gap is large. Infinite, even. ***[4]***
[4] Perhaps that metaphor was overkill.

#51 – History Of My Life (vol.1), Casanova BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 14 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Casanova is one of those characters who looms large in cultural history even though most people are not really familiar with the detail ***[1]***. He is "that dude who wrote about all the women he banged" ***[2]***. It's quite inexplicable that I'd be in the game nine years and read books from many Modern Casanova writers without ever going back to the original, especially as his epic memoir series is, to quote some guy on the back cover of my edition, "rightly called the most interesting memoirs ever written. Indeed, Rousseau, Stendhal, even Augustine, must take their proper place, a half step behind this greatest of storytellers."



But a few volumes lower

A few years ago my mate from Wales said he'd read all twelve volumes and recommended I do the same. That seemed a bit much so I tracked down the Folio Society abridged edition which contained just five select chapters. It was a bit shit.

I checked online and found out there have been several translations. The first heavily edited and messed with the manuscript and then later translations were bowdlerised to remove all the juicy bits. Finally in 1961, Willard R. Trask produced the definitive translation from the original French manuscript, without censors. It was released in six double-volumes, of which the Folio Society version was a small taster.



Looked great, but read shit

Based on that version I assumed it was ***all*** flowery bullshit and ignored it. Then this year, as my own memoir passed the four-volume mark, I got curious again. As solipsistic as ever, I wondered ***how does my memoir stack up against old Casanova's?*** It turns out that one of my volumes is approximately as long as two of his. If I was to write six of mine, I'd get 160+ lays compared to his 132 ***[3]***. Given that what I'd read of his memoir was shite, I figured I could do better ***[4]***

So I bought the first of the double volumes and started reading. I just finished the first half – i.e. the first volume of twelve – and……. well, I'm rather impressed. It was really good. Far better than the abridged version lead me to believe. So good that I'm gonna have to really raise my writing game if I want to beat it.

The biggest surprise is that in the 328 pages I read, he only describes three sexual conquests. The vast majority of the book has nothing to do with chasing skirt. It begins with his earliest memory of being sent off to a ratty boarding house in Padua as a young boy, then his mentor raising him for life as a churchman in Venice, and then his teenage years being sent hither and thither as his travelling actress mother arranged different guardians to look after him. By the time this volume ends, when he's about twenty, this is some of what has happened:

- Imprisoned in a fortress in a squabble over debts, where he befriends the governor.
- Sneaks out of said fortress after establishing an alibi then coshes his enemy and dumps him in a canal. He gets away with the attempted murder.
- Walks between Italian cities with a roguish travelling priest. One night they are jumped by two horny MILFs and their uncle and beat them possibly to death with a cane.
- Accepts a bishop's position in a poverty-stricken country seat and almost immediately bails on it to find a better one in Rome.
- Becomes mates with the Pope and a senior Cardinal.
- Run out of Rome for harbouring a female fugitive, his French teacher, who was caught trying to elope with a nobleman's son.
- Witnessed an exorcism of his guardian's daughter.

That's what I liked most about this volume, that Casanova takes care to tell a well-rounded story covering highlights in his life in all themes. The whole time it progresses naturally and I felt I was getting to know his character and what events shaped it.



"Did you see the fight outside?"

As to the birds?

Perhaps some of my readers are more familiar with 1740s Italian culture than myself. His stories all seem rather **far-fetched**. If readers from the year 2300 were to read a memoir written by RVF's notorious fantasist **G-Manifesto**, they'd probably have a similar reaction to mine in reading Casanova's sexual conquests. These are some of what he describes:

- He loses his virginity in a threesome to two sisters when aged 15. He'd known them a month or so because they were in the same embroidery club as a girl he was chasing. Through chasing her, they became interested in him. In a late-night assignation between all three girls, the target leaves and Casanova sleeps between the two sisters in the same bed. He touches up the first sister and bangs her while she pretends to be asleep, then touches up the second and repeats the feat. They then have threesomes.
- He next bangs a girl he met in a horse-drawn carriage with her husband. They travel together a while and he contrives to share a carriage with just the woman, which then gets diverted from the others in a storm. He forcefully tries to fuck her and when she says no, he threatens that if she keeps making a noise in fighting him off the horseman will notice and assume she'd put out anyway. So she says ok.
- He had another threesome. I forget the details but he's banging on girl on the regular and her virginal sister disapproves. He bangs the regular in the same bed and the other one gets so turned on he fucks her too.

So, four of his five first notches came in threesomes. Okay……

There's also a scene where he's locked up in quarantine in a first floor apartment with a balcony overlooking a courtyard. A middle-eastern merchant has the ground floor quarantine quarters where he's accompanied by a pretty Greek girl who sits at the window reading. Casanova drops a letter to her that says words to the effect of "I just noticed you and think you look quite nice. Come meet me under my balcony at midnight".



Image courtesy of Ye Olde Daygame Trip .com

So she does. The next evening he pulls up the floorboards (his guard seems not to notice) and feels her tits. She manages to get her torso through the whole but not enough he can fuck her. It all seems a bit, well, like a tall story. Like those PUA stories of opening massive mixed sets, fighting off AMOGs, bouncing five venues, and…. blah blah.

Anyway, I'm forming some opinions on Casanova's character that I'll test over the next volume. For now, I'll discipline myself to take what he says at face value so that I can better enjoy the book. It might just be that 1740s Italy really were so libertine. I'm very much interested to read volume two because I'm enjoying his style and the stories really are interesting.

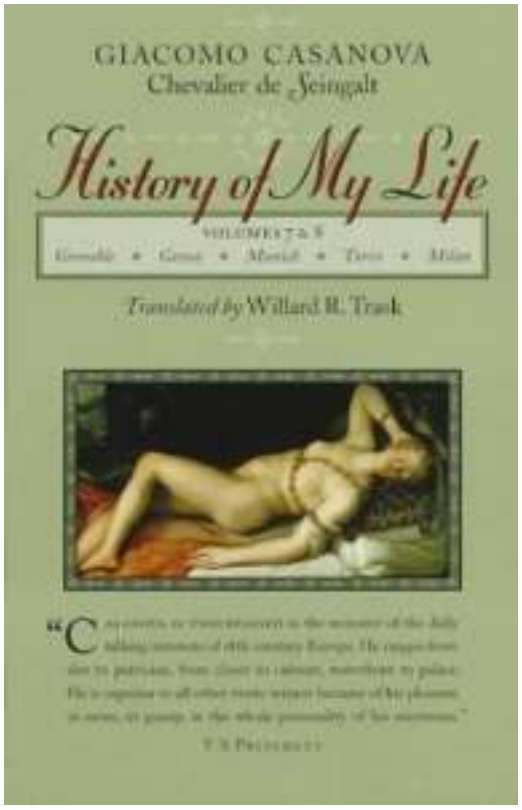
If you've like to see a six double-volume modern casanova memoir then be sure to buy Younger Hotter Tighter when I release it later this summer.

[1] Like Batman, or Godzilla, or Tarzan
[2] It must be weird to live in a time when there was only one such guy.
[3] I haven't counted them myself, I just vaguely remembering hearing that number.
[4] Regular readers are quite familiar with my hubris.

#52 – History of my Life (Vol.2), Casanova BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 26 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

"History will be kind to me for I intend to write it." – Winston Churchill



Regular readers of Anonymous Conservative's excellent blog will be familiar with the competing mating strategies of r and K selection, or rabbits and wolves respectively. Rabbity people tend towards the following character traits, some mildly, some extremely:

– Highly promiscuous
– Sexually indiscriminate, even to the point of homosexuality
– Hedonistic, and unsettled when not chasing pleasure
– Flightly
– Constantly seeking novelty
– Migratory

AnonCon explains it far better than me, but once you're accustomed to seeing rabbits and wolves, you can easily pick them out. I bring this up because as I continue to read Casanova's compelling memoir, I'm trying to form a portrait of his character. It's difficult to do because he's the writer and thus the reader only knows what information Casanova chooses to tell.

I remember reading Iceberg Slim's excellent autobiography Pimp. I then read the Pimps Bible, another (less well-written) autobiography. The latter writer was far less able to conceal his propensity for bullshit and thus I was struck by a thought:

Here is a pimp telling me that the secret of his trade is an ability to convincingly bullshit people into accepting his frame, telling lots of lies. And yet having spent his entire life bullshitting whores and marks, he's now supposedly telling the truth to me, the reader?

No chance.

Iceberg Slim is such a convincing writer that his bullshit isn't obvious, but I now realise he was blowing smoke up my ass at least as much as he did to the girls. Liars lie. Lying isn't a one-time or case-specific thing, it is an ongoing relationship to the truth. There are essentially three options ***[1]***

1. Truth Teller: You know the truth and stick to it.
2. Liar: You know the truth but subvert it in order to get what you want.
3. Bullshitter: You don't care what the truth is and never bother to find out. It's easier just to say whatever will implant whatever ideas you want in the other person's head.

Iceberg Slim was a bullshitter. Giacomo Casanova was a bullshitter. And when dealing with bullshitters it's a waste of time trying to separate truth from fiction ***[2]***. When reading Casanova I was asking myself, "he's an old man now, trying to record his life for posterity, so maybe he's matured and no longer has a stake in bullshitting. He could be giving the reader the straight truth, surely?"

But I immediately thought, "he does have a stake. He has the grandiosity to want to be remembered as a big man long after his death. He has every reason to bullshit even now."

My solution is to temporarily take him at face value, as I will for this review. I'll just assume what he writes is passably close to what really happened. So, doing that, I come to the conclusion that the young Casanova had an extremely broken moral compass and possibly none at all ***[3]***

Here are some of the events that Casanova relates in volume 2:

1. He has sex with both an 11 year old and a 12 year old girl, on consecutive days, pimped by their mother. He then tries to fuck their older transexual sister who he thinks might be a boy.
2. He bums, and is bummed by, a rich old Turk in Constantinople
3. Together with friends he kidnaps and gang-rapes a young woman
4. He pretends to be a magician digging up treasure that'll make a family rich, in order to deflower their 14 year old daughter
5. He beats a teenage girl with a heavy stick, hospitalising her, because she won't fuck him after he paid her
6. He digs up a corpse, cuts off the arm, and puts it in a Greek man's bed. The shock gives that man a stroke and he dies soon after ***[4]***

What's that, you say? Surely not? Surely you're twisting his words. Let's consider those words in turn:

1. Child Molestation
In chapter one he's staying at an inn in Ancona and hears there's a family there of a mother, two daughters, and a son ***[5]***. He meets them and describes the two daughters as such on page 5, "the elder of whom, named Cecilia, was studying music and was twelve years old; the other, who was a dancer, was eleven and named Marina; they were both pretty." The next evening he bangs Cecilia (described on page 9) and the next evening he bangs the younger Marina.

Anyone who has looked into psychopaths and child molesters knows they backwards rationalise sickening events in order to pretend the victim was compliant, and possibly even eager to be victimised. This is how Casanova describes raping the younger girl (page 10)

> Just then in comes Marina, looking sulky, and says that she does not know how she had deserved the proof of my disfavor I was about to give her.
> "Cecilia spent the night with you, you go off tomorrow with Bellino, I am the only unlucky one of us."
> "Do you want money?"
> "No, I love you."
> "You are too young."
> "Age has nothing to do with it. I am better developed than my sister."

> "Then perhaps you have had a lover."
> "Certainly not."
> "So much the better. We'll find out this evening."
> "Then I'll tell my mother to have some sheets ready for tomorrow, otherwise the maid would guess what happened."

Does this sound plausible to you? An 11yr old virgin comes on to a 22yr old man she only met two nights before in an inn, and demands he deflower her, for free, with her mother's permission and he's just done the same thing to her 12yr old sister?

I think even John Podesta and Bryan Singer can come up with more convincing stories than that. Speaking of pedo-inclined faggots, let's move on to the Stealth Bumming….

2. It's Not Homo If You Don't Make Eye Contact
Casanova finds himself in Constantinople with a letter of introduction to some Turkish nobles. He soon befriends Ismail who lives in a huge palace. On page 83, Casanova describes an incident,

> "but after receiving and treating me with the utmost politeness the Turk invited me to take a walk with him in a small garden where, when we had entered a summerhouse, he suddenly proposed something which was not to my taste; I smiled and said that I was not of that persuasion, then, wearying of his fond assiduity, I rose rather abruptly. Ismail then pretended to approve my repugnance and said that he had only been joking".

So, we're clear that they are ***NOT*** homo because they've assured us respectively that it's not of their persuasion and it was *just a joke*? We're clear on that, right? Great, let's move on a couple of weeks…

While visiting the same palace late at night, Casanova accidentally ***[6]*** bumps into Ismail again in the gardens and they fish until past midnight. They somehow end up in the same summerhouse ***[7]*** eating the fish, by the lake, when they hear three girls from Ismail's harem skinny-dipping. Ismail suggests they conceal themselves in a nearby garden-house and spy on the naked trio. Casanova picks up the story on page 95:

> "they exhibited themselves in every conceivable posture. This charming spectacle could not fail to set me on fire at once, and Ismail, faint with delight, not only convinced me that I should not restrain myself, but encouraged me to surrender to the effects which the voluptuous sight could not but produce in my soul, by himself setting the example."

I know what you're thinking. They are both masturbating, side-by-side, while looking at the girls. How gay! ***[8]*** It get's gayer….

> "Like him, I found myself reduced to making the best of the object beside me to extinguish the flame kindled by the three sirens, whom we saw now in the water, now out of it, and who, though they never looked at the window, seemed to be indulging in their voluptuous sports only to burn the spectators who were intently watching them through it. I chose to believe that such was the case, which gave me only the more pleasure, and Ismail triumphed when he found that his proximity condemned him to take the place of the distant object to which I could not attain."

Oh, that's not so bad, you say. So he bummed a Turk, but at least he was *thinking* about the girls. Casanova continues…

> "I also had to submit to his taking turnabout. It would have been impolite in my to refuse; then too, I should have shown myself ungrateful, a thing which is not in my nature."

Oh, that's alright then, far better to be bummed by a Turk than to be impolite. I hope we all agree that this wasn't actually homo because it was all a bizarre coincidence and they were thinking of the girls all the time.

3. Gang Rape of an Innocent Woman

Not content with molesting children and bumming Turks, Casanova finds himself down on his luck and takes a job as a fiddler ***[9]*** to make ends meet. His fellow musicians are all ruffians who amuse themselves for weeks on end doing practical jokes that are the 1700s direct equivalent of ringing doorbells and running away, setting off fire alarms, and joyriding in cars ***[10]***. Things escalate and in an effort to outdo each other they come up with a plan.

In chapter seven, he describes the opening,

> "It was during one carnival, midnight had struck, we were eight, all masked, roving through the city, each of us trying to gain distinction in our comrades' eyes by thinking up some new kind of practical joke. Passing the magazzeno of the parish named Santa Croce, we are tempted to go in for a drink. We enter, we walk about, and we find no one except three men peaceably drinking with a rather pretty woman."

They pretend to arrest the three men and spirit them off in a gondola to a little island, marooning them there till daybreak. They also kidnap the woman and take her to a house.

> "We then removed our masks, and we saw the woman we had carried off become all amiability at the sight of our faces and the way in which we behaved. After we had encouraged her with words and glasses of wine there befell her what she could not but be expecting. Our leader, as was only right, was the first to pay her his amorous duty, after most politely overcoming her reluctance to yield to him in the presence of us all. She chose the sensible course of laughing and letting him do as he pleased.
>
> But I saw that she was surprised when I came forward to be the second; she thought herself obligated to show her gratitude; and when after my turn, she saw the third, she no longer doubted her happy fate, which promised her all the members of the band. She was not mistaken. My brother was the only one who pretended to be ill."

He then describes the woman as thanking them for the gang rape ***[11].*** If you want to look up his stories of deflowering the 14 yr old (page 299), or beating the teenage girl (page 275) or digging up and desecrating the corpse (page 272) please do. There's also a nice story on page 288 were his friend Captain O'Neilan takes him to a brothel, cudgels a prostitute's customer, then pisses on her and refuses to pay.

> "Why," I asked him, "don't you pay these wretched creatures?"
> "Because I'd like to see them all dead from starvation."

Apparently Captain O'Neilan did this a lot and he also ran down an old woman with his horse and split her skull open (but got off scot free, claiming an accident) while galloping full speed down a street. Casanova concludes, "Despite all this O'Neilan was noble, generous, brave, and a man of honor." ***[12]***

It's also clear by the end of volume two that the young Casanova has absolutely no ability to endure adversity. He changes profession four times, sacking off and running away every time things fail to please him. It'll be interesting to see how his character develops as he ages, but the Casanova of the first two volumes is a mealy-mouthed evasive rabbit with almost no admirable qualities. He just drifts from adventure to adventure, conning everyone as he goes while assuring the reader he is of high moral character.

Fascinating book and I look forward to reading volume three.

If you want a memoir about shagging loads of women that doesn't involve paying for it, attacking teenage girls with broomsticks, or gang-raping random civilians, try my series beginning with Balls Deep.

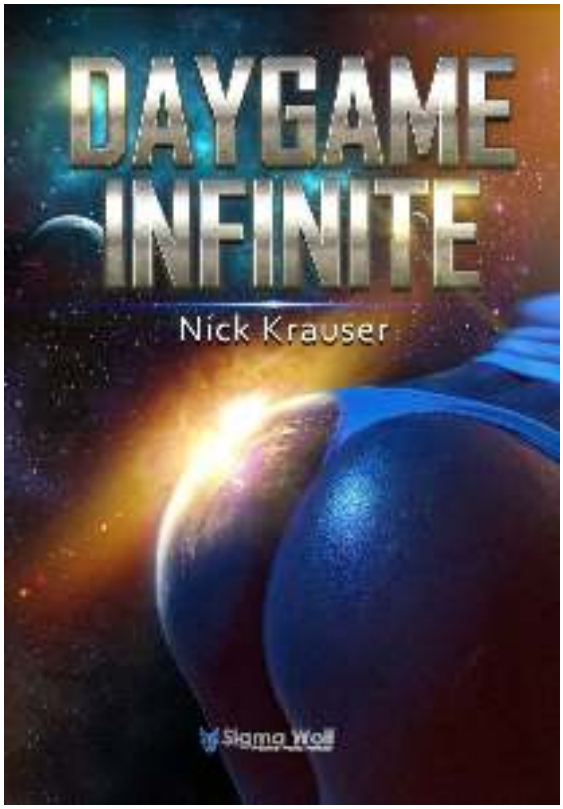
[1] Thanks to Ricky Raw's now-defunct blog for an excellent post on this

[2] Readers of my memoir, particularly volume 2, will see the trouble this caused with one PUA I knew.
[3] Some people change, so perhaps in later volumes he'll show some moral fibre. We'll see.
[4} Admittedly, that's really funny.
[5] The son turns out to be a daughter cross-dressing and wearing a genital disguise, but Casanova doesn't find that out until he's already gone to bed with 'him'. He says he would've been okay if it was really a boy.
[6] I swear, it's not what it looks like!!!
[7] Another unfortunate coincidence.
[8] It's another unfortunate coincidence that neither of them remembered the girls were in Ismail's harem and thus they could just walk right up to them and have sex.
[9] An actual fiddler, not a kiddie-fiddler
[10] Literally. The only difference is the technology at play.
[11] Literally a gang of masked rapists.
[12] It reminds me of when one charlatan PUA scumbag gives a testimonial of another charlatan PUA scumbag right before announcing their co-taught boot camp.

Daygame Infinite review #4

krauserpua · 29 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Daygame Infinite has been out for six months now *[1]* and people are starting to form a mature opinion of it. I've already seen reviews one, two, and three. Now Nash from **Days Of Game** blog has written a fourth.



And my, he's really thought it through. It's quite a thorough treatment. So, go and read it over at his site. Here are a few select highlights….

"For serious daygamers, this is top-shelf education. For me, it's a 10 out of 10. And I'll add that it is possibly the best combination of theory mixed with examples I have ever seen in pickup coaching."

Yep, I like that. Is there more? Why, yes there is…

"As you read the opening section, and you'll feel Krauser putting you into a kind of trance, setting you up to absorb his notes on vibe. And as I read those pages while I was in Japan, it had an immediate impact on how I carried myself on the street."

Indeed, that's what I was trying to do with the early sections. It's about helping the reader put himself into the right frame of mind. He has this to say about my section on Pre-Approach:

"I have never seen this material anyplace else, and for me… this is all dynamite for game."

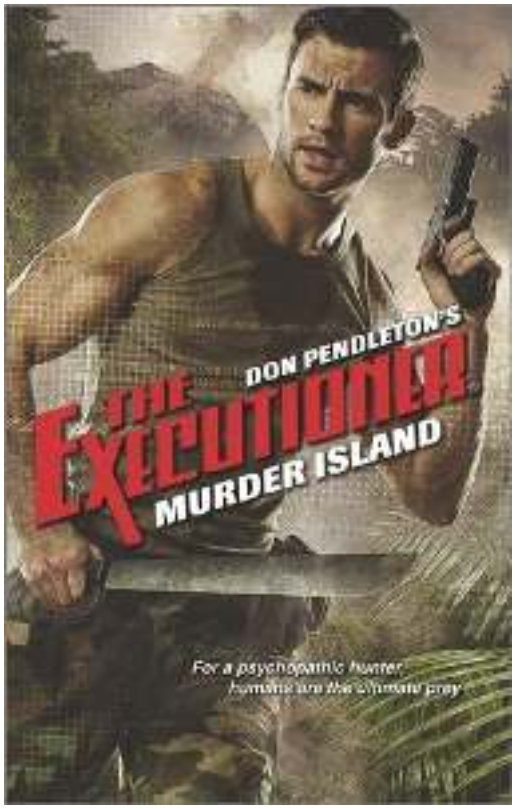
Anyway, check out his full review because he goes into detail on what he thought on each chapter of the book and how he applied it to his game. You can buy **Daygame Infinite** here (and also the new reformatted colour **Daygame Mastery** second edition if you wish)

[1] Just about enough time to actually read it all, given how long and deep it is.

#53 – Murder Island, Don Pendleton's Executioner BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 29 June 2018 · Archived copy · Original

"The world is full of bloodthirsty men, but not all of them are brutal hunters. And those who would betray their brothers, their allies or their country will have to deal with me" – Mack Bolan.



Looking a bit gay now, mind

Who is Mack Bolan? you say.

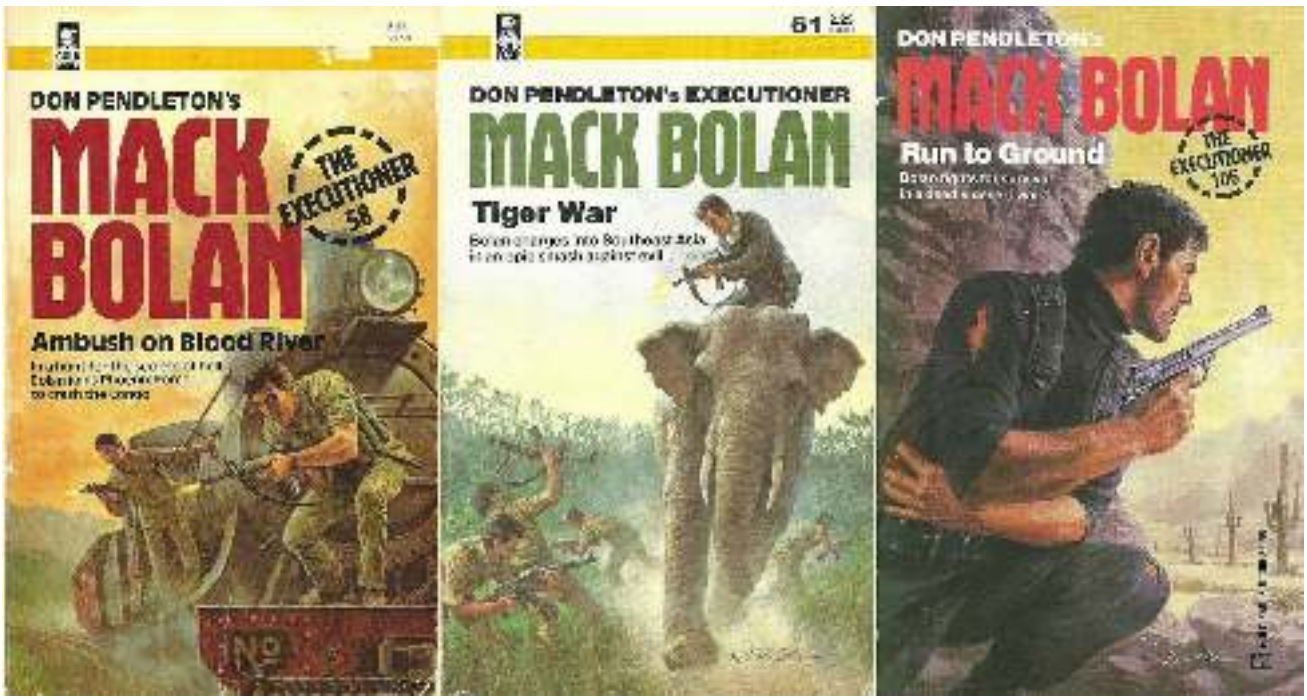
He's the guy who starts this book **fighting a tiger** in the atrium of a penthouse atop a Hong Kong skyscraper, absorbing the tiger's lunge as they **crash** through the glass and **tumble** down a floor into a swimming pool.

Mack has *already* **wiped out** all the guards at the penthouse, who were protecting the arms dealer he was **sent to kill**. That same arms dealer escaped into a helicopter and strafed the building with a mounted M-60 machine gun, so Bolan **leaps** off the top of the skyscraper ***[1]*** into the helicopter, **shoots** the pilot, and **breaks** the target's nose. Job done. Target acquired.

He felt sorry for the tiger and let it limp away defeated after the unexpected dunking in the swimming pool.

So, that's how hard Mack Bolan is and it's only chapter one of twenty. This book is only one of over nine hundred "The Executioner" books ***[2]*** that have been translated into thirty languages and seen more than 200 million copies in print. That's a ***fucking ton*** of scrapes that Mack has gotten himself into.

They all have a fast-paced high-action style with punchy short sentences and ***no fucking around*** with characterisation and nuance. There's some bad guys, a bunch of henchmen, and Bolan is going to execute every fucking last one of them ***[3]*** Just look at these covers, for fuck's sake.



Do you see any homo bullshit in that?

I've read a dozen of them and *Murder Island* is a pretty creditable entry in the saga. After handing over the arms dealer, Byron Cloud, to his agency at a private airport they are soon under attack by a terrorist-filled truck. Guess how that works out for the terrorists. The plane takes off but goes missing over the Devil's Sea on it's way to Japan so Bolan gives chase, as do Cloud's henchman now hankering after the bounty on their ex-boss's head. Bolan's plane is shot down over an unknown island by an anti-aircraft gun ***[4]*** and he's captured by the local militia.

That militia is headed by a lisping upper-class Brit, Sarban Rainsford, who has spent his whole life hunting and has set up the island to amuse himself hunting humans. It's a bit weird but lots of fun ***[5]***

I really enjoyed this book, as I did the others. It's short, trashy, boyish fun with no PC bullshit and a very clear white hat vs black hat dynamic. The characters are good enough to survive a two-hundred page book without getting boring and have sufficient separation between them that I never got confused who was who. I started it at 9pm when I was sitting in Caffe Nero with my Kindle seeing what I could download for 99p and read non-stop until 1am to finish.

> "As he spoke, a rage began to build in the Executioner. It was not a boiling rage, but rather cold and focused. He had met many evil men over the years, men for whom human life was a token in some incomprehensible game, but rarely has he come across a creature like Rainsford. Beneath his calm discussion of slaughter was the snarl of a rabid animal, one the Executioner must put down at all costs."



THAT'S how you do charity

If you'd like to read an ongoing series of books about a man who lets the Executioner go off risking his life fighting bad guys while he skulks around shagging his women, you might like my memoir series starting with Balls Deep.

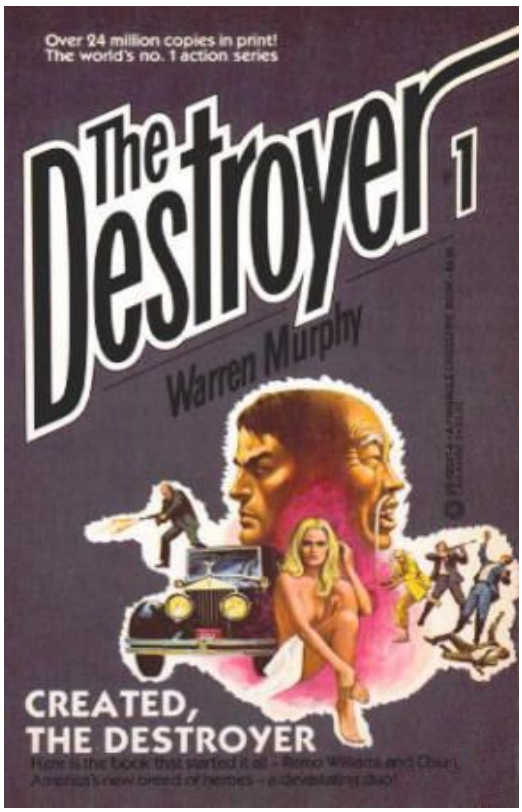
[1] Without a parachute or safety line, mind you. He's that tough.
[2] And numerous parallel series in the same universe, such as Stony Man, Phoenix Force, Able Team, and Super Bolan.
[3] I'm hoping that following #MAGA the series is relaunched with him mopping up The Cabal and the Soros network.
[4] He jumps out, puts on a parachute in mid-air, and is attacked by three giant crocodiles when he lands. He kills two.
[5] And no less believable than Casanova's memoir.

#54 – Created The Destroyer, Warren Murphy BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 8 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original

You thought I'd read a couple of trashy Mack Bolan books about the USA's vengeful black ops killing machine and then move on to some serious high-brow books, didn't you? Probably thinking I'd read **Taleb**'s *Skin In The Game* or perhaps some Tolstoy.

Allow me to disappoint you.



Soon after finishing my second straight Bolan book ***[1]*** I went onto Google and searched "books like Mack Bolan". Apparently there's a whole bunch of them of which **The Destroyer** series is one. What are the others? Well, how about we look at some of my recent text game with a hot chick by way of segue.





That's all well and good but I find it difficult to get behind kick-ass whores laying the smackdown on fully-grown men. I'm highly suspicious of any man into that sort of thing ***[2]***. So, I bought the first volume in **The Destroyer** series. It's rather more hardcore than Bolan. Really, I was quite surprised. It was written in the late 60s and the authors say it took eight years to find a publisher.

It's easy to underestimate how wild the 60s were. Leftist terrorists like The Weathermen were setting off literally hundreds of bombs in the streets. The civil rights movement had unleashed huge levels of crime and police were pressured to look the other way.

Remo Williams is a Vietnam vet who was identified by a small shadowy government project. They seek to “balance the scales” now that criminals are able to hide behind the constitution and wreak havoc on the American way of life. Faced with either a totalitarian police state or a surrender to lawlessness, the US government has found a third way: ~~Gulf Cooperation Council Commandos~~ ***[3]*** wet works operators who assassinate key criminals and traitors. They recruit Remo by framing him for a murder, getting him the death penalty, then saving him from the electric chair with a sleep drug and emergency rewiring.

Quite why they went to that effort when the program has Presidential approval and thus he could’ve been given a new passport or “died” in a house fire escapes me. This is trash fiction, after all.

He wakes up in the training facility where a wily old Korean karate fighter called Chiun teaches him the Death Touch and lots of other ninja-level Eastern mystical moves. Perhaps my readers can correct me but Chiun doesn’t sound like a Korean name, and karate is Okinawan not Korean but…. well, you know what, let’s not look to hard at any of these things or it’ll ruin our enjoyment of the book.

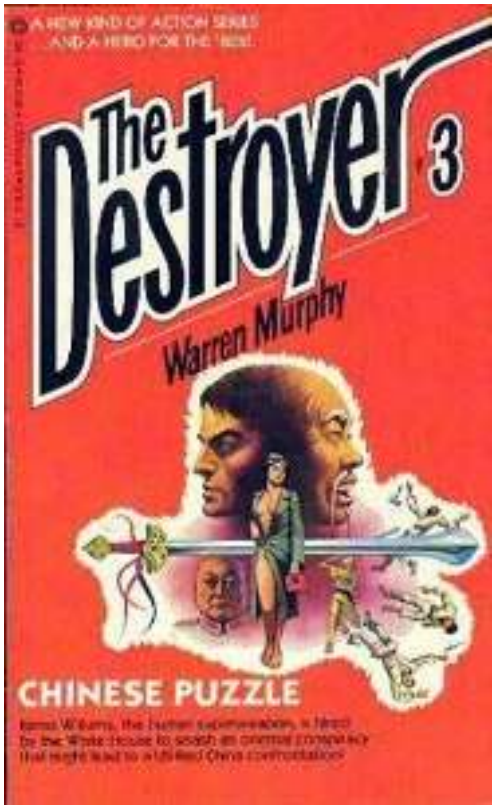
After that set-up, Remo is basically *The Punisher*. He’s then sent to New York to take down a shadowy criminal cartel and eliminate an enigmatic killer called Maxwell. It’s very silly but a lot of fun. The writing carries it all at a nice pace, you get insight into the characters and the whole thing is hard-boiled without any dumb levity. Remo is a bad mo’ fo’.

I rattled through this in one evening, being just 200 pages. If you want high-octane trash I think Bolan has the military angle covered and Remo has the crime angle. Good forgettable stuff for a rainy afternoon.

[1] Review coming soon, don’t worry
[2] I suspect it’s a similar mindset of men into female anime characters and all that kawaii nonsense.
[3] Sorry, been reading lots of Thomas Wictor on Twitter so I’m seeing GCC fighters behind every bush and trashcan.

#55 – The Destroyer Chinese Puzzle, Warren Murphy BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 22 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original



The cover is the best thing about it

It's funny how a series of books can change in tone as the author struggles to develop them. They'll perhaps begin quite similar to whatever inspired them, then as the author finds his narrative voice (or responds to reader input) the series can shift. The first Destroyer book was hardcore revenge, as a specially-trained government assassin takes on a shadowy New York cartel. The second book ***[1]*** went into oddball sexual fetishes and Nazi occultism. I felt unclean just reading it.

This third book veers even more sharply away from the original. It is now mixing in comedy, with assassin Remo playing the straight man against his ageing Korean ninja death master mentor Chuin's funny man. There's also a sidekick Chinese girl ranting Mao-isms so that hilarity can ensue from her being slapped down.

Hilarity does not ensue. This book is an abortion.



The story, set in 1972 when the book was published, is that the president of Communist China is due to visit the USA for an historic peace summit. His advance team is poisoned on a domestic US flight and then when his second-in-command General Liu flies out he is promptly kidnapped from his motorcade and mysteriously disappears. The POTUS sends Remo and Chiun to investigate, with a one-week deadline to find and rescue the General.

Remo enters the fray in chapter two as he and the eighty-ish Chiun are practising running up and down the outside of tall buildings. I quote:

> "Fleetingly, he wondered if he really was ready. Were his hands strong enough, his timing keen enough, to overcome gravity, by the disjointed rocking technique perfected in Japan by the Ninja – the warrior wizards – more than ten centuries ago?"

If you think that's ridiculous, well, it's just getting started. Remo is getting chauffeured from an airport with the commie chink girlfriend of Liu, who is sent by the ChiComs to aid the investigation. The driver leads them into an ambush, so Remo kills him and gets out the car to face his eight assailants. The action proceeds as follows:

> "You're all under arrest," he said. The eight stopped.
> "What's the charge?" one of them answered, in precise English. In the light of the headlamps, Remo could see he was a tall heavy man with a bony face, wearing a snap brim hat. His answer marked him as the group's leader. That was what Remo wanted to know. He had use for him.
> The man repeated, "What's the charge?"
> "Reckless dying," Remo said. He leaned his weight back onto his hands, then with a push of his arms and a leap his body flashed through the air. The polished tip of his right shoe crashed into the Adam's apple of the first man on his right. His feet hit the ground, his hands still on the trunk of the cab, and without stopping, he spun about on the trunk of the car and repeated the action, flashing out with his left foot at the man closest to him on the left. This shoe too was christened in the Adam's apple. The action occurred so quickly that both men fell simultaneously, their throats crushed, death on its way."

That's the first two guys. Be sure the other six died in equally theatrical and unlikely fashion as Remo whizzed between them in a blur of ninja motion. That attack failing, Remo's enemy hires a Puerto Rican super sniper to shoot him from a building across from his hotel. The ninja power of Chiun is so strong that just by sitting in lotus position on his bed, two hundred metres away, he's able to unnerve the assassin and render him unable to fire his rifle. The sniper gives up and waits in his hotel until Remo comes up and murders him.

This book is filled to the brim with super-Ninja bullshit. It's unbelievable. What kept me reading is the astonishing lack of political correctness as the Korean Chiun bickers with the Chinese girl Mei Soong, while American blacks and whites do likewise. There's a constant undercurrent of racial tension in everything – not surprising considering this was the era when major US cities were all like Ferguson in it's month of riots.

But I stress, the humour is awful.

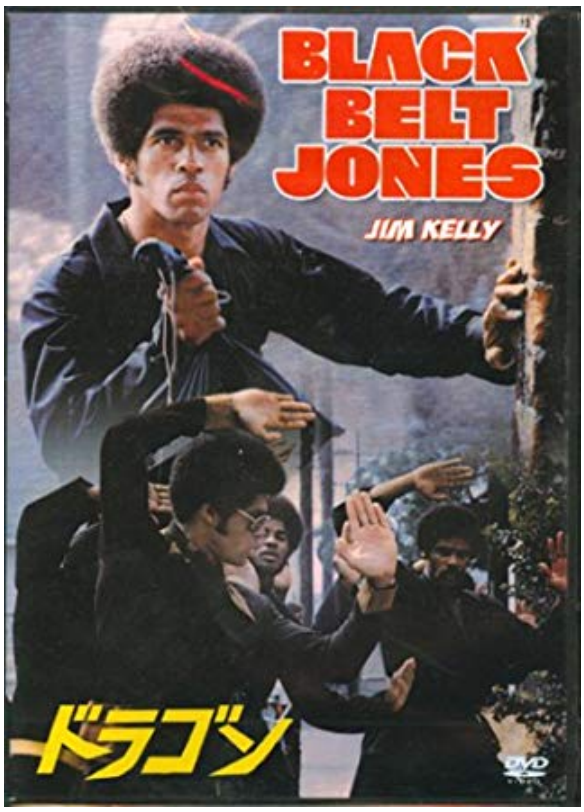
> "My government has sent me here to officially identify my husband [General Liu]," Mei Soong said in English. "They did not send me here to suffer abuse from this reactionary, meddlesome old man."
> "I'll show you how old I am in bed, little girl. Heh, heh"
> "You are gross, even for a Korean. Do you still remember your last erection?"
> Chiun emitted a warlike shriek and then poured forth verbal Oriental abuse.
> Remo pulled to the side of the road, "All right, Chiun. Up front with me."
> Stilled instantly, Chiun moved into the front seat and adjusted himself angrily. "You are a white man," he said. "Like moldy dead grain. White."

The tonal shift from *Destroyer #1* is massive. Back then, Chiun was a learned, wise and impertubable martial arts master who could inflict death at a touch. In this scene he's merely a cantankerous old letch who's easily phased by a girl's taunts about his todger.

A bit later, Mei Soong kicks off again and Remo figures the only way to calm her down is to rape her until she likes it. So he holds her down and molests her while she calls him a filthy capitalist swine, but just as he's about to stick it in she says "Damn you, I want it."

> "Ah," yelled Mei Soong, her eyes shut in ecstasy, "Fuck Mao, Fuck Mao," and Remo suddenly withdrew fully and stood up. Under different circumstances, he would have stayed, but now he needed her to follow him, to be unsure that he would ever want her again. So he left her exhausted on the couch, and zipped up this trousers, having performed fully clothed.
> And then he say Chiun standing in the doorway, shaking his head.
> "Mechanical," he said.

The trio have trouble in a department store when Mei Soong is seduced by capitalism's amazing clothes and handbags, but shit-talks the unionised shop assistant wrapping her purchases. There's a fight in a Chinatown restaurant and then finally a showdown in a karate dojo that even made me blush for it's outrageous racism. Remo is lured there by Mei Soong, who is actually working with General Liu to undermine the Chinese peace attempt (Liu had escaped the motorcade deliberately, and was not kidnapped). So, Remo is surrounded by seven big muscular black men, all karate black belts (and Black Panthers, to hear them talk).



“You jumped right out a comic book”

After the leader attacks and is killed by Remo, this happens:

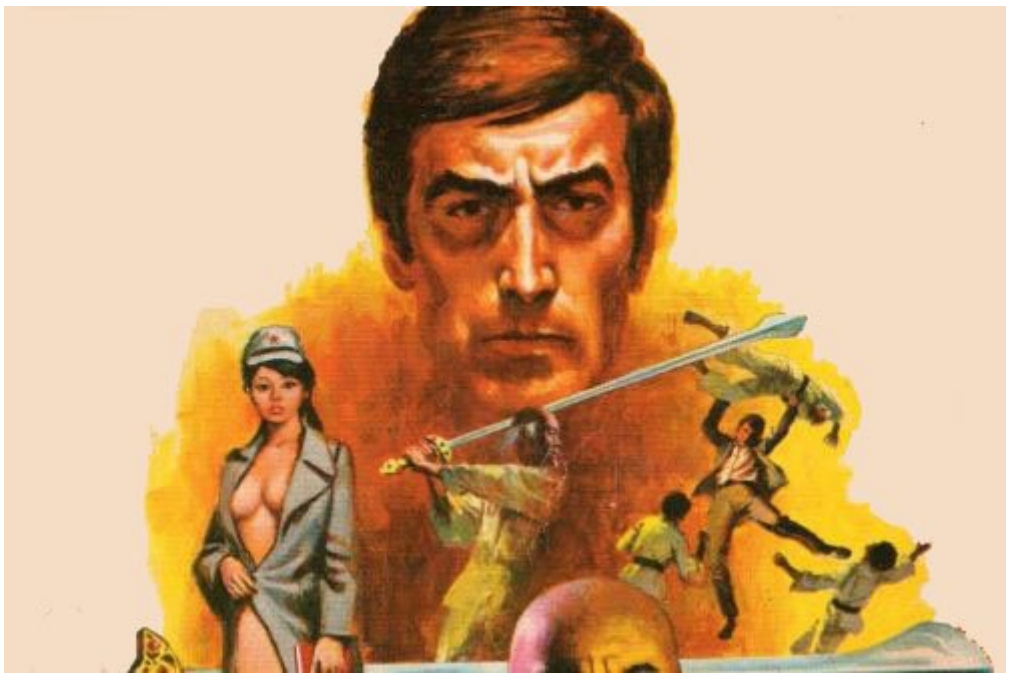
> Then there were six, six stunned black faces, eyes widening. Then someone had the correct idea to attack en masse. It looked like a race riot in martial arts robes. “Get the honkey bastard. Kill whitey. Get whitey.”

Remo chins most of them then picks up two curved gray tiles from a pile as weapons.

> He spun around one blow and brought the two bricks, one in each hand, together, with an Afro between them. Directly in the middle of the Afro was a head. The two bricks made valiant effort to meet. But they cracked. So did the head in the Afro between them.
> The Afro with the open-mouthed head went to the mat. The remnants of the tiles went into the air. The last black standing threw an elbow that missed and then said, eloquently:
> “Sheeit.”

I think liberals would be unable to finish this book. Remo kills everyone then soon tracks down General Liu who murders Mei Soong before she can betray his secret plan by blowing her head off with a .45. Remo and Chiun are invited to China where the Korean jumps around the presidential palace with a seven-foot sword dismembering Liu’s bodyguards before ramming the sword into his mouth and skewering him vertically to the floor.

It’s so very very odd.



So long as the art is like this, I keep buying

I don't recommend this book at all, excepts as a car-crash of what happens when martial arts mystical baloney is wrapped up in ludicrous jingoist racism and sadistic violence for the edification of teenage boys who want thrills. I might try one more *Destroyer* book but if they keep going in this direction I'm going back to the relative sanity of **Mack Bolan**

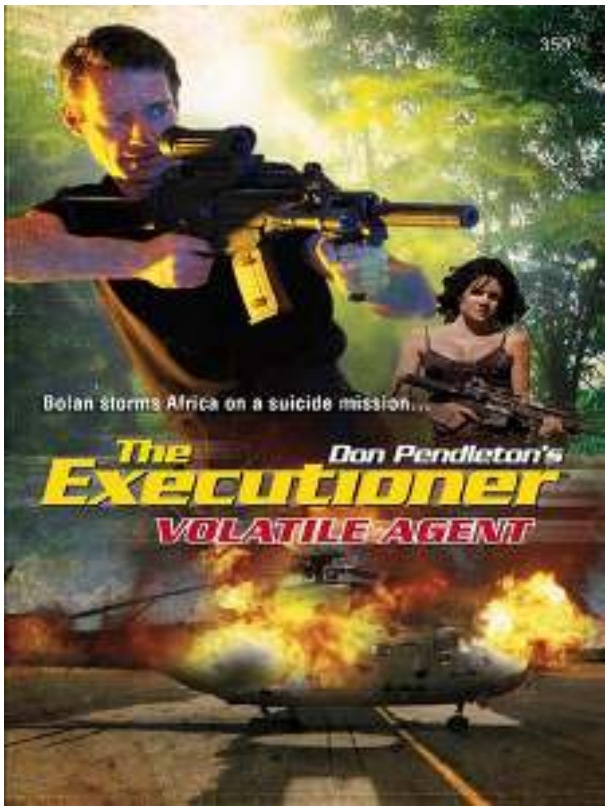
If you'd like to read about a forcible seduction of a lippy Chinese girl who eventually surrendered and wanted more, consider volume two of my memoir A Deplorable Cad.

[1] Which I'll review soon.

#56 – The Executioner Volatile Agent, Don Pendleton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 22 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There's an old ex-pat joke: *What's the difference between a tourist and a racist in Africa? Two weeks.*



He looks a bit scared, I think

Africa is a disgusting shithole. This is exactly what you'd expect when many countries have an average IQ of 68. In contrast, Koko the Gorilla tested at 85-90 ***[1]*** and was considered typical of the species. It's the average IQ that mostly determines the quality of life in a country, as the smart tend to isolate themselves in enclaves ***[2]***. None of this is surprising because Africa doesn't have cold winters and thus the environment, unlike Europe, never culled DNA of people either unwilling or unable to plan ahead for lean times. Also unlike Europe, Africa never had a severe criminal justice code that literally executed and deported all the savages from it's own population ***[3]***.

Africa was never supposed to have a big population. Unfortunately for Africans, do-gooders in the 1970s invented modern agribusiness and exported it to Africa via transnational corporations, United Nations aid, and NGOs ***[4]***. World grain produce was quadrupled in less than a decade and for the first time in human history, there was a global food surplus. In the West, that meant everyone got fat. In Africa, it wiped out the subsistence farmers who used traditional methods and put a rapidly expanding population into food dependency. We are reaping that harvest now, as the continent is swollen with hundreds of millions of low IQ individuals unable to feed themselves.

It's not surprising many seek to escape, and invade Europe. Thus the Soros-created "migration crisis".



While I'm sympathetic to how Africa has been completely fucked over by do-gooders and socialists ***[5]*** there's also the fact that the continent is a cesspit of tribal warfare, slavery, and unbelievable fuckwittery. They have 68 IQs, after all. Not just that, but Africa is an extremely dangerous environment for humans. Nature is deadly there: mosquitoes, desert, hippos, lions…. and fucking hell, no wonder black people don't swim. The water can kill you, so any African DNA that liked a frolic in the water was soon weeded out by the crocodiles ***[6]***

So, I'm sympathetic but I swear there's one thing I simply love to do when video gaming: gunning down Africans.

Pretty much every video game lets you gun down any other nation. **Call Of Duty** has you fighting Russians, **Homefront** has you against the Koreans, and **Max Payne 3** pits you against Latinos. But if you want to gun down Africans it's really really hard. **Resident Evil 5** was set during a viral zombie outbreak in Africa and immediately drew "racist!" cries from the SJWs. To my knowledge only **Far Cry 2** is the only AAA game to bite the bullet and throw you into the midst of an African civil war where you kill mostly Africans. And even then, white mercenaries form an unusually high proportion of your enemies.

Still, I loved it. Setting fire to villages with my flamethrower and then gunning down everyone who ran out.



Enrichment goes both ways, pal

But I digress.

Africa is constantly in a state of war. In the immediate post-Colonial sixties you had genocide in Burundi, or the Mau Maus kicking off in Kenya, and the USSR meddling with the MPLA in Angola *[7]*. In the 90s was the “Third World War” in Congo as everyone fought for control of the former Zaire’s vast mineral wealth. I think nine different countries had a dog in that fight.

This is an extremely fertile setting for action stories. You have an exotic location, rival factions, blood diamonds, and hordes of bad guys who you don’t feel the slightest guilt in wiping out by the hundreds. This Mack Bolan book takes full advantage.

The set-up is that there’s a border war between **Burkina Faso** and **Ivory Coast**. A Cuban agent, Marie Saragossa, has infiltrated a small town on that border and seized blueprints of a secret military installation making deadly chemical weapons. The Chinese are after it, as is her employer. While holed up in a broken-down hotel, the border war swept over her town and she’s trapped there. Bolan is sent by the US to get the blueprints so that the military can locate and destroy the facility. He is in a race against time with agents on the other sides, including a South African mercenary bringing his own team of yahoos – this is the main antagonist.



This isn't Far Cry 2

Bolan gets into the town just ahead of the mercs but Saragossa is fatally wounded. Bolan grabs the plans and fights his way out, injuries and fatigue almost killing him as he's left hiking through the brush to an unlikely ex-filtration point and a ride home.

I really enjoyed this book. The set-up works, giving good reason for everyone's actions, clear motivations, and lots of action bubbles. That action is described crisply and evocatively, the whole time within a tropical rainstorm I could almost smell. Yeah it's a silly action story, but the level of competence by the writer is very high for the genre. It was a page-turner.

The scenario reminded me a lot of two memoirs I'd read by mercenaries fighting with rebel armies of Africans. One, *My Friend The Mercenary*, described a rebel army fighting by way of Equitorial Guinea attempting to oust the Liberian dictator **Charles Taylor**. It's comical. The writer is a journalist who accompanies a South African mercenary hired to train, equip and lead the rebels. Upon arriving in the base camp in the north of the country, it takes two weeks to leave because the entire army is just sitting on their ass smoking weed ***[8]***. The convoy of jeeps and trucks sets off and at the last minute the journalist is asked to change jeeps. Just as well he did, because a minute later a child soldier in his first jeep is playing with a grenade and drops it, pin out, in the foot-well where it blows up killing him and the driver.

A week of driving on jungle tracks gets them to the first battle line. The journalist describes running to the battle past a teenage soldier who is fiddling with an RPG. He drops it and it goes off, firing into the sky. The back blast kicks up dirt and gravel which blows the soldiers legs off.



That's an AK-74 but only an IQ-68

The mercenary sets up his side's forces in defensive positions facing Taylor's army and is confident they can hold out for two weeks while waiting for reinforcements and heavier munitions that are en route from a base in Equatorial Guinea. However, his troops fire off all two weeks' of ammunition in one afternoon and are left helpless. Luckily for them, Taylor's army are also retarded and have done the same thing. So the two sides settle down to stare at each other for a while.

A week later there's a huge boom and flash visible over the horizon. It turns out that was the supply train. They find out later that a soldier was smoking weed while driving an ammunition truck. He flicked the joint out the window but it was caught by the wind and blown into the ammunition, setting it off. Lol.

It is such incidents that decide African wars.

Anyway, if you like trashy action stories then I absolutely recommend this one. It isn't quite *The Dogs Of War* but it's one of the better Bolan books I've read.



Not this dog of war

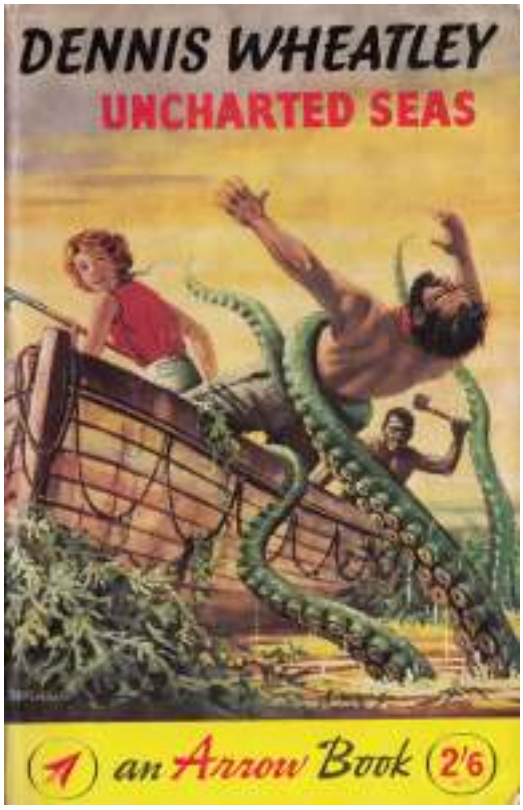
And fuck all that shite. Buy my books. They are great. Start off with the brand new full-colour second edition of Daygame Mastery

[1] And likely Harambe scored higher, imo.
[2] Or in the African case, flee to a white country and get a job there.
[3] Don't underestimate the effect of this. Right up until a hundred years ago, Europeans removed anti-social savages from the gene pool. That left pro-social DNA in it. Sweden is discovering the unexpected consequence: these pro-social people are suckers for when anti-social migrants are reintroduced.
[4] That's a trifecta of the three most evil organisations in the whole world.
[5] And don't get me started on that grubby terrorist Nelson Mandela and the white genocide by the ANC. Both whites AND blacks were much much better off under apartheid.
[6] In contrast, Europe has almost entirely benign nature, weather changes can't kill you, no earthquakes or hurricianes, and all the rivers are easily navigable by boat with no great waterfalls, rapids or swamps.
[7] Forgive me if I mangled the history. It's been a while since I read about it and I'm going on memory.
[8] Not unlike the whole of South London

#57 – Uncharted Seas, Dennis Wheatley BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 22 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I've heard lots of uncomplimentary things about the former best-selling **Dennis Wheatley** who is now one of my all-time favourite authors ***[1]***. Obviously I brush aside the modern soyboy comments that he's racist, sexist, homophobic and whatnot. I mean the criticisms of him from a literary point of view.



First among these is his turgidness. He has a tendency to overly describe things in precise detail including all the various reflections a character makes before his action. Wheatley could spend two pages outlining the thought process behind **Duke De Richlieau** brewing a pot of tea. I don't mind this at all. I'm one of those rare readers who didn't feel **Atlas Shrugged** got bogged down and I'm finding the same pleasant pacing to **War And Peace** now. Slow patient exposition doesn't bother me when it's done well.

A second criticism of Wheatley is his 'make it up as you go along' plotting. It's entirely valid but I like it. Most experienced writers will have a general idea where a book's plot is headed and they'll go back into early chapters to add foreshadowing and background for later plot twists, once decided on them. Wheatley writes as though he doesn't even re-read a chapter after writing it. His books exist entirely in their present.

Let me give an example from this book. It begins, in 1938, with a cruise ship halfway from Cape Town to Rio De Janeiro. The first chapter sets us in a wild storm with driving winds and huge waves, the ship on the verge of sinking. Wheatley introduces us to his vast (and very interesting) cast of characters huddled up in the lounge bar and the Finnish crewmen battening down the hatches. All kinds of intrigues are set up here. There's the twice-divorced thirty-year old beauty who seems to have boarded under a false name to flee South African police, and the sleazy greasy Venezuelan mine owner who knows her dirty secret and will blackmail her for sex. There's the dissolute disgraced British trustfunder drinking himself to death, and the waif-like society debutante he fancies. Lots of interesting backstories and characterisation.



Wouldn't scare me

The order is given to abandon ship and everyone piles into two lifeboats. One of the boats is immediately caught on a wave, smashed into the ship's hull, killing everyone aboard. Like that, in one paragraph, half the cast is killed off. It's extremely rare to read genre fiction nowadays where a writer would have such redundancy in his writing. I love it, because you really can't predict how things turn out. Only the main hero is ever guaranteed survival.

This type of plotting continued throughout. So the first few chapters are a disaster movie, like **The Poseidon Adventure**, the ship's crew battling a storm and the passengers keeping their spirits up. Then it becomes **Castaway**, as a lifeboat drifts aimlessly in searing heat as the survivors run out of water and are soon at each other's throats. Then they find the ship again but their triumphalism is abruptly cut short as they become trapped in supernaturally thick sea-algae and are attacked by kraken. They drift towards two uncharted islands and the book shifts tone again. One island is inhabited by aggressive negros who use balloons of hot air and stilts to traverse the sea atop the moss…. in order to attack the other island which is a peaceable white community ***[2]***. The next plot twist is they are all attacked by giant crabs.

Yes. Giant crabs.



They made of movie of it too

I get the feeling old Dennis would just get a bit bored with his current plot trajectory and think of silly ideas to spice it up.

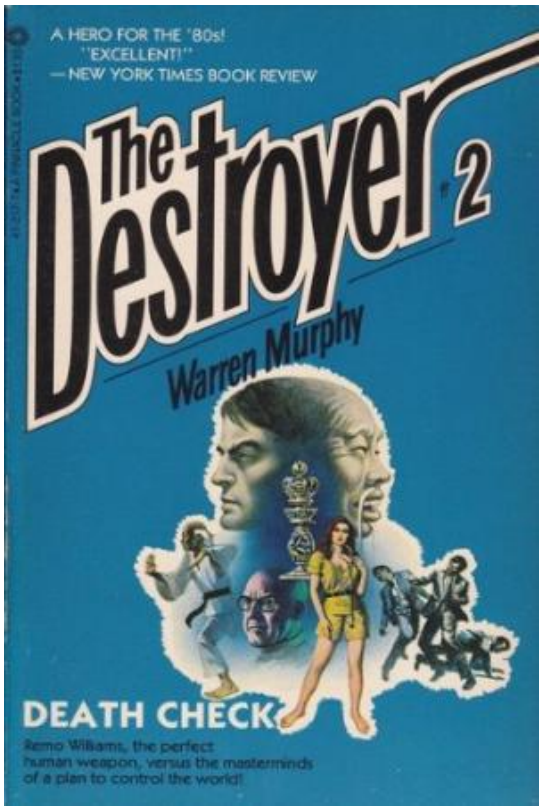
The thing about Dennis Wheatley is that he has the unmistakable genius for compelling writing. He could write about going to his corner shop for a pint of milk and make it exciting ***[3]***. Despite every single element of this book being utterly preposterous, his writing makes it thoroughly believable. I couldn't put this book down.

I really ought to do a more in-depth review but I read this in St Petersburg a month ago and left the paperback in my hotel room when I checked out. I instead direct you to a much better review of the same book here. Sadly, that reviewer is a bit of a faggot and seems to support Wheatley's modern editor SJW-ifying the master's prose to make him palatable to a new generation of traitors, cucks and soyboys. Still, a good review.

[1] Alongside Sven Hassel, Robert E Howard, Agatha Christie and Alexandre Dumas
[2] You see where the 'racist' accusations come from.
[3] He'd likely encounter a sinister communist plot to create aggressive gerbils to assassinate the Tory prime minister or something.

#58 – The Destroyer Death Check, Warren Murphy BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 23 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I should know better by now

When I was a teenager, I was a far-leftist. This isn't surprising generally, because children are brought up in a bubble where everything is provided for them, they don't need to work, and they must obey the authority of a controlling force (parents and school teachers). Upon approaching adulthood the child realises they'll have to fend for themselves and, usually, that's a frightening thought. Few teenagers know what they really want to do in life, and fewer still feel confident in achieving it.

So, much easier to vote Leftist and ask the government to keep giving you free shit.

"If a person is not a liberal when he is twenty, he has no heart; if he is not a conservative when he is forty, he has no brain" is a quote attributed to many wise men and it's true. Nothing cures Leftism faster than looking at the tax deductions in your first paycheck.

Given that I was brought up in the **People's Republic Of Northern Britain** by Lefty parents, I had no hope of thinking straight. So I got into radical politics, starting with anarchism and then the various fringe issues of the day. One of them was the anti-McDonald's campaign. We were told that McDonald's were an evil multinational corporation who treated workers like shit, murdered millions of animals, cut down the Amazonian rain-forest, funded death squads in Brazil to clear tribes, and made unhealthy food that was killing the West.

Suppose for a minute all that is true, as I did. I once asked the middle-aged Lefty organiser ***[1]***, "Why are we only protesting McDonald's? What about Burger King?"



Is he the ONLY cunt in this game?

He didn't have an answer for that. Every charge levelled against McDonald's could be levelled against Burger King and Wendy's yet it was only Ronald McDonald who drew the fire. Why is that? It struck me as rather unfair.

I bring this up because is there any group in history that has been more unfairly maligned than the Nazis? You might well think they were bad eggs but the ***only*** bad guys in history? Come on! Stacked alongside Stalin, Mao or Hirohito, Hitler was almost benign. Look further into history at the Ottomans, the Mongols, the Mohammedans, or the Aztecs and you realise the Nazis were far from unique in their savagery or territorial ambition.

And yet the Nazis are the only group in the whole of history about which ANY lie is allowed. Satanists? sure. Sexual Deviants? sure. Genociders? sure. ID Software made an entire franchise, Wolfenstein, from presenting the Nazis as occultist sexual sadists opening the portals of hell to command an army of demons.



Although I suppose it makes them look cooler than the commies

Really? Why wasn't it Stalin doing that? Or Idi Amin?

Few people ***[2]*** realise that the traditional Left/Right split in politics is nonsense as traditionally conceived. Yes, there are basically only two types of human and they instinctively align along the same fault lines: r-selection vs K-

selection. But that's not Left vs Right. L/R is a completely fabricated split to disguise the fact that Nazis and Socialists are almost the same thing. You can even prove it historically, looking at where these things came from. I'll recap for you ***[3]***

> "Enter Benito Mussolini. Notice his given name is not Italian. It would have been Benedetto. He was named after Benito Juarez of Mexico by the admiring Mussolini Sr. a Marxist of the 1st International and acquaintance of Marx. He groomed Benito as a full blown Marxist. Young Mussolini was an active member of the Politburo of the Socialist Party of Italy and, for +-16 years, editor of its publications."

Mussolini's big 'aha!' moment was in realising that the socialisation of the means of production recommended by Marx and carried out in the USSR was not necessary. You could achieve the same ends by simply regulating production. It didn't matter whose name was on the shareholder's certificate – government or a private individual – so long as the whole enterprise was tightly controlled. So, how would that control be effected?

Mussolini set up "Unions" of workers, industrialists and workers who, under the direction of a National Labor Board, would achieve "Social Peace" through "Social Justice". This reverses the antagonistic proletariat vs bourgeosie relationship under capitalism with one of collusion between workers and owners.

> "Every worker would get health benefits, vacation time and a retirement pension. And a minimum salary, established through collective bargaining sessions between the "unions" that represented the universe of a particular sector of the economy (auto makers, restaurants, doctors, lawyers…) under the watchful eye of the National Labor Board."

Put that way, you can see why in 2008 I was telling my colleagues at work that Obama was a Mussolini style Fascist. The unions were called "Fascio" and it stuck. It was passed into law in 1927 as even Wikipedia notes. Go here for the principles: that's what fascism is **[4]**

> "Lenin lamented the departure of young Benito as an irreparable loss to the cause of International Socialism. "With him we could have had Italy." Mussolini's brand of Socialism caught on and, of course, the first thing he did was clear other socialists off the field, much like the Bolsheviks did with the Mencheviks in Russia. This some idiots point to claiming he was against socialism. He wasn't. He was against anybody but him claiming the mantle of socialism. The same happened with Hitler, who created a third form of Socialism, mixing it with Bohemian nationalism, hence National Socialism.
> Mussolini, who was actually quite intelligent, despised Hitler. After their first meeting describes him as an imbecile who sounds like "a broken gramophone. Jews here, Jews there, can't he talk about anything else!""

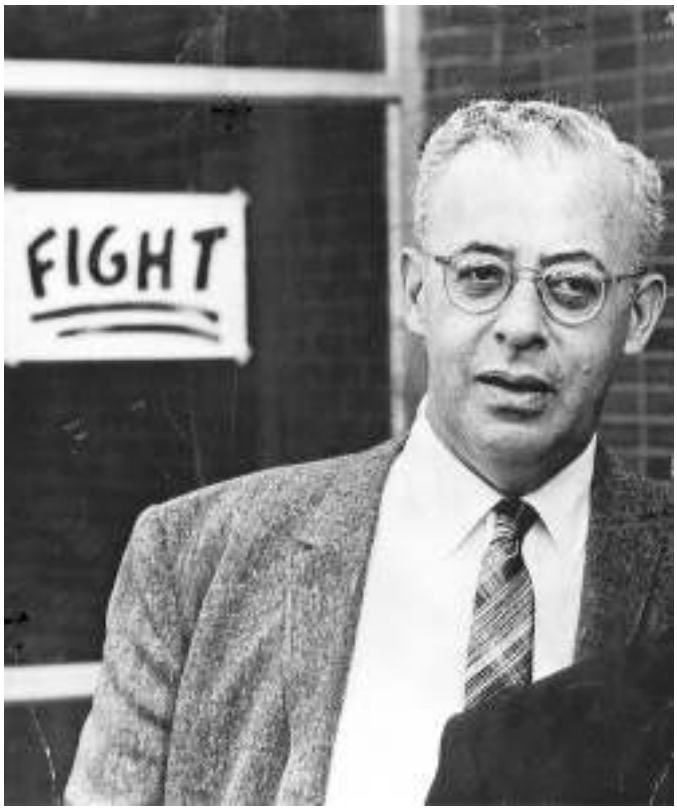
So far so good. Anyone who paid attention in Politics class at a decent university ***[5]*** knows that fascism and socialism are basically the same thing. But how did the terms get so corrupted now that most normies think fascism is "far right" as opposed to the reality of it being "far left"? The same way all the other terms got corrupted – by a sustained communist subversion campaign waged by the KGB and their traitorous agents in the West ***[6]***. To finish this train of thought, we'd better call Saul:

> "After the war, Soviet propaganda went overdrive to distance the "good" Socialism — Stalin's if you can believe that! — from "bad" socialism, Hitler's and Mussolini's. Painting them as "extreme right wing", that is, of all things, capitalist pigs. Roosevelt, himself a full blown Fascist and Truman, who could not distance himself from Roosevelt, let it be.
> So Nazism and Fascism stopped being Socialism to become… right wing Capitalism courtesy of Soviet propaganda and the apathy of our own American fascists. Hayek warned us about this in the 50s. But nobody gave a crap.
> And under Roosevelt's protection, hundreds of Marxist scholars who lost the tug of war with Hitler and

> Mussolini came to our Universities and trained two generations of intellectual morons committed to the destruction of our free society. We are now well into the third.
> Are they left? Are they right? Paraphrasing the Bard, A turd, by any other name would smell as foul. It is a struggle between Liberty and slavery. A Free Society or Metropolis."

McDonald's, Burger King and Wendy's are all doing the same thing. They are fundamentally the same businesses so there's no reason to single out one for a pile-on. The only important differences between the types of socialism are in their territorial ambition. Stalin changed USSR doctrine to be "Communism in one country" whereas Hitler wanted his socialism throughout Europe and Mussolini wanted to rebuild the Roman empire for his. Those who believed in global communism became globalists and infiltrated the USA as Neo-Cons (because that was the most powerful nation and thus prime lever for their evil plan) and then later in Europe as the EU.

Saul Alinsky wrote in his **Rules For Radicals** ***[7]***, ""If you push a negative hard enough, it will push through and become a positive" and the Left managed this by switching ownership for Hitler and the (supposed) holocaust. A quote attributed to Nazi propagandist Joseph Goebbels is "accuse the enemy of what only you are doing, when you are doing it, to spread confusion" ***[8]*** and it would seem the commies live by it. Nazis are now of the Right, according to modern culture.

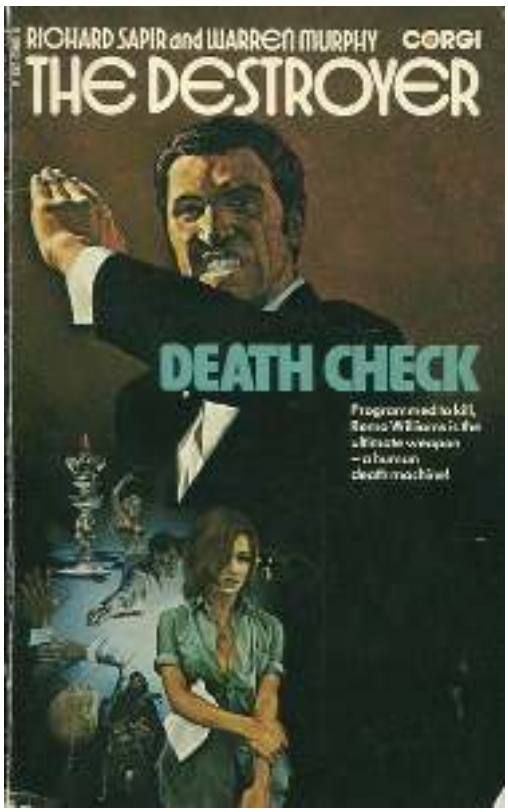


You knew there was a sneaky Jew behind all this, didn't you?

We own all of *their* atrocities, not the Left. So not only has the Left managed to keep attention off the incredible barbarity of Stalin and Mao, it's managed to switch all the blame for socialist Hitler *onto the right*. Sneaky communists.

So, what's this long-winded preamble got to do with the second book in **The Destroyer** series? Only that this book is all-in on the weird fascination with Nazis for invented fetishes. The premise is this: a security guard at an isolated think tank is found dead from a heroin overdose and medical examination shows he was likely murdered with a hot dose. A close search of his clothes finds film negatives stitched into his collar of extreme blackmail photos of the think tank staff. Given that this think tank is a high-end government research facility theorising advanced strategy for world domination, the President needs to be sure it's not compromised and their plans given to the enemy. So Remo is called in to take the security guard's vacancy and infiltrate, to have a sniff around.

It turns out there is an escaped Nazi, a former prison doctor who tortured inmates, and his young daughter on the small think tank's staff. Remo has to smoke them out but their identity isn't clear to Remo or the reader until the final act plot twist.



The covers rock, though

This would be a normal pot-boiler for any other series but in the strange hands of Warren Murphy, it gets very weird very quickly. Firstly is the unusual focus on sexual deviance. The director of the institute is a deranged narcissist obsessed with control, one of the senior staff is a big fat puff who plays pocket billiards in public, and all the other staff are seriously weird in one way or another. All are being blackmailed due to being caught on camera doing sick sex acts. Murphy clearly has no respect for academia or intellectuals ***[9]*** so the think tank is presented as a pointless talking shop of fruitcakes living on the taxpayers dime.

There are a couple of murders and Remo does his usual thing of beating the shit out of everyone with ninja death moves. One scene has him cripple a biker gang who ride onto campus at the fat puff's call, and that same fat puff is masturbating while it happens. There are faculty events such as a chess tournament and an open-mic.

One thing the book does fairly well is introduce the theme that Remo has been overworked by his boss, who has kept him on high alert for three months straight. This causes him to come off the boil and make mistakes. Still, this whole book smells of weirdness.

For example, the final showdown has Remo sit down for a game of chess with the old Nazi poisoner. His chair has hidden needles that spring out to inject the unsuspecting victim but Remo sees them and subtly moves his wrist to avoid them penetrating the skin. He then shams being poisoned so the Nazi gloatingly reveals his plans ***[10]***. He "hypnotises" Remo into fucking his daughter while he watches. Not only is that odd, but the way it is written is downright freaky.

> "Remo moved on. Harder. Faster. His mind sensed the heavily calloused skin on the tips of his fingers.
> Her groans grew in intensity, raised in pitch. She was in pain now. Suffering. She would soon shout and stop and Remo, under drugs, would have to obey.
> He leaned forwards heavily onto her body and smashed his heavily muscled shoulder down into her mouth,

> chipping her front teeth. Hard. Stopping her from calling out the command to stop.
> Her voice was muffled under his shoulder.
> Stohrs had stopped taking pictures. He was now just a spectator. The Nazis had killed by gang rape. Stohrs was watching that fate overtake his daughter, a death administered by a one-man gang.
> Then Stohrs called out, “Stop.”
> Remo stopped. And the bitch lay semi-conscious, bleeding from the mouth and groin.”

I don’t know about you, but I find that unpleasant. It’s like the author is getting off on it rather than presenting it as the sickness in the characters themselves. Yet there’s something oddly compelling about these **Destroyer** books compared to the **Mack Bolan** books. The latter have a clean-cut heroic jib where Bolan is absolutely beyond reproach and takes no sick pleasure in exterminating baddies. In contrast, both Remo and his writer Murphy seem like rather sick puppies who get off on it all. I’m reading these books with the same morbid fascination I’d watch a Johnny Berba or Deepak Wayne video: *what will these fruity retards conjure up next?*



I consider myself above such sensationalism

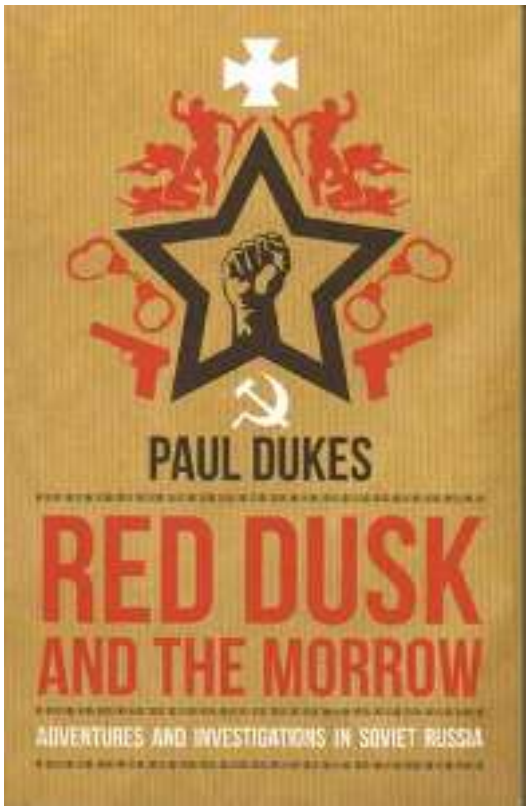
Speaking of getting off on personal dysfunction, perhaps you’d enjoy reading one of my memoirs. Start with Balls Deep for just ten english pounds in PDF or twenty in paperback.

[1] Who with the benefit of hindsight, I’m sure was a pedophile.
[2] Though it seems to be rapidly changing
[3] This specific rundown owes a lot to Saul Montes-Bradley on Twitter. His was the most pointed listing of relevant facts I could find. Thanks pal!
[4] It may surprise you that fascism doesn’t mean “anything a Leftist disagrees with”
[5] Such as myself
[6] Academics, journalists, politicians
[7] The book Hillary Clinton did her thesis on, which she dedicated to Alinsky.
[8] Ironically, it seems he didn’t actually say it and it’s just another lie about the Nazis.
[9] Nor do I. Good on him
[10] This was written before **Despicable Me** was released and thus baddies didn’t have the injunction against monologuing.

#59 – Red Dusk And The Morrow, Paul Dukes BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 27 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I've read a few accounts of the immediately post-Russian Revolution era now. The US-Jew anarchist **Alexander Berkman** wrote a bitter repudiation of the commies with his The Bolshevik Myth, following his tour of Russia. You could make a case that **Atlas Shrugged** is a fictionalisation of the same years, transposed into the USA thirty years later. **Ayn Rand** stated that it was the economic collapse of 1921 in Russia that inspired the book and it certainly reads that way. Added to this short list is Paul Duke's *Red Dusk And The Morrow: Adventures And Investigations In Soviet Russia*.



I'm done with this era for a while

Towards the end of this book, after having savaged the Bolshevik system with a comprehensive strategic analysis, Paul Dukes relates a conversation he had with a returning Lithuanian diplomat ***[1]***. The diplomat had asked a prominent Bolshevik leader in Petrograd how they keep control. He'd replied:

> "Our power is based on three things: first, on Jewish brains; secondly, on Lettish and Chinese bayonets; and thirdly, on the crass stupidity of the Russian people".

Red Dusk was written in 1922 by a former MI6 spy sent by Whitehall to get abreast of the developing Russian situation immediately following the 1917 revolution. The first half is a memoir of his infiltration, poking around, and escape. The second half is an overview of how the Bolshevik regime is run.

Dukes explains the Jewish brains of the above quote is a half-truth. He observed that almost all the intellectual work of the Party was given to Jews, but he points out there were at least as many Jews who were opposed to the regime. Only, they were all in prison and couldn't offer a public opinion. Whereas Churchill or Solzhenitsyn consider the Bolshevik regime to be a Jewish attack upon Russia, Dukes seems to think it was mostly a put-up job by foreign radicals who'd grabbed the megaphone and the Army.

He describes many cases where soldiers in Petrograd and Moscow could not be relied upon to shoot at their fellow

man, so the Bolsheviks imported their enforcers from Eastern Russia and Latvia. Foreigners have no such compunctions.



Dukes when writing versus his disguises in Russia

Where Dukes disagrees with the unnamed Bolshevik leader's comment is in the Russian people. Throughout the book Dukes speaks highly of the peasants in particular, saying they were mostly outside the Bolshevik propaganda system due to distance and a poor rail network. 1920s Russia lacked radio and television, and pamphlets were used as roll-up paper for marchorka cigarettes. So, unlike the populations of cities who were constantly bombarded with speeches, councils, and parades, the peasants just got on with their lives ***[2]***.

Dukes believes that for the whole of his time in Russia, the populace believed Bolshevik rule was a passing phase. They were so utterly incompetent and venal that few believed the regime could last. Remember the civil war was still going on, with the (Allies-supported) White army fighting the Reds in the West and the South. Dukes argues that the Whites were themselves venal and brutal but had the additional handicap of representing the former Tsarist landlords and often shot themselves in the foot by declaring they'd return the seized land occupied by peasants back to it's aristocratic former owners.

Needless to say, this didn't go over well with the peasants.

Faced between a brutal, incompetent and likely transitory regime with the Reds, or the same thing with the Whites but likely to return to a centuries-old status quo, the peasants and city dwellers weren't particularly inclined to get involved. Naturally, they never foresaw Stalin's rise to power and his utter destruction of the country.

> "Every Communist organisation throughout Russia has to present periodical reports to headquarters on the progress of its [recruiting] labours… Thus it is in the interest of the Communist officials to coax, cajole, or even compel soldiers to enter the ranks of the Party. The statistics supplied are compiled at headquarters and summaries are published. It is according to these statistics that the membership of the Communist Party is little more than half a million, out of the 120 or 130 million inhabitants of Soviet Russia."

Remember this when looking at the Left now. The true believers are a *tiny* proportion of the population. The Right

is much bigger than the Left and always has been. As all the money is stripped from the Left, preventing it funding all the astro-turfing like Black Lives Matter, the European Union, NGOs, and public sector unions, we see it's true size.

Everyone hated the commies and, as Dukes describes, when they carried out a 1921 purge of party membership to remove people who'd joined simply as grifters looking for better rations and housing, their membership took a harder than anticipated hit:

> "The result was that, besides those who were expelled for misdemeanours, many Communists, disquieted by the introduction of so stringent a disciplinary measure, profited by the re-registration to retire, and the membership was reduced by more than 50 per cent. A total of less than 4,000 was left out of a population [of Petrograd] of 800,000"

He paints a picture of unbelievable delusion and duplicity. First he explains how Bolshevism and the Soviets are completely different things, and completely at odds. By Bolshevism he means the Party, its members, its ideology and its actual practices. By Soviets he means the bottom-up collectivisation of factories, farms, and housing in which small councils are elected which then send representatives up a tier and so on right up to national government.



Reality was more like a Hillary campaign rally attendance

As anyone who has ever been in a meeting with Lefties knows, especially of the modern SJW variety, these people have absolutely zero respect for democracy.

Dukes gives numerous examples, noting first that only Communists were allowed to be elected to soviets, and thus despite being only a tiny fraction of the population they controlled all of the institutions. Elections were nominally free and non-Party candidates could stand but this rarely happened because (i) Despite having secret ballots as a Party principle before seizing power, they immediately reneged on it once in power ***[3]*** and (ii) anyone standing as or voting for a non-Party candidate would be harassed, arrested, and possibly shot.

This led to the bizarre situation where the Bolsheviks would operate sham Soviets, constantly exhort their centrality to the revolution being "of the worker" but no-one believed a word of it.

Dukes also points out that although the Bolsheviks claimed to rule for the workers, no workers were actually allowed to join the Party! Membership was almost entirely the intelligentsia and former Tsarist experts brought back to rescue the Bolshevik administration form its own chaos. It wasn't until the commies were desperately trying to grow membership following the disastrous 1921 purge that they opened up places to some workers.

Not a lot happens in the memoir portion of the book because Dukes explains he had to leave out any stories that could be traced to people still living in Russia and, given this was written only a year after he escaped, that's a lot of people and likely all his best stories. So instead he gives a glimpse into life in Petrograd and the border regions with Finland. It's dismal, and chimes exactly with how Berkman and Rand describe it.

Most striking to me is the constant flirtation with famine, the utter pointlessness of Party decrees ***[4],*** the atmosphere of permanent suspicion and betrayal, and lastly how pretty much everyone ends up getting shot by the Bolsheviks eventually. Their solution to everything was either issue a decree or murder whoever was causing them irritation.

Most people in the UK and USA don't realise how close we came to tyranny in 2016. Even as Donald Trump is fixing the world, half the population is trying to reinstate the Communist traitors who almost turned the USA into another USSR. As I read this book I was constantly looking for parallels with current times and they abound. The Left of 1922 is the same Left of 2018. The only difference is the amount of power they hold.

If you'd like to get your hands on some great memoirs, just hold your horses two weeks until I announce what I've been working on lately.

1. This is in 1922 and thus before Russia invaded Lithuania and forced it into the USSR
2. Stalin would change that rather dramatically
3. "One person, one vote, once" is the real Communist attitude to democracy.
4. As if you can ban famine by simply decreeing it illegal

Nick Krauser Residential Coaching Review

krauserpua · 27 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Regular readers will be aware that I've made a return to daygame coaching. So, has it been a triumphant return like **Napoleon** escaping exile in Elba and marching on to Paris, or was it more like **The Ultimate Warrior**'s return to the WWE?



I've been hitting the gym and following a calorie-restricted diet lately

So far in 2018 I've coached four residentials, of five days a piece. I've got two more lined up. Each of the clients gave me a personal debrief at the end and I can confidently say all four felt like they'd really gotten a good week out of it. But that's just me blabbing on my own blog, where I control what gets written. Of course I'm going to say that, right? ***[1]*** So where are the testimonials, Nick???

There won't be any because I HATE testimonials. They are a scam marketing dodge that PUA fraudsters have been using for years. A common trick is to pump a student's state on the last day of coaching/boot camp/seminar and then just before he leaves, ask if he'll do a testimonial for the camera ***[2].*** What a surprise he's excitable and positive. Even if it's given for free and in sincerity, the coaching buzz hasn't worn off yet so he likely *really believes* it was awesome.

No, fuck that. I have a low opinion of testimonials so I won't stoop to them myself. However, one of my clients does in fact run his own daygame blog. He was keen to write up his experiences on our Moscow residential and I encouraged him to do so. "Write whatever you want, good or bad" I said, or words to that effect.

If you'd like to read his VERY LONG and VERY DETAILED thoughts on the week of coaching start here. If you'd prefer the summary, start here and then go here.

Here are some cherry-picked quotes that pleased me immensely:

> "I was positively surprised of how motivated he still was, for Daygame and for teaching alike."
>
> "in general was not only professional during our prep messaging but also surprisingly nice. Which continued when we met. I was not sure how well we would get along ..… But I guess one gets a wrong impression to judge him just on his blog persona where he is very exposed to all kind of weirdos."

> “Our days in Moscow really changed my deeper feeling towards Daygame: from It’s work, the grind is hard but necessary to improve your ratios to Sarging can be fun and easy, even if you still screw it up in set; just accept how much the girls like it to be opened and be on dates, enjoy all these moments. There are many other things but I can already say now that he was worth the [hell of a lot of] money he asked for.”

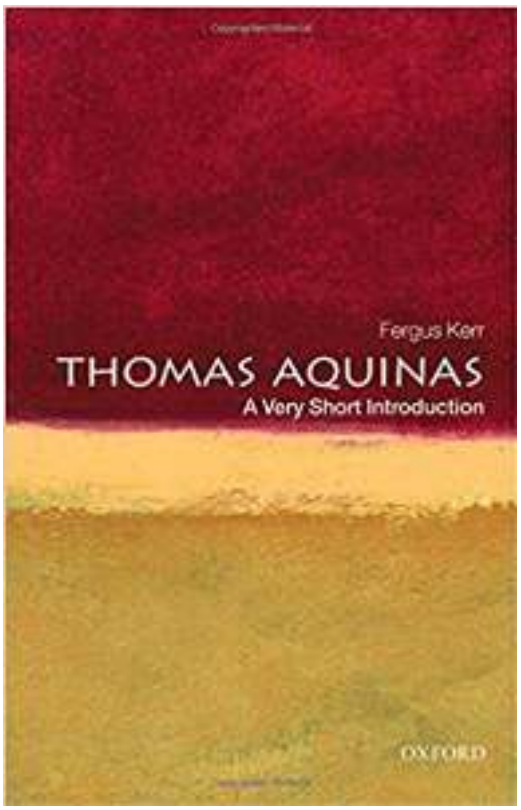
Thanks a lot for taking so much time and care with recording your experience and reflections on it. And thanks Snakeskin for the recommendation!

If you’d like to book residential coaching with me in 2018 then I’m afraid you can’t as I’m fully-booked. Maybe next year. Feel free to contact me though, just in case. Click on the Coaching tab at the top of the page (or here) to get an idea what’s in store.

1. Well, no. Anyone whose asked around in the community knows I don’t lie.
2. Often with a promise of a partial refund or free extra coaching as a bribe.

#60 – Thomas Aquinas, Fergus Kerr BOOK REVIEW

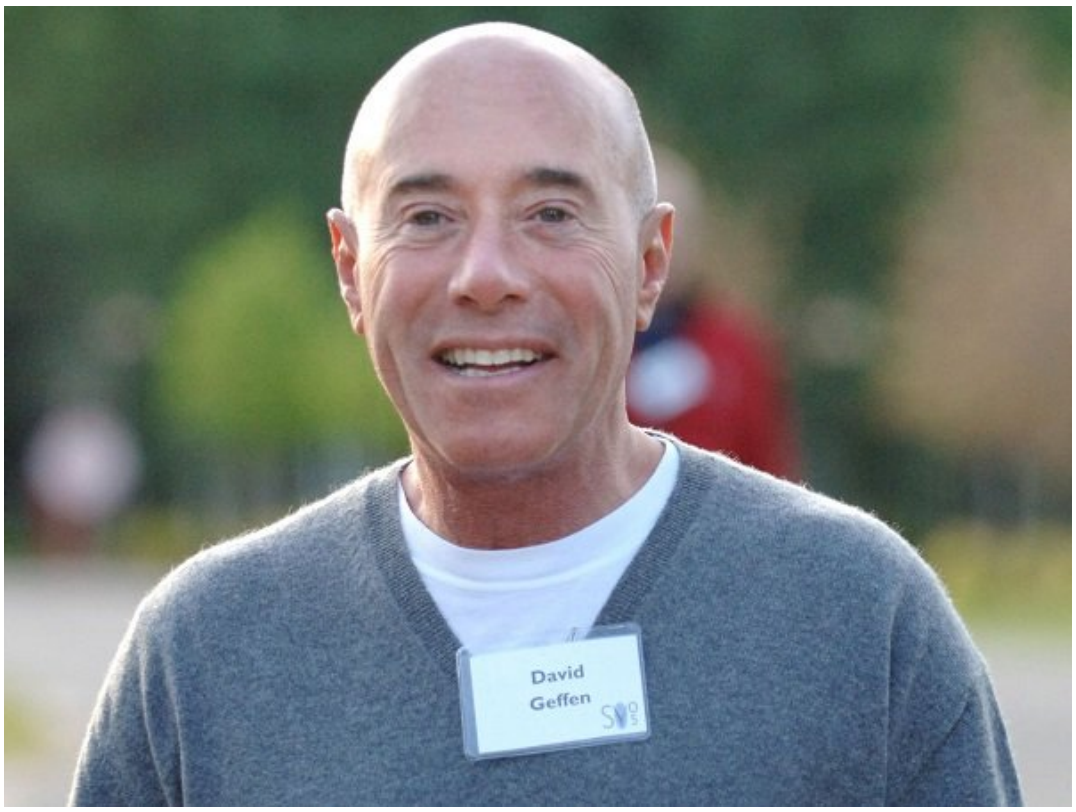
krauserpua · 29 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I've been a lifelong atheist. Initially this was from growing up in an atheist family ***[1]*** and being educated in public schools, and then finally through flirtation with Alt-Left politics. That said, I was singularly unimpressed with the New Atheists such as Richard Dawkins or Christopher Hitchens. From the beginning, I considered them blowhards. Dawkins may have written a very interesting book in *The Selfish Gene* but he spent most of his public speaking time talking way outside his field of expertise.

I'd like to believe in God, as I agree with Vox Day that Western Civilisation rests upon the three pillars of Christianity, Greco-Roman philosophical heritage, and White DNA ***[2]***. So lately I've been ruminating on existential issues, specifically: how to get around my non-belief in God?

You can't simply make yourself believe in God any more than you can decide to believe the Earth is flat or to believe **Street Hustle** is a good book. Even if it were possible, submitting yourself to an elaborate manipulation campaign to believe something you don't is delusion bordering on madness. So, what to do?



There's no question that Evil exists

One thing I do believe in is **Evil**. I see it. It's everywhere. Can one reason from the existence of Evil to the logical conclusion of the existence of God? I'm not so sure because there's at least one more plausible explanation

r/K selection.

You see, if you map all the traditional Christian virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, courage, faith, hope and charity then you are basically describing the K-selected wolf value system. The reverse – Evil – is the r-selected rabbit value system. Thus you can easily make a convincing materialist case that Good and Evil are merely mystical shorthands for our ancestors' instinctive identification of the differences between wolves and rabbits.

Evil exists because of r-selection. It therefore doesn't logically compel one to reason one's way to a belief in God.

If you find this kind of theorising interesting you might like Saint Thomas Aquinas because he wrote literally millions of words on this sort of thing. The most famous of which – **Summa Theoligica** – is a two million word analysis of the Bible ***[3]***. Obviously I'm not going to read that so I went to a short introduction, this volume in the **A Very Short Introduction** series. Now, as always happens when engaging with a secondary source, I'm at the mercy of the writer to represent his subject fairly. Fergus Kerr says right from the beginning that Aquinas' work is so voluminous that he can only scratch the surface.



This fucking dude

So, having scratched it, what are my thoughts?

Imagine I opened my table drawer and pulled out a jumbled mess of iPHone earbuds, string, shoelaces, and USB cables. They are all knotted up like usually happens. Then I say to you, “reinterpret that in the light of Aristotle”. That’s *Summa Theologica*.


Go on, straighten that shit out

Aquinas was a professional theologian writing in a time of great schisms during the **Golden Age of Christianity** c.1250. At that time scholarship was reinvigorated by Latin translations of Aristotle from Arabic. Since the collapse

of the Greek and Roman empires, the Greco-Roman legacy had been lost to the West and preserved mostly by Muslim scholars. During Aquinas' time it was rediscovered and he was very impressed. Thus he set himself a project to prove that most of what Aristotle had figured out (and Augustine) was compatible with the Bible.

Throughout this *A Very Short Introduction* book, Kerr draws examples in how Aquinas is reinterpreting Aristotlean concepts, particularly from his *Nicomachean Ethics*, to support the equivalent conceptions in the Bible. This was a big deal at the time because it injected a form of humanism into Christianity. Much orthodox thought was that the Bible is a series of strictures on how to live (like a checklist) whereas an Aristotlean Christianity is about internal change and being a virtuous person through internalising virtue. Aquinas was proposing a processual approach to virtue, what modern-day sociologists (if they weren't all Godless communists) would call 'interactionist'.

I'm nowhere near familiar enough with either Aristotle or Aquinas to opine on whether the latter did a good job of this. The reason I bring up the tangled cables analogy is because of his laborious methodology and how obtusely it's presented in Kerr's book. Here's a sample paragraph:

> "Substance and accidents is of course Aristotelian terminology; yet Thomas explicitly bases his theory on the first theorem of the Neoplatonist **Liber de Causis**; the first cause can suspend a second cause, and thus keep accidents in existence in the absence of substance of which they were the accidents (ST 3.75.5). In short, for Thomas, this unique phenomenon can be located with a degree of intelligibility only in terms of Neoplatonic ontology of creation. Like the doctrine of creation itself, this understanding of eucharistic consecration completely surpasses anything Aristotle could have understood"

This paragraph is in the middle of a discussion of how Aquinas attempted to explain the possible metaphysical arguments for what happens when Catholics are given bread and wine at service. He wished to examine these three versions:

> "the substances of the bread and wine **coexist** with the substances of Christ's body and blood; they are **annihilated**; and they are **converted** into the substances of Christ's body and blood"

I'l bet this issue had been puzzling you too.

I really don't understand why theology exists. The Bible is there, Christians believe it is the Truth, and therefore surely the correct course of action is to simply read the bloody thing ***[4].*** Spending two million words trying to untangle knots that were only ever tangled in the first place because scholars decided to opine and put their own oar in seems like a futile task to me.



Summa Berbalogica

Let's try a thought experiment. Imagine **Johnny Berba** was taken seriously as a spiritual leader. A host of Berba Scholars discover his YouTube channel and his hundreds of hours of rambling are translated into Hebrew, then from Hebrew to Arabic, then from Arabic to Latin. A new generation later discovers the Latin translations and, without access to the original videos, tries to reinterpret Berba's wisdom in the light of Aristotle.

Now imagine reading a *Berba: A Very Short Introduction* volume. That's how this one felt. I'm utterly unimpressed. I don't know if my conclusion says more about Kerr than Aquinas but this book was a waste of time for me. I still hold an open mind on Aquinas, as many very intelligent men say he's a pivotal thinker, but Kerr's book doesn't support their case at all.

If you were thinking "fuck all that, let's talk about shagging" perhaps you'd like to try my Summa Daygamologic also known as Daygame Infinite

[1] Though now I think "philistine" is more accurate as my parents are snobs who are completely lacking in aesthetic taste.
[2] I believe he calls it "the European nations" but they are all white. Further, I'd say almost every Greco-Roman philosophical tract ever written should be read with the imaginary preface of "this only applies to societies that are almost entirely white."
[3] Think of it like how Daygame Infinite analyses text chats and date transcripts
[4] Something I've never done, as it happens.

#61 – Tiger Tracks, Wolfgang Faust BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 30 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This book is an English translation of a memoir serialised as **Panzerdammerung** ('Panzer Twighlight') shortly after it was written in July 1948. The author describes in the introduction that some press critics have deemed it "needlessly controversial", "too provocative" or even "too violent" whereas those who were there on the Eastern Front, in the panzers, acknowledge it as accurate.

So, *finally*, after many fictionalised pseudo-memoirs such as the work of **Sven Hassel**, **Leo Kessler**, and **Heinz Konsalik** we finally have an accurate memoir of a tankman on the Eastern Front.

Or do we?



"Oh really?"

A book about panzers written by a man named Faust. Panzer, Faust. Ooooooookay.

There have been a rash of old WWII memoirs 'discovered' by family in dusty attics or cellars across Germany, and then rushed to publication to make money or influence politics. Mostly they are frauds. Probably the best example is Anne Frank's diary, written after the war by her dad in a biro pen that hadn't even been invented while she was still alive ***[1]***. Now that I've read *Tiger Tracks* I can very safely state this is a work of fiction.

I googled and was amused to see Google's summary sidebar for Wolfgang Faust said he was born in 1944 and died in 1993, making him minus-one years old when the events of the book occurred ***[2].*** There are no pages I could find talking about this book before 2015, and nothing in German. I also found a few other blogposts asking "is this memoir true?" before inevitably concluding it isn't. And I'm not surprised.



Covers have gone downhill since Sven Hassel's days

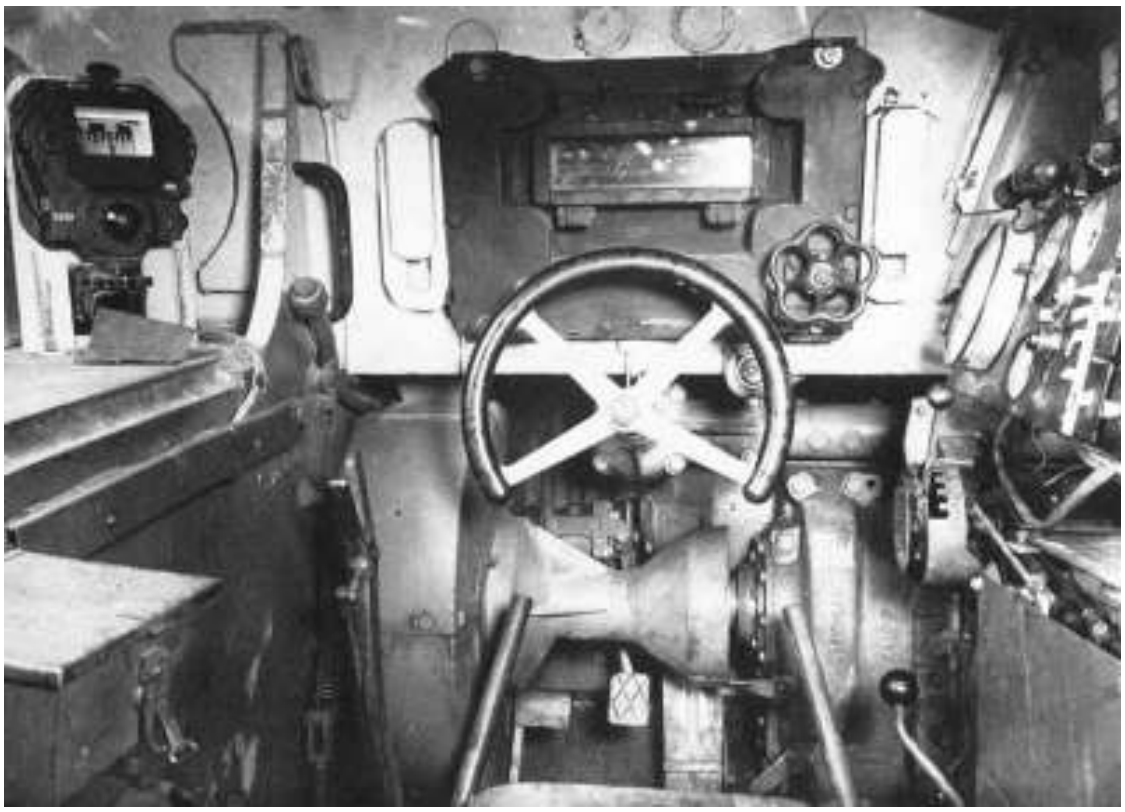
Tiger Tracks begins with the German army in retreat from the Reds in October 1943. Faust is the driver of a new Tiger tank, "sixty tonnes of the Reich's finest metal" and his twenty-tank battle group has orders to take a ridge full of Soviet defensive emplacements. Thus begins a solid action sequence described with precision and flair. At no point is any of it confusing: who is fighting, why, when, and how. It's clear action writing. The panzers take the heights and cover the left flank of an unsuccessful attack by the Army centre. That's the last forward move of the book before full retreat.

Like most WWII memoirs, the side the writer is on seem to be awfully skilled, frequently overcoming daunting numerical and material disadvantages through pluck and luck. Funny that.

As the Soviet position was rolled up, the tank crew comes into possession of a young female radio operator as a prisoner who they throw into the back of a half-track. This sets up a sub-plot by which the Reds launch a number of counter-attacks to either kill or rescue her. It's never clear why. The Germans think she must have important intel on Soviet signals and encryption, whereas the woman claims to be a nobody and then latter the mistress of a high-ranking General. The first such attack happens during a retreat through thick forest when the treeline becomes alive with partisans.

The rest of this short book as a chronicle of the single retreat, the objective being to reform at a river and then defend the only bridge on the Eastern side until reinforcements arrive and they can cross to the Western bank, blowing the bridge behind them. Unlike Heinz Konsalik, there are no multiple weaving character arcs, and unlike Sven Hassel there is no dreamlike blurring of different battles or time spent in R&R. This book is a simple, detailed narrative of a single action exclusively from the author's first-person view.

And what a first person view it is!



It's how I feel when trying to play a game on a mobile phone

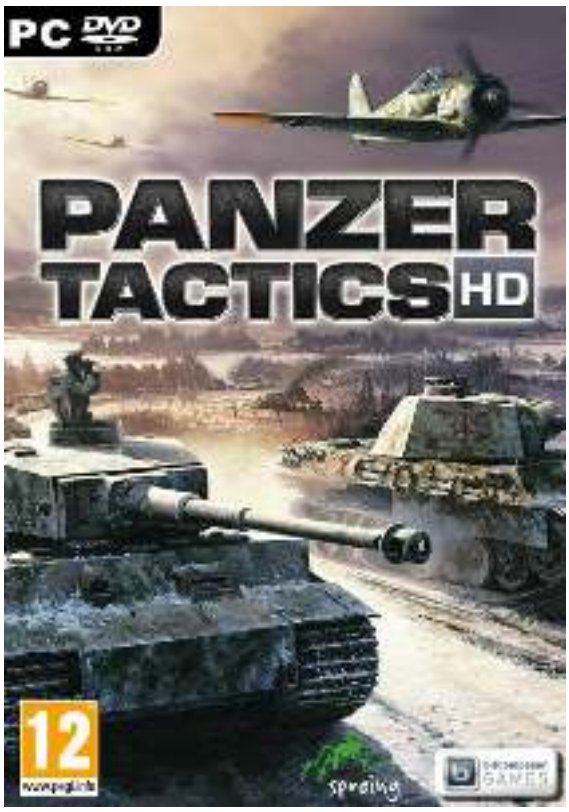
This guy is a Tiger driver and thus his entire battle view is from a narrow viewing slot. Have a look. Pretty restrictive no? Anyone looking out the hatch in this story gets their heads blown off – literally – so Faust is pretty clear that he keeps his head indoors. Yet he's able to witness scenes such as this:

> "I didn't even feel their bodies being crushed and chewed by the tracks – there wasn't even a jolt as we ran them down in clusters. Human flesh was too soft to withstand these forces, too frail to even register on my dials. I saw three of the Ivans try to run, in front of my vision slit, until the square hull front covered them up and only a dismembered leg in its felt boot tumbled up onto our glacis. I span and crushed the enemies down, with Kurt beside me blasting now on his MG34 at any who jumped clear – and together, we defended that corner of Russia on behalf of the Reich."

Now I think that's pretty good genre writing but it's rather embellished with details I doubt he could've seen. A few pages later he describes the Ivan infantry managing to get a molotov cocktail into the engine grill of a fellow Tiger, lighting up the interior:

> "The Tiger's other hatches opened as the crew began to evacuate before their fuel exploded. Of the five men who exited, four were immediately cut down by Red small arms fire. The fifth fell onto the burning grilles, and lay there thrashing in the flames as the gasoline took hold below him.
> I looked to see where those murderous bullets came from. I saw, on the T34 that was knocked out on the very edge of the anti-tank ditch, one of the Russian tank crew, still in his ribbed helmet, crouching behind the turret with its slumped gun barrel, aiming a machine pistol over the turret roof."

Just try visually reconstructing that scene, and the likely distances involved. Now imagine how you'd see that through the vision slit above. I don't buy it.



Have there been any other DS-to-PC ports?

Anyway, don't misunderstand me. As a work of fiction I quite enjoyed this tale. It moves along at a brisk pace, there's no pointless padding or sub-plots, and the action is clearly written. What it also did was made me start wondering if I should get into playing **Panzer Tactics** again. I did once try it on the Nintendo DS, expecting it to be as accessible as **Advance Wars** but gave up when the tutorial confused me. Now I'm wondering.

I'd quite like to be a Panzer General. It sounds ace.

If you'd like to read a memoir about a European heading East to take down a long line of Russians you might just want to start at Balls Deep and keep reading.

[1] Sigh, can't go anywhere without encountering Jew lies
[2] Assuming they did occur. One way false memoirs disguise themselves is to not give specific names or dates of battles, thus military historians can't check up with the massive amount of battle orders and communiques which would allow them to corroborate the details.

Lulu is having a sale

krauserpua · 30 July 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I thought you might be interested to know that Lulu has two good coupon codes running now which can be used together:

SHIPIT2018 gives free shipping

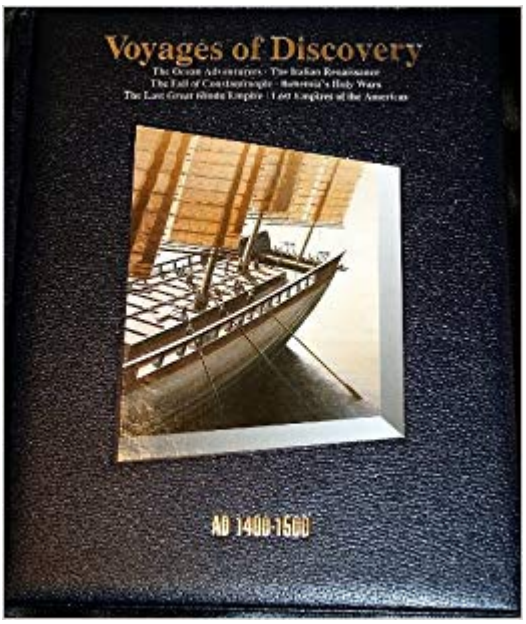
FWD15 gives a 15% discount.

This means something like the Daygame Nitro hardback is $48, Primal Seduction hardback is $77 and so on. All the other books including my memoir volumes 1, 2 and 4 are also covered by the sale. Just enter the codes in the basket.

Go here for Lulu's page of my books

#62 -Voyages Of Discovery, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 9 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I've sometimes wondered why the Mexican drug cartels are so incredibly brutal. You'd expect gangs to enforce their control through violence, including murder, and perhaps even the occasional demonstrative killing in which the victim is particularly brutally slaughtered. The cartels are a whole order of magnitude above that. If you're dumb enough to go on some of the specialist gore sites, which I don't recommend, here are some of the things you can see:

- A sicario from a rival gang is captured. The video begins in a squalid kitchen with shiny white tiled floor and a half dozen sicarios present. They've already chopped both hands off at the wrist, the victim using the bloody stumps to try to push his attackers away as they attempt to decapitate him with a blunt garden tool. They'd already peeled his face off with a box cutter.
- One of the women present at the above murder, called "the crazy blonde" by her ghoulish fans for her enthusiastic participation, is captured in a reprisal kidnapping and paraded in a field with a few other chubby middle-aged female narcos. After their masked captors talk tough for a while, the women are dismembered and decapitated.
- A young sicario is held down with a foot on his forehead. His arms are tied behind his back. Two other sicarios flay his entire chest while he moans and begs.
- A big fat black man is lying in a field, his arms tied behind his back. A gang of sicarios roll him onto his stomach and then cut off both of his arms with a large knife. They roll him onto his back and then disembowel him. The black man's eyes are open and he blinks several times, though strangely makes no noise or struggle.



Really tame compared to reality

I never made it to the end of these videos and decided my little psychological experiment in "hardening my amygdala to shocking stimuli" was actually a bad idea. I can't unsee these things now but I certainly learned my lesson to never go back onto such websites. But anyway, the obvious question is why the brutality?

The torture-murders weren't about extracting information, and nor was that level of sadism necessary to remove rivals. Most gangs simply shoot you. Now that I've been reading *Voyages Of Discovery*, my best guess is this: Mexicans are descended from the Aztecs. It's in their blood. Here's a section from chapter five:

> "In 1323, King Achitometl agreed to the marriage of his daughter to the Aztec chief… Hoping to ingratiate themselves with their god of springtime, Xipe Totec, they welcomed the Colhuacan princess and then ritually sacrificed her and flayed her. King Achitometl, arriving to witness her wedding, was aghast to find an Aztec priest wearing her skin as a dance costume."

Yeah, build the wall.

Don't think this was an isolated incident. You can go back into European history and find some pretty grim executions. What marks the Aztecs as different is both the sheer scale of their sadistic depravity, and how it was interwoven into their very religion. Here's another description:

> "Human sacrifice was central to Aztec civilisation. Each year between 10,000 and 20,000 victims met their deaths in religious rituals… Taking one limb each, they stretched their prey over a 50-centimetre-high stone block. A fifth priest, wielding a razor-sharp stone knife, made a swift sideways stroke across the chest, cutting through the breastbone and ribs. The still-beating heart was wrenched out and held aloft to the sun."

When the Spanish conquistadors finally showed up and put an end to this butchery, you can make a solid claim they were liberating the Central Americans from the Aztec yoke, brutal though the wops were. There were lots of other interesting facts in this book that really struck me as significant and yet not generally known. For example, I'm sure you've heard plenty about Europe being evil for bringing new illnesses to the Americas that wiped out the native populations.

Oh god, how awful!!! etc….



There's a wonderful PC game about this era

Well, chapter two talks about the Italian Renaissance that centred around Florence in the 1400s, triggered by the rediscovery of Roman and Greek classics that were preserved in Arabic and then translated into Latin. The instability of warring Italian city states proved a fertile breeding ground for artists and scholars as the rich controlling families such as the Medicis used patronising the arts as a conspicuous display of power and wealth.

What else triggered it?

The massive depopulation of the region through the Black Death in 1347. By the year 1353 it had killed an estimated one third of the European population. Florence had 100,000 people on the eve of the Black Death and didn't climb back to the 50,000 mark until two hundred years later. Milan lost half it's people and Pisa three quarters.

Where did the Black Death come from? Rats brought by invading Mongols to the near East, which then boarded the Turk and Arabic merchant ships. Yeah, Orcs from Mordor brought diseases that wiped out a third of Europe. You don't hear the Left talking about that, do you ***[1]***.



Assassins Creed 2 is a romp through Renaissance Florence.

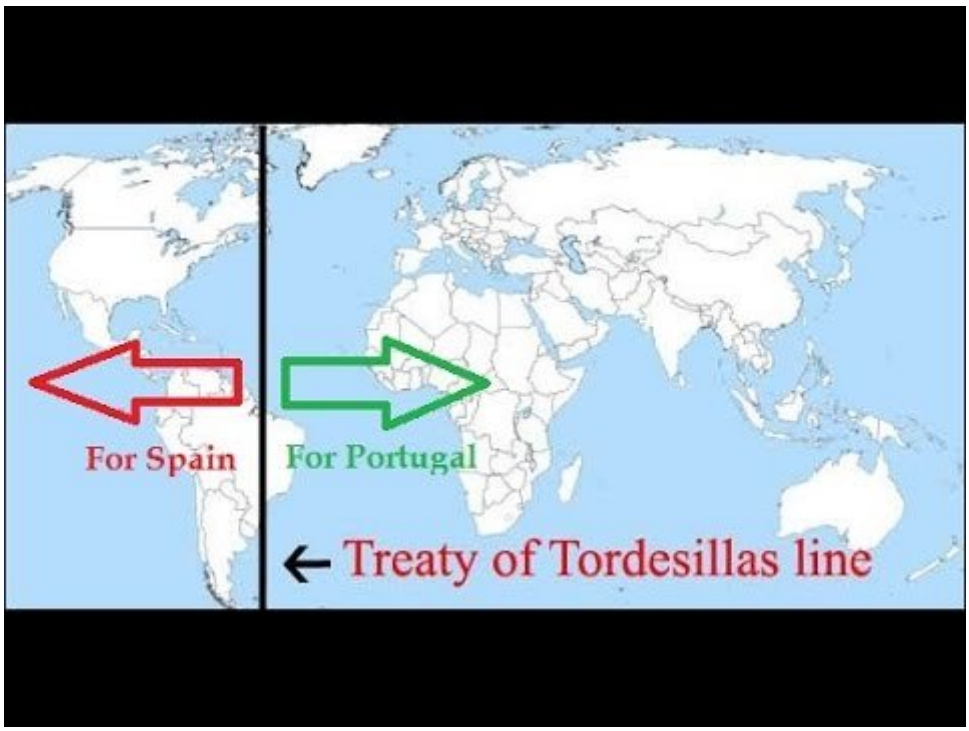
I found the Renaissance fascinating and didn't realise it was ideologically motivated by humanism, of turning the arts away from standardised glorification of God and to an accurate and mathematical observation of nature. Also fascinating was the chapter on Bohemia's holy wars, the main takeaway being the utter corruption and evil of the Papacy and the Holy Roman Empire ***[3]***. I don't know if 1400s Vatican was as bad as it is now, as at least then they weren't promoting the invasion of Europe by Africans, female priests, gangs of homosexuals dominating the clergy, or running international child trafficking networks through Mexico. But they were pretty bad.

The most interesting factoid of all was in chapter one, about the rivalry between the Portuguese and Spanish maritime explorers who discovered the Americas and the southern tip of Africa. Have you ever wondered why Brazil speaks Portuguese whereas all the other wops speak Spanish? "Because it was a Portuguese colony" is not the right answer. Obviously you must wonder why it was Portuguese.

Well, the bickering between Spain and Portugal was ended by the Treaty Of Tordesillas in 1494 brokered by the Vatican. At that time the pope, Alexander XI, was a Spaniard who had been elected only the previous year with the backing of Queen Isabella of Spain. The pope attempted a fit-up job to screw the Portuguese by creating a north-south demarcation line out in the empty Atlantic. Everything to the West was Spain's, to the East was Portugal's.

At that time, explorers had charted the West Coast of Africa and found it mostly shit. They had been unable to reach India around the Cape Of Good Hope (where all the expensive spices were that stimulated the exploration because currently Muslims controlled all the land caravan routes). To the West of the line was Cuba and Hispanola, discovered by Columbus two years earlier, and they thought it was only a short hop from there to India.

Nobody had discovered Brazil yet, almost all of which turned out to be east of the line.



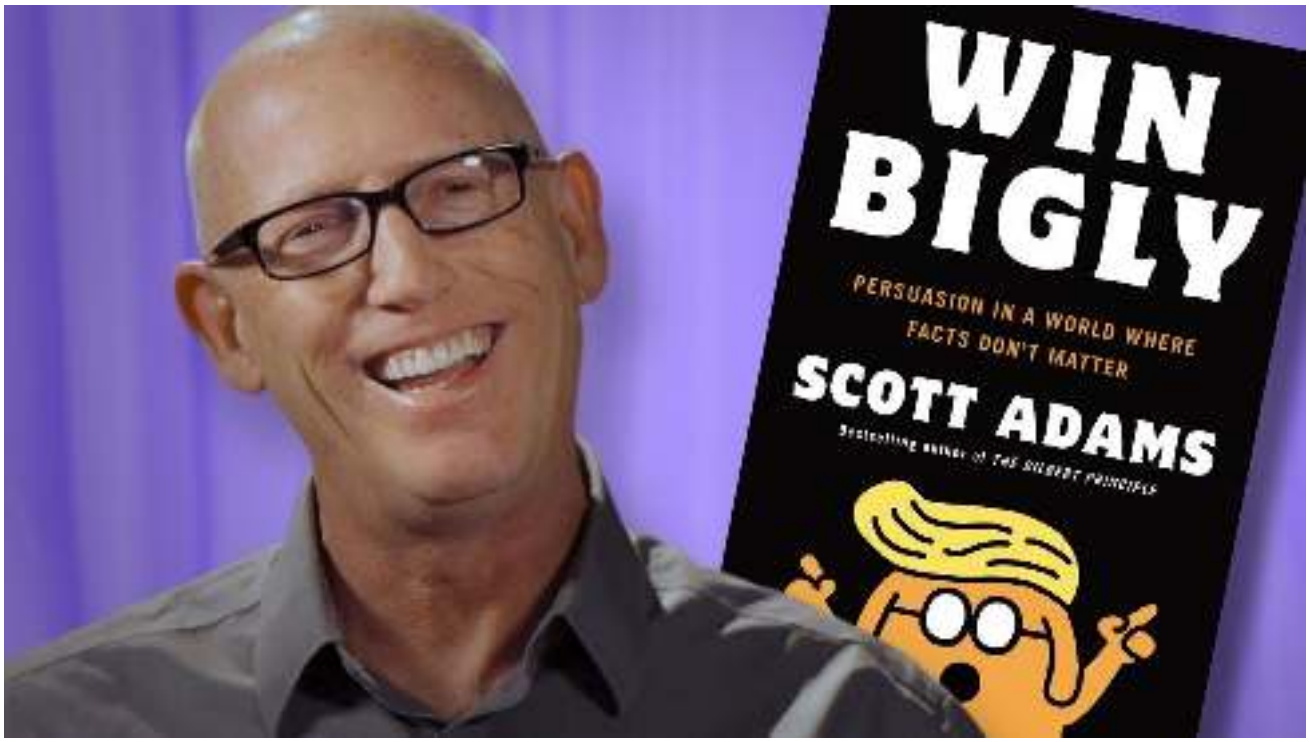
Dumb bastards, yesterday

Stupid fucking Spanish.

[1] Just as the African slave trade run by Arabs and Ottomans, far bigger than that run by Europeans and Americans ***[2]****, seems to get a pass whereas white people are supposed to feel very guilty about buying African slaves from other Africans.*
[2] Actually, Jews. Something like 90% of all "American" slave traders where actually as American as Ben Shapiro and Bill Kristol.
[3] Which was neither Holy, Roman, or even really an Empire.

#63 – Win Bigly, Scott Adams BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 9 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original



"I am endorsing Hillary Clinton for my own safety"

You can't trust anything Scott Adams tells you. However, this isn't because he tells lies (he doesn't). It's because Adams always has an angle. He's a trained hypnotist and expert in the use and analysis of persuasion….. and he's using these skills on you all the time ***[1]***

The stated purpose of *Win Bigly* is to explain to you the persuasion skills Donald Trump used to win the US Presidential Election of 2016 against overwhelming odds, and for Adams to explain what he saw that enabled him to be one of the few pundits to predict a Trump win far in advance.

The **actual** purpose of *Win Bigly* is for Scott Adams to preen, run a victory lap, and position himself as a recognised expert so that you take him more seriously in future. The book is non-stop "look at how awesomely I predicted this" cloaked in false modesty, written with an obsessive self-interest in *Scott Adams the man* and what he was concerned about at each stage, rather than Trump, or the US generally. ***[2]***

I actually admire that he did this. *Win Bigly* is a textbook example of watching a persuader at work, if you can run a meta-level read of it at the same time as a normal read. I started following Scott Adams' blog in late 2015, after **Mike Cernovich** linked it, right through to months after the inauguration. Adam's "Master Persuader" ideas were innovative, illuminating, and often accurately predictive. He deserves his current popularity.

However, he's completely wrong. I wouldn't say he's a bullshitter – he makes too many falsifiable predictions for that label to be fair – but he often runs close to it. There are so many good ideas in Scott's work that I needed to be very careful in analysing him while reading, holding everything in a mental quarantine as I work through their implications and decide what can be allowed into my world-view versus what is poison. He sings a convincing siren song.



Winning Bigly

The subtitle of the book explains the main thesis: *Persuasion in a world where facts don't matter*. Adams wants us to use what he names the **Persuasion Filter**, filter being his re-branding of the common word 'perspective'. He says humans are 'moist robots' that can be programmed to think certain ways if a persuader knows how to communicate to them. Donald Trump is a master persuader, utilising an incredible talent stack of skills to communicate very effectively. Much of the book is outlining this talent stack and explaining key examples.

And the whole time, Adams is using those same skills on you. For example, Adams explains 'strategic ambiguity' as a tactic whereby you are purposefully vague about a policy idea so that groups with mutually exclusive wants can all support you because each reads into the ambiguity what they wish to see. Really, this is an old PUA tactic of letting girls fill in the blanks, knowing they'll fill them with traits of her ideal man that you might not possess.

For example, when Trump says "we need to take our country back" it's an ambiguous statement. Who is 'we', what does he mean by 'our country' and taking it back from whom? A white nationalist may read this as taking back WASP America from the multi-culturalists and then deporting non-whites. A civic nationalist may read it as removing globalist influence and the foreign bribery at the Chamber Of Commerce. A coal miner in Pennsylvania could read it as a need to get out of the Paris Climate Accord and a business owner may read it as getting out of TPP and NAFTA.

Adams is using strategic ambiguity on the reader constantly.

He wants you to believe he only wrote positively about Trump's *persuasion* skills but he didn't agree with any of either candidate's policy positions. Then he endorsed Hillary, then Gary Johnson, then Trump. Yeah, I'd say that's covering the bases. He wants you to believe facts don't matter, but then often slides into explaining how facts do matter.



Spygate isn't relevant here

As a work of **philosophy** *Win Bigly* is solipsistic, immature, dishonest, and self-aggrandising. But of course it's *not* a work of philosophy. It's a work of **persuasion**. It's a book people pick up before boarding a flight, when it's either that or *The Psychopath Test* or *12 Rules For Life*. It's pop-psych. Some of you may believe this is the old "clown nose on, clown nose off" evasion used by Jew agents like Jon Stewart or Jimmy Kimmel, but I think it's all a bit of fun.

Adams is pushing hard for the theory that Trump won because he's persuasive. Facts don't matter. Hmmmmmmmm. What would be some alternative filters to explain his win?

- Jared Kushner won the election by using advanced analytics to campaign in all the right places for electoral college votes. Trump disguised this strategy by hiring first Corey Lewandowski, then Clinton-campaign spy Paul Manafort, then Kelly-Ann Conway as official campaign managers but who were really just front men. Thus they took the heat and Kushner could work in secret.
- There are two Donald Trumps. There is "The Donald", a buffoonish reality TV star with stupid hair who says the dumbest things. There is also Donald J Trump an extremely savvy and experienced real estate magnate who has been outplaying the most apex of predators in the Manhattan jungle for decades. The buffoon is a ploy to cause his opponents to underestimate him. The real Donald J Trump is a revolutionary political leader who has been planning his presidency for decades.
- The Clinton campaign gave orders to their MSM flunkies to promote Donald Trump in the Republican primaries because she thought The Donald was the real man and he'd be easy to beat in the general election. This is the 'pied piper' strategy. Adams wants you to believe Trump's persuasion gave him all that positive coverage and then it was because 'Godzilla' (Robert Cialdini) was hired by the Clinton campaign after Trump secured the nomination that suddenly Trump started getting bad coverage. Really, it was always the Clinton plan to build him up for the nomination and then tear him down for the election.
- Trump represented a genuine alternative to the establishment republican candidates and the utterly corrupt Hillary Clinton. Voters aren't that dumb. Hillary had been demonstrably corrupt for decades and Trump wasn't taking any large donor contributions. Bernie fans realised Clinton had screwed them by rigging the Democrat nomination and many stayed home. After fifty years of never having a real choice at the ballot box, the US voters finally had one and they chose Trump.
- Trump's policy positions were genuinely fresh and good for America, such as controlling illegal immigration, resisting political correctness, restoring the military, getting out of harmful global agreements, and scrapping Obamacare. Adams is flat out wrong when he repeats the Clinton lie that Trump was vague on policy. No. He

had detailed policy documents on his campaign site from early in the race. Many Americans voted for the policies rather than the man. Facts did matter.

- Demographic changes following the 1965 immigration bill, the Reagan amnesty, and flooding illegal immigrants have meant the Democrat party became the anti-white party, what Steve Sailer called 'the coalition of the fringes'. This unholy alliance of contradictory identity groups can only be united through anti-white hate. Eventually, white people overcame their terror of being called racists and decided to vote against the people trying to exterminate them.
- Multi-generational trends (be it r/K or Kondratieff Cycles) peaked Left with Obama who then gutted the Democrat Party with his own managerial incompetence, leaving it extremely vulnerable to a decent Republican campaign. This combined with a mass societal shift towards the Right that was larger than any man or campaign, as can be seen in rising nationalism in Europe. Trump rode that wave.

Personally, I think the **Sun Tzu Filter** is far more accurate than the Persuasion Filter. But I understand why Adams doesn't use it. It would mean addressing issues such as Democrat treachery, globalism, the Jewish Question, and taking a stand on policy issues. If he did that, Adams would lose his strategic ambiguity and with it half his audience. He has to pussyfoot around the middle-ground pretending only persuasion matters.

Adams wants to be mainstream. You can't be that and tell the truth about what's important. I don't blame him. We don't live in an ideal world.

People who lack an education in history and the classics are easily fooled by charlatans. This is why every single year, without fail, there are con-men like Deepak Wayne, or JMULV, or Eben Pagan, or whoever. They tell an exciting new story ***[3]*** and the morons jump aboard the hype train. The same thing happens in the social sciences and with public intellectuals. Sometimes they are embarrassing frauds like Tai Nehisi Coates, or Paul Krugman, or Jordan Peterson. Other times they are more like Scott Adams: not frauds, but very clearly men with an agenda for self-promotion who push inconsistent and incoherent philosophies wrapped around some genuinely fresh and penetrating insight.

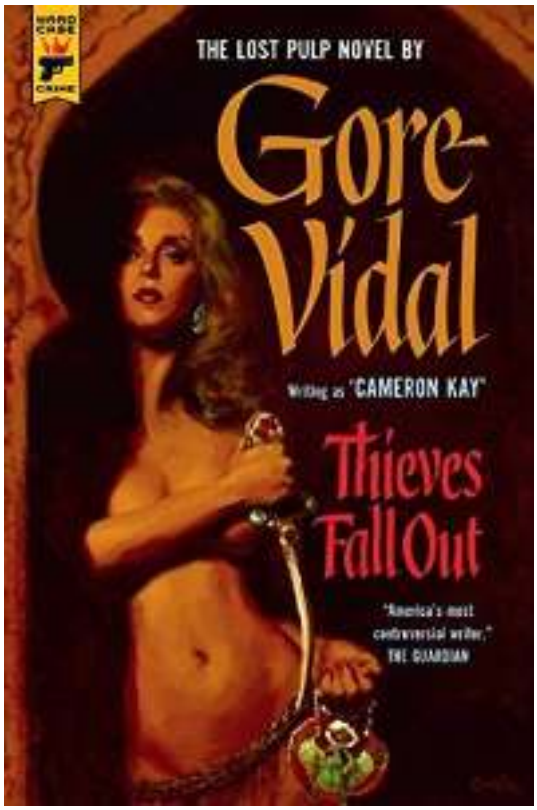
I like Scott Adams and I absolutely recommend both this book and his earlier (and better) *How To Fail At Almost Everything And Still Win Big*. The fact he provoked so much thought from me is evidence of his value as a thinker. But I think he's completely wrong and you should be very careful letting such a smooth operator have a direct route into your worldview.

If you think I'm just jealous because he's way more popular than me and predicted the Trump win, I may remind you that I won $6,000 betting on the God Emperor and parlayed my support to get laid with lots of hot girls by running my Trump Stack routine on dates before the election. You can read how I masterfully persuade girls by checking out Daygame Infinite and Daygame Mastery. That's persuasion honed at the coal face of street pickup.

[1] Often so bold as to explain the technique he's using, as he's using it on you. I do rather respect that.
[2] Of course, I'm quite aware that I write books entirely about myself and then fill them with photos of myself. So don't think I'm criticizing Adams for it and I don't begrudge him the victory lap because he put himself on the line when there was a lot to lose. I'm just pointing out what the book really is about, underneath his smoke and mirrors.
[3] The reason they rise to prominence is because they have a good story. Every bubble and every scam has a good story. If they don't, they don't catch on and you don't hear about them.

#64 – Thieves Fall Out, Gore Vidal BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 10 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original



We are led to believe, in this modern politically correct age, that noticing patterns is 'prejudice' and facts are 'hateful'. I think both the Left and Right would agree that **discrimination** is everywhere, but they disagree on what the word means.

To the Left, discrimination is a bad thing. It means you are treating people unfairly according to some correlation you've noticed that one thing tends to go with another: scheming Jew, cheating Turk, gay Arab, goat-fucking Muslim, depraved Leftist, child-molesting Faggot and so on.



Depraved leftist

To the Right, discrimination is a good thing. It means you can capably discern patterns in the world and then form predictions and modes of action which will tend to lead to favourable outcomes. Don't let Jews run your banks or they'll swindle you. Don't trust a Turk vendor to give you a fair price, and certainly don't let your kids anywhere near faggots.

Discrimination is risk-assessment. It's good judgement. It's why Poland hasn't had any Muslim terror attacks whereas London is second only to Karachi as the acid-throwing capital of the world.

I mention this because Gore Vidal's *Thieves Fall Out*, written in 1953 and based in Egypt around the time of revolution the prior year, is chock full of stereotypes and associations that seem an awful lot like common sense to me but would shock a spaghetti-armed soyboy. It reminded me of one of my first client jobs in 1998 when I was an apprentice at a big London financial company.

The client ran huge public works projects in North Africa, such as building hydro-electric dams and hundreds of miles of pipelines. They'd contract with such governments then assemble teams, plans, and supervise on-site work. Quite a big business. Two things were particularly notable when I was looking through the expense account of a couple of projects in Egypt. I went in to a project managers office to ask him about it:

"These are two lines that seem abnormally large: hotel penalties, and sundry regulatory fees. Can you explain them?"

The manager, a big Ghanian who looked like Ike Ibeabuchi and laughed heartily like Brian Blessed did indeed explain. "It is always the same with Egyptians. They come to London for business trips and then smash the hotel rooms, so we pay for the repair. The other thing is bribes to local government and police."



Just missing the knife in the ribs

Thieves Fall Out presents Cairo, and later Luxor, as disgusting shitholes boiling under a scorching sun while the filth-strewn streets are thronged by beggars and murderers. Every white man has a target on his back. The story opens when an American sailor – admittedly a chancer – called Peter Wells wakes up in a brothel having been drugged and robbed the night before ***[1]***. Broke and alone, he stumbles to a local ex-pat's hotel bar and tries to scare up a hustle. He falls in with smugglers who hire him to convey a valuable relic out of the country for an illicit art sale. From there it's a standard hard-boiled story where everyone is on the make, nobody tells the truth, and every broad is a sassy gal who knows how to shuck her hips to make a grown man whimper.

So much, so typical of the genre.

What stands out is the setting. It's common to read hardboiled stories set in the back alleys of Los Angeles and long drives in a Cadillac out to the Hollywood hills or the vineyards and alfalfa fields in the north. Equally popular a setting are the tenements of New York with their tough Irish bartenders and wise-cracking Harlem pimps. It's quite refreshing to have a cast of the aforementioned scheming Jews, cheating Turks, and gay Arabs (literally this story has all three).

> "He walked about the streets until eight o'clock, staring at the crowds. He was propositioned a hundred times. Boys tried to sell him their sisters, their aunts, themselves: men offered to arrange erotic exhibitions for him, to sell him dope, stolen jewels, Persian rugs. He got very tired of them, but they were a part of this strange world and he was determined to make the best of it."

Mind you, the white ex-pats he falls in with are a gang of rogues too. Still, at least when he's in their hotels he's quite safe. Later when he crosses the Nile outside Luxor with a guide they are set upon by three Arab bandits who try to castrate him just because. Once the uprising in Cairo hits full swing he witnesses a mob surround and decapitate four unarmed soldiers.

It's not like the fist-fights and occasional knifing in LA and NYC stories.



This one is more one-sided than usual

Aside from the themes, the other point of note in this book is how short and simple Vidal's sentences are. His prose isn't at all flowery and the simplicity of it, his discipline in not putting on any literary airs and graces, is refreshing. Here's an early example:

> "A flood of abuse made him dizzy. Her hands opened and shut convulsively as she shouted at him, her black eyes large and brilliant. He edged towards the door. She put herself between him and the door, her hands clutching now at his clothes. He shoved her away. This was a mistake, for she immediately yelled for help. Help came in the form of five women of different age, weight, and beauty, but all sharing the same profession and dressed in similar loose robes, all shouting as they crowded about him on the rickety stairs outside the room."

Actually, now that I write that I realise why this book appealed to me so much. It reminded me of my recent holiday in Thailand.

If you'd like to know just what I got up to in Thailand and how it makes Peter Wells' adventures seem dull in comparison, keep your peepers glued to this site as I will make an announcement sometime soon.

[1] Remarkably similar to Alan Caillou's book I reviewed here which starts the same way and is also set in the same Egyptian uprising. Funny that.

Younger Hotter Tighter is on sale now

krauserpua · 12 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not sure words can express how relieved I feel at this moment. For the past four years I've had the mother of all open loops. "Nick, write a memoir of your entire skirt-chasing daygame journey. That'll be fun," I'd told myself in mid-2014. That single-volume project soon ballooned and I committed myself to four – yes FOUR – big volumes.

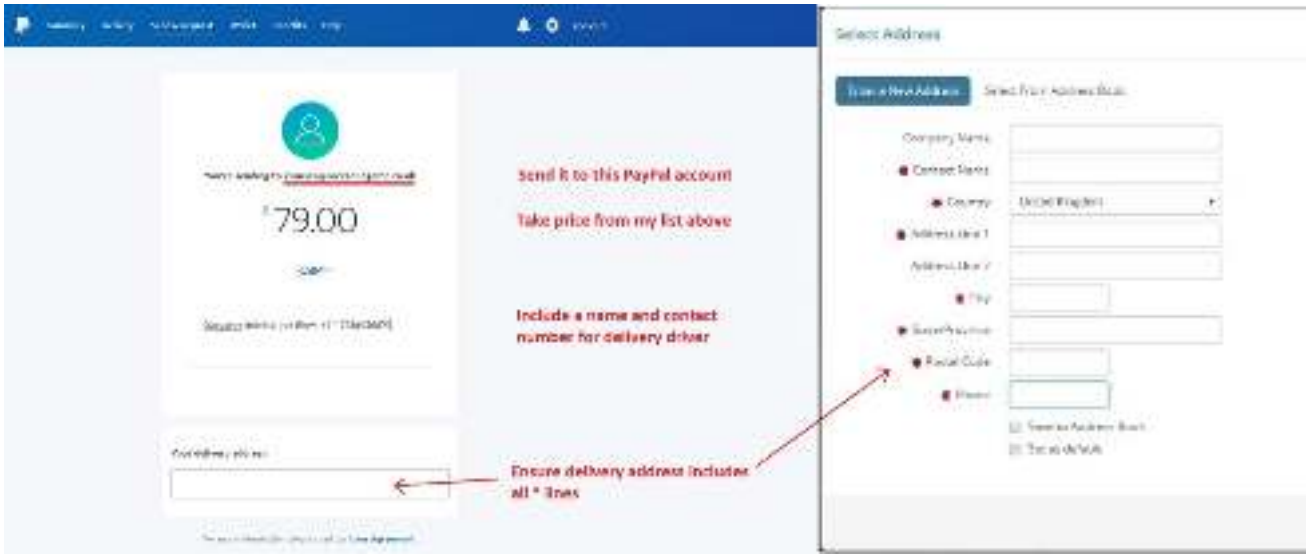
I don't do things by halves, it would seem.

Anyway, that loop now snaps shut with a satisfying click. The **final book** is finished and I hereby announce it's release. I'll say more about it over the coming few weeks. Till then, I'm pretty sure anyone who has read volumes one and two already knows what they are getting in for by ordering this one.

There is one big difference this time: the order process.

I was so happy with Ingram's printing of *Daygame Infinite* that I decided to do **all** my new releases with them. Their versions feel so much nicer in the hands, plus they are in colour, and more important of all Ingram can handle more complex page designs without blowing up their conversion software. So, *Younger Hotter Tighter* is **only** available the following way:

> **STEP ONE:** Calculate the price. This is £30 UK, $45 US, $50 AUS, e40 EU, £50 Rest Of World ***[1]*** This includes shipping.
>
> **STEP TWO:** Paypal me at **krauser@rocksolidgame.co.uk** Be sure to include your name, postal address, the words "Younger Hotter Tighter" and a telephone number for the UPS delivery man. See this example. You need to provide all of the information requested with the red stars * on the right side.



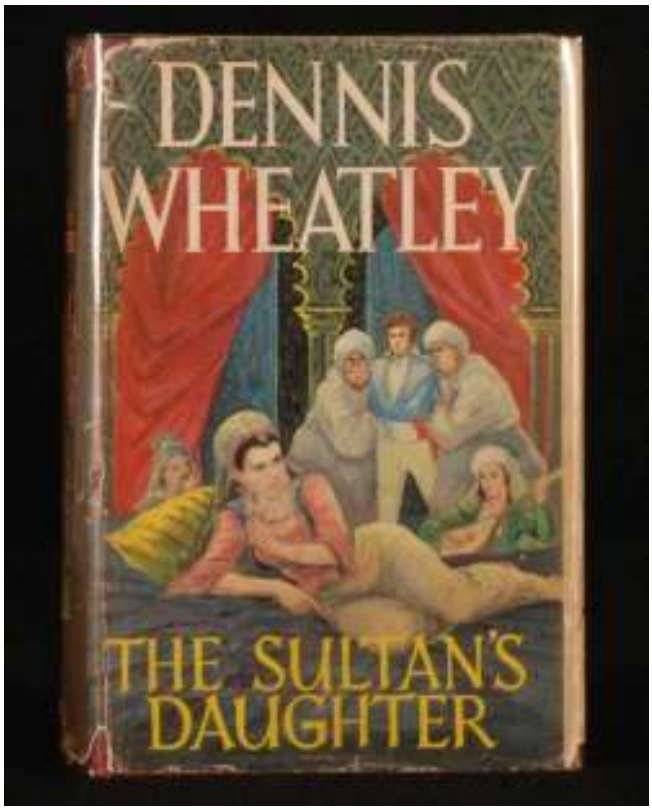
Please note that the difference in price between locations is *entirely* due to varied print and postage costs. My own margin is exactly the same each time. Canada is now Rest Of World because it must be shipped from the US.

[1] Postage is the big killer on this book. If you want it MUCH cheaper, order it with one or more of my other books. Email me with which books you want and which country to deliver to and I'll quote you a price. Titles available in this way are: *Daygame Infinite*, *Daygame Mastery*, *Younger Hotter Tighter*, and *Daygame Infinite Pocket* (more on that very soon). All are full colour.

I'm hoping to update my Sigma Wolf website to make this all automated but God knows how long that will take. I'm a lazy man.

#65 – The Sultan's Daughter, Dennis Wheatley BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 12 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original



There was a time when men made tough decisions and didn't flinch when disappointing people. Now, of course, everyone is a faggot ***[1]***. Regular readers will know of my project to read lots and lots ***[2]*** of Dennis Wheatley, a former best-selling UK author. He was one of the pioneers of genre fiction and created several long-running series featuring some dashing debonair heroes.

One such hero is **Roger Brook**, secret agent in the employ of Prime Minister William Pitt. Roger gets sent into Europe to scuttle the plans of rival Great Powers for the glory of Britain. It's rip-roaring, sabre-rattling, timber-shivering good adventure.

It is also bodice-ripping.You see, Roger Brook is a cad. A damnable cad.

The Sultan's Daughter is the eighth in a series of twelve books covering the period from 1783 right up to 1815 when Wellington finally put paid to that nasty Corsican atheist Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo. While Bernard Cornwell's **Sharpe** was quite effectively winning every major battle single-handed as a rank'n'file soldier, Brook was equally single-handedly winning the espionage war. Each book is epic in its own right, and *The Sultan's Daughter* weighs in at a hefty 511 pages. Those are proper pages too, with lots of words on 'em.



I want

As an aside, I tried reading this one in a single day but my mother threw an epic tantrum and shouted at me for an hour so that scuttled my plans more effectively than Brook himself could've managed. I retired to bed at 4am stuck on page 464, floundering like Napoleon's army in Egypt. The thing is, Wheatley writes such page-turners that smashing through 464 pages in one day wasn't at all boring.

The Sultan's Daughter begins with Brook already tight with Napoleon, who has made him an aide-de-camp. The little Corsican's star is rising fast as the French Republic's premier soldier but he hasn't yet taken supreme power by coup d'etat. Pitt sends Brook off from the south coast and almost immediately he's hunted by a French frigate in the Channel, captured on his landing, and comes within a whisker of summary execution. From there, the pace never lets up. Napoleon is sent to invade Egypt and push on through Syria to India so Brook tags along.

So far, so much spying. What about him being a cad? He's got a long-running on-off love affair with an English girl Georgina but they've agreed not to marry in order to keep their affair more exciting. So he starts the book banging her.

> "After a moment Georgina shrugged her fine shoulders, smiled and said, 'Dear Roger, that no two lovers could have had more joy of one another I'd ne'er deny; but marriage is another thing. We agreed long since that did we enter on wedlock the permanent tie would bring ruin to our love. 'Tis because I have been your mistress for only brief periods between long intervals that the flame of our desire for one another has never died.'"

So, he's got his English plate spinning without needing to promise commitment. A firm foundation. His moral fibre is really tested during the French sacking of Cairo. While out late at night Roger surprises six infantrymen who have kidnapped two local women. Brook gets a glimpse of one as her veil falls and she's the most beautiful woman he's ever seen. He decides to try a rescue through negotiation, as he doesn't fancy his chances when so outnumbered. A barter ensues.

> "Roger decided that a gold piece per man with something extra for the Sergeant should do the trick, so he said, 'Ten louis.'
> The Sergeant spat. 'Then your luck's out. She's worth twenty times that. Just look at her, and think what she'll be like when you've got her clothes off.'
> 'All right. Twenty-five, then.'
> 'You're wasting my time, Colonel. When we've had our fill of her we'll bring the other lads along. Plenty of them will cough up ten francs a go to put her on her back. She'll earn us twice that in a week, and more.'

Eventually they settle a price and Roger takes her to his logistically-convenient Airbnb apartment. The girl, Zanthe, asks he also rescue her maid but she's not a looker so he passes. A cad you say? How about this exchange:

> ‘So you mean to force me!’ she flared.
> ‘I trust not. Must I remind you that barely an hour ago I saved you from a most terrible ordeal at the hands of six ruffians, who would later have hired you out to scores of their comrades. Since you are a fully experienced woman, I should have thought you would be happy to reward me.’

They argue a bit more then Roger continues:

> ‘But all this is irrelevant to our situation. I give not a damn how you feel on such matters. The night grows old and I have no mind to parley with you further. Under the age-old usages of war you are now mine, to do with as I will, and I have made clear my intentions. Oblige me by getting yourself undressed.’

He battles some serious LMR, rapes her, and naturally she ends up enjoying it. Unfortunately for Brook he’s then sent away on urgent business by Napoleon and finds Zanthe gone on his return. Apparently she wasn’t so enthused about his rape game. Anyway, I shan’t spoil the story but note she is *The Sultan’s Daughter* of the title and appears quite a bit later. Towards the end of the book, Brook finds himself desperate to return home to Georgina but enjoying Zanthe too much. Zanthe has twice saved his life – once from impalement by a fat Turkish sultan ***[3]*** and once from plague – and is now living with him in Alexandria as they plan a future together. Brook is riding near the sea when he spots an English vessel sending sailors ashore for water. Finally, a chance to return home!



“Right lads, you all go that way where the Turks are and I’ll just stay back here”

> “As Roger thought of those months ahead during which, if he remained in Egypt, he must continue to suffer from the sweltering heat, myriads of flies, possibility of being killed by an Arab or stung by a poisonous reptile, and living all this time among companions growing daily more desperate with fear about their future, he had never before so greatly longed to be back in the green fields of England.
>
> Only the thought of Zanthe deterred him from galloping back over the crest, pulling out his white handkerchief and waving it aloft to the little party of seamen who meant home and safety to him. She had given him intense pleasure. She loved and needed him. She had twice saved his life and had nursed him back to health. Could he

> possibly desert her? Sill worse, could he simply disappear without a word, leaving her to months of misery, wondering whether he were dead or alive and what had happened to him? She was very beautiful and he would soon be strong enough to become again her lover in the fullest sense. But there were other women as beautiful, even if in a different way, and as passionate in England. In a few years she would look middle-aged and have become fat and unwieldy. Why should he sacrifice every other thing for which he craved to saddle himself with a half-Asiatic girl whom he would have to take with him as his wife wherever they went, whether they actually married or not?"

Brook ends up ditching her the next day and barely looks back. All's fair in love and war ***[4]***. I'm sure the more successful players among you know the dilemma. Nobody wants his bird getting fat and old.

If you'd like to see how I deal with all the hot birds I meet while adventuring overseas, why not try my new memoir Younger Hotter Tighter which is full of this stuff. And I don't like the French either.

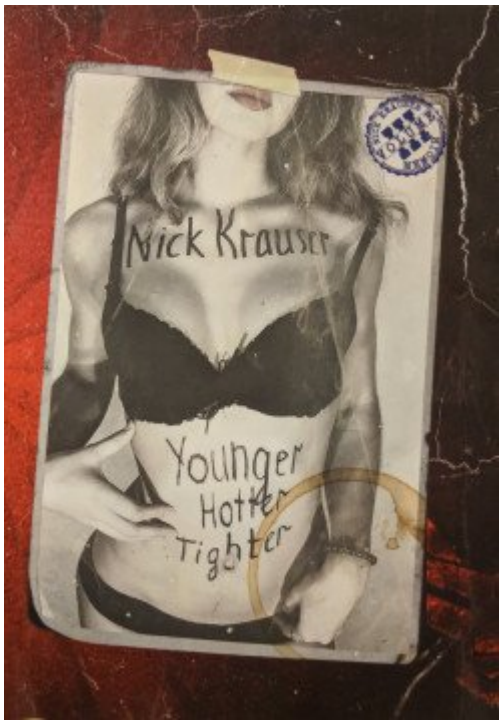


Brooks finds himself in the Battle Of The Nile too

[1] Except me.
[2] And lots.
[3] Actual impalement on a wooden stake, not a figurative impalement like what Casanova got from a fat Turk in his memoir.
[4] Technically, this is both.

Younger Hotter Tighter – review #1

krauserpua · 16 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Daygame enthusiasts are well aware of many "player's journey" blogs in our corner of the internet. They log the author's lay reports, theoretical musings, and travel stories. If this is news to you, click here for a list of many such blogs.

One of them is written by my buddy and sometime Euro Jaunt wing Mr White. He's just put up a review of my latest memoir Younger Hotter Tighter. Go read the full thing here ***[1].*** A couple of selected quotes:

> "On first examination, the book feels much higher quality than the others with Nick deciding to go for a matte cover rather than gloss as well as the whole book being in full colour which adds a nice touch"
>
> "The writing style is also similar to the previous book in that technical advice is thrown in throughout so the reader is learning while following the narrative."

You can buy Younger Hotter Tighter here. If my product line-up is awfully confusing, try checking out this summary page.

[1] Anyone commenting "but he's your buddy and wing and therefore not objective" is not the sharp-eyed sceptic they think they are. Yes, it's blindingly obvious it's not objective and nobody is pretending otherwise so don't embarrass yourself trying on the posture.

#66 – Death Is A Ruby Light, Paul Kenyon BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 17 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I have been very interested in the new-to-me discovery of many long-running schlock adventure / spy paperback series from the 1960s onwards. I'm talking about Mack Bolan *The Executioner*, Remo Willians *The Destroyer*, Matt Helm *The Remover* ***[1]*** So far I've been choosing them almost entirely based on the lurid covers. I mean, it's an established fact that books are best judged by their covers.



If you didn't gasp "Cooooooool!" you need your testosterone checked

Paul Kenyon's **Baroness** stories didn't run very long but they've chalked up a fair following to judge by the paperback prices on Amazon ***[2]*** and they are at least as preposterous as the Remo stories. The set-up is that the Baroness Penelope St. John-Orsini is the boss and top model of an international supermodel agency, and it's the cover for her real job as a ultra-highly trained killing machine working for the NSA. James Bond with tits. To give you an idea of just how silly it is, consider the back cover blurb:

> "Penelope St John-Orsini, NSA's crack double agent, is sent on a secret mission across the Russian steppes into the desolate wastes of Easter Siberia. Her objective: to track and destroy a Red Chinese scientist who has invented a formidable laser death ray.
>
> Masquerading as Mongolians, Penelope and her team of professionals have to face hostile Tartar warriors, and the savagery of the Kinghan mountains before they reach the shores of the mighty River of the Black Dragon – the threshold to Red China, and the second round in the game of death."

So, we're talking about **Fox Force Five**. **Charlies Angels** ramped up to level 20.

The book was written in 1974, so you have to expect this kind of thing. This was the era of disco, Bruce Lee, and muscle cars. As a work of genre fiction it fits the bill. The story makes sense, it's clearly written, and the colourful cast of characters keep it lively. I enjoyed it. One thing really stood out though: the mismatch between the child-like imagination and accessibility of the writing (suggesting a teen or young adult audience of marginal IQ) and the lurid, brutal and highly sexualised violence. Let me give examples.

Penelope's team link up with a Russian GRU team to do a joint infiltration of the Chinese base in snowy mountains. Their guides, Mongols, turn on them and Penelope is cold-cocked with a rifle butt. She wakes up in their yurt:

> "She hurt. Her whole body felt sore. She had a crashing headache. The air was smoky, with an overpowering smell of grease and sweat. She opened her eyes.

> Her arms were tied behind her. She was naked, lying on a pile of greasy furs. She was inside the yurt. It was hot, stifling. She was dizzy for a moment, and the felt dome reeled. She was surrounded by leering Mongol faces that bobbed like tennis balls until she shook her head to clear it.
>
> There were finger marks on her breasts and thighs. There was a burning sensation in her vagina. She'd been raped. She wondered how many times."

That strikes me as a bit salacious. Fear not, she escapes her bonds and violently murders almost every Mongol. Her Russian-US team come to her aid just as she runs from the yurt, which is now burning down after she kicked over a brazier to blind an attacking Mongol.

> "There were two sprawled bodies at his feet, rifles lying beside them in the snow. Those were her two pursuers. Their bodies were stitched with slugs from the AR-10. A third body lay closer to the smoking ruins of the yurt.
>
> The Russians stood around in a little knot, silent. Penelope took a step forward. A blackened body lay within the charred framework: the man she'd knifed in the belly.
>
> Something was writhing weakly at the Russians' feet. The man she'd treated to a faceful of hot coals. He must have managed to crawl, blinded, outside. She started toward him. If he could talk, perhaps she could get a clue to the plot to take over the expedition.
>
> Before she could get there, she saw Alexey turn to speak to Tania. The blond girl nodded eagerly, and with unholy anticipation on her face knelt beside the blinded Yakut and sliced his throat with a knife."

That's what really jumps out in this book. It is chock full of sex, violence, and sadism in addition to the high adventure and tally-ho courage. The Baroness herself bangs two different Soviet spies, one in the beginning in her swimming pool and then that Alexey character in the mountains. Both scenes take about ten pages each and my fingers refuse to type sample paragraphs. It's like reading a soccer mom's kindle porn. I literally skipped those pages ***[3]***. The violence is described as if those creepy pervs who directed the *Hostel* and *Saw* movies were writing it.

Dunno, man. I didn't like that aspect. Revelling in sexual sadism just doesn't sit right with me. I get that it's written for the titillation of young lads, but I'd rather it played the action straight like in the Bolan and Helm books. I'd like something more like **Fox Force Five**.



Or if the Spice Girls were actually hot.

Anyhow, salaciousness aside this was a fun read of the kind of hi-jinks that never get made into TV shows or books. About the closet thing to it is the beginning of that crappy Zak Snyder movie about the tarts. What was it called? Ah yes, this one….



Nowhere near as good as it looks here

If you'd like to read an equally silly adventure in Russia with lots of salacious sex scenes, consider buying my memoir Adventure Sex. Or any of my many fantastic products here.

[1] and also The Silencer, The Ambusher, The Shadower, The Ravager, The Devastator and pretty much every other bad-ass sounding verb one could use as a code-name.
[2] Sadly, no Kindle unlike the £0.99 Destroyer volumes.
[3] And I *never* skip or skim-read pages. I consider it an unholy sacrilege against books.

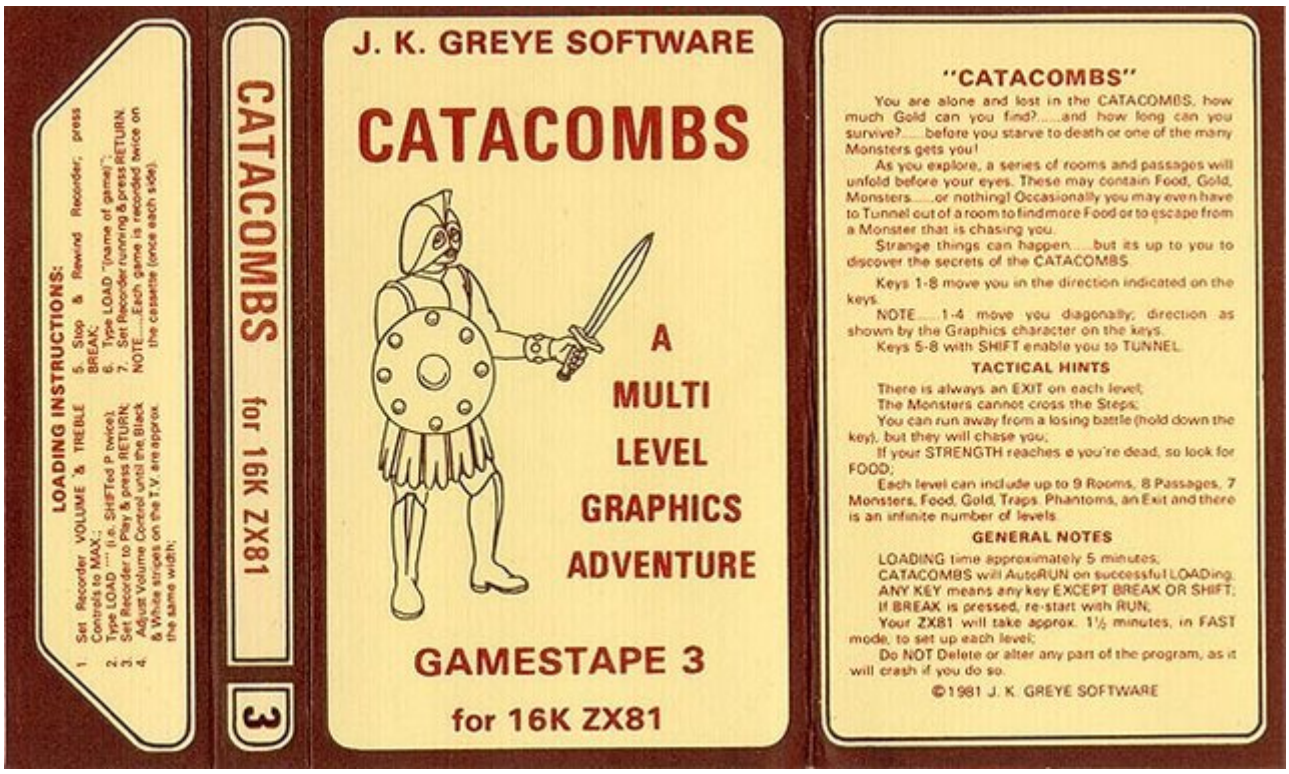
#67 – You Died, MacDonald & Killingsworth BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 23 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original



You lot haven't heard me bang on about *Dark Souls* in quite some time have you? For those unfamiliar, it's a series of five video games from Japanese developer FROM Software, a tiny outfit previously known for their mecha *Armoured Core* games. It's quite an enchanting underdog-done-good story in a video game industry generally throttled by the grip of twice-voted Worst Company In The USA Electronic Arts and the OCD-collectathon every-game-is-the-same Ubisoft ***[1]***

Video games are very expensive to make and, like movies, most are not commercially successful. Back in the 1980s budgets were so small that I could go into WHSmith's magazine shop and they'd have their own line of ZX81 games on cassette tape. I remember buying one called *Catacombs*, a fantasy dungeon crawler in which a lone swordsman wanders dark labyrinths while terrifying monsters stalk him.



The original Souls

Kinda like Dark Souls.

Many great games were designed and programmed by a single man, such as the golden age of the Commodore 64 home computer with men like Andrew Braybrook creating Gribbly's Day Out, Paradroid, and Uridium. Now a major release will employ a team of hundreds and cost an average of $50m and need to sell 2.5 million copies just to recoup development cost (not to mention marketing and then profit).

Unsurprisingly, with a studio's entire future dependent on the success of a single game, they tend to be risk averse. Thus games follow trends. In 2009, the trend was to make games that handhold the player through a linear story with almost no risk of failure. It was the era of *Call Of Duty*.

The competing platforms at the time were the Microsoft Xbox 360 and the Sony Playstation 3. Pretty much nobody in Japan buys Microsoft consoles so when Sony Japan were signing deals for the next round of platform-exclusive titles one such project was to get FROM Software doing a mid-budget Japan-only title based on Tolkien style fantasy. Knights, castles, dragons, that sort of thing.

Project lead Hidetaka Miyazaki had plans. To cut a long story short, he colluded with his manager in Sony Japan to hide to staggeringly original (and staggeringly difficult) nature of the *Demons' Souls* project from management until it was quietly released onto Japanese store shelves, lest it get cancelled or dumbed down. It barely sold and was considered a flop. It needed to sell 75,000 but only managed about 10,000 on initial release.

Somehow, it was released in China and Korea with an optional English translation and suddenly the game-importer crowd in the USA and Europe started hunting it down ***[2]***. Word of mouth spread about a fantastic, compelling, original fantasy game. That secured it a Worldwide release and Demons' Souls went on to be a cult hit, and Gamespot famously gave it a solid 9/10 rating.

Three sequels followed, Dark Souls 1, 2 & 3 and the spiritual sequel Bloodborne. Of these, it is the original Dark Souls that has drawn most praise. I've completed all five. I tell you all this because Dark Souls has a fanatical fanbase. One expression of this is today's book *You Died*. Penned by two Japanophile journalists who were on the *Demons' Souls* bandwagon before the worldwide release, it is part creator interview, part exegesis, and part oral history of the game's creation and suffusion into the wider global consciousness.

As an obsessive fan myself, I rather enjoyed it. If you haven't played the games, you won't like this book at all. It pretty much requires you've finished at least the first *Dark Souls* in order to make any kind of connection to the book's content.

I often compare *Dark Souls* to daygame so I'll do a bit of that now, highlighting themes from the book. For example, in the chapter *Why We Play* Keza MacDonald outlines the Bartle Test of Gamer Psychology, "which is essentially a Myers-Briggs test for gamers." Through a series of questions it assess your motivations for playing games.

> "Do you like competition? Achievement? Finding things out? Making friends? Every person has a different combination of four characteristics: Explorer, Achiever, Killer and Socialiser."

That intrigued me because you can likely submit a daygamer to the same test. Why do you chase skirt? I've noticed that different wings I've had seem to have different motivations. *Dark Souls* is unusual in that it has ways of satisfying every kind of player, as does daygame.



"Is there no-one else?"

Explorers take pleasure in seeking out hidden spots in their towns or boarding flights to second-tier European cities to scope the place out. They'll wander, often alone, seeking to discern footfall patterns or find a good cafe, or find that city's linguistic university. They can get impatient with the same old streets. For them, the adventure is at least as big a part of it as the girls.

Achievers want something to brag about online or in WhatsApp groups. They want to tick checklists like a catwalk model, or an 18 yr old, or a threesome ***[3]***. They want to score themselves against the wider community and argue about it. Each likely has his own personal ranking for every daygamer he knows. You can bet he can tell you his exact notch count, flags, and average age of girl he's banged this year. When he talks about girls, he's proud of the achievement and the best date in the world is a bit shit if it ended as a near miss.

Killers need to compete, and taking down the girls is the core of it. They like the scent of the trail, the thrill of the chase, and the win of the notch. They see the women as prey and killers have long involved lay reports describing in detail every element of the hunt. In contrast, the **socialisers** want to be out with a group of mates having a good time so the winging, the coffee breaks, and the after-daygame drinking is at least as important. They enjoy the

connection with girls even in social-not-sexual chats that ultimately go nowhere ***[4].***

Another chapter, *Tough Love*, considers the notorious difficulty of *Dark Souls* and the apparent paradox that players find that rewarding rather than frustrating.

> "If a game is punishingly hard, people tend to just give up on it; we've all been there, throwing the controller at the floor after the 12th attempt at some badly-checkpointed level or irritating boss. What is it about Dark Souls that makes us persevere? Is there something essentially masochistic in the makeup of a Souls fanatic?"

You could ask yourself the same about daygame. Let's try some word substitution on that.

> "Most **Daygamers** can name the moment that they broke through 'the wall'; you need one big, hard-won victory to cement the cycle of effort, frustration, reward and release that drives people through the **streets**. That first big victory, where you've faced something that seemed impossible at first and conquered it after hours of failure and death and learning, is also necessary before you come to understand the core idea at the heart of **daygame**: failure as education."

Yep, sounds about right. Was yours your first number off an eight? Your first idate? Your first SDL? Lets continue the word substitution game in another quote from the chapter:

> "Understanding the psychology of **daygame** and what it does to our brains is the key to understanding why its version of difficulty is so rewarding and absorbing, where difficulty in other activities is just frustrating and off-putting. One of the key psychological models behind human motivation is something called self-determination theory, which posits that for a person to persist and feel motivated by an activity, it has to satisfy three different needs: mastery, autonomy, and relatedness.
>
> **Daygame** offers mastery in spades ***[5]***, in that you always feel like you are getting better. Autonomy is the feeling that you are free to make choices, and that those choices are meaningful, which **daygame** also accommodates. And finally, there's relatedness: the feeling of connectedness to people. That's one of the things that prevents **daygame's** difficulty from being too demoralising: it had a sense of community. You know that you're going through it with thousands of other people, too, and seeing their messages and ghostly presences in your own game helps you feel like you're not alone."

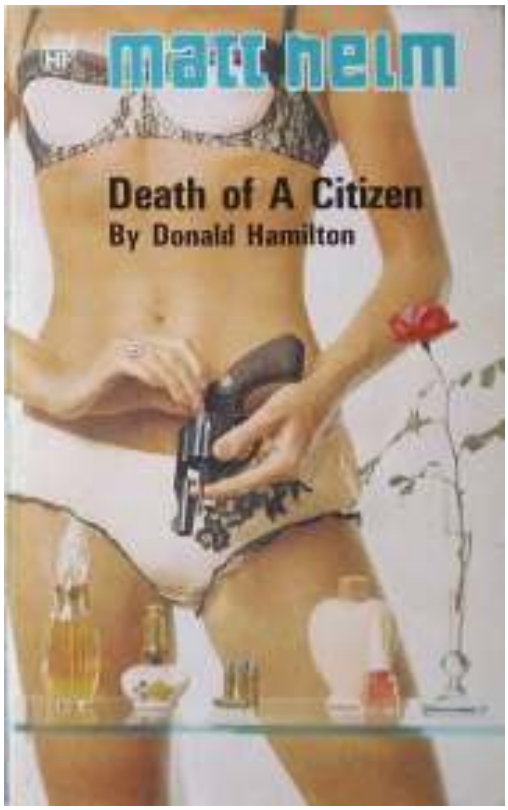
Writing that out makes me wonder whether I should play Dark Souls again, or go hit the streets. Hmmmm.

You should probably buy my products. They are great and, best of all, they give me money.

[1] I actually like many of these companies' games, just a shame about their effect on the industry.
[2] Gammas can occasionally be useful in their attempts to out-do each other
[3] Or pissing on a girl, I guess. Not for me.
[4] Not many of these in the daygame community, mind, seeing as it attracts introverts.
[5] Literally. You can have yours for just £79 in full colour from here.

#68 – Death Of A Citizen, Donald Hamilton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 24 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original



For most of 2018 this has not been a daygame blog. The reasons are not hard to fathom to my regular readers: I'm sick of daygame and don't want to talk about it. Is this a periodic revulsion or a sign that I'm finished with it and wish to move on in life? Probably the latter, but I don't know yet as there are some confounding variables.

I feel a little like my war is over. I'd like to settle into comfortable regular life. Wear a suit, attend some dinner parties, and perhaps drink an aperitif. There's only so much I can enjoy about flying overseas, lodging in small apartments, and hunting down girls with the help of cold-blooded wingmen.

Clearly, my main passions are reading and writing and that expresses itself in what I talk about on the blog. But, I wondered, is there someway to twist these threads – daygame and reading – into one single rope with which to scale the tower of regular blog content?

In yesterday's review of the Dark Soul's companion book *You Died* I could easily draw parallels between its content and daygame, and thus tease out themes that interest those of you who visit my 'umble blog just for the skirt-chasing talk. When I get round to reviewing Taleb's *Skin In The Game* (which I read three weeks ago) I can easily do so for that book too.

But what about today's book, Donald Hamilton's *Death Of A Citizen*? It's a 1960 spy novel about a former WWII agent of the OSS who is dragged back onto the job to protect a nuclear scientist under threat of assassination by a rival SMERSH team of Russians. Let's try, shall we?



The movie adaptations added in lots of utterly unnecessary light-heartedness

I found this book by searching Google for “ten best spy novels ever” and then ticking off all the ones I’ve already read. I love the John Le Carre “Smiley” novels and read a few in Zagreb in 2017 while visiting Lee and John. Equally I like Len Deighton’s “Game Set Match” trilogy of MI6 potboilers even though each novel is just 400 pages of a people talking in cafes and restaurants while the main character tries to suss them out like a poker player reading tells. I also loved Robert Ludlum’s “Bourne” novels and that guy Ian Fleming wrote about, I forget the name.

Donald Hamilton’s “Matt Helm” books were new to me, and there are tonnes of them. Imagine you’ve only ever watched RSD Max or RSD Todd videos, or Johnny Berba, or Deepak Wayne and then you suddenly discover Sigma Wolf and it’s Daygame Nitro, Mastery, and Infinite. That’s how this felt ***[1]***



Imagine

The title of *Death Of A Citizen* refers to the process of Matt Helm being pulled back into the grimy murderous world of Cold War spying. As an OSS operative on a tiny team run by a super-spy coordinator called Mac, Helm was a machine. His assignments took him deep into enemy territory as part of a small murder-squad to assassinate high value targets. It was off-the-book, kept plausibly deniable to the US government. Each “touch” (their term for hit) was a short operation of a couple of weeks, inserted behind enemy lines with a couple of other operatives. They were instructed not to get pally with each other as operational security might require them to leave compromised or

injured team members behind.

Kind of like a euro jaunt.

The war changed Matt Helm and he became a killing machine. Always on edge, always scanning for threat, and always reading the angles that people give him. He inhabited a world of deceit, betrayal and ruthless takedowns.

A little bit like a euro jaunt.



My last euro jaunt – actual photo

When the war ended he wanted out so he got married to a girl ignorant of his past and tried his best to fit in on Civvy Street. He attended cocktail parties, chatted about theatre, and drank aperitifs. The whole time he was denying, to himself, the man he'd become during the war. Was he permanently changed? An outcast forever? Was he now a man only fit for war and unable to adjust to normality? Would he only be comfortable in the company of killers like himself?

I ask myself that about the **Player's Journey**. You could liken Matt Helm's war to a player's red pill and womanizing career. Is it something you just leave behind? Even if you could smoothly transition back to a world of Netflix, John Grisham novels, and David Guerta songs would you actually *want* to? Once you see the world as it is, you can't simply choose to go back to believing the delusions.

Once you've experienced the thrill of chasing, and clacking, skirt you can't really go back to normal dating.

Death Of A Citizen opens with Helm at such a cocktail party in New Mexico, ruminating on his nagging dissatisfaction with civilian life but determined to shake off the echoes of his past. And then a women walks into the room, a former partner in his assassination squad of fifteen years earlier. He experiences a chill, a flash of an earlier life, not unlike I do when a greyhound struts past me and gives a sidelong glance that I log as an IOI. It becomes increasingly clear to him that he isn't done with the spy's life.

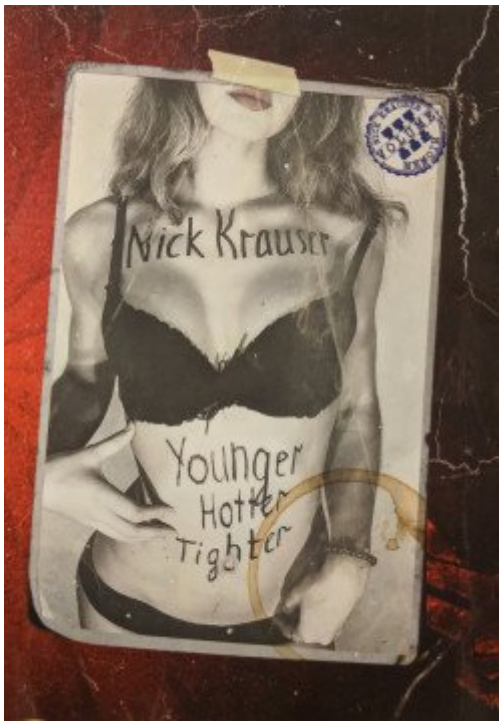
Matt Helm is about to revert to his *real* character, the assassin. Comfortable only when on the hunt and outwitting his enemies.

This book was highly successful and spawned a series. Aside from being well-told, it is remarkable for how hard-

boiled (or, cold-blooded) it is. Most classic spy novels refuse to look into the abyss and thus although people are murdered in LeCarre or Deighton novels, it happens “off camera”. In Helm books, the callousness is front and centre. By the end of *Death Of A Citizen* Helm has hunted down a spy who has kidnapped his baby. He tortures her to death to uncover the safe house she’s stashed the kid in, then has the inconvenience of his wife walking in on him as he’s standing over a mutilated corpse with a bloody razor in his hand. Unlike modern novels, it manages to write these scenes without revelling in the bloodshed.

The wife doesn’t like that much, breaking Helm’s last link to his civilian life. He calls up Mac and reenters the service.

I really enjoyed this book and promptly bought #2 in the series. It does to spying what **Mack Bolan** books do to special forces, but is even more cold-blooded. It has none of the **Remo Williams** humour or mysticism. This stuff is bleak. In short, it was exactly what I was looking for. I expect to read a lot of them.



My newest book

If you’d like to dispense with allusions to daygame and just read about actual daygame, why not check out my textbooks, memoirs and instructional videos here.

[1] Okay that was quite a reach. I’ll try better with the next allusion to daygame

#69 – Clausewitz, Michael Howard BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 24 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Have you ever wondered why the French are such faggots?

I have. Why is it they spend all day chomping on onions, riding rickety old bicycles, and surrendering their entire country to Muslim immigration? There was a time when the French were proper hard bastards. Napoleon would sit his generals around a large table ***[1]*** and say, "right lads, which major military power will we start a war with today?"

I'm pretty sure Napoleon picked a fight with pretty much the entire proper ***[2]*** world. And that, according to Clausewitz, is a big part of France's modern day faggotry.



France, yesterday

Prior to the little Corsican's military rise, European wars were fought mostly by expensive professional armies in the service of a monarch, such as Frederick The Great of Prussia. Frederick had, after the Seven Years War, reverted his army back to being led by the aristocracy and sent the middle class officers back into the regular economy. This had the effect of distancing them from emotional engagement in war.

> "As a result there developed in the Prussian middle classes the impression that the king's wars were nothing to do with them; and from that it was a small step to the belief that, if it were not for the king and the nobility who fought his wars, those wars need never happen at all."

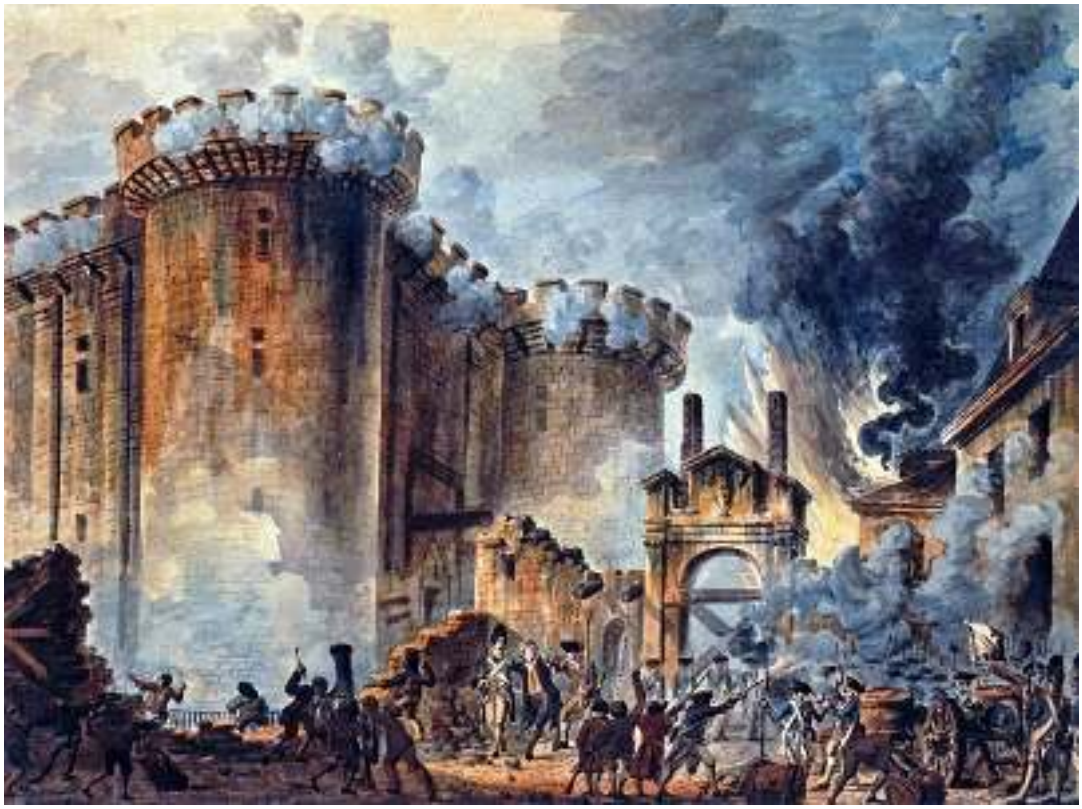
But then came the French Revolution ***[3]*** and a complete change in how the French people organised war. It was now a war for the masses. The technology of the day (unrifled, muzzle-loading guns effective to only fifty yards) dictated a strategy of long lines of soldiers firing off broadsides in mutual up-close slaughter. This was attrition warfare and very costly to victor and vanquished alike. Especially costly when you have professional highly-trained soldiers.

This led to military strategy of the day being mostly concerned with manoeuvre rather than fighting. Nobody really wanted to fight. Theoreticians would even profess that wars could be won by the enemy conceding through being

out-manoeuvred rather than beaten on the field of battle.

Napoleon crushed that idea.

Napoleon's armies had been rag-tag skirmishers who overwhelmed such small professional armies with long unstoppable columns that wore down and then overwhelmed the long thin lines, and chaotic scattered skirmishers.



Is that the Bastille, or just a Muslim celebration after winning the World Cup?

That set Clausewitz thinking. He wanted to analyse war not through abstract principles to tell generals what to do, but rather to look at successful generals such as Frederick and Napoleon and then figure out and theorise what they'd already shown to work. Central to this was the observation that France's unique political situation opened up new avenues for military strategy.

> "The French armies were able successfully to break all the military rules because the politicians discarded all the normal political and economic constraints. For manpower they depended not on highly trained and expensive regular troops but on patriotic volunteers and, later, conscripts in apparently unlimited quantities whose services were virtually free. The French troops foraged for themselves, and if they deserted there were plenty more to take their place."

The French could overwhelm the opposition because the entire country was militarised and the people supported the war objectives. It wasn't just a "king's war" for them. This would lead Clausewitz to focus upon morale and political conditions in the homeland as critical components of the war. Lenin and Trotsky would later bring that into the USSR and Stalin learned that lesson in The Great Patriotic War beginning when the squareheads gave the russkies a bloody nose in Operation Barbarossa.

The problem here is that Napoleon mortgaged the entire future of France to win temporary supremacy in Europe. He burned through his entire male population, throwing them into the meat grinder. Worse still, as any keen student of r/K selection will tell you, total war has a horribly adverse-selection effect on the population. The sly rabbits find ways to escape military service and the brave wolves volunteer for the front. Winning rabbits rape all the women when sacking cities. The net effect is total war turns you from a population of hardy warriors into a country of

cheese-eating surrender monkeys.

The French Revolution ruined France and it has never recovered.



Clausewitz was at Borodino, fighting for the Russians

But Nick, what did Clausewitz have to say about daygame? Well, sonny Jim, I'm glad you asked. There is a lot of *On War* that addresses the strategy and tactics of chasing skirt. First lets hear him criticise earlier prescriptive theories:

> "They aim at fixed values; but in war everything is uncertain, and calculations have to be made with variable quantities.
>
> They direct the inquiry exclusively towards physical quantities, whereas all military action is intertwined with psychological forces and effects. They consider only unilateral actions, whereas war consists of a continuous interaction of opposites."

So, routine and lines are out. Game is about recognising interactions as an ebb-and-flow. A man must take account of these interconnected elements – the uncertainty of information, the importance of moral factors, and, lending emphasis to both of these, the unpredictable reactions of the adversary. "Everyone has a plan until they get hit," said Mike Tyson.

The best generals are successful gamblers who had the nerve to back their judgement.

Clausewitz developed the concept of **friction** to explain why plans rarely work as intended. "With uncertainty in one scale, courage and self-confidence must be thrown into the other to correct the balance". War is dangerous and that leads to elevated tensions. It involves suffering, confusion, exhaustion, and fear.

> "Everything in war is very simple, but the simplest thing is very difficult.. Countless minor incidents – the kind you can never really foresee – combine to lower the general level of performance, so that one always falls far short of the intended goal… The military machine.. is basically very simple and very easy to manage. But we should bear in mind that none of its components is of one piece: each part is composed of individuals, every one of whom retains his potential of friction.

> Fog can prevent the enemy from being seen in time, a gun from firing when it should, a report reaching the commanding officer. Rain can prevent a battalion from arriving, make another late by keeping it not three but eight hours on the march, ruin a cavalry charge by bogging the horses down in the mud."

This friction is what distinguishes real war from war on paper. Any seducer will know this from dating. Chasing skirt is rife with friction. Phones run out of charge, mobile signals drop for hours, and trains are late. A girl can get bogged down in a rain shower and not show up, or go to the wrong McDonald's as a meeting point. Even opening is fraught with difficulty when you spot a girl outside the mall but drag your heels too long and she's disappeared into a store or hugged a friend who just showed up.



Daygaming in the Clausewitz era

Clausewitz thus focuses a lot on the 'moral' forces – of the ability of the commanders, the army, and the people to endure friction and push forward. In daygame we all know this, the stubborn determination to do "one more set" and to just push that girl to "one more escalation attempt". It is the daygamer's ability to push through friction that will improve his results ***[4]***

You go on a date even though you're knackered. You rack your brain for the recovery text. You take the chances.

What are the characteristics of a good player? Clausewitz suggested two.

> "The first was intuitive, the quality labelled by the French coup d'oeil: the almost instinctive capacity to discern through the fog of war what was happening and what needed to be done; ***[5]*** a flair for essentials that enabled the commander to select the right course almost without thinking, and certainly without going through the elaborate process of calculations of possibilities and probabilities that would paralyse the decisions of a lesser man ***[6]***.
>
> The second requisite, said Clausewitz, was the capacity, having taken a decision, to stick to it: determination. Everything would conspire to convince the general that his decision had been wrong."

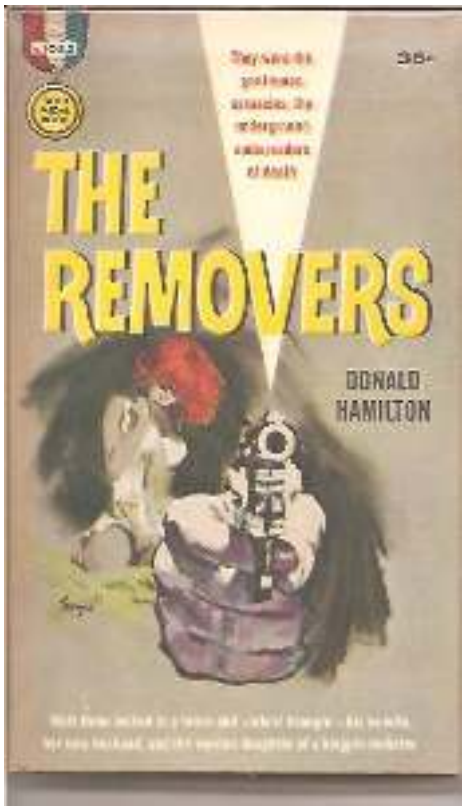
There is much in Clausewitz to direct the aspiring player but I'll leave it to the reader to pursue this further. If you'd

like to read Krauser *On Game*, get yourself Daygame Infinite.

[1] While chomping on high-class onions
[2] That is to say, European
[3] I've read so much about the Revolution from so many different angles that I'm starting to wonder if it wasn't the worst event in the history of the human race.
[4] Likely why I got laid far more when I was really into chasing skirt than now, when I barely care.
[5] That's calibration to you, pal
[6] Say, a Deepak Wayne or a Lithuanian rapist PUA

#70 – The Removers, Donald Hamilton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 26 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original



There is a big difference between **show** and **tell**. Much of old-school game advice is based on the latter. For example, a DHV story does not – ironically – demonstrate any higher value. That would be showing. You are literally *telling* a story. You are telling the girl about your high value ***[1]***

Game that involves showing is more effective. Lots of that comes under subcommunication but banter, teasing, challenging and passing congruence tests are all cases in which your behaviour is showing you possess attractive character traits rather than merely assuring the girl you possess them.

Good writing will also prioritise show over tell. Rather than simply tell the reader that a character is angry it is better to have that emotion expressed through their actions or dialogue so the reader can infer the anger that produced it. Effective writing invites the reader to paint the picture themselves. Donald Hamilton is rather good at that and it was only when reading *The Removers,* the third in his Matt Helm series, that I could finally conceptualise why I enjoy his writing.



I dare say this vibe has something to do with it too

Let's give an example, beginning with the context. In book one, Helm was a retired government assassin who married a woman, Beth, who knew nothing of his past. After fifteen years of married life as a civilian he was dragged back into Cold War espionage, culminating in his wife walking in on him just as he tortured a Soviet female spy to death. She divorced him, on the grounds that she couldn't bear his savagery and he wasn't the man she thought she'd married etc ***[2]***. Book two is all overseas and she doesn't feature. This third book brings her in as a main character.

She sends him a letter asking for help, as her new family is in danger and his skills are now in need. This is the first bit of **show**. Hamilton doesn't make a big deal of Helm ruminating on Beth's chutzpah in divorcing him over his savagery and then not two years later asking him back precisely because he's a hard man. The reader makes the connection. "Cheeky bitch, tell her to fuck right off" was my instinctive reaction.

She's married a British ex-pat called Logan and runs a ranch in the Nevada mountains. Helm shows up and his introduction to Logan is more show-not-tell. Logan asks Beth to give them some privacy then leads Helm into the study, pours him a drink, and politely explains his help isn't needed.

> I'd picked up my drink. As I turned from the bar, I brushed against it, and the camera in my hip pocket struck wood with a solid, quite audible thump. I reached back instinctively to check on its welfare. He was still speaking in his polite way; but at the sound, and my motion, his voice stopped and his hand moved, very fast, towards the lapels of the khaki bush jacket he was wearing.
>
> It was a gesture that called for some violent response on my part. Fortunately, my encounter with the boy, earlier, had put a guard on my reflexes. I merely stood still and waited. His hand stopped. I drew a long, slow breath and continued reaching back without haste, drew the Leica from my pocket, and laid it on the bar.
>
> "I thought I'd get some pictures of the kids before I left," I said.
>
> His face was quite wooden. HIs hand rose to straighten the knot of his necktie. "Quite so," he said.
>
> Then there was silence in the big room. I wanted to laugh, or to cry. I had him taped now. The practised, instinctive gesture had told me everything I needed to know about him. That's the trouble with holsters. They

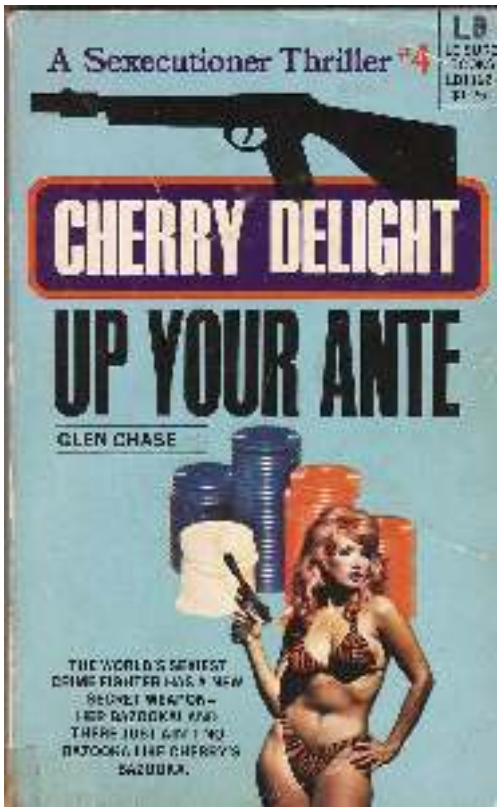
> give you away too badly, shoulder-holsters in particular.

That's excellent subtle writing, as it's the first real sign that Logan isn't just a regular guy. What did you take away from the scene? What missing pieces did your brain insert to make sense of it. To me, all of the following spring from the page:

- Logan has a background in gun-play and violence
- The family is in a state of high alert and acting jumpy
- Beth wasn't honest with either Matt or herself about disliking men of violence as she appears to have married another one
- If Beth thinks Logan isn't enough to handle the problem, it must be serious
- Logan telling Matt he doesn't need help isn't an empty boast
- Matt probably shouldn't turn his back on Logan

There is a lot going on in that scene that Donald Hamilton doesn't need to spell out for you. He doesn't need to tell you "Logan was a hard man, scars etched on his face and psych after a career as bodyguard to a local mobster. Though he'd tried to put his past behind him, the emergent threat to his new family had caused the old skills to reawaken inside him."

That would be lame. Hamilton's version is far superior.



If you want it in-your-face try this kind of thing

As an aside, I find instinctive gestures tell you a lot in daygame. I find a girl's first reaction, in literally microseconds from when she realises you are opening her, tells you a lot about how it'll go. If her immediate unthinking reaction is to light up with pleasure, you're onto a winner.

Helm comes to learn that a local mobster is pressurising Helm's ex-wife and children so that Logan will come out of retirement to fix a smuggling problem in Mexico. At the same time, that mobster's chief henchman is a Soviet assassin – Martell – hiding under the criminal front and Helm's superior, Mac, has tasked him with trying to figure out why such a high-level operative would be messing around as a mob henchman. Towards the end of the book,

Helm and Beth are held captive by the Russian in a forest cabin, with Logan semi-conscious and incapacitated on the bed there.

Hamilton uses show masterfully to leave the reader thinking Beth is a vile cunt. He's dropped little hints that Beth has been manipulating both ex- and current- husbands, that she's hypocritically jealous of a young woman Helm has started banging, and that for all her sanctimony over the moral turpitude of Helm's profession, she herself has conspired with Logan to send thugs to kidnap that young woman as leverage over the mobster (she's the estranged daughter).

Despite this, Helm is helping. Hamilton doesn't spell out his motives too obviously but we are led to suppose it's more because his own two children are involved rather than any chivalrous instinct towards the ex-wife. Helm is a hard man, not a sap.

They are captured because Helm is exhausted and needs to sleep. He gives a shotgun to Beth and precise instructions that if she hears any noise at all she's to fire the gun into the wall immediately, so that the potential assailant pauses and gives Helm time to wake up. The assailant – Martell – comes, Beth doesn't fire, and both are captured.

> Beth moved forward as awkwardly as if she were trying out her first pair of high heels. She stopped by the sofa and looked down at me.
>
> "I, I'm sorry, Matt."
>
> "Sure," I said.
>
> There were no signs of a struggle. They'd just walked in, probably through the open study door near the fireplace – there was an outside door in the other room, I recalled – and taken the loaded gun from her before she could bring herself to shoot. I should have known that was what would happen, if the occasion should arise. I'd asked too much of her, although it hadn't seemed like much at the time.
>
> She had that strange aversion to making a mess, or a loud noise – to making a fool of herself – that seems to afflict all respectable people. The idea of discharging a great big destructive firearm, or even a little one, in her own living room, perhaps for nothing, had seemed just too outlandish. She'd waited until she was absolutely sure it was necessary, and then, of course, it had been too late.

Read out of context like that, you may have the impression Helm is forgiving her. No, he's not. Partly it's in the "sure" he replies, a somewhat understated version of "I don't believe you and now you've fucked us royally you silly bitch". In context, it is more support for Helm's low opinion of sanctimonious civilians. Throughout the book Beth is painted as a useless hypocrite who wants to talk from both sides of her mouth. She hates violent men until she wants their help. She's a horse-riding sassy gal who can handle herself, until she wants to play frail doll to be excused for not doing her job. She thinks a soft word and fingertips gently on a man's forearm are enough to atone for a disgusting irresponsibility that will now get her ex-husband tortured to death after she dragged him into the problem and then obstructed him from solving it.

Frankly, I was hoping the Soviet assassin would just rape and murder her ***[3]***

A theme throughout the Helm books is that civilians don't appreciate the seriousness of real violence, and through their own wilful ignorance they end up making that violence far worse than it needs to be. Beth is poison for everyone around her, getting herself into scrapes that get noble men killed trying to extricate her, yet she never loses her sense of entitlement and her gratitude is false.

Hamilton doesn't tell you she's a cunt, he shows you. It surprises me to know he was married to the same woman throughout his writing career. He knows women like only a bachelor or divorcee should know them.

If you'd like to read more about an elite-level professional who takes down targets with consumate ease, consider my memoir series and other products here.

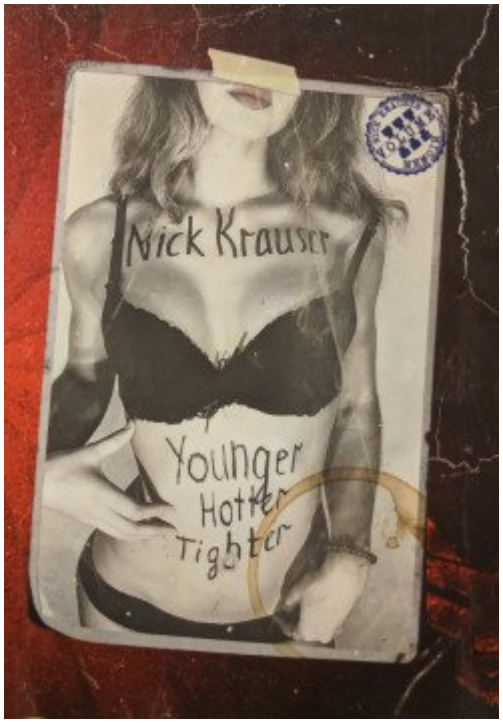
[1] A DHV story is just one type of DHV. There are others which involve showing, such as preselection or a display of competence in something.
[2] She took the house and kids too.
[3] He does rape her later, and she manages to fuck that up too, squandering a glorious chance for them to escape

Totally off topic… this is hilarious. The fact you have to stop and think before you realise it's parody is a good tell for what a complete fucking moron Jordan Peterson is:

Younger Hotter Tighter – Review #2

krauserpua · 27 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

A week before announcing the release of my latest book, **Younger Hotter Tighter**, I sent a copy to a friend and asked him to give me a review for the blog. Here it is:



> I was very fortunate to be one of the first to get my hands on this book after seeing Nick in Warsaw. I've been waiting for this for quite some time, especially as volume 4 has been available for ages. Hopes were very high especially off the back of the master level quality I had just seen in **Daygame Infinite** [buy this now – it's the definitive book on the subject, its great]. **Younger, Hotter, Tighter** did not disappoint, its been fantastically put together and is in glorious colour which adds to the first class reading experience.
>
> So to the actual book.
>
> Nicks memoirs are page turners, you don't want to put them down. This latest volume is no different. As a writer Nick has grown, this is still characteristically a Krauser work, but its some of his best most developed writing to date. Its frequently laugh out loud funny, brutally honest, self-deprecating, and provides a jaw dropping insight into the life of a successful pickup artist.
>
> There are lot of great jewels throughout the book if you are learning these skills yourself. You will likely want to read this book a few times; its engaging and a pleasure to read as a novel the first time, but worth a second and third slower read.
>
> Its 540 pages and packed with photos from the trips and great illustrations of each of the girls Nick conquered. *Younger, Hotter, Tighter* only covers one year – but this one year is probably equal to what the 'average man' would experience in the course of three lifetimes.
>
> Highly recommended A+ work, after reading many of the community's memoirs – this is head and shoulders the best one yet. Thankfully I can now read volume 4 as soon as Lulu get around to sending it.

That should give you an idea how it is. There's also the first YHT review available reading here. If you'd like to get your hands on your own copy of **Younger Hotter Tighter** in spectacular full colour, click here to find out how to order.

Ask Jimmy #1

krauserpua · 27 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

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

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

Ask Jimmy.



Oh Mr. Jambone, what did you say?

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

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

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

These days the London bars are all so loud that the only pickup I see being done is physical escalation. AKA: Filtering for sluts, drunks or girls that just happen to like you and are up for it, rather than working a girl's nature

and ever changing social dynamics with finesse to get her to see you in a positive light. It's now just turning cards until you draw an ace.

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

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



A fruit salad, yesterday

When I see the dinks in the London bars trying to escalate skirt, it looks pathetic. I politely nod and smile, but they're not pickup artists really. They're just pussy beggars flipping lots of stones, calling themselves pickup artists. Some of them are even 'coaches'. Coaching what exactly? You can see stone flipping in any student union in any town all over the country. Flipping stones is just what lads do before they suss proper game. We reference it as 'that time before I knew game'. Turn the music down for ten minutes and we'll eat the stone flippers for breakfast, coaches and all.

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

So if you want to differentiate yourself from other day gamers, or PUAs, **just be good and stick around**. Ride out

the saturation, they all fuck off eventually and in two years it's all new girls anyway. The good news is that 'good' doesn't have to be that high a standard to be better than the rest. Don't be creepy, don't be deceitful. Just be confident, fresh and happy, and dress in clothes that fit and colours that go well together. After that, slowly but surely build up a bit of game and let the attrition rate work its magic.

Just don't be a fruit. If you stop her to tell her she looks 'interesting' and she starts to tell you about her university course, don't ask her to 'tell you a secret'.

> 'I'm stopping you because, oh I don't know, you just interest me in some way; you look like a little scientist'
>
> 'Oh I am! My parents sacrificed all their lives and now I am the only girl ever to reach the final year at the Einstein schoo….'
>
> 'Cool. So they're the second best SHOES I've seen this week ***[4]***. Hahaha'

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

I don't deny that in the early 2010s we had it cushy; we were the first to go to Europe and do this type of game. I remember the first time I went to Zagreb with Nick, he did the first stop of the trip and I remember thinking 'that's probably the first ever street stop in this city, the first of many'. I even remember what the girl looked like. We were there for about eight days and we had the whole city to ourselves. Everywhere we went in Europe there were no day-gamers. Today it's admittedly harder, there's more competition. Back then even Nick could get laid.

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

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

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

[1] Consider yourself lucky
[2] He's also in the two *Death By A Thousand Sluts* books. So, four volumes of PUA memoir have him as a central character. Not bad going for a lazy layabout.
[3] If you know Jimmy you know why I'm not promising it as regular
[4] I am not saying this is a bad line; it's just a bad choice in this context.

#71 – The Silencers, Donald Hamilton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

There's something strangely alluring to me, in fiction, about the border towns of Mexico. It's puzzling why this should be but it is so and I shall attempt to reason it out. Before I go any further, why don't you have a quick look at Robert Rodriguez's ***[1]*** mariachi trilogy, of which the second – *Desperado* – is my favourite

Cool, no?

Many early hardboiled detective stories were written in the 1930s by writers based around LA so it was a common theme to have border-hopping as a plot convenience. Murders could flee south to escape the law, or smugglers could infiltrate north from Juarez. This built upon earlier Western novels that used the Mexico-US war as spice to it's own Wild West.

There's something sweaty, grimy and desolate about the border region. Even the wilderness is fraught with danger to a cowboy on his horse: thirst, rattlesnakes, bandits…. somehow it's more exciting than the desert country in North Africa. Then of course we get to the border towns themselves.

Who could ever forget the Titty Twister?

This fourth Matt Helm book, *The Silencers*, gets off to a flying start in Juarez, Mexico. A female agent has infiltrated a strip joint to observe the operations of a suspected Soviet spy but her handler now worries she's turned into a double agent. Matt Helm is sent down to El Paso so he can hop over the border, meet his connect, then extract the agent.

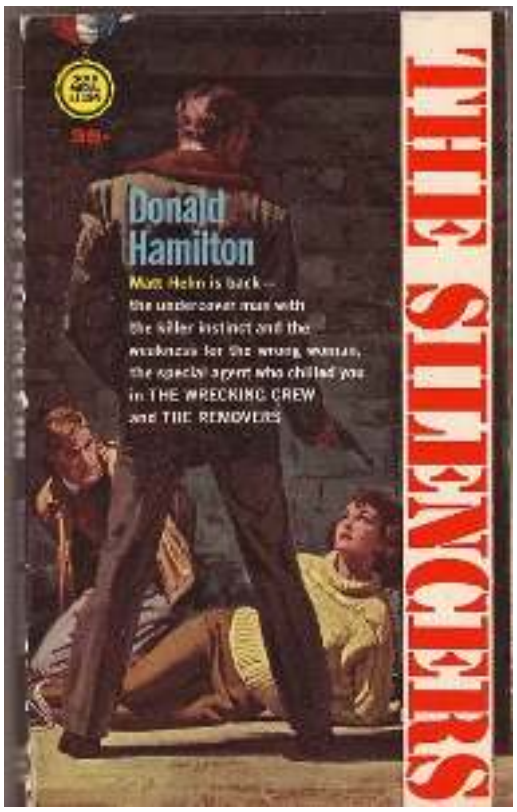
Dead or alive. Hence the title.

> Stepping off the south end of the span, I was in a foreign country. Mexicans will tell you defensively that Juarez isn't Mexico – that no border town is – but it certainly isn't the United States Of America, even though Avenida Juarez, the street just south of the bridge, does bear a certain resemblance to Coney Island.
>
> I brushed off a purveyor of dirty pictures and shills for a couple of dirty movie houses. I side-stepped half a dozen taxi drivers ready to take me anywhere, but preferably to the house of a lady named Maria who had lots of girls, it seemed, one of whom, at least, was the girl I'd been looking for since birth. If I didn't like girls, there were many interesting alternatives. I was surprised to learn how many.

This daytime trip is merely a feint to see if he picks up a shadow. He returns the next evening for his mission.

> Outside, we ran the gauntlet of taxi drivers and shills and the *porteros* of the various joints we passed who did their best to collar us and haul us into their respective establishments. A tall, gaunt, evil-looking character with a knife-slash across his nose was playing safety man for the Club Chihuahua. We let him make the tackle. It took him less than fifteen seconds to get us seated at a table in a dark room with a bar at one end and a girl undressing on a lighted stage at the other.

They are joined by two hostesses and the female agent takes the stage for her strip.



> "All the way, Lila!" somebody shouted from the back of the room.
>
> She smiled. The bloodhounds might be on her trail, but she was going to do her stuff regardless. The kid had guts. Well, I knew that. She'd tried to jump me, the time we'd got our identities confused in San Antonio. I'd been holding two guns at the time, like Wild Bill Hickok, but she'd jumped me anyway.
>
> "All the way!" the M.C. yelled, and the loud speakers threw his voice at us from the dark recesses of the room. "All the way, baybee!"
>
> She made her corner and passed across the front of the stage, swinging away from us. Her back turned toward us, she reached up and did something feminine and provocative with her hair, teasing, before she reached for the zipper. As the yellow dress opened from top to bottom, baring her back, a knife, coming from nowhere, buried itself to the hilt just below her left shoulder blade."

And so begins a tale in which Helm attempts to track down a Soviet agent named Cowboy by baiting him with a microfiche of atomic test plans and a missile launch he intends to hijack. It's good stuff, like a **James Bond** story at a lower pay-grade of spooks. All the usual Helm themes are there: gritty purposeful action, strategic deception, utterly untrustworthy women, and impersonal cold-blooded murder.

In the late 1800s it was all about Mexican bandits and revolutionaries. In the 1930s it was wetback dope smugglers and pimps, and by the 1960s its cold war duels. Lately the border town action is the drug cartels. The six primary border crossings into the US are now the scene of unprecedented carnage as cartels fight for control of these lucrative routes. The recent *Sicario* movies are a good example of how the old story structure has adapted to new villains and cultural tone. As are the **Don Winslow** novels.

Border towns appeal to the bottom-world grittiness of a hardboiled story. They have a geographical tone you couldn't get in a Bavarian castle or a Yukon forest. There's a sweaty, degenerate sexual vibe. It's tequila, mosquitoes, sombreros, and street walkers. Love it.

If you like your degeneracy of the realistic sexual type, consider my products here.

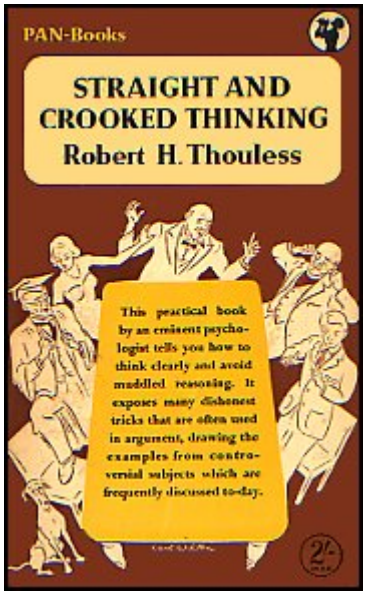


Very sleazy book

[1] Rodriguez is a pioneering filmmaker in shooting big movies on tiny budgets. He was among the first to use digital cameras and do edits and scores himself. He also famously had Johnny Depp star in *Once Upon A Time In Mexico* by cramming all his scenes into three days of filming to get him cheap. Sadly, RR is just another Hollywood degenerate.

#72 – Straight And Crooked Thinking, Robert H. Thouless BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Some Jordan Peterson fans are cunts. Let me explain.

One of my favourite courses at university was called **Introduction To Informal Logic** given by the philosophy department ***[1]***. The idea was to clarify the thinking of students when reasoning verbally, as opposed to the syllogisms and algebra of formal logic. Thus rather than learn all the logical syllogisms like this:

If A, then B
If B, then C
A, therefore C

We instead learned argument fallacies such as the No True Scotsman or the Logical Black-Is-White Slide. Then we'd be given sample texts and try to spot the fallacies. This is perhaps why to this day I get riled when a normal person says "fallacious" to mean "mistaken", or "refute" to mean "repudiate", or "invalid" to mean "false". Each of the first terms in these pairs has a specific meaning in the study of informal logic.

I consider informal logic to be part of the meta-level of a well-trained mind. In crude terms, you could say there are several levels to a well-trained mind as follows ***[2]***, from most abstract to most concrete:



Me, yesterday

Meta-level – The operating system of how you process information, classify information, and weigh evidence. The study of logic, scientific method, statistics and so on belong here. As does a purification process to purge sloppy thinking and ego that may corrupt the hard drives upon which everything is stored. This is all the *how* of thinking itself. It's about the curation of your mental garden.
Theoretical level – The axioms and principles you've divined that seem to drive the world, including heuristics and rules of thumb. So that could be theories like r/K, evolution, Great Man theory, Hegelian dialectic or simple ideas like "everything is mating strategy" or "every situation has both the seen and unseen effects". This is mostly the *why* but has a bit of *what.* These are the ideas that are applied to facts.
Classification level – The groupings of data, subject disciplines, and the interrelations between them. For example, you may divide martial arts between classifications of living/dead, or academic disciplines as bullshit/real, or decide one data set belongs in psychology but another in sociology etc. This is about allocating space in your mental matrix. You have different lines of soil for cabbages to the carrots etc.
Factual level – The raw data of observations about the world be it first, second or third hand. This is what most people would call 'facts'. This is all *what.* It's the individual vegetables in your garden, that you plant into the correct place determined by the classification level.

I've noticed over time that some people can be really good at some levels and awful at others. For example, **Joe Rogan** is a veritable treasure trove at the factual level because he has an inquisitive mind, hundreds of long interviews with experts in various fields, and his own interesting background in comedy, martial arts, and behind-the-scenes UFC. Unfortunately, he appears to have no solid world-view within which to locate and organise everything. He is a 'surface skater' rather than a systematic thinker. These guys are great at dinner parties because of all their interesting stories and factoids. It's basically the Pub Quiz guy.

This is a curse endemic to anyone who hasn't studied the canon of Western thought and literature. You need a reasonable grounding in the classics and history to begin mapping out your own world-view in organised fashion.

His friend and frequent guest **Eddie Bravo** is a weird conspiracy nut who seems incapable of processing the most basic things said to him, and is awful at the factual and classification levels. However his brain is naturally systematic and he operates well at the theoretical level. It is thus unsurprising that he revolutionised Brazilian Ju Jitsu by creating his own theoretical paradigm – which all fits together beautifully like a physical jigsaw – and inventing a ton of positions, transitions and ideas to fit into it.

Watching him ramble on in **The Joe Rogan Show** you'd think he's a doped-up moron, but his undeniable world-class BJJ and submission wrestling achievements absolutely belie that first impression. He's smart. Just…. odd.

If you're an ambitious young man who wishes to cultivate his mind and become a renaissance man it is not enough to simply read a lot. Filling your mind with facts will not suffice. You need to cultivate the **structure** of your mind in addition to pouring in lots of new data. For this reason I absolutely recommend the study of informal logic. If nothing else, it armours you against rhetoric from others because you can immediately x-ray their arguments to spot the underlying logical bone-structure and the mistakes within it. It becomes harder for people to pull the wool over your eyes.



Thoughless with his 1930 prototype

I chose to read Robert H. Thouless' *Straight And Crooked Thinking* for a different reason. I consider it spring cleaning for the mind. The human brain is like an install of Windows 10 in that, if left untended, it will degrade over time. If all you do is pour in new information you are neglecting the structure and thus it's easy for your ego to swoop in and begin fooling you with your own argumentative fallacies. It's good to revisit informal logic to apply it's lessons to yourself. That's what I did here, pausing during each chapter to ask myself, "Do I make that mistake? Are my recent arguments fallacious in this regard?"

Though I'd recommend Weston and Flew over Thouless, I did get a lot of value out of this book. It's written in 1930 and then revised in 1953 so it has a patient style without the recourse to fancy that a modern how-to-think paperback would have (Scott Adams, I'm looking at you). In 1953 writers didn't feel the need to put bells and whistles on everything to maintain their ADHD reader's attention. I like the old school style.

As for content, here are some interesting snippets I took from the book:

– Choosing emotionally-loaded words over more neutral words is a rhetorical device that is likely to stir up obstacles to dialectical reasoning. Just be clear the purpose of your communication and choose your vocabulary accordingly.

– Many arguments sound convincing until you realise the proposer is implying the qualifier "all" but will only defend the qualifier "some". For example, "Muslims are terrorists" is very easy to defend factually if prefaced by

"some" but not by "all". Thoughless states it better than I can:

> "We can put this in a more general way by saying that a common form of dishonest argument is the statement "A is B" when "Some A is B" would be true, but in which the untrue statement "All A is B" is implied for the rest of the argument."

– There's a very good discussion of arguments over words vs arguments over facts. The crux of it is that both sides may agree the facts but they define their words differently and therefore can't reach agreement. Thoughless uses this example early on, about whether the colour green is a fact of the world or just how its experienced inside our minds:

> "If it is realised that this is only a verbal question of whether we are to use the word 'green' for the colour of grass and leaves or for the experience we have when we look at grass and leaves, it is clear that there is nothing of interest to discuss. We use the word in either way…. all that matters is that we should use not use it in both senses without making a distinction between them when confusion might arise."

That might sound like Captain Obvious once more triumphing with his Hammer of Obvious but Thoughless develops the idea in ways that were new to me and really helped. His key insight is that such arguments are really about "ought" not "is". Both sides believe there is rhetorical power in recruiting a particular word to their side (e.g. 'democracy') so this is really a battle over ownership of the word, to use it to denote their preferred interpretation. It's a rhetorical sleight of hand while the real factual world underneath isn't changed at all. It is often a preliminary step before taking that word and committing the informal logic fallacy of equivocation.



No, you clean YOUR room, pal.

Vox Day noted this is **Jordan Peterson**'s primary sleight of hand and it exposes him as a worm-tongued charlatan. JBP constantly defines words his own way, far removed form the normal usage, at the "defend" stage of argument. He then picks up that word and carries it over to a new argument hoping to keep its power under the everyday use of the term. I realised it's like a magician's trick. Let me explain with a visual metaphor.

> Imagine a gym where all the free weights are the same physical dimensions, but the density inside the plates and dumbbells give them different weights. So, they look identical but are different weights. They are identified with stickers, from 5kg, to 7.5kg etc right up to the big man weights. Jordan Peterson comes in ***[3]*** and walks over to the lightest girl weights. They are very easy to lift. He puts his own sticker alongside the 5kg,

> a number 3 to the left so that it now reads 35kg.
>
> “Hey, Canadian” shouts a big beefy Texan. “Sticking a new number on doesn’t make it any heavier.”
>
> Peterson isn’t phased. “Oh no, I’m not pretending it’s heavier. It’s just I’m recording my exercise regime on a different scale, where I apply a discount factor of x7. It’s just a precise way I like to define my numbers. It makes sense in the context of my own system. I don’t actually think it’s 35kg. It’s just a labelling convention I have.”
>
> “Oh, I see” says the Texan, walking out the room at the end of his workout.
>
> Peterson takes his dumbbells and walks to the other side of the room where some hot girls are working out. They never heard the earlier exchange. Peterson starts curling the dumbells in front of the girls. They see the 35kg marker on them.
>
> “Wow! You’re strong!” they coo.
>
> “Yeah. Special technique” he says, his ego preening in satisfaction at the successful con.

I see this type of move all the time, especially in the media. You define a term narrowly or specifically when pressed (e.g. the “Some X are Y” above) and as soon as the audience’s vigilance is reduced, you begin applying the term in the wider general sense (“All X are Y”). Personally, I’d *never* use such a sleight of hand.

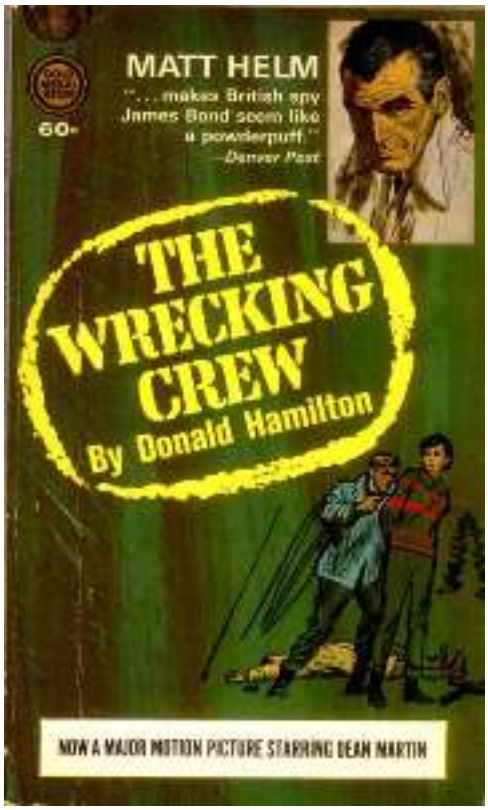
So, I have conclusively proven all Jordan Peterson fans are cunts.

Perhaps you’d like to assign me ideas and positions the opposite of those I actually take, like Peterson’s fans do to him. If so, you’ll probably want to avoid reading my actual books, just like JBP’s fans don’t read his books either. However, I’d rather you did read them because then I’ll get paid. Order here.

[1] The two core texts were Anthony Weston’s A Rulebook For Arguments which lists all the fallacies very clearly, and Antony Flew’s Thinking About Thinking which is a discursive treatment of the same general content. Both are great.
[2] I’ve literally just invented this schema as I started writing this review, so don’t take it as anything more than a convenient typology to illustrate a point.
[3] Probably in a really gay cyclist Lycra outfit

#73 – The Wrecking Crew, Donald Hamilton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 August 2018 · Archived copy · Original

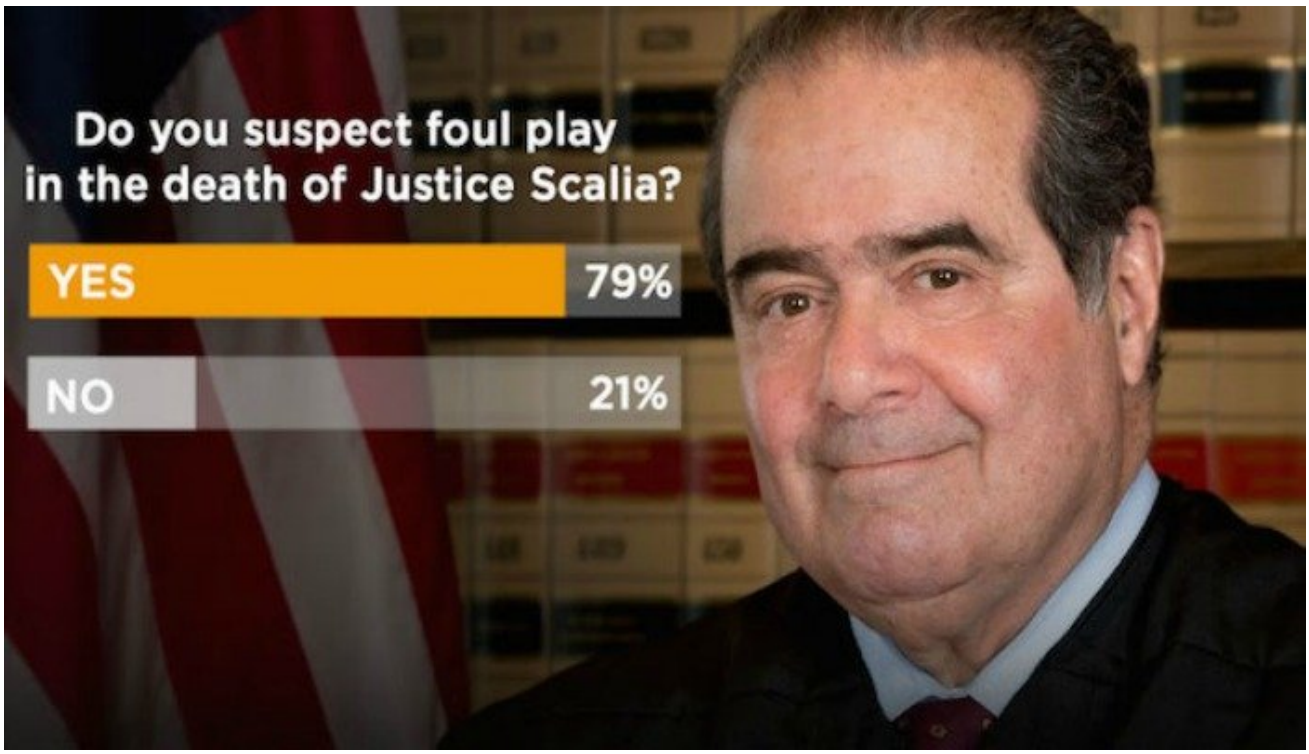


A rare shitty cover for this series

There's a reason I try to review books immediately after finishing them: everything is fresh in my mind and there are usually a few 'hot takes' I have on the content or writing style. It wouldn't seem a big deal to leave a book a couple of weeks before getting around to writing it up, but in 2018 those couple of weeks have likely involved finishing *another five books*, the ideas of which have pushed the older book out of my consciousness.

Sigh. Life is hard.

Donald Hamilton's second volume in the long-running Matt Helm series, *The Wrecking Crew*, is such a book. The story is pretty good. Helm has now rejoined Mac's group of Cold War assassin's working off-the-books wet-works for the US government. After fifteen years out, he's put back through a battery of tests so Mac can assess if he's still sharp enough. It turns out he's off the pace as well as the books.



Of course, wet-works would never happen nowadays

Intriguingly, Mac spins this as a positive by sending him to Sweden on a job knowing full well that their partnering Swedish intel counterparts have a leak, and thus Helm's cover (as a photographer for a top nature magazine) will be immediately compromised. From there, the opposition will find out he's past it and thus underestimate him. His job is to accompany the widow of a suspected double agent. He was murdered behind the Iron Curtain after touting publicly (he was a journalist in Sweden) that he'd discovered the identity of the USSR's top agent in Europe. The widow is researching an article on fascinating locations in the isolated rural north of Sweden and needs someone like Helm to take photos.

Of course it's all very fishy. His Swedish connect gives him away immediately before being gunned down in a double-double-cross by the shadowy USSR agent. He's then palling up with a hot Swedish teen who is a competitive cross-country skiier and seems to fancy him. Eventually he finds himself in the northern mountains being directed to take very specific photos by this odd widow. It looks like her story is a ploy to get permission to photograph Swedish military installations.

As you'd expect from a Matt Helm book, everything is smoke and mirrors. There is more deceit and calculation than in the **Jewish World Series Of Poker**. It's this feeling that everyone is lying and nothing is as it seems that I like about the Helm stories. Hamilton never loses his grip on the plot so it never spins off into gotcha moments or deus ex-machina. It's tightly plotted throughout and all the characters stay in character.



The key conceit of this book is that Helm is a fantastically savvy agent who has to deliberately play the part of a bungling idiot. For example, he arrives at his hotel and goes to his room:

> A canny secret-agent type would, of course, have looked the place over carefully before turning his back on the closet and bathroom doors. Under other circumstances, I might even have done so myself, but I was playing a part, and my script didn't call for any displays of professional vigilance. Mac had been emphatic on this point.

Mac had told him:

> "But in many ways you'd have been better prepared for the job at hand if you'd spent the past month in a hotel room with a bottle and a blonde. Now you'll have to use restraint. Don't betray yourself by showing off any of the pretty tricks you've just learned. If somebody wants to follow you, let them follow; you don't even know they're there. What's more, you don't care. If they want to search your belongings, don't set any traps for them. If you should get involved in a fight – God forbid – forget about weapons except in a clear and desperate emergency. And don't give any unnecessary judo demonstrations, either. Just lead with your right and take your licking like a man. Do I make myself clear?"

The reason is that Helm's real job isn't to take the photos and keep an eye on the widow, but rather to draw out the Soviet super-spy and kill him. That spy is going to observe, circle, and nibble before deciding whether to come out of cover to bite. Helm can't afford to tip his hand and send the spy back into deep cover. So in an early scene when the Soviet has some goons jump him, Helm has to forego his chances to beat them in a fight because he knows the Soviet has manufactured the fight merely to assess his competence.

It's this kind of subtlety that shows why I vastly prefer the Matt Helm books over the Remo Williams Destroyer books. Remo just slaughters everyone in the blink of an eye. If anyone exposes him, he just ninja-death-touches them into silence. Helm follows the Sun Tzu school of strategic deception

Appear weak when you are strong, and strong when you are weak.

Who does that remind you of? Oh yes, this guy……



It isn't just Helm who entered enemy territory on a mission to draw out hostile shadowy actors. Trump is cleaning out the Deep State and it would've been suicidal to take them on by a frontal overt assault. Instead he's set all manner of traps, misdirections, and subterfuges to leave the traitors over-confident. He'll tweet like he's confused, make big noises about NFL players kneeling, and encourage former staffers to plant false stories in the MSM about porn stars and candid tapes….. and all the while secret assassins like Jeff Sessions, John Huber, and Michael Flynn are amassing the evidence that will take the Deep State down in one thunderous swoop.

You don't purge enemy cabals by announcing your plans and letting them take counter-measures. Nope, you do it the Saddam Hussein way

Of course when you deploy strategic deception, it has to be so good that everyone outside the inner circle is fooled by it. That means you fool your own followers half the time, at least until the hammer drops. For the past two years I've felt like I've had Donald Hamilton narrating a new Matt Helm story to me, explaining the misdirection in the White House like he does in the Helm books. I've been watching all the chess pieces move into position and the clock tick down.

It's been wonderfully relaxing.

My books are still on sale, believe it or not. Nothing has changed in the past hour since I linked them in the previous book review. Get 'em by clicking here.

Ask Jimmy #2

krauserpua · 3 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

We are quite pleased at the amount of interest shown in the first Ask Jimmy post and he's had a look at the questions readers left in the comments below. I'm leaving it entirely up to him which ones he answers. Till then, here's his thoughts on a question I put to him a few weeks ago.



Clearly a wowser

Question: How long should you be a player?

6 months ago I was in Central London with my old mate Xants, rolling around, helping Xants look for skirt, Xants telling me how to get rid of my beer belly, when at one point we saw an excitable young pup running sets on Oxford Street. At one point he got kicked out of set, with a smile on his face and his chin up, just as we were walking past and seeing us watching, he acknowledged us and we got into conversation. At some point he asked me if I did game and I said that I did a few years ago, but I am 40 now and….. He looked at me through narrowed eyes and sagely advised me, as he talked over the top of me, that 'age is just a number'. He then ran off down the street, as God is my witness, a jaunty 'I'm a pickup artist' hat perked proudly atop his head.

He missed the point of my statement. Who at 20 would understand the world through the same lens as a 40 year old man just because they share a common pastime? So, leaning heavily on my cane and puffing my pipe, I strolled on, probably complaining to TK about arthritis or gout.

As I reported last year, I am indeed back in London, working hard, saving up and bouncing around with the lads at the weekend. My girl is with me most of the year and I am on the whole pretty settled and moved along from those amazing, free-wheeling pickup days. I am happy with it all. I don't know if it is because of my transition in particular or just the fact that most of my mates are getting older too, but the longevity of one's game career has been one of the dominant conversations in our friendship circle this last year.

How long should we be players? How long should we pace the streets for hot skirt? It's a juicy topic and I generally have two return questions for people when they ask that. My first being, do you move on from game through

'preference' or 'necessity'? Are you off the team because you retire just after your peak but still on a high, or because you don't get picked anymore? That young pick-up legend I met on Oxford Street was looking at it no doubt through the necessity lens. He thought I was complaining that 'I can't day game because I am too old' (necessity), whereas I was trying to say 'at some point, you'll be over all this' (preference).

(NB: I'm only 40, everyone at work thought I was 27. While I joke about it, I'm hardly past it).

You surely want to eject at a point that you choose rather than a point that confronts you? This may leave you having to accept that you quit while you still have a fair bit of juice in the tank, but also while your market value is still high enough to make you a chooser in the market place. We've all seen the fading Hollywood star who mismanaged his finances, left having to ruin is reputation doing junk movies in his later years because he didn't milk it and cash out in time.

My second question is, what do you want out of life? If you just want to chase hot young skirt into your 50s, you will absolutely be able to, if you know what you're doing. It's been done before and it will be done again long after we're all gone. I see it all the time, but from, let's say early 40s, onwards, every year you spend you begin to take on some tiny compromises. It's like weight gaining on you in tiny increments. The big thing is, you can be 50 and date a 21 year old 9, but it is more than likely going to be a sport fuck. Marriage ***[1]*** and kids are likely off the table. If you are 50 and decide you want kids, you're going to be attacking the market from a very challenging position. You're not Mick Jagger and having game, as good as it is, is nowhere near as much value as having written songs like 'Brown Sugar', 'Sympathy for the Devil' or even 'She's a Rainbow'.

So if you don't want kids or marriage you're fine, you've got years. But don't stop reading yet, remember you may change your mind, as I did, for reasons I state below. I can only ever speak for myself ***[2]*** and here are some the things I noticed about me as got older.

Waning Enthusiasm – The novelty for game will probably wear off (but not much lol). The thirst for new skirt and just getting laid in general will wear off. You'll always look at girls tits on the tube in summer, but sexual adventure in general will just slip down the priorities list. Likely far from your top three, it will likely not even be in the top ten. Of course it's supposed to because by your 40s you're supposed to have a family of your own. I remember last year telling Nick that (assuming I was single) if we met two double hot, slightly drunk, naive 19 year-olds in extremely short skirts, who wanted to party with us until the early hours back at our hotel, I'd say 'no' if my team had an important game that I wanted to watch. He didn't believe me, but it's absolutely true. Watching a great game is far more interesting to me than yet another bang with yet another skirt.



A game, yesterday

Shrinking Market – In my late 30s I dated a hot 19 year old who is now 22 and she would have married me if I'd wanted (and she probably still would). But at some point your market is going to begin to shrink. At 35 you're top of your game and you can have almost anyone. At 40, you're starting to be a bit of a wild card, maybe even a bit of fun. At 50, I guarantee you'll still be able to clack hot young women, but at that time a family is a big ask for her and not all top drawer skirt under the age of 30 will be willing to commit to a 50 year old. When my dad was in is 50s, after his wife died, he dated a few girls in their early 20s, but they were clearly all just flings. Some may have married him I guess, but it was thin end of the wedge (meaning he got a bit lucky and the girls would have been making serious sacrifices, such as no kids).

Mismatched preferences – The larger the gap between you and your skirt, the less you are likely to share in values, preferences and desires. When you're both 20, you can live the same life of work, clubs, festivals, political ideas and holiday destinations. I'm 40 and I've seen my last nightclub, I hope. Now this isn't a problem, but what happens at 50 when I've seen my last beach party or maybe even my last long haul flight? Things you don't consider now will rear their heads then, such as at 40 you have to change your diet significantly if you want to stay fit. That means your girl probably does too. Now that in itself isn't a problem, but straight away you need to find a girl who is willing to make more changes and sacrifices for you.

Sacrificing your bloodline – All the above considerations lead to a fairly clear likely outcome. Men have it better than their skirted counterparts (I am talking here about women, not the Scottish) when it comes to shelf life… to a point. We can crank it until our 40s until we start to worry, but we do have a shelf life. I think I got out at a decent age. I didn't plan it, it just happened. My girlfriend is much younger than me, good looking, a good friend and good mother and wife material. All this offered to me at the same time as I just couldn't be all that arsed anymore.

If you want the family and that whole next part of your life, and if you can see it coming, then in your late 30s be sure to realise that you want to cash your value as close to the top as you can, balanced against getting the highest value mother you can find for your children. Now I'd suggest choosing the mother your kids want, rather than the porn star you want, in the same way you put your spare coin into a pension pot rather than spunk it on a red Porsche. You're doing your future self a solid favour. I'm not saying you should settle with a 6, just that it's quite possible you banged hotter skirt in the past. I look down the road and see how much I love my son, and I want my son to be as happy as possible. If I'd give my actual life for him, then I can surely choose an 8 over a 9, or a 7 for an 8 for him. She's gonna be a 6 by the time she's 30 anyway. I wonder if some people fall into the trap of thinking

‘I’m a pick up artist with a blog so my final girl will be the one my whole game career is judged against’.

It might be hard to walk away for good from the freedom of the single life and the sexual variety. Yes I think it is, because it’s so final. You close a book and can never, ever go back, not with much hope of doing it successfully. I notice back in Burnley the lads I know who have families and kids now are all really happy. They’re at times a bit downtrodden, possibly it’s because, as I believe, they did it very early before they got their money sorted and they cashed out while their value was still low and before they’d had time to experience any real adventure. But they’re happy and they love their brats. I don’t think, once you have a child, that you worry too much what point your wife is or was, as long as she is a good wife and mother. Like I said, they all look shit at 30 anyway. They’ll drop a point easy the five years between 23 and 30 and then after that God knows how fast they’ll plummet. It’ll be like taking a new car off the forecourt. If you don’t choose someone with good character you’ll be telling your mates ‘yeah she’s a total pain in the arse but she was a 9 once!’

By the time you’re 50 you’re probably not going to care all that much about shagging, so you might as well get busy making a little lad to take on the football match. Finally, for those of you who want to be single forever, let me tell you a story from my life this last 12 months.



I met an old guy. 75 years old. I knew him through his wife (20 years his junior) and his daughter. I met him at a party. He was like my dad, handsome, charming and a deplorable Marxist, but I stupidly really liked him. He’d lived a grand life (probably on the tax payers’ dime) and we nibbled at each other about politics. I considered smashing his head in on the canapés but we said we’d go for a coffee sometime. No doubt he wanted to trick us into thinking political disagreements are just part of the ‘wonderful tapestry of life’ rather than a life and death struggle.

The funny thing was he confided in me at me at this party that he was very old. He told me straight three times ‘I’m not much longer for this world, James’. It was November when I met him and by February he’d died of pneumonia.

At his funeral there was a picture of him in his funeral magazine thingy. He looked good. He looked top of the world, in a nice suit, cool beard, smiling like the cat that got the cream. The point is, he looked a man in his prime. I asked his wife how old he was in the photo and she told me he was exactly 35.

My heart sank, a whole 5 years my junior.

I was regretful because I never went for that coffee with the old bastard and I listened intently to the service. The guy lived a marvellous life and he died at the age of 75 surrounded by his young wife and three kids. He'd done it right and he'd milked the world for everything it could give him. He'd won. I took it personally. We're all going to die and it's coming at us sooner than we think, so play the game as long as you want, but don't let your opportunities pass you by. Who is going to carry you to the final resting place? Who is going to care when you go? You can die in a care home, or sort it by your own hand, or you can be surrounded by your family. I don't believe in the myth of the lonely old man, single old men do just fine playing chess in the park with their mates or sitting in the pub watching the footy, but is it the first choice overall? What's their final 6 years like? What is their final 6 months like?

Whatever you choose, you're choosing it today with each decision you make and the last decade will come probably sooner than you think. Our time is finite. We're not pick-up artists forever. Enjoy it while it lasts because what is freedom today could turn out to be a one way ticket.

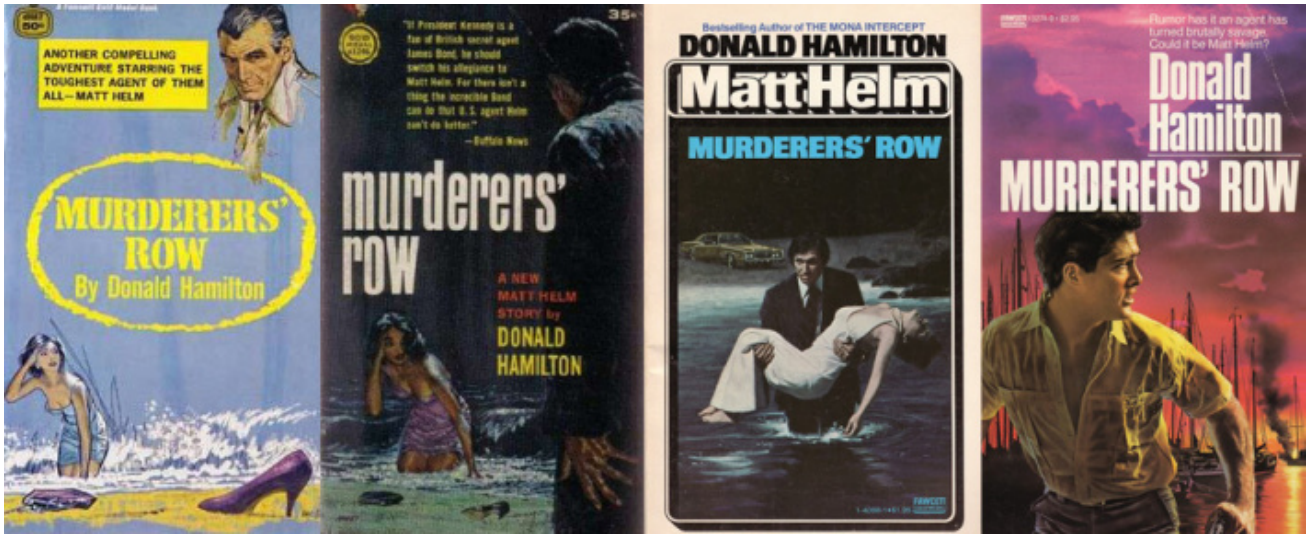
If you'd like more of Jimmy, head over to his blog here. If you'd like more of Krauser and have your PayPal or credit card ready, consider my products here.

[1] I am just using the word 'marriage' in this post as a reference to 'long term pair bonding' I'm not advocating a position on the legal stuff. It's just easier to type 'marriage' then 'long term pair bonding', though to be honest, I've probably gone and typed 'long term pair bonding' more in this footnote than I would have done had I simply used it in the post in the first place. I'd have probably only typed it twice, and this footnote is already 85 words long and I haven't even finished yet.
[2] I'm always keen to point out that I am not an expert on skirt or dating, I 'm probably not even close, but I am the world's leading expert on my life and my experiences and I can just tell you what happened to me. Take that information as you please, I hope it helps.

#74 – Murderer's Row, Donald Hamilton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 8 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Have you ever wondered if spies and assassins go through troublesome periods of weak inner game? Daygame can be pretty tough, as we all know. There is so much to learn, technically, that it can feel like juggling ten balls in the air simultaneously and if just one ball goes wrong, you drop them all.



I've been coaching a residential this week, so the sheer weight of information that must be assimilated is foremost in my mind: Get your vibe right, and project some street presence. Then focus your eyes out onto the middle distance and begin scanning the streets to pick out appropriate sets. Sort your pre-approach tactics and then make a snap decision on whether to open. Throw in the buffer phrases, be sure to project the correct energy, and then come up with an opener.

Read the girl's reaction, figure out where she's at psychologically and then….. ah, fuck it. Just tell her she looks French, make some chit-chat, and ask for a number. I can understand why so many people can't be arsed to learn real daygame so they just do the sick **Cargo Cult** parody of it instead. It's easier ***[1]***

Difficult as daygame is, we are merely competing against other normal men (or players ***[2]***) and the prize for victory is banging a hottie and the penalty for messing up is frustration. Spies and assassins are up against tougher competition and play for higher stakes. So, I wonder how their inner game is.

Movie and book spies have a grand old time. Fast cars, beautiful women, winning big hands at a Monte Carlo casino, and high-speed ski chases down Swiss mountainsides. It sounds great. Unless, of course, you're one of the spies who gets poisoned, shot, or crashes a burning helicopter into a mountainside.

If I was a spy I wouldn't be one of those. I'd be one of the winners.



He thinks he's winning

Anyway, I digress. There must be some inner game issues to deal with and, to my knowledge, no-one has ever written a **Spygame Mastery** or **Spygame Infinite** to help out with that. I've noticed with these Matt Helm books, of which *Murderer's Row* is the next in my queue, that writer Donald Hamilton does indeed focus quite a lot on the inner game.

This book begins when Helm is called over to headquarters in DC to be told his month-long vacation is cancelled and he actually has to go down to Chesapeake bay and beat the shit out of a female agent, Jean, so as to make her fake defection to the Russians more convincing. Hamilton has us focus on Helm being rather uneasy about the job and most of the first few chapters are about his questioning his mettle and then battling to suppress the remorse he feels when she unexpectedly dies mid-way through a carefully organised beating (that she'd agreed to in advance).

Helm refuses to return to HQ for a debrief and instead disobeys direct orders and goes rogue, to atone for his error. He soon gets embroiled with a rich local family at each other's throats as he attempts to re-establish Jean's Russian connection so as to locate their safe house and the nuclear scientist being held there before being smuggled to the Soviet Union. Like the other Helm books, all the action takes place on friendly (i.e. non-Soviet) territory and most characters are either friendlies or simple criminals. Russian agents tend not to make an appearance until halfway through the books.

Helm's mission is to ensure the knowledge inside the scientist's head never makes it to the Soviet Union so he's expecting to assassinate rather than rescue the poor egghead. His inner game is complicated further when the scientist's young daughter shows up searching for her dad and engages Helm to help. Thus he realises he's likely going to not just kill the boffin, but do so in front of his daughter.

And you thought getting your kiss-close rejected could be frustrating.

These Helm books tend not to have the rip-roaring action of a James Bond or Mack Bolan book. Whereas those lads are jet-setting around the world and riding ICBMs bareback into mountain ranges or jumping a sports car across a castle moat, Helm mostly sleeps in a grotty motel room and spends the whole book in a single podunk small town in the US. Hamilton is very deliberately making spycraft grimy, squalid, and unappealing. Quite the opposite of Jason Bourne.

Like the others in the Matt Helm series, this book was well-written and the pages turned themselves. Also like the others, not a single woman can be trusted. All three female characters in this book betray Helm at least once. His male enemies are considerably more overt in their opposition to him. So far, I'm liking this series and see no reason to stop.

If you are getting tired of book reviews and would rather read about game, then you ought to look at my books here. No-one has ever written so much, in such detail, with such polish. When you've finished with those, you'll be all gamed out.

[1] But doesn't work. I may post on Cargo Cult daygame sometime.
[2] Who are super-normal, abnormal, or sub-normal. But never normal.

#75 – La Reine Margot, Alexandre Dumas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 8 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

"Nick, what's with all these lurid spy novels? I thought you were attempting to become The Most Interesting Man In The World. Wasn't your reading project meant to be studying world history, high-falutin' theory, and the Classics?"

Well yes, but…..

"So stop with all your childish Matt Helm and Mack Bolan nonsense and get on with Alexandre Dumas. Can't you read *The Count Of Monte Cristo* again and review that?"

You know what, lads? I can go one better. Having read all about Edmund Dantes and plowed through the five massive volumes in the D'Artagnan Romances, I have found myself a new epic Dumas series to read: *The Last Valois* trilogy. So, let's have a look at that, shall we?



Something I've noticed about Dumas is that his book titles never really tell you what to expect from the story. They are hardly inviting. Most of them are simply the main character's title. There's The Count (of Monte Cristo), The Vicomte (of Bragelonne), and in this case The Queen (Margot). As to what shit will go down in the stories….. it's not really clear is it? But the cover shows some naked dude being thrown off a balcony into the arms of a howling well-armed mob, so it looks promising. Fortunately, all Dumas books involve similar elements:

- A few swashbuckling young sword-fighters looking to align with a noble and make a name for themselves.
- Some plotting and scheming older nobles, getting all Game Of Throne-sy with assassinations, honey traps, and espionage.
- At least one fringe character (innkeeper, monk, hangman) who is a cheerful, excitable drunkard with special skills.
- A doe-eyed beautiful woman having her honour consistently under threat of compromise, and a gallant protector who'll cut down anyone to save her.

I try not to read even the back cover blurb of a book before I begin, preferring instead to go in blind and let myself

get surprised. So, I didn't know what *La Reine Margot* had to offer me. What I got was a long, exciting, intricately plotted palace drama that I thoroughly enjoyed. It kicks off like the Red Wedding in *Game Of Thrones*. It's 1570s France and the reformation has led to a large movement of Protestants establishing a power base in Navarre, called the Hugenots. They are now slinking into Paris. The king of France, Charles IX, is Catholic as are most of the holders of public office. In an attempt to quell rebellion through marriage, the king's sister Margot is to be married to the king of Navarre, Henry. The book begins immediately prior to the wedding in Paris, which has become a festival as all the Hugenots and Catholics get together to broker a peace.

I said Red Wedding didn't I? You see, it was a trap. Charles IX and his villainous mother Catharine De Medici set it up to put their Hugenots enemies in one place and then on the night of Saint Bartholemew the Catholics run amok in assassination squads, murdering thousands of Protestants.



They were not fucking around

It's pretty vicious stuff too. One thing I love about Dumas is how adroitly he can manage tonal shifts. For example, compare these chapters:

Chapter 16 ('A Dead Enemy's Body Always Smells Sweet') concerns Charles IX leading a procession of nobles on a fun day out to inspect the corpse of his Admiral (a Hugenot) he'd had assassinated a couple of days earlier to trigger the massacres:

> "From the principal gibbet hung a misshapen mass, a black corpse stained with coagulated blood and mud, whitened by layers of dust. The carcass was headless, and it was hung by the legs, and the populace, ingenious as it always is, had replaced the head with a bunch of straw, to which was fastened a mask; and in the mouth of this mask some wag, knowing the admiral's habit, had introduced a toothpick."

Soon after, Henry of Navarre, now under house-arrest in the Louvre, visits his mistress in her rooms. This section is in Chapter 21 ('Madame De Sauve's Apartment').

> "Do you love me, Charlotte?" asked Henry.
> "I love you," replied Madame de Sauve, with a fascinating smile, dropping her pretty hand into her lover's.
> Henry retained the hand.
> "But," he went on to say, following out his thought, "supposing I have guessed the word which the philosophers have been vainly trying to find for three thousand years – at least as far as you are concerned, Charlotte?"
> Madame de Sauve blushed.

This book effortlessly shifts from palace intrigue, to romantic overtures, to bloody combat and, to me at least, never seems jarring. I like also that there isn't really a hero in this. Modern genre fiction is usually quite formulaic in sketching out a hero, a villain, and a series of plot twists gradually honing in to a conclusion. Dumas was writing before pot-boilers became so restrictively styled. There are two dashing cavaliers in this volume, a Monsieur La Mole and his friend Coconnas ***[1]***. They form an unlikely alliance that begins as each is a messenger for a rival faction and they meet en route to Paris. They deliver the messages and lodge at the same hostel, becoming friends and gambling together in the hostel lounge. That night is St Bartholomew's, and as the violence erupts Coconnas attempts to murder La Mole in his bedroom. Somehow, they soon become inseparable friends.

It's odd. Coconnas spends the first quarter of the book as a gleeful bloodthirsty murderer who massacres dozens of unarmed Hugenots and yet he's a major protagonist. He ends up quite likeable.

The other two protagonists are Queen Margot and her husband Henry of Navarre, who form a mutually-protective alliance despite being married in name only. Both are adept plotters and much of *La Reine Margot* concerns itself with the pair outwitting Catherine De Medici's multiple attempts to assassinate Henry. The queen mother is a ***fantastically*** wicked character, right up there with Milady from *The Three Musketeers.*



She's a proper Cruella Da Ville character

Most Dumas adventures involve characters questing across France, Belgium and England so *La Reine Margot* is unusual in that probably 80% of it occurs within the palace gates of La Louvre or within the king's party when they go to hunts or to the castle of Vicennes. Dumas does a great job of sowing seeds of unease to make the Louvre a claustrophobic den of sinister machinations that are constantly imperilling Henry of Navarre.

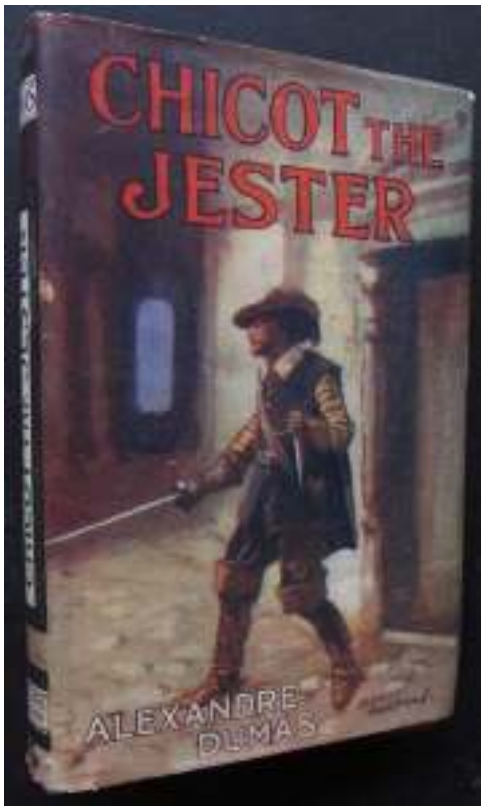
I absolutely recommend this book but it doesn't quite match TCOMC or The D'Artagnan Romances, so try those first. It'll take you about ten years to read all those, and then **The Last Valois** trilogy will be waiting for you.

If you like the idea of a hyper-active writer filling volumes upon volumes with similarly-plotted and repetitive action, you'll love my memoirs. All my books are available over at my products page here.

[1] Think of them as the *Two* Musketeers

#76 – Chicot De Jester, Alexandre Dumas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 8 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Frankly, I don't think he jests

The thing about reading Dumas is that his novels are such page-turners that I just can't stop. After dispatching *La Reine Margot* last weekend I immediately turned my attention to the epic 100-chapter *Chicot De Jester*, also known as *La Dame de Monsoreau*, and the second in the **Last Valois** trilogy. You know a book is good if they've already made a movie about it by 1913. That's the silent era, and those old cameras weren't easy to carry around. Clearly, somebody gave a shit ***[1]***



Ok, that's more like jesting

This picks up after Charles IX has died and been succeeded by his weak-willed mummy's boy brother Henri. The Protestant king Henry of Navarre has escaped back to his lands ***[2]*** with his wife, and Catherine De Medici mostly takes a back-seat, feigning disinterest in politics. So although the plot continues to concern the travails of the king of France in keeping hold of his throne against usurpers, it's a whole new cast of characters.

Foremost amongst these is Chicot, Henri's best friend and confidant who steers him to safety and nudges him away from all the blunders he'd otherwise make ***[3]***. Chicot is a sharp-witted, outspoken court jester but also a good swordsman and bold cavalier – he's a well-written hero who is easy to get behind. The other protagonist is Count De Bussy, the nation's bravest swordsman and key protector of the Duke D'Anjou ***[4]***. The latter is the primary conspirator against the king, and thus Chicot and Bussy are soon at odds.

Volume one in the trilogy, *La Reine Margot*, was a dark, bleak book with vicious murders and nihilistic plotting. In contrast, *Chicot De Jester* has a more upbeat, adventurous tone despite also dealing with plenty of chicanery and isn't shy to pile up the bodies. I won't spoil the plot but the key threads are as follows:

- A beautiful young lady is chased by the treacherous Duke D'Anjou and his black-hearted henchman Monsoreau, who each betray the other to kidnap and force her into marriage. Bussy gets involved as her gallant and tries to outwit them to free her. This thread is mostly about gallantry and romance.
- Chicot's friend, a drunken faithless monk called Gorenflot, is knee-deep in a conspiracy to overthrow Henri III and Chicot must quash the plot without endangering his friend (or even letting him know what's going on). This thread is mostly espionage and misdirection, not unlike a modern spy thriller.
- The Duke D'Anjou's four loyal retainers are at the throats of the king's four favourites, with periodic ambushes, insults, and then finally a big pre-arranged duel. This is rather like *The Three Musketeers*.



Between them, I think these jackets pretty much cover the bases

It's a book of epic scope so there's lots more in there too. I read this one across five evenings, knocking out twenty chapters at a clip after coaching my residential all day. It seemed like every scene had characters quaffing wine and eating repasts, which played havoc with my own diet – whenever I read about characters eating and drinking I wish to do so myself. It's a miracle I've not become addicted to wine after reading so much Dumas.

I found this book to be beautifully plotted and quite exceptional in how it switched up the pacing, tone, and focus between the various sub-plots. I felt like I was watching a master story-teller at work and at no point during the one-hundred chapters did I ever feel like putting it aside. *Chicot De Jester* is a real gem, and while not quite matching *The Count Of Monte Cristo* or *The Three Musketeers*, it's only one notch below. I'm very glad I read it and can't wait for the story to wrap up in volume three.

If you'd like to read volume two in a beautifully-written epic series, where one of the main characters could well be

*homosexual **[5]**, try my **A Deplorable Cad** available here (with all my other products)*

[1] Rather more of a shit than they gave to holding off the Huns a year later, it seems.
[2] Though he does occasionally pop up incognito in Paris, plotting a return for the throne.
[3] Jimmy The Jester in his role to King Nick of Hampstead, you could say
[4] According to his Wikipedia he was also a bisexual nonce so I no longer feel sad about how the story turns out for him. Fortunately, Dumas doesn't even hint at either shirt-lifting or pillow-biting.
[5] Bodi

JMULV is a fraud, obviously

krauserpua · 10 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I've been saying for quite a while that fat alcoholic JMULV was obviously full of shit. It was immediately clear just from watching him talk: fat face, flat affect in the eyes, and zero charisma. He also just oozes *liar*. So when the usual PUA morons started jumping on his bandwagon I did try to warn them. I checked his YouTube for infields and that confirmed to me he has zero game. He was just approaching drunk chicks in open air parties and trying to get photos with them for his Instagram.

Here's my original opinion, in January this year, based on a very quick skim over his YouTube. He didn't pass the smell test:

> Just saw this from a backlink. I think you need to get your bullshit detector recalibrated because this guy is all smoke and mirrors. I watched 3 of his daygame infields: 2 outdoors where he's taking Instagram picks with sloppy drunk girls in underwear, and a short number close of a tall sloppy blonde.
>
> They are awful game. Purely social, probably polite "here's my number, go away" rejections. One of the 2-sets literally physically rejects him at the end (the "threesome" framing one) and the other two sets have even less sexual tension. Ignore the "tell" and focus on the "show"". These show awful game on uninterested girls.
>
> Do the maths as well, per your data-driven approach. You said he claims 766 lays? Ok, let's say he's 35 now and started getting laid when he was 15, giving him an active sex life of 20 years. That's wildly favourable assumptions in his favour, but make the calculation easier.
>
> 766 lays in 7300 days, or one new girl every 9.5 days. Consistently, over 20 years.
>
> Non-stop. That's the average, not a one-month hot streak. That average includes learning the game, having a job, getting ill, getting sick of it, having runs of bad luck, spending time with girls you see more than once, having dates, getting flaked on.
>
> He looks younger than 35 to me (is his real age in public domain?) so the implied average is probably more like one every 5 or 7 days. And this from a guy who appears to have really crappy game and aside from his height, no obvious value. I'm pretty sure a man capable of banging girls at that rate would look considerably better in set or be trading on higher personal value.
>
> So, I've spent a total of 15 minutes of my life looking into this guy and I'm calling bullshit. If I'm missing something feel free to let me know. Would be nice to find at least one RSD guy who's not full of shit.

A bit later I had a look at this Instagram. That made it even more obvious. He was flying to P4P hotspots in South America and then taking photos with obvious hookers. Leaving aside for the moment the unlikelihood of him rolling up in a city and banging a hottie on his first night (consistently), there's the fact that most of these girls look exactly like hookers. Hooker clothes, bodies, tattoos, and same coyness about having their face shown on his Instagram.



If that's not obvious to you, you completely lack calibration

My second comment in January:

> Dark triad success is a manosphere fairy story. I had a look at that Instagram. Most of the women have a strong smell of escort. My money is that he's banging hookers and claiming them as notches. It's not just the women he's lying to. But I suppose you'll have to wait until he trips up and leaves a smoking gun before you'll stop believing.
>
> And now it's 780 lays since 2009? This is comedy.

And a follow-up:

> We disagree, that's fine. My bullshit detector is buzzing off the charts with this guy. He does come off as socially retarded to me.
>
> "He started in his late 20s in 2009 from Mystery Method and apparently achieved his "first 100 lays" from that" = 8 years = 2,920 days = one new girl every 3.7 days
>
> "The reports are that…" not from credible people. Liars surround themselves with fools and other liars.
>
> Why is it so hard to believe that an admitted sociopathic hedonistic liar would also be lying to you? That an obvious narcissist who puts on an admitted false front with women isn't doing exactly the same thing to the internet? That a guy with a very well-paid job and poor social skills wouldn't just pay for hookers?
>
> Look at the Instagram harder. Look how many girls are clearly uncomfortable in posture and facial expression. How many show their ass but not their face (big hooker tell). Look at his infields where he's getting IG-type photos with girls he'll obviously never see again. He's constructing a fake front and you've bought it.
>
> "If something looks too good to be true, it probably is"
>
> Everywhere he goes on holiday, within two days he's had a threesome. No one else does that. Sorry, one type of person does… P4P sex tourists.
>
> You're absolutely welcome to disagree with me. I'm telling you he's a con man. Make of that whatever you

> will.
>
> BTW, “dark triad” is bullshit. You hear stories of all these mega-alpha thugs getting the hot women but the evidence rarely bears this out. Almost every time, the women are horrendous (below the man’s own looks by a long way). Look into those stories of incarcerated drug dealers banging the female guards, or the cholo drug dealers giving drugs to skanky white girls (that’s P4P not game). It’s marketing bullshit dangling the exotic “other” in front of cubicle jockey PUA customers, just another “”secret system”.

I don’t post these to be hard on the blogger I was replying to, who thought JMULV was the greatest PUA ever. Everyone gets conned at least once, myself included. You have to learn so you don’t keep falling for the scams. I’m just outlining my thought process in sniffing out the JMULV con early, as you get a nose for these things. What I suspected is what the guy in the video has now proved, eight months later, with smoking gun evidence.

When JMULV recently went to Sopot, it’s rather harder to find hookers there so his quality took a rapid nosedive and suddenly he’s posting pics of fiercely ugly Tinder chubbies. Somehow all the PUA clowns in Poland were taking him at his word, that he’s getting real notches with hotties. Astonishing.

From the very beginning it was obvious from his statistics that he’s a fraud. To take him at his word you’d have to believe he’s the greatest seducer of women who ever lived. This fat useless fuckwit.



Anyway, watch the video. Though I knew he was a fake, this guy has actually done the work and accumulated the evidence. So, he deserves the credit for the expose. And he’s absolutely right when he says we should have no mercy for these con-men who spit in the face of real PUAs who spent years of hard work learning their craft and getting real results.

My question is this: Will you morons ever learn? Will those of you aboard the JMULV bangwagon ***[1]*** take this opportunity to ask yourself a few questions:

- Why did I fall for this obvious scam?
- Why did I so desperately want JMULV to be legit?
- Why did I ignore all the red flags even though respected members of the community ***[2]*** had pointed them out very clearly?
- Why did I get passive-aggressive in defending him, accusing others of being jealous or stupid or close-minded?

- Do I actually have any understanding of Game as a theoretical system, seeing as I failed to apply any of that knowledge to this no-game clown?
- Why am I so keen to jump on the bandwagon of any scammer with a good story?
- Was I just following the herd, when all the other forum and blog nonces said he was legit I was unable to form and stand by my own opinion?
- Should I believe what my eyes show me, or what the internet tells me?

I'd like to think there'll be a time when aspiring players will no longer be such suckers. Let's all learn from this, okay?

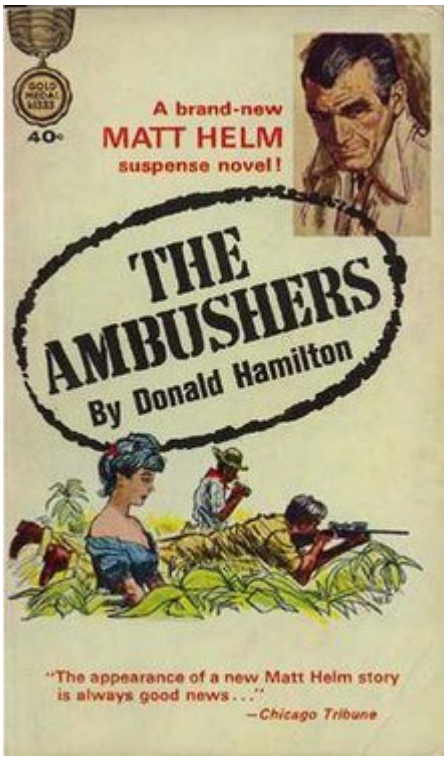
If you'd like to learn game from someone who actually has game, a long history of posting real evidence of his success, and has never hired an actress or hooker to claim as a notch, then try my products here.

[1] Or Christian MacQueen, or Wayne Dating, or (to a lesser extent) RSD etc

[2] That's me

#77 – The Ambushers, Donald Hamilton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 14 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original



It gets hard to think of interesting things to say about a series of books that follows a formula. So, I thought I'd make the formula itself the topic of today's musings. This is the sixth Matt Helm book, *The Ambushers*, and except for a brief Euro Jaunt in book two, the slick cold war assassin has remained in the USA the whole time.

Except this one starts off in the jungle of an unnamed Central American country that isn't Cuba but is meant to make you think of it, particularly the **Bay Of Pigs** fiasco of 1961, a real-life event that occurred just two years before this novel was published. Castro had only been in power four years since Donald Hamilton was writing so the ruination he'd bring to Cuba wasn't fully-formed. You could make a case then that he'd be quickly overthrown by the CIA, rather than his eventual long extended run as dictator ***[1]***, even running the country while dead for a while ***[2]***.

It's funny how things pan out in history and put a completely different complexion on a book that the author couldn't have guessed at the time. We had the Cuban Missile crisis in 1962, a very recent and shocking Cold War standoff where half the world were shitting bricks wondering if we were to be annihilated in nuclear war and civilisation destroyed ***[3]*** and JFK would be assassinated until a couple of months after this novel was published. This book leverages the missile panic.

So, Donald Hamilton was caught in the middle of history, talking about Cuba without realising Castro's son Justin Trudeau would soon lead Canada and surrender it to the globalists. What a Matt Helm plot that would've made. And how much I'd have liked to read that soyboy Canadian traitor getting tortured and killed by Helm.



Daily reminder: Justin is Fidel's son

Anyway, I digress.

Helm is in Costa Verde to assassinate a rebel general who has formed a small army in a jungle stronghold and plans to overthrow the president. He takes him down with a sniper rifle from an overlooking cliff-side while his local militia comrades nip into camp to rescue a female fellow US agent who'd been captured and tortured in a previous failed assassination attempt. She recovers and becomes his partner for the rest of the book. It turns out the rebel general had gotten hold of a small soviet nuclear missile, kinda like a SCUD, from Castro and was about to sell it to a Nazi.



I don't remember this scene in the book

See, this is what's cool about reading books written in 1963. It was just eighteen years after World War II so that set-to was still fresh in readers' minds. It feels distant now but to readers of *The Ambushers*, WWII was as recent to them as the September 11 attack on the World Trade Centre ***[4]*** is to us. This was an era when many high-ranking Nazis had escaped capture and fled to South America, so many spy novels had them creating revenge plots or seeking to reestablish a Fourth Reich.

You see, the Nazi bad guy here was a torturer, murderer, and battle-scarred war veteran. Later in the book Helm is chasing down another escaped Nazi, a mistress of a high-ranking SS camp commandant. Compare this to 2018, where the crimes of Nazis include things such as voting Republican, not using gender-neutral pronouns, and disagreeing with a Jew about anything at all. The Matt Helm Nazis are way cooler. They are proper Nazis ***[5]***



Make Nazis Great Again

Oh, I digressed again.

Helm gets back to the US and is immediately sent out to recover or destroy the missile, by running down the main Nazi in his hidden compound at the Mexican border. He forms an uneasy alliance with two Mossad Nazi hunters chasing the same man. There's the usual betrayal, torture, and then a showdown in a canyon archaeological dig-site where the missile has been transported. I thoroughly enjoyed the book.

So let's return to the formula. I finally figured out the Helm story formula, which always goes like this (more or less):

- Small mission to kill someone goes sideways. Either new information is found (such as here with the missile) or somebody, not necessarily Helm, has fucked up and given the enemy the advantage.
- The enemy is always the Soviets, even if they are fronted by locals. It's kind of like how in the 1940s Basil Rathbone *Sherlock Holmes* movie, the criminal was always the man with the German-accented English.
- Helm's handler Mac cancels Helm's holiday and forces him to go handle the new threat, over Helm's grumbles.
- Helm is assigned or falls in with a female agent of questionable competence and/or moral character who he ends up banging.

- After driving into some small town, usually in the South West, and looking around a bit, Helm deliberately gets himself coshed and captured. It's a ruse to draw the enemy out of hiding.
- Helm manages to extricate himself, usually by the gift of the gab.
- Helm and his partner run down the bad guys at their main lair mostly due to his expert second-guessing of their psychology and careful reasoning process based on what he's learned. In this respect it resembles a hardboiled detective story.
- Events conspire to force Helm to willingly walk into the lion's den again, because he has a cunning plan to reverse it all.
- He kills the bad guys and falls out with the girl. He returns alone to DC to get reamed out by Mac who is secretly pleased with him, despite all the hand-wringing from DC politicians over events they don't have clearance to hear the details of.

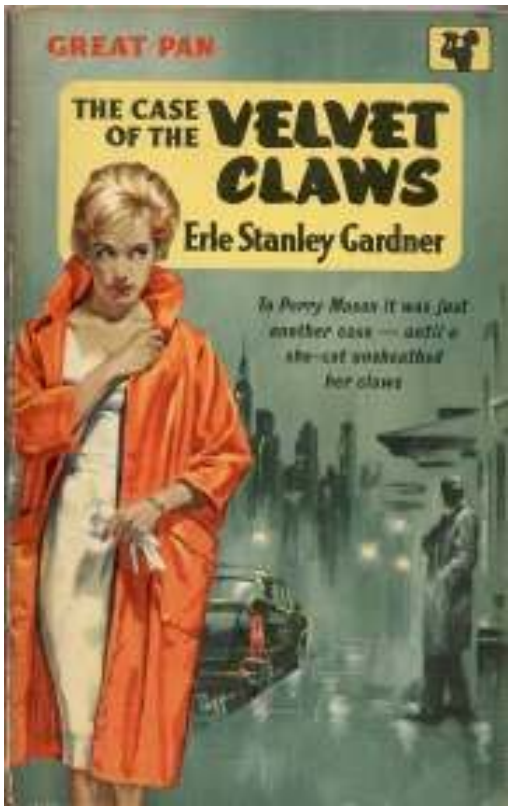
Once a writer strikes a winning formula he tends to keep to it because it makes writing new novels so much easier and the audience likes the familiarity. Speaking personally, I know exactly how these Helm stories are going to go but that's why I read them. I don't spot all the twists and little change-ups, but I'm comforted by knowing at least a couple of commies will be tortured, a silly bint shagged, and a few shifty locals shot.

If you'd like to read a reassuringly familiar tale with the same thing happening over and over again (silly bints getting shagged) then try my memoirs. All my books are available at my product page here.

[1] Which he apparently milked shamelessly to become one of history's all-time players / rapists. That said, I think this article is at JMULV levels of lying.
[2] Because Raul was secretly running it but they hadn't announced his death.
[3] The other half were in India, China, and Africa which at their 1962 level of development, frankly a nuclear blast might not have been noticed as there was no civilisation to destroy.
[4] Sorry, Center.
[5] Sadly not as cool as the old **Wolfenstein** Nazis though. They had occult powers and could summon demons from hell. Makes you wonder why they didn't try that at Kursk or Ardennes and actually win themselves the war.

#78 – The Case of The Velvet Claws, Erle Stanley Gardner BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 14 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I'm a fan of snappy dialogue. It's why I used to read Elmore Leonard adventure stories even though they were incredibly predictable – he was a master of snappy talk. It's a reason why I try to memorise all the one-liners in Raymond Chandler stories so I can appropriate them for myself on dates. Erle Stanley Gardner is another great writer of such scenes and it was his whip-smart back-and-forths which drew my attention in *The Case Of The Velvet Claws*, the first in his long-running Perry Mason stories, written in 1933.

Who is Perry Mason, you ask?

He's a defence attorney in Los Angeles who takes clients in deep trouble, and rather than wait for trial, he goes out like a hardboiled detective and fixes things on the streets. Aside from the sheer quality of Gardner's writing, the main thing separating Mason stories from all the other hardboiled books is how legally smart it is. Mason will cut corners and run bluffs to give his client an edge, but he won't break the law. These stories gain an extra sparkle knowing Mason must beat his adversaries while remaining within the tight constraints of the law. For example, midway through *The Case Of The Velvet Claws*, Mason's client – a scheming blonde bombshell – comes across her husband shot dead in his bathroom. The easy fix is to hide the gun before the cops arrive but Mason refuses to let her do so. His lawyer's mind (and ethics) send his mind running for a different fix.

Anyhow, let's get to the dialogue. I like Gardner because he writes straight-talking dialogue. One thing that never fails to get my goat is scenes in movies and books where two hard-ass professional criminals will talk around a subject. For example, imagine a Mafia capo arranging with his trigger-man to murder a witness. I imagine it would go something like this:

> Capo: You know that loud-mouth Mr Brooks? We don't want him on the witness stand.

> Trigger: Shall I kill him, boss?
> Capo: Yeah, kill him. Then take the body to a Fat Tony's construction site and have it buried in the concrete foundations.

I know from my time in The City that businessmen talk very clearly, specifically, and directly to each other when trying to get things done. I'd imagine successful managers of a criminal enterprise would be equally to the point. But how many times have we seen this next type of dialogue?

> Capo: That loud-mouth witness is gonna squawk. I'd like him taken care of.
> Trigger: Taken care of, boss?
> Capo: Let's just say, when the trial starts I want the DA to be surprised at the no-show of his star witness.

Few things annoy me so much as the "let's just say….." reply to when a character is asked a question. I can't imagine serious people saying that. When your mate's round is up next at the pub and he asks you what you want to drink, do you reply, "let's just say I'd like a cold refresher in a glass, capeesh?" ***[1]*** Both books and movies will often present tense scenes of antagonism between characters in which one tries to get information, and the other uses such evasions and somehow the questioner just accepts the obfuscation.

Ridiculous. I don't mean scenes like the *Reservoir Dogs* or *Pulp Fiction* banter above. I mean when one character evades answering through silly "let's just say…." nonsense and gets away with it.

In the Gardner books much of how Perry Mason's strong frame and tenacity is expressed is through other characters attempting to evade getting pinned down into talking plainly, and then Mason forces them to indeed talk plainly. There's something refreshing about plain-talk ***[2]***. Here are some examples.

Gardner has a lead on a Mr Belter, the shadowy owner of Spicy Bits tattle rag and has driven up to his large mansion to force an interview. He's been let in by the butler and stands in the hallway waiting.

> The butler stepped into the room, and said: "I beg your pardon, but Mr Belter doesn't seem to know you. Could you tell me what it was you wanted to see him about?"
> Mason looked at the man's eyes, and said, shortly, "No."
> The butler waited a moment, thinking that Mason might add to the comment, then, as nothing was said, turned and went back up the stairs. This time he was gone three of four minutes. When he returned, his face was wooden.
> "Please step this way," he said. "Mr. Belter will see you."

That may not seem much but I think it's excellent efficient characterisation. It establishes that Mason is a determined man, not given to over-talking, can read his adversary's mind, and knows how to press a winning hand. Later that afternoon his client comes to visit and she is still hiding something:

> Mason held her eyes with his.
> "What," he insisted, "do you know about Frank Locke?" *[the Spicy Bits editor]*
> She shuddered and dropped her eyes. After an interval, she said, in a tired tone: "Nothing."
> Mason said, impatiently: "Every time you come here, you lie to me. You're one of those baby-faced little liars that always manage to get by by deceit. Just because you're beautiful, you've managed to get by with it. You've deceived every man that ever loved you, every man you ever loved. Now you're in trouble, and you're deceiving me."
> She stared at him with blazing indignation, either natural or assumed.
> "You've no right to talk to me that way!"
> "The hell I haven't," said Mason, grimly.
> They stared at each other for a second or two.

> "It was something down South," she said, meekly…..

This first volume sets out all the tropes that would become fixtures in the Perry Mason series (I've read about a dozen). The sassy interplay between him and his efficient secretary Della Street who is always smart enough to outwit the flatfoots to run an off-the-books errand, the calls to his private eye Paul Drake and Mason always needs the results quick. Mason will always appear to get himself ensnared in his client's problems such that he must go on the lam for a few days and talk to Della in code over the phone, and then usually the big reveal comes in the courtroom when he's defending the client.

It's great stuff.



Ends in the courtroom

It's also obvious Gardner was new to the series and to writing generally, because the first chapter is horrific in its wooden exposition. Look how bad these opening lines are:

> Autumn sun beat against the window.
>
> Perry Mason sat at the big desk. There was about him the attitude of one who is waiting. His face in repose was like the face of a chess player who is studying the board. That face seldom changed expression. Only the eyes changed expression. He gave the impression of being a thinker and a fighter, a man who could work with infinite patience to jockey an adversary into just the right position, and then finish him with one terrific punch.

That's actually an accurate introduction to how Mason works his cases, but it's awful writing. Later books kick off with far more flair. Anyway, Gardner eases into this book by chapter three and by then the writing is drastically improved.

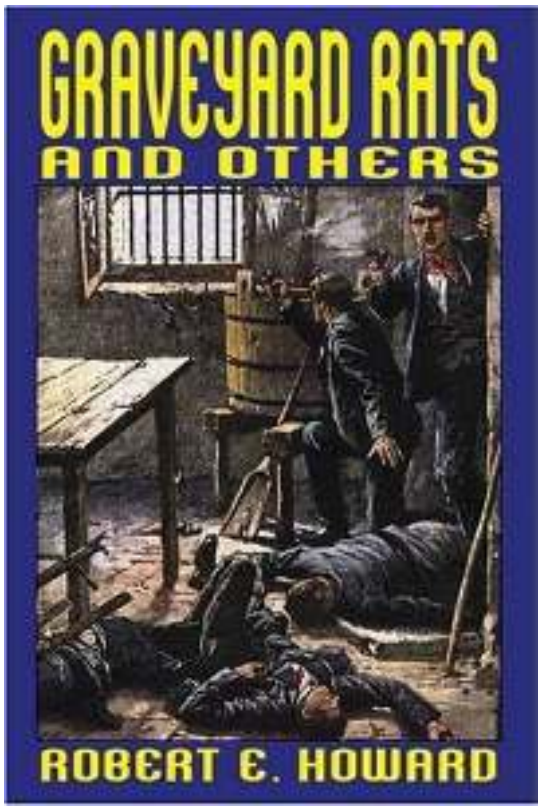
If you'd like snappy dialogue and sassy characters, you'll probably like my memoirs. Look at all my products on this page.

[1] Maybe you do. If so, never ever introduce yourself to me.
[2] Writing it now, it reminds me why I despise RSD so much. They are constantly obfuscating and equivocating on

topics that require straight answers.

#79 – Graveyard Rats, Robert E. Howard BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 16 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I first discovered the writings of my favourite author, Robert E. Howard, by accident. I knew of Conan The Barbarian initially through the choose-your-own-adventure book *Deathtrap Dungeon*. I was just a kid and those **Fighting Fantasy** books fascinated me, building a character to venture through the city of thieves, the caverns of the snow witch, the house of hell and then best of all the Deathtrap Dungeon.

These were the days before *Dark Souls, Tomb Raider,* and *Assassins Creed Origins*. If you wanted to sneak through musty monster-filled dungeons with only your broadsword, provisions and wit to protect you, you had to read those Fighting Fantasy books. I loved 'em.



Before I took an arrow in the knee

One such character in *Deathtrap Dungeon* was a muscular barbarian who looked like Alice Cooper's guitarist. Huge, square-jawed, and a thick black main. He carried a battleaxe and at towards the end of your adventure you had to fight him. I killed the cunt. Smashed the bastard. It wasn't until watching the *Conan The Barbarian* movie a couple of years later (and also its Italian rip-offs such as *Ator The Fighting Eagle*) that I realised there was this original character. My early-teens years then soon turned to comics and the fantastic *Savage Sword Of Conan*, which is now reissued in graphic novel collections.

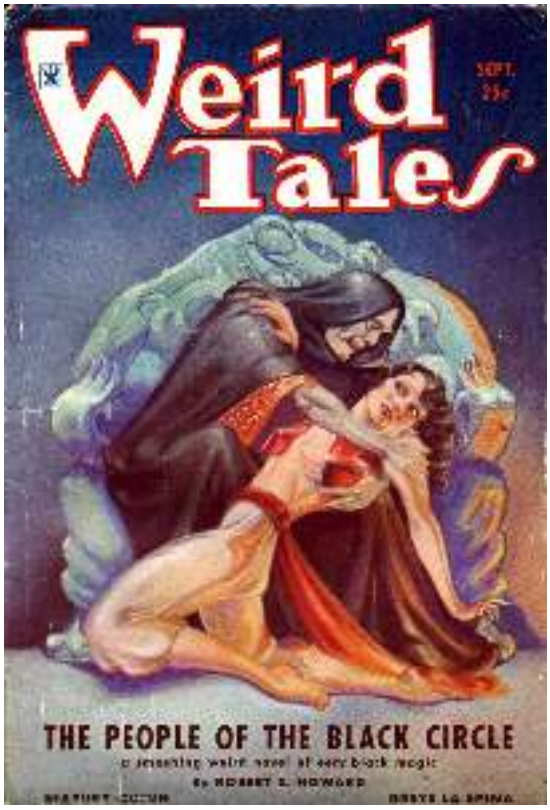

You thought I just made that up, did you?

Fast forward to my late twenties and life in Tokyo, Japan. I found a couple of old Tor Conan paperbacks in an

English language second-hand bookshop in Kichijoji. One written by Karl Edward Wagner and another by **Wheel Of Time** creator Robert Jordan. They were great and I read more. I soon realised these were attempts to recreate the original Conan stories on the 1930s that started it all.

These were, of course, written by Robert E. Howard. As good as the Tor paperbacks were, the REH stories actually pissed all over the imitations from a great height. We're talking a Daygame-Mastery-to-Street-Hustle height. I quickly devoured all of REH's stuff that I could get my hands on and when Wildside Press announced they would release all of REH's Weird Tales stories in a ten-volume collection I started getting them ***[1]***. Wildside also re-released several other collections, of which *Graveyard Rats And Others* is one. So, that brings up to this review.

Howard lived in Cross Plains, Texas and seems to have never left the state. However, he was a voracious reader with a keen imagination so his writings span the globe. He is as comfortable writing historical fiction in Samarkand and Syria as he is cowboy stories in the Western US or Lovercraftian Cthulhu mythos stories on the East coast. He wrote whatever would sell in the 1930s pulp monthlies, writing well over a hundred stories before he topped himself in 1936. ***[2]***



One of my early escalation videos

What holds his writings together, despite the wide-ranging genres, is his unbridled masculinity and the crackling of energy as the stories charge forwards. No-one has ever complained his writing is slow. We see this in *Graveyard Rats And Others*, a collection of six short stories. Here Howard tries his hands at hardboiled detectives, the wild west, swamp-country negroes, and Chinatown masterminds…. all with a brooding dark menace. I enjoyed them all, but perhaps Names In The Black Book was my favourite. It answered a question that has no doubt been playing on my readers' minds for years:

What would happen if the creator of Conan wrote a Fu Manchu story?

Sax Rohmer, creator of the epic rivalry between detective Denis Nayland Smith and the Chinese criminal mastermind Dr Fu Manchu, was a Brit. His Englishness oozes out of every page. So Smith is an honorable agent of His Majesty's government who follows the law in tracking down the scheming mandarin. Many times Smith is aware of Fu Manchu's plans but unable to act through want of evidence to justify arrests. The stories play out like Sherlock Holmes mysteries as the English cop plays cat and mouse with the nefarious slant. Fu Manchu, though

deadly, is an honorable man who never breaks his word and thus frequently lets Smith slip from his grasp if it's required to repay an earlier debt of honor. The stories are also laconic and dripping in atmosphere from the lapping waves of misty London waterfronts to the (also misty) back-alleys and opium dens of Chinatown.

Robert E Howard is having none of that bullshit. None at all.

Names In The Black Book begins with hardboiled detective Steve Harrison invited to a mysterious girl's apartment in River Street, the Chinatown of this unnamed American city. Three immigrants have been murdered ***[3]*** and a note was pushed under the girl's door with their names crossed out and her's and Harrison's next on the list. It would appear Erlik Khan is back.

He's REH's Fu Manchu. He's Mongolian and rather more of a rogue than Rohmer's Chinaman.



It's a sub-genre of its own

The pair call up Khoda Khan, on Afghan assassin who rides the middle line between criminal and honorable man, to protect the dame in her rooms, while Harrison goes off to meet a stool pigeon to get the skinny on Erlik. Things rapidly spiral out of control with attempts to poison the frail's cigarettes, a venomous scorpion introduced under her door, and then an all-out invasion by knife-wielding Mongols that Khoda Khan must repel.

That's rather more action than in a Rohmer story. Just look at how Khoda makes his appearance:

> In any costume it would have been equally evident that there was something wild and untamable about the man. His eyes blazed as no civilised man's ever did, and his sinews were like coiled springs under his coat. Harrison felt much as he would have if a panther had padded into the room, for the moment placid but ready at an instant's notice to go flying into flaming-eyed, red-taloned action.
> "I thought you'd left the country," he said.
> The Afghan smiled, a glimmer of white amidst the dark tangle of his beard.
> "Nay, sahib. That son of a dog I knifed did not die."
> "You're lucky he didn't," commented Harrison. "If you kill him you'll hang, sure."
> "Inshallah," agreed Khoda Khan cheefully. "But it was a matter of izzat – honor. The dog fed me swine's flesh. But no matter. The mensahib called me and I came." ***[4]***

No doubt reading that, you'd rather not mess with him. After a dozen cloven skulls and severed limbs, the Mongols

learn that lesson too.

Meanwhile, Harrison has showed up at Shan Yang's opium den for a rendezvous with his informant Johnny Kleck. He's led through a scene reminiscent of Sax Rohmer's descriptions of Chinatown:

> A characteristic smell pervaded the dense atmosphere, in spite of the reek of dope and unwashed bodies – the dank odor of the river, which hangs over River Street dives or wells up from their floors like the black intangible spirit of the quarter itself. Shan Yang's dive, like many others, was built on the very bank of the river. The back room projected out over the water on rotting piles, at which the black river lapped hungrily.

Lest you think such evocative dark description will give way to Sax Rohmer's patient and peaceful investigations, REH turns it grisly. It's a trap.

> Harrison's big blue pistol jumped into his hand. Johnny Kleck was dead, that grin was a contortion of horror and agony. He was crucified to the wall by skewer-like dagger blades through his wrists and ankle, his ears spiked to the wall to keep his head upright. But that was not what had killed him. The bosom of Johnny's shirt was charred, and there was a round, blackened hole.

Erlik Khan had lured Harrison into an ambush and after a short violent fight, his thugs take the American detective prisoner and carry him off to his lair in a run-down house on a nearby island. Khan enters his prison cell to gloat, monologuing over his plan to assassinate city leaders and replace them with his own bought-off front men. He walks off to attend a ritual sacrifice of the captured girl, but Khoda rescues Harrison and they plan to gatecrash the ceremony. They arrive just as Erlik Khan is gloating over his bound victim:

> "Why?" the girl whimpered bewilderedly.
> "Because I did not wish you to die like a candle blown out in the dark, my beautiful white orchid. I wish you to be fully sane so as to taste to the last dregs the shame and agony of death, subtle and prolonged. For the exquisite, and exquisite death. For the coarse-fibered, the death of an ox, such as I have decreed for your friend Harrison."

Fu Manchu doesn't gloat. He wishes to control the world with the tentacles of his hidden society but he is far from a sadist and seeks no notoriety, nor sexual kicks. By contrast, Erlik Khan is a hot-blooded scumbag who will deserve an equally hot-blooded death. The intrepid pair, Harrison and Khoda burst in and sow mayhem, plunging a knife deep into Erlik's breast. His mongol lackeys then pursue the (now) trio as they escape the building.

Would you get this pulse-pounding action in a Sax Rohmer story? I don't think so:

> The Mongols came on as if they too, were blood-mad. They jammed the door with square snarling faces and squat silk-clad bodies before he could slam it shut. Knives licked at him, and gripping the mace with both hands he wielded it like a flail, working awful havoc among the shapes that strove in the doorway, wedged by the pressure from behind. The lights, the upturned snarling faces that dissolved into crimson ruin beneath his flailing, all swam in a red mist. He was not aware of his individual identity. He was only a man with a club, transported back fifty thousand years, a hairy-breasted, red-eyed primitive, wholly possessed in the crimson instinct for slaughter.
> He felt like howling his incoherent exultation with each swing of his bludgeon that crushed skulls and spattered blood in his face. He did not feel the knives that found him, hardly realising it when the men facing him gave back, daunted at the havoc he was wreaking. He did not close the door then; it was blocked and choked by a ghastly mass of crushed and red-dripping flesh. ***[5]***

Makes you want to do fifty chin-ups doesn't it? I love the muscularity of REH's writing. He manages to squeeze this

stuff into a Chinatown detective story. Imagine what he's like when the subject is Conan of Cimmeria, a brash questing barbarian pitched against sorcerers, bandits, and monsters as he heads off towards Deathtrap Dungeon.

If you'd like pulse-pounding action featuring a strong, muscular, heroic figure then you'll like my four-volume memoir series Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad, Younger Hotter Tighter, and Adventure Sex. Available here.

[1] For reasons that completely escape me, the eighth volume is ludicrously expensive. I have all the others.
[2] Mummy issues.
[3] Usually I'd cheer that kind of thing, but for the purposes of this story it's a bad omen.
[4] Yes, he murdered someone for serving him pork. Muslims have always been a problem for the civilised West.
[5] Don't worry, they were all slants. No white people were hurt.

#80 – The Forty-Five Guardsmen, Alexandre Dumas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 16 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Eighty books! I'm not fucking around am I? Some of them are proper big bastards too, like this one. My goal is to knock off a hundred books this year and, by God, I think I'll do it!



Mayhem in Flanders in latter third of the book

There's something satisfying about closing the final volume of an epic series, having read the whole thing. It feels like an achievement ***[1]***. Alexandre Dumas has given us many reasons to be grateful because he's supplied us with **five** different opportunities to experience the saga-ending book-closing bliss that I just felt.

Naturally, you'll all be aware of the *D'Artagnan Romances*. That's his famous five-volume series of which I reviewed two on this 'umble blog in 2018. For those who missed it, it's the saga that begins with *The Three Musketeers* and ends with *The Man In The Iron Mask*. As much as I also like the cartoon TV adaptation with dogs, the books are far superior. It's among the best of what I've ever read. Everybody in the manosphere knows *The Count Of Monte Cristo* which is a two-volume series but runs very long indeed, considering. I have now just completed my third Dumas saga, *The Last Valois* trilogy, of which this book *The Forty-Five Guardsmen* is the concluding volume ***[2]***.

It's good. It's really really good.



Lots of galloping horses in Dumas stories

The centrepiece of the plot is King Henri's adviser hiring forty-five swordsmen from Gascony and bringing them to the palace to give him a round-the-clock bodyguard (three shifts of fifteen men) of mercenaries who are outside of the Louvre beltway intrigue ***[3]***. They do foil one assassination attempt but despite being granted the title of this volume, they don't actually figure much in the plot.

That plot begins with the Gascons arriving at different gates of Paris incognito on the same morning that a prisoner and would-be assassin is publicly executed. It's done by quartering, something Dumas doesn't sugarcoat. Just before his death, it appears the prisoner will confess and thus implicate King Henri's brother and rival Duc D'Guise but the sudden appearance of a mysterious woman tricks the prisoner, through signs, into remaining silent.

What follows is political manoeuvring between the rivals for the throne. Duc D'Guise and his clan look favoured to win, but the King's other brother Duc D'Anjou is also jostling for succession. Down in the south, Henry of Navarre (lead character in volume one) is also plotting an uprising while feigning being sidetracked by mistresses and booze. Overlaid on this are the solo plans of Chicot the Jester (to protect the King) and his rival Father Borromee, a wise old soldier masquerading as a monk as he militarises the monastery in preparation for an assassination attempt.



Revenge!

Chicot visits Henry Of Navarre as an ambassador of the King and is roped into witnessing Henry's capture of a key fortified town. There is also a romantic subplot as Diana (the Dame of Monsoreau) is acting with her manservant Remy to assassinate Duc D'Anjou in revenge for his cold-blooded murder of Count Bussy in volume two. She is pursued by one of King Henri's court favourites who pedestalises her hard but rescues her following a massive flood in Flanders (itself following a rousing battle scene).

There's so much going on here and once more Dumas masterfully weaves together story threads that have been running wild since volume one. **George R R Martin** could learn a thing or two from that ***[4]***. There are some really memorable scenes which I took for granted while reading (as I read the trilogy back-to-back without dipping into other books) but looking back they really were fantastic writing. For example:

- Chicot visits his friend the monk Gorenflot at the monastery as he sniffs out a military subterfuge but the whole scene is played I-know-that-you-know-that-I-know as each side tries to ferret out what the other knows.
- Henry of Navarre traps Chicot in his base town without ever breaking etiquette or formally calling him prisoner. Instead he has a comical series of attendants "helping" Chicot who never quite finds himself alone.
- There's a thrilling battle scene in Flanders following by an epic deluge, forcing Remy, Diana and the nobleman to flee. It plays out like a disaster movie of a tidal wave hitting the coastline.

Finally the book climaxes with a neat symmetry of vengeance fulfilled, told neatly through the eyes of a distant observer trying to guess the actions of the assassin and victim as the scene plays out subtly. Do you remember the end of Gladiator? After a bombastic movie full of battles, mass fights, and intrigue it all comes to a head one-to-one in the dirt of the Colosseum as Maximus slides a poniard into the throat of Commodus.

It's personal, small-scale, as if they are the only two people in the world. It's like listening to a lute player immediately after a stadium rock concert. *The Forty-Five Guardsmen* ends *The Last Valois* trilogy like that. It's not quite as beautiful as the ending to *The Count Of Monte Cristo* ***[5]*** but it's damn good.

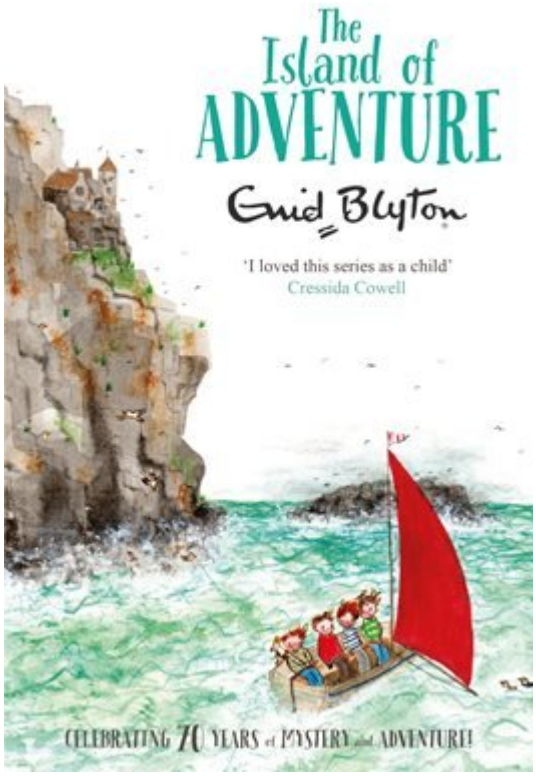
This was an **excellent** series and thoroughly recommended. That said, any inquiring minds who are new to Dumas should begin with TCOMC. That's still the best.

If you like to….. blah blah. Look, just give me your money. I'll send you some really polished, high-quality products in return. You get awesome material, and I get to avoid having a real job. Sounds like a deal? Go here and peruse my products.

[1] Though writing the bloody thing is something more of an achievement.
[2] I still look forward to the three-volume Sainte-Hermine saga and the five-volume Marie Antoinette epic, but those can wait a while. I've had quite enough of the French court for now.
[3] Kind of like Trump bringing in military intelligence, Jeff Sessions, and John Huber as his own praetorian guard while he dismantles the Deep State.
[4] He preferred to disappear up his own arsehole and then let HBO's incompetent writers turn *Game Of Thrones* into a childish cartoon.
[5] Literally the best climax to a story you'll ever read ***[6]***
[6] Not including volume six of D'Krauser Romances, to be released maybe this year.

#81 – The Island Of Adventure, Enid Blyton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 17 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Long before **J K Rowling** wrote the execrable Harry Potter series there was a real queen of children's fiction, **Enid Blyton**. Whereas JKR is a lunatic leftist who frequently lies on Twitter to further global-homo causes, Blyton was a traditionalist wolf who encouraged her readers to support charities ***[1]***. It's clear from reading her books that Blyton was a switched-on proper person, and the proof is that Wikipedia absolutely hates her. Check this out from her Wiki bio:

> Blyton's work became increasingly controversial among literary critics, teachers and parents from the 1950s onwards, because of the alleged unchallenging nature of her writing and the themes of her books, particularly the Noddy series. Some libraries and schools banned her works, which the BBC had refused to broadcast from the 1930s until the 1950s because they were perceived to lack literary merit. Her books have been criticised as being elitist, sexist, racist, xenophobic and at odds with the more liberal environment emerging in post-war Britain, but they have continued to be best-sellers since her death in 1968.

That's the third paragraph of her entry. In contrast, the entry for JKR is all positive and you have to skip all the way to section five to find out she's a leftist, donated £1m to the Labour Party, and wanted Obama and Hillary in the White House. She also campaigned against Brexit. She was also pro homo-sham-marriage. What a cunt.



Not a cunt, yesterday

Blyton has sold over 600 million copies of her books, slightly outdoing JKR's 500 million. I guess just like in Blyton's stories, good triumphs over evil.

I read lots of Enid Blyton when I was a young kid, starting with *The Magic Faraway Tree*. I never really got into her blockbuster Secret Seven and Famous Five series but I did love the Secret Of and the Adventure series. I decided to return to the latter and picked up this *The Island Of Adventure*, the first in the series.

The first thing that struck me was the simplicity of the language. Blyton was originally a teacher and you can see her clarity of word choice in speaking to children. Her sentences are short and vocabulary limited to everyday words. This is probably just as well because *The Island Of Adventure* is a full-length novel so would be rather daunting for the ten year olds its aimed at.

The story is straightforward kids stuff, written in 1944 after years of war privation. A brother and sister, Phillip and Dinah, have been send to cram school in the countryside after falling behind in term time through illness. They meet another brother and sister, Jack and Lucy-Ann ***[2]***, and become firm friends. As the cram school finishes, Phillip invites them down to his guardian Aunt Polly's run-down coastal house Craggy Tops. After a few weeks exploring they find their way to the Island Of Gloom, an inhospitable and barely accessible little isle a mile or two off the coast. There are strange goings on that draws them into adventure.

You'll already know how the story goes because it was Enid Blyton who created all the kid's adventure story tropes we all saw in **Scooby Doo,** and **Jack Black** in Viz. In this case there's the grumpy odd-job man mixed up with a criminal gang, trying to scare the kids away from the island with tales of ghosts. Scooby is replaced by Kiki the parrot who imitates a human voice at most opportune times to get the kids out of tight jams. Ultimately the cops come to the rescue and the criminals acknowledge they'd have gotten away with it if not for the pesky kids.



Jack Black solves a case in Viz comic

So far, so predictable.

What did surprise me on this second reading, thirty or so years after my first reading, is how bleak a picture of English life it paints. Blyton's later Secret Of series had a group of upper-middle class kids who had servants and holidays around the world. In the Adventure series the kids are depressingly working class. And I do mean depressing.

Jack is smart but failing in school because he's obsessed with ornithology and creepy crawlies. His sister Lucy-Ann idolises him and traipses around after him everywhere. She describes her situation to Phillip as follows:

> "Kiki just picked up those sayings of hers – picked them up from our old uncle, who is the crossest old man in the world, I should think. Our mother and father are dead, so Uncle Geoffrey has us in the hols, and doesn't he just hate it! His housekeeper hates us too, so we don't have much of a time, but so long as I have Jack, and so long as Jack has his beloved birds, we are happy enough."

That's pretty rough. No friends, no home, and guardians who hate them. It gets rougher:

> "Our mother and father are both dead," Jack said. "We don't remember them. They were killed in an aeroplane crash. We were sent to live with our only relation, Uncle Geoffrey."…..
> …. Phillip said, "We don't have too grand a time either – but it's better than you and Lucy-Ann have."
> "Are your father and mother dead too?" asked Lucy-Ann, her green eyes staring at Phillip as unblinkingly as a cat's.
> "Our father's dead – and he left no money," said Phillip. "But we've got a mother. She doesn't live with us, though."
> "Why not?" asked Lucy-Ann in surprise.
> "Well, she has a job," said Phillip. "She makes enough money at her job for our schooling and our keep in the hols… She's a very good business woman but we don't see much of her."
> "Is she nice?" asked Jack. Never having had a mother that he could remember, he was always interested in

> other people's. Phillip nodded.

Things come to a head when Phillip receives a letter at school from Dinah, who is back at Aunt Polly's house, hinting at money troubles. So he hatches a plan that the cheque sent by Jack's mum to the cram school teacher Mr Roy to keep her two children there could be given to his Aunt Polly to take on the job. Mr Roy was looking to wriggle out from under the responsibility anyway. Aunt Polly is a sickly tired woman who is always presented in *The Island Of Adventure* as put-upon and about to keel over at any moment. When all four kids show up at Craggy Tops, Aunt Polly initially wants to send Jack and Lucy-Ann back. She calls Mr Roy who tries to fob the kids off onto her.

> There was another pause after Mr Roy told her the sum of money that had been sent. It certainly was a very generous amount. Mrs Sullivan (Aunt Polly) thought quickly. The children would not cost much to keep. She could see that they kept out of (Uncle) Jocelyn's way. That girl Lucy-Ann could help Dinah with the housework. And she would be able to pay off a few bills, which would be a great relief to her.
> Mr Roy waited hopefully at the other end of the wire. He could not bear the thought of having the parrot back again. Jack was bearable. Lucy-Ann was nice – but Kiki was impossible.

So throughout this story the kids are presented as lonely, unwanted, and passed around like a hot potato. Aunt Polly only takes them on because she's paid for it. The family grown-ups barely feature. Aunt Polly occasionally fusses and worries, while Uncle Jocelyn stays locked up in his study pouring over books and doesn't talk to the kids at all. It's a bleak, unloving environment. Naturally, the four kids bond and hang out together – always unsupervised – on a cliff side house with a roaring sea below.

I'm not surprised they go looking for adventure.



The adventure is at the bottom of those ladders

I enjoyed this book but, being kid's stuff, nothing really happens. They discover two secret passages, run rings around the grumpy authority figure Joe, and get excited at a chance to steal a sail boat to visit the island. For kids, this is the adventure. For me, an adult, it's the marking time before the adventure – that never comes. I remember

my imagination running wild when I first read these as a kid, so I put it down to Blyton pitching to her intended audience well rather than any defect in the book. Still, I found it uneventful so I can't recommend it.

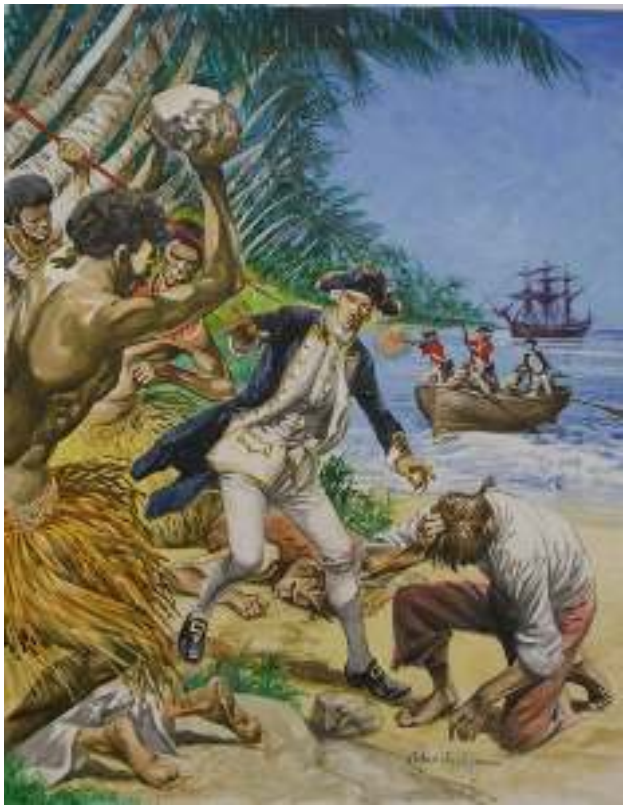
If you'd like to read about a cold, bleak, unloving environment full of mercenary rascals, consider my tales of Chateau RSG in my memoir series. Check out my products here.

[1] Back in the era when charities were charitable and supporting good causes. Now they are evil Marxist agit prop supporting globalism, paedophilia, and mass immigration.
[2] It's rather unrealistic they'd become friends, because Jack and Lucy-Ann are both ginger so I can't see how normal people would have anything to do with them.

Cargo Cult Daygame

krauserpua · 17 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Back in the good old days of Empire, explorers from Europe would sail the high seas and discover savage tribes. Whether it was Columbus headed West or Captain Cook headed East, it was a surprise to both the civilised and uncivilised when the European ships showed up. Sometimes Pocahontas and South Sea sexual hi-jinks ensued. Other times, the poor explorer was chased down by headhunters and found himself in the cooking pot.



I think the headhunters won this round

Happy days.

When civilisation reached the Melanesian islands off the North East coast of Australia, the local savages were rather impressed by the cargo of the white colonialists. Every few weeks a white voodoo man would put a metal piece to his ears and fiddle with dials on his special shaman-board that hissed, fuzzed, and through which he talked to the gods. Hours later a giant metal bird appeared in the sky with a low droning mating call. It would then glide onto the long flat stretch of land the natives had heard whites call an “air strip”. From the belly of this metal bird, the whites would cart off big wooden crates of cargo, a gift from the wind god. Breaking open these crates, the whites would have loads of cool shit to adorn their habitations.

“That’s cool juju” said one savage to another. “Methink me, um, want some cargo.”

So the savages huddled around and tried to figure out how to appease the gods and perhaps nudge them into sending some cargo their way.

“We could sacrifice white man, cut off his head, and offer the skull to the wind god,” suggested one hardy warrior.

“No no, that’s bad juju,” chastised the witch-doctor. “The white man is in favour with the gods, so we must not anger them. We can instead build our own shaman board and call down the cargo.”

So the tribe busied itself creating a replica short-wave radio from bamboo, palm leaves, and rabbit shit. They had a grand ceremony around the camp fire, cut the throat of a goat, and poured it’s blood on the bamboo “radio”. ***[1]*** The

witch-doctor approached the radio and the whole tribe went silent, in tense anticipation. He grasped the dial, put a bamboo replica of the white-man's headset to his ear and called on the gods.



"Unga Bunga" he cried

"Unga bunga! unga bunga munga!" he cried over an over.

An hour passed and no metal bird appeared in the sky. Then a day, then a week. Still no metal bird bearing cargo from the gods. The tribe held another council. This time they determined to clear a landing strip. That didn't work. So they built a bamboo "aeroplane" on it. Still nothing.

The cargo never came, but by now a strange religion had grown up around the practice. This was a cargo cult and every weekend they cried "unga bunga" into the bamboo radio, arranged candles in the bamboo aeroplane model, and sat waiting at their "airstrip". The cargo never came, but the religion was self-propelling now ***[2]***



JMULV launches his first instructional product

There are certain witch-doctor daygame coaches on YouTube whose videos look a lot like grunting "unga bunga" at

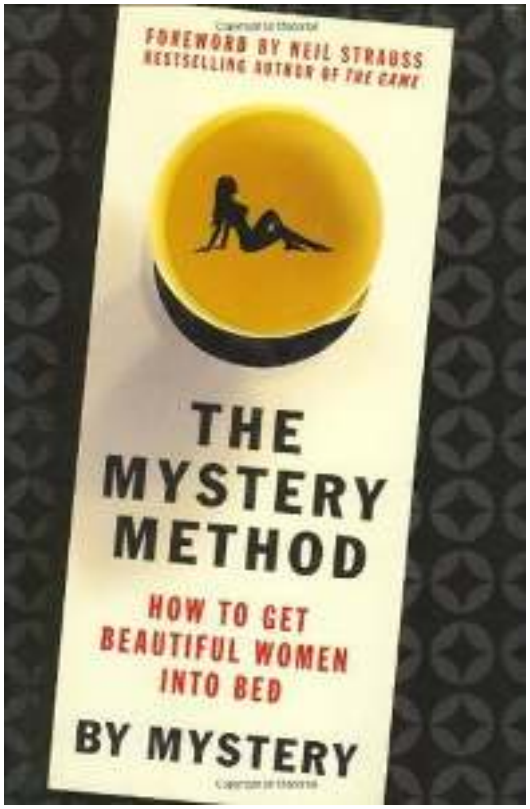
girls and then waiting for the cargo to arrive in the form of numbers, dates and notches. The fact it never does seems not to dent their optimism. I call it **Cargo Cult Daygame**.

So, why this analogy?

The island savages made a reasoning error. The white man receiving his cargo from the sky was the result of a **process** based on science, engineering, and social organisation. The importance of the radio was that it transmitted messages by radio waves, and it worked because it was powered by electricity. The planes flew because of aerodynamics. The cargo was aboard because of a system of economic exchange using money, including abstract constructs such as credit and bank accounts. The goods were cool because they were made in factories.

All of this was unknown to the headhunters. All they saw was a radio operator who they took to be the white shaman, speaking a strange code into a mouthpiece that sounded a bit like “unga bunga.” So, the savages reasoned, the causal mechanism to get cool shit was to screech “unga bunga” into a box-shaped object.

They completely misunderstood the process, and thus completely missed the point.



For God’s sake, just read this

Few daygamers have read *Mystery Method*. It never fails to astonish me. *Mystery Method* is the **foundational** book of Game. It explains what Attraction, Comfort and Seduction are and why they matter. Mystery gives example operationalisations of each, and though his examples are specific to a lunatic narcissist picking up broken women in ratty LA bars, the principles hold true everywhere in the world under every circumstance of pick-up. What we call the **London Daygame Model** is entirely consistent with *Mystery Method*, it’s simply tailored for a different social situation and different type of girl ***[3]***.

Yet how many daygamers actually understand that? Sure, the competent guys do but the legions of incompetent clowns don’t.

Game is an art form that rests upon the shoulders of science. Just like boxing, swimming, or many other competitive sports. There is a theory to it, from which you deduce principles, and then best-practice that you can drill. Yet in so many daygame infields I don’t see any game being done.

I see a man standing in front of a woman, talking. But there’s no game going on. He’s not doing Attraction, nor

Comfort, nor Seduction. He's just chanting "unga bunga" and hoping for cargo to drop out of the sky.



"One more thing before you go…."

It's like watching a man jump into deep water, thrash his arms around uncontrollably, and then shout "I'm swimming" before he drowns. Or a man step into a boxing ring wearing gloves and trunks, put his head down and windmill his arms. Sure, he might claim to be "boxing" but a real boxer drilled in the actual art and science of boxing will just spark him out quickly, like this:

No, that's not a **Natural Lifestyles** infield but it might as well be.

Just because you're standing in front of a girl chatting, ***it does not mean you're doing game***. Even if you somehow get the girl, why would you think it was "game" which got her? People get laid every day without having a trace of game because, ultimately, men and women are designed to mate so if they bounce around randomly in the world long enough something is going to happen.

Game is about achieving results *above* the stupid, the shy, the incompetent, or the deluded. It's about outperforming what nature intended for you by the skilled application of the art form. Just as boxing lets you knock out men better than your natural level, and swimming lets you move through the water better than natural, so it is with game.

If you want to get good at Game you must **learn the Game**. That means studying the books and video instructional material created by people who actually know what they are talking about ***[4]***. Otherwise you're just running around shouting "unga bunga" and hoping for the best.

If you'd like to move away from Cargo Cult daygame and towards proper skills, start with The Mystery Method and then move on to my products listed here.

[1] Yes, I'm rather embellishing the details here.
[2] Unlike the metal plane.
[3] Though you could easily adapt it to better catch broken women if that's your thing.
[4] Sadly, that discounts at least 90% of blogs and YouTube channels

Ask Jimmy #3

krauserpua · 22 September 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This new series seems to have gone down well so I have endeavoured to squeeze more blood from the stone that is Jimmy. The text is all his, and the footnotes are mine.

Qu. Where is the line between working a girl's attraction switches and losing the frame and being a needy pleaser?

This is a question I really like that I saw in the comments of that last post. It's also a debate I had with a coaching client I had a few weekends ago. He really pushed me well on it and I wasn't convinced I had answered well enough to suit him, so seeing this in the comments was like a second chance for me to make my case.

The argument I am getting goes something like this: 'You say you adapted your game depending on the girl's preferences, but aren't you supposed to be a man who is on the path to his true self and not simply trying to please the girl?'

Again, I am no authority, nor am I trying to sell myself as one ***[1]***. I'm just an old dog with a lot of data under my belt and you might be half my age. So, just in my opinion and from what I have experienced I'd say yes to both. Yes you are a man who follows his path, sticks to his guns and knows his own mind and this will be attractive. Faltering from this in front of a target is more often than not going to be seen as a stumble. Changing to suit her (certainly in the early/attraction stages of the courtship) is probably going to be seen as rapport-seeking and possibly even as a show stopper.

But this is more about lying or subduing your true self and misrepresenting your path or important core beliefs. I don't advocate you do that.



I'll hazard a guess this girl is r-selected

I remember once being on a date, I can't remember where or who with, but I remember the moment, that at some

point we got into that discussion about girls taking adequate steps to make sure they don't get attacked or raped. The old analogy 'if you leave your watch on a park bench unguarded for a day, of course it's not right that someone stole it, but you also need to learn to protect yourself more adequately in future'.

Now this idea that a girl 'should be able' to walk in a short skirt through Finsbury Park at midnight on her own and not get attacked is adolescent to the point of dangerous ***[2]***. We should all be able to do a lot of things, but we can't because there are bad people in the world. We need to protect ourselves like responsible adults, not talk like 12 year olds. Of course, you all know this.

And so I made this exact case. And the girl got very angry. She shouted at me about how that was a disgusting attitude and then she claimed her friend got raped and it is never the victim's fault, blah blah blah.

So what did I do? I immediately consulted my copy of **Daygame Mastery** (I take it with me everywhere, especially on dates and job interviews) and I simply stuck to my guns. I don't cow to skirt. I looked her right in the eye and told her sternly (in a Geordie accent I'd picked up from studying **Daygame Overkill**) that I was sorry to hear about her friend but that I don't choose best practices based on highly emotional, subjectively preferential situations. If anyone ever encouraged my daughter or my niece to behave recklessly, they'd be getting a boot up their arse for the danger they would be putting her in. I was of course 100% happy for her to storm off.

Bringing highly emotive personal experiences into political discussions is also one of my core dislikes. I'm not going to bow to it. We've all been in situations where we're desperate and we expect the world to stop turning and come to our aid. When my nephew was ill, my personal belief was that everyone in the country should stop what they were doing and focus 100% on helping him get better, until he got better. Was that doctor walking a bit too slowly? He should be threatened with dismissal. Was that nurse acting a little bit too relaxed? Get him his own personal physician immediately who will take it seriously, hang the expense, the taxpayer can afford it.

In the heat of personal fear and desperation that's what we demand, but it's delusional to think that any of this is in any way sustainable or possible and to ever bring into practice across a population.

I was never going to back down and try to appease her. I'd be betraying what I truly felt and in all honesty, I just didn't want to. I'd rather burn the date than ever have to do that. I've walked away from dates in the past when girls have started hinting at feminist talking points. I've just gotten up and walked out. (It's very satisfying. Try it. Life's too short to try to manage damaged people). They're doing me a favour by letting me know early on what I am getting myself into, so that I can walk away and save myself the hassle.

So anyway, in this particular situation, she calmed right down, looked thoughtful and said that I had a fair point. I guess I got lucky. It could have gone the other way and at times has been. The upside to this behaviour now though is that she knows that when I speak, I speak the truth. I kicked that door right down.

But when I talk about tailoring DHVs or working out who she is and acting accordingly, none of this is a perversion of our deep true selves or a bending of our core masculine beliefs in the face of a mere whimsical feminine shit test. It's just about working out what parts of your complex personality and personal attributes are most appealing to her.

Imagine you're the proprietor of a fish restaurant. You pride yourself on your fish. Meat is for Mop Heads. In fact, that's the name of your restaurant. If a customer came in and demanded a pork chop, you'd throw him out. You're a fish restaurant. It's fish or it's fuck off. What I am talking about is working out if someone is into a healthy eating or not, then when you work that out, you know whether you want to tell him about your fish salad menu, or instead about your deep fried fish menu.



A Mop-Head's fish restaurant

I love my girlfriend and I would never have ended up with her if I'd led the set with a story about how I can't ever return to a certain European country because when I was 20 I got prosecuted for breaking some guy's nose at a party and my defence strategy in court was to simply not show up. Ha ha ha. Bad ass me, right? Yes she knows now, but there's a time and a place for disclosing your flaws. ***[3]***

No I worked out her values, I looked where our values matched and, amongst other things, I led with those.

Now you may disagree (and please feel free to in the comments below, let's get a healthy debate going), but trying to smash down someone who is more 'K' with the same 'r' selected game time after time will, I think, will limit your results. You have to work out what is appealing to this particular girl. Is she attracted to the dark and mean or the silly and playful? Is she bored of the banker and dentists she always meets or does she crave stability? These aren't your core values; it's just some of the many facets of your complex personality, good and bad. Being K doesn't necessarily mean 'beta provider' any more than being r doesn't necessarily mean alpha. You can be a bad boy by smashing some teeth in but for some girls you can hit that switch by simply having a saucy sense of humour.

A few years ago I was dating two girls who were at the opposite sides of this r/K spectrum. One being very 'r' and the other very 'K'. I listened to their attitudes to the same topics to work out their contrasting personal values. For example on the subject of their education:

> 'I'll stay out and drink more; it's the stupid lectures tomorrow anyway, I never go on Fridays!'
>
> 'My parents work hard to pay for me to go to school. To not turn up would be the most I could ever do to disrespect them. I would never do that'.

As you know 'r' means you're probing for things like dysfunction, sloppiness, carelessness, tardiness, carefree, tumultuous family relationships, smoking, drinking, poor future planning, lack of appreciation of others and easy sexual talk. If you're finding this, you've probably got an 'r'.

K is all the opposite. Think of tidiness, clean living, respectfulness, future planning, family values, etc. ***[4]***



“Is this K?”

The point of all this isn’t that ‘K’s take a long time and ‘r’s take a short time to seduce. It’s that you should take the time you need to work out what you’re dealing with and thus choose your bonding conversations accordingly.

There’s a fine line between the rule ‘don’t lie’ and the balancing of your natural ‘r’ and ‘K’ tendencies. That’s another blog post, but for me maybe I was happy to be ‘r’ until I found the girl it was worth being ‘K’ for.

20 years ago I didn’t know what r/K was, but I had an idea. I used to refer to it in my head as ‘the slut spectrum’, which was simply r/K without the scientific understanding. Some girls were fast and loose, some went to church. These different types tended to respond to different behaviours. The fast and loose loved it when I acted like Keith Richards and caused a fuss in the student union, but the non-sluts would think I was a try hard tool if I did this and I would never hear from them again. They liked their bad boy served up to them a little more sophisticated. I’d observe girls, listen to them and ask about the things that would draw out these values. As I sussed them out I’d flick those switches accordingly.

Talk about her family, her father, her attitude to school, work and the future. It will tell you everything you need to know and then you choose your behaviour accordingly. I like to spar with my friends and play rough. I also like to make silly videos with my niece and put them on YouTube (don’t bother lads, you’ll never find them, I’m not that daft).

Here are two different responses you could choose to the same question. ‘What was your best moment this Christmas?’

> ‘I don’t know about best moment but definitely a really good one was when I went into an old bar I used to knock around when I was younger. Roughest bar in town…. back then. Once in there I saw this guy I used to know. Brendan Taylor. There were two of them, the Taylor twins. Proper bad eggs. When we were in our 20s we used to hate to hate each other me and Brendan. We’d knocked the shit out of each other. We had a feud going back to when I’d dated his cousin. One night we both fell through a window in a club and we nearly ended in court. He saw me and for a minute I thought we were going to end up falling out, but we just started laughing. We got talking. We ended up sitting there for an hour and having a laugh’.

> ‘Being in a traffic jam for 6 hours. No seriously, you wouldn’t believe it. It was the car journey on the motorway up to Manchester on the 23rd. I had a train ticket but at the last minute my dad told me he could give me a lift up from London. There was a traffic jam on the way and it took us 6 hours to get home but we just talked about stuff. We had a great talk. My dad’s getting older now and I don’t get to see him much these days so 5 hours is a pot of gold. We stopped off at the services and had dinner. It was really good.’

Both these are stories of things that have happened to me and my selecting one over the other isn’t in any way a betrayal of any of my core values, rapport seeking or even any kind of contradiction. But you could see how they would have different effects on different people. We are all complex characters. We can be tough, we can be cruel, we can be careless, we can be caring, we can be kind, we can be crazy. I want to know what she responds to best and show her those sides of my personality.

If you’d like to ask Jimmy a question, leave it in the comments below and perhaps he’ll answer. If you’d like to ask me a question I can be hired for the small sum of £1,000 per day, payable in two manageable instalments of £500, in advance. If that paltry fee is beyond you, consider my products here, which answer many questions you’d have never thought to even ask.

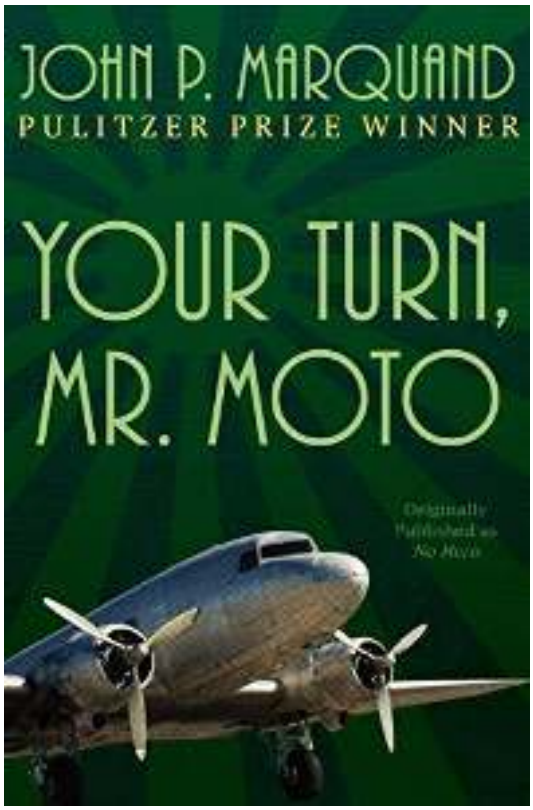


I’ll be collecting these posts into a paperback

[1] That’s what I do.
[2] And this is long before London became a shithole full of imbecile Africans and Arabs.
[3] What is a DHV to one girl may be a DLV to another.
[4] Contrary to the latest working definition of K as “a girl who I failed to shag on the first date.”

#82 – Your Turn Mr Moto, John P Marquand BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 3 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



James Bond before James Bond. Doesn't that sound like a good book? Well, sonny Jim, if you've already been following my reviews of **Dennis Wheatley** you'll be aware he had a lock on the whole dashing English secret agent racket long before **Ian Flemming**'s golden eye turned towards the genre. But what about if the secret agent wasn't on our side? What if he was an adversary, seen only from the outside? That's what we've got with the dastardly Japanese agent Mr Moto. Actually, I've been a bit unfair. He's actually a rather honorable man, this Jap. I'm very, very sorry, Mr Moto. I do hope we can be friends, yes?

Your Turn, Mr. Moto is the first of the long-running series and you can tell that John P Marquand wasn't necessarily banking on it ever getting that far, based on the original title: *No Hero*. That refers not to Mr Moto but to the narrator, one Kenneth C. Lee – K.C. – who is a washed up former flying ace kicking his heels in Tokyo, drinking the bar dry at the Imperial Hotel ***[1]***, until he can begin a trans-Pacific flight sponsored by a tobacco company. The company welshes on him and in a fit of dejected anger, poor Casey decides he's through with America and wants everyone at the bar to know it.

That attracts the attention of Mr Moto, who makes an approach. Casey is hired to take a ship to Shanghai and ascertain if his old buddy Commander James Driscoll has possession of a missing blueprint. Thus is set up a tale of international intrigue as the US, China, Japan and Russia all attempt to locate and take possession of a secret formula to double the efficiency of gasoline, and thus redraw the world's spheres of influence based upon battleship / cruiser's patrol range.



“So very sorry, Mr Moto”

Aside from being a damn good book, this one interested me because it’s written in 1935 and thus four years after Japan’s invasion of Manchuria and six years before Pearl Harbor. Marquand makes it clear what the international tensions are. Japan is a crowded island with few natural resources, and an eye on expansion into China. The US Admiralty worries whether Japan will attack Hawaii, which the USA had only invaded forty years earlier and still hadn’t entirely consolidated. Stuck out in the middle of the Pacific, Hawaii was a permanent aircraft carrier and necessary hopping-off point should Japan wish to attack East, or the US do so to the West. Naturally, we now know how that turned out.

Few things are a surprise in world affairs, so it’s nice to see Marquand lay out the geo-political tensions and history has only confirmed the conjectures he makes. There are also frequent references to the Tokyo 1923 earthquake and the Japanese attempts to experiment with quake-resistant concrete structures. In the meantime all major Japanese cities are tightly-packed wooden structures that everyone knows damn well are vulnerable to firebombs ***[2]*** and thus Japan isn’t happy about China’s growing air force. It sets the scene plausibly for why the missing blueprint is so vital.



How vulnerable? This vulnerable

The narration begins with Casey's last push into nihilism and rootless cosmopolitanism ***[3]*** with the fall-through of the trans-Pacific flight he was banking on for redemption. After agreeing to turn traitor, he has second thoughts and Mr Moto attempts to have him assassinated during his passage to China (he's so very, very sorry about that, you understand). Casey rediscovers his Americanism, goes full-MAGA, and then foils the plans of both China and Japan. It's nicely done.

I enjoyed how Marquand painted 1930s Tokyo because, while not living there myself until 70 years later, it felt just how I'd pictured it – a hybrid between old-Edo and new European fashion. Shanghai is presented as a bustling seething mass of ant-like people and not unlike the Chinatowns of **Fu Manchu** stories. Unlike a James Bond story, Casey is a rank amateur relying on gut instinct and unaware how many pros are protecting him behind the scenes. Mr Moto himself is a savvy agent and a strict professional and the concluding scenes make clear he hold no enmity to the agents in rival powers.

I've read four Mr Moto books now and can absolutely recommend them. They'll especially appeal to ex-pats in Asia who have suffered bouts of anomie and the pull of globalism.

If you're a proud American and also like skirt, check out my new Sigma Wolf bookshop where you can buy full colour editions of all my books, in both soft or hardcover, without having to fuck around with sending me PayPal payments. Sadly, the site cannot yet sell to territories outside the USA.



Looking forward to reading this entry in the series.

[1] Something I once did on a business trip in my pre-game life, as it happens. A lovely hotel.
[2] The USA would confirm this in the 1945 firebombing of Tokyo that killed vastly more civilians than the two atomic bombs did.
[3] Don't worry, he's not a Jew.

#83 – Thank You Jeeves, P.G. Wodehouse BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 3 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I've been watching more of the **Masterclass** video seminar series of late, with a focus on the writing courses. The first, Aaron Sorkin's, was really good and then David Mamet's was helpful too. They were all about screenwriting but now I've finished James Patterson's on how to write popular genre fiction. He's the guy who did all the Alex Cross detective stories that have since become terrible movies. What all three writers had in common was their advice:

Raise the stakes.

All drama involves intention-plus-obstacle, meaning the protagonist has something he needs/wants and drama ensues when he encounters and attempts to overcome the barriers in his way. This is the engine driving the plot ***[1]***. However, the intention cannot be "I want a Mars Bar from the local Paki shop" and the obstacle can't be "but a dropped my last pound coin down the toilet." Sure, there is some drama here – do you put your hand into the bowl of piss to grab the coin, or do you flush first and risk the water sweeping the pound coin away for ever – but the stakes are not high.

What's the worst that could happen?

So, you're supposed to raise the stakes. Perhaps the Mars Bar purchase is just a feint and actually you're part of the English Defence League and the Pakistani store owner may be the only link to a shadowy underage grooming gang who has kidnapped Tommy Robinson's daughter ***[2]***. The stakes are now much higher and the story should be more compelling. What if you can't fish that pound coin out of the toilet and you need to find a different way into the shopkeeper's confidence? Perhaps you decide to confront him directly.

What's the worst that could happen? Well, you could be called racist. The stakes don't come any higher than that, do they?

Anyway, I digress. The point is that it's standard practice in modern genre fiction to raise the stakes. If there's spies, you can bet there's a nuclear bomb about to go off. If it's detectives, the crime will be murder rather than loitering.

If it's soldiers, it's war rather than a drinking competition in a Berlin bar. This is why P.G. Wodehouse's famous Jeeves & Wooster series is quaintly charming – the stakes are always very low.

In the case of the first Jeeves novel, *Thank You Jeeves* ***[3]***, it's all about whether his buddy Chuffy can successfully propose to an American girl without getting a reputation for being awfully forward. Those are the stakes. It takes some polished writing chops to form a compelling novel from that, what?

Wodehouse achieves this primarily through farce. The book is narrated by Bertie Wooster himself, a dim-witted but soft-hearted young aristocrat who pompously clings to etiquette and Eton-style relationships but isn't above bending the rules to help a chum. Wodehouse builds his character subtly through Wooster's odd choices of metaphor, frequent lapses into digression, and his inner monologue identifying what he finds important in any situation. His efforts to aid his friend Chuffy always makes things worse, and his efficient butler Jeeves operates in the background – not unlike a benign **Mr Moto –** to straighten things out and prevent disaster.



Pretty good TV adaptation

It's a lot of fun and it's easy to become embroiled in the silly concerns of the young aristocrat, such as when he blacks up like a negro minstrel to effect escape from a yacht but can't find the butter needed to wipe off the shoe polish and thus must hide from the local village police who are beating the bushes for him. The dialogue is also great, amply describing the relationship between aristocrat and butler without needing to spell it out. Consider this, the very first conversation in chapter one:

> 'Jeeves," I said, "do you know what?"
> "No, sir."
> "Do you know whom I saw last night?"
> "No, sir."
> "J. Washburn Stoker and his daughter, Pauline."
> "Indeed, sir?"
> "They must be over here."
> "It would seem so, sir."
> "Awkward, what?"

> "I can conceive that after what occured in New York it might be distressing for you to encounter Miss Stoker, sir. But I fancy the contingency need scarcely arise."

Also funny is how Wodehouse has Wooster describe his new butler Brinkley. Early in the book Jeeves resigns because he cannot bear Wooster's new habit of playing the banjolele and thus the latter has the agency send a new man, who turns out to be a Leftist ***[4]***. Wodehouse peppers the book with cheerful references to the man's class-opposition to Wooster and how the latter doesn't grasp how serious a revolution may be.

> Like a sheep wandering back to the fold, this blighted Bolshevik had rolled home, twenty-four hours later, plainly stewed to the gills. All the householder awoke in me. I forgot that it was injudicious of me to allow myself to be seen [he's still blacked up]. All I could think of was that this bally Fiver-Year-Planner was smashing up the Wooster home.

Or earlier in the book:

> Outwardly he was all respectfulness, but inwardly you could see that he was a man who was musing on the coming Social Revolution and looked on Bertram as a tyrant and oppressor.
> 'Yes, Brinkley, I shall dine out.'
> He said nothing, merely looking at me as if he were measuring me for my lamp-post.

Wooster wasn't to be knocked from his peace of mind by a blighted Marxist so he persists in giving his instructions to his butler.

> He sighed slightly. All this talk of my going to shows was distressing him. What he really wanted was to see me sprinting down Park Lane with the mob after me with dripping knives.
> 'I shall take the car and drive over there. You can have the evening off.'
> 'Very good, sir,' he moaned.
> I gave it up. The man annoyed me. I hadn't the slightest objection to his spending his time planning massacres for the bourgeoisie, but I was dashed if I could see why he couldn't do it with a bright and cheerful smile. Dismissing him with a gesture, I went round to the garage and got the car out.

I will say that with such low stakes powering the drama this book got a little boring at times, hence I can see what Sorkin, Mamet, and Patterson were getting at. Shifting to accommodate this reduced urgency in plotting, I figured the best way to read a book such as *Thank You, Jeeves* is to read it on a sunny day, sitting in a chair overlooking a pleasant park, and with a tequila sunrise cocktail by the side. Which is what I did.



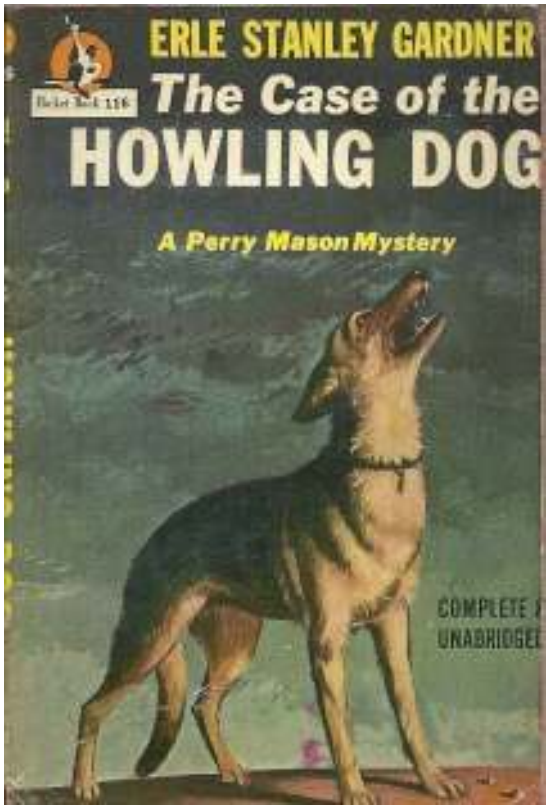
One seeks a little solace from the blasted proles, what?

If you'd like to read books about a dim-witted hero and his competent man-servant you may enjoy the interplay between Nick Krauser and Jimmy Jambone in my series of memoirs available here (USA readers) and here (everyone else).

[1] And why Leo Tolstoy's *War And Peace* is so bloody boring. There's no intention-plus-obstacle. It just meanders along.
[2] Does he have a daughter?
[3] *Thank You Mr Moto* does indeed deal with war and murder. A different world.
[4] In the pre-War sense of supporting trades unions, socialism and Marx, as opposed to the modern sense of being a mentally-ill transexual liar.

#84 – The Case Of The Howling Dog, Erle Stanley Gardner BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 6 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Fans of Sherlock Holmes ***[1]*** are well aware of the dog that didn't bark. It comes in *The Adventure Of The Silver Blaze*, in which a rapscallion stable-lad tries to nobble a race horse before a big event only for the horse to kick him in the face, killing him deader than Hillary ***[2]***. Nobody knows this at first, thinking the lad was attacked by a man, so there's a manhunt on and Sherlock Holmes is called in. There's a key exchange treasured by all us fans in which Holmes explains to us the fact the stable-dog didn't bark during the night of the attack was the key fact. It meant the murderer was known to the dog, and thus likely part of the household.

Erle Stanley Gardner has written this entire book, *The Case Of The Howling Dog*, in homage to that exercise in deductive logic. It starts simply enough. An agitated millionaire, Arthur Cartwright, comes into Perry Mason's office wishing to make a will giving away everything to the wife of the millionaire living next door to him, Clinton Foley, even though he hates him. He swears that Foley has taught his police dog pet to howl in order to drive Cartwright mad. The dog had begun howling the previous night.

I won't spoil the story. It's a really good mystery. It's enough to say that whether the dog howled (or not) is the crux of the matter.



There's both a 1934 movie, and a more recent TV adaptation

The reason Perry Mason is such a good character is how he breaks the usual hard-boiled mode. Make no bones about it, he is of that genre. He isn't solving locked-room puzzles like **Hercule Poirot** nor is he a cop chasing down serial killers like **Alex Cross**. Mason's role in these stories is equivalent to a private eye at odds with the cops, only he's a defence attorney in fact (if not in style). Whereas a **Continental Op** or a **Philip Marlowe** will play fast and loose with the law, Mason does not. It adds a crispness to his manoeuvres.

For example, Mason has his private eye helper Paul Drake put two men on stakeout at Clinton Foley's house as he expects something fishy to happen. Turns out there's a murder and Mason discovers the body when showing up for an pre-arranged appointment. So, there's the question of what Mason should do.

- Call the police immediately?
- Have a look around the murder scene first?
- Slip away and pretend he was never there?
- Confer with the two stakeout men on his man's team?
- Blur the victim's face and claim it as a Same Day Lay on YouTube?

I'm not sure what Philip Marlowe would do ***[3]*** but I'm guessing it would involve breaking the law to cut a break for his client. Mason think a minute then calls Paul Drake to have his two men return to the office and go into hiding. He checks the scene but doesn't tamper with it at all, then after summoning the police he confers with Drake and the men.

Does he discuss it with them? You'd expect so but no he does not. He pumps them for factual information (who came to the house, when, in what taxi etc) and very pointedly does not share any of his thoughts with them and shuts them down when they attempt to pontificate. You see, Mason is thinking like a trial lawyer not a private detective. He knows he's under no legal obligation to let the cops (and eventually prosecution) know his men were witnesses, and because he doesn't tell either men any of what he found inside the house, the men don't even know there was a crime committed to which they could be witnesses (he doesn't mention the dead body). Additionally, in the unlikely event the men are found and testify under oath they can tell the absolute truth without incriminating

themselves, Mason, or his client.

It's rather clever how he operates, and a delight to read.

Regular readers are aware I'm trying to become a good writer ***[4]*** and what fascinates me most about Erle Stanley Gardner is the quality of his plotting. It's oh-so-tight, fantastically complicated, and yet Gardner never gets his threads tangled. His prose is whip-sharp and there's no messing around. Every chapter advances the story and he never needs a sleight of hand to get out of trouble. I read it and think, "I could never invent a plot that good".

Fortunately, I don't need to. The thing about memoirs is that life provides the plot. For now I can polish my skills in prose, dialogue, characterisation, action, scene-setting, pacing and all those other elements of writing. If I ever get good at that stuff, I'll look towards plotting and fiction.



Do not – under ANY circumstances – cultivate an acquaintance with this woman.

One other observation concerns the hard-boiled genre in general. You know those *Murder, She Wrote* TV shows featuring Angela Lansbury? No matter where she goes – a cruise, a ski slope, a village fete – you can guarantee someone is getting murdered. She's a murder magnet and frankly if I ever crossed paths with her I'd run as fast as possible in the opposite direction. Well, I've noticed that in hard-boiled fiction that if you walk into a private eye's office and start telling lies, you're fucked. Someone is gonna bump you off. It's an even more certain route to death than having sex in a horror movie or being close to retirement in a cop movie.

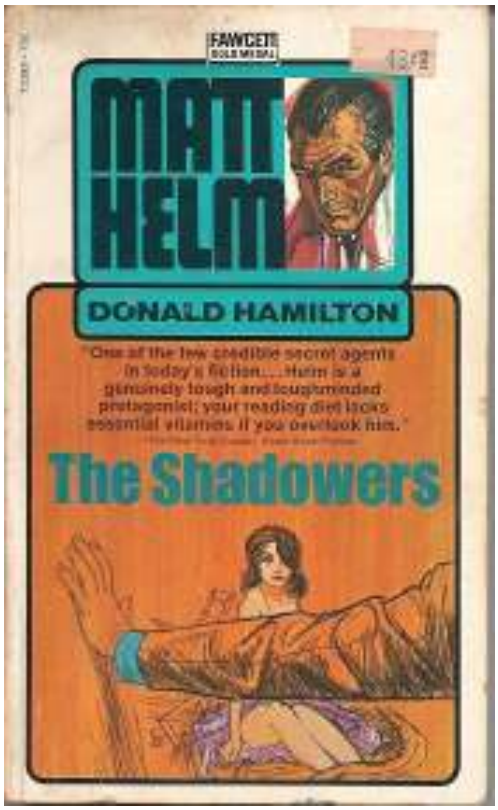
I absolutely recommend this book. Erle Stanley Gardner is *always* good and this is one of his best.

If you live in the USA and would like a cheap, no-fuss way of buying my books in full colour you should have a look at my new sales site here. Sadly, the company cannot yet fulfil orders sent outside the USA. For that, consult my usual products page.

[1] The original stories, and perhaps the 1980s TV adaptation starring Jeremy Brett. Not fans of the gay soyboy global-homo version starring Benedict Clusterfluck and the hobbit.
[2] I expect people to read this post two years from now, so I'm future-proofing it.
[3] I bet you know which Deepak would do from that list.
[4] You could claim I'm more writer than player nowadays.

#85 – The Shadowers, Donald Hamilton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 6 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Not lacking essential vitamins

Another bloody Matt Helm book. I think I could start writing them myself at this point, so familiar am I with the formula. Surprisingly, I've started to realise they are more like murder mysteries than spy thrillers. Jason Bourne this isn't. Whereas the latter is all about double-crosses, triple-crosses, chase scenes and whatnot, these Helm books nearly always come down to a small cast of suspicious characters, one of whom is the Soviet agent doing all the mischief. Helm's primary exertions are always based on smoking out the opposition so as to identify them. Once he does so, killing them is the easy part.

I guess that's the advantage of operating on home ground. He hasn't yet been asked to go behind the Iron Curtain.

Helm doesn't get any rest, I'll tell you that much. I just finished my thirtieth day of residential daygame coaching yesterday and I'm a bit tired by it. It's intensive stuff because I spend all week with a guy ***[1]*** as we go through a high-pressure activity. The client is fully committed and ready to work hard, as am I, so we get a lot done. At the end of each in-field day our legs ache and our brains have melted.

I've done it six times this year and don't for a moment think I'm complaining about being overworked or something. However, six bursts of frantic high pressure activity is rather draining, and that's just chasing skirt. Imagine doing the same six jobs but the subject was Cold War espionage and you were up against highly-trained merciless assassins. That's rather more stressful than having a silly tart give you an eye-roll blowout.

The Shadowers is the seventh Matt Helm book and he's getting all this done in less than four years. I think he should have a word with his shop steward or the ACLU. He might have a case for compensation due to unsafe working environment and excessive hours.

This story begins with Helm on a well-deserved holiday in Florida and it's obvious that if he's paying his hotel room monthly then he's wildly optimistic. His girlfriend has a high-speed night-time car accident, running her coupe off a corner and tumbling down a hill. It looks like an accident ***[2]***. Distraught, Helm asks if there are any jobs going

around that could take his mind off the grief. Yes, there is. His boss Mac sends him off on a counter-intel op. Word is out that a nasty old Jew ***[3]*** – famous for running effective spy networks for the Soviets – has set up a new ring in the USA. The plan is to shadow key employees of the US Government and armed forces so that they can all be murdered in one small window of opportunity, preventing them defending the USA from Soviet attack.

Think of it like this scene in **Breaking Bad**, but with world domination at stake.

So Helm is given a cover identity to marry a key female scientist and he must then spot her Soviet shadows, capture one alive, and get information leading to the current identity and location of this nasty old Jewish spymaster ***[4]***.

As you'd expect, the story proceeds with misdirection, dark manoeuvres, and Helm trying to ascertain just who among a short list of suspects is the Soviet agent. He displays his usual trade craft in second-guessing everyone, setting clever traps, and playing possum when threatened. I really like seeing it. Donald Hamilton has a way of making it all feel real and blindsiding you without cheating. You always get the feeling Helm wins because he's more experienced than the opposition and can out-think them. It's never like **The Destroyer** or **The Executioner** who simply rely upon being faster on the trigger.

It's fair to say that if you've read one Matt Helm book you've read them all. I've done seven in a row now and they are each of about the same quality and same structure. Yet I'm still not tired of them. As soon as I closed this I wanted to move onto number eight in the series. I think I've found my favourite spy series.

If you live in the USA and would like a cheap, no-fuss way of buying my books in full colour you should have a look at my new sales site here. Sadly, the company cannot yet fulfil orders sent outside the USA. For that, consult my usual products page.



"Matt, there's a Jewish agent who has infiltrated the USA and set up a network of young traitors who are working tirelessly to seize control of the US Government to turn it against Americans."

[1] Who has paid me an obscene amount of money that I have to justify by the quality of my coaching.
[2] What, you suspect foul play? Damn, you're good at this espionage racket! Nothing gets past you, buster.
[3] Not Diane Feinstein, or Paul Krugman, or Bernie Sanders. That trio of traitors are much too high-level threats to the USA for a man of Matt Helm's paygrade. Helm assassinates mid-level traitors such as a Ben Shapiro or a Jordan Peterson.

[4] I know, he's better off just posting something on Twitter and then seeing who reports him to the Safety Council.

#86 – Fallen Angel, Michael Avallone BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 7 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I'll admit that in my advancing age I'm starting to struggle with horror and gore. When I was a kid I really didn't give a shit. *Friday 13th*, *Nightmare On Elm Street*…. fuck it, even vile slasher shit like *Maniac*… bring it on! In contrast, about ten years ago I was watching one of the *SAW* sequels ***[1]*** and I found it all so pointlessly bloodthirsty.



It might scare YOU, but I wasn't the slightest bit worried

Who can enjoy this sadistic filth? I asked myself. Evidently large numbers did, as the eight movies made a combined worldwide gross of almost $1 billion, on a combined budget of just $77m, with not one of them grossing less than six times its budget. Consider the similarly-sadistic *Hostel* series was also a smash hit and that makes a lot of very sick individuals going to the cinema.

But then again, when I was fifteen years old I was watching *Cannibal Holocaust* and *The Beast In Heat*, and I turned out to be a very stable genius didn't I?

Thinking about my decreased appetite for horror and carnage over the years ***[2]*** I figured out the key: **empathy**. What is it that creates empathy and why do I have more of it now than thirty years ago? My pet theory involves mirror neurons and warfare. For the latter, I've noticed that all teenagers, deep down, consider themselves to be immortal. It's well known that young men make the most fearless soldiers and I think this is why. Young men are needed to defend the tribe and thus take extraordinary risks that are illogical should they be concerned only with the safe transmission of their own DNA to the next generation. Thus nature has imbued young men with a delusional sense of immortality (to take risks) and a lack of empathy (to mercilessly destroy enemies). It seems to wear off over age, perhaps as we are meant to transition to raising children or watching over grand-kids.

If you thought that was pseudo-science you won't like my next leap of logic.

Empathy comes from mirror neurons and most social mammals have them. Simply put, when you notice a fellow mammal experiencing an emotion, your own matching mirror neurons fire to recreate their emotion in your own

brain. That's what empathy is ***[3]***. Mirror neurons are extremely adaptive to higher primates because they support a Theory Of Mind and better allow you to anticipate the actions of others. It's my conjecture that sociopaths are simply lacking these mirror neurons and that's why they feel disassociated from others. If you can't feel another's pain, you find it easier to attack them.



I'm working my way around to it

Now, assuming I'm right about this ***[4]***, it presents an additional question of why has my empathy increased as I aged? ***[5]*** Is it a natural part of the ageing process, or might it even be a side-effect of the Game and my increased calibration? Could it be that doing thousands of sets and working very hard on calibration has been some kind of neural exercise to strengthen my mirror neurons?

I was watching *Better Call Saul* last week and in it was a hospital scene that suggests a common therapy for stroke patients is to train up undamaged neurons to take up the tasks formerly done by neurons the stroke has damaged. Could it be Game is a similar therapy? ***[6]*** I don't know. I'm just telling you what was on my mind as I read this book, *Fallen Angel*, the first in the short *The Satan Sleuth* series. The book is shit, and I don't recommend it, therefore spoilers ahead.

I downloaded this onto my kindle based entirely on how retarded the cover is, how interesting the narrative hook (a man hunting down Satanists in revenge), and that it was free on Kindle Unlimited. That's a powerful trifecta on a Sunday afternoon when I'm sitting in Plato cafe in 25C sunshine with a couple of hours to kill.



I'm behind the left-most pillar, with my feet up

This is the plot:

Phillip St George is a young heir to a billionaire's fortune who used the opportunity to become a world-renowned explorer, the type of man who "wants to see what is behind the mountain". He marries a Miss America hottie and she's waiting at home in his upstate New York chateau while he's down south investigating the Bermuda Triangle ***[7]***. It's the normal schlock fiction set-up where every man is devastatingly rich and handsome while every girl has shapely legs and big tits. Escapism.

Things pick up when four Satanists invade the chateau, catch Phillip's wife, and then ritually sacrifice her. It's extremely brutal stuff, on a par with *SAW* or *Hostel*. They rape her with a crucifix, slash her torso with a knife, saw her limbs off, then finally chop her head off with an axe and strew the body parts around different rooms. Then they run away and hide in a cave. They evade capture during the one-month manhunt. Phillip is none to happy about this so he decides to become **The Satan Sleuth**, dress as a monk, arm up, and seek revenge. *The Count Of Monte Cristo* this isn't. The revenge takes a week to plot and the four Satanists have the good grace to return to the chateau (unwittingly) so Phillip doesn't even need track them down. He kidnaps one at a time and sets out to break their minds before gruesomely murdering them.

Think of it like Wes Craven's *The Last House On The Left*. It's really rather similar: a quartet of low-life beatniks (three men and a woman) capture a woman, sadistically murder her, then inadvertently stumble into her family, who takes brutal revenge. My guess is the beatnik's murder in *Fallen Angel* is inspired by the Charles Manson 'family' attack on Sharon Tate only a few years earlier. Everyone hated hippies back then ***[8]***

The book isn't well written. It gets the job done but the first third is particularly poor at drawing the reader in. I figured out why. The writer, Michael Avallone, uses the odd prose style of reporting everything long after the event and in mostly passive voice. Take this section as an example, the very first lines of *Fallen Angel*:

> The last letter from his wife, Dorothea, was one that Philip St. George was to carry with him for the rest of his life. It was only a fairly short summons, a romantic plea from a lonely wife eager to see her husband again. As things turned out, the poignant love cry buried somewhere in the racing feminine script was to sound over and over again, like Ravel's Bolero, in the soul of the man who was not with her when disaster and terror and

> horror struck.
> There is little a man can do when something is taken away from him. When he does realise, finally, far too late, just how much that something means to him.

That's not very engaging is it? It's not even a scene. Surely it would've made more sense to locate the reader into a scene as Philip reads the letter? "Philip dropped the telephone receiver and sat heavily in his smoking chair. He fumbled at the whiskey decanter on the table. '*It's your wife, she's been murdered'*. The sergeant's words echoed in his ears and he was only now aware the policeman was still speaking, through the dropped receiver."

Or something.

Everything about this story is overblown titillation. Here's the beginning of the murder scene, the chapter helpfully titled "Overture To Slaughter" just in case you weren't sure of it's principal theme.

> She had lost the precious ability to scream.
> To run, to hide, to vocally escape from the nightmare madness of it all. If she hadn't been so terrified, so paralysed with fright, she might have been able to fight back. To at least halt the horror, block out the ugly reality.
> But it was too late, now.
> The hideous scene had engulfed her.
> For all time.
> Forever.
> They were holding her down, trapping her, doing obscene, awful things to her.
> Tall, monstrous, distorted shadows surrounded her, blotting out the light, the hope, the clear path toward sanity and reason.
> She was overwhelmed, pinned everlasting in a scene from Hell. A poor player impaled between fantasy and commonplace normality

That's a bit over-egged I think. It's also extremely vague as this is how the chapter opens. We don't yet know who she is, where she is, what's going on. Its all abstract and nonsensical. Fortunately the book does pick up eventually and the latter half is written in the present tense and involves people saying and doing things in real time. Sadly, there's no drama or reversal. Philip decides to hunt them down and does exactly that. He's never in any kind of scrape, needs no ingenuity, and frankly doesn't even expose himself to risk. I know that beating up a few spaghetti-armed progressives isn't very challenging (as we see every day on Twitter nowadays) but they should at least put up a bit of a fight to keep the reader entertained.

The one part where the book surprised me was the ending. Having kidnapped all four hippes and tied them up he decides ***not*** to kill them. His cold hatred has burned out, he fears what he'll become, so he instead calls the police. That's actually an interesting way to do it. In a book that promises gore, violence and murder the only actual violence committed in the entire novel is (i) the initial murder and (ii) the hippy leader beating up his girlfriend with his fists. It's amazing how little carnage is here after that early chapter quoted above.

Anyway, it's shite and I don't recommend it. I suppose the fact Michael Avallone wrote 223 books (officially, he claimed a total of 1,000 including those written under pseudonyms) means you can't expect him to spend much time on each.



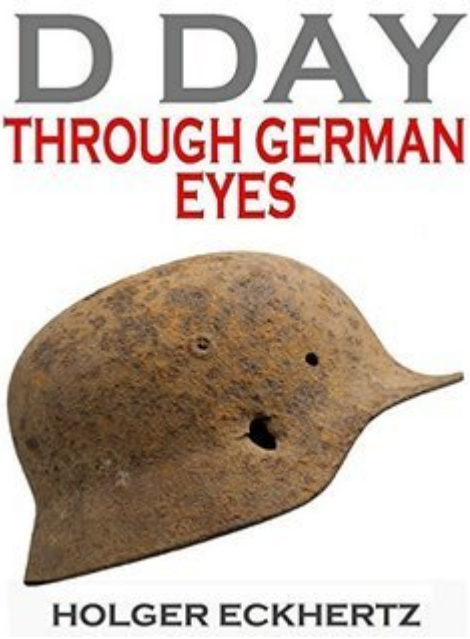
The USA site is online now

What I do recommend is my own series of books available here to readers in the USA and available here to everyone else.

[1] No idea which, as they are so samey as to have blurred into one that I can't see which saw I saw and which scene I seen from a saw I didn't see.
[2] Except for killing globalist traitors. I'd still very much like to see them tortured to death.
[3] I know, it's hard to believe that increased sensitivity to other people's misfortunes may result from excessively active mirror neurons rather than simply "increased faggotry".
[4] I always assume I'm right even when I'm not.
[5] I stress again that, "because you're more of a faggot now" is an unscientific retort and you should know better than to think it.
[6] Unless you're a spammer and thus not training calibration at all, or one of those "circling the drain" black sheep YouTube players who very specifically tries to prevent ever developing empathy.
[7] Basically, he's me but in the 1970s.
[8] Nothing has changed.

#87 – D Day Through German Eyes, Holger Eckhertz BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 8 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



That's a half-assed cover

How many of you dickheads have played *Company Of Heroes*?

I have a strange fascination with the RTS genre in that I always think I want to play them ***[1]*** to the point of resolving "when I get home I'm gonna give it a crack" but then the moment I start I realise I'm all at sea. What actual tactics should I be using? It all degrades into a select-all-then-rush scrum. It would seem I'm just not very good at them.

In contrast, I'm fucking ace at **Advance Wars**. Make the thing turn-based and I'm completely in my element. Since the first *Advance Wars* game was released on the Game Boy Advance I've been a hardcore fan of the series and invested about two hundred hours into each of the four games. It perfectly suited all the long bus, train, and airplane rides I was doing at that point in my life. I could board a plane in Narita Airport, flick on the GBA, and then like magic I'd find myself at Heathrow twelve hours later having been so absorbed as to lose track of time completely.



Quite literally the best game ever made

I really am getting ahead of myself here. Sorry.

The only RTS game I ever completed was *Command And Conquer Generals* and ever since I've dipped into C&C but then dipped back out as I can't fathom any actual tactics ***[2]***. It's unsatisfactory to my precise orderly mind to just cluster my units together in a random attack and then watch me overwhelm the enemy AI with brute force. I heard *Company Of Heroes* was the most tactical of RTSs so I looked into that and got very excited indeed. It looked like a Sven Hassel novel simulator.

Jesus, it looked great! Explosions, tanks, infantry, MG nests, and all done on the Normandy and Eastern fronts. Then….. I got confused and gave up. Right then, that finally gets me to today's book, *D-Day Through German Eyes* (volume 1). This is my second stab at a free Kindle Unlimited book and I'm already seeing why people get so excited about the system.



Wheels Of Terror, the videogame

Vox recently discussed a reader's theory on why e-books are a dying business despite the roaring success of Kindle Unlimited. Read the post here. To summarise, there are increasingly two types of internet-savvy reader. Firstly, the "super readers" who burn through a book or two per day on their e-reading device. These folks are reclusive hermits or spend a lot of time commuting (or skiving) and thus reading is their primary time-filler, where others in a similar situation but of different mind may prefer Netflix or Sudoku. Kindle Unlimited is perfectly pitched at such readers because there's an effectively unlimited amount of reading available for a pittance, all on-demand on their device. I'm only two books into using the service and I'm already a convert. It's really astonishing how much good stuff is on there, not to mention the weird niche trash too.

The second type are the "premium paper" readers who may not read so much but have an emotional identification with books such that they like to own high quality editions of the books they do like. They may even re-read the same book several times. For a long time, this described me. It's quite normal for me to drop $50 for a single volume of a book I really like just for the pleasure of owning it. For example, consider these beauties.



They look even better on my book shelf

I suspect many **Sigma Wolf** customers are the same. It's why I instinctively lavished extreme care upon the quality of the books. Important though the content is, there's a unique pleasure in owning a high quality edition. So now that I travel a lot I find myself switching between both super-reader (while abroad) and premium-paper (while home). Vox's theory is that normal e-books have fallen between the two stools: too expensive for super-readers and too transient for premium paper buyers. I agree.

Anyway, I've gotten well off track. Let's return to *D-Day Through German Eyes*.

This book made me want to play *Company Of Heroes* again. It's a series of five interviews conducted ten years after the end of WWII to give a cross-section of German soldiers posted at the static defences of the Atlantic Wall. Each of Utah, Omaha, Gold, Juno and Sword beaches are represented as are different branches of the Army in a grenadier, an infantry corporal, an engineer, and an artillery second lieutenant. Each man talks through the events of the evening preceding **Operation Overlord** and D-Day itself.

Notable themes are how the German troops speak of 'defending France' and that Nazi propaganda of the time had convinced them that Europe was united by Hitler and defending it from the international bankers of America, the global imperialists of Britain, and the communist hordes of Russia. Frankly, I think they weren't far wrong. Here's an example in chapter three:

> It is overlooked, perhaps forgotten, by almost everyone today that we were there to defend Europe against the multiple threats represented by the Allies. We saw the British as an outdated Imperial force, organised by freemasons, who sought to turn the clock back one hundred years to the days when their word was the law around the world ***[3]***. Why should they be entitled to install their freemason puppet, De Gaulle, in France, to rule as a proxy? The Vichy government had three consistent points in its propaganda regarding the threats to the French people: these were De Gaulle, freemasonry and communism.
> As for the American state, we perceived that as controlled by the forces of international finance and banking ***[4]***, who wished to abolish national governments and have the world run by banks and corporations. And there was the definite sense that both these countries, England and the USA, were being manipulated, controlled, by the Bolsheviks in Moscow. I stress that these were my views, and they were very common views, at the time.

Looking at the collusion between the Hillary campaign and Russia, of China's ownership of much of the Democrat party and Hollywood, of the Jewish control of Wall Street and social media, and the blatant fascism of the Obama administration ***[5]***…… well, not much has changed since 1944. I suppose Iran's control of the Obama presidency is the only new element. I happen to think the Nazis were cunts – socialist cunts – but there were no good guys in World War II and the whole thing was a shit show. Think of how much could've been achieved if instead of slaughtering each other, Europe had banded together and slaughtered Africa or the Middle East instead. We could've won back Constantinople!

Other notable themes are that all the soldiers sensed an invasion was coming that summer but German intelligence couldn't predict exactly when or how it would occur, that Operation Overlord succeeded due to the overwhelming force Allies had against stretched Axis defenders, and that all the Germans report the Allies having total naval and air superiority.

My one qualm with this book is that I suspect it's not an accurate account of the soldiers interviewed. All five veterans present extremely lurid accounts of battle, with limbs flying up from shell-blasts, guts hanging off tree branches, and men stumbling around as flaming torches from flamethrower attacks. It's too gruesome and sensationalist to be believable. These men are describing possibly the most harrowing day of their lives in which they were pounded into submission, failed in their primary task (to repel the invaders), and saw dozens of comrades violently killed. I seriously doubt they'd talk about it like a Sven Hassel action scene.



Chapter 6 was cut because it was deemed slightly unrealistic

So is it all real? Did the editor spice it up with additional description? Were there no veterans at all and the 'interviews' are a creation of the writer's own mind? I have no idea. I'd read this with the same mentality you'd watch a YouTube daygame infield: for entertainment. Assume the creator is lying his ass off.

If you're in the USA and would like some premium-paper editions of my books with full-colour interiors then well, sonny Jim, it's your lucky day. Go to my sales site here and it's all very straight forward. Sadly that service doesn't extend to countries outside the USA, but you can get the latest versions of my books by looking at my product page here.

[1] And to "git gud" at them.
[2] I'm not saying there *aren't* any tactics, just that I can't fathom them.
[3] I'd quite like that, now that I think of it.

[4] Jews.
[5] Actual fascism, in the Mussolini sense of organised collaboration between trades unions and business, with heavy government regulation of the economy, totalitarian state, and a negation of individual liberty, all propped up by outrageous money printing and debt creation.

#88 – Wuthering Heights, Emily Bronte BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 9 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Girls don't half read shite. You've probably heard of the **Bronte sisters**, a trio of Victorian lasses who each wrote classic romances in the early 1800s. I wasn't really sure which of the three to start with ***[1]*** so I asked myself the obvious question: *which one has the best Kate Bush song?*

That would be *Wuthering Heights*, and thus Emily Bronte ***[2]***

My first thoughts on this book were along the lines of oh my god this is so bleak! That's deliberate. Bronte has done a sterling job in aligning all aspects of her writing to reinforce the feeling of a desolate, bleak, wind-swept moor peopled by a small clutch of disagreeable, bleak characters. Every single character in this story is thoroughly unlikable, even Nelly, the main narrator and Bronte's 'voice of reason' within the total insanity created by the rest of the cast. The story goes thus.

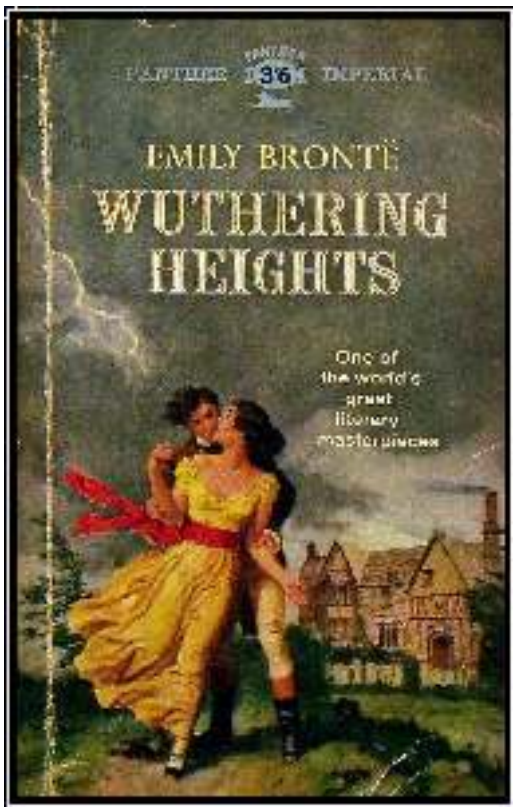
There are two manors next to each other on the windswept Yorkshire moors, Thrushcross Grange and Wuthering Heights. The family of the latter are odd balls, being a young man Hindley and his younger sister Catherine. One day, while on a business trip to Liverpool, their dad picks up a street urchin gypsy that he names Heathcliff ***[3]*** who is Catherine's age. For reasons unknown, the dad makes Heathcliff his favourite and that leads to resentment from his siblings, who bully him, as does the manservant Joseph. Thrushcross Grange is inhabited by the Lintons, of whom there are also a son and daughter, Earl and Isabelle, the same age as the other kids. They also hate Heathcliff.



"Heathcliff, it's me! Cathy! Come home tonight!"

Hindley goes off for a few years and comes back with a wife who then dies in childbirth to a young lad Hareton. Catherine and Heathcliff start playing together and form a budding romance but she ends up marrying Earl because of his vastly superior station in life and Heathcliff runs off for several years. He returns with mysterious wealth, blackmails the now drunkard Hindley by mortgaging Wuthering Heights for gambling debts, and uses his newfound power over the families to elope with and marry Isabelle. She has his child, named Linton, but escapes him. Catherine gives birth to a daughter, also called Catherine, and dies soon after. By this point it's clear she and Heathcliff were desperately in love.

Skip forward about 15 years and the next generation has grown up and Heathcliff has used the intervening years to mope around in Wuthering Heights as a recluse, trying his damndest to ruin everyone's life. His motivation appears to be to take revenge on Hindley by corrupting his son Hareton, and on Earl by ruining his daughter Catherine. For unknown reasons he's also ruining his own estranged son Linton's life too, bringing him back to Wuthering Heights. Around this time, a stranger called Lockwood arrives to rent the now untenanted Thrushcross Grange, and he's the narrator of the first and last few chapters.



Look, it's all a bit complex. Narratively, the book begins with Lockwood's testimony in the present day, and he gets his housekeeper Nelly to give her testimony into events passed, and she sometimes provides a further layer by recalling testimony of Catherine and Isabelle. I'll just summarise the key point:

Everyone is an utter cunt.

Heathcliff is the main villain and justifiably so, being a gypsy. What I can't figure out is (i) why he's doing this all, even though it ruins his own life, and (ii) why he lives on in culture as some kind of romantic bad boy. He's a total chode. Okay, he's dark, ruthless, good-looking and whatnot but his behaviours all smack of oneitis, jealously, zero emotional control, and failing to accomplish anything. He's as good a candidate for 'sexy bad boy' and Walter White is for 'alpha male'. To think that, you'd have to be brainless ***[4]***. He spends his whole young adulthood failing to shag Catherine, then his middle-age pining over her memory. It's a lifelong oneitis.

Catherine herself is also an utter cunt. Though the terms didn't exist back then, Emily Bronte describes her as a character with clear bi-polar disorder and malignant narcissism. The traits are so consistently described that I can only presume Bronte was intimately acquainted with a BPD slut in her own real life. Catherine is constantly toying with others, abusing their politeness, and telling shameless lies, only to fly into rages and then self-pity when busted. It's not clear if she dies for this reason, working herself into a fit, or if it's death due to complications in childbirth. I found the book unclear because it spends several chapters presenting her as bedridden due to hysteria but then in a paragraph slips in that she gave birth without having ever mentioned she was pregnant. Weird.

Even the main narrator Nelly, the closest thing this book has to a normal person, is a bit of a cunt. Several times she could've prevented catastrophe but her own cupidity and cowardice lets others walk into disaster.

Also notable in this book is the depravity and insanity. It's essentially two small households in the middle of nowhere. At no point do scenes take place in the nearby village, much less a city. There's a cloying atmosphere of isolation as these lunatics roam around messing with each other's minds. No-one ever does the sensible thing. For example, Heathcliff is determined to have his sickly young son ***[5]*** married to young Catherine so as to secure her inheritance for himself. Earl is adamantly opposed to this and….. does nothing. He tumbles to the plan before Catherine has developed any affection for Linton but just continues to live on the next manor over, doing nothing about it. He doesn't send her off to boarding school, or into the village, or move house. They just wait like sitting

ducks until events turn Heathcliff's way.

I spent most of this book muttering under my breath, "just tell him to fuck off." Mind you, the book would be only two chapters long in that case so I guess the canon of English literature is fortunate Bronte never considered that as an appropriate response.



This nails the book's mood

Given how isolated the farmhouses are, and how depraved the inhabitants, I'm amazed there are no rape scenes. Several times that would be the obvious way for Heathcliff to achieve his ends. I suspect this is more due to Bronte writing the book in the early 1800s and thus not able to pass censorship. It's not like gypsies ever shy away from rape, kidnapping, and using white girls as sex slaves ***[6]***

If it was Emily Bronte's intention to write a dark romance then I think she failed miserably and her legion of fans through the ages are morons. However, if she instead wished to paint a nightmarish picture of isolated countryside life and the dangers of living as a recluse, she admirably succeeded. I enjoyed this book and finished it in 24 hours.

If you'd like a story about an English bad boy who manipulates pretty young women into bed against their better judgement then consider my memoir series. Readers in the USA should go to my user-friendly site here. Readers in all other countries should go here.

[1] When forced to choose between three girls, I always go for the one with the biggest tits. However, there are no photos of this trio.
[2] I've yet to see anyone but Ms Bush hit the right notes on this song.
[3] A literal gypsy, in all it's connotations of dirty skin, evil soul, and constant thievery.
[4] But remember, it's written for women.
[5] A clear case of the Jungian 'high-chair tyrant'
[6] I have a Romanian ex-girlfriend whose best friend in junior high school was kidnapped by gypsies while walking home, then sold into sex slavery in Italy, and only rescued by her father two years later.

#89 – Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 11 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



If you don't like this cover, you're a faggot

On first picking up this book and taking a look at the title, I assumed it to be the memoir of a Russian prostitute. Imagine my disappointment, then, when upon reading I found it to be just some crusty old medieval fantasy tale written in cack-handed Ye Olde English.

Wait, no. That's not quite right. Let's start again.

It would appear that **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle** has been a naughty boy. Many of you will know him as the author of the Sherlock Holmes detective stories. He also wrote the Sir Nigel knight-errant tales, and the Professor Challenger stories beginning with *The Lost World*. So, that's a rather impressive oeuvre. Or is it?

I'd read all 56 Holmes short stories, 4 novels, and watched countless Basil Rathbone Nazi-hunting wartime movie adaptations before I finally stumbled upon Edgar Allan Poe's *Murders In The Rue Morgue*. I'd heard whispers Poe had invented the entire genre of **Locked Room Puzzle** with this short story but…. fucking hell….. it was like reading a Sherlock Holmes story. Conan Doyle had shamelessly ripped it off. I then read Poe's *The Purloined Letter* and…. fucking hell… that's the blueprint for all the Sherlock Holmes stories featuring espionage.

I'll grant that Conan Doyle's stories are *better* than Poe's, but they are shameless imitations. And yet I can't be the only fool in these fair lands who gives Conan Doyle the creative credit that rightly belongs to Poe ***[1]***.



“It would appear, Watson, to be a story featuring me written before I was born”

You’ll find my review of *Sir Nigel* here and I was greatly impressed by Conan Doyle’s tale of a valiant young knight doing battle with the French during the hundred years war ***[2]***. Now that I’ve read *Ivanhoe* I see where his inspiration came from. It’s rather obvious. Again, I think Conan Doyle brings greater literary mastery to his tale than Sir Walter Scott does to *Ivanhoe* but it’s clear which of the two was the more original writer. Is there anything else Conan Doyle imitated and stole the thunder of? God forbid there are any movies out there featuring an isolated ‘park’ of dinosaurs from a *Lost World* of the Jurassic era. I think that would finish me off.



I’d like it carbon dated, please

On the plus side, it seems Sir Walter Scott was a tremendous influence on most adventure writers. Now that I’ve finally read him I see parallels in Tolkien and the crusader stories of Robert E Howard. It’s hard to believe *Ivanhoe* was written two hundred years ago as it reads fresh today. It took me only three days to plow through the 400-page tome. So, what’s it about?

The backdrop is strife and division in England a hundred years after **The Battle Of Hastings**. Normans still rule as robber barons and the Saxons grumble under their heel. King John has usurped Richard The Lionheart while the later was on the crusades and then held prisoner in Germany. A lone knight turns up incognito to a grand tournament and wins both the joust and melee, under the watchful eye of another incognito warrior, The Black Knight. From there begins a tale of battle and chivalry as Wilfred of Ivanhoe seeks to win the hand of his fair Rowena, Richard seeks to be restored to his throne, while Robin of Lockwood and Cedric Thane skirt the edges of

the succession struggle.



This black knight is a long way from ho-o-o-ome

It reads a lot like a Dumas story if he were an Englishman. Like Dumas, Scott is adept at weaving together plot-lines from multiple characters with overlapping but never-matching interests, in showing the political climes of the day, and springing plot twists that don't feel cheap but totally upend the book's assumed trajectory. It can get overly wordy at times, like Dumas, with paragraphs the size of the page, but it's always hurtling onward. It's the kind of book that makes you want to pick up a sword and buckler and smite some Saracen on the noggin.

From the very first page I had the sense that Sir Walter Scott is an extremely intelligent and well-read man. Genuinely so, unlike a showy bullshitting pseudo-intellectual like Jordan Peterson. It really reminded me of my old maxim that "the Victorians were right about everything" ***[3]*** and that previous generations didn't only have double our modern levels of testosterone but they were smarter too. You can't imagine a millennial capable of reading this even though it was a mass market success in its day. The introduction to this Wordsworth Classics edition goes into a detailed critique that I didn't much care for. Apparently Scott was a bit liberal with the historical chronology to speed up Richard's return to England, he has some anachronisms in the weapons and coinage, and his tendency to overly describe scenes comes from his unfamiliarity with the time period.

Laughably, the introduction finds Scott's treatment of gender roles and race to be troubling. It's basically an Alt-Right book ***[4]***. Men are valorized for bravery and battle, with a chivalric code of honour. Women are domesticated. Importantly, a key theme expressed via Cedric is how the Saxons cannot abide their lands to be overrun by foreign invaders because the two races are fundamentally different. There'll be no race-mixing in this book, thank you very much. One plot-line is that no-one will tolerate their gallants from fraternising with a beautiful Jewish women ***[5]*** and much comedic relief comes from Isaac Of York, and avaricious cowardly Jew who is forever in peril.

I wasn't the least bit troubled.



Isaac of York, yesterday

If you find such gallantry boring and think it would be better to read a memoir including Russians and whores, consider my own KrauserHo! series available here to US residents and here to everybody else.

[1] Never fear, karma has settled that debt to me by all the hustlers who imitate my work without giving credit.
[2] Or Thirty Years War. I forget. Check the review.
[3] The Queen was born one year before this book's publication so it's technically-speaking Victorian but my maxim isn't meant to be that strict.
[4] As was everything back then.
[5] SPOILER – they'd rather burn her at the stake as a sorceress. Good on them!

Nick Krauser Daygame Products

krauserpua · 14 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

This page explains the products I have for sale relating to daygame and seduction. Hopefully it'll help you decide which is appropriate for your position and needs. First, at the high level, there are THREE categories:

Pick-up Textbooks – These explain how to do daygame, with many many examples of what you say and do at each stage of the seduction.
Pick-up Videos – These too explain daygame in detail and you are buying a login to my teaching platform.
Pick-up Memoirs – This series of books tells my story, taking you on the journey of how I learnt game. They are full of field reports, lay reports, and analysis of a player's life. They are highly instructional.



PICK UP TEXTBOOKS

Daygame Mastery – The core textbook of how to pick-up girls from the street, cafes, and any other daytime situation you can conceive. It's a massive 524 pages in full colour and walks you through the daygame model from beginning to end. So it begins with the inner game, to get your mind straight and to battle approach anxiety. Then I explain choosing targets and how to stop girls. It's extremely detailed on the body language, behaviour, and what to say. Then there is extensive text game advice and the full date model. This book is my bestseller and since its release four years ago it has transformed the daygame community. Start here.

I recommend the new second edition. It's full colour, containes 20% addition content over the first edition, and looks nicer. See the video above for a hands-on look. The second edition is available in the big A4 hardback suitable for pride of place on your bookshelf, and also as a small (6″x4″) full colour Pocket paperback suitable for travel, with a subtle cover so no-one knows what you're reading. The content is identical.

Daygame Infinite – This companion textbook to *Daygame Mastery* pushes into advanced territory. Like *Mastery* it

is full colour and a massive 575 pages full of illustrations, demonstration photos, and detailed reproductions of real-life text chats with girls. *Daygame Infinite* focuses on improving your vibe and calibration. It is packed with advice to clear your mind and present yourself as a cool, well-balanced man. There is a massive dating section using transcripts of real-life dates with hot girls, explaining why I'm doing what I'm doing.

Currently in its first edition, it too is available in A4 hardback and the smaller Pocket Edition here. It's best to consider *Mastery* and *Infinite* as volumes 1 and 2 of the same comprehensive work.

Daygame Nitro – This old classic was the first textbook on the London Daygame Model. It is recommended for readers new to daygame, perhaps having only done a hundred sets, or for those used to 'indirect game' wishing to transition to the more ballsy and effective 'direct' style. *Nitro* is much simpler and easier to practice that Mastery and Infinite, though it's the same model. Consider this the introductory book.

Now in it's second edition, *Nitro* is an A4 hardback with B/W interior available here.

PICK UP VIDEOS

Daygame Overkill – This is the core video instructional. It comes in two parts. First is a theoretical seminar explaining the difference between traditional pick-up and the faster, more dynamic 'bad boy' pickup. The second part is the demonstration. There are ten infield videos of me picking up girls. The real sauce is in the analysis. Unlike other 'highlight reel' infield products, *Daygame Overkill* goes into extreme detail explaining exactly what is happening, both in my technique and the girl's response to it. All videos are subtitled so you don't miss a word. After watching *Daygame Overkill*, you'll know exactly how to 'read' a set so you always know how it's going. READ MORE, AND BUY IT HERE.

Black Book – This is a seminar in which I explain intermediate daygame and dating to a crowd of beginners. It has workshop tasks such as how to create unique openers, how to sit on a date, how to smoothly escalate. There is no infield. It's pure theory and workshop demonstration. READ MORE, AND BUY IT HERE.

Womanizers Bible – This seminar covers high level mindset, outlining how a successful seducer thinks of the world and his place within it. It peels back the curtain to what is really going on, on a deep level. I don't cover infield techniques. *Womanizers Bible* is all about the inner game. READ MORE, AND BUY IT HERE.

PICK UP MEMOIR

#1 Balls Deep – This is a story – my story – of why I turned to Game and how I began the seemingly impossible task of transforming from a chubby timid office worker into a charismatic seducer of beautiful women. It begins in 2009 with my divorce, aged 34 years old, and chronicles the next two years by which point I'm a decent player. Currently in it's first edition, available in A5 paperback (full colour interior) here .

#2 A Deplorable Cad – The story continues as I'm living in a 'pick-up' mansion in London with a team of seducers. We travel the world, chase skirt, and get into all kinds of trouble. This volume covers the next two years of my journey. The full colour second edition is available in A5 hardbacks and paperback. There is also a B/W first edition available here, but I strongly recommend the second edition. The text is the same, but the second edition is full colour and has a tidier layout.

#3 Younger Hotter Tighter – It's now 2013 and I'm a full-time skirt-chaser. Follow my adventures as I visit Brazil, Belarus and everywhere in between. This is available only as A5 hardback and paperback, in full colour.

#4 Adventure Sex – The memoir series closes with an account of my most successful year as a player – 2014. We have lay-upon-lay, all described in detail so you can reproduce my technique, and much rumination on how it feels to live a player's life. The second edition is a full-colour A5 hardback or softcover with an updated layout. The first edition is still available here, in B/W, with the same text but the second edition is much nicer.

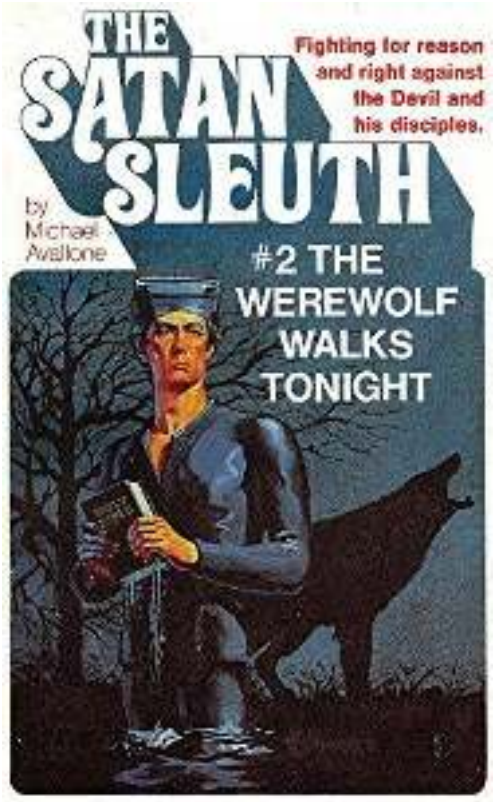
My first editions in B/W are all available on the Lulu bookshop. It's simple to order, but just bear in mind you are not getting the latest versions and I don't offer discounts or 'trade in' on later editions.

I hope this clarifies things.

Nick

#90 -The Werewolf Walks Tonight, Michael Avallone BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 15 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I don't know what possessed me to read this book ***[1]*** seeing as it's the second in a series where the first one was a bit shit, and the series evidently didn't catch on first time around because it ended after the third book. But….. how can I put this? Reading *Fallen Angel* was the literary equivalent of eating a McDonald's cheeseburger or gutter-gaming a gook: a squalid guilty pleasure *precisely* because it was a bit grotty.

I dunno, doesn't Karl Jung talk something about the 'shadow self'? Isn't there a strain in psychology discussing the death wish ***[2]*** and our atavistic tendency towards occasional self-debasement? If I remember correctly, life in the Garden Of Eden was just lovely until Adam decided to eat the forbidden fruit and begin the fall of mankind. Anyway, my point being that my reading trashy books is an expression of a long lineage of self-destructive human behaviour.

That's my excuse and I'm sticking to it.

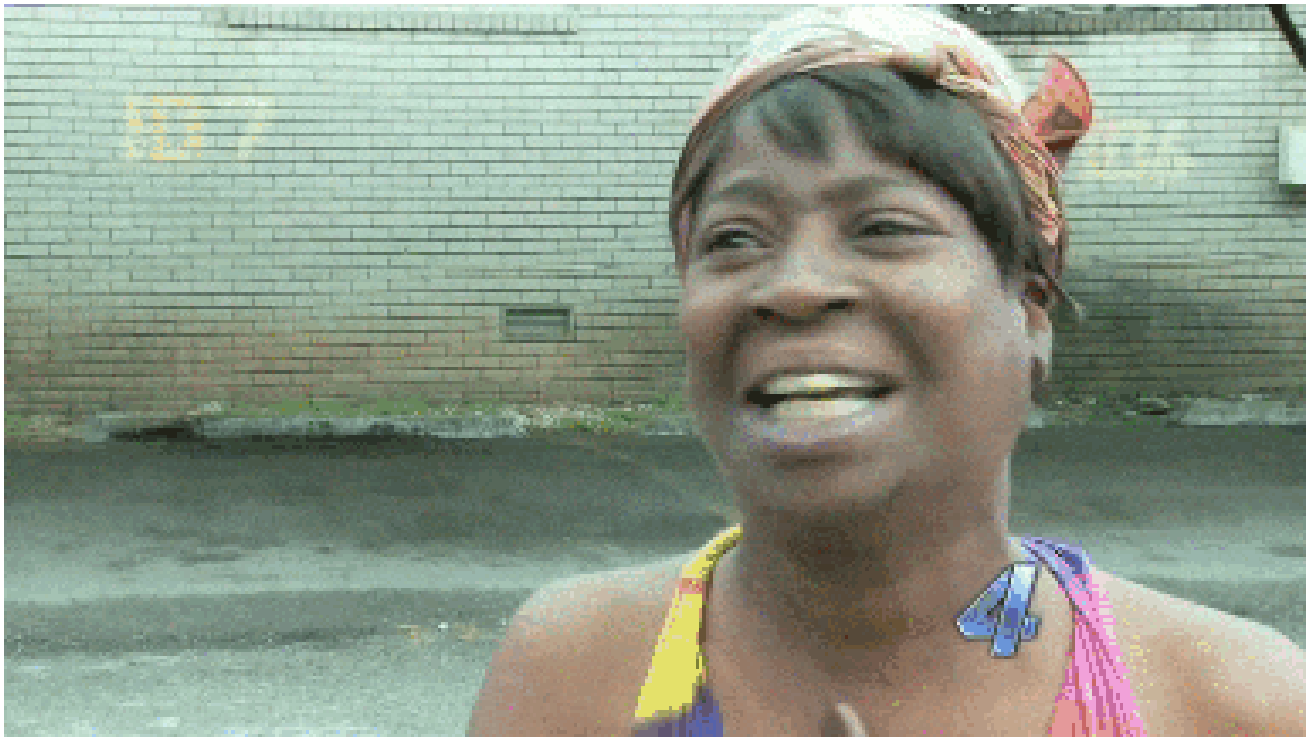
So imagine my surprise when this book turned to be good fun. Yes, *The Werewolf Walks Tonight* was a solid afternoon's read. Not literature, and certainly not award-winning, but fun to read. Authors say you can 'find the book in the writing of it' and I think that's what happened with Michael Avallone in his series. Book one started very clunkily indeed and didn't find its way until halfway through. Book two also starts feebly but picks up much earlier. That got me speculating about the conditions under which Avallone wrote.

I have a writer friend nicknamed Juggernaut due to his resemblance to the Marvel villain ***[3]*** who had the good grace to edit volume three of my memoir *Younger Hotter Tighter*. "It starts unsteady but really hits its stride during the Brazil chapters" he told me. "And your introductions are shit." Should I rewrite it, I asked. "Nah man. Editing is gay. Go on to the next book. Learn by writing."



"We'll split the chapter in half about here"

I absolutely believe writers find their books by writing. Even the fantastically talented **Erle Stanley Gardner** began his Perry Mason series with a couple of clunking chapters. You need time with your characters and precis until you work out how it's meant to hang together. Some writers are perfectionists so they'll write the book and then, having found it, go back to the beginning and rewrite it in the new style. A prolific hack like Michael Avallone ain't got no time for that. He wrote over 220 books and you don't do that by looking backwards, do you Sonny Jim? By the time his editor was checking out chapter one of *Fallen Angel*, he was likely halfway through *The Werewolf Walks Tonight*.



It was really apparent from book one that Avallone doesn't rewrite his books. I suspect his editors had a big polishing job ahead of them. Reading *The Werewolf Walks Tonight* was like watching a boxing rematch – round one is really round thirteen. The guys already know each other, and have already adapted.

The story here concerns a tiny town in the Deep South called Fletcherville. The body of their priest is found in the forest with his throat ripped out, and soon after three more bodies are found. The injuries look inhuman, like the savaging of a wild beast, and word spreads there's a werewolf on the loose. **The Satan Sleuth**, Philip St George, perks up his ears and goes to investigate. What follows is more like a murder mystery than an actioneer and it felt a little like a low-rent Matt Helm story. It's short and doesn't overstay it's welcome. The combined Deep South atmosphere, multiple perspective characters, and supernatural overtones hang together long enough to produce a satisfying conclusion. The pace never drops.

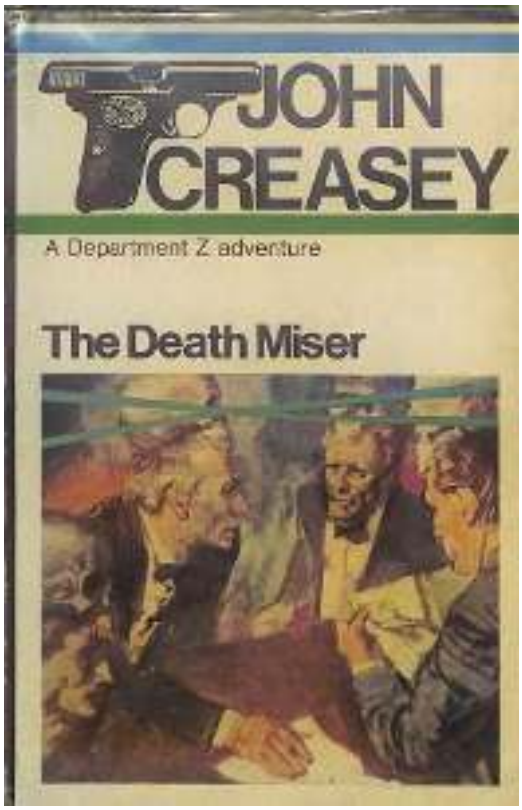
I'm going to give Avallone another chance because I'm starting to think we got off on the wrong foot together with *Fallen Angel*. The guy writes full-blooded and without faggotry, getting straight to the point. Kindle Unlimited showed me he has a thirty-volume hard-boiled detective series so I'm curious to see how he handles different genres. If he's the American **John Creasey**, I'll be all over it.

It appears my books are all on Amazon now, for worldwide sale. They must run an automated script to pick up Ingram distributed books. Anyway, it's good news because you can now get full colour latest editions of my books, hardcover or softcover, and save a packet on postage too. Let me know how the ordering process goes. Customers in the USA are still better off going direct to my Ingram sales page, as you'll get exactly the same thing but faster and at no extra cost. Click here to know what products I'm selling.

[1] Excuse the pun.
[2] No, not the cool movie series.
[3] Friend is perhaps stretching it. More like an acquaintance. Or hanger-on.

#91 – Death Miser, John Creasey BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 16 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Sometimes you need to think hard and search out AMOG opportunities for your friends. Other times, AMOGs present themselves to you. When reading this 1933 book from John Creasey, the first of 28 in the Department Z series, I was elated to discover the main character is a foppish ne'erdowell called Jimmy. The story opens with him visiting his Aunt Gloria at her country home. She's fond of him but wishes he wouldn't waste his life.

> Once again Lady Gloria laughed. This utter absurdity of Jimmy's was infectious; a man who could make a butt for humour of his own habits and discuss his faults with such complete aplomb was surely less of a fool than he looked. Only – Lady Gloria sighed mentally – why did he make himself look such a fool?

You can bet a screencap of that paragraph got sent over WhatsApp. There was something in there to ask Jimmy.

The set up is such that I at first believed this book to be a **James Bond** imitation and it wasn't until I noticed some quaint old language that I suspected it pre-dated Ian Fleming. Department Z is a secret government office run by the secretive Mr Gordon Craigie who is exactly like Mac in the **Matt Helm** books of thirty years later. Jimmy works as agent Number 7 attempting to root out plots against Her Majesty's Government. His frequent trips take him overseas. To maintain secrecy, Jimmy has a cover identity as a dissolute skirt-chasing toff and it's that which concerns his elder relatives (who aren't read into Department Z's existence).

> Telegrams of similar nature had often come to him during the four preceding years, and directly after them he had taken a holiday from England, and spent a week, a month, or even longer in what Colonel Cann [his uncle] described as 'women, wine and perdition'.

In the book he's working for the Secret Service but I did need to ask Jimmy if his euro-jaunting wasn't some kind of cover for espionage. Art imitates life and life imitates art so when Aunt Gloria questions him on his aimlessness, I couldn't help but think these would be words I'd utter myself:

> 'I think,' she said slowly, 'that he would be satisfied if you didn't look quite so…. useless… sometimes.' She eyed her companion squarely, refusing to respond to his laughter. 'You do slide through life, don't you, Jimmy?'

It's lucky *Death Miser* contained such nuggets because it's an otherwise crappy book. That surprised me because I've read a dozen John Creasys before this and they were all good. The answer lies in the date, 1933. It's his third novel and the first two were standalones, making this his first attempt to begin a franchise. He'd written – and I'm not shitting you – a stunning 43 books before the first of his *Inspector West* series, which are my favourite.



Agent Jambone didn't age gracefully

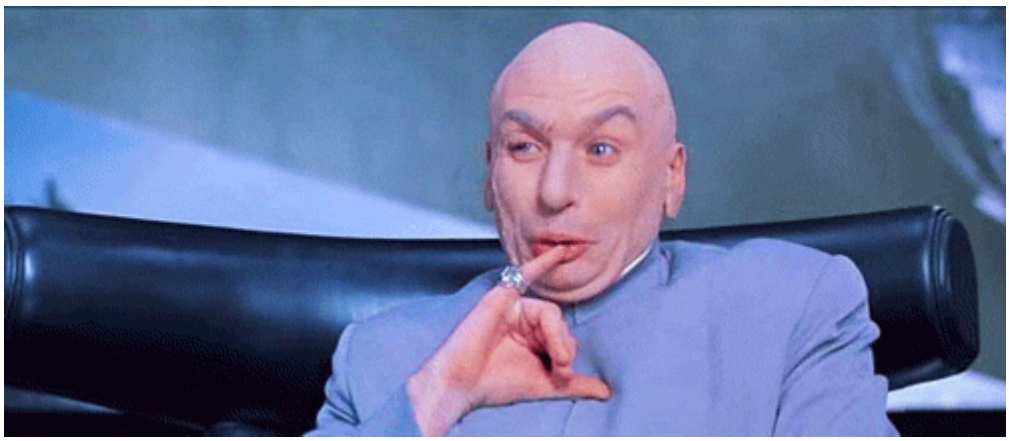
Creasey got *considerably* better at his craft over time, as you may expect.

There's a short interview with his son on the official John Creasey site where he explains his dad used to give himself **five days** to write a novel. That's almost incomprehensibly fast for something that gets legitimately published in the paperback era ***[1]***. Back in those days printing technology severely constrained publishing so paperback authors would literally write to certain page count, based on a multiple of the individual sheaves of papers glued inside the cover. That's why they are all the same size.

Creasey became so confident of his ability that he wouldn't even plot his detective stories. He'd begin with a simple idea, throw in a clue, and then have his fictional detectives solve the mystery for him as he wrote. As the protagonist moved forwards, Creasey would think up – on the spot – the next clue or next twist. He was winging it. I sensed this make-it-up-as-you-go-along plotting when first reading the Inspector West yarns and it gives an air that anything might happen. It feels real because there's the unusual sensation of a genre novel (i.e. plot-driven) that is actually somewhat character driven.

But that was all to come. In 1933's *Death Miser*, it's just shite. Creasey was only 25 years old when it was published and it shows. It's impressive for a young lad who banged out three novels that first year, but by the standards of regular genre fiction its very immature. Half the time I wasn't even sure what was supposed to be happening.

The story is thus. Jimmy is out in the countryside visiting his Aunt Gloria when he gets a telegram from Department Z telling him to put a watch on his next door neighbour Thomas Loder, a suspicious character. It turns out a dozen bad apples are having secret meetings there and the boss wants to know what. He meets a stunning girl who he goes doolally over but the least credible turn is that her dad (and Jimmy's neighbour) is the head of an international criminal network that is about to pull the trigger on a World Revolution.



“reeeeeeeaaally?”

Yeah, they ***just happened*** to set-up their HQ next door to Department Z’s top operative. That’s roughly equivalent to Spectre setting up shop next door to James Bond’s apartment in Sloane Square. You’d have to be 25 years old to write that.

Jimmy blunders his way through a couple of gun-fights, cabaret shows, car chases and showdowns with The Miser (the dad) and it’s dreadfully dull. I dare say that *Fallen Angel* was more skilfully written. So, this book is a load of shit. I don’t recommend it at all. I do, however, absolutely recommend John Creasey’s later work. He’s an accomplished pro by the time *Inspector West* appears.

Speaking of accomplished pros, you might want to check out my books available in the USA here, the rest of the world from Amazon here, and if you want to know more about each book and what it’ll teach you, look at my product summary here.



[1] As opposed to Kindle Direct Publishing where there’s no such quality control and books are often less than half the size.

I'm not dead

krauserpua · 26 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I just realised, tonight while having a drink with an active daygamer, that there is a general impression afoot in the London Daygame Community that Nick Krauser is no longer writing about daygame.

This is not true, though I can ***absolutely*** see why you'd all think that. This blog is one long procession of book reviews with only the occasional daygame post, is it not? So, I can hardly blame inquisitive minds for wondering, *is Nick done with daygame?*

The answer is no, I'm not done. I'm no longer a player, I don't particularly enjoy blogging about daygame right now ***[1]*** and I certainly don't want to see any bloody YouTube infields. But I'm not done. Not done, I TELL YA!!!!!! Let me tell you what I have written about daygame in 2018, while all those book reviews were flooding my blog:

25,000 new words of technical daygame advice for the second edition of *Daygame Mastery,* already published this year ***[2]***
140,000 new words of *Younger Hotter Tighter*, volume 3 of the memoir, already published this year.
140,000 new words of *Little Brown Sex Machines*, volume 6 of the memoir, to be published later this year ***[3]***
200,000 new words of *Balls Deep* second edition, volume 1 of the memoir, to be published later this year ***[4]***

That's FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND WORDS of new content all about DAYGAME that I've written this year. Do you know how much that is? It's **HALF A MILLION WORDS**. Is anyone else writing that much daygame advice and field reports? No, they bloody well are not. It should now be clear why there hasn't been much writing capacity left over for the blog.

But of course, you lads didn't know that. How could you? I hadn't explained it. Sorry about that. I understand this is a sub-optimal state of affairs for those of you who like a daily fix of short ephemeral daygame talk, as I'm packing everything up into big books released only a couple of times a year. It's also sub-optimal for those of you who refuse to pay for anything and want it all for free. I'm not judging you, as I freeload plenty on YouTube myself on other subjects, but naturally you are not the market I care about ***[5]***

So, keen daygamers and enthusiastic voyeurs alike. Keep your eyes peeled because plenty of new content will be dropping towards the arse end of this year. That stuff combined will absolutely blow away – in both quantity and quality – the kind of hastily scrawled blogposts I used to throw up for free a few years ago.

Sit tight. I always deliver on my promises.

If the act of sitting tight has caused you to notice your wallet is uncomfortably fat, perhaps consider lightening it by purchasing one of my fantastic products. Check out this product summary page.



[1] That will change in the next couple of months, I think.
[2] And the new layout was bloody hard work too! There's a reason everyone else's game books look like shit. No-one else is dumb enough to work as hard on them as I am. For fuck's sake, the EXTRA CONTENT added to the main book is more than most people's Game books have in their entirety.
[3] Probably.
[4] Almost certainly, it's the next in the queue.
[5] That doesn't offend you, right? You can see why I'm more interested in satisfying customers who pay me than freeloaders who don't. If not, try writing a 5,000 word book chapter and you'll see just how much work goes into it.

Ask Jimmy #4

krauserpua · 30 October 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Qu. How do I know a girl is serious or just leading things on?

Even the tiny streets leading off Knez Mihailova were bustling. The sun hung overhead slowing the pace of the day as shoppers sloped from door to door and tourists sauntered slowly, doing nothing in particular, taking in the atmosphere of the beautiful old city. In a corner cafe under the shade of a striped red and white awning Krauser sipped at a lukewarm coffee, waffling on about something of seemingly great importance, as I nodded occasionally, imitating a listening person and remembering suddenly why I visit him so seldom. The street that day accommodated several daygamers, I had noticed. I was thinking back trying to remember the first time I'd ever been to Belgrade, with Nick actually. Was it really 7 years ago? There were no daygamers back then, just me and Nick. It seemed a lot busier in general these days than it used to be.



'Does that sound realistic?', he suddenly asked, snapping me back to reality.

'What? Oh yeah! Yeah'. I paused looking for a safe response. 'You're definitely good at that', I chose confidently. It was one of my safest go to phrases whenever he almost caught me not listening. He smiled smugly across a desperate, craggy face, 'I thought so', he beamed as he emphatically planted down his coffee, spilling waves over the sides of his cup, and smiling as he eased back in his seat. 'Yes. My calibration is much sharper than the average person's. Much sharper. Good calibration is better than a million dollars in the bank. I know people who work in banks. And they have a million dollars. And they would love to have calibration like mine. I can tell in seconds if she's just kicking the tyres'.

I nodded slowly to give the impression of being in deep agreement, 'a million' I agreed, not remembering what the figure referred to. I then gazed away as his voice carried on, like a unstoppable relentless grater, gnawing away at the peaceful fabric of the afternoon. 'Kicking the tyres', I mused, as I drifted off again. 'To kick the tyres' is a sales reference, often used in game. Game is sales after all to some degree. No doubt we've all reflected a few times on various examples of how game is similar to a sales job. I recalled how that scene from **Glengarry Glen Ross** always used to get mentioned on pickup forums back in the day. Does it still? I remember once how an old wing of

mine, a great guy we called ‘Blue’, how he re-wrote that scene into a short sketch from a pickup point of view. He did a really expert job, changing all the characters to under-performing pickup artists and the dialogue to pick-up situations with the leader of the crew bemoaning their collective laziness and low standards. We talked about getting a camera and having a go at filming the scene. It probably wouldn’t have been that hard to do and if we had it would have been a great memento to look back on.

But game is close to sales and skirt do kick the tyres, like an indifferent customer passing the time on a forecourt. Pleasing themselves by just seeing what is out there, despite at times having little to no genuine interest in actually buying. We all ‘kick the tyres’, I reflected. Have you ever had the feeling your boss is not paying you what you’re worth? So what you do is you go on some job sites and look at some postings, you may even talk to a few recruiters. You talk to the recruiter and find out that your boss is paying you within a few grand of the market rate, so now, secure in the knowledge that you’re not getting ripped off, you go back to work with a happy feeling in your stomach and no nagging doubts. You can put your feet up and coast for another 6 months. Or maybe you don’t have a boss right now, maybe you’re taking time out and wondering what the market is like in case you want to get back to work any time soon. Maybe a recruiter calls you out of the blue and you talk to them. It doesn’t mean you’re going to go along with it. You just want to ‘kick the tyres’ of the market and if you were the recruiter in this situation, you wouldn’t get too excited, though the door is most certainly to some degree open.

Let’s say a girl has a ‘boyfriend’, whatever that might mean. She’s fairly happy but she is not sold this is the guy for her in the long term or even short term. She thinks she has the goods to shoot a little higher, so she has to manage her hypergamous curiosity. She’s maybe not likely to actually make a move, she just wants to satisfy herself that she’s not missing out. You stopping her in the street while no one is around to report back on her behaviour is like a recruiter calling you on your lunch break. And she wants to know what her market rate is, she wants to know what’s on offer. She may even keep you around for a while to pump for information and validation. Or maybe even while she genuinely makes her purchase decision. We just don’t know.

Yet.

‘Oy… OY’, he snapped impatiently, turning to me with a knowing look, ‘you can see the lower average IQ in these countries can’t you Jimmy’, he said to me, ‘EXCUSE ME’, he bellowed. The waiter whirled round to see Krauser impatiently waving his menu in the air. He looked at me victoriously. ‘I’m gonna have the steak and potatoes’, he declared, as if I were taking the order. ‘I have it every day at the same time’. I knew this already, since we’d been at this cafe every day for the last week, at the same time and he’d always ordered steak and potatoes.



Like this, but hotter

The waiter wheeled over smiling nervously, ‘steak and potatoes?’, he said looking at Nick expectantly.

‘Steak and potatoes’, I said, as I leant back in my chair. Pumping you for validation she is. She is playing a balancing game of keeping you baited enough to hang around but not give so much that she has to hand in her notice and take the risk. It’s very likely that the value you have shown so far is not clearly higher enough than what she already has, for her to make any kind of move or purchase decision. Or she just loves the validation and attention. Either way she wants to sit in the grey area of deniable ‘light flirting’ and she is in no hurry to get out of it. You’re basically getting a ‘no’, ‘this is unlikely’ or a ‘maybe’. You just have to understand this so you can deal with it.

I had a few tricks up my sleeve in my time, to get her down off that fence and into the ‘Rodeo del Jimbo’. I smiled at the images flickering across the ‘memories movie screen’ in my mind. It turned out to be opportune moment to smile as Nick had seemingly just slipped some kind of a clever joke into whatever he was saying and it really looked like I was listening. It was a freebie. Those moments are gold, ‘it’s bought me another few minutes before I have to think up another response signal to give to this idiot’, I thought.

I shifted in my seat and leant back as if to say ‘go ahead, tell me all about it’.

‘How do you filter intentions?’, I thought, secretly.

I bet by now some guys have figured out some amazing techniques. Far beyond the rudely drawn gambits of the early guys like me. I asked myself ‘what, if asked, would I contribute to the conversation’?

Increase my value/build comfort

This is the obvious one. Jimmy, while she’s still kicking tyres, you simply haven’t made your case enough, so you still have some work to do. Now’s not the time to be too worried about if she fancies me or not, now is the time to build value and comfort. How to do this is obviously a big topic for another day. I can’t really talk about it under this heading. But your job as a pick up artist, as someone with ‘game’, is to take a girl from a negative or an indifferent position, to a positive one. And you do that with attraction and comfort. Tyre kickers are fine to some extent, as they’re giving you at least a chance, time and space on the ball, to work your magic. That’s a positive. I

think that's the correct starting attitude from which to attack this subject.

And a reminder here, the **Mystery Method** tells us: Game is played in 'Comfort'. Comfort is a stage of the seduction process (it often takes place on dates). Just get the fuckers onto dates and then see to what extent you really have any game. Getting a number on the street or an iDate is a great skill, but it's only a small part of game, it's just the initial cold call. The real salesmen are the field sales guys who can consistently build value and comfort in the field. It's not the appointment bookers. Appointment bookers work hard to prove themselves so that they can then become field sales guys. In game you have 'approach coaches' vying to become coaches.

It's worth at this point differentiating between 'date' and 'text game' situations. In terms of text game situations, I see the real problem being elsewhere. Trying to save poor in field work with good text game is like smoking 100 a day and then trying to beat the cancer with a really great alkalising diet. Since as long as I can remember I've had people tell me that their game is 'really good' but 'Jimmy, my text game needs work'. I always know what's coming next. I watch them in set and then see their texts and hey ho, it's not their texts, it's their sets. They're not as 'really good' as they think they are. They build minimal attraction and get a number based on momentum. The girl seems happy (and she is, in the moment), but really she's just had a surprising fun conversation with a stranger and she gives her number based on the energy of the moment and the promise of a source of validation, there's nothing really supporting it much beyond that. That's OK though, not many of us, myself included, are as good as we think we are.

'Apart from me', Krauser yelled at me. I sat bolt upright, startled. Almost dropping my coffee, caught between my daydream and reality and for an uncomfortable moment, my blood ran cold, *he's managed to master an actual mind reading routine*, I gasped to myself.

I can't let this lunatic loose with this kind of power.

I looked at him through narrowed eyes, *I'm going to have to kill him*, I resolved.

'I was the only one NOT qualifying Jimmy, the other chodes were standing around giving her as much validation as she wanted. A proper chode crystal. I was disgusted'.

I breathed out in relief. 'It's a mad world!, I sympathized. Write that line down lads. Anytime some fool complains about something that exasperates them, 'it's a mad world' is a beauty. Placates them immediately. Try it.

I saw his lips moving and he continued to tell his story. The sounds of the street once again muffled as, nodding and making eye contact, I sank back into my thoughts.

So I've got a tyre kicker on a date and I'm appropriately managing the attraction process. So what next?



Far outside the grey area

Stay outside of that grey area

If she's happy sitting in the safety of the 'this could be a date/not quite a date' grey area, then you're most decidedly not. And you want her out of it as soon as it's appropriate. If you've had a crack at building attraction and getting a little rapport going, then you need to draw her into that 'this 'aint just friends' vibe. The good news is, such forthrightness is an attraction builder. Staying in the grey area is an attraction destroyer. If you have done what you think is necessary, made your case to a reasonable degree, sometimes you just have to make a do or die call.

Going back to the sales comparison, I remembered being scared of a 'no' when I was a kid. I was 21 and wasting a lot of time as I worked several forms of sales jobs on my way up through to account management then project management. Again in sales, there's a similar kind of scenario where the young salesperson is fearful of hearing the word 'no'. Not being flush with choice, when the young salesman gets what looks like a good lead, he wants to keep it there. The hope and promise of a sale in the midst of his unimpressive pipeline means he's happy to keep calling the client and putting off the point of sale, accepting the ever continuing excuses and delays of the client. 'We're VERY interested, this dovetails perfectly into our plans, call back after our board meeting next month', they'll say. The novice then enthusiastically taps the information into his CRM record and lives off the promise for the next month. That way, he believes, he gets to keep the promise and maybe something will happen and he'll get the sale one day. He doesn't want to push too hard and lose the little that he does have.

Then one day you just realise that getting a 'no' is actually very valuable and completely painless. It's not only a big 'so what', it's what the big boys actually do on purpose. You want to get your 'no' as soon as possible so that you're not chasing around wasting time on people who have no genuine intention of buying. You want 10 leads and you want to filter out the obvious fake ones as soon as possible.

But here's a bit of a difference between sales and game. In a similar way game really begins in comfort, sales really starts when you hear your first 'no'. You try to find out what the objection is and deal with it and only if it's insurmountable or the cost reward isn't worth is, you move on. It's a bit different in game as you have to react with indifference to these 'no' moments, but still handle them. You can't come across like you're selling, as that's chasey and low value. You have to come across easy come easy go, like a mutually interested peer, and make her chase.

A refusal doesn't necessarily mean forever either, it can just mean 'not yet'. You've just got to understand you're getting a 'no', so you know 'I'm currently in turndown territory' rather than 'this is going great'.

In game we want to remind her this is romantic and put her in situations where she can't box us in the friend zone. With tyre kickers, you've got to be willing to make your intentions clear and get the matter out in the open.

Escalating towards an obvious sexual frame is an example of how to keep things on the right track. This doesn't have to be outrageous dirty talk, just man woman/frame references. You can turn it up or tone it down according to how turned off the target is. A pretty safe one I'd say on dates I'd say things like, 'see if we had kids (eye contact when you say this), with my brain and your body… and also my body… (then I'd look away wistfully) and my tenacity, and my ability to learn new skills quickly… our kids would be incredible'. It's clearly a daft joke, but it gently draws you in the romantic circle. NB: I'm not saying you tell girls you're actually up for having kids with them. It's a silly, unlikely future projection story that they don't take seriously.

There are various possible reactions:

If she is ***laughing along*** at things like this, you can assume you're making headway. It's great escalation.

If she ***expresses mild discomfort*** or ***is unenthusiastic about the subject***, you can tell there's some kind of blocker, but she's not willing to burn the set.

If she ***gets uppity or angry***, great. You just got a pretty firm 'no' and an insight into the fact she might not be all that much fun to be around. You can now get to work dealing with it, or decide it's just not worth it. But at least you're in control and you're not allowing her to put you in the friend zone.

You see this is the thing. If the set goes down in flames, the novice thinks he's a failure at game. Like the salesman wanting to keep a 'non lead' alive for the illusion of success. It's the seasoned swordsman who is willing to crash and burn. He gets that it's sometimes the necessary play. Don't do it needlessly, obviously, but don't be the guy who's just endlessly happy to keep the flame alive.

I suddenly became aware of an awful sucking and smacking sound, I looked in alarm up expecting to see some strange bulbous jelly like space creature engaged in some form of cleansing ritual, but I calmed down when I saw it was just Krauser eating noisily. 'It's all there on his blog', he assured me, 'the whole affair was really sordid, typical of the Democrats', he declared.

'Pft', I breathed out through my teeth, 'has this kind of thing happened before then…'

'Well back in the Reagan era', he began… I leant back further in my chair again.

'What else was there', I thought. We've accepted that indifference is just an expected art of game. We've agreed that we can handle it by managing a romantic frame.

Apart from progressive escalation, how else do we check it's working?

Filter for investment

This is a big one and it serves two purposes in that firstly, it gauges genuine interest and secondly, it actually builds attraction. The idea behind investment as an attraction builder works in a few ways. Firstly it assumes the expectation that someone must be willing to invest in order to spend time with you, which is high value behaviour and high value behaviour build attraction. It builds a kind of faux bond, a thin kind of loyalty in the early stages in the same way a non refundable deposit does on theatre tickets. It's makes you much more likely to show up.

Again back to sales. In the early days of running bootcamps, we did them totally free. We were so drunk on fun, we actually paid for the costs out of our pocket and never asked a penny. It went on for about 6 months. We'd average around 7 students booked for a weekend, but 2 or 3 would drop out and we'd end up with 5. That would leave us heavy handed on the trainers side but at first we didn't care as we were in it for the fun, though after a while, we realised it was a bit disrespectful and expensive for us. Especially when at times 7 trainers might turn up ad end up

supporting 3 students.

We resolved it by charging either a non refundable, or refundable, deposit, I don't recall. But the idea was, you lose the money if you no show. The amount was minor and it didn't even cover our travel costs, let alone our room rental. I guess it was about £20. It was indeed minor but the result was incredible. Sign ups decreased very slightly, but dropouts decreased to zero. I honestly don't have the figures but I guess we ended up with a dependable 4 to 5 students a weekend.

This is all from memory, but I've seen evidence of this being the case across several industries. It's pretty basic. It's likely three things had occurred when we did this.

1 – We were demonstrating we were more than a bunch of jokers by having the confidence to ask money. We were still the basement boys but our time wasn't a joke. When the resource is of value, you're more likely to go.

2 – Once you're £20 in you find it hard to walk away and write the money off. Even if it's raining or your big toe hurts. When you have skin in the game, you're more likely to go.

3 – Sign ups decreased slightly. We'd likely simply filtered out a lot of time wasters just at this step. The ones who were never going to be serious dropped out the minute there was an investment asked of them. I never had to spend time logging their names or tapping their numbers into my phone and calling them on the night to ask how far away they were. The truth is, they were never a yes. I saved myself a massive ball ache, just by demanding investment.

The insecure guy and the insecure salesman thinks 'if I ask investment I'll scare people away'. The underlying belief is 'because I am not worth it'. Poison. Kick that little voice in your head right in the balls.

For most skirt it not necessary, but take a hard look if you think you're having your waffles frozen. How invested is she? Does she turn up? On time? If she is happy to be flakey and let you down then you're probably not that important to her. If a girl really likes a guy, everything else takes a back seat. General persistent flakiness, last minute cancellations or worse, requests to change plans, there are all signs of low investment and low seriousness. That's not to say if she asks to change the time or the location you bawl her out. I've had girls who were always late, BUT, were always fully engaged in the conversation, the texts and keen to keep meeting. They were just poor at time-keeping.

No, it's a general thing. When does she take time to meet you and is she willing to put herself out slightly for you?

It's up to you to filter the signs of tyre kicking early and deal with them, either by demanding investment or slowly slipping it in there with minor compliance tests. But if it's not there after a while, don't paddle about after her like a puppy.



Nick & Jimmy practice tyre kicking

Tyre kickers are difficult because if you get 10 of them, 7 are going nowhere, which means you've got to lose 7 leads that you really, really want and it's a hard promise to surrender. But remember, it's good for the frame to be the chooser. Be the man who is the chooser. In order to be this guy, you're going to have to burn a few sets in your time.

Let me ask you a question, have you ever told a hot girl 'thanks, you're a nice girl, but you're not for me' and walked

away. I have many times. I have regretted it pretty much every single time, but man it's good for the frame. You lose a lay on Monday to be a much tougher customer a year from now.

I remember one night, long, long before game, I was out with some of the football lads in a crappy night club in Wimbledon. Now this is a 100% true story, as they all are, and if I lie even slightly, let my favourite football club be plagued by a decade long losing streak. There were two hot, blonde Kiwi girls on the dancefloor in this club, mercilessly tooling every man who came near them. They stood out a mile because they were hot, blonde, confident and there were two of them. At the time I'd have said 9s. I have no idea now, but we can safely assume 8s. We were all pretty drunk and we stood around them in a circle, while one by one these girls went round the circle and danced with each guy in turn for about 10 seconds before coldly flicking them off with a laugh and turning to the next. It was a conveyor belt. Every single guy fell for it every single time. I was disgusted. I wised up after it happened twice. I watched it all unfold and kept expecting the guys to wise up long before it got to be my turn. Not a single one did, the fucking mop heads. I was amazed they could be so fucking feckless.

So when one of them came to grab me, I firmly grabbed her arms and and gently and dominantly, pushed them off me and said in her ear, 'thanks, you're a lovely girl, but I'm married'. I pulled back, looked in her eyes and smiled. 'Go and dance with that guy', I said.

I loved it. My frame changed forever.

I actually dated the girl for a while. That story ended up with her chasing me. But that's by the by. However, comically with that girl, I had a big problem in that I had to keep pretending to be married! I couldn't, pre game, see a way to get out of the impossible lie I'd created for myself. Now I realise I could have just said to her on the first date, 'I don't have a wife you dingbat, I said that because you were being a prick tease and I don't fall for it. Now stop being wet, we're going for a drink'.

I was so stupid I had to manage this wife. I had a fake wife! It made the whole thing impossible. I had to keep inventing things about this fake wife, Emma. I gave the wife a name (of an ex). I had to. I had a wife, she had to have a name. She had to have a name, she was my wife. The relationship ended in a really weird way as well, but that's another story for another time.

There was another girl at uni, a Welsh girl, Sianne or something. She was fucking blinding hot. I once walked past her door in her dorm and no shit the post it notes from guys were about 40 deep. She had absolutely no interest in me whatsoever. It was never going to happen and I was savvy enough to know it. The other guys harboured wild hopes. One night when she tried to tool me like a puppy dog, I was ready for it. I threw her hands off me and said 'Hey, don't go putting your paws on me love. Look you're a ice grl, but you're not my type OK?'

I knew I was throwing nothing away. And maybe she did. But what could she say in front of everyone. I just became the only guy in town to ever blow Sianne out. And I did it publicly. People talked about that. It helped me get other girls.

There's a lot to be said for saying, 'you know what, on balance, I don't know, but I just get the feeling this one is prick tease, I'm just going to squish it out in style and move on. 'Listen, I think you're a really… nice.. girl and I think you'll be great for someone else'.

'And that's why my workout routine is far superior to his', he gloated. He was obviously onto his fitness regime now. It was apparent I hadn't said much of anything for at least half an hour too and he was now looking at me expectantly. 'Does he know?' I thought. I had a red alert situation going on here. If I was to get back to my thoughts on sales and game and girls kicking tyres, I had to think fast. Fortunately years of dealing with him has honed my skills and I launched a dynamite gambit I call the 'half agree'. It goes like this, if I just keep nodding, he'll realise I am not listening. If I disagree too much, he'll press me for a full explanation, which takes a lot of focus and pulls me away from my thoughts. So I came up, years ago, with the 'half agree', it goes like this:

'His routine isn't bad though is it, it's pretty impressive'.

Top level Krauser management. He takes the bait every time. I look like I'm listening and I give him a real bone to chew on. 'He'll be positioning himself above this poor sod, whoever he is talking about, for half an hour now', I cackled to myself, 'I've just bought myself half a bloody hour, I've enough time to do my 'Burnley winning the Champions League' daydream'.

As his lips continued to move, the floodlights of the San Siro filled my mind and the players lined up. The football world had been stunned by the story of how this plucky little town team in england had defied the odds and somehow got this final.

I smiled broadly and leant back… even further… in my chair. People say I'm so laid back I'm practically horizontal.

Jimmy has his own blog here which somebody somewhere might possibly have an interest in. If you feel like easy the burden of your wealth, consider my products here.

#92 – Devil, Devil, Michael Avallone BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 2 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



If you choose books according to their covers…

I'm a pretty tolerant forgiving sort of person. Just the other day, Jimmy said to me, "Nick, you're a pretty tolerant forgiving sort of person" ***[1]***. There are few things in the world I'm as tolerant of as dopey adventure writers when I'm in the midst of a reading binge. It's all about the **abundance mentality** and its ugly sister, the **scarcity mentality**.

Any good player knows about that. When you're not getting laid, you can get thirsty for skirt. Sex is an appetite like any other, but unlike hunger or sleep it also carries a huge ego component that can make you crankier than an alley cat. Food doesn't reject you when you're jonesing for it, but women do. Thus falling into the 'scarcity mentality' – that you need a woman and any given lead is precious due to its scarcity – can quickly become a vicious circle of neediness begetting neediness.

Abundance mentality is the opposite, that once you've got lots of women in your life (or, more crucially, the optimism that the next set of women are just around the corner) you begin to behave differently. You can *#WalkAway* from neediness and dependence on skirt. The whole of your game tightens up, using roll-offs, terse messages, silences, and indifference like the four horsemen on the gaming apocalypse.

Game is Life and Life is Game.



No, not Game *of* Life, silly!

I find the same abundance/scarcity operates in respects to my free time. I sympathise with all you office-bound losers who are woken by alarms while it's still dark outside, shuttle in to your worthless jobs on a train, then sit in a cubicle all day. When you finally clock out at 6pm you've got a tiny window of free time to get all your shit done. Frankly, I'm surprised you don't just top yourselves. You have a scarcity mindset of for time. You need to prioritise. ***[2]*** Believe me, I've been there and I sympathise ***[3]***.

Something has to give. When I was in that situation I became very choosy over what I'd read. I might only read one book a month so if I'd read something as comically shit as *The Satan Sleuth: Fallen Angel* I'd have thought to myself, *fucking hell I'm not wasting my time on Michael Avallone any more*. It's already a tough sell to read trashy paperbacks about **The Punisher** of satanists, so a single bad experience would turn me off.

I am, however, on a year-long reading binge. I have fucking tonnes of free time. Here's my typical day:

- Wake up at 10am, hit snooze three times, get up at 10:30 and out of the apartment a half hour later.
- Sit in a big comfy wing-back chair in a cafe with my Kindle, sipping coffee and reading. Usually I'm fasting so I skip breakfast.
- Hit the gym around 1pm, shower, then back out for lunch around 3pm. Usually my Kindle is with me and I'm reading again. That'll take me until 5pm when I'll go for an hour's walk.

Evenings tend to be varied, depending who is in town, and whether I want to keep cracking on with the book, or writing a book of my own, or hurtling through the latest video game to take my fancy ***[4]***. The point, however, is I have almost unlimited free time. I can read four hours a day without even *beginning* to prioritise. It's made me a glutton for punishment regarding books.

I have such an abundance mentality regarding time – and thus reading – that I'll try almost any type of book. I want to sweep up any novel that interests me even if I know it's a bit shit. That's why I kept plugging on with Michael Avallone. I thought to myself, *who the hell would write a trilogy of trash like The Satan Sleuth?* After ten minutes of google, I had my answer: he's the American **John Creasy** and described himself as 'the fastest pen in the West'. Legend has it he wrote one novel in only a day and a half!



This is who

I'm glad I gave Avallone a second chance because he's really grown on me. The second book The Satan Sleuth: The Werewolf Walks Tonight was decent. This third one *Devil, Devil* is also…. okay. I'll tell you what I like about it.

You know how I have an abundance mentality for reading? Michael Avallone has it for writing. He was knocking out a book every week or two so he'd get a concept, run with it, and then move on to the next one. He clearly took pleasure in experimenting with genres and high concepts knowing full well if he made a mistake, he could just submit the manuscript and move on to the next challenge. Reading him is roughly analogous to talking to a man abundant in girls (or money, or fame, etc). He just **doesn't give a fuck**. It blows through the prose like a refreshing sea breeze, a sense that he's going to write whatever he wants and never second guess himself. His books hurtle forwards.

None of that 'cross out a sentence and rewrite it until it's perfect' that dickheads like Dostoevsky or Shakespeare would do. Avallone gets shit done.

The story here is relevant to anyone who has followed *#PizzaGate* and the *#SpiritCooking* black masses and satanic rituals in NYC that seem to involve an awful lot of Left-wing celebrities and politicians. There's a witch ***[5]*** living above Central Park who has cherry-picked a small group of satanists for her rituals, which include brutally murdering and decapitating young women. Cops think it's a spree killer and are clueless (literally). So the Satan Sleuth comes in and quickly finds out the witch's dayjob is at a high end fashion boutique. He attempts to infiltrate but things quickly go to shit.



Sold his soul to the devil and still wasn't granted talent or a hot wife

It's schlock. Don't get me wrong: when I say I enjoyed it, I'm not pretending it's at the level of classics like *The Three Musketeers* or *A Deplorable Cad*.

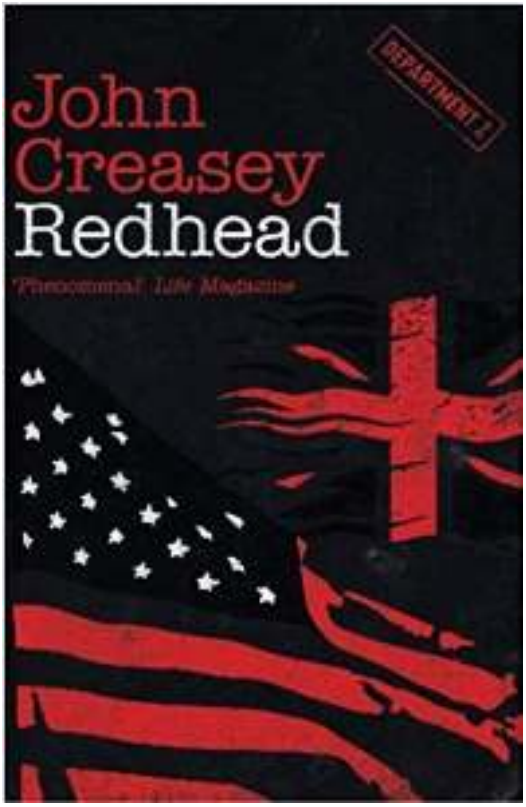
What don't I like about it? Rarely have I seen a book so thin in content. There are very few scenes, no sub-plots, and it moves in a predictable straight line. Even for a slim book, Avallone is noticeably padding it out with superfluous paragraphs and descriptions. It would've worked better at half the length. I get the feeling he realised half-way through that he'd never write another **Satan Sleuth** book so he began phoning it in. Overall, a fun quick read with a very silly story.

Speaking of silly stories, why not check out my memoir series or even treat yourself to a big chunky packed-with-value textbook on how to pick up girls (though not how to decapitate them and leave the body parts in dusty cellars). See my product page here.

[1] I may have made that up, as an excuse to begin this review on a particular topic.
[2] So keeping up to date on rambling reviews of low-quality novels probably isn't high on the list.
[3] Not really, but I like to at least pretend.
[4] Right now, that's *Valkyria Chronciles*. Awesome.
[5] Had it been written now rather than in 1973, I'm sure she'd have looked like Marina Abramovich

#93 – Redhead, John Creasey BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 2 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Life Magazine are liars

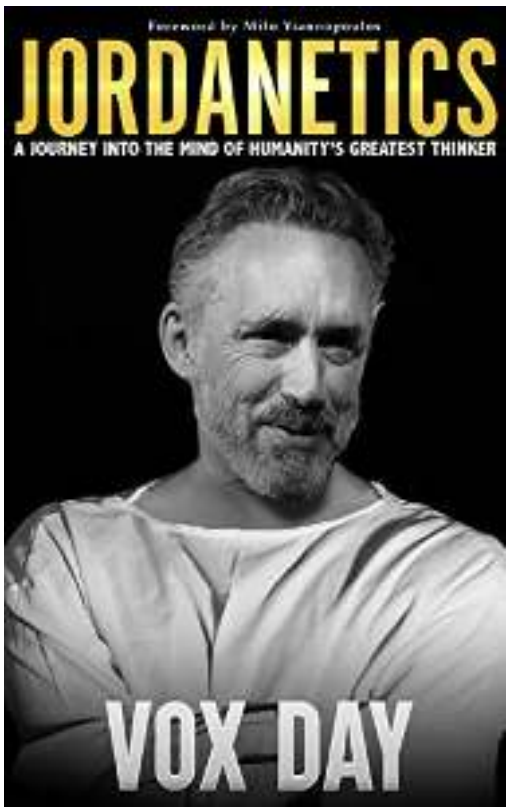
I seem to recall saying something recently about having developed quite a tolerance for a new writer's missteps if I think he has potential. There were a few lines about being a glutton for punishment too…… so, in that vein, let me talk a little about **Kindle Unlimited**.

I don't trust any man who doesn't read. Call it a prejudice, a bias, or whatever but when I hear people tell me they get all their information from YouTube or audio-books I'm immediately on guard. Writing is thinking, whereas speech is mostly rhetorical. You want to know the kind of people who ignore books and love speeches….. **Jordan Peterson** fans. Just look at the video.

Okay, I couldn't find a video I liked of Peterson. As Vox Day very capably demonstrated in his dozen Darkstream takedowns of The Crazy Christ, Jordan Peterson fans are completely retarded. They literally don't even read the man's books. So Vox read both *12 Rules For Life* and *Maps Of Meaning* and immediately figured out that Peterson is a charlatan, not at all well-read outside of his clinical psychology specialism ***[1]***, obscurantist, and mentally ill. As he'd say this on his live Darkstream, JBP's idiot followers would come on and prove they hadn't read him.

Why? Because JBP fans are the lowest of losers and can't read. They soak up his tosh because they lack the clarity of mind and mental focus that is built by spending years of your life reading books. They are only half-evolved.

JBP is an extreme case. You get the same retarded behaviour with Joe Rogan fans, Richard Spencer fans, and of course our little world of pick-up has the same retards following YouTube game guys who spout obvious nonsense and the retards lap it up. RSD are the worst for that. It's no coincidence that none of these guys are writing books ***[2]***. If you want to make the most of your mind, you must read.

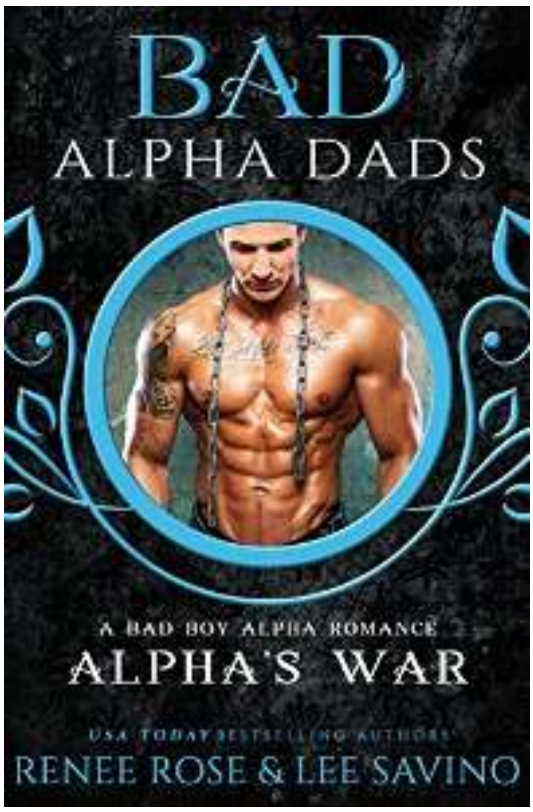


I'll be reading this soon

However, you probably shouldn't start with Kindle Unlimited. It is notorious for the tripe on there. I'm lucky, however, because two genres I really enjoy are well-served. First, there is the WW2 memoir ***[3]*** popularised by **Sven Hassel**. Ten years ago I finished the fourteenth (and last) of his books and I was distraught – there were no more new books to read. So I went looking into his contemporaneous knock-off writers like Heinz Konsalik, Leo Kessler, and Wolf Kruger. Now that I'm on Kindle Unlimited I see that there's a burgeoning sub-genre in WW2 Nazi memoirs of questionable historical integrity ***[4]***

The other genre is hardboiled detective fiction. In this case, the quality is far higher because wily publishers are re-releasing entire series of previously-published, and often popular, paperbacks from the golden age of that genre. Thus all the **Perry Mason**s are on there, as are the thirty **Ed Noon** books ***[5]***. So now I have access to almost unlimited free books in my two favourite genres. Score.

Sadly, most of the modern stuff of KU is absolute tosh. Just have a look at the dross in the Fantasy and Sci-Fi sections on KU. If any readers know new writers doing genuinely good Conan-style fantasy or space marine / bad-ass Sci-Fi then let me know. And, God forbid, if you were to peruse into the Romance sub-sections…… holy shit!….



The kind of KU book I won't be reading

One place KU has sadly disappointed me is with John Creasey, my favourite high-speed hack writer of detective fiction. I love his **Inspector West** and his **The Toff** tales. Those were written from about ten years into his career, when he'd already learned far more about his craft than any ponderous fiction writer will ever learn. None of those are on Kindle Unlimited ***[6]***. Instead, the only Creasey on KU are his Department Z spy novels. All thirty of that long-running series are on there but…… two problems.

First, it was his very first series, written from his mid-twenties onward. That makes the books immature and badly written compared to his Inspector West stuff. If I want to read Creasey for free, I don't get the *best* Creasey.

Second, I find it impossible to join a series mid-way through. I'm starting at the beginning or not at all. "But Nick, why not just start at book #20 when he's a better writer?" No, that's not how my mind works. I'd find it physically painful to know there were nineteen other books laying out the groundwork that I'd so carelessly skipped over. I'm thorough and I like to beat around the bushes before I assault the citadel.

So despite reading the hopelessly bad The Death Miser as #1 in the Department Z series I felt strangely compelled to go through the second, *Redhead*. Creasey had me entranced like a snake looking at a mongoose. Fortunately for me, the second book is a big step up from the first. It doesn't get boring until *halfway* through. So, what's it about?

It's the 1930s and two cousins, both amateur boxing champs in England, are visiting NYC. Local newspapermen, *#FakeNews*, print a made-up interview with them where they appear to challenge the gangsters. Said gangsters waylay them on a country road and shoot up their car with tommyguns, but fail to injure them. The lads flee the US by boarding a steamer but, a little amped up at having to run, they pick a beef with a big strong youth on board. He's a ginger. There's a hot girl on board too, who gets herself into trouble.

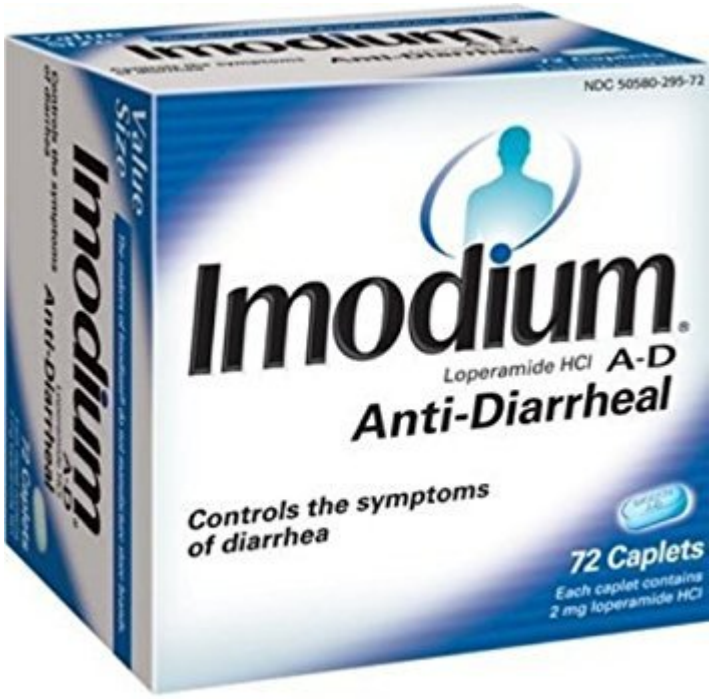
What follows is lots of carefree derring-do as an American gang under the leadership of the shadowy 'Redhead' try to take control of a cache of loot hidden in the cellar of a country house defended by an English gang run by 'Zoeman'. It's all nonsense. The girl is kidnapped a couple of times and all the young men risk life and limb to rescue her even though she isn't fucking any of them. It had make-it-up-as-you-go-along plotting and no-one *ever* does the sensible thing at any time. Many of the leaps in logic made by the main characters make no sense at all, betraying then-young Creasey's immaturity.

For all that, even in this early book it was clear Creasey was a natural writer. For all its many flaws, it was readable. Most interesting to me was the originality of the tone. Remember this was written in 1933 so it was before **James Bond**. The set-up is very close to **Ian Fleming**'s work, having a London-based 'M' character, a line of secret agents with numbered code-names, and then detective-style stories laced with murderous action as the agent tries to infiltrate, identify, and then take down a criminal mastermind at the head of an international organisation.

It's all fantastical and doesn't aim at the realism of a **Mr Moto** or **Matt Helm** story. The gangsters in Department Z stories all shoot with the accuracy of Empire stormtroopers.

The set-up has me intrigued as I know Creasy becomes good. The question is *how quickly* does he become good? Kindle Unlimited has set up an intriguing race against time in which Creasy's free Department Z books need to improve quicker than my patience with them wears out.

Who will win? It's like taking a laxative and an Immodium at the same time.



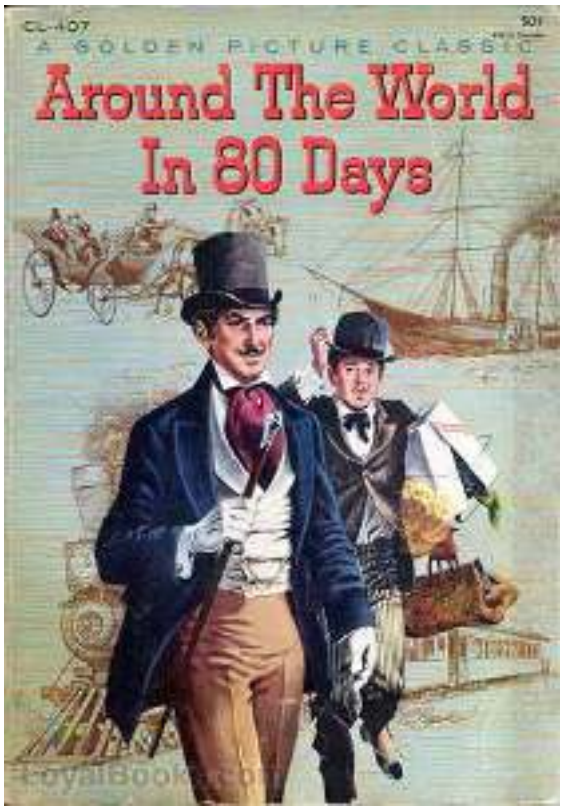
I wish RSD would take some

If you're like to read a prolific author who started out a bit shit and soon became fantastically good, you might like to check out my product page here. It's the best daygame material money can buy and way better than the tripe on YouTube ***[7]***

[1] That wouldn't be a bad thing, except his books are basically philosophy and mythology so you have to be well-read outside of his speciality, otherwise you're faking it. Peterson hasn't read the Western canon.
[2] Did any of them write a book? I can't recall one but perhaps readers can fill me in. They certainly are predominantly working through the medium of video and speech.
[3] Or pretend-memoir, really. I don't trust these things.
[4] It's always Nazi tank-men. Never infantry or Luftwaffe, and never Japs, Brits, Yanks, or Reds.
[5] More on them in a later review.
[6] The bastards!
[7] Except Street Attraction. Alright there, Eddie?

#94 – Around The World In 80 Days, Jules Verne BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 2 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



"Hurry up, you froggy bastard"

"What do you reckon, my intrepid pal, fancy traveling around the world in eighty days?" I wrote, completely out of the blue.
"What's that, say you?" replied Jimmy, "that's a dashing smart idea."
"We could re-create Mr. Phileas Fogg's journey. London to Suez by rail and steamboat, Suez to Bombay by steamer, Bombay to Calcutta by rail, Calcutta to Hong Kong then Yokohama by steamer, and again to San Francisco. On to New York by rail, and finally to London by steamer and rail."
"I'd best book some time off from work, old chap."
"Eighty days should do it."

That conversation really happened, but not in those words. You see, I'd been walking along Terezde street past **Hotel Moskova** and happened to look over a small book stall set up on the street. It was full of the usual local language nonsense but one book stood out – an old 1957 young reader's edition of Jules Verne's famous story. Importantly, it had pictures in it.

After having been bored out of my mind reading his 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea, I asked myself, *what's the skinny on Verne?* He invented the science fiction genre and undoubtedly possessed a fantastic imagination but… based on that book, at least, he was a terrible writer and unable to tell a story. Wouldn't it be great if someone took a Jules Verne classic, shortened it, kept all the best bits, and trimmed down all of his interminable prose.

Even better, what if they put lots of pictures in it?



All books should have pictures in 'em

Thus I found myself sitting in Plato cafe eating chicken breast and hummus, while smashing through the Simon And Schuster Golden Picture Classics edition of *Around The World In Eighty Days*. It came in at 96 pages so a bit slim for a novel, but it certainly whipped through the tale and covered all the key points. It didn't feel limited.

I'm sure you're all aware of the basic plot beats. Mr Phileas Fogg is sitting on his arse in the exclusive Reform Club in 1872 when he is drawn into debate with fellow members. At dispute is an article in the morning's Daily Telegraph ***[1]*** laying out a route, with stage times, suggesting one can circumnavigate the globe in just eighty days. I imagine that sounded rather far-fetched in 1872. Fogg is adamant it can be done – his fellows disagree – and soon stakes are raised. He bets £20,000 he can do it, leaving that very night.

Adventures follow.

I really enjoyed Fogg's characterisation. He's an obtuse, OCD man of leisure who sticks resolutely to his opinions and to his word. That same morning he'd fired his manservant for bringing his shaving water two degrees below established precedent. He immediately engages a new French manservant who has quit the circus (as a gymnast) to seek a sedantry predictable life. Oh ho ho, what a surprise Monsieur Passepartout is in for! Throughout the upcoming journey Fogg is always quiet, taciturn, and absolutely focused on the task in hand. He's a proper Victorian gentleman and I'll tell you this, he wouldn't have *any* time for you modern people's faggots, transsexuals or purple-haired feminists, I'll tell you that for free, good sir!

Regular readers know that without **intention-plus-obstacle** there is no drama. So, while the former is clear, how is Jules Verne to provide ongoing obstacles in what is basically a holiday? Sure, the train can break down or bad weather at sea (both happen) but nature isn't a very interesting antagonist. The solution is great: there's been a bank robbery in London and the escaped perp has a description nominally similar to Fogg. When a reward is offered, a policeman in British-run Suez matches him to it, investigates, and finds out Fogg left London suddenly with a pile of cash (he withdrew £20k readies to grease the journey's wheels). So the cop is the antagonist, trying to delay Fogg's trip while in British-run territory until the arrest warrant arrives.



He settled into a fishing spot from which to hustle the street

Being a Victorian England book, rule of law is everything. Can't do anything without a warrant.

Around The World In Eighty Days has the usual fantastical local colour you'd expect, using the set-up as a way into displaying odd customs of other countries and finding plenty of dastardly characters. If there's one thing I learned from this book, it's that an Englishman had better not trust Mr Johnny Foreigner. You don't know *what* they'll try, you really don't. The Indians try burning a rich man's widow to death on the funeral pyre. It reminded me of a famous Charles Napier quote. Hindu priests had complained to him about the prohibition of this Sati religious funeral.

> "Be it so. This burning of widows is your custom; prepare the funeral pile. But my nation has also a custom. When men burn women alive we hang them, and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall therefore erect gibbets on which to hang all concerned when the widow is consumed. Let us all act according to national customs."

Fucking brill!



Not this Charles Napier

In the USA their train is attacked by Red Indians and Fogg engages in a shootout, until the cavalry arrive (literally). Sadly, not all national stereotypes are represented. The French manservant never surrenders to Germans, nor does he eat cheese. The Chinks in Hong Kong don't try to knife him in a back-alley, nor do the Japs try to sell him a schoolgirl's soiled underwear.

This Simon And Schuster edition was produced in 1957, which the sharp-eyed among you will recognise as being 8 years before the 1965 Immigration Act that began the end of America. This book just assumes you're white, K-selected, and see foreigners as weird little half-humans who know not what they do.

Kind of like how I feel in 2018.



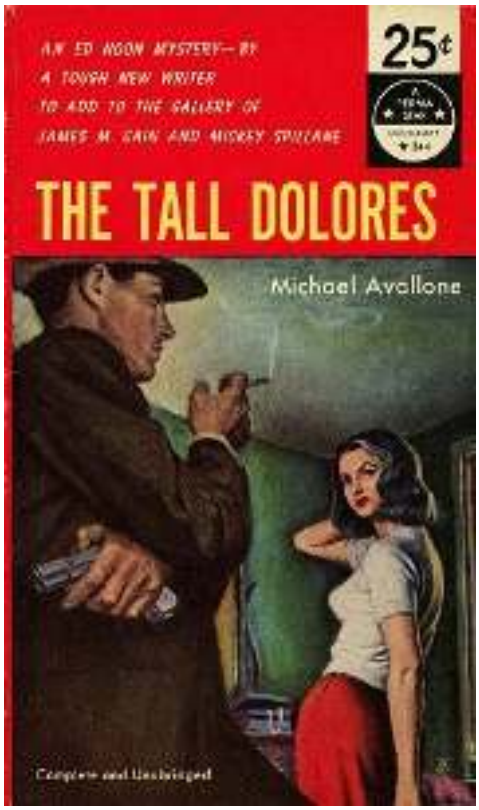
Fogg surveys the big beautiful Wall on the southern border

If you'd like to read a book about adventuring across the world, including many insulting things written about foreigners of literally every race, with the liberal use of racist slurs such as slants, wops, chinks, jocks, niggers, kikes, and goat-fuckers then you'll absolutely love my memoir series. If you prefer your daygame within the Overton Window, consider my textbooks. Both available from this product summary page.

[1] Now a despicable cuckservative rag that many Brits cluelessly call 'right wing' and The Daily Torygraph.

#95 – The Tall Dolores, Michael Avallone BOOK REVIEW

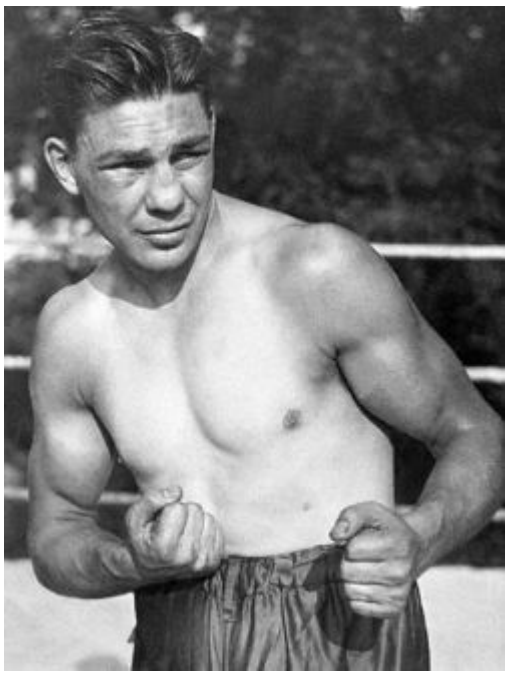
krauserpua · 2 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I told you I was getting a bit of a man-crush on Michael Avallone after reading his woeful **The Satan Sleuth** trilogy. I've also had a thing for his English equivalent, **John Creasey**. Now, I know what you're thinking: *why on earth get so into ham & egg writers, mere journeymen, when you could be reading the stars? I* could be educating myself with the Past Masters series on great philosophers, or learning about a period of history, or indulging in the classics such as Hugo, Dantes, or Tolstoy. Why read trash?

Well, the first answer is that it's great fun. I may not have studied as much philosophy as I should, but I'm pretty sure those bearded old bastards talked about the importance of enjoying yourself. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

Second answer is that intelligent books are overrated. My general rule in reading life is never buy a book that won a modern award. That's a guarantee it'll be brimming with poz. I was also rather disappointed to discover how boring most of the classics really are. Tolstoy in particular is woefully boring. Also, most "great thinkers" simply weren't. For example, Nietzsche was the first Secret King gamma ***[1]***, Marx was a buffoon, Sartre and Foucault traitorous fags and….. well, philosophy isn't *all* shit but no-one ever accused Michael Avallone or John Creasey of not coming to the point and clearly writing what they mean.

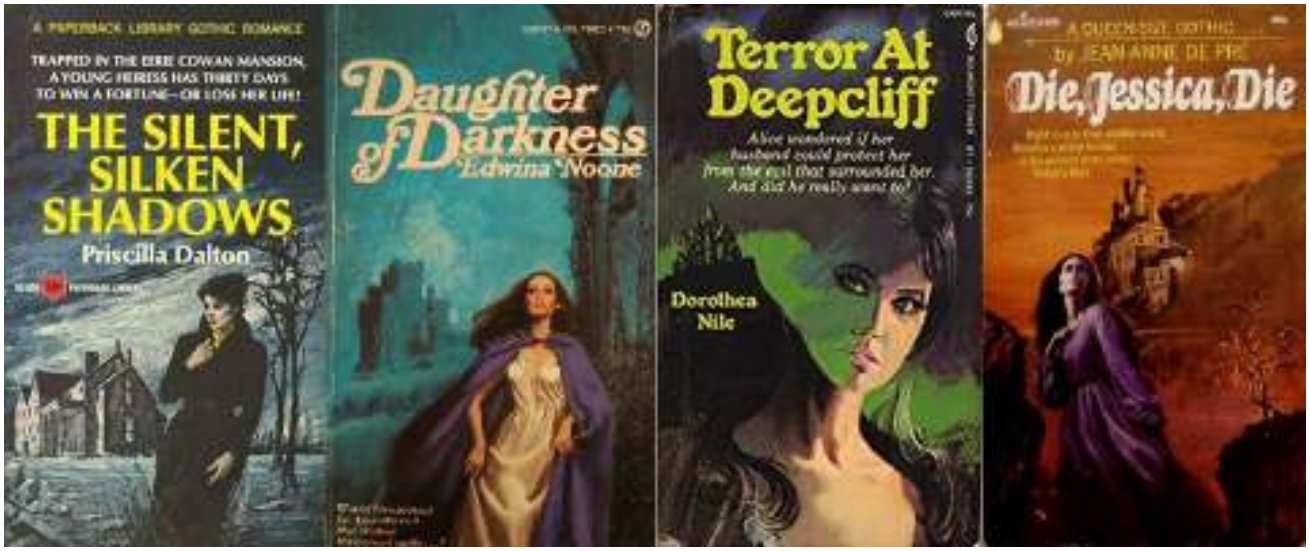


The Pittsburgh Windmill

I think the real answer – however – is I greatly admire any man who can be vastly prolific without dropping his quality into shitsville. This goes for most realms of human activity. Thus I greatly admire middleweight boxer Harry Greb who had 299 official fights ***[2]*** including the last ninety while blind in one eye. He was a world champ and gave heavyweight champ Gene Tunney is sole professional loss. Equally, I admire MMA fighters Igor Vovchanchin and Travis Fulton, and kickboxer Buakaw Por Pramuk – all extremely active fighters with high peaks ***[3]***. I admire Marc Bolan for writing hundreds of songs, Mario Bava for all his movies, and anyone who bangs lots of hot girls while studiously avoiding swamp trolls.

Avallone and Creasey belong in that company. They race through their work and, if I hadn't told you otherwise, you'd just assume they wrote at the one/two-books-a-year pace of any other fiction writer. Their work is at the same level. They wrote so fast for so long that they packed in an incredible amount of learning, upped their base tempo, and can do everything others can do… just quicker.

Avallone has covered many genres under many pen names. These include Bronte Sisters-eque gothic romances, horny super-spy thrillers, men's adventure, and even eight novelisations of the TV show **The Partridge Family**. But what caught my eye was his hard-boiled detective series with private eye **Ed Noon**. They were on Kindle Unlimited so I gave it a go.



Call it a hunch, but I think Avallone's writing had a theme….

I've read a lot of hard-boiled novels so, take my word for it, these are good. Not Chandler-good but they are at the same level as most of Hard Case Crime's books (which I also like). I've read four now and all of them whip along. The dialogue is fresh and cracks wise, the cadence is lean and street-smart, and the plots hang together without any deus ex-machina required. Avallone really found his footing in this genre.

The first in the thirty-book series is *The Tall Dolores* and it's the weakest of the bunch, but I still enjoyed it. Noon is in his office when an amazonian blonde walks in and gives him sass. "Dolores was a hell of a lot more than tall. She was huge, statuesque. A Glamazon. A regular Empire State Building of female feminine dame. And all woman, besides." Her boyfriend ran off with her $5,000 so she's hiring Noon to find him and recover it. That boyfriend turned up dead – stabbed to death – on the steps of an NYC museum. Everything about the case smells rotten to Noon and he's soon on the lam from the NYPD after Dolores sets him up for a chink murder in her hotel room.

I love hard-boiled dialogue. It's so cheesy. I keep trying to remember all the one-liners to drop into my own conversation.

> "Ed Noon – that you?"
> "It's the only name I'll endorse a check with. What can I do for you?"
> "Save the wisecracks, Noon. I'm too big to kid around with."

Some of the descriptions are comically inventive as well. Try this on for size.

> Dolores came around the bed with the speed of a big ape. She was still half undressed. I shook my head to clear it, brought my arms up to ward off what I saw in her eyes. It wasn't nice as near as I could make out. She descended on me like a tree full of the same apes she looked like. Something exploded against my jaw. Lightning struck twice and I was going down. My eyeballs blew up in a crash of pinwheel crazy colours.

Unlike his **The Satan Sleuth** books, the Ed Noon stories don't have any padding. Quite the opposite, they are lean and extremely fast moving. There's nothing in there that doesn't advance the plot or build the characters. Avallone has a taste for the dramatic. This book has a circus-tall dame fighting it out in the Statue Of Liberty, book #2 has two twins scheming and plotting, #3 begins with a murder on third base in Yankees game, and #4 has one on Broadway. He likes spectacle in his murder cases, does Noon.

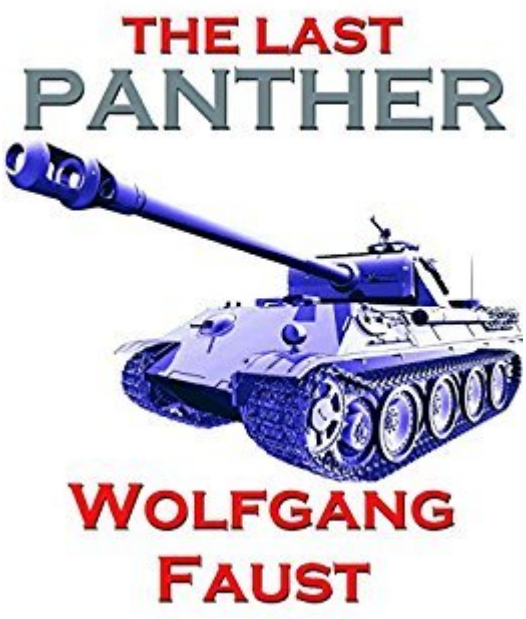
Anyhow, I thoroughly enjoyed *The Tall Dolores* and it was worth every penny I didn't have to spend on it. I see myself working through all thirty Noon books over the next few years.

I've written a whole heap of great daygame books that you can peruse at your leisure here on my product summary page.

[1] No surprise gamma boys love him. He glorifies being an incel shut-in who rants on about being a superman while no-one reads your books.
[2] And a rumoured 200 not correctly sanctioned or recorded
[3] Fulton is mostly a low-level fighter but he did win a one-night World Vale Tudo 8-man bareknuckle tournament in Brazil.

#96 – The Last Panther, Wolfgang Faust BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 3 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



By 1945 the Nazis couldn't even afford graphic designers

World War 2 has fascinated me for a very long time. Considering how much time I've spent reading about it, watching documentaries, movies, and playing video games…. it's odd that I still haven't really made up my mind about it. WW2 doesn't have a fixed, known place in my worldview. I wonder why that is? Is it because WW2 was just so bloody big? It was tens of millions of people involved, across three continents, and lots going on. That's a lot to wrap your head around.

Here are a few things I'm not quite clear on:

- **Who started it?** The traditional view in the UK is that Hitler wanted to rule Europe so he had a crack at Poland, and France & Britain declared war because of it. But…. there's plenty to suggest Stalin stoked the whole thing, a gigantic game of lets-you-and-him-fight so as to steal Europe from the exhausted European powers.
- **Who were the bad guys?** I don't think there were any good guys in WW2 ***[1]*** but how exactly do you weight them up? Britain carpet-bombed entire German cities deliberately spreading terror through the murder of civilians. Russia raped and pillaged throughout lands they'd previously starved and purged pre-war. Germany was spectacularly brutal on the Eastern Front and keen on reprisals in the Balkans and France too ***[2]***. The Japs were sadistic from Manchuria onward, and the Yanks nuked two cities and did a completely unnecessary firebombing of Tokyo that was even more murderous. No good guys.
- **Who won?** All of the Allies, bar USA, had their entire infrastructure demolished and populations susceptible to socialism and mass immigration immediately afterwards. Hard to say that's victory. Stalin got half of Europe for fifty years. The US gained world supremacy and all of Britain and France's colonies that mattered.

One thing I *am* clear on is that WW2 inspired great creative output in entertainment. I have a soft spot for the **Sven Hassel** novels, which got me interested in the Eastern Front, which is where 80% of the war was actually fought. That got me interested in **Warhammer Dawn Of War: Winter Assault** and more recently into **Red Orchestra 2**. Just look at this cheeky bastard.

Looks ace doesn't it?

I'm so enthused by WW2 that the upcoming second edition of **Balls Deep** will have a cover heavily influenced by

the box and poster art for *Company of Heroes 2* and *Inglorious Basterds*. Bring it on.

Anyway, I'm rambling. I've been watching the Netflix series *World War 2 In Colour* and having a great time. The colourisation works wonders to keep things visually appealing and unlike the History Channel, it's not all Hitler Hitler Hitler. For the first time I'm getting a broad sweep of the war and an appreciation for how all the pieces fit together. The series explains the context of the Spanish Civil War (I always wondered why the Reds and Nazis got involved picking sides) and how Franco kept the wops out of the Big One. I understand how Stalin and Hitler secretly carved up Poland before the invasion, and why Hitler went after Leningrad, Stalingrad and Moscow at the same time. It's all fascinating.

Which brings me to this piece in the grand jigsaw, *The Last Panther*, in a series of German pseudo-memoirs of the war. Look, Wolfgang, if you really were the world's luckiest Panther commander then I apologise for making light of everything you suffered and fought for. It's just that…. I don't believe you. Now, I'm sure you're dead but I know all about Nazi Zombies so I'm not about to piss you off unnecessarily. It's a fun book.



If you think I'm gonna fuck with THEM, you are very much mistaken

The story is that the Red steamroller has pushed the Germans back into their pre-**Operation Barbarossa** territory and is rolling them up fast. The German Army is in disordered retreat and now Faust's division is surrounded in the Kessel Pocket. They are preparing a breakout to the West as this book begins, the plan being to surrender to the USA rather than get executed or sent to gulags by the Soviets. The book then details one long desperate push West.

I liked it because Faust writes with sufficient authenticity to allow someone like myself – who has never seen combat outside of *Call of Duty* – to suspend my disbelief. He's definitely taken a page from Sven Hassel's books in terms of lurid descriptions of battle and the various atrocities committed by the SS and NKVD behind the front-lines. That's what makes me most suspicious of the book's non-fiction status – I can't imagine a traumatised soldier writing such graphic schlock. Sadly, what he doesn't take from Hassel are his vivid characterisations. The characters in *The Last Panther* are all flat, often only referred to from their role, such as the Gunner, the Radioman, or the Division Commander. It's a long way from Tiny, Porta, Legionnaire, Old Man, Heide, and Wolf from the Hassel novels. Those characters live forever.

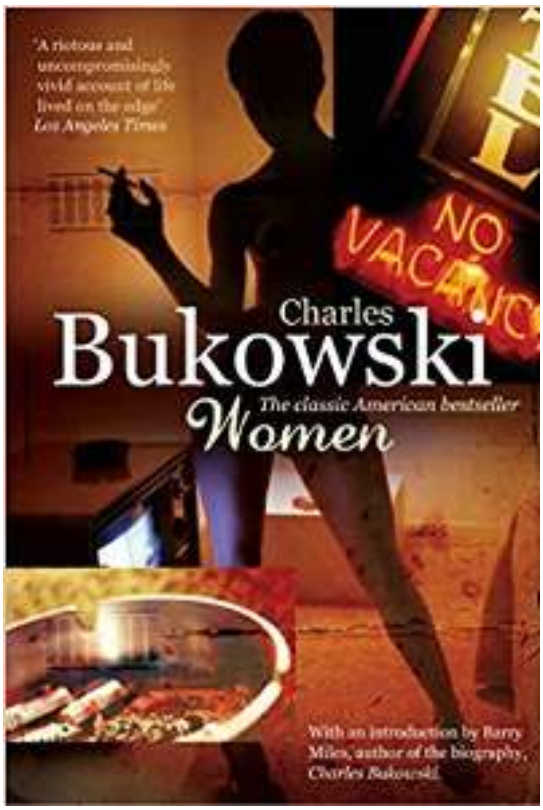
Look, I'm not gonna stop reading these so don't try and make me. I get that it's all trash but there is something immersive about WW2 memoirs. If you haven't seen it already, have a look at the tankers movie *Fury* starring Brad Pitt. In particular, watch the scene where they take on a King Tiger. This book is like that the whole way through. You can smell the engine oil.

If you'd rather smell fanny batter, consider my memoir series and daygame textbooks available from my product page here.

[1] Except Clint Eastwood, Lee Marvin, and Pele.
[2] I don't really hold the Final Solution against them. Just wish they'd finished the job.

#97 – Women, Charles Bukowski BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 5 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



You have probably noticed how daily soap operas on TV, such as *Eastenders*, are very different to the 'premium cable' such as *The Wire* or *Game of Thrones*. It isn't just that "*Eastenders* is shit" ***[1]*** but there are specific stylistic differences in narrative arcs and character development. The big one is this: soap operas don't have character development.

The reason everyone in *Eastenders* seems so fucking stupid is not because the writers are incapable of plotting character arcs. It's that the format demands there not be any. For *Eastenders* to remain familiar, non-threatening, and easy to dip in and out of, it's imperative that the characters never learn from their mistakes. Every morning, they wake up exactly the same person they were the day before, month before, year before.

Mainstream series like *The Simpsons* are even more noticeably static. At least *Eastenders* has plot arcs that run several weeks, and the circumstances of a character's life can be permanently altered such as by marriage, death, or merely taking a new vacancy at the cafe or market stall. *The Simpsons* resets at the end of every episode as if nothing transfers from short-term to long-term memory. I think Ned Flanders never even changes the colour of his sweater ***[2]***

Premium cable is all about redemption, disgrace, elevation, learning…. the characters learn and develop.

I bring this up because Charles Bukowski's *Women* is like *Eastenders*. His alter-ego **Hank Chinaski** doesn't learn a single damn thing through his 106 chapters. He ends the book the same drunken degenerate loser as he begins, with nothing different in his life. He's taken a few more flights to deliver poetry readings, banged a handful of girls, and drank an awful lot of beer but he's the same man. Simply older.

It's deliberate, I think. Bukowski once said, "to do a dull thing with style, now that's what I call art." That describes this book. Nothing happens. He gets up, has a shit, drinks some beer, falls asleep, sits in a chair with friends, and maybe has a woman come over. That's it – 304 pages of a nihilistic loser doing nothing all day. Somehow, Bukowski's prose is so good that it remains compelling the whole way through. ***[3]*** You can really see the poet in

him. The sentence structure, cadence, and variety is fantastic. He implies so much more meaning and colour than is present in the words.

I think it's important to make the distinction between Bukowski the writer and Chinaski the character. Obviously the latter is a fictionalisation of the former but don't let the book's gritty first-person viewpoint con you into thinking this is a memoir. It's fiction. Bukowski said as much in an interview I watched on YouTube. It's a carefully-woven tapestry of good Bottom-World stories, some he experienced himself, others were related to him, and all embellished. How much? No idea. It's like reading **Sven Hassel**. Actually, even the narrative structure is a lot like Sven Hassel, now I think about it. Disjointed, random thoughts and sudden jumps without transition, meant to express the subject's own disorientation.



+1, solid 8

The women are awful. Chinaski is a magnet for damaged women, mostly whores. Some are literally whores, others are retired whores, and many just might as well be whores. Almost all are on drugs. Every anecdote begins with "Tammy/Arlene/Sara/Iris knocked at my door. She was on pills." Several have BPD, the most dramatic of which is his first girlfriend Lydia who is the poster girl for BPD single-mother slutty whackjob much discussed on MGTOW sites. I wanted to kill her. Chinaski just takes all her bullshit, making me furious, but I think that's the point. Bukowski wants the reader to hate Lydia and feel contempt for Chinaski's weakness.

I only watched a few episodes of *Californication* but it seems **Hank Moody** is based on Chinaski. Both live in LA, are popular writers, always drinking, and inexplicable pussy magnets for worthless women. I remember when it was all the rage in PUA circles to "learn from Hank Moody's game", which struck me as utterly retarded. For starters, who learns about how the world works from fictional characters? Do you learn science from *Star Trek,* or martial arts from Bruce Lee movies? If you do, you're a retard. The female characters in *Californication* are written to throw themselves at Hank. It's part of the plot.



“I think women lie more than men.”

The same thing happens in *Women*. Chinaski never actually seduces any women. They just seem to show up. The first few times it’s at poetry readings. He seems to have minor celebrity already as he gets free flights and $500 speaking fee for an hour’s work, and promoters say shows are oversubscribed. At a handful of after-parties, a woman will throw herself at him. Another few times fans write to him and then go visit, throwing themselves at him. Another time two German teenagers show up at his door – on drugs, of course.

There are no descriptions that, in a modern PUA sense, would allow us to divine any kind of attraction, comfort, or seduction. These are girls who are DTF from the moment they enter the story.

I get why PUAs think Bukowski has something to teach about Game, but I disagree. It’s a fictional world and even within it, the women are all dreadful quality. Even the rare few who aren’t whores or middle-aged are still pill-popping sluts. Chinaski comes across as a degenerate, self-hating mess. When I watched a Bukowski interview from 1987 on YouTube he actually came across as humble, and likeable. The writer is more likeable than his character.

Anyway, I really enjoyed this. Rarely has reading about nothing at all been so interesting.

If you’d like memoirs based on stories that really happened, the birds were hot, and there’s clear character development then try my memoirs available here. Just don’t expect writing talent on a par with Bukowski.

[1] Or, “there are no more cockneys in the East End since the third world migrant horde invaded and overran London. God, I can’t wait till they are all deported and the traitors are executed.”
[2] That’s a guess. I know Marge keeps the same haircut. But then again, so does my mum.
[3] No intention plus obstacle, either. No plot at all. Just one thing happening after another.

#98 – Stuka Pilot, Hans Ulrich Rudel BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 8 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



"neeeeeerrrrrrrrr!!!"

The last two books I reviewed were, respectively, a beautifully written pseudo-memoir about a degenerate alcoholic who achieved nothing in life, and a trashy pseudo-memoir full of blood'n'guts on the WW2 Eastern Front. Now, would I be able to find a book that represented the opposite of these two?

Ladies, I present to you Hans Ulrich Rudel's *Stuka Pilot* memoir of his experiences throughout WW2. Where **Bukowski** is a masterful writer, Rudel is dull and factual. Where Hank Chinaski is a worthless bar-fly who will call a day successful if he merely avoids shitting himself, Rudel is leading a bomber command and often destroys ten Soviet T-34 tanks a day. Where **Wolfgang Faust** is glorifying in the gore and lurid descriptions of Soviet atrocities, Rudel is explaining orders, regimental movements, relative speeds between aircraft and the minutae of a combat pilot.

It really is like seeing a film negative compared to the original printed image. Rudel's book is fascinating because (i) it's all true, and could be verified against the vast store of paperwork the Luftwaffe left behind, (ii) he's an extremely high achiever, (iii) it's an expert's bird's eye view on a massive air war. The fact he can't write very well doesn't hurt the book so much. The quality of the information he relates keeps it going.

It's notable how differently Rudel approaches the Soviets compared to how Faust did. For the latter, their tactical and strategic decisions are not fully explored because he's a bullshitter rather than a true expert. It's like watching RSD coaches try to explain daygame. Rudel sees them as worthy enemies and fellow professionals so, though he considers many of them under-trained and prone to poor performance, he's always judging them according to militarily meaningful criteria: material, position, morale, training, tactics etc. At times I could forget he's talking about blowing people up.



Awesome coat

What interested me as a daygamer ***[1]*** was to what he credits his success. In flight school before the war he under-performed in class and wasn't allowed to fly during the Poland campaign of 1939. His weak reputation spread so that even when posted to Greece in 1940 the Stuka commander there tried to keep him grounded. Rudel was frequently sent on training courses in associated skills specifically as a pretext to keep him out of action. This forced him to learn everything the hard way, from every conceivable angle, until he was perfectly drilled. When he finally did get let loose in combat sorties he quickly established himself as a top gun.

His poor start forced him to get everything technically correct, and to understand the theoretical underpinning to everything he did. It wasn't possible for him to play fast and loose, getting by on mere talent. Anyone familiar with my story ***[2]*** will know why that speaks to me.

It's astonishing how brave Germans could be in wartime. Rudel fought 2,530 operational flights and would frequently discharge himself from hospital to get back to the Front. He was compelled by a sense of duty to his country and a bond to share danger with his wing. I also suspect he was addicted to the thrill-ride of bombing raids, though he never addresses the psychological dimension. A hair-raising escape after crash-landing and capture in Soviet territory doesn't warn him off, nor does crashing in a ball of flames with two machine gun bullets in his leg. Even getting the other leg amputated after another tank-busting raid won't stop him and he gets in a few hundred more sorties by equipping his rudder pedals to be hand-operable.

Rudel speaks very highly of Adolf Hitler, painting him as logical, very knowledgeable on wartime minutiae and technology, and warm company. He attributes much of Hitler's strategic blundering to being misled by subordinates as to the size and distribution of his forces – such as one division being chosen for a spearhead due to it's sixty panzers, only for Rudel to mention to Adolf that he'd flown over it a week earlier and it had only one tank – which itself was fitted up as a radio control centre to guide the Stuka's on bombing runs. Sadly, Rudel never settles the issue as to whether Hitler had one or two balls.

It took me four days to read this – that's a coon's age in reading time for me nowadays – because it's so thickly detailed and methodical in presentation. I feel like Rudel is most concerned with leaving a historical record of his wartime experience. This book isn't written to thrill, nor to be easy reading. I did thoroughly enjoy it and can now

say I'm considerably better informed about the WW2 air war than I was previously.

One strange omission is Rudel only mentions Hermann Goerring a handful of times throughout. It's as though Rudel talked only to his immediate superior or went right up to Hitler. That's odd, I think.

*Fuck all that bullshit mate. Just check out my product page here so you can see all the fantastic books I wrote, including my **Daygame Infinite** and **Daygame Mastery** full-colour textbooks which are now selling nicely through Amazon.*

[1] Former-daygamer
[2] All six volumes of it

#99 – A Thirst For Vengeance, Edward M. Knight BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 12 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Now that's a good cover!

What was your worst ever day like? Do you consider yourself to have had a tough upbringing?

I ask this because the main character, and narrator, of *A Thirst For Vengeance* probably has you beat. The tale begins when Dagan, dubbed the Blind Assassin, sits in a tavern recounting his life to a father and son, Earl and Patch. They keep him plied with ale as Dagan harks back to his childhood and the formative experiences that made him the wandering killer he is now. It's bleak. About as bleak as the average lad raised in Sunderland.

To start, his mum tries to kill him when he's two years old. Her new lover is spiriting her out of the village but she returns to thrust a knife through her toddler's heart. Fate nudges her wrist and she misses, striking his shoulder. He toddles through a blizzard to be picked up by an old gypsy lady who sells him to a human trafficker. He winds up chained to a dungeon wall for six years by an evil brute called Three-Chins ***[1]*** where he is abused, tortured, and kept literally in the dark. Those kids are being raised for an underground human cock-fighting ring, The Arena, in the nearby city of Hallengard.

Not all is ill for young Dagan as he's befriended by Three-Chin's young daughter Alicia who smuggles him into her rooms where he can hide for several months, finally forming a tender human connection. So, Three-Chins gets wind of this and rapes Alicia in front of Dagan and then murders her. Yep, so far, so Sunderland. Or perhaps Hartlepool.

Finally the day arrives when he's chained up and caged into the back of the wagon bound for Hallengard. Random bandits attack the caravan, killing the two drivers and freeing the kids. One bandit recognises something special in Dagan and presses a marked coin into his hands together with instructions to show it to the keeper of a temple in Hallengard. Dagan treks off, still only eight years old. Upon arrival in Hallengard he's jumped by street kids who beat him senseless, steal his coin, and leave him for dead. He turns to begging and street crime. ***[2]***



Trauma like this turned Dagan into an assassin

So, having seen what poor Dagan put up with, do you really think you had it hard when Joannie from third grade laughed at you because Billy pulled your pants down in the assembly hall?

At heart, this is a revenge tale, as the title subtly suggests. Dagan gets trained up by an enigmatic former assassin called Blackstone, who had infiltrated The Black Brotherhood gang of thieves to reclaim some magic knives. Or something. Knight is *clearly* making this all up as he goes along and I know ***[3]*** the entire novel was written in just twenty days. I suspect the planning phase was twenty minutes of that, and editing about two. It all moves along towards Dagan getting trained up until he and Blackstone heist the next big show at The Arena so as to kill Three-Chins and steal all the stake money wagered on the bouts.

There's big explosions, knifings, sword fights and stuff. No wizards, dwarves, or orcs, though. This is of the men-only fantasy style, like Conan, where even magic is rather subdued. None of that *Wheel Of Time* soyboy bullshit. I dare say there's not a single strong female character in the book. The women are only there to be raped and murdered, just like real life.


Soyboy bullshit, yesterday

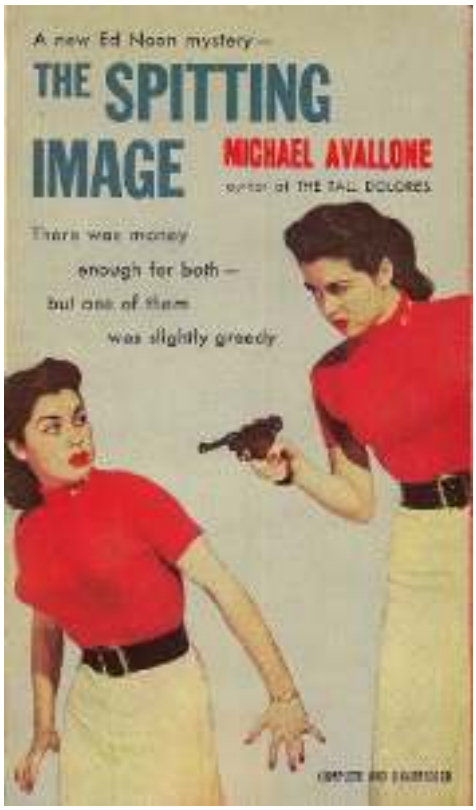
This book is the usual Kindle fantasy fare so it's rather a large step down from **Robert E Howard**, or **J.R.R. Tolkien**. It's refreshing that there's no faggotry at all, either literally in the bumming/Turkish sense, or in the soyboy **Terry Pratchett** sense. It's all rough men finding excuses to knife each other after a night of drinking, just like in Sunderland. I don't especially recommend it but you could do worse if you want a similar story to those old TOR Conan novels. It's not that level, but then again it's only 0.99p on Kindle.

If you'd like more bumming-free books full of sex, adventures and no rape (honest!) then try my products here. So long as I can sell a few every day, I can keep up rental payments on my old London lock-up so staff won't ever open it up and discover the bodies.

[1] No connection to Jimmy Five-Bellies.
[2] And E.M. Knight then drops the whole coin/temple plot for the rest of the book.
[3] Don't ask me how, but I know for a fact.

#100 – The Spitting Image, Michael Avallone BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 12 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



You didn't think I'd reach the magic number of one hundred book reviews, did you? No, you did not. I'm pretty sure you put down your bottle of Soylent, turned to a friend ***[1]*** and then in snarky tones said something like "~~Orange~~ Bald Man Bad. He'll never get there." Well, you snarky NPC cunt, here it is. My hundredth book review.

You cunt.

With that out of the way, dear reader, lets get on with my impressions of the second volume in Michael Avallones **Ed Noon** series, *The Spitting Image*. Pull out your world atlas, find the page with Hard-boiled City on it, and then find downtown because that's where Avallone is taking us here – hard-boiled central. This is a seedy side of town with corrupt Irish cops, whiskey-drinking private detectives, and pretty dames you wouldn't dare make beneficiaries of your life insurance policy.

> Dames, especially the good-looking ones, were always getting into trouble. This was a very good-looking one. That meant only one thing to me. A lot of trouble.

This one gets off to a flier. A sassy blonde, June Wexler, comes running into Noon's office begging his help. Her French chauffeur, Anton, has been putting the moves on her and she's only just shaken him off to find her way to Noon ***[2]***. Now, Ed Noon wasn't born yesterday, I can tell you that, so he's immediately suspicious. Halfway through the interview, Anton comes in and suddenly June seems to goad him into attacking Noon with his French savate. A tear-up ensues but the fisticuffs are rudely interrupted by an unknown stranger who fires through the doorway and shoots Anton dead before running off.

> I stepped over Anton and went to the telephone. The Wexler dame was still crying. I looked at my watch. Eight-thirty-five. And I hadn't had my coffee yet.

It turns out that June is the twin sister of April, both of them socialite heiresses about to inherit a huge fortune.

Only, there's a catch. Their scumbag of a dead father stipulated in his will that only one sister can inherit, and only if the other is dead. If both survive to reach twenty-one, the fortune goes to charity. Their birthday is only a few days ago. June swears April is trying to have her murdered, and suffered near misses already.



It's a good little mystery, including the usual hounding Noon gets from grouchy cops resentful of his interference, and some shyster lawyers, and so on. Noon is a good-looking lad so the dames seem to fall for him but he can't ever shake the feeling he's being set up. Hard-boiled fiction is like that, everyone is working an angle and nothing is as it seems.

Avallone has quickly hit his stride with *The Spitting Image*. There is none of the awkward start like his first book, *The Tall Dolores*. Like that one, this second book races through with lean prose, push-forward plotting, and no fat on its ass. When Noon finally figures out the mystery, it makes sense without cheap devices.

Two things that really jump out of the Noon series, as I confirmed reading the next two volumes, are (i) Avallone will put in brutal violence, especially against the hot women, (ii) Most of the women are utter cunts. In this story an innocent woman is burned alive and the blow isn't at all softened. The baddies are not messing around. Many crime writers find a way to ensure pretty women never quite take their lumps ***[3]***. The twin sisters alternate between nymphomania and frigidity, and aren't very likeable.

It's a good book. I expect to keep reading the Noon series.

If you want to see a range of real women varying between nymphomania and frigidity you likely can't do better than my memoirs available here, or my daygame textbooks.



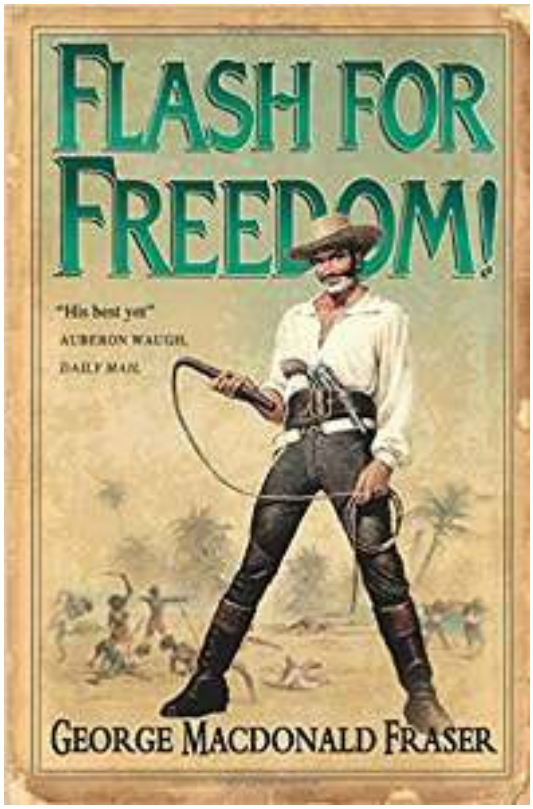
Probably a slag

NOTE: The paperback **Younger Hotter Tighter** is currently unavailable while I resolve a printing issue. There's so much red ink on certain pages that it's clogging the printing machine (according to Ingram). The hardback doesn't appear to be affected.

[1] If you've got any.
[2] I always said, "you can't trust the French".
[3] Unless its a serial killer story, in which case that sexual violence is the whole point. But Noon books are different, this particular story is about greed not sadism. The unlucky woman is simply in the way.

#101 – Flash For Freedom, George MacDonald Fraser BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 13 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



You are all well aware of how heroes swashbuckle through an adventurous tale of derring do ***[1]*** in which damsels are rescued from distress, dastardly villains are dispatched to the underworld, and wrongs are righted. You'll be equally aware of the "anti-hero" archetype, the man of muddied moral compass who doesn't heed the call of justice but ends up more or else achieving the same results as the hero, grudgingly.

What hero and anti-hero have in common is they are do-ers. Though their intentions differ, they are the engines of the story, pushing through to conclusion. What about a protagonist who doesn't actually do anything?

Mr Harry Flashman, he of the *Flashman Papers*, doesn't ever achieve anything. In working through *Flash For Freedom* – the fifth memoir in the chronology – it's notable how little pro-active behaviour Flashman engages him. He punches a man after a card game when in the heat of rage, and later pulls a gun on a slave-hunter to effect an escape when cornered, but never once does Harry Flashman engage in pro-activity. There is no mission he is on, nor objective to attain. Mr Harry Flashman has only one thing he cares deeply about – saving his own skin.



That's how I picture it

This all kicks off in 1848 in a drawing room of a London industrialist as Flashman is roped into helping a girl he fancies play baccarat after dinner. Also in the game are some Members of Parliament, including Disraeli himself. An old enemy of Harry's, Bryant, sets him up with a false allegation of card sharping, including planting three cards in his jacket. Flashman's estranged father-in-law Lord Paisley leaps on his disgrace as a chance to ship him off on a sailboat bound for the USA. Only…… it's a slaver headed to Africa first.

From there, Flashman is like **Old Mother Hubbard** swallowing a spider to catch the fly. The ship takes on six hundred negro slaves but barely casts away when the captain, Spring, cuts a deal with the local chieftain for six of his Amazonian female bodyguards. The latter mutiny and several sailors are captured, tortured, and killed. By the time that kicked off, Flashman was already running to safety.

What follows is one unlucky break after another as the slaver is challenged by the US Navy and Flashman must concoct a convincing impersonation of a anti-slaving spy to evade the hangman, which then snowballs into more palaver. What's notable is that Flashman is never the maker of his own destiny. He's a selfish coward who never stands to fight, much less move towards danger in order to accomplish a higher goal. At each crisis point, Flashman always chooses the cowardly way out, of self preservation and betrayal, believing it better to run and live to hustle the streets another day.



I see them like this, can't help it

What makes *Flash For Freedom* so engaging is how the narrator – Harry – conceives the situations, his feelings, and his assessment of others. It was written in 1971 and there's not a jot of political correctness in there. The character is a shameless cad, lush, and racist ***[2]*** who finds himself both selling Africans *into* slavery, and then helping others escape *out* of slavery, according to how his circumstances play out towards best saving his own neck. He makes solemn promises to his companions and then relates in detail how many times he considers selling them out for momentary advantage. It's the don't-give-a-fuck directness of the pseudo-memoir style that makes it so engaging, how Flashman is so open and self-aware about his flakiness.

Just as with *Black Ajax*, I found George MacDonald Fraser to be extremely convincing in his recreation of the time period and the colourful characters within. I didn't find any jarring anachronisms. You know the sort of thing I mean: women with feminist values in 1848, or blacks in government – the kind of mentality that makes modern **Thor** a transsexual and **James Bond** an African. Fraser writes everyone into believable positions for the times, but has no trouble creating fascinating characters. By casting everything into Flashman's devil-may-care rogering swashbuckling style, it flavours the entire book with a sense of fast-paced facetious action.

Fraser is a good storyteller and this is a compelling narrative. The twists and turns of fate are all outside of Flashman's hands but it's his reaction to them – and commentary – that make it engrossing and often humorous. He's an absolute cad. He has no qualms at all about taking on a job as a plantation slave-driver then pulling black wenches from the cotton fields to bed with him. When the jealous white mistress of the plantation flogs one wench, he simply sends the wounded girl back to the fields and replaces her with another. He's utterly faithless and gets himself into non-stop trouble chasing skirt, so I imagine if he'd lived today he'd be a PUA. I wonder if Fraser is trying to make Flashman an unreliable narrator – by which the *Flashman Papers* are Harry's attempts to create a fictional version of himself to impress future readers who take him at face value. If so, the cad truly hits below the belt.

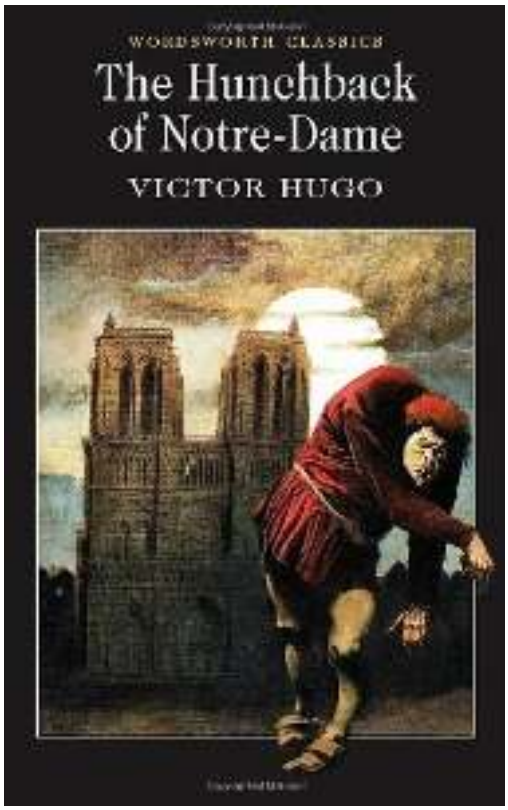


If you'd like to read real, as opposed to fictional, memoirs than consider my series Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad, Younger Hotter Tighter and Adventure Sex, all available here and on Amazon.

[1] My memoirs, for example.
[2] Like me until very recently.

#102 – The Hunchback Of Notre Dame, Victor Hugo BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 16 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



"Im'ma out hustlin' bro"

These **Wordsworth Classic** paperbacks are great, in my humble opinion. All the big-name classics are covered, they are a couple of quid each, and the editions are handsomely readable. In an attempt to come over high falutin' they each have a lengthy introduction in which some ponderous academic explains the historical context and influence to the novel that follows. In this case, Keith Wren from the University of Kent tells me, "It all began with **Walter Scott**. So many things in the nineteenth century did. 'The Wizard Of The North' was the J.K. Rowling of his age."

Apparently it was Scott who invented the modern historical novel which peaked in his 1814 *Waverly*, which is ***not*** – much to my surprise – all about the train station I need to get off at when applying for a Russian visa in Edinburgh. I read Ivanhoe and I'll grant Scott was rather good. What I didn't realise was that Victor Hugo very self-consciously emulated him and attempted to write *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame* as an attempt to out-do him.

I'll say I was pleased to see Wren tell me this book is known to have very tedious stretches of architectural exposition and clunky historiography, because that's how I'd felt reading it in places ***[1]***. Book Three is entirely tedious and should've been cut completely. Hugo has a real bee in his bonnet about then-modern Paris having been rendered ugly and soulless by the effacing and demolition of all its great medieval architecture. I can only imagine what he'd think now that smelly African rapists are camped out on the Paris streets ***[2]***.



Same Day Lay Of Russian Hottie – Best on YouTube!

Hugo's original French title was *Notre-Dame de Paris: 1842* which makes it clear his intention was to make the cathedral the main character, not ~~*Ed Lop*~~ Quasimodo. Much as Ivo Andric's *The Bridge Over Drina* makes the bridge the centrepiece as the tides of humanity wash back and forth across it down the ages, Hugo's cathedral is the centrepiece of a snapshot of one moment in Parisian life.

Fuck. All. That.

I'll tell you what I learned from reading this book. First, the socio-sexual hierarchy is real. Second, French people are cunts. Third, stupid women always fall for cads. Allow me to explain.

Hugo has populated THOND with a cast of compelling memorable characters who are very distinct from each other ***[3]***. There is Claude Frollo, the satanic priest running Notre Dame, who is a textbook gamma and the primary antagonist in the novel. His adopted son and bell-ringer Quasimodo is an omega. Additionally, there is the rakish cad Captain Pheobus who is a textbook PUA, and the less-malignantly gamma playwright Pierre Gringoire. I suppose you could also call the King of Thieves, Clopin Trouillefrou a kind of dark triad alpha though his sway his limited to running the rookery from which all the street riff-raff emerge. Nonetheless, he acts alpha in his manner and leadership.



Esmeralda of Shepton-Mallet

There are only two women of consequence. One is a crazy old hag who has shut herself into a walled-up room to do penance and grieve for her daughter, who was stolen by gypsies fifteen years earlier. The other is the beautiful sixteen year old gypsy Esmeralda, who lives in the rookery and plies her trade as a street dancer and performs tricks with her trained goat. Now that I've put those two introductions together, you can probably guess the main plot twist. It's about as predictable as any mainstream UK or US cop show ***[4]***

The story plays out thus: everyone is trying to bang Esmeralda and nobody succeeds. First of all is Pierre Gringoire. He's all puffed up from having his play shown at the cathedral grand hall for visiting Belgian ambassadors, but the crowd just talk through it, incensing him. In a frightened blind melancholy he wanders into the criminal rookery and is "arrested" by ragamuffins who take him to Clopin for judgement. They are about to summarily hang him when Clopin remembers an old rule that if a women will marry him, he's spared. Esmeralda happens along and being kind-hearted she rescues him by marriage.

Gringoire never even kisses her. It's a Bill-Hillary type marriage of convenience. For a month he is shacked up with the little gypsy and gets absolutely nowhere. Being a whiny gamma, he runs his mouth constantly about how desperately unfair it is and eventually – I shit you not, these are the French, remember – he develops an attachment to the goat instead. So, **LMR Fail #1**.

Next up is Pheobus, a strutting popinjay betrothed to some young heiress with rooms overlooking the square outside the cathedral. The girls ask Esmeralda in for a dancing show but that goes awry when the gypsy and Pheobus have chemistry. Rake that he is, he has an assignation with her at the 1482 equivalent of an hourly motel room, and seems poised to seduce the virgin Esmeralda. It's touch and go. She's clearly enraptured by the military man.


The opportune moment

At an opportune moment, Frollo jumps out of the closet and stabs Pheobus in the neck then runs away. **LMR Fail #2**. (or external cockblock, you decide). Frollo, being gamma, has admired Esmeralda from afar but also hates her, so he concocts a trap to see her hanged for Pheobus's murder. "If I can't have her, no-one shall" he exclaims, but only after an extremely verbose harangue about how it's all Esmeralda's fault really. This self-serving pomposity and self-deceit is textbook gamma, written in 1829 by a twenty-nine-year-old Hugo no less. Some things are eternal.

Esmeralda is convicted by a rigged court, as Frollo has bribed the magistrate. Once she's banged up in the basement of the Bastille, Frollo visits and tries to blackmail Esmeralda into loving him. Repulsed by the gamma, she declares she'd rather die. So Frollo goes off on another multi-page harangue about how it's all her fault that he's persecuting her. **LMR Fail #3**.

Just before Esmeralda is escorted to the gallows, Quasimodo leaps in and rescues her, tucking her away in the belfry where she's protected by the sanctuary laws of the time. Unlike the US sanctuary cities, she isn't released by a Democrat governor to then rape and kill the locals, but I digress. Quasimodo has her in his lair for a month but she won't even look at him. She's still pining for the cad Pheobus, who survived the assassination attempt and is back at his fiance's room overlooking the cathedral. **LMR Fail #4**.

This is where I swear Hugo has read **Roissy.** Esmeralda hectors Quasimodo to go and fetch Pheobus, which the love-struck omega does. However, Pheobus is a cad who wants no part of the complications and gallops off, so Quasimodo returns. Esmeralda dresses him down for his failure.

Yes, you read that right. A woman is rescued from certain death and given sanctuary by an omega male who doesn't even attempt to rape her, and she bullies him into fetching a rival male and *shouts at him for failing*. At this point, I wanted Esmeralda to die. What an ungrateful gypsy bitch.

More stuff happens, and eventually the bitch gets what she deserves. The riff-raff storm the cathedral but Quasimodo fights them off, killing dozens, and then the King's guard arrive to disperse the crowd. In the confusion, Gringoire (still married to Esmeralda) slips inside with Frollo to kidnap Esmeralda and spirit her away across the river, to the Place de Greve, where her execution is planned (Frollo got the King's counsel to specially request she be broken from sanctuary and hung – gamma spite). Gringoire then slips away with the goat, abandoning his wife to her fate ***[5]***. Frollo leaves the gypo in the clutches of the recluse woman in her cell and fetches the guard.

It's here that the blindingly obvious plot twist happens, and mother and daughter are reunited. The King's executioners are pacing outside the cell, thinking Esmeralda had escaped. Just as they are readying to leave, Pheobus shows up by coincidence. Having finally cheated the hangman's noose – at the cost of dozens of men's lives, at that – stupid bitch Esmeralda cannot but scream "Pheobus!!! My Love!!" at the top of her voice, thus giving away her hiding place.

Her mum is killed in the ensuing melee, then that dumb gypsy is hanged. Good fucking riddance, you frigid gypsy cunt ***[6]***

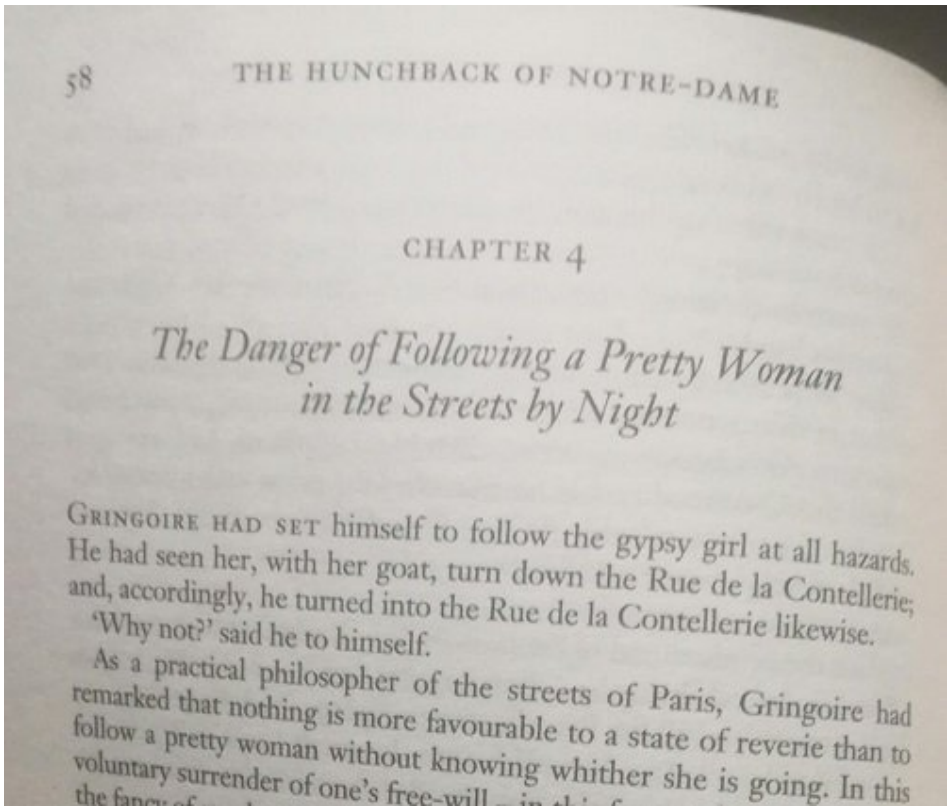
So, to summarise:

- Everyone tries to fuck the hot teen, but all fail.
- Hot teen shamelessly uses the omega, and chooses death rather than date the gammas.
- She gets herself and her mum killed because she can't stop chasing the obvious cad, who isn't even that into her.

I think there's a lesson in *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame* for us all.

If you want a book without hunchbacks (but with at least one fiercely mis-shapen PUA) then consider my memoirs, available on Amazon and here.

As an aside, I'm sure you'll be interested to learn than Quasimodo invented gutter-game. I mean, the 1482 Quasi, not the 2018 one.



58 THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME

CHAPTER 4

The Danger of Following a Pretty Woman in the Streets by Night

GRINGOIRE HAD SET himself to follow the gypsy girl at all hazards. He had seen her, with her goat, turn down the Rue de la Contellerie; and, accordingly, he turned into the Rue de la Contellerie likewise.

'Why not?' said he to himself.

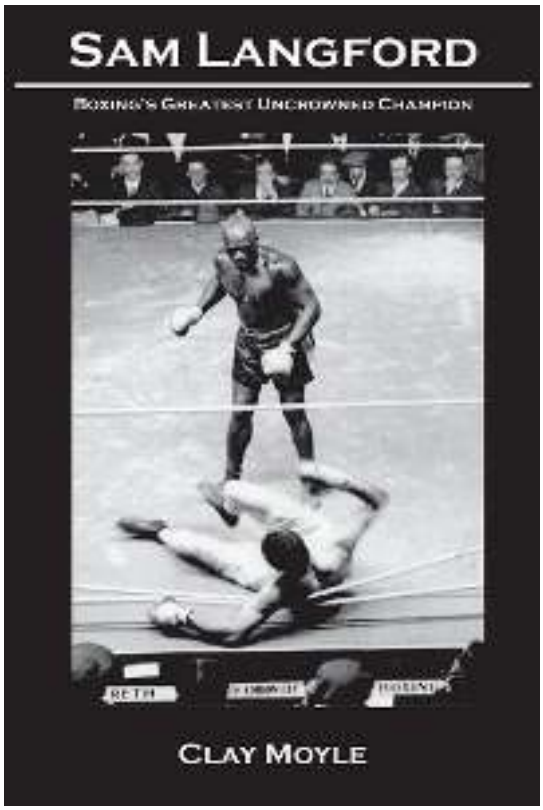
As a practical philosopher of the streets of Paris, Gringoire had remarked that nothing is more favourable to a state of reverie than to follow a pretty woman without knowing whither she is going. In this voluntary surrender of one's free-will

Moments later, Quasimodo swoops in and rapid escalates

[1] All the Wordsworth introductions contain spoilers and the reader is advised to read them last, as I do.
[2] "Kill them all, burn the bodies!" if he's anything like me.
[3] For some reason it reminds me of how ID Software designed the monsters in Doom the same way. There's a good analysis video about it on YouTube.
[4] The murderer is always the straightest and most right-wing-looking middle-aged white man. Because we all know from FBI statistics that it's the successful white businessmen who commit all the gun and knife crime in USA and UK.
[5] Admittedly, she refused to consummate the marriage, so he has good reason. But balanced against that, she only married him to save his life. So, I mark gamma Gringoire as the cowardly bad-guy in this interplay.
[6] Actually, she's a French girl kidnapped by gypsies, but frankly I don't see the difference.

#103 – Sam Langford, Clay Moyle BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 18 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Back in my university days, I'd sometimes go exploring in the dim and distant corners of the big university library. Most students would hang out in the usual tabled study areas and the most-borrowed assigned reading was logged at the "short loan collection", a sub-division of the library given over to one-day borrowing. Thus, much of the library was quiet and uninhabited. The kind of silent empty aisles that the fat kid always gets lost in when pursued by the killer in **Halloween** movies.

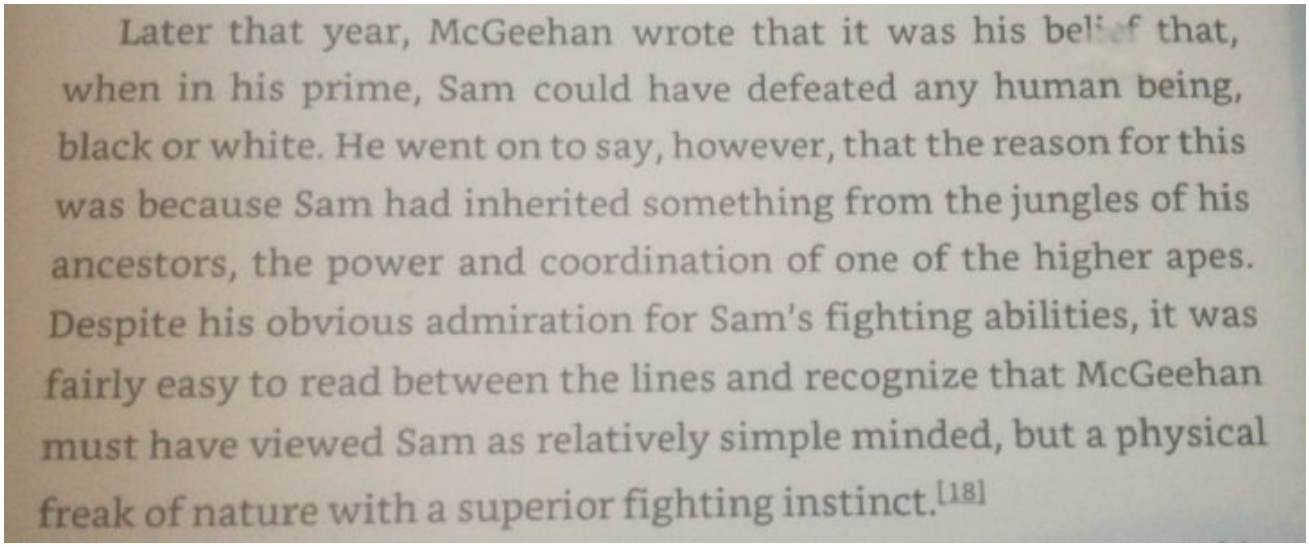
Any time I heard a noise, I resisted the urge to call out, "Hey, guys! Quit fooling around, I know it's you." My favourite aisles held the leather-bound archives of social science journals, going back in some cases to the early 1900s. There were row upon row of them, each thick volume a custom-bound collection of one year's publications of the title. It was the perfect place to relax ***[1]***. Out of curiosity I'd choose a volume randomly ***[2]*** and read an article or two. It was hard to describe the feeling, of reading a paper that likely hadn't been read in decades anywhere in the world. It's the same feeling that dungeon-crawler games like **Skyrim** and **Dark Souls** seek to recapture when opening treasure chests.

From these flights of fancy I came to appreciate just how vast the accumulate store of human data is. A library is a never-ending rabbit warren of information. This feeling was rekindled when reading *Sam Langford: Boxing's Greatest Uncrowned Champion*. Clay Moyle has done a deep dive into newspaper archives and reconstructed the life and career of one of boxing's most colourful, and under-represented, characters. Langford was a sensation in his day, 1900-1920, but dropped out of institutional memory faster than a mass-shooter with a Democrat voter registration.

It made me think just how few stories are told in book form compared to those which *could* be told, given the raw information out there. Moyle has done a great job in rolling his sleeves up, interrogating the newspaper databases, and then stitching everything together into a narrative. I doubt it was hard to do, but the work needed to be done and Moyle did a bang-up job, to which I'm grateful. Just think for a minute, of what is possible in this internet-powered word-processor era:

Find a notable character from the past who interests you. Google search his name ***[3]***, then go into one of the many newspaper archive databases and search again. Organise the articles chronologically, arranged by clusters around key events in his life. That's the basis of a book right there, and I suspect it's more-or-less what Moyle did.

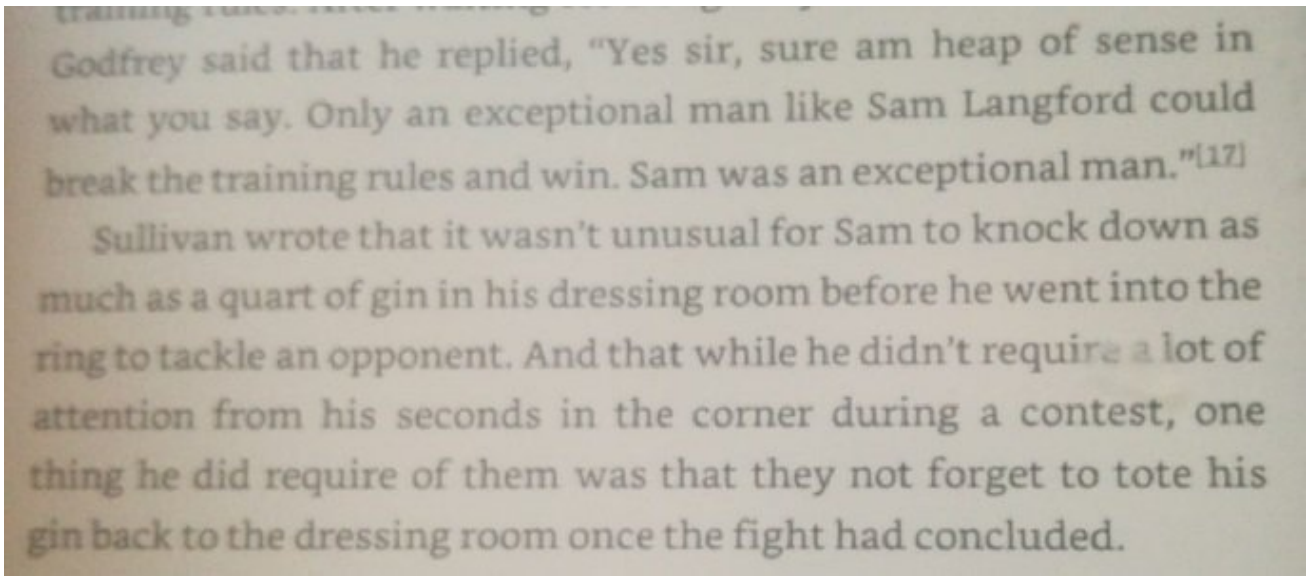
So who is Sam Langford, nick-named The Boston Tar Baby?



Later that year, McGeehan wrote that it was his belief that, when in his prime, Sam could have defeated any human being, black or white. He went on to say, however, that the reason for this was because Sam had inherited something from the jungles of his ancestors, the power and coordination of one of the higher apes. Despite his obvious admiration for Sam's fighting abilities, it was fairly easy to read between the lines and recognize that McGeehan must have viewed Sam as relatively simple minded, but a physical freak of nature with a superior fighting instinct.[18]

I'd heard plenty about him since I first began collecting boxing magazines in the mid-1990s. *The Ring* magazine in particular was very good about keeping boxing tradition alive and reintroducing worthy old-timers to each new crop of readers. Langford was one of the 'big four' ~~nigger~~ ***[4]*** black fighters of the pre-Dempsey era who were denied title shots due to the alleged 'colour bar' by which big-name white boxers refused to fight blacks. The others were Joe Jeanette, Sam McVey, and Harry Wills. These were active men, having records of 82-10-10(69), 75-13-10(61) and 70-9-3(56) between them. Langford was busier still, retiring at a mark of 178-29-39(126) which is preposterous by today's standards but even *that* number leaves off many unrecorded fights such as during his tours in Mexico, France, and Australia. Sam himself claimed in later life to have fought 600, though I guess that's an exaggeration.

Fighting a lot is impressive, but it gets especially odd when you see how often they fought each other. Langford fought Jeanette 14 times, McVey 15 and Wills 17 times. All four men were title contenders, so that rather makes the Mickey Ward vs Arturo Gatti trilogy look tame in comparison (as does Jeanette vs McVey's epic 49-round battle). Many boxing historians, and professionals of the day, considered Langford the greatest boxer who ever lived and then-heavyweight champ **Jack Johnson** fought him just once – when Langford was a rookie – and avoided him the rest of his career. Langford was only 5 feet 7 and in his prime weighed around 170lbs. I think of him like the black **Harry Greb** (sadly they never fought each other).


Godfrey said that he replied, "Yes sir, sure am heap of sense in what you say. Only an exceptional man like Sam Langford could break the training rules and win. Sam was an exceptional man."[17]

Sullivan wrote that it wasn't unusual for Sam to knock down as much as a quart of gin in his dressing room before he went into the ring to tackle an opponent. And that while he didn't require a lot of attention from his seconds in the corner during a contest, one thing he did require of them was that they not forget to tote his gin back to the dressing room once the fight had concluded.

Sam Langford: Boxing's Greatest Uncrowned Champion does a good job digging into the man's childhood and early forays into boxing, drawing upon newspaper features written during his athletic prime, and then patiently walks us through his key fights (and wisely skips over the unimportant ones). Boxing is a sport well-suited to this kind of review because the newspapers of the day tended to write detailed fight reports, often multiple papers covering each fight, so there's a wealth of primary data to explore even when the fight itself wasn't filmed.

What type of man emerges from this book?

A very likeable one. Langford comes across as cheerful, unassuming and respectful in his dealings with others while fiercely brave and competitive in the ring (unlike, say, Muhammad Ali where the more you find out about him, the more of a cunt he comes off as). He was a savvy technical fighter gifted with an iron chin and a hammer in his hands. Sadly, he was 'ghetto rich' in that he'd spend his ring earnings like water and be constantly hustling up new fights to pay the bills. He fought the last few years while blind in one eye ***[5]*** and was eventually reduced to scrapping in Mexico to make ends meet. Though he never became punch-drunk, he dropped out of the public eye and spend several years post-retirement living in a tiny hotel room, blind, alone, and listening to the radio.

Boxing men of the 1940s thought so highly of him that he was frequently rescued with testimonial shows, largess, and thrown do-nothing jobs as an excuse to pay him a living wage. Heavyweight champs Joe Louis fought an exhibition for him and Gene Tunney personally paid him a monthly stipend. Somehow, he still ended up broke again. The book paints a typical story of boxers from the era: humble beginnings, a tough early career being pitched in deep, an exuberant run at the top, followed by sad decline, destitution, and physical issues. Langford was an extreme case due to his prodigious fight count, heavy-handed attacking style, and complete inability to save money.

This book is highly recommended to any fan of old-time scrapping, before everyone was a faggot arguing about Conor McGregor or Khabib Nuramjihadallahakbarisis. The boxers of the early 1900s would have laughed their asses off, thinking "whose faggot this is?" at modern UFC competitors.

*If you think it's all well and good an all-time great like Sam Langford getting a single 448-page book to recount his life, but frankly, a random PUA deserves **six** 500+ page volumes then head on over to my product page here and knock yourself out.*



[1] Or now, to bang a bird.
[2] More precisely, I'd "haphazardly sample" to usual social survey jargon.
[3] Unless it's an aforementioned Democrat-voting mass shooter, in which case you'll need DuckDuckGo to get any results.

[4] Sorry!
[5] Just like Greb

#104 – Dead Game, Michael Avallone BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 18 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



My man-crush with hack writer Michael Avallone continues with the third in his thirty-book **Ed Noon** series, *Dead Game*. This one has quite an audacious set-up. Noon gets the case when a dame, Mrs Arongio, walks into his office and sets him to shadow her husband who she suspects of cheating. “Mrs Arongio had her doubts that all of Mr Arongio’s daily chores kept him busy with antiques. For fifty bucks, I had all of Mrs Arongio’s doubts. And some of my own.”

The man in question owns both an antique shop and a passionate interest in **Edgar Allan Poe** memorabilia (which becomes relevant later). Noon follows him and it’s quickly apparent he’s a queer old bird, “he was as big and as wide as Broadway with a nose like the pistol grip of an old Western shooting iron”. Noon follows him from his shop to a swanky hotel where visiting baseball teams stay ***[1]***. Arongio storms out in a rage, all the way to the Polo Grounds where the Giants are at home for a pre-season exhibition against minor-league out-of-towners, the Ravens. It’s here that Avallone’s flair for the spectacular arises.

At the bottom of the ninth, the Giants hit a game-winning triple and as the crowd roars with the runners, an out-fielder drops in a faint. Arongio vaults the rail and seems to rifle his pockets before running off. Chaos ensues and Noon finds the baseball player is dead, stabbed in the back with a stiletto. A man-hunt ensues.

Noon once more gets on the wrong side of NYPD, this time because while chasing down a lead with a young uniformed cop, they bust in on Arongio who lets rip with his pistol, gunning down the cop and making good his escape. NYPD blames Noon for getting their fellow into such a scrape and pull his detective license. I won’t spoil any of the plot (all this happens in the first three of 24 chapters) but it’s the usual fare of shifty dames, illicit under-the-table gambling, shakedowns, and everyone working an angle.

Given that I’m not writing spoilers, what on earth can I say in reviewing a third Ed Noon story that I didn’t cover with *The Tall Dolores* and *Spitting Image*? Not a lot really. So, here’s a photo of a hot bird with her tits almost hanging out.



Feel better?

I like Avallone's short punchy sentences and lean attitude to scene dressing. He cuts a fine jib with his cheesy phraseology, such as in this case upon discovering Arongio has beaten the living shit out of his wife and ransacked her room.

> "Give me a break, Noon. I'd die if anybody saw me like this. I've got to go away. Take a few weeks to fix myself up…"
> "It's going to take more than that to fix me up, lady. I need information bad."
> "Okay." She shrugged and stood up. "Put that thing away. I'll spill it. But give me another drink will you?"
> I grinned at that and turned to the bottle. It was pure reflex. Simon pure. Simply Simon pure. Dames always get me off base anyway.
> The bottle was empty and I'd known it. She'd known it too.
> Before I could find where I'd left it, she brought it down on my head from behind with all the force and rage she could muster in her one-hundred-odd pounds. She mustered plenty. The bottle came down hard.
> I took the floor the same way."

You see, there's a pattern to these Noon stories. Here's a few story beats I can guarantee every single one of them will include: (i) a good-looking dame comes into his office and lies her ass off, assigning him a job which is really a feint for her real purpose, (ii) a corpse shows up and his NYPD buddies decide yet again to forget every time Noon has been right in the past, and suspect him of involvement and playing them false, (iii) somebody cracks him over the head and knocks him clean out, (iv) on a separate occasion, he'll be on the wrong end of a gun held by the primary bad guy, or flunky thereof (v) one good-looking dame has a squeeze on him (vi) one good-looking dame, possibly the same one, absorbs the mother of all beatings or is simply murdered. Brutally.

If thirty times isn't enough and you'd rather have essentially the same story told to you ***one hundred and sixty*** *times, consider my memoir series here.*

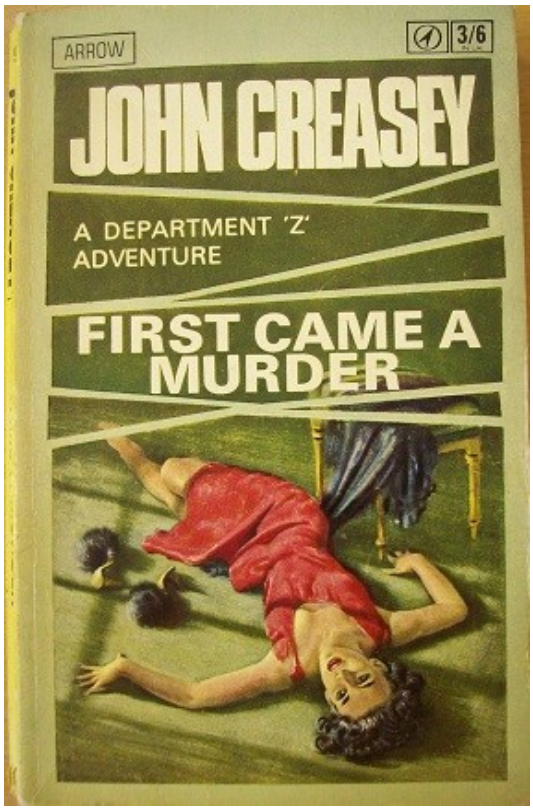


[1] This novel was written 1954 when baseball and boxing were the only US sports worth a lick. The NFL didn't come on strong until 1960s and NBA until 1970s.

#105 – First Came A Murder, John Creasey BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 23 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

***NOTE**: This is my 1,000th post on the blog. Fancy that!*



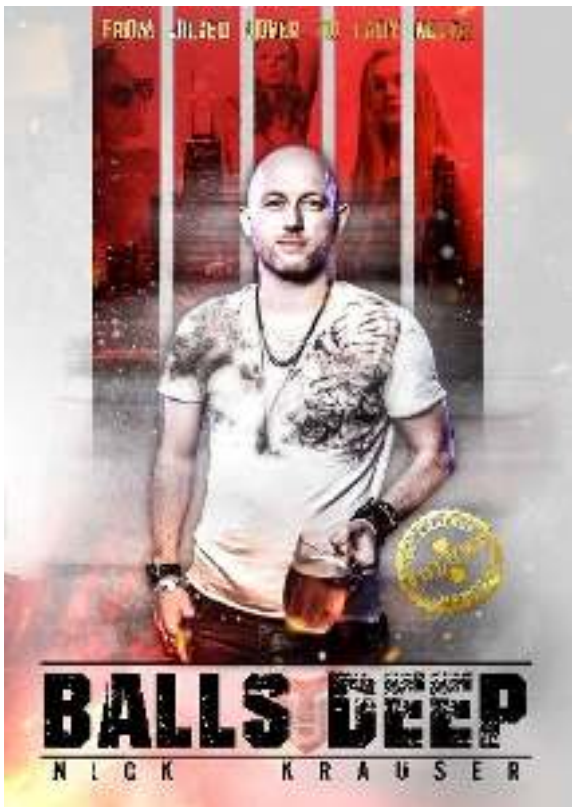
Regular readers know that I've set myself a little reading challenge, to wit, that I will attempt to plow through speed-writer John Creasey's **Department Z** series in order. Easy enough, you may think, until you see how ham-fisted his early writing is. You see, Creasey was determined to be a novelist even when the whole publishing world was against him. He endured 743 rejection slips as a young man until he finally won a newspaper writing competition and was kick-started. His 562 books ***[1]*** went on to sell more than 80 million copies. Creasey eventually got good.

I dunno, 743 rejections before finally achieving success…. there's something about that which strikes a chord in me. I wonder if it in some way relates to any task I committed myself to…..

Creasey was asked, in 1967, to revise *First Came A Murder* for its paperback reissue and he writes, "the astounding (to me) changes in my own style almost made me decide to close the book and forget it. Perhaps I should have done just this." That's not the kind of thing a reader wants to see when he's about to begin a book – that even the author thinks it's a bit crap. *First Came A Murder* was Creasey's fifth novel, so he was still learning.

Though it was 32 years between hardback and paperback editions, I do somewhat relate to Creasey's surprise at re-reading his old work. I have spent the last few months revisiting my own first memoir, *Balls Deep*, with a view to reissuing it in hardback. It's been educational to see how badly my original writing aged in the four years since first publication. I was ever so proud of it at the time. Since then I've written four memoirs ***[2]*** and two textbooks. I've learned a lot about writing and also finally settled on how I wanted my memoir to be. So, I felt compelled to go back to volume one and do a final definitive edition.

How has it changed? Well, sonny Jim, I'm so glad you asked.



The original *Balls Deep* was 135k words and didn't waste any time in pre-amble. My entire pre-game life was dismissed within a couple of pages and I moved straight to the 'learning game' phase. I figured that's what the reader wanted, and it let me dive straight into the skirt-chasing. Now that I settled on doing a six-volume memoir, the focus has shifted from interesting anecdotes to an attempt to genuinely parse who I am, how I've lived, and what I learned – for good or ill – from my ten years in the Game. So, I wrote an extra thirteen pre-game chapters of interesting stories from childhood and early-adulthood that bring out character traits and motivations that place the Game years into context. I've also considerably fleshed out some of the existing lay reports to make them more detailed and interesting.

What else? I spent more time on developing other characters who reappear throughout the series, rewrote many summaries to be actual scenes with dialogue and action, reinterpreted events with superior hindsight, and restructured the story to fit a chronological path ***[3]***. The new version currently stands at 207k words, the longest I've yet written. It's basically a completely new book.

So, bringing it back to Creasey, I can appreciate how it feels to revisit an early work and cringe a little at the quality.

One thing I can state with confidence is *First Came A Murder* continues the rapid improvement in Creasey's style. As before, it's a completely new cast of characters with the sole exception of Department Z boss Gordon Craigie. This time around strapping young lad Hugh Devenish is tasked to solve a murder at the upmarket Carilon Club, when floundering gambler and get-rich-quick investor Anthony Barr Carruthers has been murdered with a hypodermic syringe in the neck in order to shut him up over a failed scheme to buy ~~crypto-currency~~ South American tin mine stocks. The killer is the club secretary, a Mr Ricketts, and that's not a spoiler because he's revealed in the opening chapter. Devenish investigates and finds himself set against a shadowy money-laundering organisation run by City financier Marcus Riordon.

What follows is fast-paced thriller action that doesn't make a lick of sense. Creasey was still just 26 years old when he wrote it and it shows. The story is less believable than a JMULV lay report. Seeing as I don't recommend the book, I think I will spoil the plot after-all ***[4]***.

Riordon has set up a "long firm" scam to buy up all the gold and precious jewels of Europe in one frenetic day of

secret trading in the City. It's all to be loaded up on a battered old cargo ship that was secretly refitted to have super fast engines. Riordon will then murder most of his co-conspirators and sail off to a safe haven with five million pounds of loot ***[5]***. That's the master plan.

In order to get enough ready cash to place the orders, Riordon has allied himself with a handful of shifty financiers and a few dozen ex-con heavies. For a few months they set up a web of shell companies to do fraudulent penny-stock schemes not unlike the IPO scams of the movie *Boiler Room* (or modern crypto currencies and tokens). One of these is the aforementioned Marritaba Tin mining stock and that's the loose thread that causes the whole plan to eventually unravel, by alerting Hugh Devenish.

Riordon then finds himself busy fighting fires. Devenish survives two murder attempts on the first day, being almost run down outside the Carilon Club and then shot at outside his home. Later they try to kill him outside a pub, then lure him to a country manor to burn him alive, and then gas him on a yacht. It's quite remarkable how many murder attempts he survives without ever thinking to take more precautions before rushing around like a headless chicken.

You see, this is what betrays the age of Creasey when writing. Devenish is an ***absolute fool*** who trusts his resolution of every perilous situation to his fast reactions and solid right cross. It's the antithesis of Matt Helm's careful planning and astute reading of his antagonists' likely stratagems. Devenish blunders around constantly. Also, he meets a woman, doesn't kiss her, and within two days he's ready to risk life and limb to rescue her. It's astonishing how gallant the heroes of the early Department Z novels are. Only a silly young man could possibly put a virtual stranger at the centre of all his plans after just a few flutters of her eyelashes.

I dare say Creasey has failed in his attempts to scare me off the series. I shall move onwards with episode four pretty soon. Tally ho!

I haven't yet written 562 books, but the ones I have published are considerably more realistic than Creasey's in showing how an earnest young man can bag himself a hot women. Go here for an overview of my products and links to buying them.

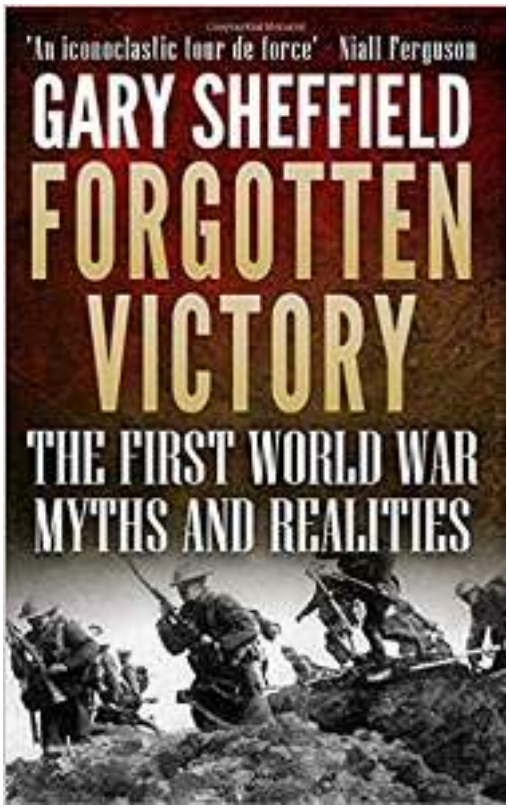


[1] Yes, really. That's how prolific he was.
[2] One of them scheduled for publication after this *Balls Deep* rewrite.
[3] The original told each girl's story in a self-contained chapter, which many readers found disruptive to the overall flow.
[4] I know I hinted earlier I didn't want to, but like Creasey, I too can just make it up as I go along.

[5] In 1935, I imagine that’s rather a lot.

#106 – Forgotten Victory, Gary Sheffield BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 23 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



What images come to your mind when thinking of **World War I**? Aside from the obvious – that *Battlefield 1* is a load of shite – it's likely a series of ghoulish black and white images of battered moonscapes, lines of parading soldiers with rifles over the shoulder, and artillery-blasted towns. The Great War was rather horrific.

I've always been fascinated with it because it occurred in an era before photography and video was common-place. What few movie reels and photos exist are all grainy and in B/W, which can't help but colour ***[1]*** my view of events. It seems so alien to modern life, despite ending only 100 years ago.

Gary Sheffield's *Forgotten Victory* was a 2001 attempt to replace what he considered myths of WWI with the results of modern scholarship, aimed at the general public. He thus begins with a long chapter surveying the general public attitude to WWI and how it got that way. The war is generally considered futile, sparked by the little incident in Sarajevo of Serb anarchists assassinating heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Various treaty obligations cascaded into mutual declarations of war until the entire continent was aflame. Many millions of needless deaths later, the war ended for equally spurious reasons. The whole thing was a massive waste of time, a sick spectacle of the British ruling class sacrificing the flower of British youth into the meat-grinder of the Western Front.

The kind of attitude seen in *Blackadder Goes Forth*.

Well, as any red pill reader is aware, the fact that comedy was made by the **Bolshevik Broadcasting Corporation** should be a big red flag. As should be any consensus view emerging from the Socialist indoctrination centres we now call public schooling. There's a foul odour of Marxism that reeks from the consensus view, of "lions led by donkeys", and the imagery of Field Marshalls in luxurious castles behind the lines, while infantry men live in dirty flooded trenches.

Sheffield argues persuasively that this negative nihilistic view of WWI was constructed long after the war ended, and didn't really surface at all until the 1930s. Much of the anti-war narrative was crafted by scholars of English

literature not History (or military history in particular) who relied upon the same tiny selection of anti-war poems and memoirs written by upper-class literati such as Wilfred Owen or Robert Graves. During the war, spirits were high and the British public supported war aims. The first two decades of post-war writing and performance were pro-war or at least ambivalent.

The idea that Britain should be ashamed of its involvement in WWI is a construction of historical engineers.

So, what are some of the myths that Sheffield wishes to bust? Now, I'm no scholar of WWI so I can't give an informed opinion on whether he has successfully debunked them, but the evidence he presents is certainly coherent in doing so, with what is presented.



It's a long way from Warsaw Modlin airport to the city centre

Myth #1 – Germany was unfairly blamed for starting the war.
Kaiser Wilhelm II was literally insane and surrounded himself with yes men. The German constitution gave him unlimited power and no real opposition from a toothless Reichstag. Given grand ambition, he set about undoing the careful neutrality established by Bismarck, aiming to establish Germany hegemony over Europe. High in his priorities was creation of a large modern navy intended to rival Britain's. This completely upset the balance of power and forced Britain to respond.

When Franz Ferdinand was assassinated that didn't need to lead to war, but German egged on the Austro-Hungarian empire to attack Serbia. It was also the Germans who kicked off war on the Western Front by invading Belgium.

Myth #2 – The Versaille Treaty was unfair, and led to WWII
Considering that Germany started the war and was spectacularly brutal in the occupied lands, it's no surprise there was a victor's peace. Much UK and French commentary in 1919 was that the Germans had been let off too lightly by the treaty. Their army never officially surrendered and was allowed to march back to Germany territory in full battle order and even march through German towns in a victory parade. The country – which was only united in 1871 – was never broken back up into its principalities. Foreign troops never occupied it.

By the time Hitler began rising to power, most of the conditions of the treaty had been eliminated or resolved in Germany's favour as Britain, France, and USA constantly back-tracked and failed to enforce it. France never received the majority of the $600m in war reparations demanded by the treaty.



Ghoulish and fascinating, imo

Myth #3 – Britain should have never sent a land army to the Western Front
Germany made straight for the ports of Belgium which, since Elizabeth 1st's time, have always been the outer line of Britain's defence. Seizure of ports on the channel would directly threaten the British mainland and substantially weaken control of the Channel. It was in the north that the British Expeditionary Force fought, holding the Germans back long enough for France to regroup, and holding down German divisions to stop them being sent to the Eastern Front where Russia was close to an early collapse.

According to Sheffield, in the desperate first year of war, Germany would've won if the BEF hadn't become directly involved in the land war and then German occupation of channel ports would've put Britain under serious threat from an aggressively expansionist Germany that would've almost certainly used them to begin a war with Britain anyway (had we stayed out of the land war). It was a case of fight them now, or fight them later when they are even stronger.

Myth #4 – The generals were dummies, carelessly wasting soldier's lives.
This gets a very detailed treatment in the book. One surprise for me was learning about command and control problems. The reason Douglas Haig stayed in his chateau was due to the nature of the telephone lines – he was more use there, as he could get an overall battle picture far faster than if he was close to the front lines. WWI was before radios were useful in battle. He often did go close to battle when opportunity allowed, including setting up his control centre in a railway carriage for one campaign.

Sheffield argues that the generals did a reasonable job but were faced with a formidable learning curve fighting a war of a scale and type that had no precedent. 1914-15 was a period of mistakes which were learned from and tactics changed considerably until by 1917 the BEF was a highly skilled fighting force with effective techniques of breaking German lines. Many of the "futile" battles in common lore were actually successes.

I'm only dipping into Sheffield's claims here but it was fascinating to me. There were so many elements to the war that I'd never considered until now. It's also an object lesson to never believe what the Marxists tell you. They'd made a huge effort to rewrite WWI into the standard bourgeoisie vs proletariat class warfare narrative.

I have never dressed in uniform and took a rifle into Europe to fight the Bosch, but I have dressed like a rocknrolla and took my daygame there to clack birds. Read all about it here.



[1] Excuse the pun

How To Write A Biography – GUEST POST

krauserpua · 23 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

I'll present this guest post without any pre-amble, as Clay already gives the backstory to why it's here. You can find Clay's excellent biography on Sam Langford on Amazon here, and my review of it here. He also runs a website selling used boxing books and memorabilia here: Prizefightingbooks. Take it away, Clay….

Every so often, I perform a Google search to see if there might be any new reviews or information on-line concerning any one of the three boxing biographies I've written. As a result, I recently came across a review of my book concerning the life and career of **Sam Langford** on Nick's blog. In the review, Nick speculated on the subject of the many fascinating unwritten and deserving stories waiting to be written. He suggested that in this current day and age when so many newspaper archives are available on-line it may be easier to accomplish than it's ever been. I agree.



He went on to say that thanks to the internet, one can very easily find a notable subject of interest, Google search their name, and go into one of any number of newspaper archive databases to search for articles, organize them chronologically in clusters around key events in their life, and then begin to put together a narrative. He suspected that may more or less be the approach I'd taken to write Langford's story. That led to an email exchange between us and an invitation to write this piece on the methodology that I applied when writing the book.

For over 25 years now, I've been a serious collector of boxing books and have amassed a personal library of over 4,300 different boxing titles.

As I began to read more about boxing in the early 1900's in my books and other boxing periodicals, I continually came across more details concerning Sam Langford, a.k.a., 'The Boston Tar Baby." The many accolades he received from his contemporaries, including fellow boxers, managers, trainers, promoters, and sportswriters convinced me of his greatness. Time and again, I came across references to him as one of the greatest boxers of all-time and the stories of his exploits convinced me he was one of boxing's most colorful characters as well. I wondered why nobody had ever written a book about this legendary, now largely forgotten sports figure.

At the same time, I'd often thought about attempting to write a book myself one day. So somewhere around the year 2003, I decided I'd try and write one about Sam. Never having written a book before, I wasn't sure where to start. But I knew I was going to have to do a lot of research, and compile it in an organized manner of some sort.

So the first thing I did was create a Word document listing of all of Sam's professional fights in chronological order from a website named Boxrec.com. My next step was to begin searching for written accounts of each and every one of those fights. Now Sam was no ordinary professional fighter. He fought over 300 officially documented professional fights! So that's an awful lot of fights to research. And in the course of my research, I uncovered a few more unrecorded fights. And while I did everything I could to try and identify all of his professional bouts, I'm sure there are more to be found.

So I spent a lot more time conducting research than I ever imagined I would. And at some point, I remember thinking that both the length of his professional career (24 years) and the hundreds of bouts he fought may have had a little to do with the reason nobody had written a book about him.

In any case, I used Newspaperarchives.com to find as many newspaper accounts of Sam's fights that I could. But that site didn't have accounts of all of his fights, and in many cases they didn't have local newspaper accounts of his fights. I knew that whenever possible, it was important to obtain local newspaper accounts of a fight to ensure the accuracy of the information.

So that meant that I regularly had to order microfilm of the desired newspaper accounts through a local library and spend hours reviewing the microfilm for the desired fight results and events leading up to and after the event itself. I printed these articles and took them home with me before returning the microfilm. In some cases, I ordered microfilm of newspapers from England, Australia, Canada and Mexico in search of details concerning his life experiences and/or fights in those countries. Since he also fought in France, I also obtained specific accounts of his fights and time in that country and enlisted the help of a cousin who was proficient in the French language to translate those materials for me.

Taking advantage of the fact that I owned an extensive boxing library, and a large number of boxing magazines, I also used those sources to search for any additional details concerning specific details of Sam's fights and life outside the ring.

Now being an anal sort, I not only grouped all of these materials in chronological order as much as possible, I typed every single word I could find concerning his life and career from newspaper articles, magazines, other books, and from my own recorded interviews with parties, chronologically in what would become a very large Word document over the course of the next 5-6 years.

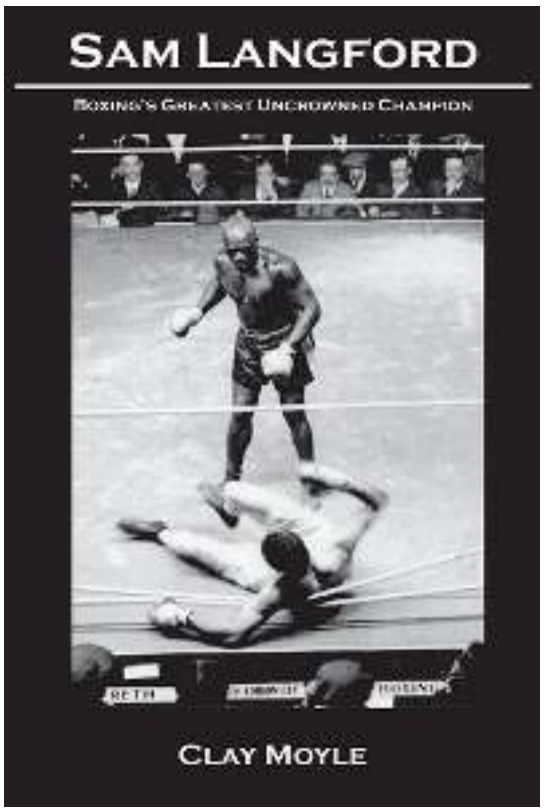
Finally, once I'd put all that research together, I was ready to begin writing the story. I began by creating an outline of the chapters I would write, or as Nick correctly surmised, essentially arranged all of that information around key events in Sam's life. Then, I went about writing each of the chapters, while continuing to try and fill in any missing details with additional research. Inevitably, there were many chapters that had to be rewritten as I gained more details, and resolved numerous mysteries.

By the time I completed drafts of all the chapters, I found that I'd written a book comprised of over 150,000 words. It was only then, as I began to learn more about the process of submitting a book proposal to publishers that I learned that in terms of biographies most publishers are looking for something more in the range of no more than 80,000 – 110,000 words. So I shared my draft with a friend who is a voracious reader and asked him if he'd do me a favor and cross out anything that he thought wasn't really of interest or vital to the story. Ultimately, I couldn't bear to delete everything he suggested I remove, but I was able to edit it down to approximately 113,000 total words.

To the best of my recollection, that's the approach I took. In hindsight, I'd have to say retyping all the information I collected chronologically was certainly very time consuming and the most questionable thing I did.

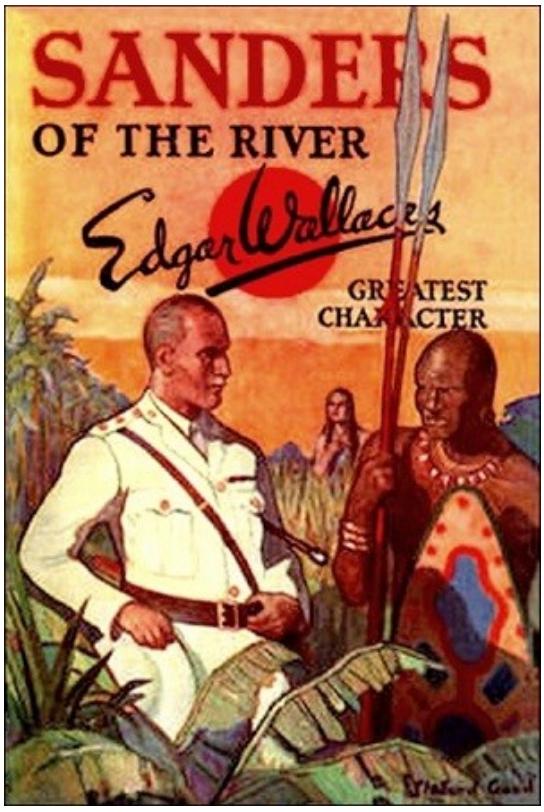
I undoubtedly would have accomplished the work much quicker and easier had I foregone that part, but I'd like to believe it helped me absorb the information to a greater degree, and enabled me to do a better job of identifying inconsistencies and putting the story together.

Thanks Clay. That gives an interesting insight into, and how-to guide, for writing the biography of a semi-famous figure. Those of you who'd like to read Clay's biography of Sam Langford can find it on Amazon here. Readers interested in Nick's books can find them here.


SAM LANGFORD
BOXING'S GREATEST UNCROWNED CHAMPION
CLAY MOYLE

#107 – Sanders Of The River, Edgar Wallace BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 24 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Bad ju-ju, yesterday

I would hazard a guess that one of the most well-documented and blindingly obvious conclusions in the social world is this: *don't let Africans into your country*. Look at what it did to the United States. I'm pretty sure if Americans ***[1]*** realised just how much damage Africans would do to their country, they'd have picked their own cotton ***[2]***. Britain was severely undermined by the Commonwealth immigration of the 1950s onward, and need I go into the raping/murdering/genital-mutilating recent wave of African savagery to sweep Europe?

So, keep the cunts out.

Don't let the above tirade be misconstrued as some kind of anti-African sentiment. I'm very much in favour of letting Africans have Africa to themselves without any European meddling, and I think all those doctors, brain surgeons and engineers that the Soros NGOs tell us are in the migrant boats should stay home and **Make Africa Great Again**.

Anyway, this lead-in brings me to a debate currently raging inside my own head, that of the **White Man's Burden**. To what extent does the white man owe his black fellow the benefit of his superior intellect, technology, long time-preference, high-trust organisation, and lack of cannibalism? To wit, **civilisation**. Is it a good or bad thing that Europe colonised Africa and severely meddled with their customs, law, economy, and borders?

I think we can immediately rule that in the case of Belgium and Germany, the European colonisation of Africa was a very bad thing for the natives. The Huns ran brutal concentration camps, tried to genocide Namibia, and were generally total cunts ***[3]***. The Belgians ran the rubber trade out of Congo and committed the worst atrocities of the lot. I'm not much versed on how the French did in Africa. My guess is they just sat around eating onions and going "ohey ohey ohn".

Britain did a really good job civilising the Caribbean and India, leaving both areas with a good infrastructure, rule of law, and a quashing of murderous ethnic conflicts. If you are to believe Edgar Wallace's *Sanders Of The River*,

we did much the same in Africa. So, the obvious question is *are we to believe Edgar Wallace?*

Well, this gets us into a rather deeper question of epistemology. Who are we to believe? How to we obtain our knowledge of the world?

Ayn Rand fans will immediately jump in and screech ***[4]***, "as first-handers!", to mean we should strive to acquire our knowledge of the world through a direct personal experience of it. I'm inclined to agree. But sitting on my arse in a Macedonian restaurant in 2018 is not a firm base from which to directly experience Africa of the nineteenth century, is it? No, it is not. I must rely on other people's experience. So, whose?

Lets ask ourselves first, what is the general consensus opinion of Britain's colonisation of Africa? It's mostly negative. The standard narrative is that the British Empire was a very bad thing both for its subjects in ~~shithole countries~~ the third world and for the poor working class lads sent overseas to enforce it. We brutalised the natives, plundered their resources, and set them up for misery such that we now thoroughly deserve their descendants invading Europe and raping all our white women. Or something.

That sounds awfully Marxist to me. Wherever you smell the foul odour of Marxism, you know it's built on a foundation of lies. The popular narrative is pushed by the BBC, academia, and the mainstream media. Therefore we can safely conclude that whatever the truth of the British Empire is, it's not ***that***.

But who do we believe?

Edgar Wallace was sent out to Africa as an 18yr old reporter on the Second Boer War. He spend considerable time in the Belgian Congo reporting on King Leopold's atrocities there, and then upon his return to Britain became a novelist. In this sense, Wallace was a first-hander of the British Empire in Africa. He didn't learn about it from The Morning Star newspaper, or KGB-funded Oxford academics, or the BBC. He was there. He saw it.

> Heroes should be tall and handsome, with flashing eyes; Sanders was not so tall, was yellow of face, moreover had grey hair. Heroes should also be of gentle address, full of soft phrases, for such tender women who come over their horizon; Sanders was a dispassionate man who swore on the slightest provocation, and had no use for women anyway.

That's why *Sanders Of The River* is so fascinating. It's a collection of fifteen anecdotes centred around a British administrator in West Africa as he deals with various palavers created by the simple-minded and nefariously mischievous savages under his dominion. He rules an area of 17 tribes of which most stories concern the wickedly warlike Akasava and the comically pacifist Ochori. Some game will be afoot in the jungle and then Sanders heads out in his steamboat (with two maxim guns and an escort of hussar riflemen) to sought it out through craft, force, and deep understanding of local cultures. It's a surprisingly subtle work which could only have been written by a man with a deep personal experience of Africa.

Sanders is under orders to diffuse war between tribes and suppress tribal practices of murder, sacrifice, and cannibalism. He mostly succeeds, though a few tribal chiefs need to have their necks stretched on nearby trees to ensure this ***[5]***.

> True to his prearranged scheme, the chief began the inevitable bargaining over terms. The presents offered were too small. The girl was worth a hundred thousand rods – nay, a thousand bags of salt.
> "You were mad," said Sanders calmly; "no woman is worth a thousand bags of salt."

The stories are all told as if the author was a correspondent relaying each anecdote back to a central authority, such as Wallace himself reporting to his wire service about Sander's exploits. Tales include a rascal conman Bosambo of Monrovia who lies and schemes his way into becoming king of the Ochori, and Sanders tolerates it in return for Bosambo putting fighting spirit into the previously enfaggoted tribe. There's a white doctor who goes rogue, running

a witch-doctor service to help angry wives poison their husbands. Plus there's the usual inter-tribal raids for goat- and women-stealing. It's a colourful cast of characters and considerable variety between the stories.

Considering it was written in 1911, there's not the slightest political correctness. See here:

> Chiefest of the restrictions placed upon the black man by his white protector is that which prevents him, when his angry passions rise, from taking his enemy by the throat and carving him with a broad, curved blade of native make. Naturally, even the best behaved of the tribes chafe under this prohibition the British have made.

There's lots of paternalism in that quote. But, then again, I used to live by Elephant & Castle so I know what Sanders had to deal with. I thoroughly enjoyed *Sanders Of The River* and will likely read the next of the eleven Sanders books. It's so much more believable than all that noble savage nonsense.

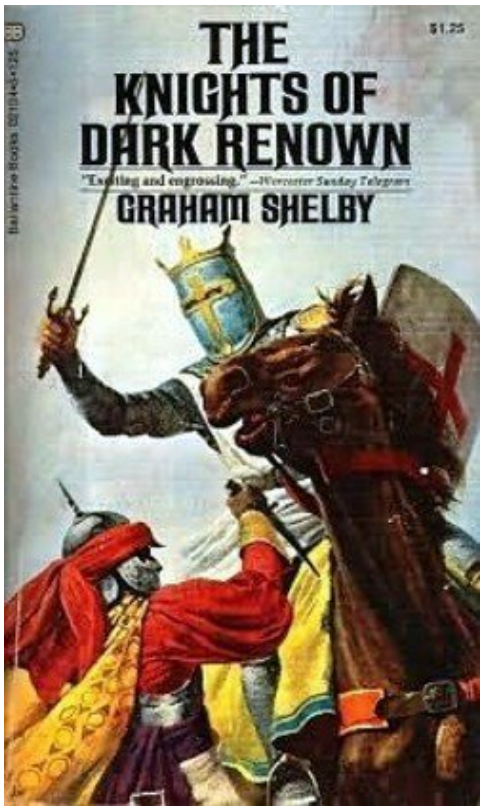
If you haven't yet reported me to the police for hate speech, you're probably the type who will very much enjoy my memoir series and my daygame textbooks available here.



[1] And by that I mean actual Americans, i.e. the British, who created the country and everything good about it. Not the Fake Americans of questionable skin colour who carry papers declaring themselves American.
[2] Although the Atlantic slave trade was mostly a Jewish-run scam, so it baffles me why white people feel guilty about it. Or at least I think so. I haven't bothered looking too deeply into it.
[3] Nothing new there, then.
[4] autistically
[5] A policy I strongly suggest we implement in migrant centres until we have deported them all.

#108 -The Knights of Dark Renown, Graham Shelby BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 26 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



"Take that and fuck off back to Bradford!"

I think we are all agreed that the Crusades were fucking awesome and really need to happen again. So, with that settled, let's move on to things more specific with *The Knights of Dark Renown*. I found this book by DuckDuckGoing ***[1]*** "best crusader knight series" to see if I could find a medieval equivalent to Matt Helm, Mack Bolan, or Ed Noon. Sadly, if there are any long-running crusader novel series from the pre-faggot era, I am as yet unaware of them. What I did find was that Graham Shelby began this series in 1969 and wrote six in total.

That's a good start. There's a good chance that a crusader story written in 1969 won't have any of the horrible anachronisms modern historical fiction features. Only the night before, I'd been horribly scarred by season two of *Penny Dreadful* on Netflix.

Scarred how, you ask?



Only lefties could fuck this up

On the face of it, *Penny Dreadful* should be fucking awesome. It's a lavishly-budgeted all-star cast series set in Victorian London in which all the major monsters of the time are running wild. There's Frankenstein's monster (and Bride Of), the wolf-man, a coven of witches, plus a bit of Satan and his lackeys. Unfortunately, there's also Dorian Gray, he of arch-faggot Oscar Wilde's *Picture Of Dorian Gray*. Showtime insist on having Gray get picked up by a vile transgender freako and lay on a scene where the two mentally-ill degenerates are flaunting their evil in front of stuffy Victorian prudes. There's an on-screen fag-kiss and then an actual bumming sex scene that had me pushing my hands out to block the screen as I wailed "make it go away! somebody slaughter the fags!"

I'm sure there was plenty of faggotry in Victorian London – it's full of soft southern shites, is it not – but this was a wildly anachronistic shoe-horning of ~~freak~~ tranny-rights into a horror show. And the producers seemed oblivious to the fact that having a faggot and a tranny bumming each other is ***far more Satanic*** than a mere mauling by a wolf-man.

I think I just popped a blood vessel in my brain. Right, calm down Nick! Reduce your murderous rage towards faggots and trannies.

Whew! Right then, the crusaders…. The Kindle reissue of this book begins with the following warning:

> This book contains views and language on nationality, sexual politics, ethnicity, and society which are a product of the time in which the book is set. The publishers do not endorse or support these views. They have been retained in order to preserve the integrity of the text.

Does that disclaimer not contain everything that is wrong with modern society? For a start, the publisher either (i) considered butchering a good book to appease traitorous Marxists, or (ii) felt they had to at least pay lip service to the ideological insanity of those traitorous Marxists.

Still, I got excited. With a warning like that I could look forward to a book that's full of hard-eyed Christian knights **killing the fuck** out of hook-nosed shifty-bearded Muslims. All the women would be safely tucked into the kitchen or bedroom, and anyone caught faggoting in public would surely be burned at the stake. It gets off to a good start too, opening with Reynald of Chatillon adrift in a war galley after barely escaping ambush by Saladin's fleet. Reynald had taken a small fleet into the Red Sea to harry the Arabian coast and take a chance on sacking Mecca ***[2]***. This is how Shelby introduces Reynald:

> He had fought ferociously, not only during the past hours, but almost without respite since early February. He had personally killed more than seventy Moslems, men, women and, on five occasions, children. So, whenever

> he slept, he enjoyed the tranquillity of mind that comes to a man who has done his work well.

Their galley chances upon a large ship full of pilgrims bound for Mecca so he boards that and slaughters all three hundred aboard. Naturally, I considered this a great way of introducing your novel's hero….



Well, he's ***my*** hero. Even if he is ginger.

… except he's not the hero! This bravery in service of the cross is supposed to make him the ***baddie***! For fuck's sake! Where can a man find a red-blooded infidel-crushing series of novels about the crusades? Anyway, that massacre causes Saladin to tear up his truce with the Franks, and then the story kicks off. What follows is a *Game Of Thrones*-lite as different factions in the Holy Land squabble, mostly between the Reynald-led faction itching to tweak the hook-noses of the Moslems, and the dovish faction led by Raymond of Tripoli who wants peace. Fortunately for the book, Reynald gets his way.

It's all based on historical events, culminating in a famous battle of 1187 which doesn't go to well for the Franks. I enjoyed it, though some of the political wrangling got a bit turgid at times. From a literary perspective, I was interested how Shelby apportioned responsibility for the war. He presents Saladin's army as monolithic outsiders and never has a scene involving them as perspective characters – they only appear when witnessed by Christians. The various catastrophes befalling the Franks arise from stupidly aggressive knights who can't bear to wait around when there are Moslems to be smited ***[3]***. At all times in the book, it seems like the Franks could comfortably hold onto the Holy Lands but the hotheads stir up trouble for no reason and then the king in particular, Guy of Lusignan, makes a series of disastrous blunders. The final battle goes awry because the crusaders deliberately march away from an impregnable position to a shit one that has no water, walking right into Saladin's obvious trap.



"Fucking take THAT, you goat-fucking sand-nigger"

Now, I do remember reading in my history books that they really were this stupid. But… well… I don't like it in fiction. If the goodies are going to lose, it should be because the baddies are a formidable force. I don't like any fiction that relies on rank stupidity or cupidity within Team Goodies in order to create tension.

Anyway, I did enjoy this book and intend to read the next in the series. You'll be pleased to know there wasn't any bumming at all – not even amongst the Arabs – and no trannies.

*If you like the idea of anal sex but **only** involving women, then you might find what you're looking for in my own memoirs. And if you wish to seek out bumming – again, only with women, I stress – try my textbooks. All available here.*

[1] Not Googling. I don't support the enemies of the people.
[2] It's not too late to try again, imo.
[3] I know, ridiculous isn't it, painting these people as the baddies.

Demolition Lovers Out Now

krauserpua · 28 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Use the coupon code FWD15 for 15% off this and my Lulu books

Regular readers who are not suffering from pre-senile dementia will remember around this time last year when I announced my Winter Memoir Challenge. Not to put too fine a point on it, I wanted some daygame memoirs to read and thus tried to cajole people into writing them. I'm very pleased to say that **four** worthies stepped up to the plate and completed serious first drafts that I test-read.

The first of them, after twelve months of polishing and editing, is now officially released, and by golly it looks rather good doesn't it?

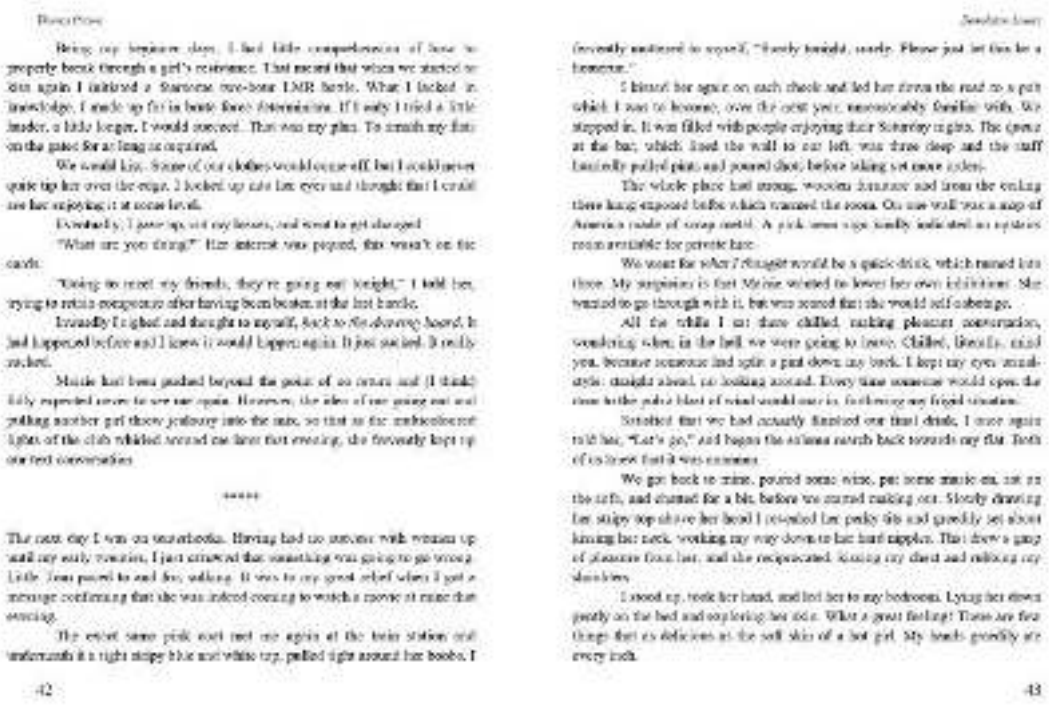


Yes, rising star in the London Daygame world ***[1]*** Thomas Crown has just released *Demolition Lovers*, a memoir of his 2016/17 period of daygame carnage. Those of you who read his rather excellent blog ***[2***] will know he's a capable writer and good communicator ***[3]***. I can personally vouch for the extreme care Thomas has lavished on this book, having read three different drafts as the memoir took shape over the past twelve months. It's not a rush job at all.

I'll review it properly at a later date, but I want to get a paper copy to read at my leisure when I'm back in Newcastle for Christmas. For now, I'm just fulfilling my promise of announcing its existence to my readership.

Go here to purchase your own copy. If you'd like to leave your thoughts on the book in the comments here, please do. Let's try and get a little buzz around the book. In our little daygame corner of the internet, there are very few good books released. Let's celebrate when one comes out ***[4]***

I shall forgo the usual opportunity to pimp my own memoirs in italics, so go have a look at Demolition Lovers before an irate boyfriend murders the author in revenge for shagging his bird.

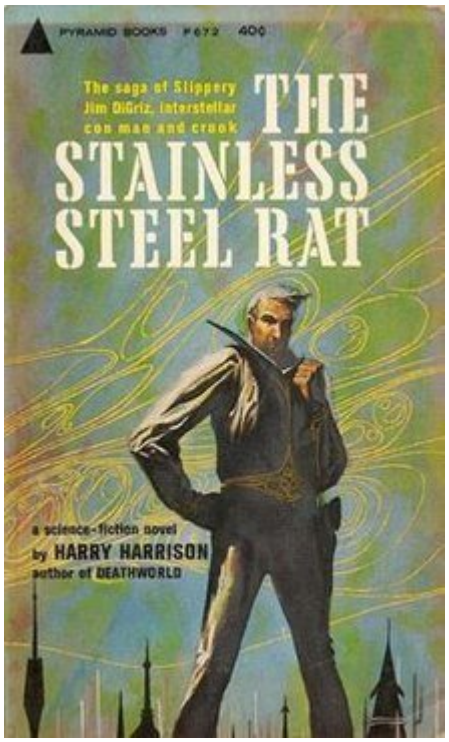


The interior, yesterday

[1] That's five pounds you owe me, Tom.
[2] Make it a tenner.
[3] Fifteen.
[4] Call it a round twenty.

#109 – The Stainless Steel Rat, Harry Harrison BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original

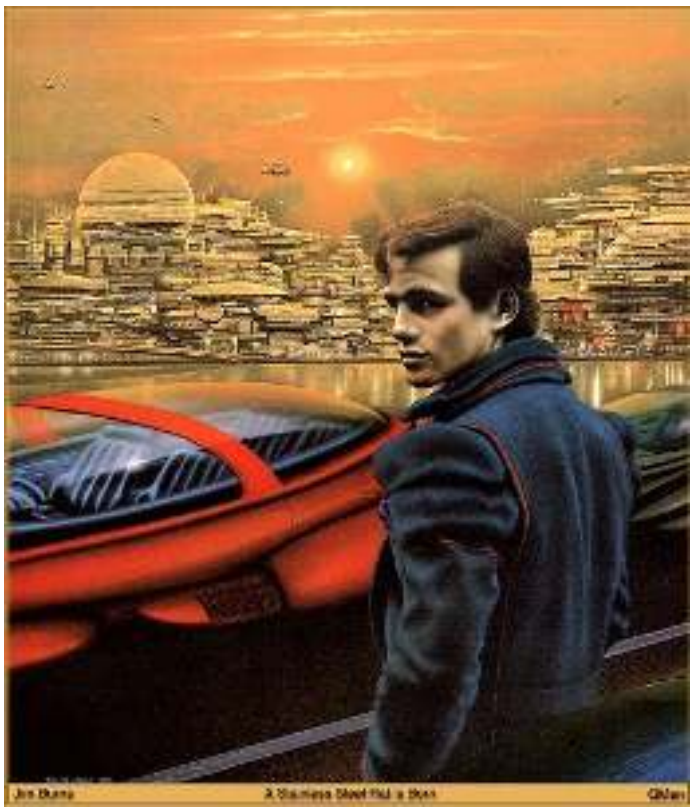


I'm not a good listener. From an early age, I always knew best and I'd be quite stubborn about it. That's not to say I was incapable of learning or of taking advice, just that I'd never take that advice *at the time it was offered*. It had to percolate in my mind until I'd weighed it up and fitted it into my world-view. Tied to this attitude is my general disposition as a contrarian. Whenever I see the herd moving in one direction, my instinct is to go the other. That's why, for example, I stayed well clear of the **Jordan Peterson** faggot-band long before **Vox Day** exposed him as an evil globalist and cult leader. It's not that I saw through Peterson before Vox – I didn't – but rather that I saw the Peterson bandwagon pick up steam and that very fact disgusted me and encouraged me to keep my distance.

It's a simple heuristic in life: If all the knackers and 'tards are headed one way, you might want to head the other.

Recently I explored YouTube for what others are saying about the Sigma Male. I found considerably more videos than I'd expected (including a few quoting my own writings on sigma word-for-word, which was flattering). One of them was a listicle, something like *Ten Ways To Know You're A Sigma Male*. The comments argued somewhat about whether a Sigma is born or made, and that got me thinking.

On the one hand, I've always wanted to stand aside from the herd, since I was little. That seems like an innate disposition of mine that trends sigma. On the other hand, I believe all sigmas have experienced a period of social exclusion that finally soured them on any desire to fit in with the herd. For me, it happened aged 12 when my best friend transferred to another school. So, nature or nurture, who knows?



I bring this up because Harry Harrison's *The Stainless Steel Rat* is a portrait of sigma in a 1961 science fiction novel. It was recommended by a blog reader and the premise intrigued me. In the future, the **Federation** (like *Star Trek*) has colonised much of the universe and imposed its own monolithic utopia. Every Federation planet ***[1]*** has its place in the grand scheme of things and a central organising authority carefully manages the technology, law and order. Obviously war is banned – it always is in these Utopian sci-fi novels.

Harrison throws a spanner in the works by making his protagonist an outsider, a compulsive criminal called James Bolivar diGriz. Chapter one opens with diGriz making a hasty escape from his warehouse, base of a black market business reselling food stolen from government stores. He high-tails it from the planet and sets up in a new place, thinking up a new scam. He's an experienced hustler, living by a series of mottos:

> It had been a good operation – and could have gone on for quite a while. I stifled the train of thought before it started. One lesson that has to be remembered in my line of business is that when an operation is over it is OVER! The temptation to stay just one more day or to cash just one more check can be almost overwhelming, ah how well I know. I also know that it is also the best way to get better acquainted with the police.

Chapter one shows diGriz is a criminal who takes real pride in his work. His scam was well thought out and he set up very carefully rehearsed exit protocols to ensure a clean getaway. There is now so little crime in the Federation that all the police have to do is chase down people like diGriz, a tiny minority compared to law-abiding citizens. The sheer uphill struggle of eking out a dishonest dollar forces him to be very careful in his risk-management.

So, why does he even bother? Harrison explains in chapter two:

> At a certain stage the realisation strikes through that one must either live outside of society's bonds or die of absolute boredom. There is no future or freedom in the circumscribed life and the only other life is complete rejection of the rules. There is no longer room for the solider of fortune or the gentleman adventurer who can live both within and outside of society. Today it is all or nothing. To save my own sanity I chose the nothing.



“Look, we found someone who isn’t a faggot like all of us!”

Harrison’s protagonist has turned to crime for philosophical reasons, as a rejection of the cloying uniformity of the Federation’s fake Utopia. He needs to screw with the system as much as he needs oxygen. For example, while still on the run, he does this:

> When I paid the cab I short-changed the driver right under his nose, palming one of the credit notes in the act of handing it to him. He was blind as a riveted bulkhead, his gullibility had me humming with delight. The tip I gave him more than made up the loss since I only do this sort of petty business to break the monotony.

This exchange shows diGliz isn’t mean-spirited or avaricious. He’s criminal because of its spiritual rewards. Interestingly, diGliz figured this out all on his own. He’s soon arrested in an elaborate entrapment by The Special Corps, an elite group of expert detectives, because he can’t resist the urge to rob a bank on his new planet. While interviewed by the head of the Corps, it becomes clear than diGliz did not learn his trade through contact with other criminals – “You’ve never met another crook in your life and you know it!” says the Head, and diGliz doesn’t disagree.

Nature or nurture? How did this sigma male get made?

It turns out that The Special Corps is a unit composed mostly of former vagabonds like diGliz so it has a dual purpose of hunting down criminals and providing a safe avenue for them to harness their creative urges. diGliz takes the job and soon uncovers a plot of a fellow criminal to have a powerful battle-cruiser built and stolen so as to engage in space piracy. The boss sends him off on a mission to investigate and diGliz soon deserts the Corps (that’s the sigma unwillingness to be in a team) but continues the mission on his own steam (the sigma sense of moral purpose).

As diGliz investigates he becomes increasingly impressed with the unknown mastermind behind the plot and finally manages to run her to earth. It’s a hot bird, Angelina. She escapes and a cat-and-mouse game ensues. diGliz must manage conflicting urges, at times feeling a sense of kinship with a rare fellow vagabond, while also disgusted at her being an actual mass murdering psychopath (at this point, diGliz has never killed anyone). He also obviously wants to bang her.

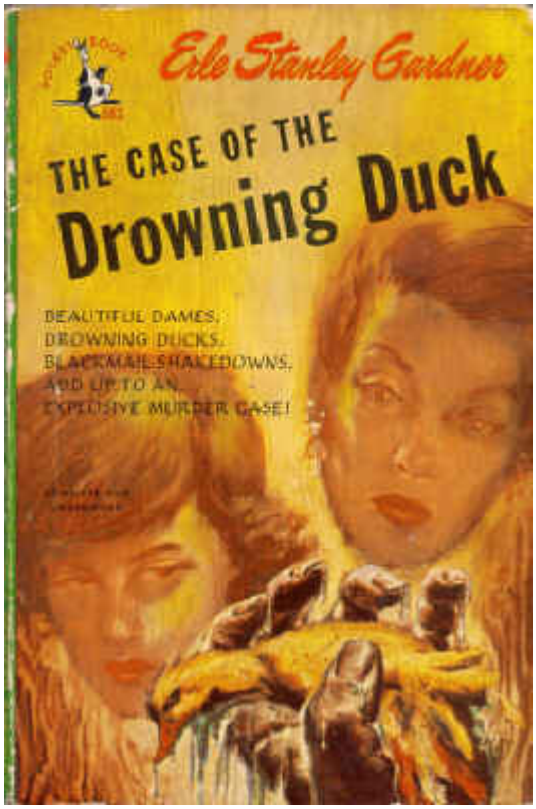
I really enjoyed this book. It has the same methodical hero as the **Matt Helm** books and the same careful pre-planning and double/triple bluffing Helm always uses. It also has exceptionally lean and clear prose so the story doesn't half rush forwards. After the relatively turgid prose of yesterday's Crusader book, it was really notable how this one zips forwards like a scout-class ship hitting a warp gate ***[2]***. It does this without skimping on depth. Judged only on plot, it's a pot-boiler with a few nice twists. Judged on character, there's that interesting sigma deal going on. The Federation regimentation leads to passivity and mediocrity, which diGliz rebelled against instinctively.

If you like reading about an inter-stellar sigma rascal who feels compelled to step outside the herd and make mischief, you'll probably enjoy my memoirs and my how-to daygame textbooks all explained here.

[1] I think Harrison calls it The League, but it's The Federation.
[2] I can do sci-fi metaphors

#110 – The Case Of The Drowning Duck, Erle Stanley Gardner BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 29 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



There are many reasons to like Erle Stanley Gardner's writing: his distinctive characters, the suave interplay between Perry Mason and his faithful secretary Della Street, the investigative insight from Paul Drake, or the convoluted but carefully-intertwined plot threads. But of all things, it's the way Gardner has his protagonist Perry Mason think which I like most of all. He has admirable logic that pulls you in just as Arthur Conan Doyle did with Sherlock Holmes.

In chapter thirteen, there's a very nice example of it. Let's have a look, shall we?

The central conceit of *The Case Of The Drowning Duck* is that an insufferably proud rich dude asks Mason to re-open an old murder case from eighteen years previously. One Horace Adams was convicted and executed for murdering his business partner out East, in 1924, and now Adams' son is about to marry the client (Witherspoon)'s daughter. Adams' mother told her son a cockamamie ***[1]*** story about him having been kidnapped aged 3, to cover up the murder charge. Witherspoon will not permit his daughter to marry a boy with the mark of Cain, but has hired Mason just on the off-chance Horace Adams was wrongly convicted.

When you write as many detective mysteries as Gardner – and this was number twenty in the Mason series – you get creative. He does a masterful job hopping between the old murder case and modern-day peril. Once the dust is kicked up there's a tale of blackmail, shakedowns, and new murders. So, halfway through the book, Mason sits down with his regular private eye Drake and discusses the case. Specifically, his methodology of attacking the case.

> Mason said, "Let's look at this thing logically. The big trouble is we get hypnotised by facts and start placing a false interpretation upon those facts because of the sheer weight of circumstances."

This is somewhat opposed to Sherlock Holmes who, in *Scandal In Bohemia*, advised:

> It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts.

Now, I think this comes down to whether the detective is reasoning within an **open** or a **closed** system. The Holmes stories are known as "locked room puzzles" meaning they usually involve a sealed crime scene and small suspect list. Doyle sets up a small amount of solid evidence from which a tight chain of deductive reasoning can be made: the footprints near the body are size ten, with a certain distance of stride, and deeper impressions on the right foot, and there is a particular cigar ash. Thus Holmes can walk into the only two tobacconists in London that sell that cigar and ask if a man over 6'3″ with a bad left leg came in to buy some. Holmes will carefully observe a scene to collect facts and then stir the pot to uncover more. However, his stories usually involve close reasoning. Once you're sure of the key facts, the conclusion is elementary.

Mason never has things so clear cut. His facts are more like **Miss Marple**'s: witness testimony and gradually uncovered relationships between characters. When reading Holmes you get the feeling that the crime is a static target that must be gradually uncovered. Mason stories are a blurred moving target as the lawyer tries to keep up with a shifting reality. Thus where Holmes must decide where to look and then observe carefully until he has uncovered sufficient key facts, Mason must manage the psychologies, set traps, and fool witnesses into revealing their secrets. To do that, Mason requires a big picture early. Facts can change it, but he needs to constantly reason out the big picture and try fitting the facts.

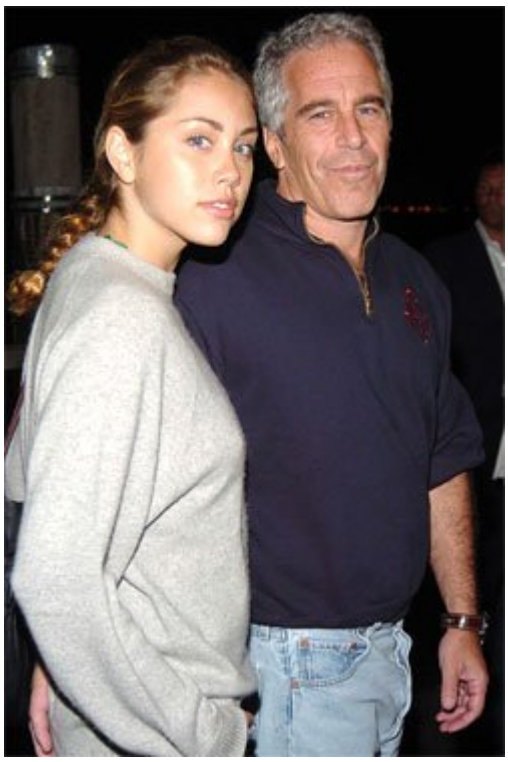
> Mason said, "When you once get the correct master pattern, every single event fits into that pattern. It dovetails with every other event which impinges upon it. When you get a master pattern which seems to accomodate all of the events except one, and you can't make that event fit in, it's pretty apt to mean that your master pattern is wrong."

It's this logic which makes me increasingly confident of The Storm, QAnon, and Pizzagate. What are those, you ask? Briefly, **The Storm** is a theory that Trump is weeding out all the corruption and racketeering from the US Government which will entail taking down the key crime families: Clintons and Obamas. **QAnon** theorises that the entire world is run by a secret Cabal who pilfer taxpayers money and they attempt to betray the West but the good guys (Team Trump) are fighting a secret war to take them down. **Pizzagate** theorises that the world is run by a network of Satanic paedophiles of which the Vatican and Hillary's campaign managers are key nodes.

Whew!

As it happens, I'm 100% convinced of The Storm because all of the evidence is publicly available and the actions are out in the open too – testimony under oath before Congress and Senate, Trump's appointments and executive orders, indictments, FISA applications, firings and retirings and so on. The Storm doesn't rely upon anonymous sources or rumour. You can see all the information in official documents, transcripts, announcements and so on. Much of it involves Government employees or Congressmen acting in their official capacities. The key is how to fit the facts together: having the correct Master Pattern. It's all hidden in plain sight. I'm rather less convinced of QAnon and Pizzagate because those theories actually require that it's based on anonymous sources, rumour, and clandestine meetings. Call me wary.

This is why I took great interest in the recent Miami Herald story on convicted paedophile Jeffrey Epstein. Who is Epstein, you ask?



At least he has taste

He was raping under-age girls in Palm Beach, Florida and was cut the sweetest of all possible plea deals in which he was sentence to one year in prison, but let out six days a week for "work release". Basically, he got off scot-free. Read the Herald story to be brought up to date. Now, given that this happened over ten years ago, why is it a big story now? Why is the biggest newspaper in Florida forcing Epstein and child sex-abuse rings onto the front page. Ignore the Trump reference, this story hits the Clintons hardest of all. ***Why now?***

> Now, more than a decade later, two unrelated civil lawsuits — one set for trial on Dec. 4 — could reveal more about Epstein's crimes. The Dec. 4 case, in Palm Beach County state court, involves Epstein and Edwards, whom Epstein had accused of legal misdeeds in representing several victims. The case is noteworthy because it will mark the first time that Epstein's victims will have their day in court, and several of them are scheduled to testify.

But why is that going to court ***now***? Could it be related to Trump finally having a 53-47 Senate, and Jeff Sessions handing over the Department of Justice to AG Whitaker?

This represents one of the many "single events" that fit into the Pizzagate "master pattern". We already know Bill Clinton travelled to Epstein's "lolita island" in the US Virgin Islands 27 times, including many without his Secret Service detail – that's all in the publicly available flight manifests filed with the FAA. We already know Trump suddenly banned Epstein from his properties for propositioning an underage girl. We also heard Trump clearly allude to Hillary's NGO child-trafficking in Haiti following the earthquake (skip to 12:30).

These are all single events fitting into the Pizzagate master pattern. If you want a good breakdown, go check out this blog for a Pizzagate summary.

I doubt Mason would conclude from the currently-available evidence that Pizzagate is the correct master pattern, but I dare say he wouldn't be able to come up with a better working hypothesis. As each of these single events emerges to reinforce the theory – and none at all to discredit it – I grow increasingly confident that Pizzagate is real. How confident? Currently, about 40%. It's still a long-shot.

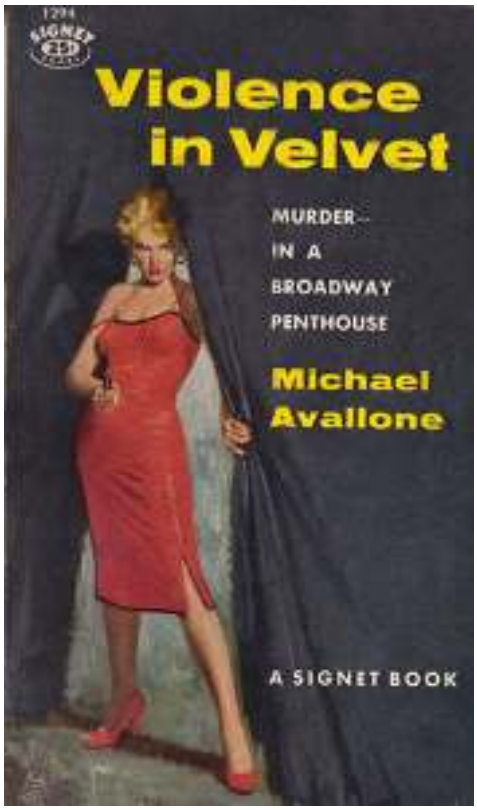
No duck was drowned in the book, by the way.

If you prefer your girls to be of legal age, consider my memoir. If you'd like a master pattern for how to get 'em, check out my textbooks. All available here.

[1] I always wanted to use that word in a blog post.

#111 – Violence In Velvet, Michael Avallone BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 29 November 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Compared to the tightly convoluted plotting and extensive theorising of **Perry Mason** novels, the Ed Noon stuff is far more straightforward and action oriented. Mason is very rarely endangered and almost never physically assaulted. His jeopardy always comes from cutting a corner – usually tampering with evidence or manipulating a client – so as to frustrate the police and risk his disbarment for obstructing justice. He doesn't pull a gun, or have one pulled on him. He's never sapped on the back of the head, tied up in a basement, or threatened by mob bosses.

That stuff happens all the time to Noon. He's been knocked cold more times than Amir Khan.

The Mason books also clearly involve the reader in theorising through the case. There are always mid-story scenes of Mason sitting in his office picking at the evidence with his secretary Della Street or his private eye Paul Drake. These scenes are to summarise the evidence for the reader and highlight key components of the puzzle. Agatha Christie does the same thing. Michael Avallone prefer the Sherlock Holmes method of storytelling, in which the detective keeps his cards close to his chest until the big final reveal.

This fourth Noon novel, *Violence In Velvet*, does ***not*** begin with a dame in this office, a violent man bursting in, and then a third unseen character shooting said man dead (you'd be surprised how often that happens in Noon stories). If I remember correctly, there are no corpses in Noon's office at all, which is a rarity. Instead, Noon is sitting in the bar across from his office when a ten-year old kid – Lucille – comes in and offers to pay her pocket money to hire Noon. She claims her dad wants to kill her mum.

Noon takes the kid back to her parent's apartment, and stumbles onto mummy's corpse. She's been shot in the face with a .45. The shaken kid picks up the gun and fires it at Noon, missing. Then a dame bursts in – the dad's secretary and mistress – and also pulls a gun.



"You call me a squirrel one more time!"

Now, that probably sounds really odd but believe me as the book progresses this seemingly irrational behaviour from the big dame and little dame starts to make sense. This is a tale in which Daddy is a Broadway star and there's a love triangle afoot. Having a murder occur live during a baseball game in the third book, *Dead Game*, it seems Avallone wanted to up the ante by having a murder during a stage performance in *Violence In Velvet.*

Aside from that, it's a typical Noon book. It has the usual cheesy dialogue too:

> "His name is Noon, Miss Tucker, " Lucille piped up, obviously enjoying herself immensely. "You know. Like twelve o'clock."
> "Now you know," I told Helen Tucker. "So dry up or I'll strike you twelve times."

There's the usual action too, of the sort you never get in a Perry Mason. The husband, Guy Prentice, shows up at the murder scene while the police are still there and Noon is in a bad mood – having had two guns fired at him by Lucille and Helen respectively. Prentice is a primadonna and Noon suspects his show of grief is an act. So he needles him.

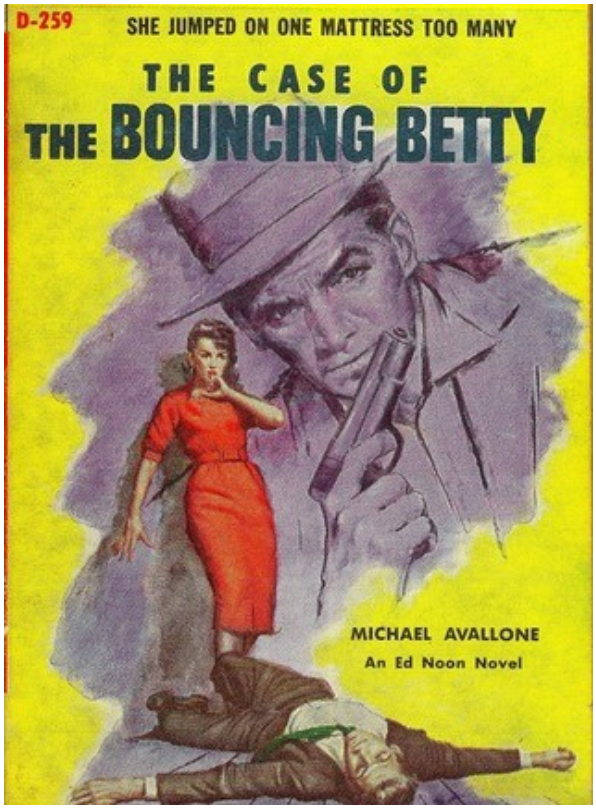
> "You dirty, filthy swine," he murmured. "Who do you think you are – God?"
> "Not God," I said coldly. "Just a guy who doesn't go around murdering women."
> It just wasn't my day. I tried to wriggle off the hook but I couldn't. And there was more to come.
> Because Lucille leaped forward like a little tigress, locked my legs with her wiry, slender arms and sank every tooth that was in her mouth into the fleshy part of my upper thigh. I howled and tried to shake her off, and it took all of my attention off things.
> Which cost me. Guy Prentice seemed to bounce off the floor at me like a released spring with a fist at the end of it. I'd never been punched by a famous man before. But speaking for all of the men punched by famous men the world over, mine was a special four-star performance.
> His fist whooshed up to my chin, exploded like the A-bomb, and the detonation roared around my skull. I went down into a mushrooming darkness with the sound of the doorbell for musical accompaniment.

Your reaction to that excerpt will tell you if Ed Noon books are for you. I like that type of facetious bumbling high-action style and don't find it at all low brow. It's straightforward, without pretence, and doesn't let fancy language get in the way of telling the story.

If low brow is your thing, you can't get lower brow than a memoir about a middle-aged man flying budget airlines, staying in cheap AirBnB apartments, and banging young women of questionable chastity. Or you could buy my textbooks to learn how to live the dream yourself. Get 'em here.

#112 – The Case Of The Bouncing Betty, Michael Avallone BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 1 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Those of you not yet banned from Twitter for hate speech will have likely seen the latest reeeeeeeeing from liberal snowflakes: the Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer television special. Laughing stock website **The Huffington Post** published an article decrying the "marginalisation" of Rudolph, finding the tale "seriously problematic". You probably think I'm joking. Oh no, go read the story. Here's a quote:

> He asks Rudolph if he can drive his sled through the snowstorm.
>
> At this point in the story, instead of fighting Santa and demanding for the abuse to end, Rudolph gives in and lets Santa exploit him for an even further extent of time. After that, Rudolph is treated nicely as long as he lets himself be exploited for years to come and the story ends on that bombshell.
>
> The story clearly suggests that dysfunctional people are ok for society as long as we can find a way to use or exploit them for our own personal gain.
>
> Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer represents how in the past, people with dysfunctions had been exploited for others' gains. This story suggests that if people with dysfunctions don't exploit themselves to others, they are sitting about and being useless and lazy.

Now, we all know why liberals get triggered like this: they are society's losers. Marxism is an ideology of losers, suggesting those losers band together to attack the winners. A liberal will be triggered by Rudolph's exclusion for having a dodgy nose because they were the kids marginalised at school for being cowards, whiners, weaklings, and fatties.

Did I say fatties? Well, what a smooth segue into Michael Avallone's *The Case Of The Bouncing Betty*, the sixth novel in the Ed Noon private eye series. The name comes from a German WW2 landmine that would spring up several feet into the air before exploding. You can imagine how gruesome that would be. This novel appropriates

the name because Noon's client, Betty Heck, is 440lbs. That's in 1954, the pre-Tumblr era, when 440lbs wasn't merely "slightly chubby".

There's no way this book would get published in 2018. Avallone is merciless in mocking Betty's weight – even though he presents her as a sympathetic character overall. Here's the very opening lines:

> The first time I saw Betty she was bouncing. She kept on bouncing right up until the day she died ***[1]***. Why she died was no more important than why she bounced. Because when I found out why Betty bounced I found out why she died.

That's not as facetious as it sounds, by the way. That first paragraph is a strictly logical foreshowing of the plot – what I'm about to spoil. Betty works as a mattress tester ***[2]*** for Sleep-Tite bedding company precisely because her weight gives the mattresses a solid stress test. Her boss Bartholomew Artel has gotten into a dope smuggling racket with Tommy Chin and his eldest sun from the Chop Suey restaurant across the road from Ed Noon's detective agency. The distribution end has been agreed with Mafia boss Bim Caesar. Unfortunately, two unanticipated events scuttle the plan. First, Artel falls in love with Lois Hunt and decides to elope and go straight. Second, when bouncing on the mattresses, Betty splits the seams and all the dope pours out.

It's at this moment the story opens:

> The door swung back and Bouncing Betty bounced in. All four hundred and forty pounds of her. And I suddenly felt a helluva lot safer with a gun in my hand.
>
> She stopped bouncing long enough to glare at me, then bounced over to the client's chair on the other side of the desk and flopped into it with a sigh that seemed to lower the Marilyn Monroe calendar a full quarter of an inch. The chair groaned with age.

Betty hires Noon as a bodyguard because she's had three attempts on her life and doesn't know why (she didn't recognise the dope). If you've read the previous five Noon books you know **exactly** what's coming next……. an aggressive man barges into the office. It's Artel, and he offers to double Betty's price if Noon will drop the case. You can guess what happens right after that too: an unknown shooter fires from outside Noon's office (in this case from a rooftop across the street) and murders Artel. I swear, this is how five of the first six Noon novels begin.



Not Betty, yesterday

The mystery that follows is fun in its own way, as Noon gets on the wrong side of Bim Caesar, survives a nightclub shoot-out, is kidnapped at gunpoint twice, and I think he's slugged on the head once too. The prettiest woman is brutally raped and almost murdered – Noon books always have the prettiest dames getting mistreated. He's also

accused of a murder by his cop friends who – yet again – forget all the previous times they suspected him of murder and he was exonerated. He even goes on the run – again.

What sets *The Case Of The Bouncing Betty* apart is the constant ripping on Betty's weight. Almost every page she's on has either Noon or another character marginalising her. It's seriously problematic ***[3]***. For example:

> She rolled her glass in her fat fingers. It looked no bigger than a thimble.
>
> She kept on laughing. Genuine laughter that made her mountainous breasts rhumba, mambo and just about everything else.
>
> I was tying up my shoes and thinking about a cup of coffee when the bedroom door pushed open. I couldn't see Lois Hunt for a full second because Betty Heck, all four hundred and forty pounds of her, was filling the doorway as she stretched… Betty lumbered into the room and Lois Hunt came around her left side, looking for a cigarette.

It's not just the main plot point that hinges on Betty's lard-ass. When cornered in their apartment by three hoods, Betty uses her width to obscure a gangster's view to block a shotgun, before slugging him. One of the murder attempts fails because she's too fat to fit through the elevator doors when they try to shove her down the shaft. Even the hoods rip into her weight.

> Betty Heck shrieked low but cut it off immediately as Bucky thrust the shotgun almost in her face, "Shut up, Fatso, before we start on you."

I dare say this unending tirade of fat-shaming made *The Case Of The Bouncing Betty* even more fun than usual. I never tire of laughing at fatties ***[4]***. This was a good return to form after a disappointing fifth book.

If you'd like my books because they are really good and stuff, then go here to check out my product range, with explanations of what's what and what's not.



[1] Until the very moment of her death, actually, because she's pushed down a flight of stairs and breaks her neck.
[2] That is not a 1954 slang for what is now called a THOT.
[3] In a funny way
[4] Now that I'm no longer one of them.

#113 – The Alarming Clock, Michael Avallone BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 1 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I suppose he had to fire a dud eventually, and novel five in the Ed Noon series is when Michael Avallone has finally written a pedestrian hard-boiled story. *The Alarming Clock* is entirely based around a single plotline: a Russian spy at the Department Of Defense has obtained secret codes to the US nuclear arsenal and engraved them onto the serial number inside a cheap clock. A group of former-SS freelancers are waiting to receive it when the seller gets cold feet and leaves the clock in Ed Noon's office. Noon was shopping for groceries at the time.

So, Noon gets back to the office, finds the package, and wonders what the hell is going on. There's a letter for him.

> Mr Noon,
> Imperative you hold this for me until I can contact you later. You may open package to inspect it but do not by any means let the enclosed leave your hands. Many people would kill you for this item but it can also make you a millionaire. A mutual friend sent me to you.
> Will call soon
> Roland Ritz

At first he mistakes the ticking for a bomb so he drowns the package in his sink, to ruin the explosives. Then he opens it and is puzzled that it's just a normal clock. The plot becomes a clock-hunt as Noon's instinct has him immediately hide the clock and replace it with his normal desktop clock. The Germans burst in, at gunpoint, and kidnap Noon together with the (wrong) clock. Everything that follows is Noon stalling them as he attempts to piece together why the clock is so goddamned important as the Germans and a team of fake FBI agents squabble and attempt to reclaim it.

The plot conceit is fine, it all proceeds logically, and it's not a bad book at all. However, it's missing the Noon flavour. Yeah he's held up at gunpoint, slugged on the head, and bangs a dame. Yeah, he cracks wise and pisses off the cops. But some vital ingredient is missing. This plays like a thriller rather than a hard-boiled detective story.



Russian spies are a cheerful bunch

Noon's neighbour, a clock repairman called Alec St Peter, gets it worst ***[1]***. He's a WW2 vet whose hands were blown off while testing explosives. At first, Noon thinks the clock was meant for him.

> I got organised. I turned the lights out in Alec St. Peter's office and went back to my own workshop. I tool Alec's metal hands with me. As I carried them into the mouse auditorium, I suddenly wondered what it must be like to have hooks instead of flesh and blood fists. Alec never talked much about them even if he seemed to be completely un-self-conscious about them. You can never really tell about cripples.

This is the kind of tone I like about Ed Noon books. You can't imagine Perry Mason thinking that way. The things which come to Noon's mind are always slightly off-kilter. The Huns had kidnapped Alec and beat the shit out of him. It's his imperilment that motivates Noon to give Jerry a bloody nose. His old ex-escort girlfriend makes an appearance too, and is soon kidnapped and almost raped by the Huns.

I dunno, I just can't get inspired to talk about this book. It was alright. I read it cover to cover during a 9-hour bus ride down to Macedonia and it kept me diverted for much of that time. It did the job, nothing more. There weren't any themes or moments that jumped out at me as talking points. About the only thing worth mentioning is I don't like books that cast Nazis as automatic bad guys. But then again, Avallone always makes the Commies worse, so it balances out in the end.

If you join my special VIP Inner Circle Gold Program for the small price of just $149 ***[2]*** *you will receive a complimentary limited edition Krauser Clock that will give off a magical LMR-busting aura in your bedroom. Failing that, check out my products on this page.*

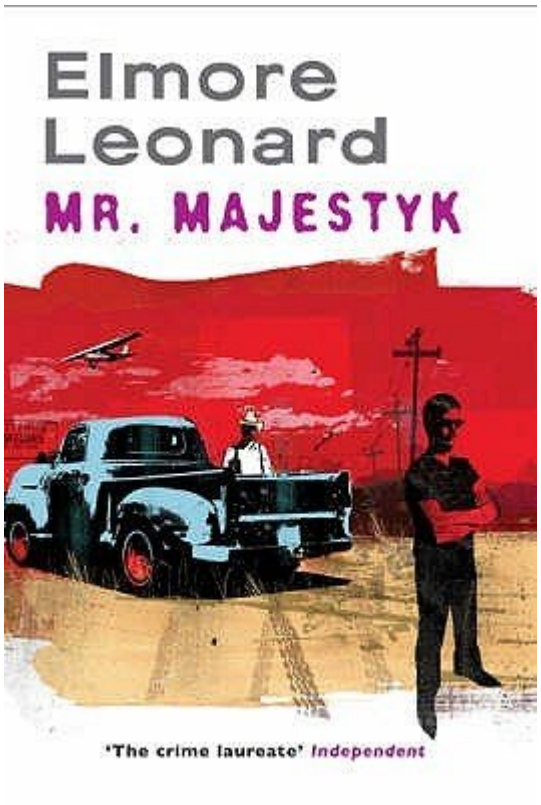


Unrelated WTF? Who takes life advice from THIS THING?

[1] Well, of the proper characters. Roland Ritz is shot dead in Noon's office and the Germans are gunned down in a shootout with cops at the end.
[2] Per month

#114 – Mr Majestyk, Elmore Leonard BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 2 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Elmore Leonard began as a writer of westerns – pretty hard-boiled ones – and went on to become famous for his sassy crime thrillers, many of which became big budget Hollywood movies. If you've seen George Clooney in *Out Of Sight*, John Travolta in *Get Shorty*, or Robert De Niro in *Jackie Brown*, then you know Elmore Leonard. Each is based on a book of his.

I always liked Leonard for his crisp dialogue and the economical thinking and acting of his characters. It's the very opposite of the flights of fancy in Gothic stories such as *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame* or *Wuthering Heights*. There is none of the grandiosity of cathedrals, windswept moors, or soldiers battling and besieged castles. Leonard's adventures happen at street level with only a handful of hard-bitten characters attempting to outwit each other. Even when set during momentous events, such as his *Cuba Libre* in the Spanish-American war, the book concerns only a few people as they weave an individual path through the chaos.

Because at heart, Leonard's books are still westerns.

Have you seen Sergio Leone's *The Good, The Bad, And The Ugly*? If you haven't, stop reading now and watch it. It's possibly the greatest movie of all-time ***[1]***. That story is set during the American Civil War, about three bandits hunting the same treasure, each of them attempting to side-step the momentous tides of history eddying around them in order to thread a narrow path to the loot. That's how *Cuba Libre* is. In Leone's movie there's a scene where the three bandits must each cross a heavily contested bridge, the Blues and Greys on opposite banks. It's a good scene in how three individualists both leverage and avoid the pitched battle going on around them in order to cross the river and make haste towards a cemetery over the hill.

Mr Majestyk is a western dressed up as a modern crime thriller. It begins with Mr Vincent Majestyk, a demobbed veteran of the recent Indochina war, who is in his second year as a melon grower by the Mexican border of the USA. As he's attempting to pick his crop a local hustler tries to shake him down. One thing leads to another and suddenly he's on the wrong end of a high-priced hit man's, Frank Renka, vendetta. Majestyk attempts to hold the

line, harvest the melons, while avoiding a showdown with Renka.

It's a classic western plot: a reformed but deadly man seeking the quiet life (replace rancher for melon farmer to make it western), an ineffective sheriff and the protagonist's grim reliance on doing it all himself. There's the corrupt local bandit, the ruthless hired gun, and the inevitable showdown. This book is a Clint Eastwood western transplanted into 1974. All the themes and the tone ring clearly as ***western***.



It had to be Bronson

Mr Majestyk is a short book with a tightly focused plot. There's nothing extraneous. No sub-plots, no social commentary, no attempt to contextualise within the grand sweep of history. There's just a rugged individualist trying to live his life and then a few bad apples who try to ruin him. He must turn the tables and seek revenge. The real standout of the book is the crispness with which Leonard handles the prose and dialogue. These are people of few words and few actions, but every single movement has significance. His later crime books tended to take on the 'caper' style, of a rag-tag bunch of chancers each double-crossing the others to get his mitts on the treasure for himself. *Get Shorty* and its sequel *Get Cool* are exactly that. *Mr Majestyk* is more of a sigma book. One man, independent, who had better not be fucked with.

If you'd like to read more from a deadly, ruthless sigma male who plots a path of violent revenge against fearsome adversaries then you'll like be disappointed by my memoir series. However, if drinking whiskey and shagging loads of birds would satisfy you, then go check them out on my product page here.

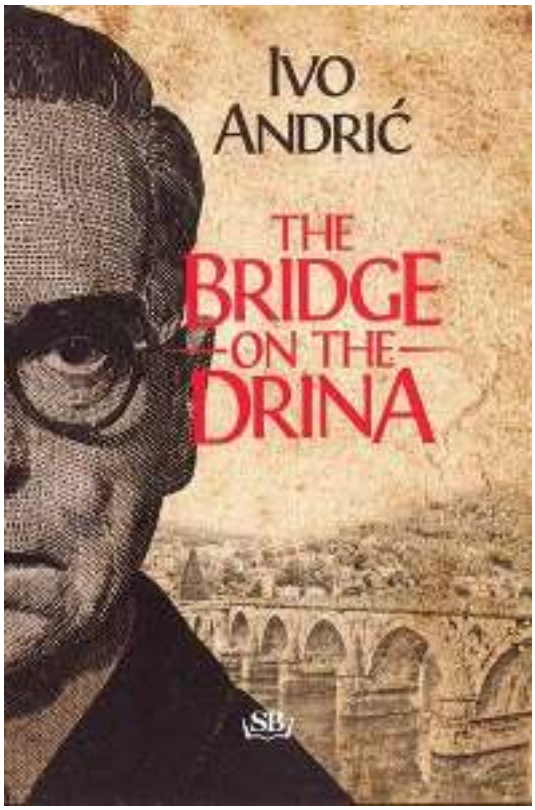


I've banged lookalikes of every girl in this one

[1] Not including Private's Triple X Video Magazine 7.

#115 – The Bridge On The Drina, Ivo Andric BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 5 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Generally speaking I avoid any book that wins a literary prize, as it's a cast-iron guarantee that it'll be a load of shit. I can't speak much for the Nobel prizes for science but the fringe Nobels for Peace, Economics, and Literature are all a joke. Just look at the Peace prize roster, for instance.

Al Gore won it in 2007. What did he actually achieve in the way of peace? Nothing. But he did further the communist scam of Global Warming while making a billionaire of himself in the process scamming the taxpayer. The same year, the International Panel On Climate Change won it with him, completing a commie liar clean sweep. Obama famously won it in 2009 for doing literally nothing. He'd only just been inaugurated, and of course it's comical now considering how many wars he started, how many kids he droned, and his active deliberate role in giving Iran nuclear weapons, shoving the Near East and North Africa into civil war, and his recent attempts to turn the USA into a totalitarian state. All the winners since him are the usual non-entity diversity candidates, the most ridiculous being the Paki bitch Malala Yousafzai whose dad was a CIA agent.

Trump ending the Korean War, crushing ISIS, taking on human trafficking, and preventing Hillary starting World War 3 against Russia….. nah, that's not Peace Prize worthy. I needn't go into the Economics Nobel, that's even more of a joke. Paul Krugman won it, for fuck's sake, a wormtongue lying Jew if ever there was one.



He awarded himself the Distinguished Service medal too

So, I tend to avoid Nobels. I broke from that lifelong pattern to read Ivo Andric's *The Bridge On The Drina* after a Serb friend recommended it. It was the 1961 winner, a chronicle of Bosnian life under mostly Ottoman rule, centred around the bridge of the title in a small border town. I'll say this: it's well written. However, it took me two months to finish.

It's a bit boring and aimless. Literature is always dull.

The reason *The Bridge On The Drina* took me so long to read was not its 473 pages. *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame* is longer and I smashed that in a few days. Nope, it's because TBOTD is not actually a novel. It's a chronicle, as Andric himself explained. What's the difference? A novel has a plot and recurring characters within, with a protagonist and at least one antagonist. There will be intention plus obstacle. *The Bridge On The Drina* has none of that. Its centrepiece is the bridge itself, a long low white brick structure constructed by the Ottomans, and almost a thousand years of history washes over the bridge until the book ends with the outbreak of World War I in 1914. The Balkan Wars were in 1912 so the last quarter of the book is mostly on a war footing.

There is no central human character here. Every chapter will focus on a couple of locals and tell anecdotes from their life, all related to the bridge and each chosen to illustrate the flow of life and march of history. The main character in one chapter might appear as a minor character a couple of chapters later, and then drop out entirely. For example, a Jewish hotelier named Lotte is the centre of one chapter in 1900, describing in detail her hotel by the bridge as the lively nightlife centrepiece and her own skills in managing the ribaldry of the guests while running a clandestine support network to provide advice and support to her Jewish extended family back in her home village. A couple chapters later she reappears almost twenty years older, a tired wreck having a nervous breakdown under Serb shelling of the town after Franz Ferdinand is assassinated in Sarajevo.



I'll see your bridge and raise you one, pal

Lacking a central plot driving things forward, it's easy to put this book down. Most chapters are self-contained and tie up nicely with a ribbon. There are no cliff-hangers. I thoroughly enjoyed most chapters and Andric writes beautifully but there's very little dragging the reader forwards.

Thematically, the writing matches the central metaphor based on the river washing through the immovable immutable bridge. The fortunes of individuals, families, and the town rise and fall across centuries as the river continues to flow and the bridge always stands. Andric presents most townsfolk as dumb animals, intimately concerned with their own parochial affairs but uncomprehending of the tides of history that buffet them around. They are always subject to forces beyond control. This expresses itself in how major actions are initiated:

- The Ottomans are repulsed by a Serb uprising that barely impacts the town. An armistice is signed somewhere, and one day Serbs show up to relive the Ottoman guard of the town in a small ceremony.
- The Austro-Hungarian army shows up as Bosnia is annexed. One day the locals are sitting on the bridge smoking tobacco and singing songs. The next day foreign soldiers are bivouacked on the slopes outside and buying food in the shops.

Andric never uses characters who are movers of history. In a normal novel, the bridge-building may focus on the engineer tasked with designing it: an Ottoman Howard Roarke, if you will. In an army it may have scenes involving generals or planners. In *The Bridge On The Drina* it's the stonemasons, carpenters, militia-men, and sentries. They are all bewildered, not privy to the great plans. Everyone is passive, the river of history washing them away.

Andric is a perceptive writer on human psychology and PUA-inclined readers will no doubt recognise this character portrait from chapter 19. It's just prior to the Balkan War of 1912 and several students are back in town after completing their studies in the major cities of Vienna and Sarajevo. They are all big-mouthed socialists of one type or the other. Two former friends are walking late one evening across the bridge. One, Stikovic, is a classic gamma who managed to bullshit a local young school mistress, Zorka, into shagging him, and now she's fallen for him. His companion is Glasicanin who had already been friend-zoned by her and is still pining. We take up the scene towards the end, after Stikovic has been running his mouth with grand plans of revolution and Serbian sovereignty.

> "Is this an allusion to Zorka?" Stikovic suddenly asked.
> "Yes, if you like, let us talk of that too. Yes, because of Zorka also. You do not care a jot for her. It is only your inability to stop and restrain yourself before anything which momentarily and by chance is offered to you and which flatters your vanity. Yes, that is so. You seduce a poor, muddled and inexperienced schoolmistress just as you write articles and poems, deliver speeches and lectures. And even before you have completely conquered them you are already tired of them, for your vanity becomes bored and looks for something beyond. But that is your own curse too, that you can stop nowhere, that you can never be sated and satisfied. You submit everything to your vanity but you are yourself the first of its slaves and its greatest martyr. It may well be that you will have still greater glory and success, a greater success than the weakness of some love-crazed girl, but you will find no satisfaction in any one thing, for your vanity will whip you onwards, for it swallows everything, even the greatest successes and then forgets them immediately ***[1]***, but the slightest failure or insult it will remember forever ***[2]***. And when everything is withered, broken, soiled, humiliated, disintegrated and destroyed about you, then you will remain alone in the wilderness you have yourself created, face to face with your vanity and you will have nothing to offer it. Then you will devour yourself, but that will not help you, for your vanity accustomed to richer food ***[3]*** will despise and reject you. That is what you are, though you may seem different in the eyes of most men ***[4]*** and though you think differently of yourself. But I know."

That's a remarkably insightful takedown of a PUA player by a friend-zoned chode. Here's where Andric is particularly clever, in how Stikovic, a narcissist, reacts to it. He responds exactly as modern writers on narcissism (e.g. How To Deal With Narcissists, or Richard Grannon's YouTube channel) would predict: he finds the critique itself as a source of narcissistic supply:

> [Stikovic] felt every harsh comment but he no longer found in all that this scarcely visible friend beside him had said any insult or any danger. On the other hand, it seemed to him that with every word of Glasicanin he grew, and that he flew on invisible wings, swift and unheard, exulting and daring, high above all men on this earth and their ties, laws and feelings, alone, proud and great, and happy or with some feeling akin to happiness. He flew above everything. That voice, those words of his rival, were only the sound of the waters and the roar of an invisible, lesser world far below him.

That's grandiosity. The more things change, the more they stay the same. Andric can't have been a dummy because as a writer he could've easily written it to be nice-guy Glasicanin who banged Zorka, but he chose Stikovic. The girl was taken in by the grandiose big-mouth ***[5]*** and no amount of reasoned argument made good the chode's loss.

That's just a section of ***one*** chapter. *The Bridge On The Drina* is absolutely chock-full of such interesting anecdotes and insights into human nature. I greatly enjoyed it, but it was a book I nibbled away at a chapter at a time, not a headlong rush to reach the climax.

If the idea of big-mouthed narcissists cucking chodes in Bosnia with nubile Balkan ladies appeals to you, you'll very much like my memoir series. See the product page here.



[1] Unless he was to write a memoir about it.
[2] Gamma males are terrified of being wrong and it shames them forever, thus they hold grudges forever towards anyone who publicly embarrasses them.
[3] Twenty YHT notches per year, that is.
[4] On YouTube and RVF.
[5] Well, it was always the secret to my game too.

Daygame: Pick Up Girls Everywhere

krauserpua · 5 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Long-time readers will remember the book I co-wrote back in 2015 ***[1]***, *Beginner Daygame*, which has since been withdrawn from sale. That's kind of a shame because it was a good introductory book but, well, my mate from Wales wanted to distance himself from me in 2016 so I complied with his request to withdraw it. Since then, my next-most suitable book for beginners has been the older and ever-reliable *Daygame Nitro*.

But what about a specific beginner-focused introduction to the **London Daygame Model**? Are there any of those?

No, I don't mean a beginner's book from one of the shitty know-nothing "daygamer" buffoons like RSD or Natural Lifestyles, or Johnny Fucking Cassell. I mean a daygame book from someone who (i) understands the game (ii) has a track record of success shagging nice birds (iii) is capable of teaching it in a systematic fashion. Teaching the actual LDM, that is.

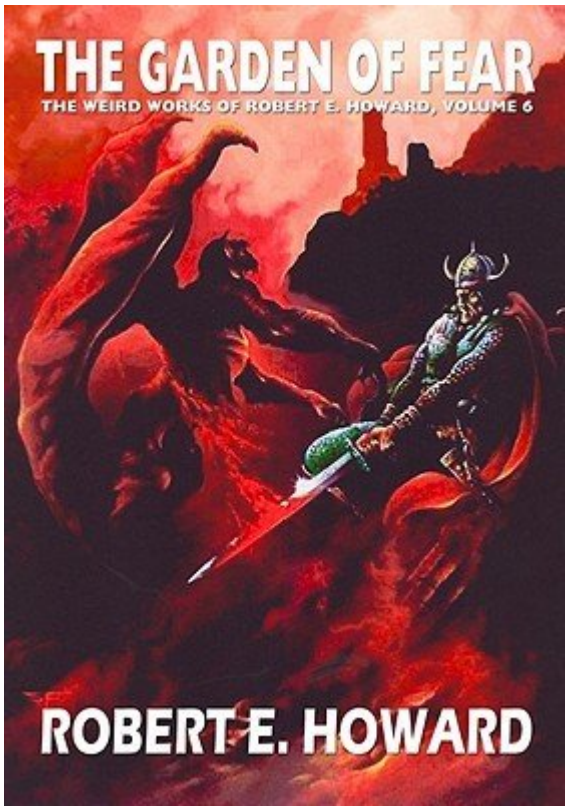


My friend and sometime-wing TDdaygame has just released his first book so I'm announcing it here to give it a little boost. You can find his sales page here including a link to buy the PDF. I may review it in the future, but for now it's just an announcement. Those of you who buy it, feel free to leave your feedback in the comments here.

[1] My part of the "co-" being about 90% of it.

#116 – Gardens Of Fear, Robert E. Howard BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 6 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I've been thinking a lot lately about what compelled me to spend most of my adult life criss-crossing the globe, exploring strange lands. Why is it that my brother has lived his entire life in Newcastle whereas I, who share many of the same interests, left home at 18 for university in another city and then never really came back? ***[1]*** My nine-year experiment with Game and Euro Jaunts wasn't an aberration, but rather just a different expression of the same thrill-seeking and wanderlust. Where did I get that from?

Conan. That's where.

Read this from *Queen Of The Black Coast*, the first short story in the *Gardens Of Fear* anthology. A pirate ship led by Belit has attacked the trader Conan had passage on so he jumped onto Belit's ship and hacked his way past half her African crew. Conan finally held at bay, Belit steps in to offer him a place by her side. Sword in hand, dripping blood, he thinks it over:

> His eyes swept the bloodstained ranks, seeking expressions of wrath or jealousy. He saw none. The fury was gone from the ebon faces. He realised that to these men Belit was more than a woman: a goddess whose will was unquestioned. He glanced at the Argus, wallowing in the crimson sea-wash, heeling far over, her decks awash, held up by the grappling irons. He glanced at the blue-fringed shore, at the far green hazes of the ocean, at the vibrant figure which stood before him; and his barbaric soul stirred within him. To quest these shining blue realms with that white-skinned young tiger-cat – to love, laugh, wander and pillage-
> "I'll sail with you," he grunted, shaking the red drops from his blade.

I first read this story in 2006, when I lived in Tokyo. It spoke to me: the thirst for travel and adventure, to range the wide world and see what's out there. I wanted to **live**. I felt that Newcastle was too small and parochial to hold me, and even London was too similar, too close ***[2]***. Robert E Howard wrote his Conan stories from the small Texas town of Cross Plains, which he rarely left. He travelled vicariously, through his voracious reading of history in the local library and the adventure in the pulps. His stories yearn with wanderlust. Conan stories speak to every man

who wants to pick up his metaphorical sword ***[3]*** and set out on an adventure with only his wits to protect him. I loved it.



Me on a date outside The Four Seasons hotel in Moscow

A rolling stone gathers no moss. Such a transient exploratory lifestyle can only be maintained if you have a philosophy that supports it. What does Conan say about his own?

> "I have known many gods. He who denies them is as blind as he who trusts them too deeply. I seek not beyond death. It may be the blackness averred by the Nemedian sceptics, or Crom's realm of ice and cloud, or the snowy plains and vaulted halls of the Nordheimer's Valhalla. I know not, nor do I care. Let me live deep while I live; let me know the rich juices of red meat and stinging wine on my palate, the hot embrace of white arms, the mad exultation of battle when the blue blades flame and crimson, and I am content. Let teachers and priests and philosophers brood over questions of reality and illusion. I know this: if life is illusion, then I am no less an illusion, and being thus, the illusion is real to me. I live, I burn with life, I love, I slay, and am content."

This is a rationale couched in the bombast of heroic fantasy that equally applies to the more down-to-earth daygamer chasing skirt across several continents. I suspect most of you can relate to it. Let other people talk of mortgages, professional advancement, and IKEA furniture. Let me book a budget flight, share an Airbnb with my mates, and then chase skirt. Let me have afternoon beers on the sunny sidewalk cafes of Kiev, a big fat burger from Submarine on Knez Mihailova, and then check out the dancing skirt in Icon and Gipsy in Moscow. Lads, laughs, booze, and skirt. I am content.

Until 2017, in my case.

Conan has no children. The stories don't mention them. At no time does he seek to put down roots. He often schemes to take over a country and install himself as king, but even when he temporarily achieves it, the wanderlust gets him and the stone begins rolling again. By the time Conan reaches middle age, REH has stopped writing about him. What happened in the end? Did he settle down with a wench and raise a brood of sturdy barbarian boys? Or did he slip down the ranks of sell-swords, fighting on auto-pilot through a series of pointless wars at the ends of the earth until one day he couldn't quite slip the sweep of a broadsword and his adventuring ended in an unmarked

grave?

Ruminations aside, this is an excellent collection. It's volume six in the ten-volume special edition *The Weird Works Of Robert E Howard*, of which I own nine ***[4]***. They present REH's stories in order of publication and in the original texts, without the various politically-correct edits made when Conan was re-popularised with the 1970 TOR Books paperbacks. REH invented the heroic fantasy genre that J.R.R. Tolkien would go on to perfect. I've always preferred the REH originals. They are more hard-boiled and don't have any stupid fucking elves and dwarves.

There's nothing lustier and more red-blooded than an REH Conan story. I ***absolutely*** recommend them. This particular volume is an expensive way to read Conan. You can usually pick up the entire REH oeuvre for a couple of quid on Kindle.

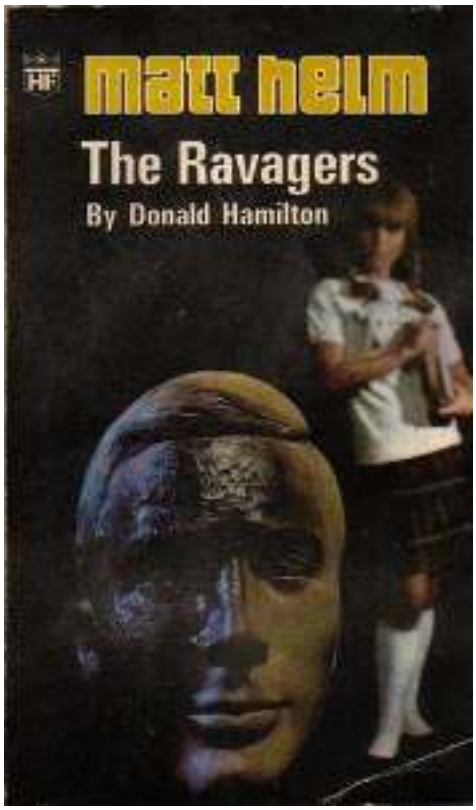
If you like lads, laughs, booze and skirt you'll very much like my memoir series available here. If not, you're a bit of a faggot so you might as well fuck off and start bumming Turks ***[5]***



[1] "Who gives a fuck, tell me if this Conan book is any good?" you might reasonably reply.
[2] I no longer feel that way, suggesting I'm coming full circle.
[3] Or laptop and rucksack.
[4] The missing volume, *The Black Hounds Of Death*, is outrageously expensive.
[5] If you don't already.

#117 – The Ravagers, Donald Hamilton BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 7 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I wonder how hard-boiled and ruthless a protagonist can be before he ceases to become the hero, or even anti-hero, of a novel. There comes a point where the reader can think, "hang on, it isn't just the baddies, but ***everybody*** in this is a cunt!" I found that while watching the first three seasons of *House Of Cards*. Absolutely every character is a soulless, nihilistic rat. Even when one of them is initially set up as honourable, something will happen to reveal their true snake-like heart.

For example, the Secret Service bodyguard to ~~Hillary~~ Hatchet-Faced Man-Jaw Cuntlady takes sick leave and as he's dying of cancer he admits he was a creepy gamma obsessed with her. His replacement appears to be a by-the-book man of honour until suddenly he's revealed as a degenerate faggot, actually kissing Kevin Spacey's character ***[1]***. The female journalist crusader turns out to be just another greasy-pole climber, not unlike the *New York Times* slag caught sleeping with the Head of Security for Senate Intelligence Committee in exchange for the un-redacted 82-page Carter Page FISA application ***[2]***.

Anyway, *House Of Cards* is total shit. The Trump era has aged it badly. Now it's just a load of wrinkly old faggots bumming each other ***[3]***. The point is that ***everyone*** in it is a cunt. How can you possibly watch drama when there's no goodie to support? I think perhaps this whole meta-trend started with the flawed-good guy trope that was big in 1990s action movies onward, such as Bruce Willis in *Die Hard* (mildly flawed) on through Arnie beginning some movies as a suicidal drunk. It seems many movies and TV shows dispense with the "good" in good guy altogether.



Goody, goody yum yum. Yesterday.

Everything is relative. Who is to say what is good and what is bad? Don't be so judgemental!

Anway, it makes me sick talking about millennials and their bankrupt nihilistic culture so lets get back to Matt Helm in *The Ravagers*. He's a hard, hard man but he's also a patriot and willing to sacrifice for his country. Consider the famous George Orwell quote:

> "We sleep soundly in our beds, because rough men stand ready in the night to do violence on those who would harm us"

By the way, that's the entire lesson of *The Lord Of The Rings*. The only reason the Hobbits in The Shire can fuss about who has the best marrows at the village fete is because the men of Gondor are keeping the ~~Turks~~ Orcs at bay on the frontier. TLOTR is a warning to the English not to take their ideal society for granted ***[4]***. Matt Helm is one of those rough men. That's what's good about the stories: he's a ruthless killer, but he's ***our*** killer.

God, I wish we still had plenty of these men in the West. They could assassinate all the top brass of the world's NGOs in a single evening. Imagine a world free of Medicin San Frontiers, Oxfam, Barnardos, UNICEF, and Greenpeace. Wouldn't that be amazing!



Lock everyone in the hold, then sink it

Anyway, I bring this up because of the brutal ending to *The Ravagers*. The plot concerns the wife of a scientist who has run off with his briefcase full of military secrets, attempting to make a rendezvous on the East coast of Canada ***[5]***. It's the usual spy-vs-spy tale of Team Helm trying to outfox Team ~~Corbyn~~ Russia with brutal professionals engaging in deceit and counter-deceit. It all ends in an abandoned mine near the rendezvous. The female commie aims an acid pistol at the aforementioned wife and Helm is able to get a shot off first, shattering the pistol, spraying acid all over the commie's face ***[6]***. She screams and stumbles off into the mine, clawing at her disintegrating formerly-pretty face.

Helm escorts the wife out of the mine, makes a phone call, and only then returns to find the enemy agent. Here's how the scene plays out, as he tries to get her to divulge a last snip of information.

> "Dave?" [Helm's cover identity]
> The voice was strange and kind of thick. It seemed to come from deep down and far away. I said, "That's who."
> "Kill me, " the voice said.
> I said, "Sure. Just hang on while I find a suitable rock. Do you prefer having your brains bashed out from front or rear?"
> "I mean it. You did this to me. Well, finish it. Kill me."
> "Take it easy, doll."
> She clung on to my hand. "Don't let them save me! Don't let them take me to a hospital and … and wash me off and transfuse me and… I saw what it did to Mike Green. I don't want to live like that. I'd be a freak, a blind, faceless freak with a claw for a hand. Kill me!"
> "Sure," I said. "Sure doll. But it will cost you."

That's cold-hearted stuff. I have rather too much empathy to imagine myself in that position ***[7]***. I mean, I tear up when watching videos like this.

Helm continues to stand firm in order to get the info.

> She gripped my hand tightly. "I love you, Clevenger [Helm]. You're almost as mean as I am."
> "Meaner," I said. "I'll come visit you in the hospital. See how you're coming with your left-handed Braille."
> I heard Jenny stir behind me. I guess she thought I was terrible, even though it was her child I was fighting for. She didn't count here. She didn't know how it was. She wasn't a pro, like the two of us.
> Naomi laughed harshly. "You're a darling," she gasped. "You're a wonderful, coldblooded beast. There isn't a drop of sympathy in you, is there?"

> "Not a drop."

Aside from it being a tight, symmetrical conclusion to a good little chase story, that's a harsh scene. I can't imagine being so utterly cold to someone in trouble ***[8]***. It's refreshing to read this stuff in a spy thriller though. Donald Hamilton gets the right balance. If he'd made Helm sadistic, he'd be impossible to support even if on the right side. Too weak, and I'd be shouting at the pages, "why is this soft bag of shit a spy, he's as delicate as a soyboy." One thing you'll never ever hear Helm say sincerely is "Okay, I'll drop the gun, just let the girl go!" ***[9]***. Thank fuck for that

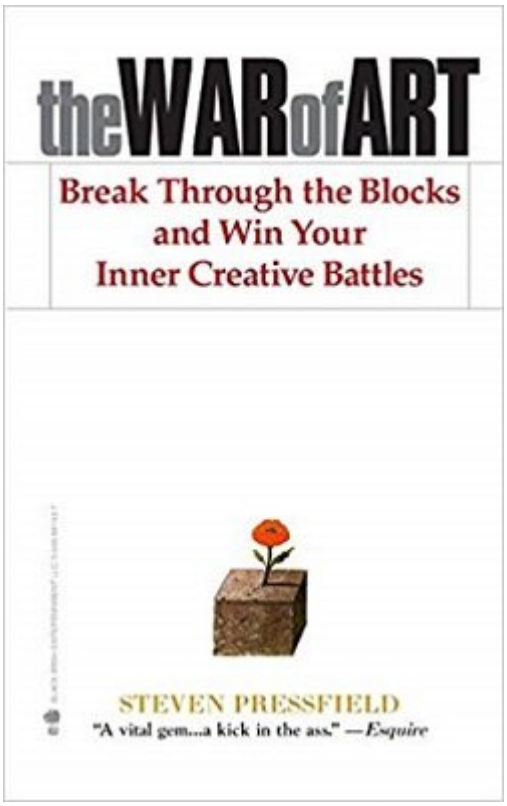
No girls were sprayed in the face or abandoned in mine shafts during the period covered by my excellent memoirs available here.



[1] At least he's over the age of consent, which must be a novelty to Spacey.
[2] Expect to hear a lot more about this in the coming months. General Flynn's leak-hunter team set up Wolfe and caught him red-handed in treason. The NYT has had the un-redacted FISA application for a year. There's a reason they don't reveal it publicly: it completely exonerates Trump of Russian Collusion. The NYT isn't just Fake News. It's fully-blooded Enemy Of The People.
[3] Presumably. I stopped watching it during the Pussy Riot / Russian angle.
[4] Little did he know that Sauron would win the rematch by setting up NGOs to resettle Orc refugees throughout the Shire.
[5] Or wherever Nova Scotia is. I'm not checking a map because literally nobody gives a fuck about Canada, not even Canadians.
[6] YES!!!!
[7] She was hot, 22-year-old, and the mine is black dark. The acid only went onto her face and one hand. As far as I'm concerned, there's still a rape-notch up for grabs.
[8] Subject to their skin colour, of course.
[9] Whereas it seems to be standing orders in Department Z that every agent must drop the gun, no matter at what cost to the mission, if any woman at all is even slightly threatened. That's what happens when men in their twenties try to write spy fiction.

#118 – The War Of Art, Steven Pressfield BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 8 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



"Nick, you should write an inner game textbook!" are words I've heard many a daygame savant speak to me. Now, I dare say I've been tempted. **Tony Robbins** proved a long time ago that "mindset" books are a license to print money. It's simple, really. Just tell everyone what they want to hear, and wrap it up in language that seems to elevate the reader. They'll sit on their fat ass, lap it up, and then recommend it to all their friends.

Mark Manson recently proved this with his execrable *The Subtle Art Of Not Giving A F**K*. His singular contribution to the advancement of mindset literature was to uses asterisks ***[1]*** in the place of swear words on the front cover, thus guaranteeing every mid-wit passing through the airport bookstore would pick up a copy. Smart move, Mark. That he's a snake-oil seller with nothing to say doesn't matter. It didn't for Tony Robbins.

Something I realised years ago is you can either be good, or you can be successful. You can't be both. To hit mainstream acceptance, *you must be shit*. The lowest common denominator in our retard culture demands it. There are very, very rare cases – **The Godfather**, **Dark Souls** – where an authentic vision can achieve financial success but even then they are drowned out by the likes of **Avatar** and **Fortnite**. Within the Game world, the key point is this: *does your book make people feel guilty for not approaching?* If it does, you've just limited yourself to a tiny audience. You should've gone the *Models* route, of bromides and platitudes that never require the reader to get off his arse but he still feels like his Game has improved.


I'd be laughing my ass off too if I'd monetised his scam

The reason no-one wants to read books that force you to work hard ***[2]*** is that forces the reader to confront Resistance. In daygame we call them Weasels, but in Pressfield's *The War Of Art* he calls it Resistance and it's the foundation of his book. That, dear reader, is my segue into the review.

The War Of Art is an inner game book for creatives which can easily be re-written into a daygame inner game textbook ***[3]***. It concerns three main ideas, each the subject of a separate 'book' within the same volume. These are:

1. Resistance
2. Turning Pro
3. Muse

Pressfield's larger point goes as follows. We are all built for a purpose, for a higher calling that requires we express ourselves creatively, be it writing, painting, businessing, or charitying. It is the pursuit of our purpose that brings us happiness and contentment. The problem is that any time we attempt to rise to the higher plane, Resistance prevents us. It is our death wish, our shadow self, seeking to sabotage our greatness. Pressfield's solution is to Turn Pro, meaning you approach your calling like a professional approaches his profession and a craftsman approaches his trade. Sit down, focus on technique, and grind it out. That sets up the conditions for the crucial third phase: your Muse arrives and brings with her divine inspiration.

Pressfield sees artists as vessels through which divine inspiration flows. Their works are not ***from*** or ***of*** the artist, but rather flow ***through*** the artist from the eternal to the flesh-and-blood real world. The artist's job is to knuckle down, get cracking, and prepare themselves to receive the inspiration. I thoroughly enjoyed the book. To give you a flavour of it I shall now quote Pressfield at length, using word substitution to turn it into a daygame inner game screed.

Everything that follows below is from his book, adapted slightly by me, dipping in across many chapters.

I get up, take a shower, have breakfast. I read the paper, brush my teeth. If I have phone calls to make, I make them. I've got my coffee now. I put on my lucky work boots and stitch up the lucky laces. It's about ten-thirty now. I step onto the streets and plunge into my first set. When I start making mistakes, I know I'm getting tired. That's four hours or so. I've hit the point of diminishing returns. I wrap for the day. How many sets did I do? I don't care. Are they any good? I don't even think about it. All that matters is I've put in my time and hit it with all I've got. All that counts is that, for this day, for this session, I have overcome Resistance.



The kiss of the Muse

Most of us have two lives. The life we live, and the unlived life within us. Between the two stands Resistance.

Resistance is the most toxic force on the planet ***[4].*** It is the root of more unhappiness than poverty, disease, and erectile dysfunction. To yield to Resistance deforms out spirit. Every sun casts a shadow, and genius's shadow is Resistance. I looked everywhere for the enemy and failed to see it right in front of my face. How many of us have become drunks and drug addicts, developed tumours and neuroses, succumbed to painkillers, gossip, and compulsive cell phone use, simply because we don't do that thing that our hearts, our inner genius, is calling us to?

Resistance attacks when we take any principled stand in the face of adversity. When we want to chase the woman of our dreams ***[5]***. Resistance cannot be seen, touched, heard, or smelled. But it can be felt. It's a repelling force. It's negative. It's aim is to shove us away, distract us, prevent us from doing our sets. It is self-generated and self-perpetuated. Resistance is the enemy within. It will assume any form, if that's what it takes to deceive you. Resistance is always lying and always full of shit. It cannot be reasoned with. It understands nothing but power. It is an engine of destruction, programmed from the factory with one object only: to prevent us from doing our sets.

Rule of thumb: The more important a call or action is to our soul's evolution, the more Resistance we will feel toward pursuing it.

Resistance has no strength of its own. Every ounce of juice it possesses comes from us. We feed it with power by our fear of it. Master that fear and we conquer Resistance. So if you're paralysed with fear, it's a good sign. It shows you what you have to do.

Procrastination is the most common manifestation of Resistance because it's the easiest to rationalise. We don't tell ourselves, "I'm never going to talk to girls." Instead we say, "I am going to talk to girls; I'm just going to start tomorrow."



Frankly, I'd rather have this bird kiss me

Grandiose fantasies are a symptom of Resistance. They're the sign of an amateur. The professional has learned that success, like happiness, comes as a by-product of work. The professional concentrates on the work and allows rewards to come or not come, whatever they like. Aspiring daygamers defeated by Resistance share one trait. They all think like amateurs. They have not yet turned pro.

The amateur plays for fun. The professional plays for keeps. The amateur plays part-time, the professional full-time. The amateur is a weekend warrior. The professional is there seven days a week. In my view, the amateur does not love the game enough. If he did, he would not pursue it as a side-line, distinct from his "real" vocation. The professional loves it so much he dedicates his life to it. He commits full-time. That's what I mean when I say turning pro. Resistance hates it when we turn pro.

Someone once asked Somerset Maugham if he wrote on a schedule or only when struck by inspiration. "I write only when inspiration strikes," he replied. "Fortunately it strikes every morning at nine o'clock sharp." That's a pro. Maugham reckoned another, deeper truth; that by sitting down and starting work, he set in motion a mysterious but infallible sequence of events that would produce inspiration.

The daygamer must be like a Marine. He has to know how to be miserable. He has to love being miserable. He has to take pride in being more miserable than any soldier or swabbie or jet jockey. The daygamer committing himself to his calling has volunteered for hell, whether he knows it or not. He will be dining for the duration on a diet of isolation, rejection, self-doubt, despair, ridicule, contempt and humiliation.

What exactly are the qualities that define us as professionals?

We show up every day. We show up no matter what. We stay on the job all day. We are committed over the long haul. The stakes for us are high and real. We do not over-identify with our daygame. We master the technique of our daygame. We have a sense of humour about our daygame. We receive acceptance or rejection in the real world.

Rejection is the price for being in the arena and not on the sidelines. Stop complaining and be grateful. That was when I realised I had become a pro. I had not yet had a success. But I had had a real failure.

The professional respects his craft. He does not consider himself superior to it. He recognises the contributions of

those who have gone before him. He apprentices himself to them. The professional dedicates himself to mastering technique not because he believes technique is a substitute for inspiration but because he wants to be in possession of the full arsenal of skills when inspiration does come. The professional is sly. He knows that by toiling beside the front door of technique, he leaves room for genius to enter by the back ***[6]***.

There is no mystery to turning pro. It's a decision brought about by an act of will. We make up our minds to view ourselves as pros and we do it. Simple as that.

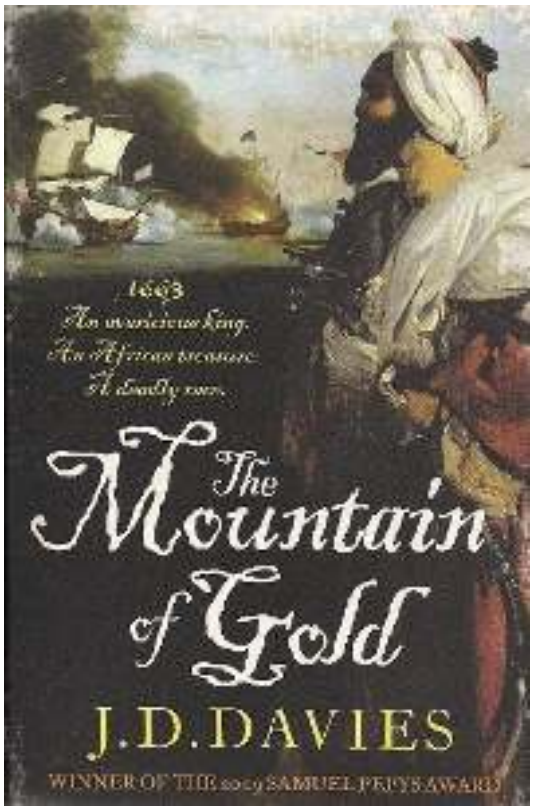
If you'd like to see this attitude directly translated into daygame in textbook form, I think you're gonna want ***Daygame Mastery*** *and* ***Daygame Infinite****, available on Amazon. For a closer look at them go to my product explanation page here.*



[1] Or whatever the plural of asterisk is.
[2] As opposed to paying lip service to it that the reader nods his head along to.
[3] Should I write one, I expect to reference it liberally.
[4] After Leftism.
[5] Or of the Euro Jaunt.
[6] OO-ER Missus!

#119 – The Mountain Of Gold, J.D.Davies BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 12 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I was browsing the display tables in a Belgrade book store yesterday, my attention focused on the 'local knowledge' section. It had the usual established famous writers such as Ivo Andric and Vuk Draskovic, and then glossy coffee-table photo-books on the wonders of Serbia ***[1]***. One thing Serbia does well is book covers. Sadly, they write those books in their own silly language so I can't read them. I picked up one paperback that was both in English and with a great cover, *The History Of Serbia*.

Hmmm…. interesting. Should I try this one next? I flicked through the pages.

Boring!

An internal dialogue revved up and I was soon perplexed. I consider reading to be primarily about expanding one's mind and clarifying one's thoughts. If I simply wanted entertainment, I'd watch Netflix. Even when reading trash fiction such as Michael Avallone's **Ed Noon** detective series my mind is scanning it for value: turns of phrase, insights into particular human psychologies, plotting logic, recreations of a singular time and place, and whatnot. You can always learn more from reading fiction than watching fiction ***[2]***.

But surely reading avowedly educational books is more valuable than mere fiction? So I began to wonder if perhaps I should lay off from the hard-boiled detectives and superspies and read some honest to goodness history. Then my mind drifted to the stack of paperbacks waiting for my Christmas break in Newcastle, including a whole raft of history books. Shouldn't I spend my last week travelling indulging guilt-free in fiction?



Just finished Season One of this on Netflix. Pretty good.

It was all making me hungry, so I went and had a cheeseburger.

I resolved the internal debate by considering *The Mountain of Gold* ***[3]***, a treasure-hunt adventure tale not unlike what Wilbur Smith or Clive Cussler would write. The difference is that J. D. Davies is a navy nut. A proper hard-core nut for the navy during the English Restoration that put Charles II on the throne. So much a nut that he won the 2009 Samuel Pepys Award ***[4]*** for his *Pepys's Navy: Ships, Men and Warfare, 1649-1689*. I must say that there are few writers I love more than nerdy well-educated monomaniacs with an obsession for recording unique historical or technical areas for posterity ***[5]***. Having written the dry historical tome, Davies turned his hand towards historical fiction.

And thus resolved my inner turmoil on the fiction vs non-fiction reading debate. You see, Davies has used the fictional form in order to relate a deep and vivid – and factually correct – account of navy life in Restoration England. The plot, character, dramatic tension, and literary flourishes of *The Mountain of Gold* kept me reading in a way the overtly factual *The History Of Serbia* would not. If someone was to recast periods of Serbian history in a novel, then I'd read it. Indeed I already have, once.

This is what I like so much about historical fiction over and above imaginative fiction. It's all well and good reading Harry Harrison's *Stainless Steel Rat*, or Tolkien's *Lord Of The Rings* – there's plenty of meat to chew on intellectually if you'll only just look – but they are not attempting to educate on specific times and places. It's allegory at best. I like them, I recommend them, but I still prefer Dumas or Wheatley.



Of course now I want to watch Black Sails for more pirate vibe

Speaking of Dumas, *The Mountain of Gold* covers precisely the same period as Dumas' **D'Artagnan Romances** that I so enjoyed. Whereas Dumas focused on the French side, especially the Court of Louis, Davies is a Brit and takes the Charles side. Both writers set their dramas upon a stage of real historical events and personages so I was frequently able to tie in the respective books. For example, *The Mountain of Gold* makes several passing references to the same Monsieur Fouquet whose Fountainbleau castle is the main site of *The Man In The Iron Mask*'s plotting, and also refers to Cardinal Mazarin, the scheming rogue featured heavily in *Twenty Years After*.

So what factual background is it that Davies strives to educate us on in *The Mountain Of Gold*? Unsurprisingly, it's all about the navy. This book is packed with vivid and technical descriptions of life aboard British frigates. We learn how they are built, provisioned, caulked, and bilge-pumped. We learn of the Articles Of War governing discipline, the chain of command, and the Admiralty's goals. Barely a chapter goes by without Davies patiently constructing an understanding of naval life. You can really see his research specialism soak into the prose and, to his credit, it's rarely boring. There is also much about the political division following the English Civil War and Britain's squabbling with the Dutch over trading in West Africa.

The story is pot-boiler stuff. In chapter one, Captain Matthew Quinton and his crew are thrilled to capture a corsair pirate from under the nose of a Maltese Knight. That pirate turns out to be an ex-pat Irishman, one Brian O'Dwyer, who spins a desperate yarn about a hidden mountain of gold deep in the African continent. Quinton considers it a ruse to save his neck but is compelled to pass the story back to the King, who green-lights ***[6]*** an expedition to find the mountain. The French try to beat him to it. Surprisingly to me is the expedition didn't actually set sail for Africa until page 183 of 355. There's as much plotting and scheming in merry England as there is adventuring overseas.

Davies doesn't write as well as a **Bernard Cornwell** or a **Robert E. Howard**. *The Mountain Of Gold* sometimes plods along, making a meal out of story elements that could've be dispensed with to shuttle the plot along quicker. Nonetheless I enjoyed it and can see myself reading more from Davies.

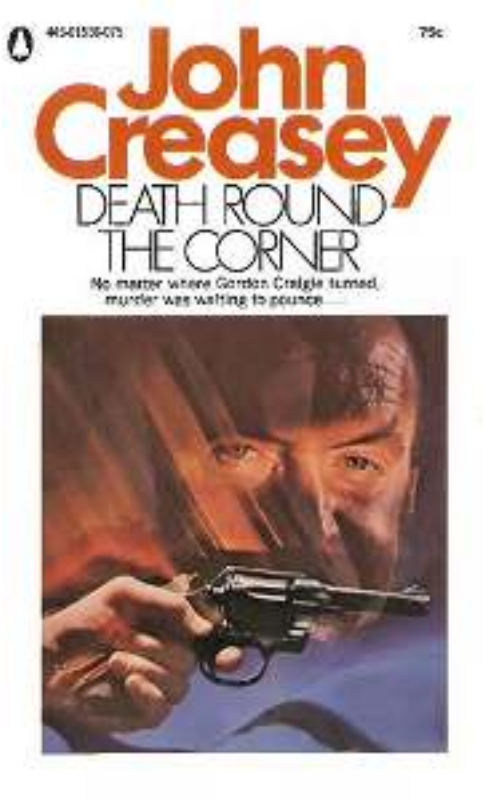
If you want to see stories hurtle along with no bullshit then consider my memoir series. It's a shooting star, leaping through the sky. Like a tiger defying the laws of gravity. Available here.



[1] Personally, I think my private video collection contains far more wonderful Serbian beauty but that won't ever be on sale.
[2] More-so considering how pozzed and anachronistic modern television is. I just saw a trailer on Netflix for The Pinkertons featuring a kick-ass female agent as a major character.
[3] Which also has a fantastic cover.
[4] The same guy who wrote the famous diary that is a principal historical record of life in 1660s London. You'll be pleased to know my own memoir has way more shagging.
[5] You can make a case that the entirety of my Sigma Wolf publishing house's content is precisely that, concerning Euro Jaunt daygame.
[6] Green lights didn't exist in 1663, but you get the idea.

#120 – Death Round The Corner, John Creasey BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 12 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Can barely be arsed to review it

Death Around The Corner…. is it worth a buy? Let's read the words, the words, of the publisher:

> Leopold Gorman studies the World Economic Conference with interest – and then picks five rich and powerful men to bring his plan to fruition.
> If any one of them show reluctance to fall in with his scheme, he'll be dead within the hour.
> Gordon Craigie, Chief of British Intelligence, is the only thing standing between Gorman and success. So Gorman turns his attentions to Craigie's greatest asset, the men of Department Z.
> As Craigie attempts to undermine Gorman's plot, Gorman decides which agent should be next to "disappear"… Can Craigie and his men outwit this master criminal before it's too late?

You're all aware that I've been in a struggle recently, the nature of which would strike fear into the heart of a lesser man. Namely, can I gather my courage and successfully plod through John Creasey's early Department Z novels until they finally become good? I still have no idea why I took on this challenge but there it is. I'm glad to report that the fourth such book, *Death Round The Corner*, is the best so far and comes quite close to being decent. I'd even go so far as to say I enjoyed reading it.

DING!

It lacks the crisp punch of Elmore Leonard, the deft plotting of Erle Stanley Gardner, or the historical insight of J. D. Davies. But it also lacks the long stretches of boredom of *Redhead* and the ludicrous developments of *The Death Miser*. It's…. okay. Creasey is honing his craft quickly, with all these books being written in a twelve month period.

I've now realised that Department Z has set its stall out into a recurring formula. Rather than pick a single spy and stick with him, Creasey is using the Department and the tone as the only constants. Each of the four novels so far feature an entirely different cast, Department Z's leader Gordon Craigie notwithstanding. This time around the hero

is Tony Beresford, a big strapping young lad of upper class background with a few other chums in the service. There's a shadowy financier called ~~Jacob Rothschild~~ Leopold Gorman who has create an equally shadowy cartel of international financiers ~~like Emmanuel Macron~~ ***[1]*** with a Five Year Plan to buy up strategic companies so as to corner the market in food and energy, in order to….. well, I don't know. Their endgame isn't explained, but Creasey assures us it's nefarious.

They probably intend to set up some kind of supranational undemocratic institution that seeks to tyrannise the populations of Europe with communism and authoritarianism while stealing all their money and corrupting the national governments to betray their own populations. This **Union Europa** sounds a bit far-fetched, to be frank.



Something that'll never happen, yesterday

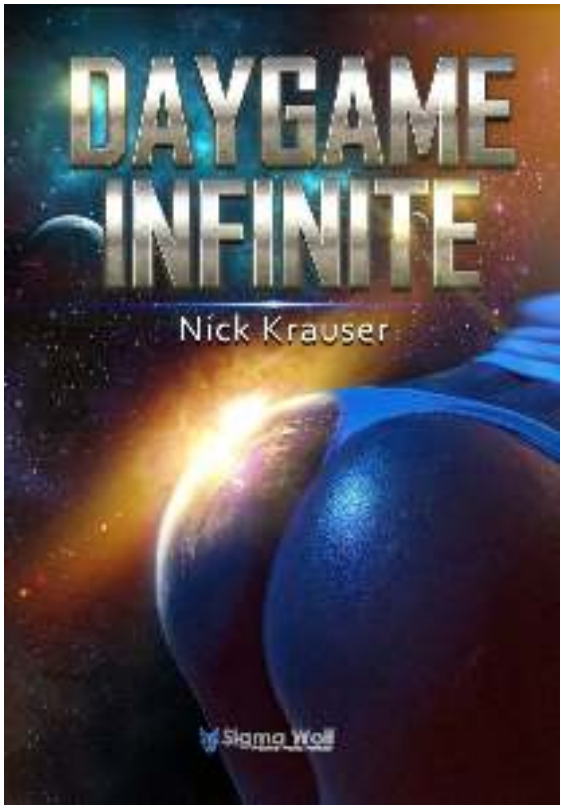
Craigie sets Beresford to investigate Gorman, trying to figure out just what he's up to while Gorman simultaneously decides to have Beresford murdered. Apparently Gorman has surreptitiously iced a few Department Z agents already and Craigie hasn't spotted the pattern. It's not explained why Gorman would risk stirring up the ire of Britain's premier Secret Service at a time when his planning is all otherwise legal. Now that I think about it, very little of the set-up to *Death Round The Corner* makes sense.

What does make sense is the plot. Once the ball gets rolling the characters all act with reasonable logic in accordance to their aims and abilities. It all hinges on a blustering fool called Major Odell who has a fancy for a slutty young chorus girl called Adel Fayne, who is run by a shifty Jewish manager Solly Lewistein ***[2]***, who is blackmailed by Gorman. Odell makes a suspicious trip to Paris and when Department Z try to figure out why, all kinds of shit hits the fan.

Look, I know you don't care about the plot. I didn't care about it either. It's a nice bit of cops'n'robbers with an espionage flavour, wrapped up in 1930s London and Paris. It's primarily this latter fact that kept me interested. When Creasey was writing, this was a modern, contemporary spy thriller. When I'm reading, it's a period piece transporting me back to the 1930s. It's that authentic picture of (fictional underworld espionage) Britain that entertained me. Everything is a little different: the cars are open top, the Air France plane flies out of some tiny pre-Heathrow airport, the chorus girls can't get their tits out ***[3]*** and it seems every single person in England is either a toff, a copper, or a guttersnipe ***[4]***.

There's very little to say about this book. I rattled through it in a day and I've almost forgotten it already. All that matters is I'm still on the Creasey Challenge and I'll be reading the fifth Department Z book presently.

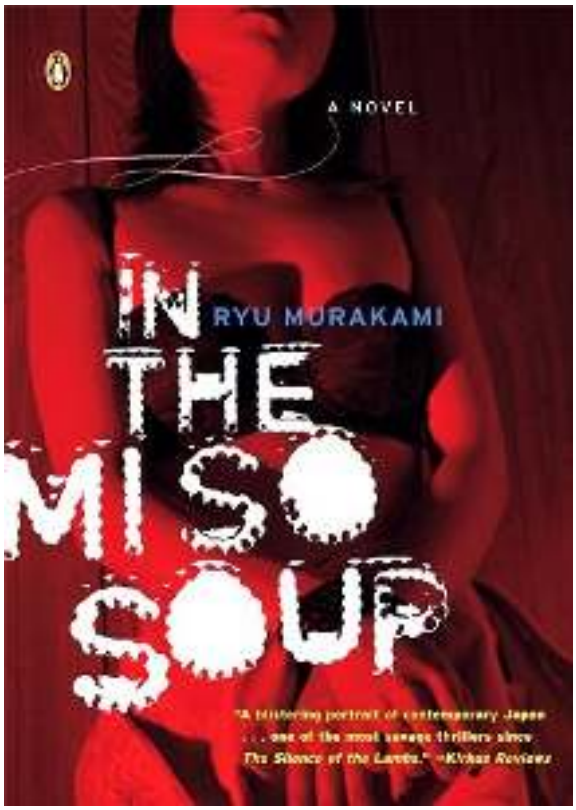
*If you are wondering why **Daygame Mastery** and **Daygame Infinite** stand apart as by far the best books on pick-up ever written, you just need buy me a beer and I'll explain at quite some length. If you'd rather avoid that, just buy them here.*



[1] Incredibly, no Jews. But then again, this is fiction.
[2] Don't worry, the dirty Jew gets knifed in the neck before he can corrupt the white girl.
[3] Unlike dirty Meg, who only needs a few quid. DING! DING!
[4] Add in rich Arabs, and that's like Mayfair now.

#121 – In The Miso Soup, Ryu Murakami BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 17 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

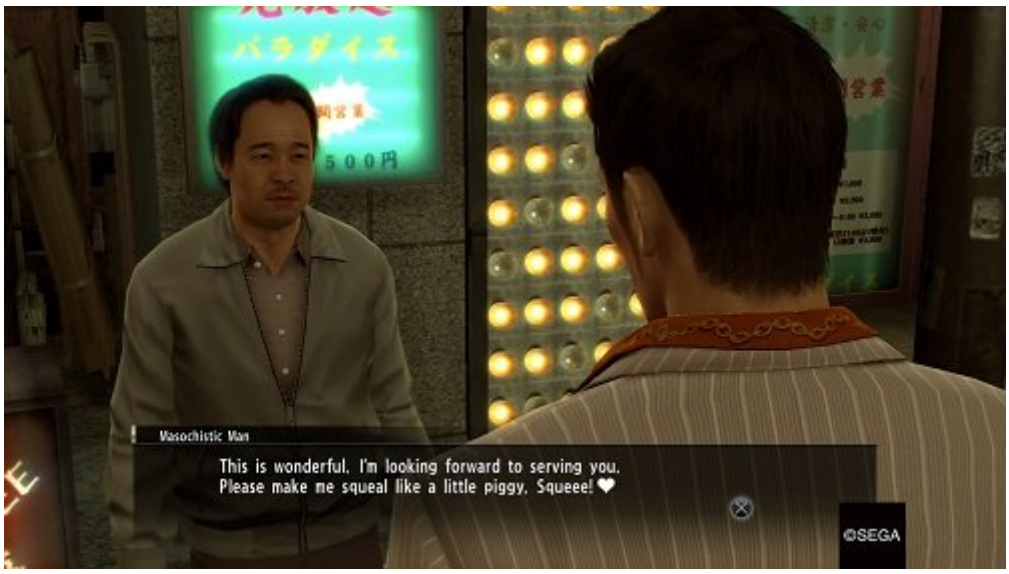


There's something deeply satisfying about taking a chance on something unknown and being pleasantly surprised by how well things go. Think of it like doing an hour's gutter game late on a blustery Saturday night and bagging an SDL with a 19yr old Czech girl ***[1]***. On an equally sexual and dramatic note – though vicariously – consider my surprise when picking up Ryu Murakami's *In The Miso Soup* on the discount shelf in Belgrade's Laguna book store. I knew absolutely nothing about it bar the sleazy red cover with Mr White's girlfriend on it ***[2].***

If there was one word to describe this book, it would be ***immersive***. Such immersion is the holy grail of many video games, to suck you in so deep you lose all track of time. It's the immersion of Dark Souls that had me playing ten-hour marathons where I forget to eat and put down the controller only for toilet breaks. That's how *In The Miso Soup* enthralled me. I began reading at 7pm in the Hostel Moskva lounge cafe and didn't stop until I'd finished it at midnight, lying in bed. I was there – in Tokyo – with the characters.

So, to what do we owe such immersion?

My own background in Tokyo must be part of it. When the main character, Kenji, is working as a late-night sex industry guide for his small chubby American client Frank, I felt like I was there in Kabuki-cho with them. I knew lots of the districts. Murakami mentions walking past Seibu Shinjuku station or changing at Yotsuya on the Yamanote line and images of myself there spring to mind ***[3]***. There's a long-running series of RPGs called **Yakuza** about rival gangsters fighting for control of the sex and drugs trades in Kabuki-cho and *In The Miso Soup* nails that vibe exactly. I'm currently playing **Yakuza Zero** and it's a perfect synchronisation of entertainment forms for me.



Yakuza series is pretty oddball

Make no mistake, *In The Miso Soup* is Bottom World. It's as bottom as it gets. It's a one-weekend deep dive into the lowest grime of Tokyo's seedy underworld. Kenji knows all the touts – lost young men at the end of their rope, trying to hustle businessmen into clubs – and all the juvenile delinquent women working. It's the kind of vivid convincing detail that makes me wonder where Murakami spent his adult years. You can smell the ramen drifting from late-opening kiosks, and touch the cum-stained velvet carpet in the cramped peep shows. Murakami paints a bleak nihilistic world of a Japan hollowed out by the long post-1989 decline. No-one has any hope. The young 'uns struggle to get by with low-paid dead-end ***arbeit*** jobs and the businessmen are still working themselves to death then paying hostesses for attention. Murakami paints a world of soulless automatons.

This dehumanizing of the locals is important when it comes to the murderous violence. You see, this is actually a serial killer thriller not unlike the Tom Cruise movie *Collateral*: Kenji is the stand-in for Jamie Foxx's cab driver and the American Frank is the killer. For the first two acts Murakami masterfully foreshadows Kenji's growing unease with the seemingly omega Frank, a soft timid non-entity who is autistically enthusiastic about trying to get laid ***[4]***. As we move into the third act shit gets real FAST. I won't spoil the plot, but here's a taster:

> Frank grabbed her by the hair and plunged the knife into her chest. And like a gnat flying out of a clump of grass, something went missing from that peculiar smiley face.
> That's when Lady #5 at last began to scream. It wasn't like a reaction to #3's murder specifically, but rather as if someone had finally hit a switch to turn on the volume. Frank pulled the knife from #3's chest and then tried to take the mike from her, but her fist was so tightly clenched that even he had trouble prying it loose. Her fingers had turned white and puffy, as if they'd been pickled. Frank grabbed her by the hair again and rammed his index finger into her eye.

The author spent a full chapter painting these victims with utter contempt before having Frank murder them. He's making a statement, no doubt inspired by Brett Easton Ellis' *American Psycho* as the book sometimes feels similar. It got me thinking.

In particular, it got me thinking about my favourite TV show, the long-running anime series **Detective Conan**. That's a murder-mystery based on the locked-room puzzles of Agatha Christie, with a dash of police procedural and Sherlock Holmes. After watching several dozen of them I realised a big difference between Japanese and English crime stories: in Detective Conan the victim almost always deserves it, and the killer is a sympathetic character. There are plots where a brutal asset-stripping businessman is murdered and the killer turns out to be the mother of a child he killed in a hit-and-run accident, for example.

Japs aren't just slanty. They are weird too ***[5]***



Deepak's regular girl in Tokyo

Towards the end of *In The Miso* Soup Kenji tries very hard to 'understand' Frank and seems to develop a Stockholm Syndrome. It's written in self-aware terms so I don't think Murakami is trying to have us sympathise with the serial killer but rather to show the absurdity of Kenji doing so – it's meant as an indictment of what he considers the nihilism of modern-day Japan. I felt my skin crawl more at Kenji's rabbitry – of licking the boots that kick him – than of Frank's murders. It was well done.

I thoroughly recommend this book, especially for anyone who has visited Tokyo. It gripped me from the very beginning and the prose is beautifully written.

If you like stories of seediness in Tokyo you'll likely enjoy my upcoming Balls Deep second edition, which has several new chapters of me living it large there. Check my products page here.

[1] True story. See volume five of my memoir, when it's written.
[2] So he claimed when I sent him a photo of it.
[3] Though not at the hostess clubs, as I've never been to one.
[4] Absolutely unlike PUAs who go to Asia, of course.
[5] I still like them, though. The white men of Asia.

#122 – Reign Of Hell, Sven Hassel BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 17 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Personally, I preferred the Corgi covers

"Fucking get in there, my son!" is an expression of enthusiastic support that I rarely shout aloud. I'm a very rational, circumspect kind of man who likes to keep his opinions to himself. I dare say few of my regular readers could even suspect my political affiliations, so inscrutably do I hide my thoughts. But when reading Sven Hassel's *Reign Of Hell* I kind of gave the game away.

"Fucking get in there, my son! Kill the commie bastards, you fantastic Nazi hero, you!"

Dunno, not really the best thing to say in a Belgrade cafe. Yugoslavia got the shit end of the stick in WWII and due to Tito's partisans, they suffered Nazi reprisals on a scale exceeded only by Ukraine, Belarus and maybe Poland. The thing is, I'm not even pro-Nazi ***[1]***. While I'm reading a book, I tend to take whoever's side is doing the narration ***[2]*** as that aids immersion in the story. Thus had I been reading a Dennis Wheatley WWII Gregory Sallust story I'd side with the Allies, and if reading a Russian memoir, I temporarily side with the Reds.

It's odd really, wanting the Germans to kill the Russians one minute and then the Russians kill the Germans the next. I suppose I'd make a natural Jew. If there's an opening in The Cabal for a shameless propagandist, I'll take the one Jordan Peterson vacates, thanks. Ply me with speaking tours, loose women, and lots of good food and I'll serve your Satanic ends. Sign me up.

Wait. Where was I?

Okay, *Reign Of Hell*. So, I read all fourteen of Sven Hassel's WWII pseudo-memoirs a coon's age ago, when I lived in Japan. I absolutely loved them and for a while he was my favourite writer. As a rule I never re-read books so I put them on my shelf and that was the end of it. So when the WWII pseudo-memoir itch needed a scratching in 2018 I sought out many of the Hassel-a-like knock-offs such as Heinz Konsalik, Leo Kessler, Wolf Kruger and that Panzer Faust guy. I even enjoyed them. For a while, I began to think they were almost as good as the original Hassel novels.



Section 7

Oh how wrong I was. It's like comparing **Michael Avallone** to **Raymond Chandler**. Yeah, they are competent but that sprinkle of magic dust isn't in the hack books. Oh no, going back to Hassel after a decade away was like dusting off **Daygame Mastery** again after years spent street hustling. *Reign of Hell* was fucking awesome, and so much better second time around now I know more about writing.

Look, it's still a schlocky gruesome war story. It's not winning any prizes for literature. But I had such a good time reading it. It concerns Section 7 of the 27th Tank Regiment, a penal battalion populated by coerced "volunteers" from prisons and officers busted down to ranks in courts martial. Sven narrates first person with his friends of Section 7: Tiny the huge potty-mouthed Berliner with a dog's hearing and a skill at placing T-mines on T-34 tanks; Porta the skinny gap-toothed rogue who wears a yellow felt top hat into battle and goads officers constantly; Legionnaire the small wiry veteran of the French Foreign Legion and the Section's silent assassin. This is what is missing from all the other hack WWII stories. Hassel's books are full of character. You get to know these soldiers and they are very interesting.

Reign Of Hell hits the usual Hassel topics. It begins in the Sennelager military prison where raw recruits are abused and murdered before the survivors are press-ganged into Dirlewanger's desperate pioneer battalion operating behind enemy lines. Section 7 is soon on the Eastern Front holding the front in a marsh against an amphibious Russian attack. Later they are tasked to hold a narrow pass atop a hill in a rearguard action but the Army never signals their retreat, so they tumble down a mountain side with the Reds hot in pursuit. Finally they end up brawling with military police in a Polish brothel during R&R. Standard Hassel fare, then.



Getting stuck in, yesterday

It's only now, in 2018, that appreciate why I loved Hassel's stories so much. It's the vividness with which he sets scenes, the Bottom World depravity of trench and parade ground life, and the pulsating combat scenes. You won't find any of Leo Tolstoy's grand philosophy on human action like the Battle of Borodino scene in War & Peace ***[3]***. These are desperate men huddled together and dragging their comrades through hell and back.
There's one chapter that really leapt out in how ghoulishly immersive it was. Section 7 has been evading capture in a huge forest, heading towards a river they must cross to get back to German lines. Approaching this, they spy a large farmhouse garrisoned by advancing Russians who are all blind drunk. They've roasted boars on an open spit outside and the Polish civilian Section 7 has leading them suspects his wife and daughters are prisoners inside.

> We crept forward, crouching low in the long grass. The farm was in darkness, not a light shone in any of the windows. The horses in the stables had caught wind of us and were rearing and whinnying, stamping on the floor and kicking at the doors in an effort to be set free. They were good military beasts, and they sensed instinctively that we represented danger. But their masters lay in a drunken stupor and did not respond to their calls of alarm. The warm, sweet smell of hay and horse mingled with the acrid stench of stale vomit and spilt vodka. The smoke from the dying fire drifted towards us, bringing with it the fragrant delights of roast meat, and Porta ripped off a chunk with his bayonet as we passed. The flesh fell easily from the bones. Porta crammed a piece in his mouth, and the juice dribbled down his chin and on to his collar. His eyes clouded over in sheer ecstasy, and as if in a trance he reached out his hand for more.
> "Oh no, you don't!" said the Legionnaire smartly. He prodded him towards the farmhouse with the nozzle of the flame-thrower he was carrying. "You can come back for the rest of it when we've cleaned this place up.

You see, Section 7 are predators. While in pitched battles in tanks or ducking into trenches under artillery bombardment, Hassel presents his men as tiny, fragile figures swept up in the tides of destruction. But when they are in small teams, they are something entirely different. They are tigers on the hunt. Even when infiltrating a farmhouse stacked with Russians, the small section have time to squabble and stuff their faces. It gets ghoulish fast.

> We stepped forward over the bodies and made our way down the hall. At the bend in the stairs were two enormous Cossack sergeants. They were seated side by side on the same step, wedged together by the width of their shoulders and sleeping with their heads drooping forward on to their chests. They had machine-guns in

> their laps. We took no chances. Tiny strangled them both with his bare hands.
>
> As I carefully skirted the two dead sergeants, there was a sudden noise and a vodka bottle came hurtling towards me, followed at full speed by Tiny, who had trodden on it in the semi-darkness and missed his footing. They both crashed on to the stone floor. One of the sleeping Russians opened his eyes and sat up in panic, but Heide slit his throat before he had time to take in what was happening.

I'm telling you, it's a vivid, spine-chilling scene and it really pulls you in. Hassel has really mastered the art of casual savagery. Often, dead strikes in an instant and is immediately forgotten. It reminded me of the first time I played *Operation Flashpoint*, years back. I was used to *Call Of Duty* and *Medal Of Honour*, games full of explosion and drama, with tightly scripted battle scenes. In *Operation Flashpoint*'s first mission I had to drive a jeep out to a forest and run a patrol. My squad encountered a Russian patrol and a very brief firefight ensued. Most bullets missed but I shot down a Red and…. he just fell, and the corpse stayed there. We moved on. Somehow the randomness of the skirmish and the meaninglessness of the computer character's death was far more impactful than the scripted bombast of other games.

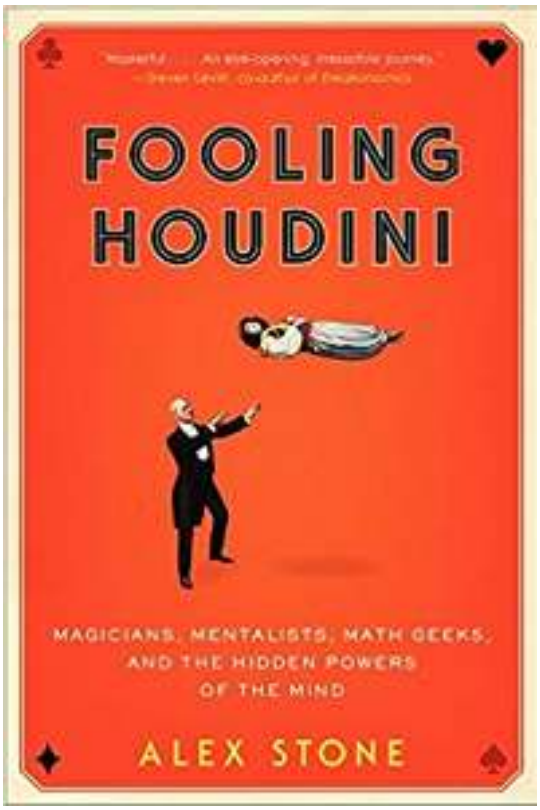
Sven Hassel battle scenes often feel like that. Other times, he'll make a really big deal out of it and let you get to know the unlucky soldier / partisan / civilian first. The sweep of his narrative from high-level down to the mud-between-the-fingernails of trench warfare can be thrilling in it's fast pace. Don't take these books as serious – I'm sure actual soldiers would consider them an insult on the integrity of most armies – but as schlocky war entertainment you can't do any better.

It would be rather nice if some of you would buy my textbooks ***Daygame Mastery*** *and* ***Daygame Infinite****, or possibly* ***Daygame Overkill****, so I can buy myself a few new video games this Christmas. Check out my products here.*

[1] Not much, anyway.
[2] Unless they are gay, feminist, black, tranny, Jewish, Paki, Arab, Turk, Chinese, Indian, Brazilian, Canadian, French, or a PUA.
[3] Haven't actually got that far through Tolstoy yet. But then again, few have. Tolstoy's take on "Great Man" theory of history as expressed in the Battle Of Borodino is clearly explained in the Wordsworth Classics introduction. Thus any time I hear someone show off making this point, I always think they just read the introduction and are faking it. I mean, a 650,000 word book and you all pick exactly the same chapter and interpretation thereof?

#123 – Fooling Houdini, Alex Stone BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 19 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



It's quite common for people to seek a unified theory of everything. Physicists are always at it, whether it's String Theory, the Standard Model, or pissing about with fractals. Hippies are equally into it though, because they lack the mathematics, their theory usually involves taking mushrooms, playing The Grateful Dead, and then explaining "it's all… like… connected man."

As an INTJ, I'm especially prone to seeking cross-discipline connections. **Daygame Infinite** is full of ~~it~~ them. So it was with some eager anticipation that I picked up Alex Stone's *Fooling Houdini* which the publisher blurb on that back states is his memoir: "in New York City, he plunged headlong into a vibrant ***[1]*** underground magic scene populated by a fascinating cast of characters… As he navigates this quirky and occasionally hilarious subculture, Stone pulls back the curtain on a secretive community organised around a single need: to prove one's worth by deceiving others."

It's Neil Strauss's *The Game* isn't it. Well, let's just see shall we?

The story arc is the usual **Heroes Journey**, which in this case has Stone start out as a full-of-himself living embodiment of the Dunning-Kruger effect. Chapter one sees him in Stockholm for a Magic Olympics ***[2]*** where the judges have him escorted from the stage mid-act he's so bad. That's in 2006 and after a crisis of confidence he rebuilds, decides to turn pro (in the *War Of Art* sense) and then goes on a journey of self-discovery. After a period of technical and character development he returns to major competition in 2010 as a superior magician with a personal style all of his own.

So, yeah, it's *The Game.* You could say his Heroes Journey is a lot like mine, only with far less shagging.



Jack The Ripper had never figured out how to put them back together

What struck me most about *Fooling Houdini* are the many parallels to the seduction community. Alex Stone was simultaneously studying in Columbia University for a PhD in physics and was a maths geek. But it wasn't Stone's frequent rumination on magic's links to psychology, maths, and science that got me thinking of unified theories of everything. Rather, it's the obvious parallels in structure, tone, and progression of and within the magic community itself. Now I think about it, perhaps Mystery's alter ego as a magician is a big part of why the modern PUA community is as it is. Perhaps he ported over many of the principles of magic – not the performance aspect, but the organisational side and the community tone.

Early in the book Stone actually goes to Vegas to take a weekend magic boot camp at the **Magic and Mystery School** run out of Jeff McBride's **House of Mystery**. McBride even dresses a lot like the famous PUA.

As Stone immerses himself deeper he finds a community that hangs around lots of informal nodes such as Tannen's magic shop, or Rustico II pizza parlour. In the shop, trainee magicians of various levels mill around showing off their tricks, discussing books, and referring each other to DVD courses. It's not unlike the forums and meet-ups noob PUAs get into. The pizza parlour is home to magicians advanced in skills and age, most notably a crusty old dude called Wes who becomes Stone's mentor. These wise old grouches are world-weary but retain a fascination for the magician's way of life and are fountains of wisdom. McBride explains to Stone the life cycle of a magician, of four cardinal stages of magic: Trickster, Sorcerer, Oracle, and Sage.

> "The four archetypes represent the four stages in the age cycle of the magician," he said. "They are like the four ages of man: infancy, adolescence, maturity, and old age."
> The **Trickster** is the imp in the family, quick-witted, resourceful, a fast-talking troublemaker who uses magic to contend with the world, overcome shyness, and build self-esteem… The next stage, the **Sorcerer**, is dutiful and hardworking, a serious student of the art who views magic not as a tool but as an end in itself. "Where the Trickster feeds on mischief and chaos," McBride explained, "the Sorcerer focuses on transforming chaos into order. Sorcerers are skilful, disciplined, and put considerable time and energy into their work, acquiring the various technical skills that it takes to become a magician."

If you're mapping this to your development in daygame, you're a very smart boy. You could liken these stages to

the forum dabbler / weekend experimenter who then moves on to become a serious student of the game, an actual "daygamer". Stone continues:

> In the third phase, that of the **Oracle**, the focus shifts from the body to the mind. The Oracle explores the hidden realms of perception and strives to master the psychology of magic. Finally, the enlightened **Sage**, master and elder of the art, passes on a lifetime of distilled wisdom to the next generation, completing the cycle. If magic were basketball, the Trickster would play for the Harlem Globetrotters… while the Sage would coach his team through game seven of the NBA Championships. The Sage is **Magic Infinite** ***[3]***

Stone's book stays faithful to this typology throughout the book, using it to thematically organise his own progression towards Oracle.

Perhaps the biggest surprise for me in reading *Fooling Houdini* is how technical magic is. Now obviously I'd heard of things like double lifts, bottom deals, false shuffles and so on but not until Stone's patient explanations did I realise how technically precise these things are and how they continually evolve. There's a whole lineage to magic with individual sleights of hand named after the talented magician who invented them – the Vernon Lift, Hofzinser Cull, Bobo Switch, Elmsley Count ***[4]***. Stone describes working for weeks to perfect the Ambitious Card, wherein a chosen card is inserted mid-deck and then magically rises to the top. I had no idea there were so many permutations and such technically-precise movements and means to master them. Stone goes into the pizza parlour to show off his trick to grumpy old Wes:

> "No, no, no," he rumbled, grabbing my hands. "That's not right." He moulded my fingers into a more forward grip, freeing them up to cover the bottom half of the deck, protecting it from exposure. This way, the lower two fingers of my right hand screened the move, making it undetectable. "I spent a whole day trying to teach Johnny Thompson this," Wes said, sipping his diet soda. "But he was so used to doing it the other way that he just couldn't get it."
> I gave it another shot. "No, straight back," Wes said. "Keep these fingers relaxed." He gestured at the lower three fingers of my right hand. "Always point your index finger directly to the left of the left-most line of vision." This, I later learned, was a general principle for neutralising angle issues.

That's like me coaching a residential: grumpy old guy admonishing a young lad for small technical mis-steps and then him looking wide-eyed as he didn't realise there was so much he didn't know. Close-up magic – or **David Blaine**'s version of Street magic – isn't at all far from Street game. So many of the concepts carry over, so much so it's possible to forget that magic is trying to deceive and game is not. It's the performance aspect that's most shared. The magician's audience wants to be deceived, the girl you're trying to fuck does not.

After the sluggish and badly-written first chapter I'd been ready to dismiss Stone as a nerdy gamma trying to write himself into coolness. As he finds his feet he becomes more likeable – though always a bit gamma – and the writing keeps improving. There's a wonderfully warm chapter about a blind card mechanic who is rated best in the world due to his heightened sense of touch. There are some gamma backslides though. Gammas are always a force of instability in an organisation, as they don't accept their lowly position. Thus they'll happily throw others under a bus in order to advance themselves, tear down the organisation, and cloak it all in self-righteousness. In Stone's case, he blatantly betrays his signed oath to the Society of American Magicians by exposing their secrets in a *Vanity Fair* article.

Classic gamma betrayal for personal advancement. Utter selfishness and disregard for the good of the commons ***[5]***. The SAM board write him a letter asking for his resignation from the Society. His response?

> As the days passed and I recovered my presence of mind, the sting of rejection gradually subsided, and in its place indignation welled up like a volcano. I'd been a loyal, dues-paying member for over three years. I

> regularly attended meetings and ceremonies and was an active participant at lectures and workshops. I dutifully carried my laminated SAM membership card in my wallet next to my driver's licence and student IDs. Many fellow SAM members were friends of mine, people I hung out with on a regular basis. Imagine my horror, then, at finding out that these very same individuals now wanted me excommunicated. How dare they!

Yeah mate. Because you broke bread with them and within three years you'd betrayed the 100+ yr old Society. Because you're a gamma cunt.

So Stone hired a lawyer, sifted through the Society's bylaws and looked for a loophole to lawyer his way to remaining in the Society…. as if nobody would know that's what he was up to. "Oh yeah, mate. We've changed our minds. You're clearly not a cunt after all. I mean, bylaw 4.5 section 2 has a loophole in it. Our mistake!" Now, to Stone's credit, this is all information he willingly provides in the book. He's not trying to paint himself in a favourable light. Just because he was a gamma cunt then, doesn't mean he didn't get past it and, frankly, by the end he sounds like a much better person.

The book gets increasing more unified-theory-of-everything in a pleasing way and the PUA parallels continue. For example, here's a nice passage about the respect paid to the real innovators in magic from the accomplished pros a little further down the tree:

> We spent the rest of the afternoon talking about an Italian coin expert named Giacomo Bertini, who was in town for the elite FFFF convention and was giving a lecture and teaching a workshop at the SAM later that week. "I'll tell you one thing," Wes wheezed. "He's got the best classic palm I've ever seen. It doesn't look like anything. It really doesn't." As with everything, Wes knew the score. He had a copy of an underground DVD containing some of Bertini's top-secret material, which had been put out by a close-up worker in Chicago. Bertini had now become somewhat of a star on the international coin circuit.

Tell me that doesn't sound like the PUA community when a good new infield, lecture, or technical blog post comes out. I can remember now sitting in bars or restaurants enthusiastically discussing latest developments in the daygame scene. "Have you heard? Torero has a new variation on the Toe. He's got it elevated at a new jaunty angle. Its, like, the best ever!" ***[6]***

As Stone begins his passage into the Oracle stage he begins to take the techniques as read, and moves into the psychological dimension. An adage I especially liked was, "Magic happens not in the hands of the magician, but in the mind of the spectator." I've long said the purpose of game is to create the desired thought patterns in the girls. Game happens not in the moves of the player, but in the mind of the target. That type of daygame is infinite.

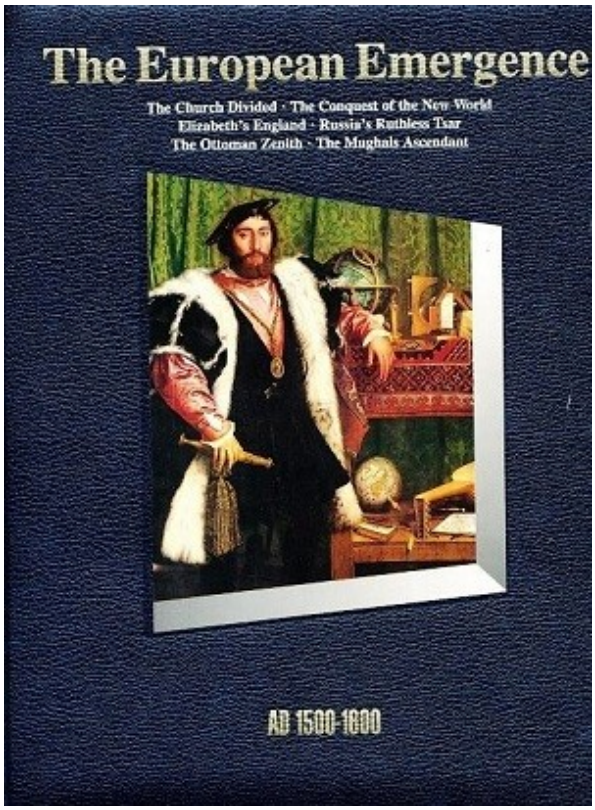
Look, I've twice tried to subtly incept you with the idea of buying ***Daygame Infinite****. Why don't you do us all a favour and just buy the bloody thing. Have a look here for more details and a video display of the book. Also available on Amazon.*



[1] Fortunately in the literal sense of the word. Getting too vibrant in diverse NYC is likely a fast route to getting shot and your Nikes stolen.
[2] Don't laugh. It's no more dorky than the World PUA Summit.
[3] I may have added in that last sentence myself.
[4] Much like daygame's Torero Toe.
[5] The equivalent of daygamers who burn a town to the ground by spamming sets, then rationalise it all after selfishly destroying the commons shared by all daygamers.
[6] Daygame and magic both have "mentalists", but the connotation of the word is entirely different in the two spheres.

#124 – The European Emergence, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 20 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I don't think I'm surprising any of you when I say the plots of many well-known fantasy epics are lifted from real history. The most recent case is *Game Of Thrones*, which started as a retelling of the English **War of the Roses**. Not just that but you can easily place a map of Westeros over Europe and see what's what – King's Landing is so obviously London, for example. This pilfering of / inspiration by history goes further back than J R R Tolkien basing Middle Earth on Europe: The Shire is southern England, the elves are ~~faggots~~ Scandnavians, and Mordor is the Ottoman Empire. Fuck it, it even goes as far back as the first great fantasy land, Robert E. Howard's Hyborian Age, where Conan plied his trade. Aquilonia is medieval France, Cimmeria is Scotland, Zingara is Spain and so on.

This came to mind when reading *The European Emergence*, a history of the world covering AD 1500-1600. It covers the Reformation that Martin Luther kicked off, the Conquistadors laying the smack down on the Aztecs and Incas, the birth of England as a world power under Elizabeth 1st, the rather entertaining Ivan The Terrible of Russia, and then caps it off with the peaking Ottoman Empire under Suleyman 1st and the Mughals marching out of Afghanistan to try it on with the Indians.



Westeros, yesterday

Lots going on that century. Most of it warlike. I was struck by how any one page of this book could form the basis of an entire epic fantasy novel. Take this passage from **Ivan The Terrible**'s reign:

> The lawless last decade of Ivan's reign was reflected in the chaos and violence of his personal life. His second wife died in 1569 – poisoned, Ivan was later to insist. Two years later he took a new wife, but the marriage was never consummated and the Tsarina was dead within a month; again Ivan suspected foul play. His fourth and fifth wives – both called Anna – were dispatched to nunneries within the space of two years. A brief sixth marriage in 1574 left Ivan widowed again. in 1581 he took a seventh and last wife, Maria Nagaya; this marriage did not prevent him from proposing the following year to Mary Hastings, an English heiress. Queen Elizabeth of England – "the old virgin", as Ivan called her – had prudently refused his hand in marriage 15 years earlier.

That makes Prince Harry's marriage to mystery-meat former-whore Meghan seem tame in comparison. Ivan's personal life sounds like Silvio Berlusconi's. So should we wish to write an epic fantasy yarn, we've got all our court intrigue handled there. But how about some violence, eh? You want some violence? Coming right up. Next paragraph….

> In 1581 Ivan came upon his pregnant daughter-in-law in a palace room at Alexandrovskaya Sloboda. Furious to see her wearing only one dress instead of the three dictated by court protocol, the Tsar savagely beat the girl, causing her to miscarry. When [his eldest son] young Ivan dared to remonstrate, his father furiously raised his long wooden staff and stuck him on the head. The Tsarvevich died a few days later, leaving his father crazed with grief.

That's a scene you could pull straight from *Game Of Thrones*. I suppose George R R Martin one-upped reality by having old man Lannister shot with a crossbow by his dwarf son while taking a dump. Here's how Ivan bought it:

> On March 18, 1584, feeling refreshed after a long bath, Ivan sat down to play chess with Prince Bogdan

> Belsky. Suddenly he lost consciousness, falling backwards to the floor. A crowd of anxious officials attempted to revive him, but the rule of Ivan The Terrible had finally come to an end.



Terrible, I tell ya

Look, all those above quotes come from a single page in this 168-page book, which is but one of twenty volumes. There's a ton of real life inspiration here. So, I'm sure we are agreed that we've got the court intrigue and family squabbles handled for our mooted fantasy novel. But royal courts are big places, so lets weave in another few plot threads, this time inspired by the Ottomans. So, their empire peaked with Suleyman but when he died his successors were rather less competent and more taken with the pleasures of the flesh and the cup.

> Selim the Sot [so named for his alcoholism] died in 1574, following a drunken fall on the wet marble floor of the Topkapi baths. [His successor] Murad III is reputed on occasion to have changed the companion of his bed two or three times in a single night **[1]**, and his demand for beautiful slaves is said to have grossly inflated the prices in the women's slave market. [Grand Vizier] Sokollu Mehmed was stabbed to death in 1579 by an assassin hired by his enemies. In the remaining 16 years of Murad's reign the grand vizierate changed no fewer than 10 times.

Is that enough drama for you? Did you know Suleman had used the 'Law Of Fratricide' to have his two brothers murdered upon his ascension to the Sultanate, in order to ensure no counter-plotting? It seems Mehmed III saw him and raised him.

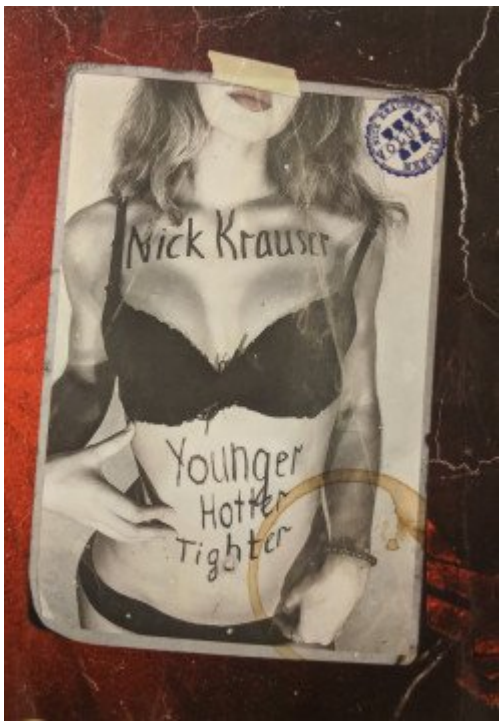
> Murad's death in January 1595 occasioned the worst fratricidal massacre in the history of the Ottomans. All 19 brothers of his heir, Mehmed III, were strangled, and in addition 15 slave women who were pregnant by his father were put to death.

Medieval history is fascinating for how brutal and warlike it is. Now, I get that all the highlights are compressed into a single volume covering the whole world in under two hundred pages. Naturally, it'll focus on the big stuff. Still, I haven't even gotten into Cortes sneaking into Montezuma's chambers in his Aztec capital and holding him

hostage, then their late-night escape across the wooden causeways over the lake surrounding the city. Or the southern trek by Pizarro to have at the Incas, and the backstage plotting by rival Spaniards in Cuba and Vera Cruz to have King Phillip replace him. Fascinating stuff.

So, should any of you ~~dickheads~~ readers be struggling for a plot in your next novel, I suggest you peruse one of these Time Life **History Of The World** books and it'll be brimming with suggestions.

If that's all too complex and you'd rather just read about shagging, try my memoir serious. You could even do some of that shagging yourself if you buy ***Daygame Infinite*** *or* ***Daygame Overkill****. Check them out here.*



Buy this bastard

[1] Well, I've done that several times. Meh! I should be a Sultan.

#125 – The Haunting Of Toby Jugg, Dennis Wheatley BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 22 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Dennis Wheatley was mostly interested in three types of story: Historical action adventure in the vein of Alexandre Dumas (e.g. his **Roger Brook** series), wartime spy thrillers (e.g. his **Gregory Sallust** and **Julian Day** series), and occult horror. As the cover no doubt tipped you off, *The Haunting Of Toby Jugg* is of the latter style. The plot is much like Stephen King's *Misery*, with Satanic overtones.

Written as Jugg's own daily diary, it begins with him terrified. Jugg was an RAF fighter pilot shot down in 1941, a German bullet breaking his back and crippling his legs. He was sent to a country manor for recuperation, staying with his old tutor Helmuth. In the last few days he's been menaced by the midnight apparition of a monstrous shadow lurking outside his bay windows. It's some kind of monster, though he sees only the shadow and feels the presence of Evil. Thus Jugg begins writing the diary – this book – to order his thoughts and the plot thickens over time.

Narratively, Wheatley goes in for the 'slow reveal'. As Jugg warms to the therapeutic task of writing he begins to fill in the back story. It turns out he's the sole heir of his industrial magnate grandfather's vast £14m fortune (in 1942 pounds), having been orphaned since his mother died in childbirth and his father later died in an air accident. Toby's inheritance is in trust, steered by a Board of eight trustees, until he reaches his majority aged 21. That birthday is only a month away.

Hmmmmmm. This is starting to look like more than a simple demonic apparition isn't it?

As Toby recounts his backstory it becomes increasingly obvious that since his grandfather and father died, control of his family has been hijacked by Satanists who placed members of their cult to be his guardians, and sent him to a Satanic school in Weyland which has it's motto the Crowleyian maxim: ***Do what they wilt shall be the whole of the law***.


Understandably, I fear turning into fellow skinhead Crowley

I won't spoil the plot further (actually, I will). It's an enjoyable book which I read in a single day and though it's rather plodding and overlong, the fact it's a creeping-dread story means slow pacing doesn't really hurt it like it would an action thriller. It's not Wheatley's best, but it is good.

What most interested me was the meta-level. It was written in 1948 and it proves the old adage that there's nothing new under the sun. Throughout his career Wheatley was at pains to inform his readership of the eternal battle between Good and Evil, and how the particular ideological battles of his time were simply the current recasting of that ancient struggle into modern terms. In Wheatley's stories, murderers, Satanists, communists, and globalists are all one and the same group ***[1]***. It's customary for modern soyboys to poo-poo this "out-dated" attitude, because it's now The Current Year. The thing is, Wheatley is correct. Let me go into that.

The current decline of the European Union and United Nations is not at all unexpected. I knew it would happen back in 2008 purely on economic grounds: you can't tie the White North of Europe to the Wop South. The North is inside the Hagnal Line and has the high-IQ and work ethic of nationalities created by long cold winters. The South has DNA from outside the Line, lower-IQs and place value on ease, comfort, and massive debt. The result is that the North earns money, and the South borrows and spends it. That can't last forever, because the North isn't about to forgive the debts. See the past history of Germany and Greece for the most clear-cut example.

I figured that out in 2008 but I was late to the party. From the very beginning of the Kalergi Plan – the attempt to create the European Union – smart people knew it was doomed. Way back in the 1950s smart people said you can't have monetary union without fiscal union. They said the European Common Market was but the first foot in the door for the globalists to attempt the full Sovietisation of Europe. And they were right. That was the plan all along.

The Bible tells us of the **Tower Of Babel**, when Satan persuaded men to abandon God, destroy the nations, and force everyone together into a single global uniformity. The European Union follows on from the United Nations and before it the League Of Nations as the latest attempt to recreate the Tower Of Babel. It's no surprise that the EU modelled its own headquarters on the most famous painting of the Tower. There's no "conspiracy theory" to this. They were open about it (to each other, not the public) from the very beginning. It was expressed formally in the Kalergi Plan.



Perhaps you find this stretching credibility. Perhaps the shameless, craven, hypocritical behaviour of the media, Vatican, NGOs, EU, UN, academia and governments in response to Donald Trump haven't yet convinced you ***[2]***. Well, Dennis Wheatley was onto it decades ago. This stuff is eternal.

There's a scene in which Helmuth explains the communist/Satanic Brotherhood of which he's a member, as he attempt to recruit Toby and his millions. They are discussing the likely election of a Labour government post-war that will be full of Communist agents working for the Soviet Union ***[3]***, and how that will lead to ever-rising taxes. The theft will begin with a targeting of "The Rich", in order to secure popular approval and begin boiling the proverbial frog.

> I said that I thought, myself, all the odds were on the Socialists coming to power soon after the war; but that most of their leaders were sensible enough to realize the danger of throwing the nation's economy out of gear by doing anything too drastic. Helmuth shrugged and replied:
> "They will be moderate to start with, but as is always the case when the Left gets into the saddle, the masses expect a Silver Age – if not a Golden one – to dawn before very long. That gives the extremists a rod with which to beat the moderate. They will never be able to raise enough money by ordinary means to propiate the Labour electorate, by carrying out all the Socialist conceptions; but it can be taken from those who have it….
> …. but political extremists are never statesmen, otherwise they would not be extremist. Such people allow their hatred of the rich to dominate every other consideration. And it would be done in gradual stages. That is the insidious part about it. As you say, they will go for the big fish first; and if you are forced to realize only half your holdings pay up, very few people are going to think that you have been hardly done by.
> No one will squeal until some of their own savings are seized to pay the dole."

This is of course exactly what happened post-War, with mass nationalisations and the 98% income tax rate. It's what Bernie Sanders and his tax-the-1% gang tried. This struggle is as old as history. Wheatley continues to outline the grand plan of Evil in every facet, as applied to the Britain of the early 20th Century. The Weyland school sounds awfully like the "modern" teaching methods constantly pushed in our own schools. That school featured co-education, males and females sharing dormitories, extremely permissive sexual mores, and a teaching style opposed to discipline and where all values are relative except one: that Christianity is BAD.

Wheatley also explains the Leftist strategy of **entryism**. The Left are parasites and unable to create, so they must attach themselves to hosts created by real people. The Left has come after Jugg because he's the beneficiary of a massive fortune, which the Left wishes to hijack and use to bring about communism and slavery. So, the Right built the value (his grandpa the industrialist) and the Left seeks to steal it ***[4]***. Helmuth's gang initially planned in recruiting Jugg by poisoning his fertile mind with a corrupt Satanic education ***[5]*** that promoted atheism, nihilism, and promiscuity. When he unexpected rebelled and joined the RAF, that institution encouraged virtues of nationalism, hard work, camaraderie, and God so they worried they'd lost him. His unexpected spinal injury gave them a second chance, so Helmuth used black magic to initiate *The Haunting of Toby Jugg* with the aim of softening him up again so he'd go mad, get committed to an asylum, and be unable to take control of his grandpa's fortune. At the same time, the Satanists began an infiltration plan to place their agents on the Trust's board so as to attain stewardship of the millions.

Oops, I spoiled the plot.

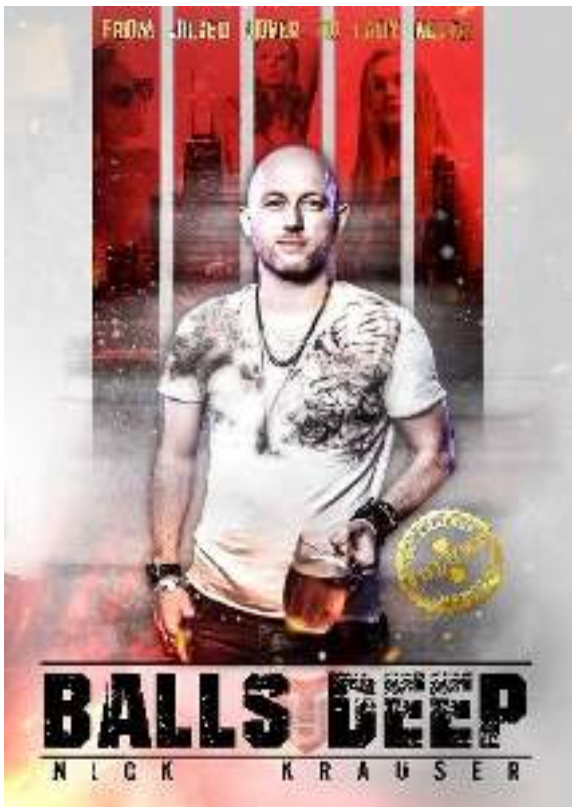
You'll note this is exactly what the Left does now. All the major philanthropic foundations of the 19th and 20th centuries have long since been hijacked by Leftists, who use their Trustee positions to pervert the foundations directly against the objectives of the men who founded them. The Left is always about parasitism and negation: they can't built anything of their own. All they know is how to corrupt and to steal. We see this now, for example, in sports. Feminists (i.e. the Left) don't try to build their own women's Tour de France, FIFA, NBA or World Tennis Tour but instead hijack the one men built and then steer it for their own purposes with bullshit women's leagues.

You'll note that what Lenin called "entryism" is now called "convergence" by authors such as Vox Day writing about the Leftist takeover of tech and entertainment companies. Jews have always been good at entryism because of their natural nepotism, though now the Chinese are trying it in Hollywood. Commies always be infiltratin'.

And this brings me to the central irony of the book. *The Haunting Of Toby Jugg* is an occultist thriller about a gang of Satanic Communists who summon a giant Spider demon in order to menace a poor cripple. And yet – there's ***nothing fantastical about this story***. Literally the only plot element in the entire book that isn't clear, observable fact is the spider demon itself (which plays a small role). The conspiracy, and its ideological routes, are all real and readily observable in our own world.

The battle of Good versus Evil is eternal. We see only it's latest incarnation.

Speaking of corruption, promiscuity, and communist countries. You'll probably love my memoir series Balls Deep, A Deplorable Cad, Younger Hotter Tighter, and Adventure Sex and well as my notorious textbook training manuals on how to pick up skirt. Go here to check them out. Get them now, before I complete my conversion to Christianity and withdraw them all from sale.

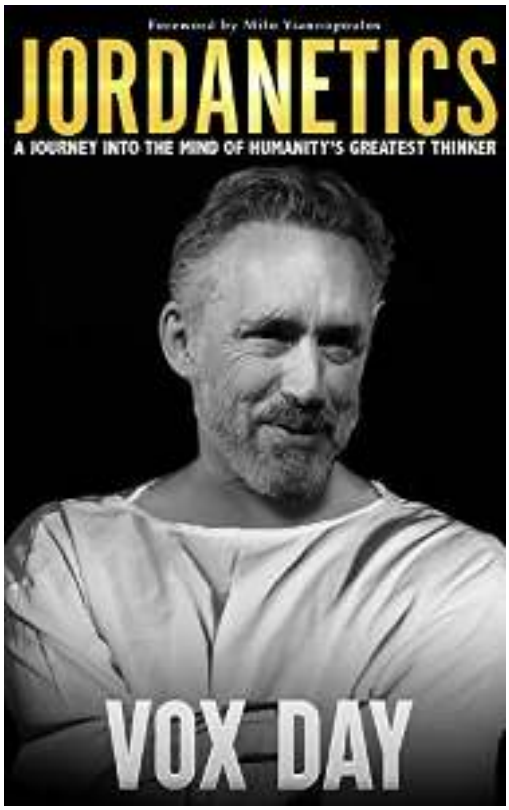


Buy this and be corrupted – coming soon

[1] As is anyone with a foreign accent.
[2] You'd have to be an absolute moron to have not noticed Trump is clearly opposed by the forces of Evil, even if your conception of evil doesn't require a supernatural component.
[3] Which we now know is exactly what happened, as many Labour members of parliament were exposed as Soviet agents and spies.
[4] That right there is the entire crux of political science through the ages.
[5] This really is a common tactic, is it not. Remember your own school?

#126 – Jordanetics, Vox Day BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 23 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Some books need to be written. For the most part, the stuff I see in the alt-right and PUAspheres is just "me too" rubbish. I don't mean the ***#MeToo*** movement of false allegations sweeping Hollywood, which was a fabrication of the elite talent agency CAA. I mean in its older sense, of when a company launches a successful product so a horde of imitators release their own products to cash in on the trend.

PUAs are like that. They never stop to think, "has this material already been covered? Does the world really need me to repeat the same thing?" Of course not. They want a slice of the money, even if it means plagiarising someone else's content.

However, while there's nothing new under the sun, the world does indeed change. The charlatans of yesteryear get exposed but then a new breed emerge to take their place. Modern idiots need to relearn the lessons of the old timers anew. **Vox Day** has been on quite a roll in performing this cleansing function. His last four non-fiction books have each addressed the new mask of an old fraud.

- *SJWs Always Lie* exposed the new book-waving Maoists.
- *Cuckservative* exposed the new Whigs and Pharisees.
- *SJWs Always Double Down* exposed the new entryists and infiltrators.
- *Jordanetics* exposes the new Wormtongue.

How is it that Vox can achieve such a steady hit-rate and always be at the leading edge of the curve? His *Cuckservative* book came out ***before*** Trump won the Republican nomination. His take-down of Jordan Peterson came at the peak of his popularity when pretty much every right-winger I knew was riding the Canadian globalist's nut-sack. Vox isn't just outside the mainstream Overton Window, he's perpetually outside the Alt-Right's own Overton Window. So, how does he manage it?

Simple. **He's read history and philosophy**. Modern retards raised on YouTube, Twitter and hyper-ventilating

click-bait conservative bloggers have no sense of perspective. They think *Animal Farm* is a porno, *Big Brother* a TV show, and *Franz Ferdinand* an indie band. Those of you fortunate enough to get a real education are better able to spot the same old patterns reemerge.

There's nothing new under the sun. It's just old wine in new bottles.



"I didn't sleep for 25 days"

The problem when first approaching Jordan Peterson is that he's a muddled thinker, bullshitting speaker, and incompetent writer. That means to make sense of him you have to straighten out all the knots he himself has created. Reading *Jordanetics* reminded me of a philosophy lecture I took as a fresh-faced 18yr old scamp in a course called **Rousseau and Marx**. I asked the lecturer why he'd assigned the Past Masters summary books on those two black-hearted rogues ***[1]*** rather than their original writings.

> "Oh, they are terrible writers. It'll take you forever to figure out what they are trying to say. Don't bother. Just go to the summary books. Those are cleaned-up Rousseau and cleaned-up Marx."

Cleaned-up? That's how it feels reading *Jordanetics*. Vox has done JBP the favour of organising his muddled thoughts for him in order to get at the heart of his true meaning. Actually, it's not doing JBP a favour at all because to explain what he says in clear terms is to expose him for the evil Satanic globalist fraud that he is. You see, JBP is a wannabe **L. Ron Hubbard**. He's a mentally-ill, moral and physical coward, with a messiah complex. His role is to mislead you. There's a fair chance that JBP was sexually molested by his own grandmother ***[2]*** but that can't be anything compared to the brutal rape Vox gives him in *Jordanetics*.

Vox's parsing of JBP's philosophy, as expressed in *Maps Of Meaning* and *12 Rules For Life*, is that JBP is preaching a post-Christian religion of Balance. JBP uses the terms Order and Chaos as proxies for Good and Evil, and his advice all leads towards a Jedi-like goal of achieving Balance between the two. The goal is not to fight and defeat Evil, but to assimilate it. Obviously that's ridiculous.

Having read much of the Western canon, Vox is able to trace the intellectual inspiration of JBP to his roots which will surprise the average Peterson fanboy. Vox makes a strong case that JBP is knowingly drawing ideas from Carl Jung and…… **Aleister Crowley**. Yes, the bald-headed Satanist. He doesn't just throw those names out as insults

but rather draws the connection through exegesis of Peterson's own written words and a comparison to the gnostics, pagans and Satanists who originated the ideas. Vox firmly believes JBP is ***knowingly*** evil, and I agree with him.

The first 1/3 of the book is just set-up, giving the anecdotal background for why Vox decided to look deeper into JBP ***[3]***. I found it all boring because I'd been watching Vox's Darkstream as all of this background happened in real time, so it was old news to me. The real book begins on page 75, chapter 6, in which Vox finally deals with JBP's ideas (rather than the man and his fans). Those first paragraphs are the literary unzipping of the fly as Vox prepares to "make him squeal like a pig, pa!"

Vox does a good job of picking out the underlying philosophy. JBP is a habitual liar ***because it is central to his philosophy***. The Left have always been The People Of The Lie because their ideology requires it in order to gain acceptance: the core of Leftism is to steal your shit, clearly nobody wants their shit stolen, so the Leftists first lie to them, and then use the backstop of brutal violence. However, as George Orwell colourfully outlined in *Animal Farm* and *1984*, the Left doesn't require you to believe their lies but to simply go along with them. I think Theodore Dalrymple expressed it succinctly thus:

> "In my study of communist societies, I came to the conclusion that the purpose of communist propaganda was not to persuade or convince, not to inform, but to humiliate; and therefore, the less it corresponded to reality the better. When people are forced to remain silent when they are being told the most obvious lies, or even worse when they are forced to repeat the lies themselves, they lose once and for all their sense of probity. To assent to obvious lies is…in some small way to become evil oneself. One's standing to resist anything is thus eroded, and even destroyed. A society of emasculated liars is easy to control. I think if you examine political correctness, it has the same effect and is intended to."

JBP sinks even further into depravity than the communists he pretends to hate. His philosophy elevates lying to a moral imperative. Vox summarises it thus: ***[4]***

> "Because Peterson equates truth with survival, or rather, anything that increases one's chances of survival, truth is intrinsically subjective. And since there's no such thing as objective truth, the only thing you can do to be truthful, by which he means increase your chances of survival, is to master the art of the lie. Peterson is qualified to teach you this rule because he has, by nature and philosophy, become a spiritual master of lies. Peterson lies regularly and habitually, and here he presents a rule that does not only allow for lying under limited circumstances, but presents dishonesty as a fundamental ethic."

It's hard to comprehend how evil such a position is, but you can see why so many PUAs like JBP. The Canadian charlatan is often defended as offering meaning to society's losers but this is the opposite, a poison pill of the worst kind. By denying an objective reality ***[5]*** he is completely pulling the existential rug out from under his poor readers. Vox summarises it thus:

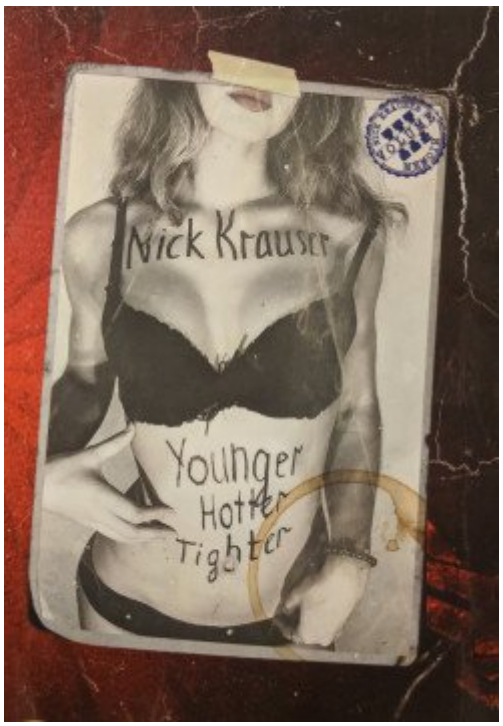
> "It's important to observe that while Peterson refuses to recognise the objective reality of mundane non-things such as "laptop computers" and the transportation devices known as "cars", historical events such as "rape" or "the Crucifixion", let alone more abstract concepts such as "truth", "Jesus", or "God", he believes very strongly in the reality of ideas that spring out of the imagination of 19th and 20th century European psychologists."

You see, JBP isn't any different to the Crowleyists in the progressive Weyland school in Dennis Wheatley's *The Haunting Of Toby Jugg*. He believes everything is relative, except the core ideas of his own paganism. Black is white, except when he wants it to be Black. He reminds me of the famous boxing promoter Bob Arum's best quip.

> "Yesterday I was lying. Today I'm telling the truth."

Vox makes a compelling case that everything about JBP is fake. JBP was recently in Slovenia attending the Trilaterial Commission globalist convention. He's signed with the above-mentioned CAA talent agency, and has the effrontery to charge low-paid low-ranking readers $400 to shake his hand and take a picture. Don't be fooled by the tweed jackets, practised gestures, and word-salad bullshit. Jordan Peterson is an evil globalist rat.

If you prefer your rats to be of the "pussy-" rather than "globalist-" variety, you might well enjoy my four-volume memoir series of picking up girls around the world. Or possibly my video instructional product ***Daygame Overkill*** *with infield demonstration of banging hotties. I promise you it only looks Satanic.*

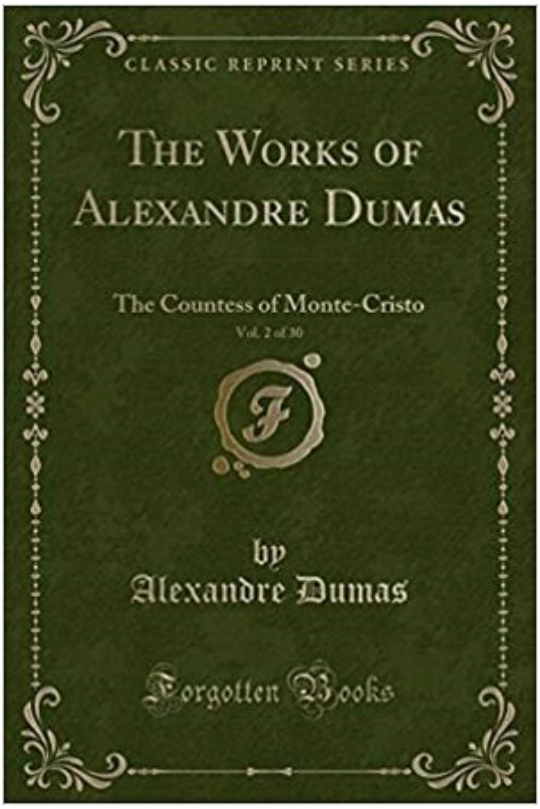


12 Rules Of Banging Hotties

[1] I didn't know they were rogues until much later.
[2] Based on JBP's own recollection of highly sexualised dreams which are more exceedingly suspicious than Mr Kipling's apple pies are exceedingly good.
[3] TL:DR = JBP wrote a knowingly dishonest essay claiming Jews have an average IQ of 115 and this wholly explains their gross over-representation in elite positions. When Vox debunked it, JBP doubled down on more lies and his fanboys harassed Vox. Don't poke a sleeping tiger.
[4] JBP is almost impossible to quote directly because it's like quoting a pile of dog turd. There are too many flies buzzing around getting in the way.
[5] Note JBP is not limiting this position to a moral reality (i.e. "there's no objective moral truth") or epistemology (i.e. "we can't accurately comprehend reality"). He goes way further to deny such as thing as an objective physical reality. What a loon. And a total liar, of course, as is everyone who holds such a solipsistic position. If he really believed it, he wouldn't look both ways before crossing a road.

#127 – The Countess Of Monte Cristo vol.2, Alexandre Dumas BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 23 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I'm not sure how many of these *The Count Of Monte Cristo* knock-off fake sequels I want to read. Why couldn't Dumas have just written a real sequel to his best book? It's not like he was shy about creating epic series, is it? So I thought *The Son Of Monte Cristo* wasn't half bad and a quick perusal of **Forgotten Books** shows me there is also an *Edmund Dantes* book, a *Wife Of Monte Cristo*, a *Monte Cristo's Daughter*, and of course this *The Countess Of Monte Cristo*. Sadly there appears to be no *Dog Of Monte Cristo* nor a *Count Of Monte Cristo With Zombies*.

This book is a load of shit. I looked it up on teh interwebs to see what other people have said of it and I can't find a goddamn thing. The one review I found on the whole of the internet was this, on Goodreads. It's literally the entire review:

> "Man struggle to be somebody, take a revenge to all that make him life in suffer."

So, ***mostly harmless***. Well, I think he was actually reviewing the *Count* not the *Countess*, as he's summarised the plot to the original book not this one. Therefore, no reviews at all. Imagine my surprise when I see there were three different *The Countess Of Monte Cristo* movies released in 1932, 1934, and 1948 respectively. That's promising, or is it? No, just have a look at the plot synopsis of the first: "Two struggling actresses are hired as extras to drive an expensive car while dressed in fancy outfits. Stopping at a winter resort they decide to pass themselves off as part of the wealthy set, one of them declaring herself to be the "Countess of Monte Cristo""



That's got absolutely nothing to do with the book. The 1934 movie is likewise: "In Austria a struggling actress borrows the fancy clothes and car from her film set, and goes to stay in a luxury hotel under the name "Countess of Monte Cristo"." The 1948 movie is a meta-level comedy about actresses auditioning to make a movie like the first two. Weird. It couldn't be more ridiculous if they'd made a Disney On Ice out of it.

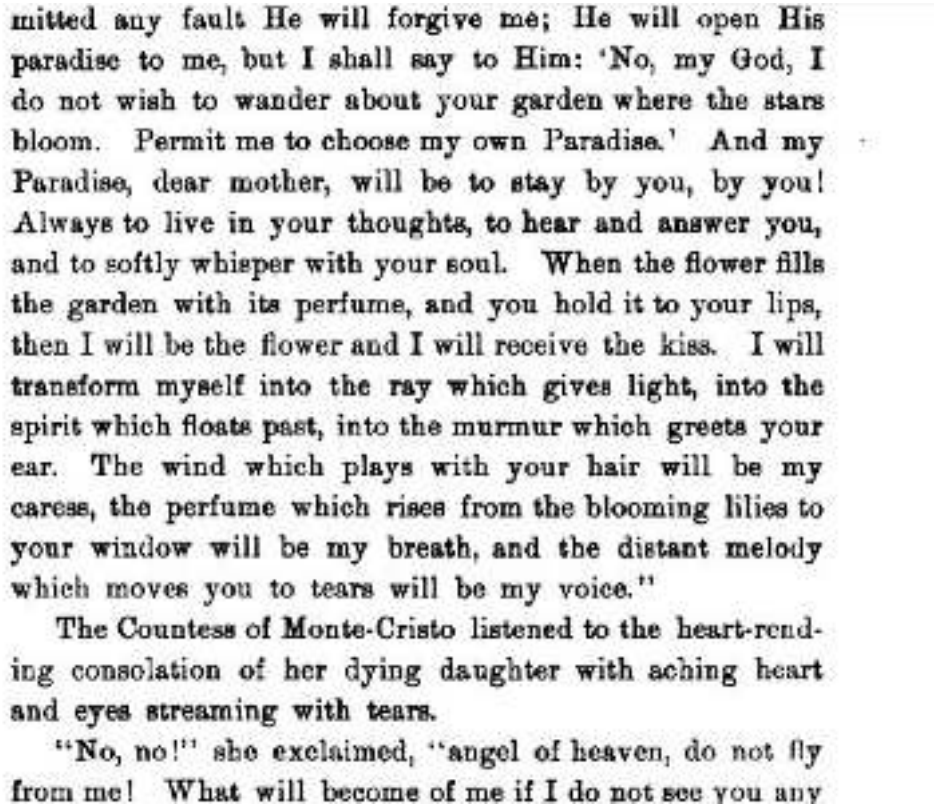
Wait… what?

The book *The Countess Of Monte Cristo* was published within a thirty-volume set of Alexandre Dumas' works in 1902 by P.F. Collier of New York despite the fact Dumas had nothing to do with writing this one. It's all in public domain now so you can get the set of PDFs here, of which this book is volume 26. I don't recommend it.

The plot is something about a rich count being killed by his servants in the prologue in order to steal his fortune, casting his kids out and framing his wife for murder. She gets out of prison and with the help of an escaped wood-cutter's boy, plots revenge in Paris. That's all in volume one which I reviewed here. Volume two picks up without pause and it's mostly about closing out the revenge plot. Despite concentrating ***very hard*** I struggled to follow it, mainly because every character has multiple names because they are all taking on false identities. Thus the original criminal conspirators all took on new identities in Paris, including the main beneficiary who became Baron Matifay, the richest businessman in France. The Countess herself is referred to by that title in scenes where her mask is off around her fellows, but then she's called Helene when dealing with her lost daughter, Aurele when dealing with Legigant / Hercules Champion (a scumbag), and Widow Lamoroux when dealing with one Madame Rozel. Her main helper has multiple names too.

Look, I'm not smart enough for this shit.

The book is also badly hobbled by it's effusive romanticism. Each character floats weightlessly six inches above the pavement lost in swirls of melodrama. After taking five hundred pages to rescue her lost daughter, the Countess is overcome with emotion…. and suddenly said daughter dies of a broken heart because she's in love with helper Joseph who loves another. Wait, what? Yes, some teenage girl just ups and dies of a broken heart. She doesn't kill herself or anything vaguely believable, but rather expires in a melodramatic flourish.



mitted any fault He will forgive me; He will open His paradise to me, but I shall say to Him: 'No, my God, I do not wish to wander about your garden where the stars bloom. Permit me to choose my own Paradise.' And my Paradise, dear mother, will be to stay by you, by you! Always to live in your thoughts, to hear and answer you, and to softly whisper with your soul. When the flower fills the garden with its perfume, and you hold it to your lips, then I will be the flower and I will receive the kiss. I will transform myself into the ray which gives light, into the spirit which floats past, into the murmur which greets your ear. The wind which plays with your hair will be my caress, the perfume which rises from the blooming lilies to your window will be my breath, and the distant melody which moves you to tears will be my voice."

The Countess of Monte-Cristo listened to the heart-rending consolation of her dying daughter with aching heart and eyes streaming with tears.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, "angel of heaven, do not fly from me! What will become of me if I do not see you any

Gibberish, yesterday

Dumas' original book was a powerful tale of carefully-plotted revenge with an absolutely epic payoff at the end. This hack job tries to construct an equally complex revenge but it makes so little sense. The Countess already possesses the official documents necessary to prove her and her son's rightful claim to the stolen fortune. Her helpers are hidden behind multiple secure identities. The targets of her vengeance are shifty criminals who are frequently drunk and alone in bad parts of town. It's not like the Countess has any scruples, as she intends to lock one of them in a secret room and starve him to death.

So, why not just get Joseph to knife them in a back alley? Could've had everything handled in a weekend without any of this precarious bullshit. I dunno….. look, it's just shit. I enjoyed reading it purely as a research exercise in how hack fiction was in 19th Century France. Kind of like taking a bus to Wales to see how cross-eyed sheep-shaggers live. You wouldn't want to stay.



It's no exaggeration to say my own books are far better than this tosh. Have a look at them here.

Ask Jimmy #5 – A Christmas Tale

krauserpua · 23 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Chapter One – A Knave's Lucke

One of the comments on a previous *Ask Jimmy* requested tales of classic Mystery Method bar game and working in teams. These tales I have by the bag full. Back in the times of yore, long before knaves recognised the ease with which they could simply pound the streets on a sunny day to find themselves a fine wench, or use Tinder, there was genuine suffering, scarcity and loud music. Night game it seems is a dying art, and I can see why because day game is simpler, easier and much more effective for the lazy knave. But back in the mists of time, we had not this wondrous new technology. Nor did we have 'the Facebook'. We didn't even have MySpace at first. We had ye olde text messages, passion in our hearts and the night game teachings of a legendary old wizard. These are things of a now long dead age, but things you will all meet in the following story of magic, Christmas and bravery.

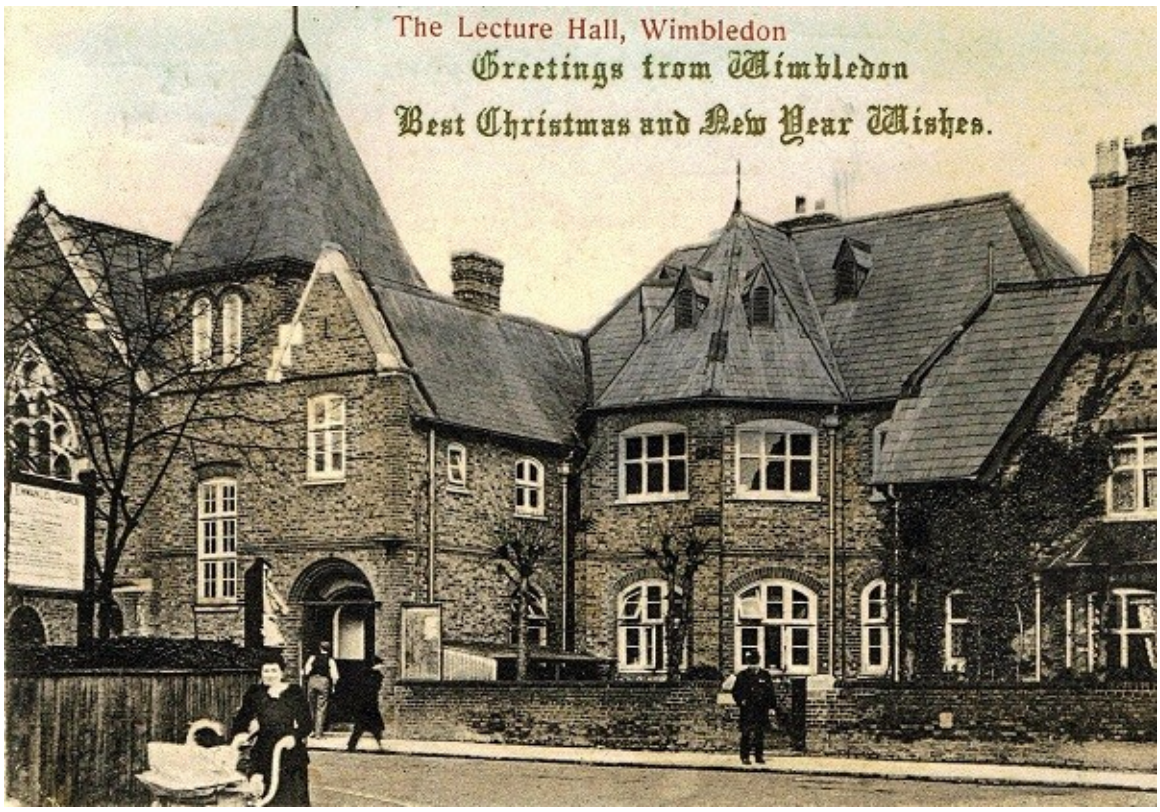
So get yourself a hot toddy, a mince pie and a seat by the fireside and jump into Jimmy's time machine for a moment to experience a three part Christmas tale of a bravery and valiance that all took place in the distant past, when man rode only on horse-back* while dragons circled the air . And throw a few fog filled streets in to add to that 'ye olde' feel.

**and the South Western trains from Wimbledon to Clapham Junction, I can't tell the story unless South Western trains from Wimbledon to Junction exist, so we'll just fudge that bit.*

We're now far back in the mists of time, it's all black and white and a yuletide spirit is in the air. We can see someone, emerging through that wispy wintry mist at Wimbledon station. Is it a great hero, a man of derring-do? Is it a selfless hero whose legend shall span the ages? No, it's just me, nigh on 15 years ago! There I am! A long haired, lazy layabout. Look at me back then, a right useless knave, always looking for the short cut and a way to put my feet up early. How I have changed. If you'd asked me how to meet a girl back then I'd have had but one answer. 'To the tavern, mate', I'd have proclaimed. You see there was simply no other way back then. Yes there was the office, and the office was generous, but you had to rely on the luck of the hiring policy to bring you your fayre. There was online gayme, which was mostly full of rotters and porkers and still a bit embarrassing to admit to doing. There was ye olde speede-dayting for a while, which was great for about a month, but was then full of rotters and porkers. There were out of the blue occurrences like at the super markets or on the the South Western trains from Wimbledon to Clapham Junction, but you couldn't survive off such an inconsistent supply. No, it was really just 'the tavern'. That's where you had to be. Be it at gigs, or salsa dancing or just being on yet another almighty bender, the tavern was the place to get the job done.

Young Jimmy and his knaves were a likely bunch. They were Northern of origin, base of intention and as daft as they came. The lowest of the low if we are to be honest. They spent a lot of time in the taverns and much fun was had, but there were so many distractions and drawbacks to game in the tavern that luck was all too often a deciding factor. Jimmy had little to complain about in life, but he was always left with the feeling that he was missing out on the secret of great riches. A knave he was, but was he not kind? Was he not generous? Was he not loveable? Was he not talented? Alas, he was in fact none of these things, but still he felt he was thoroughly deserving of a tumble with an 8.5.

One wintry afternoon with Christmas fast approaching, Jimmy was scurrying home earlier than usual from the office. Claiming a dose of some vague but impossible to pinpoint malady had raised eyebrows but won him an entire afternoon off and he planned to fill it like Faust, in pleasure and dalliance. There was a Christmas party starting at a local friend's house and he intended to 'get on it' early. Being cheery of spirit is maybe why he took a slightly different route home that day.



'I'll get off a stop early and have a walk through the village, I'll get myself one of the spiced yuletide pastries at the *Giggling Squid*', he chortled as he drifted past carollers chiming 'Good King Wenceslas' and street vendors hawking horse chestnuts and toasted waffles. 'Why shouldn't I, I have all the time in the world. I am but a young knave and also a genius I am beginning to suspect, so I shall do what I want'.

And that he did. He did indeed get off a stop early that day and as he wound himself through cobbled streets of the familiar old village of Wimbledon, squeezing tight pathways lined with old stone houses, past the busy cafes and bars filled with early Christmas revellers, he savoured the spicy smells of the cinnamon buns and the sights of the festive ales on offer.

'I'll be back up here in an hour or two and I'll have a right laugh', he announced aloud to himself, imagining getting stuck into some daft wench after quaffing more than his fair share of the festive ale.

'Huzzah!' he yelled excitedly as his daydreams got the better of him, forgetting himself in the moment and setting people spinning around in alarm, clutching at their valuables. The thought of the forthcoming evening's festivities spurred him on and now, turning away from his intended route, he turned his collar from the chilly afternoon air and pushed through the warm hordes drinking mulled wine at the Wimbledon Pentecostal Christmas market.

'I'll have to hurry up and take a short-cut through these dingbats', Jimmy mused. 'if I want to get to the *Squid*, get home and back here in time to not miss some of this festive ale'.



“The Squid later, methinks”

The Christmas market was a proud tradition in Wimbledon with a long history, as generations of traders had painstakingly built their reputations over the decades for this mere six weeks every year when they could return to the village and set up their colourful stalls and share their gifts with the world. As he pushed through the crowds Jimmy’s eyes took in a blur of rich colours, browns, greens and reds, stripes of German candy canes flew by his left, brightly coloured boxes of swiss chocolates up ahead, the noises of chatter filled the air in stereo as he veered to his right past a stall where kids in duffel coats pawed at crafted wooden childrens’ toys, asking their mothers for one more Christmas gift. It was a swirl of family fun, joy and good cheer, but thankfully in an hour or two all that crap would come to a close and the ale would flow as the venue became merely a great place for Jimmy and his merry band to do an early spot of Christmas wenching.

As he passed a spiced pie stand and slowed down to consider the trade off between the *Giggling Squid*, his favourite eaterie, and the succulent juicy ripeness of the Christmas mince that seemed to twinkle right in front of his eyes, out of the corner of his vision Jimmy saw something that made him look twice. Tucked away at the side of all the cacophony and chaos, between the sloped walls of some of the old village cottages, he saw a tiny alleyway, a ginnel that he was sure he’d never seen before. He’d been at this market 100 times and knew it like the back of a losing betting slip, but there had surely to his mind never been a street there. He glanced around as if to ask for confirmation from the cheery revellers, but although they were only an arms length away, they seemed to be out of his reach, oblivious even to his presence.

He gazed up at the plaque on the corner of the old stone, the name of the ginnel was obscured by ivy that draped itself over the wall. Thoughts of the *Squid* and mince pies were fading from his mind. He was strangely enticed by this queer little street. He drew a breath and slowly craned his neck to take in what appeared to be a light a few metres up the alleyway. To his amazement, there, just a stone’s throw from the Xmas revelry, in the gloom of the tiny alleyway was what seemed to be an olde curiosity shop throwing out a yellow glow from it’s tiny, almost hidden, entrance. Through the gloom of the ginnel he could see the illumination of a variety of unusual objects stacked up under a green awning, pushed up against the front of it’s olde peeling red framed window.

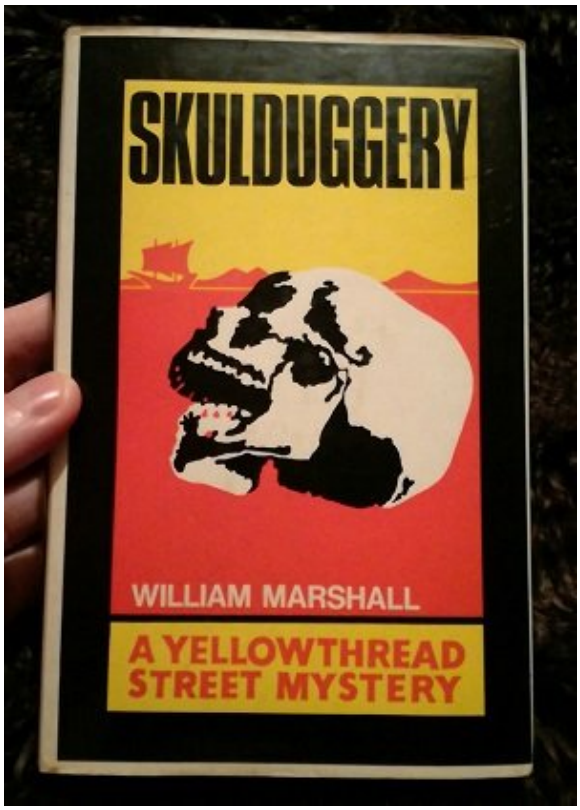
Drawn towards the shop, Jimmy began the few tentative steps which would change our brave young hero’s destiny for years to come.



Part two is coming soon. You can find Jimmy at his own blog here, though quite why you'd want to do that is completely beyond me.

#128 – Skulduggery, William Marshall BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



It's funny what you can learn about the real world from fiction. I remember the handover of Hong Kong from Britain to China in 1997, and the BBC desperately putting a brave face on it. I'd only just graduated university and it never occured to me to wonder how the hell Britain had hung onto it so long. It was odd enough hanging onto the Falklands Islands. But at least possession of those had a few things in Britain's favour, (i) a clear straight hop over the Atlantic Ocean by the Royal Navy, (ii) the adversary was Argentina, the most woppish of all South Americans, and (iii) there's nothing on the Falklands worth having but sheep.

Hong Kong is another story. It's a bustling economic hub with a beautiful deep harbour in a strategically important location, on the other side of the world, and the adversary is China. Big communist China. I read James Clavell's *Tai Pan* in 2014, a fictionalisation of the creation of Hong Kong but it wasn't until reading *Skulduggery* that I learned Britain had leased the mainland Kowloon area from China until 1997, and that's the significance of the hand-over date. Naturally the slants didn't renew the lease.

Bastards.

I imagine the millions of Hong Kong residents were rather nervous at the thought of losing British governance and rule of law, to be taken over by a murderous communist dictatorship who'd already killed sixty million of their own citizens. But, then again, I don't much like Chinese people or European ex-pats, so if the whole island had been nuked I doubt I'd have given a fuck. I don't even like Chinese food.



What I do like, however, are detective stories set in Chinatown. Maybe it was the Charlie Chan movies I watched on Saturday mornings as a kid. Perhaps it's the Sax Rohmer *Fu Manchu* novels. Maybe *Shenmue II* on the Dreamcast. It may even have been John Carpenter's *Big Trouble In Little China*.

What a movie!

So when my brother gave me this fifth in William Marshall's **Yellowthread Street** mystery series about a team of detectives in Hong Kong I was rubbing my hands in glee expecting to see long-moustached Chinese mandarins plotting world domination from underground opium dens tucked into backstreets of violent sailor's wharves. It turned out to be nothing of the sort. The book was published in 1979 and is set around the same time. This is like *The Bill* but with slants and chop-suey.

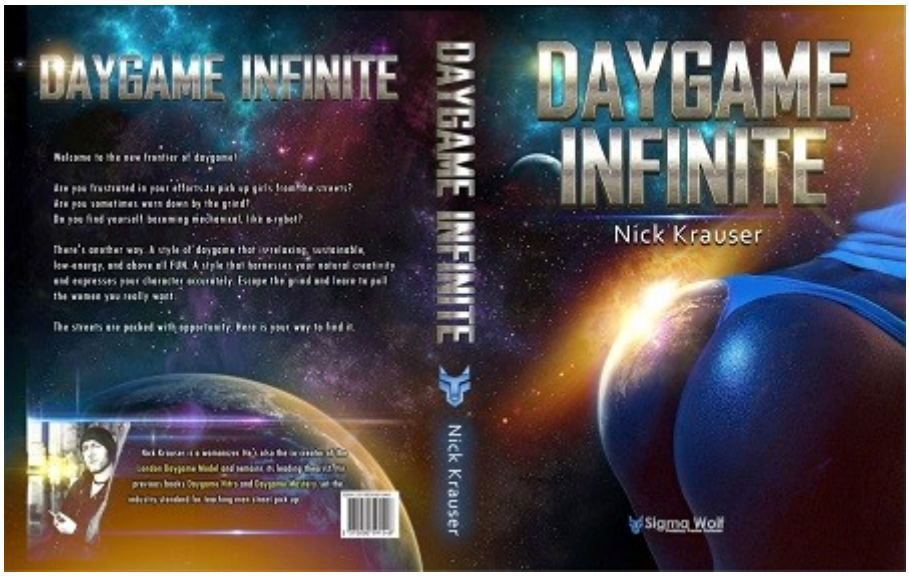
I enjoyed it, mind. That's the good thing about trying things out without bothering to read the back cover blurb. Your reading becomes like Forrest Gump opening a box of chocolates. So, to the story of *Skulduggery*….. A skeleton tied to a makeshift raft is washed up in Hong Bay early one misty morning, discovered by a fisher-woman. The coroner asserts time of death as **twenty years ago**, murdered by blunt force trauma. Detective Chief Inspector Harry Feiffer is on the case, beginning first with an attempted identification. That same morning Detective Inspector Phillip John Auden is riding an elevator up and down an apartment block in an attempt to solve a spate of five muggings: all occurred in the elevator, the victims distracted and surprised when the doors opened at the third floor, despite the elevator being unable to stop there. Quite the puzzle. Lastly, Detective Inspector William Spencer is concealed in the storeroom of a Chinese money changer in stakeout for a band of three hold-up men, known as the Deaf And Dumb robbers, who are expected to hit that store. These three threads entwine with the mugging and hold-up cases providing leverage against leads in the murder case.

The murder mystery has shades of *The Usual Suspects*, especially the climax, but it's a fairly standard pot-boiler. I managed to figure out the wheeze two chapters from the end and experienced the Gestalt satisfaction of pieces sliding into place, but also a diminished interest in closing out the book now that the suspense was neutralised. I wasn't even able to pat myself on the back for being a smart boy, given how late I solved it. Kind of like getting a football score right in the 89th minute.

My main enjoyment from this book was seeing how mundane and normal the detective's scenes were despite the somewhat alien (to me) setting of 1979 pre-handover Hong Kong. It's still a bunch of daft lads in Her Majesty's uniforms squabbling in the office and puzzling over clues. There were no poisoned lotus leaves, or slinky femme fatales, or plots of world domination. It was to *Fu Manchu* what Ackrington Stanley are to Real Madrid and enjoyable precisely because of its homeliness.

If you'd rather be banging your way around the Far East than solving its murders, consider my four volume memoir

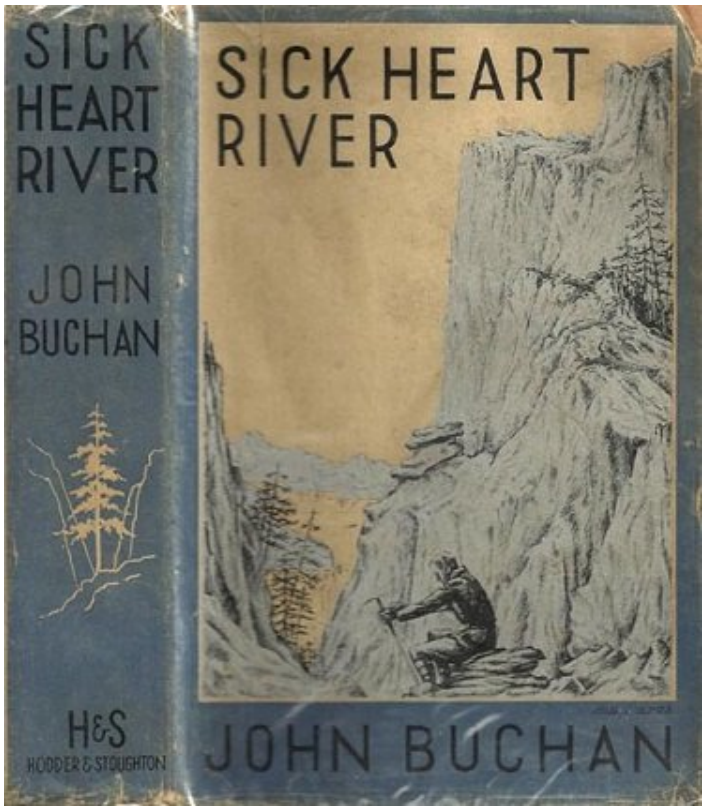
series available here. I've also written the best two instructional textbooks on picking up girls, ***Daygame Mastery*** *and* ***Daygame Infinite****, and the best instructional video,* ***Daygame Overkill****. Check them out here.*





#129 – Sick Heart River, John Buchan BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



It's nice to see a master story teller at work. Most people know John Buchan from his famous spy thriller *The 39 Steps* and, until *Sick Heart River*, I'd only read that. This is his last novel, drawn from Buchan's impressions of his journey in 1937 to the Far North of Canada, and the last of his character Edward Leithen. It's a haunting and uplifting book that really got me thinking.

At surface level, it's a frontiersman exploration drama. Leithen is a mid-fifties high-ranking Member of the British Parliament who is persuaded to visit New York on the down-low to investigate the sudden disappearance of one Francis Gallaird, a key industrialist and political mover. Set in 1939 just before the outbreak of war, Leithen canvasses Gallaird's friends and family until he guesses the man had struck out into the Canadian hinterlands where he'd grown up as a young lad. From here, Leithen and Buchan leave civilisation behind as the Brit engages a half-Indian trapper called Johnny and attempts to follow Gallaird's trail, overtake him, and persuade him to return.

That's the surface level, which doesn't really matter. This book is all about allegory, redemption, and man vs nature. Let's talk about that.



Just need rucksack and laptop, mate

Leithen accepted the commission because he'd been diagnosed with tuberculosis and given less than a year to live. Unmarried and with no children, he felt like his constant statesmanship and lawyering in London had grown stale. His health already failing badly he wished to "die in his boots" and jumped at the chance for a challenge away from his comfortable haunts. For the first half of the book Leithen has accepted death and seeks only to show stoic resistance in meeting it. His long trek through the snowy wastes is a slog taken one step at a time, deep in introspection.

The oppressive overbearing Canadian North hangs heavily over the book and against that weight, Leithen and his guide Johnny form a strong bond. It turns out Gallaird had hired Johnny's more talented brother Lew as his own guide, so Johnny begins building up the latter's character much like Colonel Kurtz in *Heart Of Darkness* as they themselves disappear ever further into an uncharted and uncompromising wilderness. They realise Gallaird and Lew have gone off looking for the mythical Sick Heart River, a place never touched by humanity but given a legend of its healing properties. It exists in the book at first as a phantasm, like Prester John's kingdom.

The book is focused primarily on Leithen's mind as his attitudes change over the course of his trek. Pushed to the limit his body begins to respond favourably to the clean air, harsh cold, and fresh meat. The North infiltrates his mind and he is pleasantly surprised to find meaning in his trek and his soul is reclaimed. By the final third, *Sick Heart River* has became an allegory for finding God through trials, tribulation, and service to the good of others. It sounds hokey when summarised like that but, believe me, as Buchan writes it is extremely compelling. For example, here is a short section when Leithen's has relapsed towards the end of the journey:

> For a little while Lew did not speak.
> "You're not going to die," he said fiercely.
> "The best authorities in the world have told me that I haven't the ghost of a chance."
> "They're wrong, and by God we'll prove them wrong!" The blue eyes had a frosty sternness.
> "Promise me, anyhow. Promise that you'll see Gallaird back among his friends. You could get him out, even in winter?"
> "Yeah. We can get a dog-team from the Hares' camp if he isn't fit for the trail. And once at Fort Bannerman we can send word to Edmonton for a plane…. If it's to do you any good I promise to plant the feller back where he belongs. But you've got to take count of one thing. He must be cured right here in the bush. If he isn't cured before he goes out he'll never be cured. It's only the North can mend what the North breaks."
> Next day Leithen collapsed utterly, for the strength went from his legs, and his difficult breathing became almost suffocation. The business of filling the lungs with air became for him a desperate enterprise where every moment brought the terror of failure. He felt every part of his decrepit frame involved, not lungs and larynx

> only, but every muscle and nerve from his brain to his feet. The combined effort of all that was left of him to feed the dying fires of life. A rough sledge was made and Lew and the Hare dragged him laboriously through the drifts.

I found myself thinking *Sick Heart River* could easily be re-read as a parable for Euro Jaunt daygame. There's a man who is dissatisfied with civilised metropolitan life despite achieving good recognition from his peers in his profession. He's missing something and wishes to be closer to the coal-face of life. So he sets off on a commission overseas, to a far-off land where several adventurers barely known to him have preceeded him. He then attempts to pick up the trail ***[1]*** and blunder into the wilderness. At each step further – at each set – he encounters harsh environmental resistance and blowouts that test his resolve. He puts one foot in front of the other and stoically endures the pain with only his fellow for comfort. After weeks together in a harsh land they feel their bodies respond and their moods lighten. They are living life closer to how nature intended and discovering much about themselves when faced with adversity. I'd go on, but I don't wish to spoilt the plot – this book is a great read and it's much better if it maintains the element of the unknown in those snowy wastes.

It's often a beautiful book too. If you liked the DiCaprio movie *The Revenant* you know the kind of scenery we're dealing with



> Out of the encumbered river by way of easy rapids the boat ran into reaches which were like a Scottish salmon stream on a big scale, long pools each with a riffle at its head. The valley altered its character, becoming narrower and grassier, with the forest only in patches on frequent promontories. The weather, too, changed. The nights were cold, and a chill crept into even the noontide sunshine. But it was immensely invigorating… The air had a quality which he was unable to describe, and the scents were not less baffling. They were tonic and yet oddly sedative, for they moved the blood rather to quiescence than to action.
> But the biggest change was in Leithen's outlook. The gloomy apathy of the Oblate's presbytery disappeared, and its place was taken by a mood which was almost peace. The mountains were no longer untidy rock heaps, but the world which he had loved long ago, that happy upper world of birds and clouds and the last magic of sunset. He picked out ways of ascent by their ridges and gullies, and found himself noting with interest the riot of colour in the woods… Black bears were plentiful, revelling among the berries or wetting their new winter coats in the river's shallows, and he saw a big grizzly limbering across a stone shoot… Leithen had a sense of

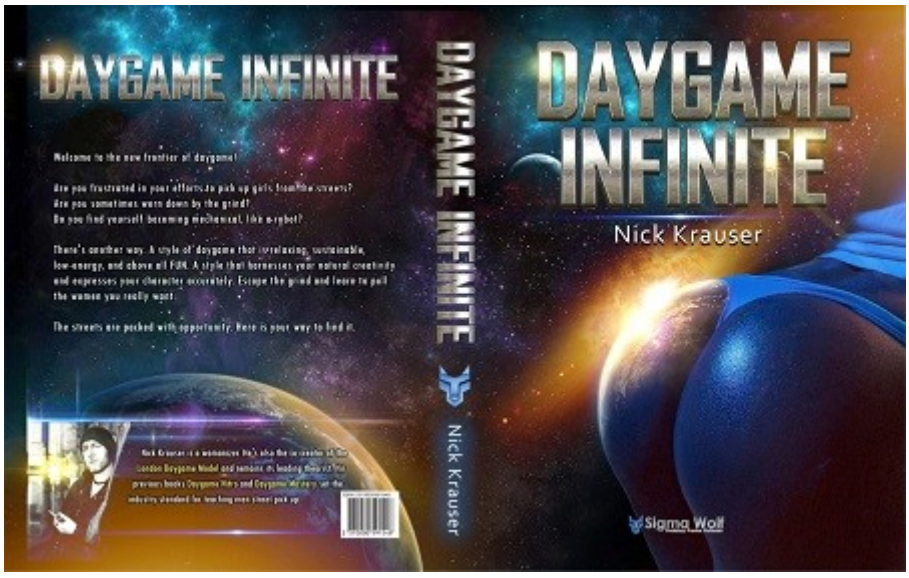
> infinite space around him. He seemed to breathe more freely, and the chill of the night air refreshed him, for frost crisped the lake's edges. He fell asleep as soon as he got under his blankets.

That sounds just like me on the streets when in my *Daygame Infinite* mood, don't it? Leithen's trekking has a similar salutary effect on his mind, curing his ills.

> He awoke after midnight to see above him a wonderful sky of stars, still shot with the vagrant shifts of the aurora. Suddenly he felt acutely his weakness, but with no regret in his mind, and indeed almost with comfort. He had been right in doing as he had done, coming out to meet death in a world where death and life were colleagues and not foes. He felt that in this strange place he was passing, while still in time, inside the bounds of eternity. He was learning to know himself, and with that might come the knowledge of God.

Well, excepting that God bit at the end I think many a practised Euro Jaunter will see what I'm getting at. Walking the streets of Kiev and Riga aren't as dangerous as the Canadian North in winter, but I think we can all relate to the numbing and yet clarifying effect such treks have on our minds. It's a funny old world.

If you'd rather dispense with the allegories and proceed directly to the shagging, consider my textbooks ***Daygame Mastery*** *and* ***Daygame Infinite****, and my video instructional guide* ***Daygame Overkill****. All the information is on this page.*

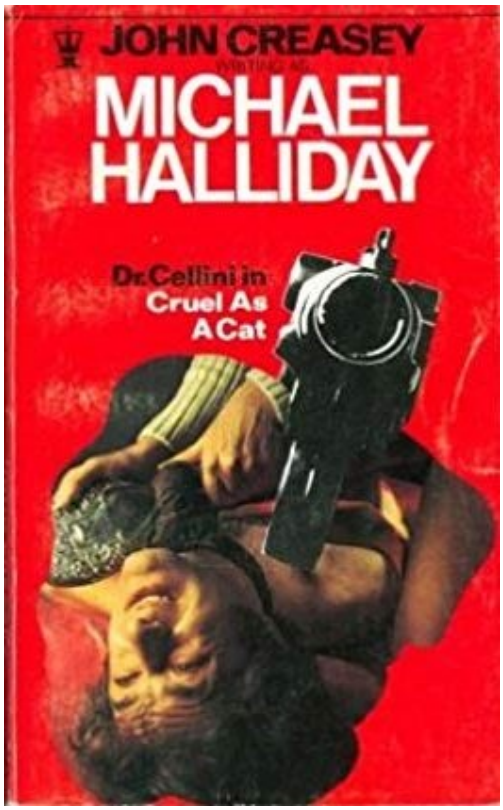




[1] Perhaps aided by *Balls Deep*, *Daygame Mastery* and daygametrip.com

#130 – Cruel As A Cat, John Creasey BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



John Creasey usually writes books that you'd call "genre fiction" or perhaps "pot-boilers", meaning they are formulaic and do exactly what they say on the tin. For example his **Inspector West** stories will always involve the titular West employing police procedure to track down local criminals, with a little levity and seasoning added from his time back home with the ~~ball and chain~~ wife and kids. His *Cruel As A Cat*, first published under the pseudonym Michael Halliday in 1968 as part of his Dr Cellini series, is nothing like that. It's a character study that reads much like Agatha Christie's *The Murder Of Roger Ackroyd*.

I can't tell you how it differs from TMORA without giving away that classic's key twist, so I urge you to read Agatha Christie's best novel. But what it shares with TMORA is as follows:

- Mostly in the perspective of a central character who begins the story having discovered a recently murdered corpse without having a solid alibi himself.
- The franchise character (Cellini here, Poirot in TMORA) doesn't appear for quite a while, and only then as he is encountered from the perspective of other characters. The detective is not a perspective character himself ***[1]***.
- Ultimately it's all about the psychology of the murderer, hidden from all but the reader until the detective figures it all out.

Cruel As A Cat begins with poor young James Clayton hidden in shrubbery on the moors at the peak of summer while a manhunt rages around him. He's the prime suspect in the strangulation murder of his adoptive sister Gloria, discovered that morning in her apartments soon after James was seen quarrelling with her over an inheritance she'd jipped him out of. From the beginning Creasey makes it clear – as the reliable narrator – that Clayton is innocent. But he's on the run and in deep shit.

His hiding place is disturbed by a dog called Blixi, out being walked by its owner, a Mrs Midge Benison – a beautiful young woman who recently moved into the area with her shifty husband Alec. There's a tense scene where Midge seems about to turn James in to the posse over the next ridge, but something stays her hand. She seems to

believe his protestations of innocence. Quite unexpectedly, she offers him sanctuary in the attic of her apartment, rented out from the spinster Trudie Stern who lives on the ground floor.

It's here where Creasey begins the head games, as he slips in some misgivings and red flags regarding Miss Benison and her motives. She doesn't seem quite right. Too flirtatious, too controlling, and altogether a little odd. More a bunny-boiler than a pot-boiler. Thus the character portrait begins. Clayton is kept couped up, effectively a prisoner in the attic – considering the danger of being ensnared by the manhunt outside – while Miss Benison plots and schemes to as yet unknown ends.



Miss Benison, yesterday

It's a fact of life that men understand other men far more accurately than women ever can. The reason men worked so hard to present themselves as dependable and of high moral character was that they needed a girl's ***father*** to approve a marriage proposal. Society knew men's arsenal of bullshit is far more effective on a woman than upon a fellow man, especially a man a generation older than the bullshit artist. This works the other way. Though Miss Benison effectively beguiles the young men in her life (fugitive James and her husband Alec, among others) she can't fool Miss Stern, her landlady. Stern reaches out and is put in touch with Dr Cellini, who finally appears in chapter nine, making a house call for tea and biscuits with Stern. She relates her concerns:

> "It's past time I told you why I'm worried," said Miss Stern at last. "There is something rather odd about the young woman who lives in my flat upstairs." She told Cellini exactly what she had told [Inspector] McLelland although in somewhat greater detail. "Of course I know that the Lombroso theory is out-dated, Dr. Cellini, one cannot really tell a criminal type from their bumps, but—"
> "You can often tell a kind person from their face– and a cruel one, too" said Dr. Cellini. "That is, if you are sensitive to appearance, as you obviously are. You might be unpleasantly surprised if you knew how many people there are who enjoy being cruel, Miss Stern."

While taking an interest in facts, Cellini is as interested in 'the psychologies' as Hercules Poirot himself. In order to subtly ascertain the quality of Miss Stern's interpersonal judgement he asks that she give her impressions of a mutual acquaintance, the Superintendent Hardy who made their introduction. It's a nice scene, showing Cellini as

keenly observational and precise in assessing his sources.

> Dr Cellini no longer looked a benevolent elderly man; he took on a stature of which she had not been aware before. She realised that with very little prompting he had made her talk much more freely than she would normally have done, but she could not for the life of her imagine why he had made her discuss Superintendent Hardy. To cover an inward confusion which she did not want to admit, she plugged in the kettle and took the lid off the silver dish of Mary Jane's sandwiches.
> "You are telling me to pay very close attention to your opinion of the Benisons" remarked Dr. Cellini. "A woman who can see a stranger so clearly as you see Hardy is likely to have a very balanced view of someone she knows rather better. How long have you been uneasy about the Benisons, Miss Stern?"

I ate this up. One thing drummed into me from Game theory is the need to elicit values early in a date. It encourages the girl to talk, to share her mind, and build rapport. As I explain in *Daygame Infinite*, it allows you to begin placing her on the r/K spectrum so as to guide your choice of DHVs and speed of escalation. Detective stories focused on 'the psychologies' are good role models for this type of interpersonal communication ***[2]***.



"It's about the grey cells, Hastings"

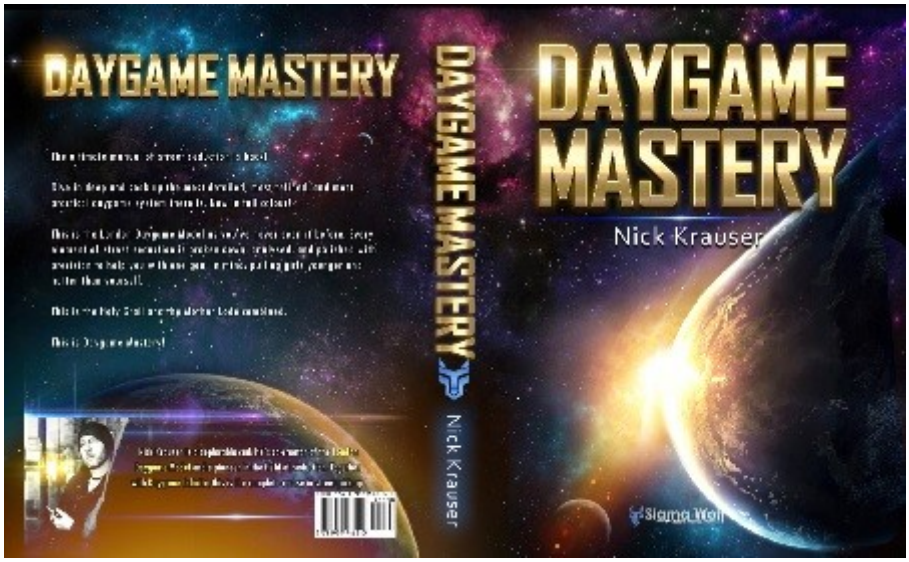
This whole book was as smooth as butter with delightful pacing, precise language and suitably colourful characters. I was somewhat surprised how little Cellini's investigations relied upon careful consideration of evidence. There wasn't the usual Poirot business of double-checking alibis and establishing timelines, nor of Sherlock Holmes minutely investigating footprints and tobacco ash. This was all about the psychology. The publisher's biographical note at the book's end clarifies it nicely:

> One of the major factors in John Creasey's ever increasing popularity is undoubtedly his talent for viewing and so portraying his characters as living beings; each with his own special problem, each with his own hopes and dreams and fears. John Creasey has now written nearly 500 books, and in essence this extraordinary achievement is a testament to his penetrating observation and understanding of human behaviour. Criminals, their victims, the police – all he writes of are touched with this very real compassion.

I absolutely agree and that puts the finger on why I liked his **Inspector West** and **The Toff** stories so much ***[3]***. Although Creasey stories are structured like pot-boilers, the characters are never empty suits. They always feel like

real, engaging people. I felt like I knew Clayton, Benison, Stern and Cellini.

*If you'd rather women were just shagged rather than empathised with, consider buying and then studying my pick-up textbooks **Daygame Mastery** and **Daygame Infinite**, which will encourage your malevolent sociopathy into far more constructive paths than murder. Check them out here.*

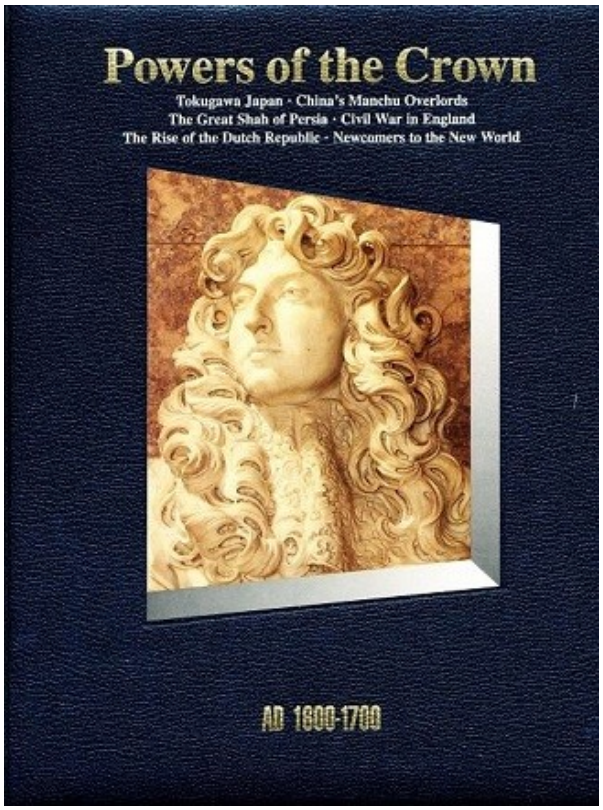




[1] Not unlike how Mr Moto is usually written in those classic Japanese espionage stories.
[2] As are espionage stories that rely primarily on verbal jousting to uncover the intentions and secrets of rival spies.
[3] And not the early **Department Z** stories, where he hadn't yet developed these skills.

#131 – Powers Of The Crown, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 28 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Contrary to popular opinion, my initial interest in Japan grew ***not*** from its porn or video games but actually from ninjas. Yes, those shadow-skulking, shuriken-shuffling assassins for hire. I first saw them in the 1980s movie *Enter The Ninja*, hired from my local Jet Garage gas station's small video rental booth. That was followed up by *Revenge Of The Ninja* and god knows how many others until I finally discovered the king of all ninja movies: *Mafia vs Ninja*.

At my school it soon became accepted as established fact that martial arts superstar Bruce Lee did not die of a brain aneurysm, but had actually been assassinated by a gang of seven ninjas who were upset that ***he was too fucking hard for them [1].*** Indeed. You need to be careful who you piss off in life, and I'll tell you now there wasn't a single kid in my junior school who'd have risked pissing off the ninja. We'd rather risk the wrath of the Eagle's Claw school of kung fu than the ninja ***[2]***.

My love affair with ninja continued throughout the 1980s, including my frequent visits to the South Shields seaside amusement arcades where I'd play games such as *Yie Ar Kung Fu* and *Ninja Warriors*. When playing *Bad Dudes vs Dragon Ninja* I was firmly on the side of the latter, and then when I discovered the original Eastman and Laird *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* comic books in my local Timeslip comic store, I was all over them.

The 1990s were a blur of university, work, and not enough ninjas. I did try my hand at the university Ninjutsu club, being a regular student for all three years though I realise now I was wasting my time. The ninja mythos was so strong that all kinds of charlatans got involved. I still suspect that Grandmaster Hatsumi Masaaki is a bullshitter. Talented martial artist in the traditional sense yes, but more like the leader of a historical reenactment society than a legit ninja ***[3]***. Then of course, there was **Ashida Kim**. I did get in a bit of ninja gaming though, such as with From Software's ***[4]*** *Tenchu: Stealth Assassins* game.

Finally in 1998 I visited Japan for the first time, spending a week in Tokyo then a week in Osaka and Nagoya. My bird at the time told me there was a ninja museum within day-trip distance of Nagoya, in the Iga province (their old

base). So, off we went. We visited a beautifully reconstructed Tokugawa-era mountain village just like you'd see in a *Zatoichi* or *Kozure Okami* movie, and then found a big wooden house deep in the forest that housed the museum itself. A purple-clad kunoichi ***[5]*** showed us around and I bought a souvenir coffee mug that I own to this day. A great day out.

Where on earth am I going with all this? Frankly, I don't know. I just like to talk about ninja. They were a secret society of assassins hired by rival feudal leaders to infiltrate castles and murder VIPs. They also never actually dressed in those black suits – that's a coincidental artefact from the custom of Japanese plays to dress stage hands head-to-toe in black so the audience ignores them.

Oh wait! I remember. Yes.

In *Powers Of The Crown*, the theme of which is that AD 1600-1700 saw consolidation of royal power in most civilisations bar England, the first chapter covers Tokugawa Japan – the time of the first shogunate. It's the period covered by James Clavell's classic novel *Shogun*, which itself was made into a TV series with *The Count Of Monte Cristo* himself Richard Chamberlain. I read that in 2015 and was surprised that the book ends on the eve of the fateful Battle of Sekigahara. Fateful why? Well, that's the battle where Tokugawa Ieyasu of the Eastern Kanto region crushed his rival of the West, Ishida Mitsunari, and became undisputed military dictator of all Japan.

Incidentally, it's also the battle the aftermath of which begins Eiji Yoshikawa's classic *Musashi* saga, as the teenage tearaway Miyamoto Musashi wakes up injured on the morning after the battle, having been knocked unconscious while fighting for Ishida's losing side. I'm pretty sure the battle also features plenty in Japanese video games from the warring kingdoms period, such as *Kessen* and *Nobunaga's Ambition* ***[6]***. Look, the important thing is that the battle was ace, some 140,000 warriors laying into each other with pike, spear, and sword. I wish I'd seen it (from a safe distance).



Loved it

Anyway, that's chapter one. *Powers Of The Crown* also explains the Manchu invasion and occupation of China, the Great Shah of Persia, the rise of William of Orange and the Dutch Republic, and then the settlement of the USA by the English. The only break from the theme is the Civil War in England leading to Charles I getting his head lopped off and Oliver Cromwell establishing a reign of terror. To take *Powers Of The Crown* at face value it rather seems like Charles I was asking for it, making the dumbest and most arrogant of moves when he could've easily held onto his throne with Roundhead consent if he'd been reasonable.

But no, he was rather Cavalier about it.

I think he envied Louis XIV across the channel, who'd established an absolutist government. All this is great backstory to fill in the Alexandre Dumas novels I've been reading. Dumas was an avowed Royalist, so he gives it all a rather different slant ***[7]***.

Anyway, after 168 pages of world history painstakingly assembled for this volume by Professors Geoffrey Park (Illinois), Christopher Bayly (Cambridge), I.J. McMullen (Oxford), Denis Twitchett (Princeton), David Morgan (SOAS), Nicholas Tyacke (UCL), Jonathan I. Israel (UCL) and G.V. Scammell (Cambridge) we can all agree on the major learning point: **Ninjas are awesome**.

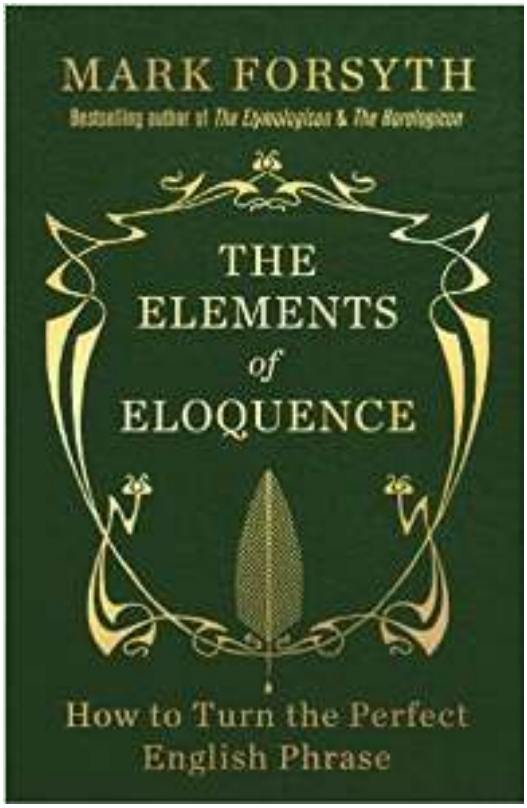
If you'd like to see some real stealth attraction, stealth comfort, and stealth seduction from a masterful daygaming ninja then do consider my own textbooks ***Daygame Mastery****,* ***Daygame Infinite****, and the video series* ***Daygame Overkill****. Check them out here.*



[1] I consider it far more likely he was poisoned to keep him quiet after he considered exposing all the paedophilia and child sex trafficking that went on with Hollywood producers during the location filming of *Enter The Dragon*.
[2] Because Jackie Chan had already proven that while the Eagle Claw is invincible against Snake's Fist, it is highly vulnerable to the Cat's Claw style. Nobody had yet figured out the style to beat ninjutsu.
[3] Unless he was actually involved in the Bruce Lee assassination and his role as kindly old instructor is a deep cover.
[4] Yes, *that* From Software
[5] That's female ninja to you, lad. And no, you're not allowed to shag them.
[6] Okay, I think Oda Nobunaga came a bit earlier, now I think about it.
[7] Not that type of slant, you racist!

#132 – The Elements Of Eloquence, Mark Forsyth BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 29 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



It's my bet that most of you young yobbos know what **alliteration** is. Perhaps you recognise the sweet scent of **synaesthesia** in my words. And I'll bet you my **hyperbole** has kept made your heart beat a millions times a minute. But, I ask you this….

…. do you know what an epanalepsis is? Or a prolepsis ***[1]***? Or a scesis onomaton?

Nor did I but having read Mark Forsyth's *The Elements Of Eloquence* I do now and what is more, I'm very glad I do. You see, this is the *Daygame Mastery* of prose writing. There, I said it. Now I have to explain why.

I've been trying my bestest to become a good writer and thus have approached it with the same mindset I did with Game. The first thing is action – learning through practice – so I've been writing an awful lot. This blog is the obvious outlet of such energies but it's not like I listened to any of those sober heads who warned, "woah Nick! you might want to slow down in churning out them there memoirs." Stephen King in his book *On Writing* advises very strongly to write every single day whether you feel like it or not. It's only through doing that you improve. But that's not all there is to it.

My 2018 book review project was borne partly out of a desire to improve my writing because, it seems, all the good writers recommend reading a lot. So, I dipped into books from all genres, eras, and topics to expose myself to many styles. By writing a short essay on each I converted the reading process into **active learning** both in absorbing lessons from the books but also in teaching myself how to find themes and write about them in short order. Call it a one-year research project. But what else?



I know, it looks like "… teaches pedophilia"

I tried the various *Masterclass* seminar products such as those of Aaron Sorkin, David Mamet, Malcolm Gladwell, and James Patterson. But of every source I tried, *The Elements Of Eloquence* is by far the most useful. That's because it is a toolkit. It's a very specific actionable toolkit on how to improve the literary quality of your prose. Until now, I didn't even realise there were guidebooks for this kind of thing. Imagine the way **Daygame Mastery** and **Daygame Infinite** explain the theory, give practical examples, and then explain how to create your own versions – that's exactly what this book does with the writer's art. It has 39 chapters and each introduces a figure of rhetoric. A what? Mark, you explain it mate:

> The techniques for making a single phrase striking and memorable just by altering the wording. Not by saying something different, but by saying something in a different way. They are the formulas for producing great lines.
> These formulas were thought up by the Ancient Greeks and then added to by the Romans. As Shakespeare set to work England was busy having the Renaissance. So the classical works on rhetoric were dug out, translated and adapted for use in English…. So Shakespeare learnt and learnt and got better and better, and his lines become more and more striking and more and more memorable.

Ah, I see. So, Mark, I don't suppose you could pick the best of these figures and then patiently guide me through each one so I can begin improving my own prose? What, you already did that, with 39 of them? Smashing! Good lad! But I'm worried that focusing so much on style may hinder the dialectical value of my work. I'm not looking to become a bloody poet.

> A poet is not someone who has great thoughts. That is the menial duty of a philosopher. A poet is someone who expresses his thoughts, however commonplace they may be, exquisitely. That is the one and only difference between the poet and everybody else.

Ah! Gotcha.

Lets give an example, with Chapter 3's **antithesis**. The essence of the antithesis is simple: first you mention one thing: then you mention another. Oscar Wilde used to do it by making the first side of the antithesis something pretty obvious, then begin the second side to lead you into expecting something else equally obvious, but surprise you with an odd turn (making it an epigram). For example:

- 'The well-bred contradict other people. The wise contradict themselves.'

- ‘If a man is a gentleman he knows quite enough. If he is not a gentleman whatever he knows is bad for him.’
- ‘Journalism is unreadable, and literature is not read.’

It all comes down to plays on the basic formula of X is Y, and not X is not Y. It works as rhetoric because it appears final and certain through the phrasing. For example, compare the same thought expressed first as a philosopher and then secondly as a poet (using antithesis)

- Those who can’t write themselves instead instruct other people on how to write.
- Those who can, do: those who can’t, teach.

Right then, are we all happy with the basic idea of the book? It’s like a To Do list. I imagine myself sitting down with *The Elements Of Eloquence* at hand while a draft manuscript of *Balls Deep* sits open on my laptop. I then proceed to pick a figure of rhetoric and add it in a bunch of times, then pick the next figure and add those in. *Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we’ll need to add a* ***Merism*** *in here.…* A what? A Merism is when you don’t say the group/category name but instead name all of its constituent parts. Thus *ladies and gentlemen* is a merism for *people*, because all people are either ladies or gentlemen ***[2]***. Tennyson used merism in his *The Charge Of The Light Brigade*:

> Cannon to right of them.
> Cannon to left of them.
> Cannon in front of them…

Forsyth notes it would’ve been far more efficient to simple say cannon were in every direction, or “Cannon quaquaversally”, but it doesn’t have the same rhetorical effect, does it? No, sonny Jim, it does not. I’ll give you a few more figures of rhetoric so you get a flavour of just how much is in this book.

Anadiplosis: Taking the last word of a sentence and repeat it as the first word of the next, to create the illusion of a logical connection. See the promotional material for *Gladiator:* “The general who became a slave. The slave who became a gladiator. The gladiator who defied and emperor.” Or perhaps Yoda, “Fear leads to anger. Anger leads to hate. Hate leads to suffering.” That’s Anadiplosis.



Well, are you?

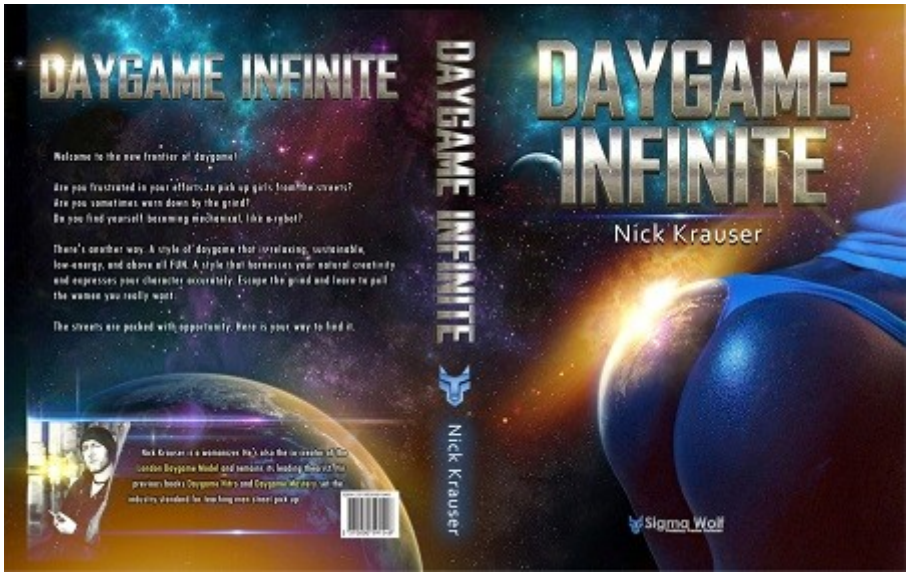
Tricolon: Using the magic number three to create a rhythm and implied connection between all elements: “I came; I saw; I conquered” or “Sun, sea, and sex.” They have alliteration too, as does, “wine, women and song.” ***[3]***

Parataxis and Hypotaxis: These are two poles in sentence length and complexity. Parataxis imitates the short clipped sentences of direct spoken English, and would be described as “punchy” or “crisp” prose. Hypotaxis is the long sentences with many conjunctions and sub-clauses seen in older novels, aimed at a mass readership with a higher overall IQ and level of education. Forsyth explains the style thus:

> Hypotaxis was what made English prose so terribly, terribly civilised. It still works. Angry letters of complaint, redundancy notices and ransom notes will, if written in careful hypotaxis, sound as reasonable, measured and genial as a good dose of rough Enlightenment pornography.
> Yet hypotaxis (along with reason) has been declining for a century or more. Gone are those heady and incomprehensible sentences of Johnson, Dickens and Austen, replaced with the cruel, brutalist parataxes of writers whose aim is to agitate and distress. The long sentence is now a ridiculed rarity ***[4]*** usually hidden away in the Terms and Conditions, its commas and colons, clauses and caveats ***[5]*** languishing unread and unloved.

I can't recommend this book highly enough for aspiring writers. I come from a martial arts and video games background where I'm used to instructional manuals and seminars where complex chains of action (e.g. a triangle choke to omoplata transition, or a *Dark Souls* boss fight) are broken down into constituent parts that can be analysed and perfected. That is exactly what *The Elements Of Eloquence* does for sentence construction. It's also very humorously written so you'll be chuckling your chubby cheeks as you peruse its precise pages.

Serious seducers of sexual sentiment should probably purchase my predatory, precise and perfected publications: ***Daygame Mastery***, ***Daygame Infinite*** *and* ***Daygame Overkill***. *Check them out here.*

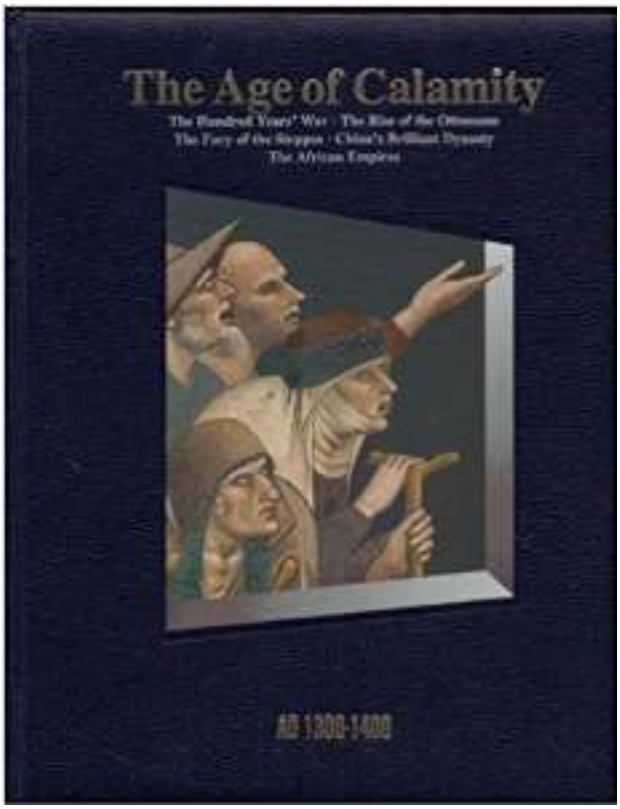




[1] No, that's not what porno actresses get after too many anal scenes.
[2] There are only 2 genders, and 74 mental illnesses.
[3] As does *Ein Reich, Ein Volk, Ein Fuhrer!* It's powerful rhetoric.
[4] Alliteration
[5] And again. See?

#133 – The Age Of Calamity, Time Life BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 29 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Fucked, mate. You're all fucked.

My school teachers informed me that the European settlers in North America decimated the native Indian population more through disease than war. In particular, we gave them blankets carrying contagious small pox and influenza germs. Right, I get it. That wasn't very nice. But do I feel any White Guilt about it? Hell no. Aside from the obvious fact that I'm not personally responsible for what someone I didn't know and who died before I was born did to someone else I didn't know and died before I was born…. there's just another rather important fact.

It was give and take. You see, my school teachers told me about the **Black Death** that twice ravaged Europe. What they didn't say is who brought it….. the fucking Turks.

Now, I happen to like most of the Turks I've met and I've dated a couple of Turkish women ***[1]*** but their repeated invasions of Europe do sorely try my patience. The Ottomans were utter cunts, with their slave galleys, penchant for impalings, and Janissary child-kidnapping system. Bunch of cunts and I'm very glad WWI finally put paid to their sick twisted empire. However, what history really ought to remember is it was the Turks who introduced the Bubonic Plague to Europe in *The Age Of Calamity* between AD 1300 and 1400. Here's how the book describes it:

> Out of the Far East came a sickness of unprecedented virulence which, in the years between 1346 and 1352, carried off at least one third of Europe's population. The greatest wave of mortality ever to sweep across the world, it was to become known as the Black Death.

It was first spotted in Constantinople in 1347 and infected rats aboard Ottoman vessels gave it to the rest of us. Now, I'll admit that the Turks may hold their hands up and say, "hang on a minute, we didn't originate it. We got it off the bloody Mongols" and they'll have a point.



What % bodyfat do you reckon he's got? Maybe he's on Tren?

> The terrible machinery of the plague appears to have been set in motion in the Gobi desert in Mongolia. In the late 1320s and epidemic erupted there among rodents and claimed its first human victims from within the ranks of the nomadic Mongol horsemen, who then proceeded to spread the disease throughout their extensive empire. The trade routes of the Silk Road, along which silks and furs were carried westward from China, exposed the whole of central Asia to the disease.

We Brits got it from the French ***[2]*** via Burgundy wine.

Now the lesson of the Black Death is pretty simple: **Build The Wall**. It was the mass immigration and globalist trading which allowed the spread of virulent pestilence from the Third World into Europe. We are seeing the same thing now on a (currently) smaller scale with all the Ebola, HIV, Hep C, small pox and strange new diseases coming in with all the Soros fake-refugees. Anonymous Conservative has been keeping tabs on the spike in incidences of previously eradicated diseases. Bring in the third world people, and they bring the third world conditions with them. But of course so long as globalist traitors like Merkel, May and Macron are in power, they'll keep doing it.



“Zut alors! Ve got thee Engleesh with ze wine!”

There was an upside to the mass die-off in the European population.

> The massive decline in population transformed the relationship between people and resources. Because labour was scarce, the surviving work force could command high wages, while the prices of land and agricultural products fell due to lack of demand.

We see the modern equivalent in Japan, but due to declining birth rate. The country suddenly isn’t so crowded. House prices have been falling for thirty years. After decades of overcrowding and pressure on scarce resources, declining birth rates should be leading the First World into a Golden Age. As soon as those parasite Baby Boomers die, everything is freed up. But…… those same Baby Boomers insist on keeping globalists in power who are using the “demographic crisis” as a pretext to inflict mass immigration on us.

Really, as if Britain’s “demographic crisis” can be solved by filling our schools with Pakistani and Somali children….. how does turning Britain into Not-Britain help the British? Whatever *Age Of Calamity* strikes the Proper Countries as globalism and the neo-liberal world order collapses and the civil wars of identity fire up, I’m guessing those of us who keep our heads will emerge into a great age, like in the 1400s.

I made it though an entire blog post about immigration without once saying “shoot the invaders and execute the traitors!” I guess I’ve mellowed.

Look, this is what happens when you read a book in summer and forget to review it for six months. Let’s pretend it never happened, and buy ***Daygame Mastery****,* ***Daygame Infinite*** *and* ***Daygame Overkill****, alright? Check them out here.*



[1] But never have and never will bum a male Turk, nor wrestle one. There are many things I won't follow Casanova in trying.

[2] No surprise there. It's always the bloody French. I'm glad we smacked them up with the Hundred Years War for it.

Ask Jimmy #6 – A Christmas Tale 2

krauserpua · 29 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original

Chapter One is Here

Chapter Two – Ye Olde Pathe of the Brave

Jimmy stooped down into a tiny basement which appeared to house, predictably, an old curiosity shoppe. The shoppe was brightly lit at the entrance, dimly toward the corners. The air was dry and chalky. There was a general feeling of claustrophobia, with strange trinkets and junk of all imaginable shapes and sized stacked and stored in such a way as to make one suspect it was done so to purposely obstruct and annoy those who enter. Nothing in the store seemed to be anything that could be of any imaginable use to anyone. Vastly oversized bird cages that could house people, books without their covers and antique bicycles with handlebars missing made it looked more like refuse collection than a curiosity shoppe.

While we can all see the direction this story is taking, less so our dull-witted hero.

'What kind of a shit show is this place?' Jimmy muttered to himself under his breath.

'It's a magic shop obviously, you pie-faced moomin', someone, or something, croaked from somewhere out of sight. 'And the best wishes of the season to you too you miserable, arrogant urchin'. The voice sailed over from behind what seemed to be a pile of what seemed like a bookshelf of old magazines and comic annuals. 'You find a street that shouldn't be here and a funny little shop in a Christmas story and you can't put two and two together and realise you're in a fairy tale. My God Jambone, you're just as incompetent as they say you are in those daft bookes your mates wrote. I didn't think it possible. I really didn't think it possible'.

'What bookes?' Jimmy muttered and he rounded the bookshelf and squeezed himself between an enormous picture frame and boxes of assorted lamps. Away from bright entrance Jimmy now had to squint in the dimmer light, but there in front of him, behind a little makeshift desk, lit by the weak glow from a nearby lamp, sat an impossibly old looking crone with a mannish face so miserable and unforgiving as to drive even the most hardy of adventurers away in fright. We'd rate her a 4 (that's a 7 on a field report on a pickup forum). Thank God it was gloomy dear readers, for she was truly horrific.



'Ey up, a notch waiting 'appen this. She's bound to be lonely this one', Jimmy remarked to himself, before continuing, 'what bookes old crone, and what do you mean incompetent?' Jimmy tugged on his lapels and rearranged an imaginary tie. 'I'll have you know I am a project manager'.

Jimmy stuck his chin out, 'organisation is my stock in trade, my strong suit', his lines were well rehearsed, as if addressing an audience. Jimmy had made this speech many times when routinely accused of incompetence. He then paused and turned on the deadly charm, 'I should smite your bony backside with the flat of me sinewy right hand' he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

The crone, however, seemed indifferent to our hero's flirtations. She merely flapped her old grey hands in the air and conjured up an impressive glowing orb, some kind of apparition thing that just hung in the air. It chased the gloom in the shop into the farthermost of all it's corners, but more importantly, it serves to remind the slightly less calibrated amongst Krauser's readership that this is a Christmas fairy tale of magic and derring-do and not currently a field report to be taken seriously. No one is claiming to have ever met a witch.

'It's your lucky day Jimmy', she wailed jubilantly. 'Once in a hundred years I appear from my slumber to find the world's most incompetent, cack-handed dingbat and grant him knowledge, oh such a great knowledge', she cackled and peered at Jimmy past the blinding glow of the spinning orby thing, before adding pointedly 'any knowledge he wishes. It's a kind of, 'raise the weakest link in the chain' kind of service'.

'You single out the brave and the genius!', Jimmy exclaimed. Never one to give up the frame so easily.

She continued in vaguely hypnotic and rhythmic chant,

'you can learn the cures for hills of ills,

cancer, AIDS, invent those pills (that cure them, not cause them),

write the worlds most banging tunes,

or build a bridge from here t' moon'.

Jimmy interrupted excitedly, 'could you make it 'pie and a pint for a pound day', every day down at the Giggling Squid', he gasped the words out, barely daring to believe it could be true.



Smashing

The crone shook her head impatiently. ‘yes, but don’t you understand you damned fool, I can give you the knowledge that ends all wars!’ The crone began to chant again, the globe burned brightly again, spinning quickly on it’s axis again, making a melodic whirring noise again. ‘Jimmy, just choose it at will and whim and you could invent the engine that runs on air. You could save the world Jimmy Boy. I am talking about ending hardship and saving humanity, you could live forev…’.

‘I GOT IT, I GO IT! HOW DO I CLACK THE ‘OTTEST SKIRT’, Jimmy blurted, now unable to contain himself.

The light dimmed and the orb suddenly stopped spinning.

‘Come again’, the crone croaked.

‘The skirt, you old hag, that top drawer skirt I see ‘ere and about’, Jimmy waved his hand in the general direction of the world outside. ‘How do I clack it?’, he demanded. He then raised his long skinny fore-finger aloft and said decisively, as if addressing a crowd again, ’there’s a way you can clack them crumpet. I want to know how. I want to know the secret that has eluded me for centuries. That’s the knowledge I want’.

The room was silent for a moment.



Ye Rock Solid Game boot camp in field

‘You want a book about how to get women’, the crone asked flatly, ‘what you mean like *Ye Mystery Method*?’ and still holding her hands aloft underneath the now grey and lifeless orb, she motioned with her neck to an old black and beige paperback lying by the comics and pulp fiction.

Jimmy bounded forward and grabbed the old book, thumbing through the dusty pages, wide eyed. ‘I could well see this being useful’, he slavered.

‘But that’s just a crummy old paperback’, the crone cried, ‘someone brought that in last week. I’m offering you the secrets of the universe; you can get that waffle from any disreputable bookshop. Wouldn’t you like to invent the microchip?’

Jimmy looked up at the crone and pounded his finger against one of the pages as he declared ‘it says here it’s all about giving them a bit of a cheeky chat’. Jimmy sniggered. He banged the pages together, dust exploding outwards in all directions into the dry air. ‘I’ll be balls deep in a tenne before closing time, and all I wanted was an 8’, he crooned, cramming the tattered pages into his pocket. To his credit, he felt a twinge of guilt at being so selfish. Pie and pint for a pound day at the Squid would have probably been the preference for most of the lads, but Jimmy has always struggled to fight the temptation to selfishness. It was, he said, his only flaw.

‘It takes years of practice and a lot of hard work to perfect that there Mystery Method’, the crone cooed. ‘It’s very powerful but you can’t just go out and get immediate successes. You have to try and fail and tray again’.

Jimmy’s face fell. The jubilation drained from his cheeks. None of our heroes are perfect dear readers and the hero of this story is no different. For if there is one thing akin to kryptonite to our Jimmy, then there were in fact two. These ideas of ‘hard work’ and ‘years of practice’ were in the same category as ‘the police called by to see you earlier’ and ‘it’s your turn to get the ales in’. It was, according to Jimmy, his only flaw.

‘I haven’t got years to get this done crone’, Jimmy whined pathetically, ‘the banging top night out is tonight’. He fell upon his knees, ‘I throw me on your mercy crone, and remember this is to be at most a three part tale, so we need to cram in as much as we can to the rest of this chapter and only one more’.

‘Very well’, said the crone. ‘Since you haven’t actually chosen anything in terms of any magic from me, you just chose than daft pickup book that you could have just bought anywhere’, she glanced dismissively at Jimmy’s bulging pocket where the book was indeed still crammed, Jimmy clasped his hands urgently and protectively over

the bulge as if fearing it was to be taken from him, 'how about I'll grant thee a boon?'

'The Grant', Jimmy cooed. 'Do it! Grant me!' he proclaimed. He held his breath, threw his arms wide and closed his eyes. Visions of the south of Gaul, fine horses, swish clothes and 'top totty' filled Jimmy's head. He closed his eyes tighter, salivating in anticipation.

When he opened his eyes he was a little disappointed to see he was still in the dingy little shop in the same old grey tunic, with the crone's ugly old face staring back at him. Jimmy peered over her shoulder as if expecting to see the tops of the street of Monaco or the view from the balcony of the Metropole.

'Grant me?', he repeated, throwing hia arms apart and shutting his eyes again.

> 'Jimmy lad, you are a buffoon,
> you lower the tone of every room… err, that you grace.
> You're a total waste of space.
> But you need to know what game's all about
> and you can't do that without
> experience and wings to help you out.
> I'll give you all this knowledge that you boys crave,
> a plan and a crew to run with night and day.
> These powers to thee I grant,
> by the time I end this magic chant'.

And with that, the crone clapped her hands together. The two stared at each other in silence for a second.

'A bit of an anti climax', the crone said sheepishly, 'I probably should have explained, it takes a few days for the information to bed in, by the time New Year comes round, you and the lads will know how to work a set in most bars. Sink a few ales in the Squid tonight, but on New Year's Eve you'll venture into Clapham Junction and there you'll exercise your mighty powers. Try not to cause too much trouble; it'll affect me badly at my half century review'.

'OK', Jimmy muttered as he turned slowly to leave, rubbing his head gently. 'Thanks crone'.

Jimmy clambered over the bric-a-brac and oddities, back through the bird cages, books and furniture that littered his path back towards the door. Turning the handle, he glanced around the shop one last time, he could hear the crone humming behind the junk that now obscured her from view, he turned his back and got the feeling he was returning back to reality as he stepped through the door and headed back to the life of the village outside.

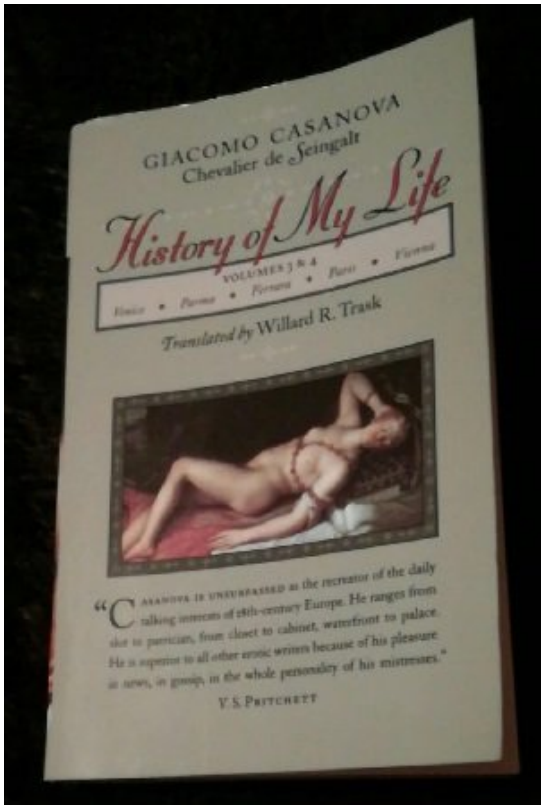
He began to wonder if he'd made the right decision as he walked past a church group singing Christmas carols. He wasn't all bad our Jimmy. He worried if he had been selfish. He could have chosen 'pie and a pint day every day at the Giggling Squid', something the whole village could enjoy and maybe the lads would have liked better. Now he'd have to tell them they couldn't spend all night in the squid, they were to venture out into the respectable peoples' taverns of Clapham Junction. These doubts though didn't last long and as he padded back along the street, he again turned up his collar to the falling snow and set off in the direction of his home. As he whistled his favourite tune ideas were already beginning to filter through. Building value before opening, pawn sets, targets, various gambits designed to adjust social dynamics in your own favour and as Jimmy reached the outskirts of the village and closed in on his own low rent neighbourhood, and as the snow fell heavier, and as the wind grew colder and the streets darker, and as Jimmy smiled more broadly, he warmed to one idea of which now he was certain.

He even said it to himself, as if to officially accept it was true, 'me and the lads are going to hit them smart taverns soon enough and pull us some unsuspecting, decent looking skirt'.

You can find Jimmy hanging out on his blog here and he can sometimes be persuaded to do consultations.

#134 – History Of My Life Volume 3, Giacomo Casanova BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 30 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I do wonder why Giacomo Casanova's modern reputation is so intimately tied up with the idea of his prolific womanizing. In this, volume three of his epic autobiography there's *barely any shagging* and what little there is comes mostly from prostitution. I'm increasingly of the opinion that Casanova was making an earnest attempt to recount his life as he lived it, from every angle and in every dimension, rather than merely reel off his female conquests. We see much of his temporary conversion to become 'a bigot' (i.e. religious fanatic) after falling ill with venereal disease and hallucinating while under its treatment by mercury. There is his falling-in with a inveterate welsher named only 'F.C.' who concocts repeated unconvincing pretexts for borrowing money, and then also accounts of Casanova in the society of numerous aristocrats from Venice to Vienna to Paris.

But shagging? Nope, not much of that. He spends a long time enraptured by the transvestite male impersonator Henriette at the beginning of the volume and after that affair goes sideways he is enraptured by a 14-year old Venetian called 'C'. He rattles a few semi-pros in-between. Considering this volume covers his life from aged 23 to 25, that's not a lot.

What comes in ample supply are Bottom World stories. Casanova seems only to have mixed in two social milieu – buffoonish vain aristocrats holding open houses, and the low-life conmen and adventuresses who glommed onto them (Casanova being one of the latter). For example he observes a card sharper dealing at an aristocrat's game and cheating a girl out of 100 zecchini ***[1]*** and pulls him to one side, warning him he'd tumbled to his game. The sharp offers him a 50 tagliatelle pay-off and half of subsequent proceeds so Casanova falls in with him. Most characters Casanova meets are crooked in some way, with both male and female acquaintances reappearing in later years under new false identities running new scams.



That's a small fortune in Italy

It would also seem Casanova had long since developed a reputation in the underworld of petty crooks across Europe. As soon as he arrives at a rest-house in Ferrara he is halted by a pretty woman claiming loudly that they are cousins. Casanova has never seen her before but senses a ruse he can join in with. He realises she is a famed adventuress called Cattinella and she's previously had him pointed out at distance (hence how she recognised him). She is engaged in cheating a local farm-boy out of money by promising him marriage and living on the hog by delaying the formal announcement. Casanova helps her slip away, leaving the young lad bewildered and waiting futilely for her return. Now, why on earth would Casanova so comfortably fall into such games? It seems there were few cons going on in a town that he wouldn't sniff the arse of.

At the beginning of this book he claims high moral standards by choosing not to sleep with a young village girl who he's convinced of his wizardry ***[2]*** but mid-way through he gets a different young lass pregnant and then brazens it out when her mother has him arraigned before the local magistrates for breach of promise. Indeed for much of this book it seems his natural inclination towards rabbitry and The Con causes frequent soul-searching and discomfort. Being in his mid-twenties, it's quite reasonable to think he's writing this authentically, as he likely hadn't yet figured out what type of man he was to be.

This laxity in moral compass usually involves gambling (he's locked in a constant cycle of sponging and conning to pay off gambling debts) or shagging. Sometimes it makes for good squalor stories. For example, he takes a shine to a washerwoman employed at an inn where he has his rooms.

> After doing everything I could to obtain an interview with the girl in my lodging or in hers or anywhere at all and not succeeding, I resolved to have her by using a little violence at the foot of the concealed staircase down which she usually went when she left my lodging. I hid at the foot of it, and when I saw that she was within reach I sprang on her and, partly by persuasion, partly by swift action, I subjugated her on the last steps; but at the first thrust of our union a most extraordinary sound, proceeding from the place next to the one I was occupying, stayed my fury for a moment, and the more so because I saw the victim put her hand over her face to hide the shame she felt at her indiscretion….. This aural phenomenon, together with the embarrassment and confusion which I saw in my victim, suddenly took possession of my soul; all together they presented so

> comical an idea to my mind that, laughter having overpowered all my faculties, I had to let her go. She seized the moment to run away.

To summarise in modern English: he stopped raping a maid because her farting noises made him laugh too hard. Bottom World.



Casanova is constantly meeting women who are chaperoned, pursued or otherwise accompanied by other men and he takes relish in attempting to steal them. Often he assumes he can simply buy them ***[3]***. In one case, he meets some Corsican officers of the Royal Italian Regiment, and becomes pally with a chode called Paterno who has been pursuing an actress. Having been brought up around the stage, Casanova knows all actresses are whores ***[4]*** but this Paterno is getting tooled by her:

> Being in love with an actress who scorned him, the young man kept me entertained with his description of her adorable qualities and at the same time of her cruelty toward him, whom she received in her house but whom she repulsed whenever he tried to give her evidence of his love. She was ruining him by making him spend a great deal on dinners and suppers which were shared by her numerous family but for which she gave him no credit… I refused to attend any more of his suppers- utterly boring suppers at which, even as they were eating them, the actress's whole family laughed at the stupidity of the dupe who was paying for them.

Casanova shared my contempt for spineless chodes and decided to shag his bird: "I had no doubt that I could obtain her favours at the cost of fifteen or twenty ravioli." So Casanova goes to her dressing room and offers her a watch worth twenty spaghetti. She refuses, claiming herself offended. Upon hearing this, Paterno feels himself vindicated and passes on Casanova's message to her that he wouldn't even give her the watch if she changed her mind. Piqued, she wants to see him again, he pays her cash, and he bangs her. They then laugh at the chode she's stringing along. I swear this story would fit with any number of Russian and Ukrainian girls I've known who were dating Western forum chodes, but for two things. First, I didn't pay to bang them, and second…..

> Three days later I found that the wretched woman had made me the same sort of present that I had been treated by the prostitute at O'Neilan's. Far from feeling that I had cause to complain, I considered myself justly

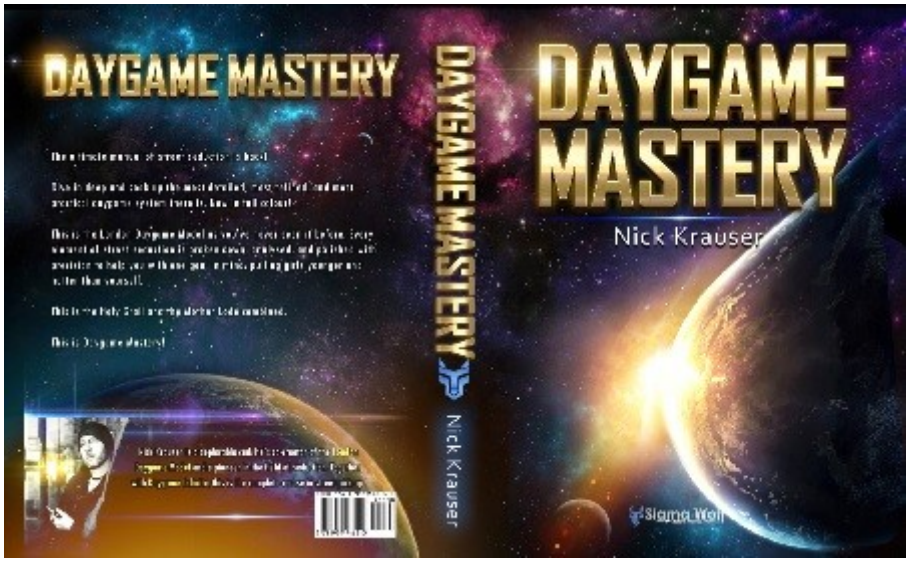
> punished for having so basely abandoned myself after having belonged to an Henriette….. Because of the season the cure compelled me to spend six weeks in my room.

In those six weeks, his mercury-addled mind rendered him susceptible to the frame-control of the religious bigot who treat him – one De La Haye – who is a recurring character and total charlatan. These memoirs are packed with an immense number of scoundrels. Like attracts like. It does make me wonder too of the cases Casanova relates of important men taking an immediate dislike to him – I suspect he'd gone so far down the rabbit path that wolves could sniff out his degeneracy quickly and steered clear of him, hence the only people he was able to fall in with were buffoons and fellow con-men. Still, Casanova is remarkably sanguine about his frequent bouts with STDs.

> The malady which we call the "French disease" does not shorten life when one knows how to cure it; it merely leaves scars; but we are easily consoled for that when we consider that we gained them with pleasure, even as soldiers take pleasure in seeing the scars of their wounds, the proofs of their virtue and the wellsprings of their fame.

I dare say I disagree. While I too fondly recall my adventures with women, I'm rather glad I never once caught the French Disease. If you lie down with dogs, you'll wake up with fleas. That said, I'm enjoying this memoir and taking a liking to the old scoundrel.

If you'd like to read a memoir series devoted to travel and womanizing that does not involve catching STDs or cheating men out of money, consider mine. Check it out here.



[1] That sounds like a type of pasta to me. Did those crazy Italians use food as currency?
[2] Literally, not figuratively. He performs occult rites in a thunderstorm to impress her.
[3] Casanova seems to encounter many semi-pros.
[4] No change nowadays.

#135 – Skin In The Game, Nassim Nicolas Taleb BOOK REVIEW

krauserpua · 31 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



Back in 1997, when I was completing my Master's degree, I was assigned a supervisor for my thesis. The department considered me quite a shining talent so they assigned me their best Professor, a rising academic star who wrote a lot on science in society – Sokal's hoax, scientody vs scientism, the End Of Science, that kind of thing. He was on odd bird. He was some kind of Yank – an American or Canadian, I forget which – who was really into jogging. We students would see him out in his soyboy training gear pounding the streets and displaying the typical jogging-enthusiast's body, which looks like a cross between an AIDs victim and Jordan Peterson. My professor would then lock himself in his office and refuse to answer the door without an appointment. There was a note on his door that if we wanted his attention we had to email.

It was all very odd, but I remember being extremely impressed with his intellect. He was very smart indeed and quite an inspiration in our weekly thesis chats. One moment in particular stood out. He was inquiring into my intellectual basis for the thesis and I made a comment about "following Popper."

> "God no! You don't want to be known as a follower. That's death in academia. Be your own man."

That was very good advice and it stuck with me. I am highly reluctant to consider myself a follower of anyone – much less describe myself as such publicly – and any time I notice myself agreeing with one man too much I take stock and try to objectively ask myself: *am I becoming a fanboy?* This advice stuck with me in my Game journey in which I try to give credit to those I learned from (e.g. **Mystery**, **60 Years Of Challenge**) while not riding their nutsacks. Sometimes I overdo it in the opposite direction, failing to give credit where it's due. The attitude imbued by this professor was also handy in resisting attempts by gurus to make me their acolyte, and of acolytes trying to make me their guru. I was recently asked about this, to which I quipped:

> 'I despise both gurus and acolytes. To me they are just pitchers and catchers in bum sex.'

This is why I despise PUA coaches positioning themselves as gurus, as I do similar charlatans in self-help, business advice, and fitness training. It's quite possible to transmit your expertise to learners without forcing them into a twisted servile role. It's why I call my blog regulars and book customers ~~Krausermaniacs~~ 'readers' not 'fans'. It's why I resisted the Jordan Peterson bandwagon before I really knew what was crooked about him. Don't be a follower.



Smart guys, but they want you to be a follower

I bring this up because Nassim Nicolas Taleb is a writer I find it very hard to disagree with, which makes me constantly wonder if I'm slipping into a follower position with him. Surely there's *something* he says I don't like? Well, I thought *Black Swan* was badly written and showed all the signs of a full-of-himself intellectual unwilling to accept a strong-minded editor ***[1]***. It was like Guns'n'Roses second album. But clearly Taleb overcame this bad habit because *Skin In The Game* is exceptionally clear and very lean in structure. There's barely a whiff of intellectual bloat in it. And I like that.

One reason I like *Skin In The Game* so much is that it directly ports over into daygame. Almost every page has some point where I either thought, "that could apply to picking up girls" or, "yeah, I'd already figured that out from picking up girls." The line between the two is blurred. On the one hand, I found nothing in *Skin In The Game* that I didn't already know (much of it is in **Daygame Infinite** and **Daygame Mastery**) and on the other Taleb was able to streamline and parse those ideas so much more elegantly than I had, and provide a more convincing justification. Which brought me back to the whole follower thing: was I flattering myself that I'd already figured out all of Taleb's ideas before reading *Skin In The Game* because I feared the alternative of agreeing with everything he said and turning myself into a fanboy. I don't know. Perhaps I should outline some of those ideas.



Taleb dead-lifting

Taleb is kind enough to structure the book where he explains everything in the beginning and then dedicates the rest of the text to proving each point. At the very beginning he explains his topic thus:

> Skin In The Game is about four topics in one: a) uncertainty and the reliability of knowledge (both practical and scientific, assuming there is a difference), or in less polite words bullshit detection, b) symmetry in human affairs, that is, fairness, justice, responsibility, and reciprocity, c) information sharing in transactions, and d) rationality in complex systems and in the real world. That these four cannot be disentangled is something that is obvious when one has… skin in the game.

The very alert among you will already be drawing daygame parallels. Daygame is a fundamentally uncertain activity where much of the data is obscure yet you must discern patterns upon which to base behaviour, and spot when you are being bullshitted both by gurus and by girls in set. There is symmetry in your seductive interaction and 'getting to know each other' involves principles of information sharing as personalities, as goal-oriented actors, and of the process of seduction itself. We are of course intimately aware that we are employing our strategies in a complex system in the real world. Believe me, as you read Taleb explicate each principle, the connections to our fair sport only get stronger and clearer.

For example, Taleb makes much hay in investigating the difference between ivory tower theory and practical knowledge, principally by comparing his hero Fat Tony the market trader with intellectuals like Paul Krugman. We daygamers get a similar thing with the ivory tower "science" of seduction carried out in university post-graduate departments and our own direct knowledge of the street, the cafe, the bar, and the bedroom. It takes a certain number of lays before you feel confident hand-waving away all those idiot researchers. Taleb provides the intellectual justification for prioritising the Fat ~~Jimmy~~ ~~Eddie~~ ~~Krauser~~ Tony's of the pick-up world over the armchair philosophers of the internet and daytime talk shows.

'in academia there is no difference between academia and the real world; in the real world, there is'

'Don't tell me what you "think", just tell me what's in your portfolio'

Back in my early boxing days my coach once said to me, “the only way to get good at slipping right hands is to keep getting hit with them.” All of the alive martial arts ***[2]*** are built on a foundation of skin in the game: sparring, and eventually fighting. The dead martial arts ***[3]*** insulate the students from the consequences of their unrealistic training, to create paper dragons. We daygamers have the same ‘liveness’ in our learning: the constant contact with success and failure on the streets and the skin in the game of trying to get laid.



More qualified than any economist

Taleb goes into the moral dimension frequently, such as his discussion of information sharing. We daygamers have a vast amount of information about the seduction process, far more than a girl can reasonably expect us to have. We are also trained in how much information we parcel out to her while she’s making her decision – e.g. do we tell r-select stories or K-select stories on the date – so there is an inescapable moral dimension to our skirt-chasing. Are we deliberately withholding or slanting information to mislead? Are we trying a bait-and-switch? Are we wilfully allowing her to persist in a misunderstanding about our intentions based on her being a normie and expecting us to have normie ideas about what the dating means?

‘someone with a high public presence who is controversial and takes risks for his opinion is less likely to be a bullshit vendor’

I especially liked Taleb’s conception of **soul in the game** and how other people can spot it. It’s approaching Pressman’s *War Of Art* distinction between a real writer and a hack writer from a different angle to the same result: the real writer feels the muse flowing through him and cares to authentically craft his work, whereas the hack looks to the market for what will sell and then panders to that. Readers can usually spot a hack ***[4]***. You know when someone’s heart isn’t in it. Taleb has little time for ‘professional researchers’, those who make a career of researching an idea rather than first making a career of the thing, and coming to research it later based upon an intimate lived daily-experience of the thing.

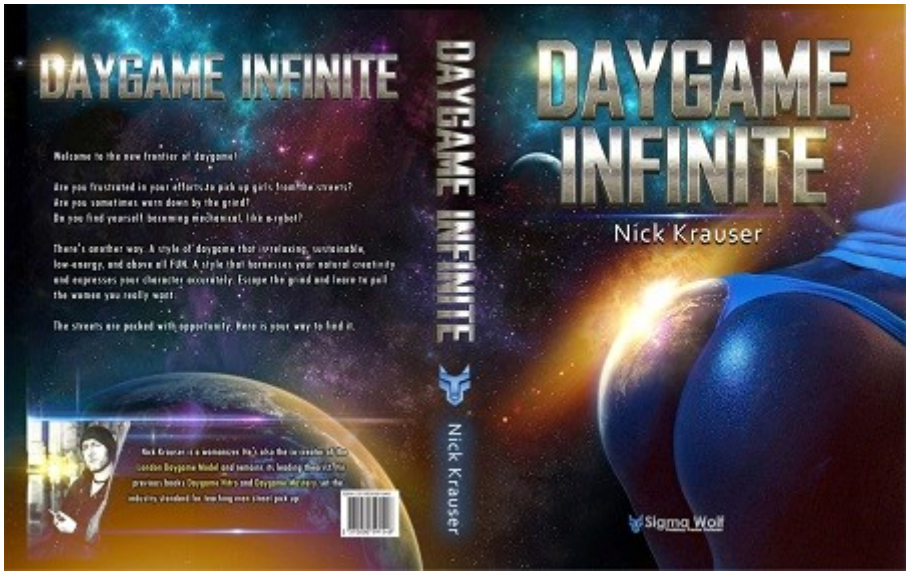
It’s why politicians used to be selected by their constituency, usually eminent men who’d already made a local reputation in business. It was only after succeeding at life and demonstrating a track record to their fellows that these men were raised – elected – to a position of political leadership. The Party system destroyed all that. Now, a politician takes the route of being a student activist and council-member, then interns for a politician, and then rises

in the ranks within a Party by demonstrating slavish adherence to their creed. They then get selected by the Party to be a candidate and helicopter dropped onto a local constituency.

So, modern politicians have no real-world competence, are adversely-selected for the most craven greasy-pole-climbers, and are completely beholden to the Party for a job. What a surprise they are all traitors. Donald Trump has been so successful because he was like the old model – he had soul in the game and everyone recognised it ***[5]***

I wish I'd reviewed *Skin In The Game* back in August when I read it and all Taleb's ideas were fresh, so I could really dive deep into the relationship between it and daygame. It's an excellent book and provides a solid intellectual background to what we daygamers do. You can think of it as the meta-level upon which the principles of *Daygame Infinite* rest. It's very pleasing to know that the world's #1 public intellectual's latest book is telling us we are doing it the right way. I absolutely intend to re-read this and pull as much value out as I can, once my pace of reading slows down next year.

But Taleb's book doesn't actually tell you how to bang hotties. You'll need ***Daygame Mastery****,* ***Daygame Infinite*** *and* ***Daygame Overkill*** *for that. Check them out here.*

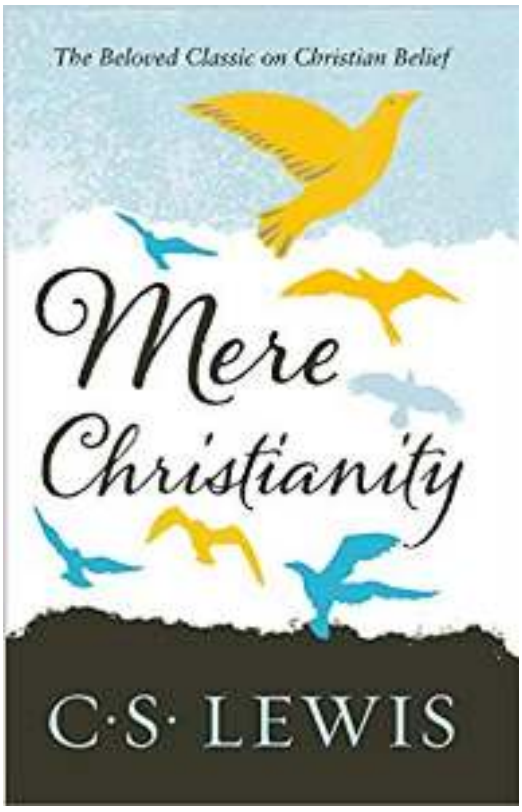




[1] Unlike his book immediately before it, *Fooled By Randomness*, which was tightly and cleanly written.
[2] Boxing, wrestling, BJJ, kickboxing, judo
[3] Karate, TKD, ninjutsu, akido, dim mak, kung fu
[4] I'm not so sure about customers of PUA products, mind.
[5] And in the case of globalists and NPCs, feared it.

#136 – Mere Christianity, C.S. Lewis BOOK REVIEW

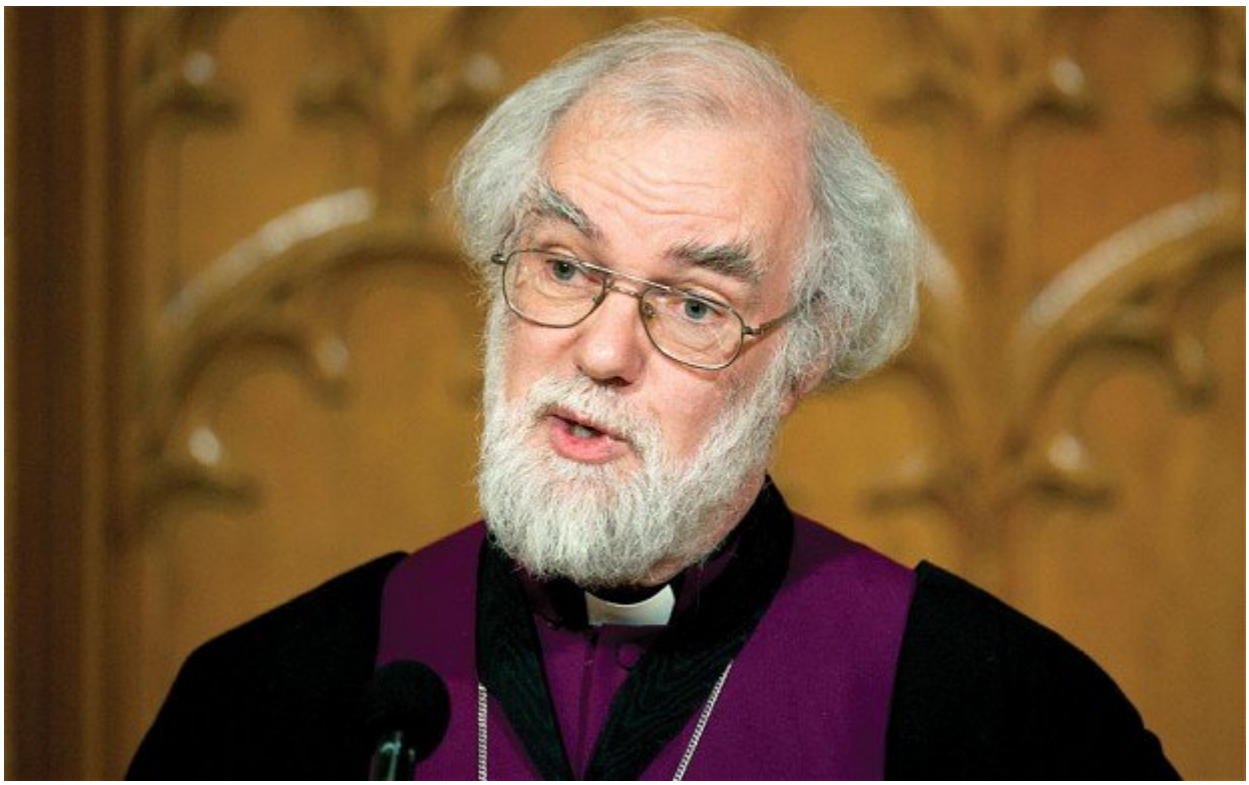
krauserpua · 31 December 2018 · Archived copy · Original



I was born and raised in the **People's Republic of Northern Britain** by parents who are both godless communists. Now, they admit the atheism but don't call themselves communists despite espousing nothing but communist views and always voting for the KGB-approved candidate in every election. My school was equally godless, with our Religious Education classes mostly composed of sitting around colouring in Bible scenes with coloured pens. So, it's fair to say I was not inculcated with Christianity. Quite the reverse ***[1]***.

This means I never developed a feeling of godliness. It made it easy to absorb the atheist teachings of my (mostly Leftist) university professors. I read up on the standard anti-Christian Enlightenment arguments such as the Problem of Evil, Bertrand Russell's *Why I Am Not A Christian* and all the various critiques of the standard pro-God arguments (First Cause, Argument By Design etc). I even thought I was an awfully smart boy by mastering these heresies. You see, atheism in the 1990s was presented as if it's some kind of rebellion against the Establishment. People like Richard Dawkins were awfully *brave*.

How ridiculous. It's like praising people in 2018 USA for "standing up" against Slavery. Because that's **such a dangerous position** to take, isn't it? I mean, look at all those Pro-Slavery death squads going around killing abolitionists nowadays. Anyway, the mask has been dropped and in 2018 atheism is the openly-avowed Establishment position. Christianity is under attack, and Christians are now the most persecuted group in the whole world.



A terrifying tyrant, yesterday

Having followed atheism for a few decades and lived a highly individualist and pleasure-seeking life I became aware of what Christian moral philosophers have warned for hundreds of years: atheism is a dead end. It ends in nihilism. I experienced such nihilism in 2016 and by 2017 I was looking for a better way. So far there's only been one barrier to my converting to Christianity: my lack of belief in God. Aside from that small obstacle, I agree with the thesis that Christianity is one of the three pillars of Western Civilisation (white nations and the Greco-Roman legacy being the other two) and by removing Christianity from the West we have set ourselves into a rapid decline into nihilism and paganism. It's a shit show.

Anyway, I give this preamble to explain why I decided to read *Mere Christianity*. I realised that every single time that I am an expert on a topic and I compare my knowledge to the media's, I realise the media isn't simply wrong. They are **deceitfully wrong**. They are deliberately hiding the truth in order to advance a false narrative. Whether the topic is global finance, mixed martial arts, Game, or anything else the lesson is the same: the media are liars. So, knowing that the media is virulently anti-Christian, I asked myself the obvious question:

> Does the media tell the truth about Christianity?

The chances aren't high, are they? I don't mean that the media is atheist and therefore do they *support* Christianity, but rather can they be trusted to speak accurately of **what Christianity actually is**, of what Christians actually believe? I decided: probably not. So, I wanted to know what Christians believe. What are the central tenets of Christianity? I've heard what all the godless anti-Christian philosophers and media hacks (Dawkins being one of the latter) had to say, but how about the other side.



I'd like to hear from the people who built civilisation, not those who tore it down

In *Mere Christianity*, C.S.Lewis sets himself the task of explaining to the layman what all Christians believe. He deliberately excludes doctrinal disputes between denominations (e.g. what Protestants and Catholics disagree on) and sticks to what all share in common. It was highly enlightening. Here were some of my main learning points:

- Most of what I learned at school was either wrong or superficially true.
- Most of the anti-Christian arguments from the Enlightenment only work against the straw man they construct rather than real Christianity.
- Most churches, including the Vatican and the Church Of England, are run by Satanists.
- I agree with almost everything espoused by Christianity (aside from my lack of spiritual belief).

I'll take the example of the **Problem Of Evil**. As usually formed, it takes the following logical structure:

> The Bible postulates that God is omniscient, omnipotent, and omnibenevolent. There is evil in the world. Being all-knowing, God knows of it. Being all-powerful, God could stop it. Being all-loving he'd wish to stop it. Therefore, from whence comes evil?

Phrased that way it seems like a rather devastating proof against the existence of God, does it not? God is – tautologically – either too dumb, too weak, or too feckless to be worthy of worship. But the problem is, that's a highly dishonest argument. The Bible doesn't claim God is thus.

Mere Christianity says the Bible is clear that the world is fallen and is the dominion of Satan, the "Prince of this world". God is not at all concerned with eliminating evil and making our worldly lives pleasant. He is in the business of saving individual souls, through the following of Jesus. It's a tough narrow path to salvation, resolved on an individual level. There is no logical inconsistency at all between the God of the Bible, salvation, and the existence of Evil.

I'm rather annoyed that I had to wait until I was 43 years old before learning that. I feel like I've been seriously lied to. It would've been nice if all those Philosophy Of Religion courses had laid out the arguments and let me make my own mind up ***[2]***.

It's usual for atheists to have sneering contempt for Christians ***[3]*** by talking of God as the "big spaghetti monster in the sky" or making comparisons to Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny. Christopher Hitchens aside, they seem to avoid saying such things to Muslims of course ***[4]***, which exposes both their cowardice and uneven-handedness.

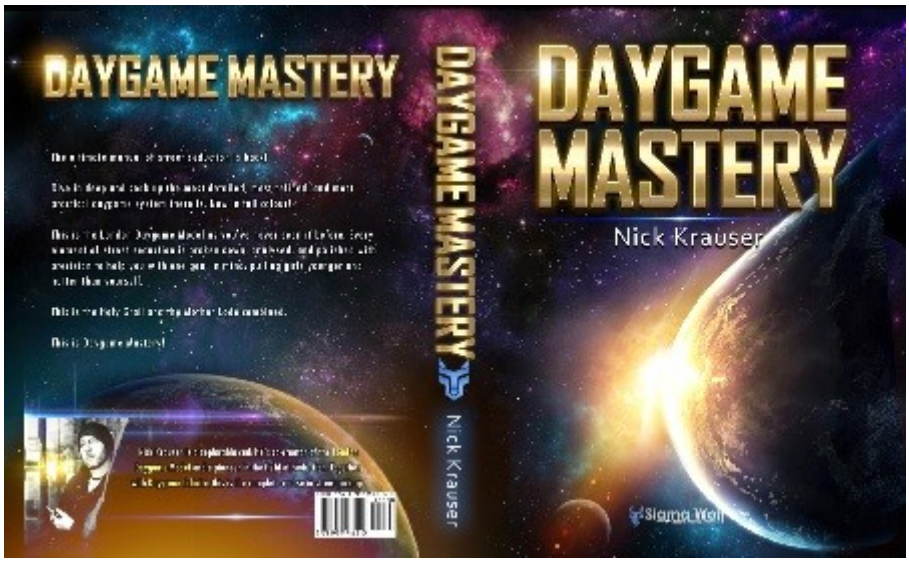
From reading *Mere Christianity* I came away with quite the reverse of contempt. C.S.Lewis lays out a balanced, sophisticated and tightly-reasoned case not just for Christian virtues but even for logical arguments in favour of belief in God.

That surprised me. The atheists have long since imposed the frame that their side is "reason" and the Christian side is "faith". This frame has held for decades, such that I'd never even heard a Christian make a logical case for theism ***[5]*** and it surprised me when C.S.Lewis made such a powerful one.

There's only one hour until the New Year is rung in and my 2018 reading / reviewing project comes to a close. I simply can't give *Mere Christianity* the attention it deserves right now. It took me several days to read and I've never thought as deeply as when reading it. This is a book which fairly rattled some of my foundational assumptions and settled conclusions on the religious question. It gave me a radically different view of what Christianity is, and why it's so important to the West.

I dare say I now wish I believed in God. Maybe that'll come. But till then, I certainly believe in Evil and the need to fight it. Starting with the globalists and their Tower Of Babel.

If I do make a conversion to Christianity, I'll be withdrawing my key pick-up products from the market, so if you want ***Daygame Mastery****,* ***Daygame Infinite*** *and* ***Daygame Overkill****, 2019 is the time to buy them. Check them out here.*





[1] Mind you, my nephews are being inculcated with Islam and homosexuality at their school, so things evidently got even worse.
[2] Though being a stupid teenager, I'd have probably ignored them anyway. I was too busy trying to be clever.
[3] While simultaneously projecting such contempt onto Christians.

[4] Maybe because Mohammad was a paedophile and the Left is pro-pedo.
[5] Admittedly it could be that they do frequently and I simply didn't know. Perhaps I should get out more.

Ask Jimmy #7 – A Christmas Tale 3

krauserpua · 8 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Chapters One and Two

Chapter Three – Ye New Year, New Skirt

The story so far: Krauser asked if I was going to do another 'Ask Jimmy' before the end of the year. At the same time I remembered someone had asked for stories of classic ***Mystery Method*** *night game. In a moment of massive overreaching (my only real weakness) I decided I was going to do a 'three part yule story' in which I meet a witch and she teaches me Mystery Method, with references to snow and mulled wine awkwardly shoe-horned in here and there. I regretted this commitment halfway through writing part one (as you have probably guessed by now), but never forget the important part of all this 'Ask Jimmy' stuff: Nick buys me a pint for every post I write. So here's pint three, err I mean, part three (the final part, you'll no doubt be pleased to hear), which is nothing more a thinly veiled re-writing of a dusty old field report about night game from about ten years ago, with some slight adjustments for plot and humour (the actual field report didn't happen on a new year's eve, for example). It's a good field report and to anyone who has done MM style night game, it will be like a walk down memory lane.*

Happy new year everyone! I hope you had a good 2018 and I hope 2019 brings you more steps forward in terms of health, wealth and skirt. Remember, we'd be bored if it were easy, but we still wish it were.

'Wow Jimmy, it's not a decision I could have made myself', Tiger said solemnly, as he sipped his mulled wine. The train chattered loudly as it made its way to Clapham Junction and five knaves sat together in the centre of the carriage, excitable about the night ahead.



What daygamer wouldn't balk at this level of complexity in Clapham?

'I could have handled it lads, but I'd have probably gone for the pie and pint day', admitted G sadly as he stared at the floor. 'That's me being selfish, because I just love the *Squid* so much. Jimmy you chose the option that suited all of us'.

'Don't think a thing of it lads', Jimmy said smoothly. 'Don't get me wrong, I love the *Squid* as much as the next man. It's my only real weakness'. He wagged an authoritative finger at the gathered men and continued, 'but I said to the crone, I said "Crone, there's a time to be selfless and this is it, so you'd better get this sorted".

‘We know Jimmy, you’re not the type to throw yourself on the floor and beg’, laughed G admiringly.

Jimmy shuffled uncomfortably in his seat, then gazed out of the window into space. ‘I just felt this is a win for the lot of us. She wasn’t prepared to give it either. She said it was ‘a knowledge too far’, but I stood firm. I told her straight I did. I talked her into it using me charm and here we are’.

Lukasz was still curious about one point and pressed, ‘Why us Jimmy? Why did she choose us?’ he probed.

Jimmy leant his head back slightly, stuck his jaw out and addressed group, ‘I have no idea, I think she said something about ‘the cream of the crop’. I wasn’t listening too much what with the glowing ball and all the magic going on. I don’t know if she meant me, or us. I don’t know if she meant I’m the cream of just the London crop or probably she meant in the whole universe. I can’t answer. But I can say we’re top drawer lads, I’ll tell you that’.

It was a motley crew indeed in those early days, the five of them. Tiger, Lukasz, Alain, G and Jimmy. Tiger was a suave looking Moor from a land far way. Dark of skin, clothed in a fine velvet jacket and silk cravat he certainly looked the part. An aspiring actor, he was charming of manner and a good team player, he had a natural flair for spinning DHV yarns and was well admired the rest of the team. Lukasz was an Easterner, a fashion designer by trade, friendly and eternally optimistic, and again, always interestingly dressed. Where both Lukasz and Tiger had a strong air of the ‘artist’, the other two were completely different. G and Alain were both high earning professionals. G was employed in the finance department of a bank, presented in a very clean cut and respectable way. The same could be said of Alain, who also worked also for banks. Jimmy sat in the middle of the four, literally and figuratively, being professionally employed as a well paid consultant while playing as a minstrel in his four piece zither ensemble.

As the train rolled into Clapham Junction the knaves were in fine spirits. Usually these lads would be the lowest of the low, the cheap cuts of meat, but tonight, with their new found magical powers and a year of pickup experience crammed into their heads… well they were STILL the lowest of the low, but they were confident they could finagle, cheat and misrepresent their way into an unsuspecting maiden’s under garments with their well coordinated wild exaggerations game.

Jimmy was jubilant, ‘who needs real value now we can present ourselves *as if* we had real value?’



Well-honed team

‘We’re a well honed seduction team’, Alain continued as they leapt from the train to the platform at Clapham Junction, ‘It’s all about the team work, every bar has it’s own dynamic and we set the dynamic in our favour early on. It’s half the battle, the rest is just a matter of flickin’ a few switches. As long as we don’t stand on each other’s toes and we all get a fair bite at the apples, we can usually pull something out. We’re highly calibrated and expertly

socially aware'.

Five abreast and holding up 100 angry passengers behind them, they strutted their way along platform six and out into the street. Snow caked the ground and the cold bit into their lips and fingers. Someone on the corner was eating a mince pie. The cold had emptied the streets and filled the taverns. Each tavern like an island of festive energy, warmth and mulled wine, a refuge from the seasonal elements. Occasionally the doors opened and revellers inside would spill into the street, bringing with them a blast of warm air and seasonal melody from the celebrations inside. Mulled wine was being sold. People were eating mince pies.

The knaves now knew that finding a decent tavern was the first challenge to ye olde night game. You need an environment with enough people and traffic for the opportunity to mingle. It needs enough people to host enough suitable maidens for five hapless lads, but it can't be so loud as to make conversation too difficult. It should also have a good balance of seating and standing areas, for you need the standing areas to be mobile and move easily around groups, but the seated areas are necessary for retreating to later on for a more intimate opportunity for conversation. It's not just hit and hope all this bar game. The seasoned and sophisticated seducer knows well these crucial elements that play their part in a fertile night game environment.

Passing one tavern, a door suddenly flung open and as a group of drunken girls exited, staggering and giggling, they gave the merry men a glimpse of what lay inside.

'This place is perfect', Jimmy yelped. 'It's got drunk skirt and still got its ornamental reindeer up'.

'Then the night is ours', cheered Tiger. 'Let's go to work'.



Festive

Tiger bounded inside as the rest of the crew bustled down the steps behind him. It turned out they had chosen a 'country inn' style tavern, a warm place with lots of space to move around and perfectly low level music. There was even a log fire still adorned with holly and ivy, but now New Year's banners also hung from the ceiling. The knaves had chosen expertly well.

Upon his entrance Jimmy saw a maiden indeed fair. Tall and slim, dark hair, pretty features, tight fitting dark blue jeans and a quality looking tan leather jacket. She sat at the bar talking to a chubby lad and close by them was a seated cluster of men and women who could possibly have been part of their group.

'That right there', said Jimmy, 'is a tidy bit of crumpet. If she's not an 8, and she's not, then she's not far off and

she'll be an 8 when I write the field report. A properly turned out piece of cherry tart and no mistake. I bet she's got all her own teeth! I don't care what you do, but that's my target lads'.

Tiger placed his hand on his shoulder. 'You know the rules Jimmy', he reminded. 'If you can get us into any set; you have your pick of the skirt in that set and we'll help you if we can. Until then, everything is open. It's the same for everyone.'

Alarmed that one of the other knaves might bag his favoured skirt, Jimmy made a bee line for the target; he had his best line ready. 'Ow pissed are 'yer? Fancy a fumble in the bogs', but at the last moment Alain hauled him back.

'Jimmy, are you forgetting yourself, we have style and sophistication now. Slowly, slowly catch a monkey. Don't say that thing about a fumble in the bogs for God's sake. We're not in the *Squid* now'.

Jimmy tugged at the lapels on his tunic to compose himself. 'You're right Alain, catch a monkey, just testin' 'yer. The first thing we need to do is build a bit of a vibe, not look like the kind of scum that shark bars for loose skirt and easy sex. I hate those types. We've got look like….'. Jimmy paused looking for the words.

'Normal, well adjusted men?', G contributed.

'Anything but what we actually are?', Lukasz added.

'No', countered Jimmy impatiently, 'We've got to make them think we're actually attractive. We do that by doing what we're doing now, not surveying the room for skirt, but all sort of facing each other and having what looks like a good conversation. Let's spend five minutes setting up a good vibe and give them a chance to notice us'.

Tiger nodded in agreement, 'While you're all doing that, I'll go and see if I can get us some pawns'.

'Great ides, Tiger', Jimmy added, his gaze still hanging on his target, 'Sweet and sour sauce on the side and a bit of spice and garlic on mine'.

Tiger shook his head. 'A *pawn set*', he clarified. He rolled his eyes to the roof, 'for the central character you aren't half a buffoon at times, Jimmy'.

'Yes well, for now, I am the comic relief as well as well as the hero' Jimmy admitted sadly, 'according to the crone the comic relief in this crew doesn't really come until we meet **Robusto** in 2009'. Jimmy pointed at his watch as if to highlight the hopeless passage of time he was up against. 'Aye, in 2009, we'll see world class buffoonery indeed, but until then, it's me'.

Tiger and Lukasz peeled away. Their grand plan was harder than it sounded but a staple of night game. They intended to separate from the main group and try and pick off some low hanging fruit. A pawn set. This would generally be a group of 2 or 3 averagely pretty girls who are chatty in nature and willing to talk and have fun. They would ideally be an easy enough set to get into that might be glad for the attention, but they have to be hot enough to not be a discredit to the group. Pawns may or may not be up for anything romantic, but for either party it doesn't matter too much. The worst case scenario is the girls may be milking the players for laughs and validation, but the players are in turn diluting the cock heavy nature of their group. To a casual observer, a group of 5 guys is a group on the hunt, while a group of 5 guys and 3 girls is a fun party. Pulling in a couple of easy pawns early on became a staple routine back in the day. Sometimes the pawns turned out to be alright and a decent consolation prize if you fall short and miss your targets.

With pawns and an improved vibe it can become easier to merge into and open other sets. The choice of the word 'pawn' relates to the idea you can trade the girl off, sacrifice her up front to get closer to what you really want later. Consider this example, often guys go out with female friends but want to meet girls themselves. Let's say there are six flatmates on a night out, three girls and three guys. If a male from adjacent group starts a conversation, the guys may sense an attempt to 'get one of their women' and even though they're not dating the girls, it can get their backs up. Even though they're not 'with' the women, they're still getting the blunt end of the deal and are less likely to be on your side. However, if the guy approaching is also in a group with girls, then there is a potential trade on the

cards. ‘You get to speak to my skirt and I get to speak to yours’. You’re bringing value to the table in a trade, rather than manipulatively trying to take. The guys in the target set probably won’t think it through rationally like this, they’ll just see girls they can meet easily and take the bait. They’re much more likely to be on your side or drop their guard if they think there is something on a plate for them.

As long as there are girls around and you’re having fun and not doing anything to actually lower your value, then you’ll do OK in night game.

With Tiger and Lukasz gone, Jimmy, Alain and G positioned themselves next to the bar, close to a group of four student looking girls. Facing slightly away from the girls and talking amongst themselves, Jimmy’s gang looked like good mates having a good conversation, completely indifferent to who else may or may not be in the bar. In reality, they were looking over each other shoulders and describing to each other the skirt on offer, without having to look like they were scanning the bar for value.

‘Over Jimmy’s left shoulder’, G reported, ‘There’s a three set, but though one is really quite nice girl, the other two are rotters’.

‘I saw them as we came in’, Alain shuddered, ‘it’s an easy in I think. Talk to one of the gargoyles and they’ll rope the fit one in. I see that one Jimmy likes still talking to the guy over by that pumpkin lantern. Ate she’s nice, he’s a fat lad, but… a bit of a lad. I’m not sure what is going on there between them’.

Jimmy was impatient to make his first play. ‘See those fellas at the bar by close by my target set. See he’s got a Leeds United gym bag down by his feet. I’ve been on that game a few times. I’m going to talk to him and his crew. We can build a vibe and see if I can find a casual open on the fat lad’.



Who scores more, Harry or…?

The set Jimmy referred to was a group similar to his own, five males. These guys weren’t out for girls in particular, they were out for drink. They looked like rugby boys. They were slightly boisterous but not unfriendly in any way. Despite it being an all male set, it was a good pick as Jimmy could very likely ingratiate himself with a group that looked ‘dangerous’, but were actually far from it. He could look like the guy who tames the bull. If Tiger and Lukasz turned up with some pawns in the next five minutes, then even better. The rugby lads would love them for that.

One could indeed cut out all this labour and go straight in for a girl, straight off the bat, with whatever value you carry with you. One might get lucky or might not. Alternatively, olde school bar game theorised that you could spend five minutes working an environment and raise the players’ value in everyone’s eyes, not just the targets’. With his value high and a party behind him, a player suddenly finds sets open much easier, or indeed they open

him. It's always possibly that someone else got into a target while a player was working his value up. That's the trade off I guess. But it rarely happens and other men are easily handled. With a bit of game, after a while, other guys generally cease to be much of a challenge.

Jimmy got close enough to the rugby lads to hear their accents; he leant into the bar, ordered himself a drink and then casually noticed the gym bag.

'Ere, are you lads from Leeds then?' he beamed, pointing at the bag, 'I've been 'yon Elland Road loads of times, they're a rum bunch all right them Leeds'.

'He is, that monkey there', a stocky drunk man with a red face and short dark hair pointed cheerfully at one of his companions. 'He's a Northern monkey from Huddersfield'.

'Keep your eyes on your wallet', another shouted.

The group laughed raucously and Jimmy stepped away from the bar, moving slightly closer to his target set. He wanted the banter and vibe of his new set to filter into the attention of his target. While the play he saw was that he could somehow bring the fat lad she was talking to into the cacophony, it didn't really matter what the plan was, or even who the target currently was. All that really mattered was that now there was good energy and Jimmy was at the centre of it. He was having a laugh and he'd been in the bar less than 5 minutes.

The northern monkey looked grateful to have a fellow Northerner and asked Jimmy, 'Are you from Yorkshire too?'

'Worse!', he said, then looking at the others he threw out his punchline, 'I'm from Burnley', he looked to the roof and shouted 'keep your eyes on your wallet'.

That was all it took to set the laughter off. The group accepted Jimmy. G and Alain joined and general banter and discussion broke out between them all. Despite the fun times, the three knew, they never forgot, that they weren't there for beer and daft talk; they were there for building a vibe and creating opportunities to meet nice girls. They didn't know who or where yet, they just knew they had a platform cooking.

At that moment, Lukasz and Tiger returned with the four student girls from the aforementioned student set. It was perfect timing as a large group of guys was now blended in with several women. They now looked less like a rugby team and were a large mixed set, not too dissimilar from Jimmy's target set. Laughing and joking loudly, they were the life and soul of the bar.

There was no real master-plan, no set game afoot. Just five guys with a rough idea of what they wanted and rules that let them know what was expected of them and what they could expect of each other. This was the important part, as it gave them a kind of telepathy. No matter what the conversation seemed to be about, the five all knew what the real state of play was.

1. The student pawns belonged to one of either Tiger or Lukasz. Any interaction with those girls would acknowledge that context.

2. The player (Tiger or Lukasz) may, or may not, want them as targets.

3. Jimmy was likely still trying to find an angle into the brunette and that's why he'd set up this party set. It gave him no claim on the target set whatsoever, but as he'd done a good job getting the party started, most of the lads would probably give him a few moments leeway to work his way in.

4. The good vibe of the party set was a good springboard for everyone to open other sets now. They were the warm end of the pool in this bar. People were looking at them.

5. Again, until Jimmy actually opened up his target, he had no claim on her. If someone could get in there quicker and better, then good for them. It may be inconsiderate, but not actually against the rules. You couldn't reserve targets; you had to do something to win them. It's good for everyone as it spurs you into action.

6. You can rely on your wings to follow the rules, but not any other man.

There's no need for jealousy in game because every player's success benefits everyone else in the crew. Tiger and Lukasz pawn set reflected well on Jimmy. In turn, Tiger and Lukasz looked good to their set when they were able to say 'oh we're with those crazy guys over there, let's go and meet them'. You can have the night from hell and go home empty handed while your wing gets the '10'. But if you've winged him well, that '10' things you're just as cool as he is, and she has friends. Game is not played just over a bar or even a night. It's a castle you build brick by brick over months and maybe even years.

At this point chance played a card. Jimmy's target stood up from her bar stool and took her jacket off, glancing around, she folded it over her arm. The fat man's arms darted around the corners of the room. Jimmy guessed they were looking for the cloak room. He removed his jacket and walked over smiling.

'Do you guys know where the cloak-room is?', he asked.

'She is looking for it', said the fat lad. 'I haven't got a clue'.

'Yeah', Jimmy countered, 'well I think I saw it on the way in, over there'.

It was as simple as that. Jimmy set off in the direction of the cloakroom and she followed. The door was now open, but crucially, as Jimmy left with the target, he saw G walking over and introducing himself to the fat lad. That is what a good wing does.

1. Stops the fat lad following, giving the player a chance to work.
2. Opportunity to befriend and bring all her friends into the group.
3. Opportunity to DHV the player.

Knowing that when they returned from the cloakroom, the target set would be likely merged with his own; there was less pressure to actively game too his target too much. G had, in that one play, bought Jimmy probably half an hour to work. The five minutes at the cloakroom was neither here nor there. Jimmy used that five minutes to be fun, casual and indifferent to the targets hotness.

'Pleased to meet you, I'm Jimmy by the way'.

'I'm Carly', she beamed.

Jimmy seemed not to hear, 'The secret to a good New Year's Eve, in my opinion, is to not try hard. Don't expect much, just enjoy being with your friends', he cooed, as if speaking to himself.

'I agree, we came here because it was the only place we could have a quiet drink'.

Jimmy nodded knowingly, 'are they all your flatmates then?' (an obvious variant of 'so how do you guys know each other').

'Some are', she said. 'The three girls at the table, we all live in Putney together. The big guy with the dark hair and the white shirt, he is Rod, he's Claire's fiance. The rest of them are all Rod's friends'.

Jimmy imagined the conversation that set this night out up. 'Hey Rod, see if Claire's mates want to come out on new years with us. They're nice looking girls, I wouldn't mind getting to know them'.

Jimmy presumed there was nothing too serious between the fat boy and Carly, but that he was probably fancying his chances. The last thing he wanted to do too soon was to get anyone's back up and shut the set down. Best to build value slowly, push those attraction switches and make yourself the favourite under the radar. You don't need to be talking to a target to be building attraction. All she has to do is overhear or witness your game and attraction will be built. In fact, it can work a bomb if the target is not getting face time with you.

Imagine you're at a party and there's a super hot girl you like. Imagine she does a sexy dance. You witness it, but it's not for you. The fact it's not for you may doesn't make it less attractive. It maybe makes it more attractive. You wished it were for you. Being on the outside looking in makes one very hungry. That's the kind of desire you're

trying to generate in targets. I once got a girl's number at a private party by never speaking to her. It was on one of Lukasz works night outs. As an experiment, I followed her around all night and spoke loudly enough for hear to hear all my DHV stories. At the end of the night she walked over and gave me her phone number. I dated her for 3 months.

By the time the Jimmy and Carly returned to the main group, a lot of integration had taken place. G had brought the fat boy into a conversation with himself and Alain and the Northern monkey from Leeds was now with Carly's flatmates. Leeds and the flatmates seemed to be getting along like a house on fire, so the knaves figured why not just let him do the ground work for a while and swoop in later if the mood took them. Everyone was laughing and talking, it was a perfect free for all. The crew had been in the bar probably less than twenty minutes and they'd merged three sets and now had 6 immediate targets. When they came in they knew no one.

Reporting back to Alain, Jimmy motioned his arm, 'these girls are flatmates. She's engaged to him and the rest is open play I think. The blokes are all mates of the groom'.

'Subtle this Jimmy', Alain smiled. 'All this was done by being chatty and friendly and nothing more. No-one has hit on anyone yet, no-one has offered to buy any drinks and no-one has signalled they are on the hunt. No openers, no magic tricks. It's sophisticated and subtle game. I am beginning to think I could actually be a better man in time'.

'Aye', said Jimmy. 'She fancies me that girl. It's time to ask for that fumble in the bogs'.

'No!', exclaimed Alain, pulling him back, then patiently drawing breath, 'We're set up here. There's no need to rush. Just find a girl you like and go over, build a bit of attraction. Demonstrate your admirable values, get her to chase'.

'Well done Alain, you passed my test. Of course that's what I intend to do. I'll demonstrate my admirable values and get old Jimmy chased for a change'.

Jimmy liked the sound of being chased for a change. Why should he do all the hard work all the time? He was a man of high value now. He still lived in a pokey little room in the bad end of town, still slept in an unmade bed on a mattress on the floor, still wore the same clothes he was wearing when he was 17 and for a reason he never fully understood, most days he smelled faintly of cabbage. But all that that was just circumstances. Take it aside and you couldn't convince him now there was much difference between himself and his hero Cary Grant.

He saw Carly talking to Claire, Tiger and one of the student girls. He made eye contact with Tiger then a few seconds later casually sailed past.

'Ah, Jimmy', shouted Tiger, 'Just the man. Girls, have you met my best mate Jim', he lowered his voice playfully as if telling a great secret and whispered, 'one of the best rock and roll singers in London'.

For ten minutes, Jimmy and Tiger bounced off each other, they'd ask the girls questions to find out what interests the girls had, then playfully tease the girls and find ways to tell humorous stories of things they'd done.

'Ah you like rock climbing. Adventure sports. You're like the Lara Croft of Clapham, only drunker. Jimmy remember the time we were in Malaga and we went bungee jumping'.

They came across exactly as they actually were, two good friends with a shared history of adventure and, at heart, men of good values. A veneer of bad boy enough to be interesting, but really below that, decent guys who you want to be around because you want to be a part of their next stories. The girls clearly liked them. No longer strangers in a bar, they were shiny new friends with great lives. Carly in turn was not a party girl, she was polite and friendly, she worked as a school teacher and liked to sail boats and paint in her spare time. When she mentioned her artistic aspirations, Jimmy felt it was time to single her out and notice her.

'That's very interesting Miss… Carly? You're an artist. Now tell me, are you a great artist or do you just throw some paper and a soup can on the floor and take a photo?'

She laughed and said, 'No, I paint and I like to make mosaics out of glass and stone. I do pottery too. I've got my own pottery wheel'.

‘That’s good. It’s good for the character to have an artistic streak, makes someone interesting and it gives us something to do on the Sunday when the pubs are shut’.

‘So you play in a band?’, she laughed.

‘It’s not so much a big deal’, Jimmy waved his arm dismissively, ‘you know these guys all really love it and to hear them you’d think we’re the next U2, but we’re just another middle of the road London rock band. To be honest, I’m like you, I’m more than happy with my job. I do well. I think full time rock and roll would be too much fast living for me’.

‘Oh, so what do you do?’

‘I build IT networks for law firms and banks. I don’t do the actual work, I manage a team of engineers. I make sure the work gets done properly. It’s a lot of responsibility, but my boss and I get on really well. I don’t even see it as work really’. Jimmy paused and said, ‘In fact, fuck it, I love it so much, I’m going to to go the office right now’.

He feigned to leave and Carly pulled him back laughing, saying, ‘you talk like a proper Northerner, don’t you’.

At this point the Rod and the fat lad came to join them. It was entirely understandable. Their women were engrossed in conversation with some other men so they had a duty to check it out. Interruptions are a part and parcel of game, especially bar game. While often unwanted they can sometimes be used to your advantage. For one, they give you some time and space to work out the next play. For now, Jimmy focused his attention on Rod and the fat lad. He dropped all his focus on Carly and put it on the guys. He betrayed no disappointment that he just wanted to talk to Carly and he didn’t try to get it back to just her and him at the first opportunity. On the contrary, he was genuine and enthusiastic in his interactions with the men. He sold it well. He let them know he had nothing to hide and gave the impression that he was just as happy to laugh and joke with guys as he was girls. He also knew any DHV he delivered to Rod (and winning Rod over was a DHV in itself) would be heard by Carly. An interrupt is often not an interrupt. Just a change of play. Jimmy saw this as a chance to follow the maxim ‘lead the men and the women will follow’.

Jimmy knew at this point it was going well, he liked Carly and she liked him. He recognised that he’d have to pass the night in and out of her company to make sure he kept her interest and he’d have to make sure he got a chance to discreetly get her number well before she left, so he couldn’t leave that until the last minute and have to do it with all her friends waiting.

This timing concern woke him up after a while. The night was wearing on and there were other people in the bar. You can’t let things go too cold. You do at some point have to hit on your target. Just do it when you know she’s interested. After a while the obvious next step came to Jimmy’s scheming little mind.

He saw Lukasz and the lad from Huddersfield still dancing and flirting with the student girls from the pawn set. One of the girls was a cute, small blonde who seemed to be loving all the big Pole’s attention. He drifted over to Lucasz and greeted him warmly. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Alain sidle up to Carly and introduce himself.

‘Hey, I need a bit of Luke time as well, it’s not New Year without a sprinkling of my perfect Polish pal’.

‘Guys this is my friend Jimmy’. Lukasz announced, ‘Or as we call him ‘Mr. New Year’s Eve’.

‘Ding dong, ding dong!’, Jimmy said, wobbling his head.

It was the kind of meaningless waffle that you can just say in set and if the vibe is right and everyone will laugh. Lukasz had these girls so pumped up that he had exactly that vibe. He didn’t seem to need any help in this set, they would laugh at anything. The Huddersfield lad seemed to have a cool vibe of his own too and was clearly more than capable of rolling along and following Lukasz lead. Jimmy could have stuck bread-sticks up his nose and they’d have all thought it was high comedy. They lapped the tomfoolery up like hungry kittens. Out of the corner of his eye, Jimmy could see Alain still talking to Carly. He was smiling knowingly and gesticulating, while looking over in Jimmy’s direction. Carly’s eye’s were transfixed. Jimmy knew what was going on. Before game, this would have

been a bad sign. Not now.

'I don't want to crash your set Luke', he whispered, 'but I need a jealousy plot-line'. 'She's into me is that Carly, but I got interrupted and it's staled out a bit. I need a bit more juice to get it over the line'.

'Dance with this blonde', Lukasz pointed, 'she's just brilliant, watch this.



"HADOUKEN"', he shouted as he imitated Ken and Ryu's power move from *Street Fighter II*, blasting the blonde with an imaginary ball of firy energy. The blonde threw her arms in the air and repeated 'HOW DO KEN' while her friends fell about laughing.

'OK, she can sing, she can shake, but… can she dance?', Jimmy taunted. He grabbed her hand and raised it, the blonde span around like a top under his arm. Predictably, everyone laughed. Jimmy wondered if they'd been smoking pot.

'That'll do', Jimmy said smiling. He set off to walk away, then, as an afterthought, remembering wing etiquette, he returned and pointing to Lukasz announced to the girls, 'this man taught me everything I know… about… err… wrestling crocodiles'.

'You wrestle crocodiles?', the blonde asked wide eyed.

As Jimmy left he let his eye's meet Carly's by chance. She was standing with Alain and her friends and had obviously been waiting for Jimmy to leave his set. She smiled at him as he looked up and walked up to them. He laughed and said to them 'Half an hour until New Year guys'. Then turning to Carly, 'another year of perfect paint and pottery for you, I suppose?'

The interaction now just felt different. After the fear of loss it was almost as if Carly had decided, 'if I get the chance again, I am going to make sure I take it'. The returning from the other set had also seemed to have proven to and assured Carly that Jimmy was someone she could count on. The fact everyone liked him wouldn't distract him from the fact he liked her. Everything that happened between them after this point was a forgone conclusion. The swapping of numbers, the date. The relationship that lasted several months. None of that needed to be gamed out. The game part was done as soon as he returned from that Lukasz set. All that needed to be said was 'you're a really nice woman. You and me, we're going to go out for a drink later this week' and they were set on their course.

The social dynamics management part of Mystery Method is really only required while you're getting a target's attention. Night game is a lot of plotting and strategy, setting up social dynamics in your favour in order to deliver sometimes just a few words. The whole point of game is that it gives you the means to raise your value in those early moments before you approach and before you make your intentions clear. It's easier to sell a product someone

already wants or that they have been considering, than to sell the idea cold. Create the desire, then make the sale.

Back in the day a lot of non game friends told me that **Mystery Method** was unnecessary over thinking and that you could 'just walk over and say 'hello' and not waste all the time'. But none of these guys were regularly dating particularly hot girls. They certainly weren't dating more than one or two decent looking girls a year. The truth of it that I saw was that for most guys, they would just be yet another guy saying 'hello' and that doesn't bear much fruit. We'd go out as a game crew and after a while, most nights at least one if us would get something really good. I didn't see these results from non game friends. I just saw a lot of claims to game being 'easy' and 'you just say hello', but I didn't see the results.

But none of that really mattered to me. Night game is a great team game and we were a team. We liked the over-thinking. We liked the game. The best part of the pickup in this story was when I spoke to Alain a few days later as we had coffee in Wimbledon, where we both lived. I asked him what he said about me to Carly while I was doing the jealously plot-line with the blonde girl and he just laughed and said, 'oh God you know. The usual stuff'. It didn't really need to be explained or confirmed what he did. He just did what we did. We looked out for each other and played our roles. Truth is, win, lose or draw we were having the time of our lives and we knew it.

You can find Jimmy at his blog here

January 2019 Memoir Update

krauserpua · 20 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I'm more of a writer than a daygamer now. That's somewhat obvious to those of you masochists who still read my blog in the vain hope I'll start posting interesting stuff again ***[1]***. This blog began way back in 2009 with the explicit goal of logging my Player's Journey from stumbling amateur to (hopefully) mPUA.

Am I now an mPUA? I'd like to think so, if such a creature exists.

Now that 2019 rolls around my goal hasn't really changed. I still want to log my Player's Journey. Only now I'm looking back on it and I'm really into writing books. So, I'm all about the memoir. Of all my projects, it's the memoir that is dearest to my heart. It's the culmination of the whole blog project ***[2]***. It's only fair I give y'all an update on how that's going. Take a deep breath, it's complicated.

My rewrite of volume one (*Balls Deep*) is done. It's currently 210k words, massively expanded from the original 130k, and completely rewritten. It might as well be a completely new book. It's currently "in editing" but that's held up because my preferred editor is way behind schedule. It was promised before Christmas but all kinds of calamity has occurred ***[3]***.

Volumes two, three, and four are all published in nice colour editions on Ingram and available on Amazon and Aero (for US customers only) – and of course here. Those are final versions and will not be rewritten or updated. They are all significantly improved from the B/W versions still on Lulu.

Now is where it gets interesting.

The full Nick Krauser **[4]** memoir will be SEVEN volumes. Yes, seven. I only decided for sure today. What's all that about then? Let me explain.

Originally I was happy to close out the memoir with *Adventure Sex*, ending my story at December 2014. However, I continued to daygame right up until spring of 2018. That's when I finally decided my Player's Journey was over. I'm not done with women by any means, but the Euro-Jaunting notch-hunting technique-refining lifestyle I'd followed for many years was over. Knowing there was an end point to the story and I'd already reached it meant something important to me regarding the memoir – I had an end-point to which I could write and it was possible to tell my whole player story.

That got me motivated again. So, I decided to write two further volumes. One to cover 2015/16 (volume 5) and one to cover the rest (2017/18 – volume 6). The latter events being fresher in my mind, I took advantage of that improved recall for detail and wrote *Little Brown Sex Machines*. I have the completed draft sitting on my hard drive. Roy Walker has already test read it ***[5]***

So, do I finalise *Balls Deep Second Edition* or *Little Brown Sex Machines* first?

Neither, sir. Neither!

I decided to write volume five. Just get all the drafts done and edit at my leisure. I began writing ten days ago and just half an hour ago I reached a key milestone: 50k words. One third of the projected total book size. That means volume five is no longer a coulda-shoulda-woulda nebulous concept. It's a very real book and 1/3 of it is already done.

However, it's now clear that it'll take all 150k words to cover the many stories and shenanigans of 2015 alone. It'll take ***another*** 150k for the outstanding 2016 period. So now volume five is split into two, making seven in total.

Bored yet?

Allow me to summarise all this nonsense for the few of you still reading:

> #1 **Balls Deep** – second edition draft is completed
> #2 **A Deplorable Cad** – published
> #3 **Younger Hotter Tighter** – published
> #4 **Adventure Sex** – published
> #5 Untitled – first draft 1/3 written ***current project***
> #6 Untitled – nothing. Pie in the sky fantasy as yet
> #7 **Little Brown Sex Machines** – first draft is completed

There will be no volume 8 because I've not done anything worth writing about since the period covered by *LBSM* ends. I intend to keep racing through #5 for the next month or so and – ambitious though the schedule is – to finish the first draft by the end of February. I will then turn my attention to preparing all three books for publication.

Only then will I begin the last leg of this project – volume 6. That's the plan, anyway. It may all change fast. Writing is a precarious activity.

[1] Mind you, I got an SDL with a hot Russian tourist on my third approach of 2019. So, I'm not quite ready for the knacker's yard.
[2] Well, that and getting paid.
[3] The draft is safe. It's his edit work that he contrived to delete somehow. Added to technical and other issues, the whole thing is problematic.
[4] TM
[5] Eventually

Millennials Among The Ruins Out Now

krauserpua · 31 January 2019 · Archived copy · Original

"Nick, weren't there ***four*** guys taking up your Winter Memoir Challenge?" asked some lad I don't know in the comments. What fortuitous timing because I had just received the email from one of the four announcing he has pulled the trigger on publishing his first memoir.

So, with **Thomas Crown** having made a strong statement of intent with his memoir before Christmas, it is the turn of **Oswald Kuragin** to throw down the gauntlet with *Millennials Among The Ruins*….

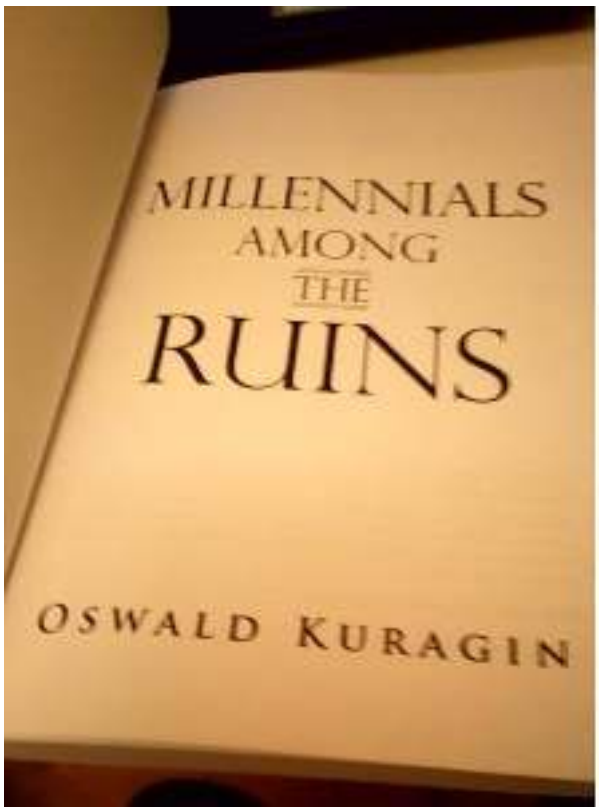


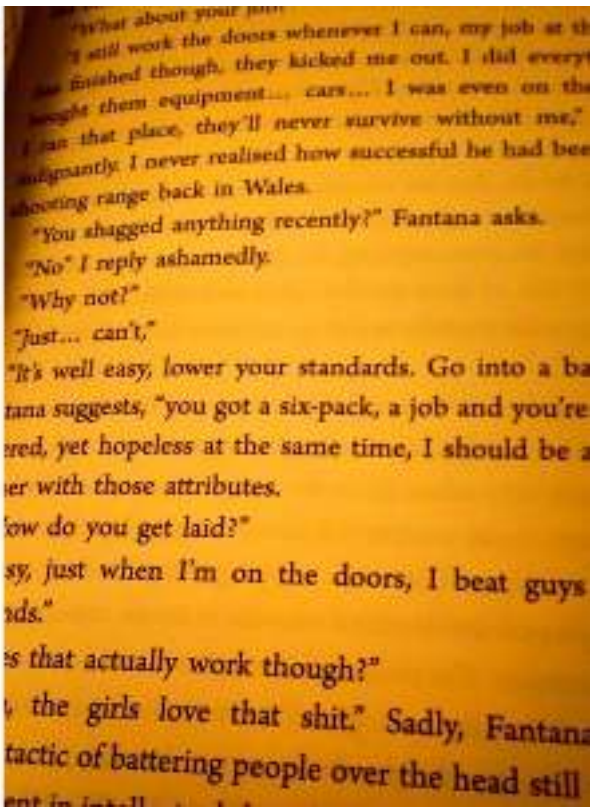
You want squalor? You want Bottom World? You want to see a man mired in a world of alcohol abuse, strip-clubs, and liberal arts student go onto a long journey of Game and self-development? Well, let's hear how Kuragin describes his memoir:

> In this horrific and depressing tale, Ozz presents us with his descent into the dark depths of Edinburgh's underbelly: the goth subculture, Pick-Up Artistry and long, freezing cold nights of excess and self-indulgence. The Twenty-First Century has never looked bleaker.

I was fortunate to receive the first draft of this last autumn and found it a good solid read. It differs from the usual daygame memoir because though Kuragin is an actual on-the-street-doing-his-sets daygamer, his book is written to cover the full panorama of squalor of which daygame is but a piece. Right from the beginning I was regaled with stories of closet homosexuals running dating skills meet-ups, of drunken strip club addicts, and of insufferably pretentious art-cafe students.

This is a proper 372-page book available now in paperback on Lulu and on Kindle at Amazon. We are lucky to have a new crop of memoirs coming through from a new bunch of writers. Let's encourage this creative output and reward the writers for giving us another real-life document and another view on the avant-garde lifestyle we all swear allegiance to.


MILLENNIALS
AMONG
THE
RUINS
OSWALD KURAGIN


"What about your job?"
"I still work the doors whenever I can, my job at th
finished though, they kicked me out. I did everyt
bought them equipment... cars... I was even on th
I was that place, they'll never survive without me,"
malignantly. I never realised how successful he had bee
shooting range back in Wales.
"You shagged anything recently?" Fantana asks.
"No" I reply ashamedly.
"Why not?"
"Just... can't,"
"It's well easy, lower your standards. Go into a ba
Fantana suggests, "you got a six-pack, a job and you're
bored, yet hopeless at the same time, I should be a
pier with those attributes.
"How do you get laid?"
"Hey, just when I'm on the doors, I beat guys
hands."
"Is that actually work though?"
"Yeah, the girls love that shit." Sadly, Fantana
tactic of battering people over the head still
went in intell

Player's Path – London Seminar on March 2nd

krauserpua · 15 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

It's been something of an annual custom for me to do two things in winter: release a major new product, and do a London seminar. Though I was tempted to do both an infield video product and a new daygame textbook this year, ultimately…. I just couldn't be bothered. The memoir is more important to me, so I'm doing that first.

However, I do rather enjoy these seminars. It's nice to visit my old stomping ground in London. At last year's ***Daygame Infinite*** talk there was a big room full of keen daygamers and I got properly steaming drunk right after. Happy times.

So, imagine my pleasure when Eddie Hitchens of **Street Attraction** raised the topic of doing another seminar this year. He was sitting on some infields he and Richard had shot, and also a book he'd been working on. Their fellow coach George had been on a deep dive into the sociology side of Game and the manosphere. The Street Attraction lads had things they wanted the world to see.

As did I.

I'd only recently committed myself to finishing the seven-volume memoir series. Rather than pitch a product at the seminar, I quite fancied the idea of taking a holistic look back at my Player's Journey, at the themes that emerged as I tackled each volume of the memoir. This would be the first time presenting live where, as far as I was concerned, I was looking ***back*** on the Game rather than being intimately involved as an active player. What interesting snippets could I share to men following the same road as myself, men who started later and have yet to see things I've grown very familiar with?

Everything is lined up now. The venue is booked. The ticket page is up.



Definitely not influenced by Resident Evil 2 or Days Gone logos.

So, if you'd like to hear me rattled on about life as a player, go sign up. Eddie, Richard, and George will also be presenting so you won't have to suffer my rambling for the whole six hours. More details on the ticket page here.

P.S. *In other news, I decided I will coach some residentials this year. Check this page for more details, and there's a detailed review from a former client here. I'll post more soon, but I'm accepting enquiries now. I'll probably limit myself to three clients for 2019.*

BlackDragon is a pathetic delusional cuck

krauserpua · 21 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original





I'll pass, thanks

I promised myself that this year I would resist the temptation to play PUA Police. The world is so full of bullshitters and charlatans that exposing them is like a game of whack-a-mole. A wannabe seducer needs to develop his own nose for fakes, a calibration skill that will serve him well when dealing with women. Think about it: if you can't spot an incompetent fraud like JMULV, how likely are you to penetrate the layer of subterfuge that covers female interactions with men?

One thing I've noticed lately is how many men will take a fraud seriously just because the guy has a blog / book / YouTube channel. Their reasoning seems to be, "this guy is a legitimate expert whose advice I ought to follow, because he says on his own marketing platform that he is." Pick-up adversely selects for men who are naive, unable to read social cues, easily hoodwinked, and who over-rate book learning. Write a blog, hawk an ebook, and get some credulous seminar booker or podcaster to talk about you…. that's it. You can now sell memberships to a **Superior Man Inner Circle**.

You people really need to learn to evaluate the evidence presented. Just because a random man on the internet tells you he's an Alpha Male doesn't make it so. Does he have an Instagram that is all bluff, showing a lonely wandering existence with no friends, no girls, and no visible success (e.g. Christian Macqueen, Troy Francis)? Perhaps you should prioritise the evidence of your eyes over his claims to be a social circle whizz or lone wolf sigma. Does his Instagram show him with lots of obvious hookers that he claims are notches (e.g. JMULV)? Does he talk like a double glazing salesman, full of glib evasion and clumsy Cialdini-like persuasion and his life seems locked into a squalid circle of messy apartments and fruity short-term 'friends' (e.g. Beckster)?

It's not hard. Trust your nose. If someone looks, talks and quacks like a fruitcake, he's probably a fruitcake.

I love Donald J. Trump and I'd love to see him **Make America Great Again.** We can start with the USA's pick-up community because it's undoubtedly the worst in the world. Perhaps because it's the biggest market and thus attracts the most scammers. Perhaps it's because Americans tend to be a trusting bunch. Perhaps it's because America uses 80% of the world's prescription drugs and therefore roiding up till you are red in the face and shoving nootropics down your gullet doesn't strike you as very odd behaviour indeed for a man of high self-esteem. I don't

know what the cause is, but America is positively rife with bullshitting PUAs.

The funniest of these is BlackDragon. And oh my god, is he funny.

I read BD a while ago and immediately smelled a rat. By his own admission he's an unattractive middle-aged man living in the Portland area who gets laid mostly from online dating sites. Just stop and think about that. If that one-sentence description didn't immediately set alarm bells ringing, you are clueless.

Portland is SJW-central. It's an absolute hell-hole of unattractive women. It's not Prague, or Belgrade, or Moscow. It's one of the ugliest cities in a country full of ugly women. Now add in the fact BD is not using high-level daygame. He's using online dating which, as every man who cold approaches will attest, always leads to a drop of a point or two (minimum) from cold approach. Take it further: BD is an older gent chasing younger women, and thus aiming very high. Lastly, he's admitted to being physically unattractive – while searching for women in a format where age or photos are the most important criteria in passing the first filter for hook point.

BlackDragon would need *exceptional* charisma to surmount these odds. There's your first red flag.



It's not his looks or physique is it?

The second red flag was how he constantly positioned himself as an Alpha Male and then directs you to either self-referential blogposts (i.e. circular sourcing, which doesn't increase credibility) or to products with buzzword titles and taglines. That carries the unmistakable whiff of the online bullshit artist attempting to dip his hands in the pocket of a newbie before he learns the lay of the land.

The third red flag were BlackDragon's preposterous claims about MLTR (Multiple Long-Term Relationships, i.e. open) and monogamy. Not only that, but about raising children in such an environment. Even if you took him at his word (which I don't) BD was advocating raising children in an environment where his dad is openly sleeping with women who aren't his mother, where his father has openly rejected monogamy and love of his mother, and where mummy is sleeping around like a worthless whore too. That's child abuse. It's spectacularly tone-deaf and egocentric. I'll tell you something right now: the only men who obsess over "harems", "rotations", and "MLTRs" are men who either don't have them, or are flush with the excitement of recently getting that kind of action. It's an ego-driven goal and the thrill wears off very quickly. That BD is constantly puffing his chest out about it is a huge red flag that his reality isn't very impressive at all.

Then, of course, we get to the absence of evidence. Having, according to his marketing spiel, lived the *Alpha Male Lifestyle* for six years sleeping with *Ultra Very Young Women* it would be reasonable to suppose he'd have a ton of evidence to prove it. I mean, if you've persuaded UVYW to sleep with you in MLTRs and you're an Alpha Male, then persuading them to let you post evidence about it shouldn't be too hard. Every legitimate PUA finds a way to

do so.

From 2014 onward I made very little effort to continue proving my bona fides but you can still find plenty of infields, Same Day Lay videos, and pictures of me with hot girls. You can bump into me on the streets, or interrogate active daygamers who've winged or travelled with me. It's really not hard to prove your bona fides if you actually have game.

Anyway. All those preceding paragraphs explain why I very quickly dismissed BlackDragon as just another basement-dwelling bullshitter. It took about half an hour and skimming through a dozen blogposts of his. I left it at that. The reason I return to the subject is my faithful commentors have done far more research and fleshed out just how delusional and full of shit BlackDragon really is.

And oh my God is it comically funny. Let's start with the best one.

Please read this post. I beg you to. It's cringe on a level beyond **Ricky Gervais** or **Mr Bean**. Here's the summary: Black Dragon married an ageing mudshark who was hitting the wall and brought along her bastard offspring of a deadbeat negro wanderer. I didn't make that up or infer it. Those are the literal facts contained within his own blogpost. If my friends like Roy Walker or Mr White had SDL'd such a skank outside Palladium mall at midnight I'd have never let them live it down. BlackDragon *wifed her up* for ten years and adopted the mystery-meat son as his own.

> "Fortunately, my son's bio-dad is a loser whom he doesn't even remember, and was living in another state when we got married, so it was game on. She was a white blonde Barbie, and her son was a fun half-black half-white hyper kid. She became my wife, he became my son."

He literally cucked. Rollo has great posts on this kind of self-abasement. Read through them to get a feel for just how craven and weak a man must be to knowingly put himself into that position. His kid has wisely rejected the squalid ego-driven hooker-shagging of his dad. Probably because this kind of thing kept happening:

> "My rule with my kids in terms of the women I see is that none of my women are allowed to have access to my kids in any way whatsoever unless the woman has proven to me that she's going to stick around for a very long time. As you might imagine, very few women ever get that far, so the vast majority of the women I sleep with never, ever meet my kids, even in passing.
>
> Of course life isn't perfect, so there have been occasions where the schedule gets fucked up and my daughter might see a woman quickly leaving the house or something. I do admit that's happened before, but not often."

Poor kid.

But there's more! Read this one.

Now he's admitting that he uses hookers, while desperately trying to convince himself that it's not whoremongering and that these women he pays for sex are not like those other women that other men pay for sex. He calls it "sugar daddy game" – yes, ***game***. Paying women to sleep with you is game now. Like every other delusional whoremonger he spends considerable time convincing himself the women genuinely like him and he's not just a pathetic loser.

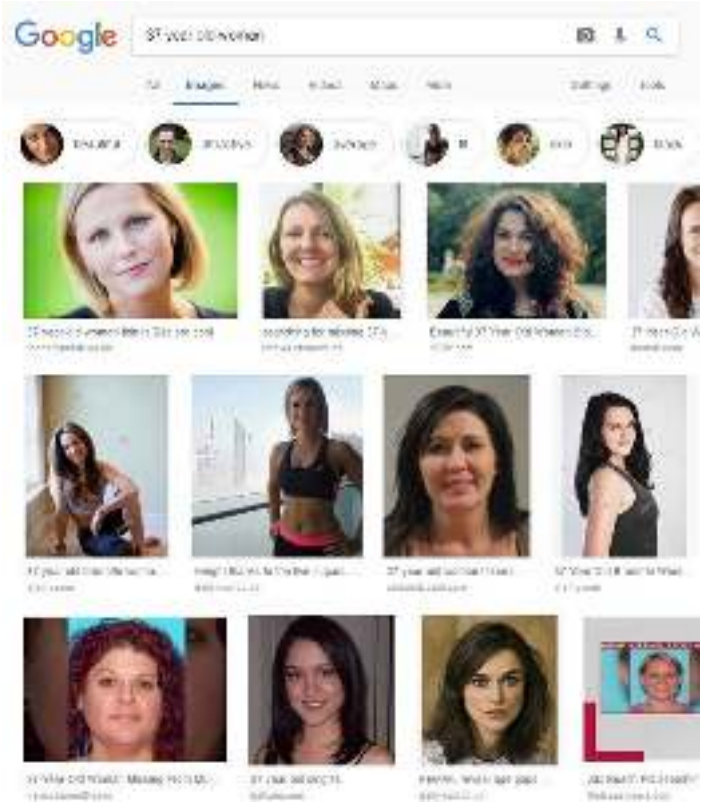
Look, how much more evidence do you need? If it's not enough that he married a skank six years older than him, got knowingly cucked with her son, and has to pay to have sex, what more do you need to convince you he has no game and isn't any kind of role model to pattern your life on? He is like a posterboy for Rollo's archetypal victim of femcentrism.

At least his women aren't openly cucking him by letting other men bang them out. Oh wait, what's this?

"Fortunately, since I'm an Alpha Male 2.0 and outcome independent…" he says. ***Oh, my sides!*** Wait, it gets even better. Here he is describing the yo-yo knickered slag: "She's blonde, trim, super hot, and what most men would

consider a 9 or 10 unless you don't like blonde white women. I'm not going to show you photos at this time so please don't ask. She's 37 years old."

A 37 year old 10. Yes, he actually said that.



Tens! I see nothing but tens!

But she's no doubt sweet and girl and feminine…. "She's a corporate woman with many years of professional experience. She has an impressive resume and is an extremely hard worker. This is another common trait with women I really like and tend to be attracted to." If you're reading this Roissy, please go easy on him! BD is ticking more boxes on Rollo's checklist of cucked effeminate clueless beta: the inversion of male-female polarity and the valorisation of women's resumes in the male sphere.

It's going to hurt my head to continue. Let's summarise. BlackDragon is an ***internet alpha***. He's a mouthy deluded low-value cuck who pays for sex, his girlfriend is a busted old shrike who sleeps with other men, and his head is full of all the beta brainwashing Rollo has dedicated his life to undoing. BlackDragon offers no evidence whatsoever that he has game. Obviously. He has constructed a complex front in which he's really an Alpha Male 2.0, an enlightened modern man with an innovative lifestyle, and a source of learning for a future generation of womanizers.

In short, he's completely delusional.



Did your wife's boyfriend give you permission to wear that suit?

"BlackDragon" is a false idealised self for the low-value, pathetic cuck that is Caleb Jones as he tries to convince himself and others that he's not an ageing shlub shacked up with a skank, pays hookers to pretend to like him, and role-plays "father" to another man's son.

Really, people? At least JMULV knows he's full of shit.

If you've already given BlackDragon your money then you're too far gone for my books to be any use to you. But, here's the link anyway.

How many suckers joined BlackDragon's Loser Club?

krauserpua · 26 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I'm curious. I think **BlackDragon** is a faker and full of shit. His "rebuttal" to my accusation that he's a pathetic delusional cuck was nothing of the sort. It was a squirt of squid ink: obfuscation masquerading as rebuttal.

When you're over the target, that's when you get the flak.

It's one thing to read a man's material, watch his videos, and conclude he's full of shit. It's quite another to watch him dissemble and run away *in real time*. BlackDragon made oh-so-big-a-deal about him being all about the business and that my post lead to a rapid +19% rise in his eBook sales ***[1]***. There are also people accusing me of attacking him in an attempt to lure his Loser Club over to my business. Something rang false, again. So, I'm increasingly suspicious that the BlackDragon Alpha Male 2.0 scam is more of a Potemkin village than I'd first credited. I don't ***know*** it is, so I'm posting this to see if my readers can confirm one way or the other.



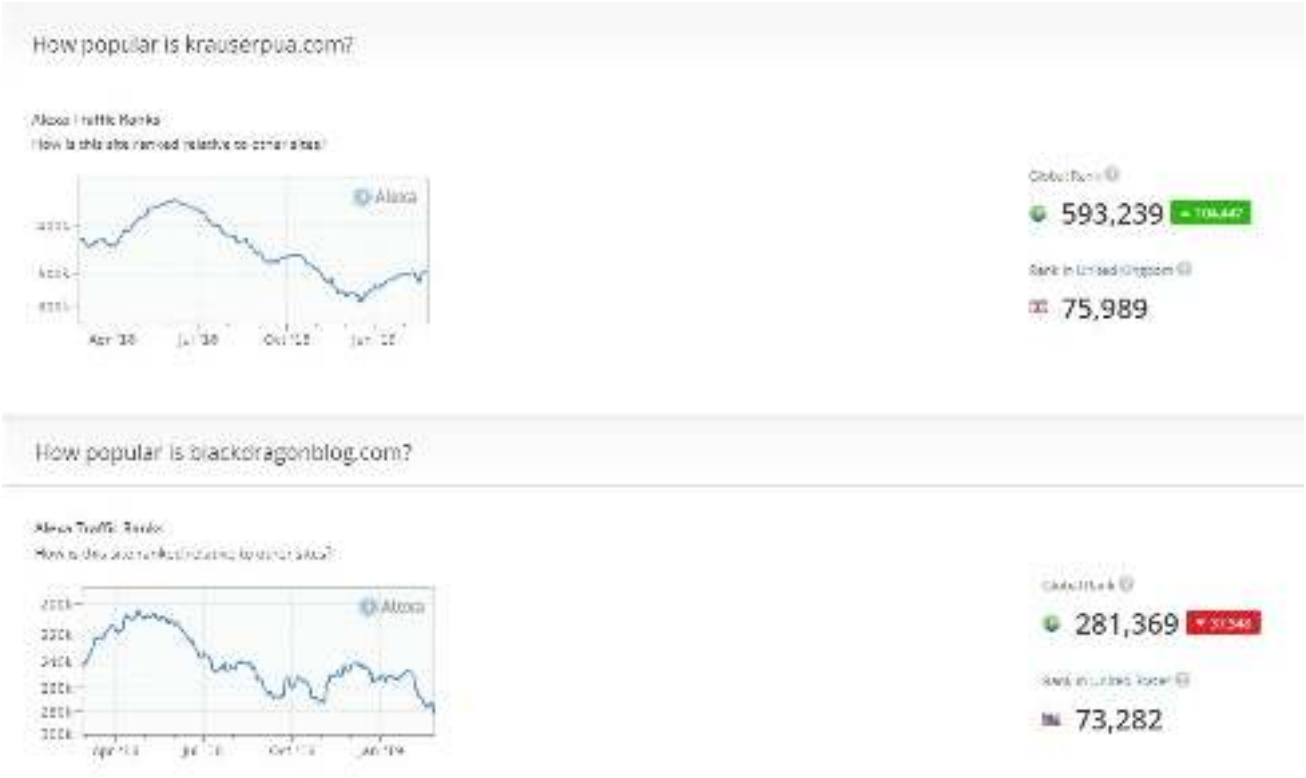
An internet loudmouth gets 103 comments



A titan of business gets 63-10=53 comments

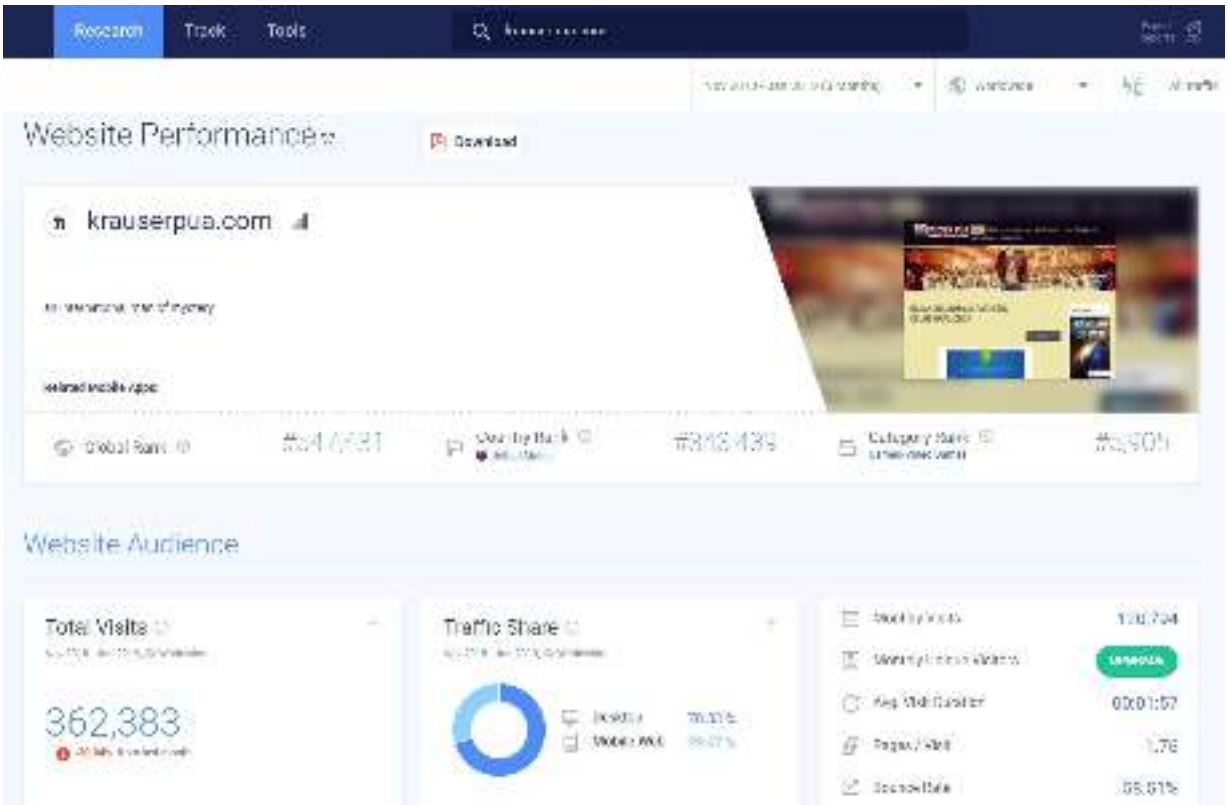
Here are the red flags:
1. His post got 63 comments so far, of which 10 are from him. So, 53 from real people. Mine has 103, all real people.
2. His side bar claims 20,000 subscribers on his email list. That's A LOT [2]
3. His Alexa rank is high than mine, but not massively so.
4. His SimilarWeb stats are not much higher than mine in any respect. This despite my solidly neglecting my blog

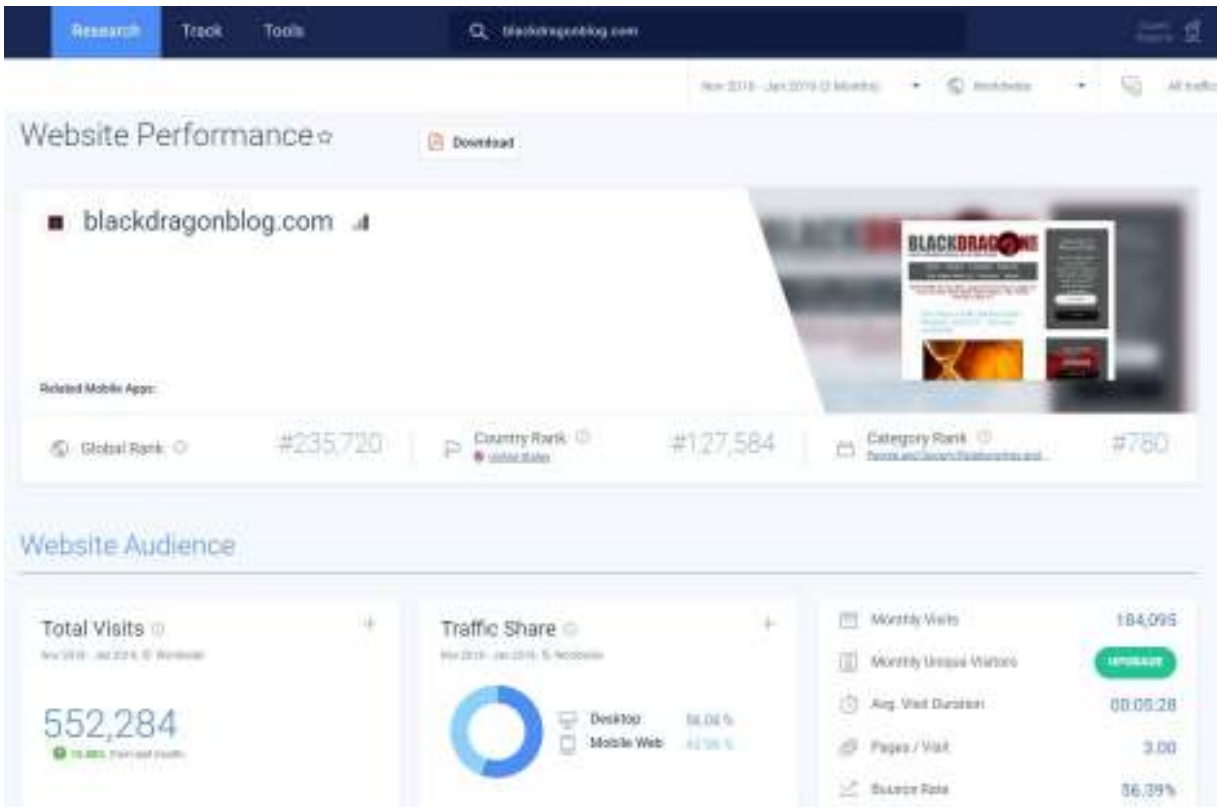
while he actively curates his.



I know I'm in a tiny niche. Does he?

My initial conclusion is that his level or traffic and engagement does not support his grandiose image of his business. I know I occupy a tiny niche and I live comfortably but nothing to puff my chest out about. If you can throw the rock of 20,000 subscribers into a pool, I'd expect more ripples.





So, what's going on? Does BlackDragon have a big successful business and it merely isn't fully represented in his reader engagement and traffic? Or are his business claims as delusional as the claims of his sex life? I really don't know. I'm no expert in analysing websites from a distance. Are there any experts in this area?

It seems relevant to me. This clown has the temerity to ask readers for $9597 per year to join his VIP Losers Club. I'm curious just how many suckers he's lured into his shell game.

All Blackdragon / Caleb Jones Online Courses Are FREE – Anyone at the Nuclear level gets instant FREE access to any online courses I create.

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Frequently Asked Questions

Nuclear indeed

[1] The proceeds of which will fund him for a few more hookers. Glad to be a help to his sex life.
[2] If it were true, lol.

Two Months In Prague

krauserpua · 28 February 2019 · Archived copy · Original

You all know my shtick: Euro-jaunt season begins in late-March and runs to early-November. Then there's an off-season hibernation in which I recuperate and catch up on my projects. It was different this time around because in summer ***I quit daygame***. That revulsion period lasted awfully long, the longest and deepest I've ever experienced.

I'm done being a notch-hunting player, but not done with girls. Hence, at some point, I'd need to get back in the saddle and make a go of it. Wanting to at least leave the option of daygame open, should my revulsion lift, spending my winter in Newcastle was ruled out.

So where?

Well, the third world is fucking disgusting. I've already tried Mexico, Brazil, and Thailand. Shit-holes. Never again. The Balkans and Russian Federation are too damn cold. I settled on Prague. If nothing else, it's a lively and beautiful city. I flew out on the 4th January and returned to the UK not quite two months later. I set myself some goals, in descending order of importance:

1. Gym and Diet
2. Writing
3. Reading
4. Daygame

Now the two-month period is up, I'll tally my score against objectives. Not really sure why anyone would care, but this blog is about my life's path, so suck it up.



Like this, but a dozen kilos fatter

Gym and Diet

I'd become a right fat bastard. Since first moving to Japan in 2000 I'd been fairly fit and trim, right up until 2014. My mental self-image was as a fit, healthy young man. By 2015 the reality was starting to slip further away from it.

The fattest I ever got was 86kg and a 36 inch waist in January 2017. I lost a bit that year but remained chubby. In the summer of 2018 I weighed 83kg and dared not measure my waist – probably 35 inches.

Still, when I looked at myself in the mirror I didn't seem fat – not to my naked eye. Especially when I sucked my belly in. My self-delusion was broken in June 2018 in Warsaw. My Ukrainian regular came around for sex and she's quite happy to have me record her on camera. So, I videoed my fucking her. When I watched back the tape, I was horrified. I looked fucking disgusting naked. Bitch tits, distended stomach, puff face, thick smooth thighs. I felt sorry for the poor girl. Love is blind.



Lip up, fatty

My next stop was Belgrade where, as luck would have it, I was sharing an apartment with Jimmy for a week. He'd just begun an extreme calorie restriction diet. I joined him. We spent all week eating barely 1000 calories a day, competing to see who was hungriest. It was awful, but the weight dropped off. I continued the starvation diet until the end of August, when a bodybuilder friend explained I need to do it smarter. I agreed – I'd weakened by immune system so much I was bedridden with 'flu three times in two months.

Still, better than being fat.

I've been training hard and watching my diet ever since. My highest priority in Prague was to maintain this discipline. It was a success. I didn't miss a single gym session, nor miss a single day's diet target. 100% success on my top priority – easy really, it's all within my control. I ended my weight cut in early February at 71kg with a 29 inch waist, 39 inch chest. Since then I'm targeting lean gains and a daily +300 calorie surplus. I've only gained 0.5kg so far as the glycogen, water, and food weight stablise.

Writing

The big goal was to write another memoir, finishing the first draft before leaving Prague. Initially I expected to do a single volume to cover 2015 and 2016. That soon became impractical, as I'd need to rush too many stories and leave too much out. So, I split the period to give each year its own volume. My Prague goal was to finish volume 5, for 2015.

I've done that. It's a 40 chapter, 155k word draft now. I'm happy with it. It can now be added to the queue of

memoir volumes to be edited. It feels like a weight off my shoulders, not just because writing a big book in two months is quite a task. It also puts me 6/7ths towards completing my memoir project. Additionally, I was concerned I might not remember enough details to tell the stories well. I needn't have feared. Additionally, my Instagram account and Airbnb booking history helped me get the timeline exactly right, with all the stories in order.



Now I gotta start writing this one

Reading

This was a high priority last year and writing a review after each book was rather demanding. I relieved myself of that for 2019. There were no targets for reading, just a general sense that I want to maintain my reading momentum. I've come to very much enjoy it, so much so that my Netflix and video game time has shrunk to almost nothing.

I read 35 books in two months. Many were normal novels, but there were also three massive Alexandre Dumas epics, and a massive Great American Novel. I can also tick off 'reading' as a success.



Proper big bastards

Daygame

And here we get to the goal that was least important and also least within my control. My intent remained low, but I was pleased to find on some days I was enjoying it again. The extended break had rekindled some of my interest. I did very few solo sets but had a regular wing from England, and also Roy Walker was over for a weekend when I gave it a good effort.

Overall, I did around 60 sets. Maybe a bit more, I wasn't logging them. I got an SDL with a hot Russian tourist I met in Palladium. She made it rather easy for me, and my game felt out of practice so I was lucky that it didn't matter. I dated a few more girls of the type I really like, including a very memorable Kazahk village girl. Ultimately, only the Russian panned out.

About 3/4 of the time, my game felt way off the peak. For the 1/4 it went well, it was almost like the good old days. Those latter sets were great fun and I remembered why I like daygame. Overall, I'll say this was a qualified success. The worst of the revulsion is over, I still appear to have some of the old magic left, and I can only see myself getting better as the weather improves and I shake off more of the cobwebs.

Player's Path – Nick Krauser lecture

krauserpua · 9 March 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Here is the full talk I gave at the recent London event with Street Attraction.

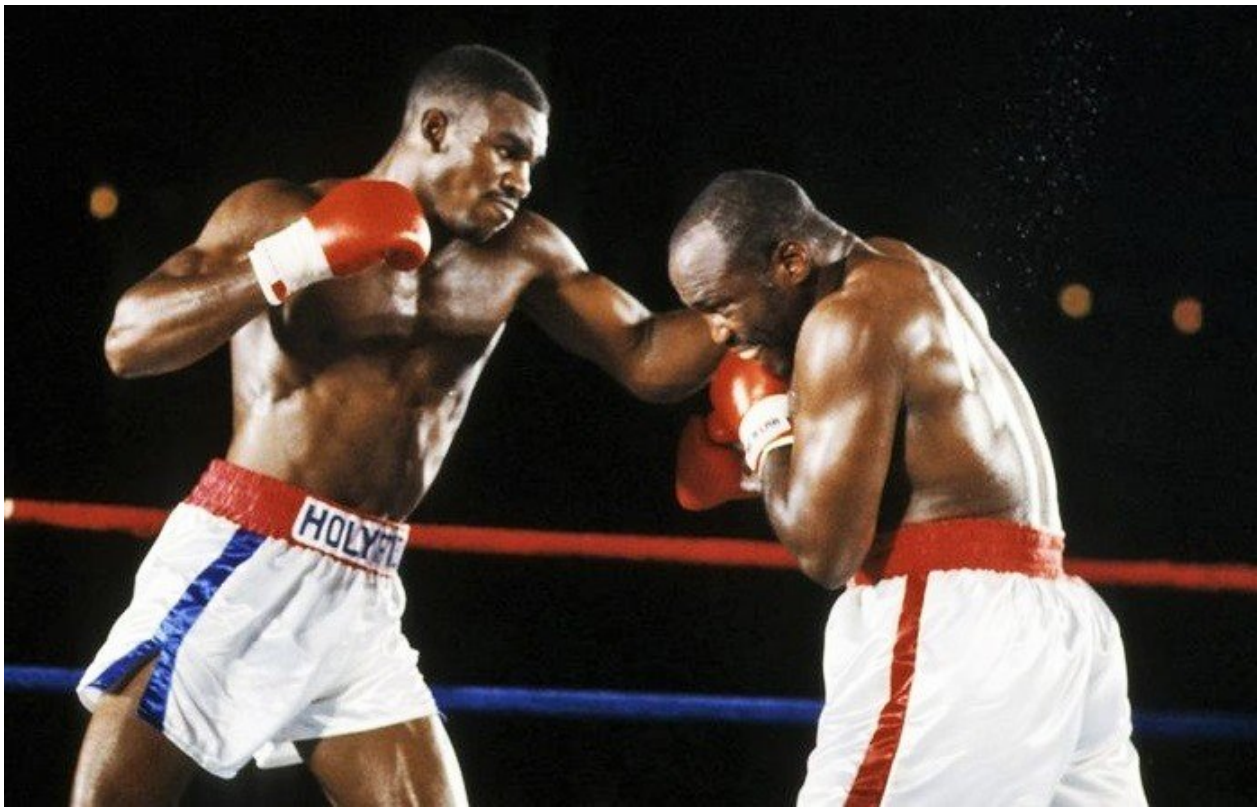
In other news, I agreed my first residential coaching of the 2019. I'll be doing a couple more so if you're interested check out here.

How I lost 13 kilos in 7 months

krauserpua · 11 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

"Nick is a right fat bastard" are words that had never been uttered until 2016. Then, at the tail end of the year, I stepped onto the scales to see I weighed a whopping 13 1/2 stone (86kg/189lbs). Those of you familiar with the old boxing weight divisions will remember the cruiser-weight limit is 190lbs.

Famous cruiser-weight world champions include Evander Holyfield and David Haye, men who went on to win the heavyweight title. Another heavyweight champ, Michael Moorer, won his first world title at light heavyweight. So, 189lbs was clearly not a good weight for me. I took a bit more care, laid off the TGI Friday's milkshakes, and slimmed down to 83kg, 183lbs.



"take on someone your own size" applied to me

The real weight loss began in July 2018, at 83kg, and ended in February 2019, at 70kg. So now I was in my natural boxing weight division and I'd only need to fight guys like Gennady Golovkin and Carl Frotch. My waist shrank from 36 inches to 29 – the slimmest of my entire adult life. I'm far from a diet expert but I think trimming 13kg at the age of 43 was quite an achievement and some of you might want to know how I did it.

Phase 1 – The Mad Crash Diet

I installed the **Chronometer** app on my phone in which I input my daily food intake. The app's database holds the relevant nutritional data so it can track my daily calories and macro-nutrients. For two months my only target was to maximise my daily calorie deficit. My body required approximately 2000 calories for maintenance and most days I ate around 1000, giving me a whopping 1000 calorie deficit. Typically, I ate only once a day at 3pm after the gym, so I was intermittent fasting 23 hours.

In addition to this I went to the gym three times a week (half-assing it) and walked an average of 7 miles a day, equivalent to adding another 400 calories to the deficit. The result was I ended August at 76kg, **a total cut of 7kg**.

All was not as good as it appears. First, it wasn't 7kg of fat. Contained in that weight was loss of glycogen muscle stores and lots of water. I also was laid up in bed three times with 'flu, something I rarely catch under normal

conditions. I was also listless and irritable. I spent every evening fantasising about food and it took tremendous willpower to keep to the diet.

Still, I lost a ton of weight so I was happy.



Two elephants and a piglet, December 2016, at 86kg

Phase 2 – Maintenance

It was then that my bodybuilder friend convinced me my madcap diet was foolhardy. For all of September I'd been unable to lose any more weight. I was still on regular -700 to -1000 deficits but despite ravenous hunger I couldn't shift weight. My body had adjusted my metabolism to cope with the starvation. So, I spent one full month back on 1900 calories daily maintenance.

My weight went up to 78kg which bothered me but it was just the water and glycogen refilling. I felt much better. It was also on the third month that I began weightlifting properly. My weekly routine was split into 4 sessions. Each began with a large compound (dead-lift, bench press, barbell squat, overhead dumbbell press respectively) and then three smaller exercises. The two key principles were:

1. Reverse Pyramid Training: lift the first set at maximum load. Take 10% off the bar for the second set and try to match same reps, plus one extra. If there's a third set, keep it same as second.
2. Progressive Overload: single-minded focus on adding weight to the bar every session, and if unable to do that, try to force out at least one more rep. Keeping pushing weight upwards.

Psychologically, my trainer encouraged me to put 100% mental focus into the first set of the first compound exercise. Max that, then just try my best for the rest of the session without undue worry. I trained six times a week. It would've been seven, but the gym was closed on Sunday.

Phase 3 – Sensible deficit

With my metabolism reset, I returned to daily calorie deficits, but only -300 to -500. I remained ravenously hungry at night but was no longer a slobbering beast. I still had newbie gains in the gym so was making good progress with

the overloading, despite the deficit that should've been weakening me. This was my CNS adaptation – my central nervous system was becoming more efficient at controlling my muscles, so my strength gains were due to that more than they were to hypertrophy and repair. It's why I could keep training six times a week.

At the end of December I'd gotten to 73kg but it was a much better body composition than my August 76kg. I wasn't so drained. I was 50% stronger on all my lifts compared to August.

Phase 4 – Sensible recovery

My lifts plateaued in December on all the compounds, my gains limited to the secondary exercises. This suggested my newbie CNS-adaptation gains were over. Now I needed hypertrophy, which meant I needed longer recovery. So, I cut the training from six to four days and also eliminated one secondary exercise per session. I also increased rest time between sets, using a stopwatch to be precise.

From mid-December to mid-February I finally hit my goal of 70kg. The compounds were stubbornly unchanged but I was pleased to at least retain my strength under deficit conditions. It took rather a lot of willpower in the gym. While lifting, I sounded like a women's tennis match.



No homo, at 70kg in February 2019

I'm now doing lean gains with a calorie surplus and am up to 74kg but I'll report back on that later. It's a completely different process and I've been doing it less than two months. Early results are encouraging. So, that's the detail. How about if I learned anything from the process? Okay, here are some thoughts…..

1. To lose weight, only calorie control really matters. You must run a daily deficit. It takes willpower because you'll be hungry most of your waking hours.
2. Intermittent fasting helps, especially a 16-hour fast – that basically means skipping supper and breakfast. It's very easy to do.
3. Sugar is the big killer. Cut it out of everything. Get used to bland food.
4. I'd never taken diet or weights seriously before. You absolutely must make it your first priority in life to make big fast improvement. If I'd had a job, or been daygaming, I'd have too little willpower remaining to expend in the gym and resisting bad food.

5. Almost everyone in the gym is half-assing it or training badly. I made more progress in six months than the previous five years combined. So many people do stupid routines, girly gay weights, and bad form.
6. It's incredibly satisfying to see your body look a little better every single week.
7. Body dysmorphic disorder is real. I would take a photo in the mirror and think I looked good, then two months later look back on it and realise I was still fat then and wonder how I'd been unable to see it.
8. Everything in life became easier. Imagine how heavy a 15kg rucksack feels on your back. I'd been walking around with one of them every minute of every day. Now I'm free of it.
9. It's astonishing what can be achieved at 44 years old 100% naturally. I look better now than I did in my mid-twenties when I was extremely fit from kickboxing (but had a shit diet). I've far exceeded my original target from beginning the cut.

What I learned from reading 200 books in 15 months

krauserpua · 14 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I have been on something of a reading binge, having read 136 books in 2018 (and reviewing each and every one of them) and then another 54 books so far in 2019 ***[1]***. I'm averaging better than three books a week and I've hoovered up a lot of content. Perhaps it's a good time to reflect. Here are some observations in no particular order.

1. Abundance allows risk taking

A man who reads only a handful of books a year will be extremely discriminating in what he tries. This will bias him towards authors or topics he's already familiar with and, depending upon his goals, he may choose 100% entertainment or 100% education. When I was burning through three books a week I felt like the downside of picking a bad book was minimal. No matter how boring it got, so long as I stayed the course for two days I'd be on to the next book. This is not unlike the abundance mentality a player has with girls: if this girl isn't working out, you can walk away and find another. This freedom to experiment enabled me to try discover different authors and topics, many of which I grew to like.

2. Ideas need time to sink in

On a couple of occasions I read three books in one day ***[2]***. I encountered a bizarre time distortion effect whereupon I'd sink into the world of a book and its characters, only to shut the book and then promptly disappear into the next world. At the end of the day, those first two books felt like weeks in my past. A negative side-effect of fast reading is my brain didn't have sufficient time to let ideas percolate, test them against my existing world view, and tease out all their implications. Much of that learning comes while lying in the bath, or sitting on a bus, or out walking. Often, I'd be deep into the next book by then, so the prior books wasn't fully explored before having been pushed out of my awareness by the next.

3. Reading can be insatiable

I soon realised the addictive qualities of mass reading. My attention span lengthened enormously so I'd think nothing of sitting in a chair for six hours straight. Books were answering questions, exploring topics, and introducing imaginary worlds. I'd find myself immersed and not wishing to do anything else. Often lines or phrases would trigger compelling questions that I'd mull over for minutes at a time. It was all so interesting that as soon as I finished one book I'd have a chocolate box selection of interesting titles to try next. I was almost resentful that by choosing one book, I'd have to decline the others, and thus I wanted to race to the end of the current book to minimise the missed opportunities. That made it quite compulsive behaviour for me.

4. Movies and TV are shit

"The book is better than the movie" is true in 99% of cases. The human brain can process words and ideas far faster than physical action and the human voice can articulate them. Thus an hour of reading time packs in far more than an hour of televisual time. Added to that, books are generally far longer than movies and TV shows – the only exception being a premium cable series. These latter shows have the time to develop complex plots and introduce mood-setting redundancy. In a movie, there's the famous dictum that if you show a gun on the mantelpiece in the first act, it must be fired by the third act. Nothing can be introduced without being relevant. After a while this gets tiresome and predictable. Books can hide foreshadowing better and even create wild goose chases to misdirect you.

Aaron Sorkin made the observation that stories belong in different media. If the focus is physical action, it's a movie. If the focus is dialogue, it's a play. If it's internal thoughts and emotion, it's a book. This makes books more immersive by nature, as they are a medium for pulling you into the character's minds rather than observing them from the outside. Lastly, movies and TV are shit because they are pozzed and designed by committee. Books can touch subjects in ways that ((executives)) don't allow in movies and TV.

5. Writers are good at different parts of writing

As a writer, I'm constantly attempting to improve my own literary ability. One dividing line I often see between writers is between writers of good stories, and writers of good prose. For example, *War & Peace* has beautiful sentence construction. Judged on a sentence-by-sentence basis its really very impressive. But it's boring as fuck. It's just not a good story ***[3].*** In contrast, pulp magazine adventure writers in the early 1920s were often the opposite in that the stories whipped along in compelling and imaginative fashion but the sentences were as painfully crude as music played out of key.

Some writers are fantastic at snappy dialogue, some set a scene well, some tease out human emotion from the strangest places, some set you thinking about how to live the Good Life. Some are competent at everything and special at nothing. Reading lots of books allowed me to see the differences in stark contrast.

6. I like dusting off old gems

I've got an aversion to reading modern books and popular books. Generally, I don't like the pozz, the dumbed-down style, and the pretension. I'd rather read the books by the men who created civilisation than the ~~Jews~~ men who try to destroy it. The wonder of books is they transport you into the writer's world, and thus reading, for example, Edgar Wallace's *Sanders Of The River* stories gives you window into colonial Africa from the viewpoint of a Victorian Englishman. You simply can't get that on TV or movies. Recently I experimented with picking up dusty paperbacks from a second-hand store, selecting for authors and genres I rarely favour. I also try old stuff on Kindle. Lots of it is fascinating. It feels like you're the only person to read the book in over fifty years.

7. Committing to finish what I start

I've had a rule that if I start a book, I must finish it. I've only broken that rule one time, on Ernest Becker's *Denial Of Death* ***[4]***. A dozen times I'd start a book and be shaking my head thinking "oh fuck, I've picked a bad one" but in each case by the end I was glad I read it. Most recently, I finished Martin Butler's *The Corporeal Fantasy*. It's mostly his blog posts and podcast transcripts hastily edited into book format (it really shows), conveying his personal philosophical system based on Spinoza, Schopenhauer, and Kant. For the first thirty pages I thought he was just a rambling old fruitcake ***[5]*** but I persevered and by the end I was extremely glad I'd read it because a sentence here, a turn of phrase there, and even entire paragraphs set me off thinking about philosophical issues in directions I'd never before considered. Had I been more judgemental, I'd have deleted it from my Kindle early and missed out. Committing to finish what I start ensures I encounter scenarios, ideas, and styles I might otherwise filter out.

8. Projects get ambitious

Most people who've heard of Alexandre Dumas and want to try him will read *The Count Of Monte Cristo*. If you're such a man, I heartily recommend it. Those who get a little more ambitious might read his trilogy of which *The Three Musketeers* is volume one. More ambitious still, you'll read all FIVE books of that series. I was more ambitious still – I decided to read all of his multi-volume series, namely: The D'Artagnan Romances, The Valois Saga, The Saint-Hermaine Trilogy, The Marie Antoinette Saga. That's a total of 17 books, most just as long as *The Three Musketeers*, itself a big book (so far I've read 12).

I read his *Joseph Balsamo* volume 1 halfway through before realising I had a bad translation, so I bought the better translation and read that same half again – on the same day.

When you read a lot, a 200-page paperback seems like nothing. Just a warm-up. I've found myself drawn ever stronger towards epic books and multi-part series. I want the greater journey, and greater complexity that demands ample word-count to achieve.

9. You learn things you didn't expect to

Napoleon Bonaparte conquered Egypt and then, when the British Navy sank his fleet near Alexandria, he deserted his troops and snuck back into France incognito in order to carry out a coup d'etat. I have now read about those events from three different perspectives: Dumas gave the French nationalist version in his *The Companions of Jehu*. Dennis Wheatley gave the British espionage perspective in his *The Sultan's Daughter*. Then I also read the *Time Life*

History Of The World academic summary version. I've also ordered a bodice-ripping women's romance novel covering the events to see how they approach the material.

I never expected I'd learn so much about the conditions of St Petersburg during the Bolshevik Revolution, but I've now read two memoirs on it: one from a British spy, and one from an anarchist Jew. My knowledge of the courts of the kings of France is epic, thanks to Dumas and Wheatley, and I know lots of the Bottom World side of that period thanks to Casanova. It's enlightening.

I may add more thoughts in another post, should they occur to me.

If you still just want to chase skirt and increase your notch count, remember all my best books are on Amazon now, in full colour, and Daygame Overkill is still the best infield instructional video product.

[1] Readers who have read some mathematics books will know 136+54=190 rather than 200. Those who have read some rhetoric books know that a catchy but inaccurate title sells more copies than a clunky but accurate one.
[2] It was raining.
[3] It's hugely deficient in intention-plus-obstacle. It meanders without purpose.
[4] It's horrendously insipid NYC Jewish psychoanalytical claptrap. Imagine watching Woody Allen movies on loop into perpetuity.
[5] Maybe he is, you be the judge. He certainly misunderstands Trump and Brexit.

I'm speaking at Warsaw 21 Convention

krauserpua · 26 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I'm pleased to announce that I'll be speaking at the Warsaw **The 21 Convention**. You can click here to find out more about the event, and ticket information.



Wait…. what? Haven't you been slagging off ***The 21 Convention*** *on this very blog?* you say.

Um… well… yes. Perhaps an explanation is in order. My primary issue with T21C was that it was purple pill. Speakers would espouse a fundamentally blue pill ideology wrapped up with a little red pill seasoning to make it seem edgy. I didn't like that so much. Also, I thought the daygame guys featured weren't credible (e.g. **The Natural Lifestyles**) and wasn't shy about saying so.

While I took my eye off the ball, T21C underwent changes. The owner/promoter Anthony Johnson underwent a red pill conversion following a bad relationship (now the subject of one of his talks), then **Rollo Tomassi** joined the team and lent his expertise to the booking of speakers.

Rollo recently invited me to speak at the Warsaw event. I have great respect for Rollo so when he went into the detail of T21C's red pill turn and its new direction, I quickly warmed to the idea. "But surely my big mouth has gotten me onto Anthony's shit list?" I asked. Apparently not. Anthony personally sent me a formal invitation and gave carte blanche for me to publicly air any reservations I still held about appearing at his event.

So, it's on.

I'll write more as the time approaches and as more speakers are confirmed. As yet, we haven't agreed the subject of my talk. I'm quite excited to meet some of the listed speakers, particularly **Richard Grannon** (who's YouTube I've been watching for a couple of years) and of course **Rollo Tomassi** himself.

Those of you interested in a huge 4-day high-end event should check out this link. Buying a ticket through this link will support my work, as I receive a % of the ticket price. Tickets begin with a $1,000 early-bird discount that runs out in a couple of days. From there, the price gradually climbs towards the on-the-door price. That said, I'll be speaking at T21C regardless of how sales go. I also intend to participate in whatever group discussions I'm invited to.

More details will follow. If any of you are already hyped-up to attend, fire me an email and I might be able to do a modest discount.

Wizardry and PUA

krauserpua · 29 April 2019 · Archived copy · Original

NEWS: I'm on Rollo Tomassi's live podcast at 3pm PST today (8pm proper time, GMT+1). Go here to watch it: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bDEaChsHlRQ

On a completely unrelated topic….. Those of you following the Vox Day / Owen Benjamin / Scott Adams corner of the livestream interwebs have probably heard the term "wizardry" and it's close associate "word wizards". Sounds a bit odd, doesn't it? I believe in ~~a thing called love~~ wizardry so long as we define it correctly. It's not so far away from Gandalf and Saruman afterall.



Cabal-inspired Satanic propaganda for kids, yesterday

The concept boils down to this: words change reality.

Now, that's not literally the case. You look at the fantasy novel version of wizards and they stand on hilltops, grasp a wand, and incant into the winds. Ancient forces are unleashed ***[1]*** and with a big whoosh some fireball / lightning / blast smites into the enemy. Fantasy wizards are like fantasy satanists – they are dressed up realisations of a more mundane reality. Just as real-life satanism doesn't require the elaborate trappings of goats heads, chalices of blood, and black mass orgies, nor does real-life wizardry require magic wands, capes, or flashes of flame.

Wizards are men and women who use words to shape your mind, in order to compel you to act in the world. Thus their words are – indirectly – changing reality. The ~~Jews~~ advertisers of **Mad Men** are wizards, the ~~Jews~~ propagandists in war are wizards, the ~~Jews~~ creatives in Hollywood are wizards, and of course daygamers are wizards.

Frame control is wizardry. By supplying a compelling series of assumptions upon which a girl interprets a situation, you are word-wizarding her. **Bamboozlement** is wizardry. By creating musical and hypnotic word salads that switch off a girl's mind so she rides her feelings, you are word-wizarding her. **NLP** is wizardry. By controlling a girl's focus away from anti-seductive thoughts and sensations and heating her up, you are word-wizarding her.

Rhetorical speech is wizardry. Eye mesmer is wizardry. Much of PUA is wizardry.

The good thing about daygame is we self-consciously learn the building blocks of wizardry and then patiently apply them in-field in a real-life controlled experiment until our skills are sharpened. Add some obsessive mind-wank

theory junkie digressions on blogs and in books and an enthusiastic daygamer may develop quite an impressive suite of “spells and incantations”. I tell my students that Game is ***not*** a series of magical incantations to get into an unsuspecting woman’s pants, but that’s only half true. It sort of is.

I’d suggest my readers deploy their knowledge of wizardry in their own intellectual self defense. The whole world is trying to bullshit you one way or the other. Recently, we’ve seen the borderline-incompetent word wizard **Jordan Peterson** do a great job lulling millions of credulous men into his spells. **Scott Adams** openly and self-admittedly wizards his readership. Watch for people trying it on with you.

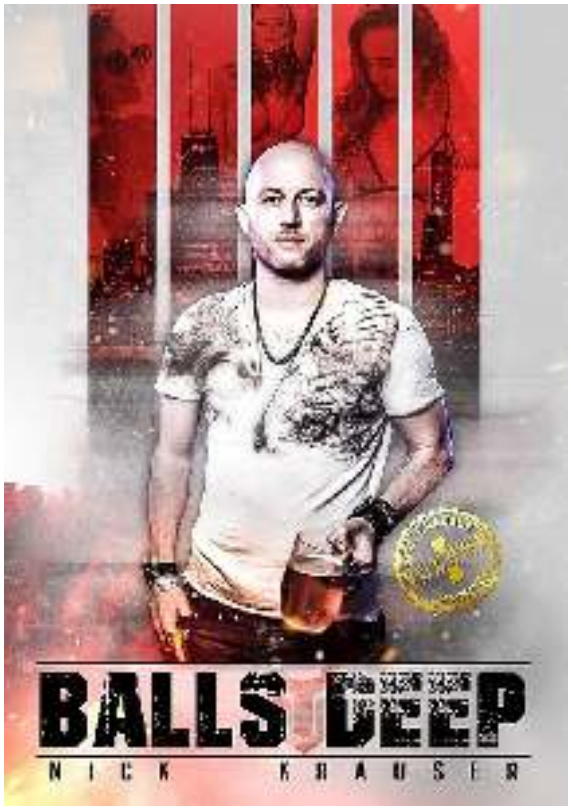
[1] I never did understand what cosmic rules govern the limits of magic. It always struck me as a literary cop-out.

Balls Deep, 2nd edition on sale now

krauserpua · 10 May 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I've been a busy man of late. Bodybuilding remains my primary focus and I've now hired a personal trainer to help me to *get jacked or die trying*. I've coached two residentials in April ***[1]*** and also one other thing. What other thing? Why, the subject of today's announcement. Silly!

The second edition of **Balls Deep** is now on release.



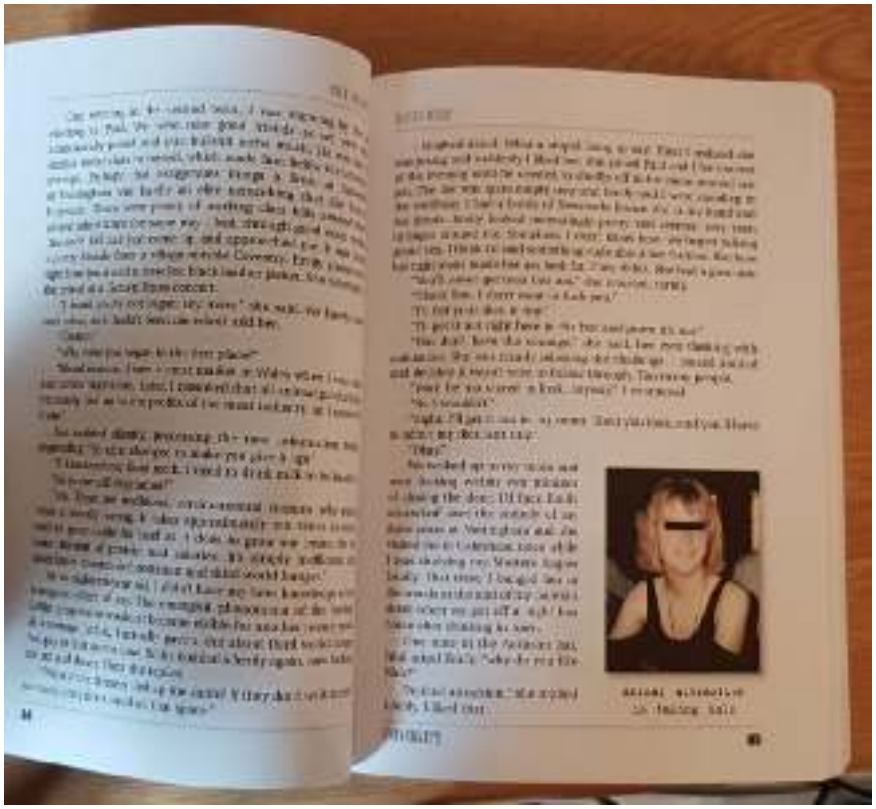
Yes, you magnificent bastards, I've finally reached the end-point of my original 2014 plan to release a four-part memoir ***[2]***. Though very proud of the original first edition of **Balls Deep** when I released it in 2014, I've since grown embarrassed of it. Too amateurish, too fast-paced, too full-of-myself. It was understandable because it was my first time attempting a memoir and I was groping in a fog trying to shape the story. Almost five years later, I know how my memoir is meant to look. So, I've rewritten it.

The new **Balls Deep** is a massive 210k words, up from the 130k of the first edition. Every single paragraph has been rewritten. I've re-ordered the structure to better organise a chronological progression. I've added thirteen entirely new chapters covering my pre-game life. I've commissioned new art and a new layout. Oh, and did I say it's now in full colour?



six-hundred-and-eighty-bastard-pages, yesterday

All four volumes are now available on Amazon in their final full-colour premium editions. The hardback will follow in a couple of weeks. This is it, lads. My life in Game laid out for all of you to pick over, learn from, and disagree with. It's already the longest and most detailed pick-up memoir since **Casanova**. And, unlike him, I'm not a bi-sexual Italian faggot who paid cold cash for half of his lays.



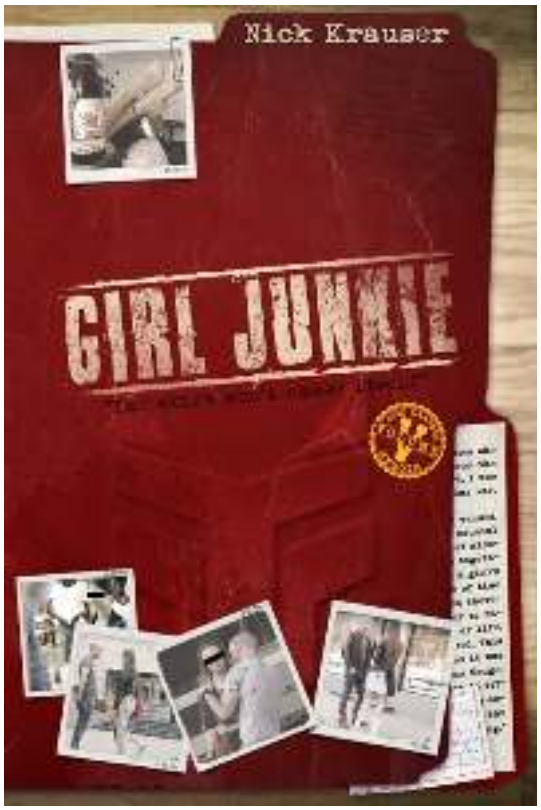


I'll probably write more about **Balls Deep** in the coming weeks. Go to Amazon to get your copy and, if you like it, I'd appreciate you doing me the favour of leaving a review

[1] My apologies to the lads currently mailing to ask about coaching. I've been mad-busy but I'll get on it presently.
[2] And promptly hatched a new plan to expand it to seven volumes, which I'll talk about soon.

Memoir Update – Girl Junkie

krauserpua · 4 June 2019 · Archived copy · Original



Reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated. While I'm a bit lax on the blogging front, you ~~monkeys~~ dear readers will hopefully be pleased to hear that the next volume in my epic memoir series is almost ready for release.

Just last night, I sent the final text to my interior layout designer. I already have the girl caricature art and – as you no doubt noticed – the cover. That means all I do now is wait for my contractors to submit work, and give it a little nip and tuck. All the hard work is done.

Girl Junkie is the fifth memoir and covers the calendar year of 2015. It's 164k words, making it just a hair shorter than **A Deplorable Cad**. Hopefully, I have continued to make progress in my writing ability and it will shine through in the published work. You ~~dickheads~~ dear readers will be the judge of that.

My best estimate is that **Girl Junkie** will be on sale at the end of this month.

In other news, Rollo and Anthony Johnson have split leading the former to be kicked from The 21 Convention. Naturally, people are asking what I think about it seeing as I accepted the invitation to speak due to Rollo's overtures. Well, I don't know what I think. As yet, I know nothing more than what is in Rollo and Anthony's respective public statements. I don't know what caused the split and if it related to something I'll have to take a position on. When I know, I'll announce it.

Balls Deep – Reader Review #1

krauserpua · 18 June 2019 · Archived copy · Original

As any writer can tell you, there's a stage of the process that comes just after release of a new book. You ask yourself, ***is it as good as I think it is? Will people like it? Will they see what I was trying to accomplish?*** *Those same writers will also tell you that actually getting people to write reviews is difficult. Lots of readers will enjoy your book, speak positively of it if asked, but won't trouble themselves to review it.*

Nothing wrong with that. I've read 83 books this year and haven't troubled myself to review them either. It's normal.

So, anyway, I'm rather glad Steven was willing to share his thoughts in the comments to an earlier post. I've elevated them to their own post because it's nice to have detailed feedback. I'd encourage any other readers to share their thoughts, if only casually in the comments. Anyway, here's the unedited text of Steven's review. Thanks!

Balls Deep is the story of Nick Krauser, Pick-Up Artist. But who is Nick Krauser? Was he born to be a man that women want to sleep with? And if not, how did he come to be this way? This book goes into the background of the man, his childhood, formative years, his life as a young adult in University and eventually getting into a professional career in finance. But importantly, it gives the reader more than a glimpse into his personality, early romantic relationships, his marriage to an attractive Japanese dancer and how that marriage came to fail, very much against his wishes. This is the backdrop for the journey that follows in which Krauser manages to completely turn his life around.

When his wife walked out on him and wanted the divorce, all his achievements, high intelligence, ambitiousness, natural self-confidence and masculine hard-dominance seemed to count little. The life that he had built and heavily invested in was turned on its head and he finds himself at an absolute emotional low-point that would last for months. Not the least of his concerns nagging him at the time was how to ever get a girlfriend that he could actually like. He was now in his mid-thirties after all, lacking the automatic proximity to attractive women that being in school and University brings. And despite the individual strengths he brought to the table, he was also rather unremarkable in terms of looks, height and athletic talent. Not wanting to succumb to his projected future of involuntary celibacy or maybe worse, a life with an imagined overweight, foul-mouthed, feminist lawyer-girlfriend, he turned to Pick-Up Artistry and Game, the applied sciences of male-female sexual relations. Thus begins an absolute roller-coaster ride between doubt and hope, constant rejection and persistence in the face of it, repeated failure and occasional small successes until the slow, gradual self-improvement lets our hero see light at the end of the tunnel. Having still not succeeded in sleeping with a single girl despite having tried it on with literally hundreds of them, he could however see himself getting ever closer. And eventually the flood gates opened and what followed went far beyond the wildest dreams he may have started out with. But even after finding success, having multiple pretty girls to date and sleep with, among them his first trophy girl, a catwalk model, he still had not found happiness again. So his journey of Pick-Up was to continue…

Krauser makes it easy for the reader to follow him along on his adventure, the writing is clear, lively, humorous and often downright funny. The narration flows seamlessly between recollections of events, insights into his thought-processes at the time and bits of explanation of the theoretical underpinnings of it all. The many stories contained of his womanizing experiences are truly eye-opening and instructive about the sexual nature of women and the dynamics of male-female relations. And yet the book never reads like a dry attempt to be didactic. The learning happens because the story draws you in, you empathize with the characters, you hope for the narrator to overcome his challenges and for happy endings. This is an honest, authentic, fascinating and highly entertaining account of a modern day seducer that did not just get those abilities as a gift by nature. It's rather a story of a man making the best of the cards he was dealt and being rewarded handsomely for his determination. And yet it is also a reminder about the fleeting nature of happiness and how success is just as much about dealing with your inner demons as it is about taking action and achieving objective results.

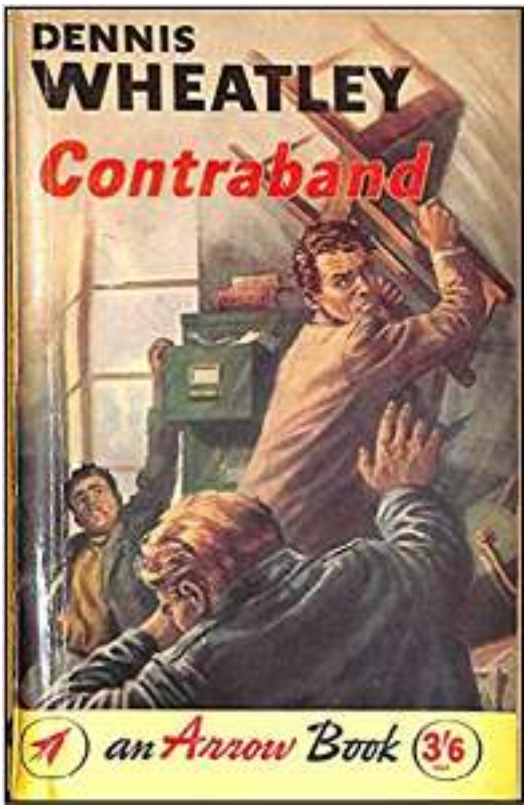
I highly recommend this book, it's well worth the price for 680 pages of great story-telling from a guy with a

proven track-record. In case it needed to be said, the production quality of it is excellent, the layout is very professional, the type is well set for readability and the graphics are beautiful. Within the various chapters you'll find original, not-so-professional photographs, but they accompany the narrative nicely and add to the feeling of authenticity. In conclusion, this is a must-read for players and especially those dealing with the hardships of becoming one. For everyone else this could still be a very entertaining book, if not an educational one.

Some books I read

krauserpua · 27 June 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not making an attempt to review every book I read but some people have shown interest in my reading list and thoughts on books. I've read ninety so far this year. Here's a list of the first thirty, along with casual remarks.



1. Dennis Wheatley – Contraband: Very clearly an early Sallust tale because it's full of young-man's fire and precious little subtlety. There's a dastardly plot involving Parisian gangs smuggling into the UK and Sallust has to give them a severe reprimand. Okay, but if you're new to Wheatley save this till later or you won't appreciate how good he became. *6/10*

2. Bernard Cornwell – Sharpe's Devil: I like how Cornwell has dedicated a career to mythologising the heroics of English fighters. Though Sharpe is a disgruntled and onery redcoat, he's still heroically inclined and gets stuck in. I like how the shadow of Napoleon, in final exile, hangs over this tale of pirated and greasy Portuguese in Chile. Really funny how the two main dastardly Portuguese turn out to be bum bandits. It lacked a page-turning suspense sadly. A light read. *6/10*

3. Michael Avallone – The Case of the Violent Virgin: If you read a book series long enough you see the author develop the character from book to book and can easily grow to like him. I've read so many of Avallone's Ed Noon series that I'll have to see it through to the end. This one is about mafia hoods and a famous sculpture. Typical hard-boiled fare. *7/10*

4. John Creasey – The Mark of the Crescent: Set in 1930s Britain, a secret society of drug addicts is taking over positions of power. They can be identified by a curious mark left on their wrists (sounds like an oversight by the architects of the plan to me). It's silly nonsense full of stiff upper lip and derring do. *5/10*

5. Donald Hamilton – The Devastators: I seem to have settled into a few different series that I'll follow through to the end. This is more hardboiled 1960s spy action where Matt Helm yet again walks into traps in order to smoke out the opposition, bangs birds, and then mercilessly slaughters the enemy. *8/10*

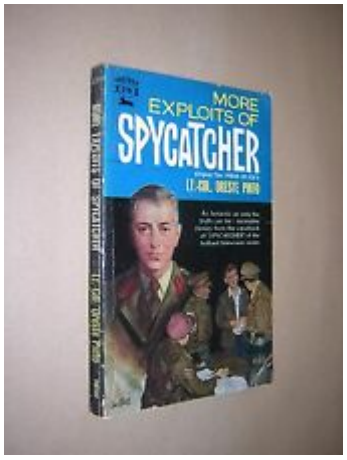


6. Warren Murphy – Mafia Fix: These Devastator books are such utter childish nonsense with Remy the superhero assassion and his little Mr Miyagi sidekick who murders people for interrupting his watching of daytime soap dramas. Can't remember the story. Probably some Italian hoods causing a stir. *5/10*

7. Josh Kaufman – How to Fight a Hydra: Upon reading I immediately recommended it to my daygame friends. Kaufman tells a first-person tale of a young man setting off to fight a hydra and ruminating on the self development it triggers. Probably the non-daygame book most applicable to daygamers. *9/10*

8. Stefan Molyneux – Essential Philosophy: This has all the insufferable Molyneuxrisms of the YouTube channel but bear with it and Stefan has a good go at solving all the problems of philosophy in one book. He fails, but it's a good try and a highly ambitious goal. He seems rather naive over the power of logic to change the world. *7/10*

9. Alexandre Dumas – The Companions of Jehu: The first of the Saint-Hermain trilogy features a young Napoleon Bonaparte as a main character, freshly on the run from the English navy having drubbed him off the coast of Egypt. It's a romance in the style of The Three Musketeers and not far below his best. A good read. *8/10*



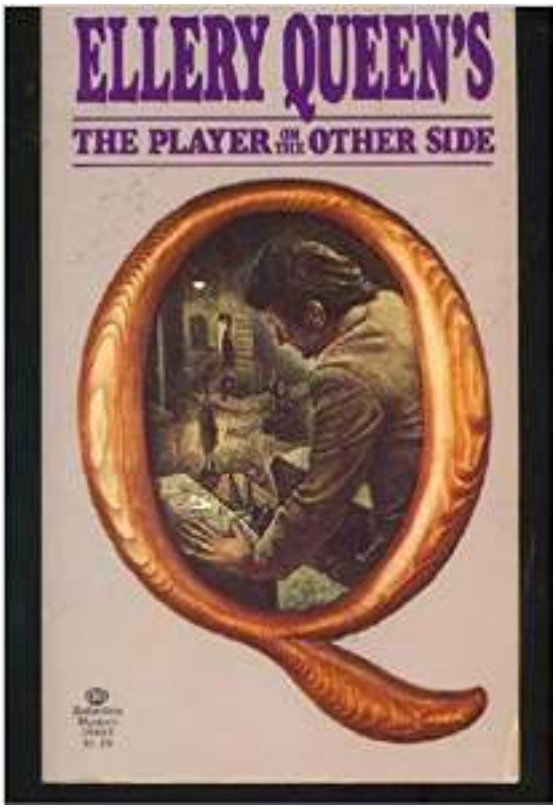
10. Oreste Pinto – More Exploits of Spy Catcher: Real life stories of WW2 counter-espionage agent Pinto as he

discusses cases referred to him. In each case it's a real conundrum whether the suspect is a spy or not. It is all presented like Sunday afternoon crossword puzzles, until Pinto finished a story with "so then we hanged him". *7/10*

12. Warren Murphy – Dr Quake: Really dumb action about a mad scientist attempting to trigger a huge earthquake on the San Andreas faultline. Written in the early 1970s, this was a bad thing. Compare that to now, if you knew someone was going to destroy all of San Francisco. Hand on heart, would you really try to stop him? Some weird characters, such as the scientists' buxom twin nympho helpers. *5/10*

13. Michael Avallone – The Crazy Mixed Up Corpse: More of the usual hardboiled action, neither more nor less entertaining than the others. A quick page-turner. Avallone is getting better at capturing Noon's irreverent and quarrelsome personality without it being abrasive to the reader. *7/10*

14. Donald Hamilton – The Betrayers: This time Helm is on Holiday in Hawaii when his boss tells him a former agent is acting suspicious. It turns out the ChiComs are trying to set off a false flag nuke to bring on war. Just as twisty-turny and brutal as the other Helm books. I feel sorry for the junior agents. They always get killed. *8/10*



15. Ellery Queen – The Player on the Other Side: An old suspense tale in inter-war NYC about a kooky family living in four houses in the same square, held together by the terms of rich deceased daddy's inheritance. They fall one-by-one, as strange notes keep the caretaker up to speed. A very interesting take on a whodunnit but excessively slow-paced. *7/10*

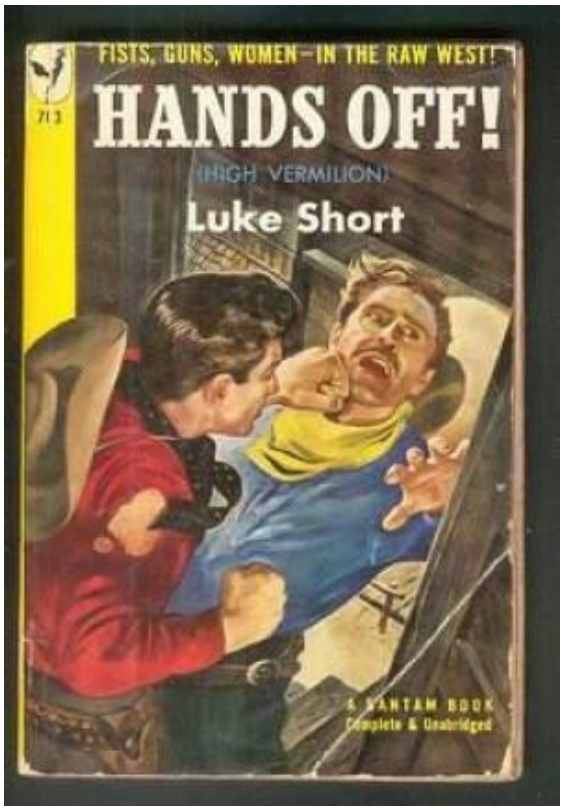
16. Harry Harrison – The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge: I notice lots of sci-fi paperbacks seem like normal earth-bound adventure stories, just with added flying cars and spaceships. This is one such book. A good buccaneering adventure story that is quaintly locked in the technology of the time it is written. *7/10*

17. Mickey Spillane – The Delta Factor: It seems everyone wanted to do James Bond in the 1960s. The celebrated hardboiled writer tries to kick off a new franchise here in which a super criminal is captured and sent to Cuba in a deal with the Feds: catch so-and-so and have his sentence quashed. It plays out like an Oceans Eleven heist. *7/10*

18. Alexandre Dumas – Joseph Balsamo vol. 1: The top-tier Dumas stories are fantastic and easily available in

paperback. Drop down to the second tier and suddenly you have a challenge just finding a decent English translation. I read half of this before realising I had an awful translation that cuts out half the chapters and much of the Dumas magic. So I started again with a better translation. The plot is that a globalist Illuminati has hatched a conspiracy to overthrow France's rulers and install a godless republican government dedicated to world communism. Bear in mind this was written in the 1850s, talking about the French Revolution. I'll bet Dumas never expected it to happen again in the 21st century. Great book but slow paced. *8/10*

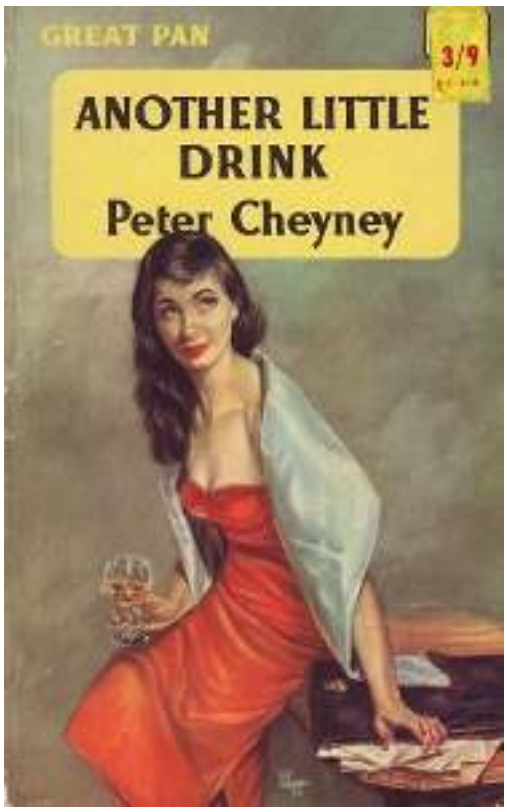
19. Edgar Wallace – The Ringer: A 1920s mystery about a master assassin who has returned to London to claim revenge on a former colleague who betrayed him and now has a strong police guard. Trouble is, no-one knows what he looks like. Bumps in the night and everyone is a suspect. *7/10*



20. Luke Short – Hands Off!: A frontier western from the 1950s about gold prospectors in a mining town. The black hat wants to screw the white hat out of his claim. Good stuff, with clear story, good scenes, and a taste of the Old West. *7/10*

21. Francis Wellman – The Art of Cross Examination: Probably interesting when first written, a hundred years ago, but old hat to anyone who has watched a few courtroom dramas. *5/10*

22. Warren Murphy – Death Therapy: Is it even worth describing the plot? Some larger-than-life freaky bad guys are killing people so Remy is sent in to investigate. He shags the birds and kills the baddies. Childish mindless super-agent thrills. *5/10*

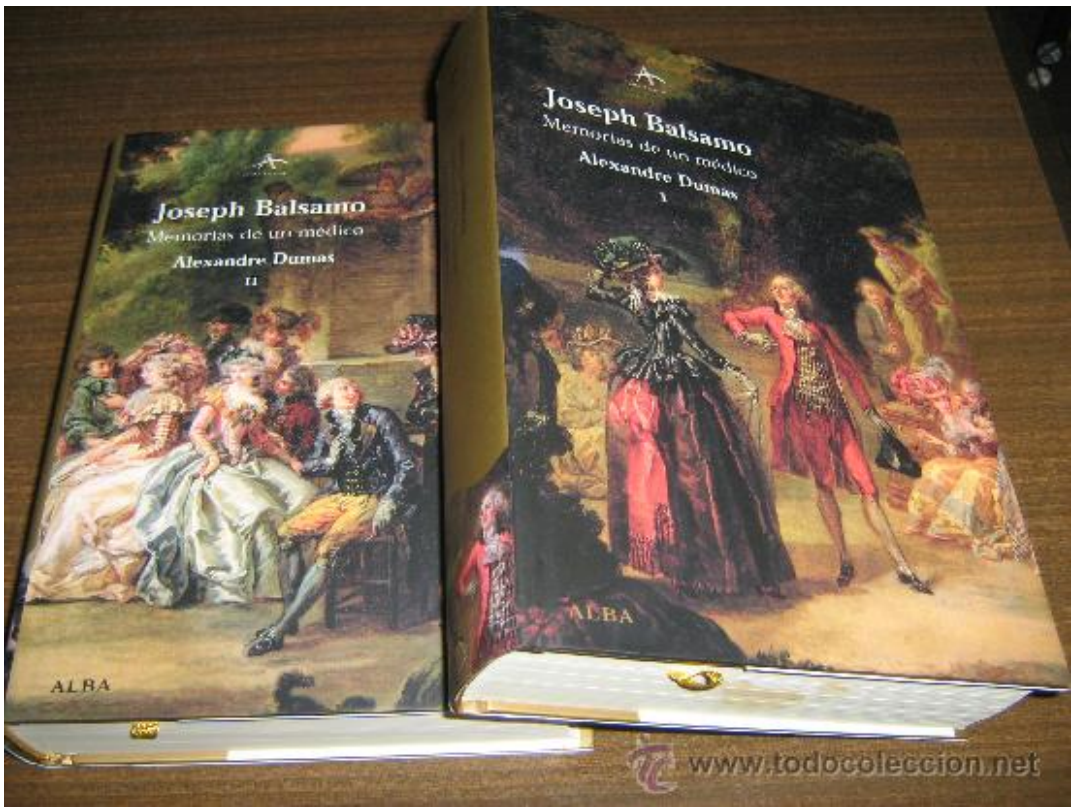


23. Peter Cheyney – Another Little Drink: This is a dark subtle counter-espionage story set during the war. The main character is a washed up drunk asked to root out a double-agent in the Secret Service. Very cleverly done and a pervasive air of dissipation throughout. I like Cheyney's work. *8/10*

24. Michael Avallone – The Voodoo Murders: Ed Noon gets drawn into a voodoo troupe's show at a dance club and threats and murders fly. He winds up in the Caribbean hostage to a cult. Silly action and the second half is a wild departure from the wise-cracking urban sleuthing of the series. *7/10*

25. Donald Hamilton – The Menacers: Matt Helm spends a lot of time in Mexico and it's interesting to read pre-Cartel fiction. This time there's strange tech surfaced below the border and the Russians are after it. Helm must protect a witness, or off her if the Russians seem likely to capture her. As good as usual. *8/10*

26. Dennis Wheatley – The White Witch of the South Seas: Gregory Sallust is in Rio and attends a tribal dance, gets talking to a Raj, and persuaded to help hunt underwater treasure in the Pacific. But wait! Some baddies want it too! A globe-trotting page-turning adventure that blindsides you with twists every dozen chapters. *8/10*



27. Alexandre Dumas – Joseph Balsamo vol. 2: This is a long series loosely following Marie Antoinette from her marriage to Louis XVI right up to getting her head lopped off in the final book. The two Joseph Balsamo volumes are probably the highlight, with a mesmerist Count Cagliostro hatching nefarious plans and strong characters throughout. *8/10*

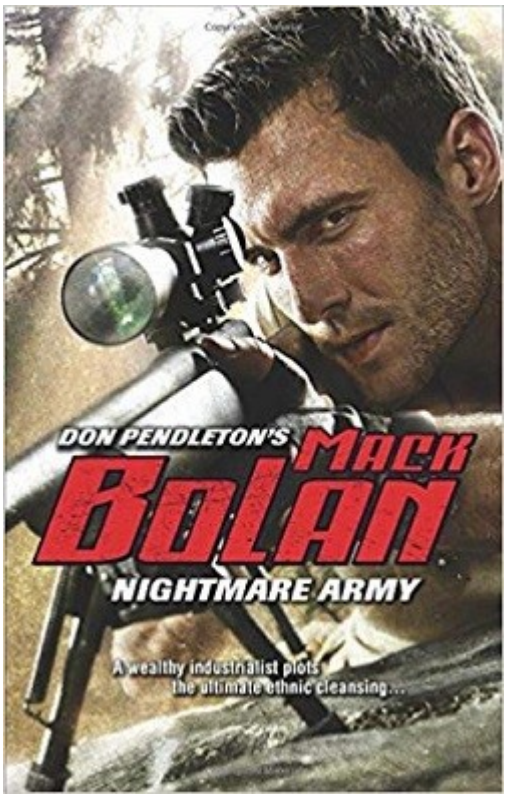
28. John Creasey – Thunder In Europe: The sixth Department Z thriller this time with an imaginary East European state (that sounds awfully like Latvia) having it's top spymaster trying to take over the world. Quaint old-English nonsense from a time before James Bond changed the genre. Rather silly. *6/10*

29. Michael W Simmons – The Rothschilds: Reading this you'd think the Rothschilds didn't do nuffink wrong. They waz good boys. Lots of biographical info showing how the family were dragged out of the ghetto by utilising every Jew's favourite weapon: ursury. Nathaniel took some outrageous risks but eventually his Jew tricks have European royalty under the thumb and he's kingmaking and choosing which wars get fought. The author is extremely sympathetic to the subject family but it has me thinking we need a Fourth Reich. *6/10*

30. Ross Lockridge Jr – Raintree County: Allegedly a "great American novel" and it's pretty good. My abridged paperback edition was still a massive 600 pages, that's after half of it is cut. It's a gamma male's long self-indulgent ramble full of purple prose but a sweeping epic nonetheless. Just a shame Lockridge didn't write it ten years later, when he'd matured a bit. *8/10*

Some more books I read

krauserpua · 28 June 2019 · Archived copy · Original



31. Don Pendleton – Nightmare Army: A rich scientist in Sweden has concluded that Islamic immigration will lead to the annexation and disappearance of the Swedish homeland. So he bio-engineers a deadly virus that targets Muslims, turning them into homicidal zombies before they die. For some reason, in this book the scientist is the BAD GUY and Mack Bolan has to stop him! Cuck bullshit. *1/10*

32. Michael Avallone – Meanwhile At The Morgue: Someone is trying to kill the starlets of a new Broadway production so the producer brings in Ed Noon to sort it out. This is the usual hard-boiled fare and no-one is gonna stop me reading them until I've finished the series. *7/10*

33. Erle Stanley Gardner – The Case of the Careless Cupid: A distraught woman hires Perry Mason to help prove she's not a gold-digger and really does love the rich widower she's engaged to, and to fend off the machinations of the relatives eyeing his inheritance. Tight plotting and tighter dialogue. Mason is an alpha male. *8/10*

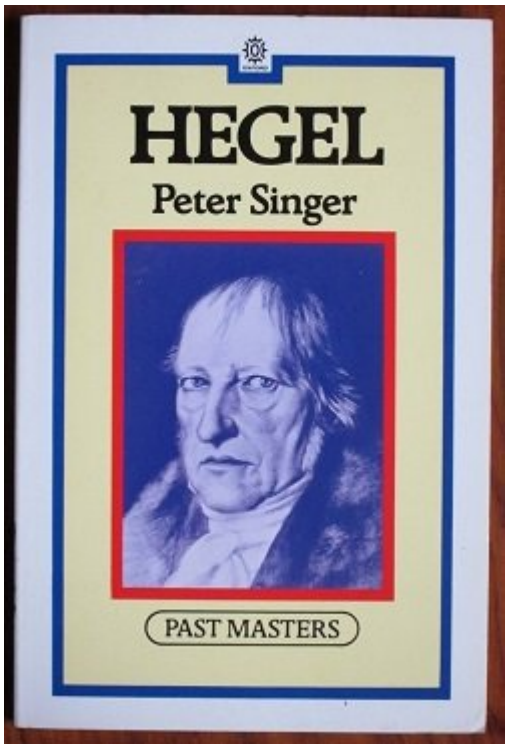
34. Erle Stanley Gardner – Cut Thin To Win: Gardner's "Lam and Cool" series are more hard-boiled than the Mason novels and more humorous. I like that Bertha Cool is a big money-grubbing battle-axe who dominates every scene. In this case everything hinges on a traffic accident. *8/10*

35. Hilary Ford – Sarnia: Winner of best romance novel of 1974, it's set in Victorian times when bored office clerk Sarnia is found by relatives from Jersey because her rich estranged dad is dying. A murderous plot ensues. It's a good book until you realise the tropes are standard "which man does the heroine choose?". Is it the boring conservative nice guy, the devilishly attractive rogue, or the rich good-looking adventurer who she accidentally rejects first time? It ends with the chosen man begging Sarnia to marry him and raise her bastard child. Yeah, right. *7/10*

36. Donald Hamilton – The Interlopers: Matt Helm goes on a long wild goose chase following couriers collecting five microfiches for the Soviets all the way into the Canadian hinterlands in the hope of flushing out a Soviet

assassin who is expected to murder the President. The usual hardboiled ruthlessly violent Helm stuff. I love them. *8/10*

37. Giacomo Casanova – History Of My Life IV: The bi-sexual Italian rabbit is probably hoping we've forgotten that he admitted to getting bummed by a hairy Turk. He's up to his usual tricks and it's a fascinating insight into rabbit psychology and the 18th Century European bottom world. Slow going at times, though. Casanova isn't one for dramatic or funny anecdotes. *7/10*



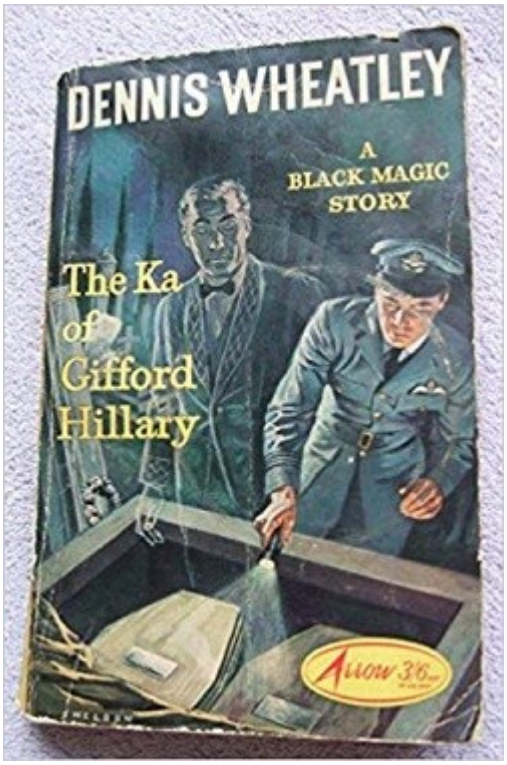
38. Peter Singer – Hegel: Considering this was written by a communist pro-infanticide animal rights lunatic academic, on the subject of a spectacularly grandiose German bullshitter, it's a surprisingly tight and coherent book. Now that I know more about Hegel, I can safely disregard him. Not as much of a moonbat as I used to think, though. *6/10*

39. Time Life – Winds of Revolution: I swear I'll finish this series. Nearly there! This time its the 18th Century. Most interesting is the French Revolution, of which I'm increasing of the opinion that it was the worst thing to happen to Europe. It birthed communism and then allowed Napoleon to kill all of France's wolfish men, leaving the country full of the whiny faggots we now know as Frenchmen. On the plus side, even Robespierre wasn't so corrupt as to hire African mercenaries to win him the World Cup. *8/10*

40. John Creasey – Inspector West Cries Wolf: There's a secret gang of burglars plaguing London under the direction of the enigmatic Lobo. When startled, they kill. West is on the case and as usual it's a fantastically human look at police work, London life before it became Somalia, and Britain before it was full of degenerates. *7/10*

41. A.J. Ayer – Hume: Another single-day read to give an outline of a great thinker. Except, Hume doesn't seem very great to me. He was wrong about everything and not very original. He was also pretty much ignored in his lifetime, which seems about right to me. *6/10*

42. D. Manners Sutton – Black God: This was a real gem. It has a similar structure to Ivo Andric's Nobel Prize-winning The Bridge Over The Drina, in that it follows a wizened old African man sitting by a river crossing for decades observing the stories going on in the settlement around him. Written in 1934 it has zero political correctness and paints a vivid picture of colonial and indigenous life. Loved it. *8/10*

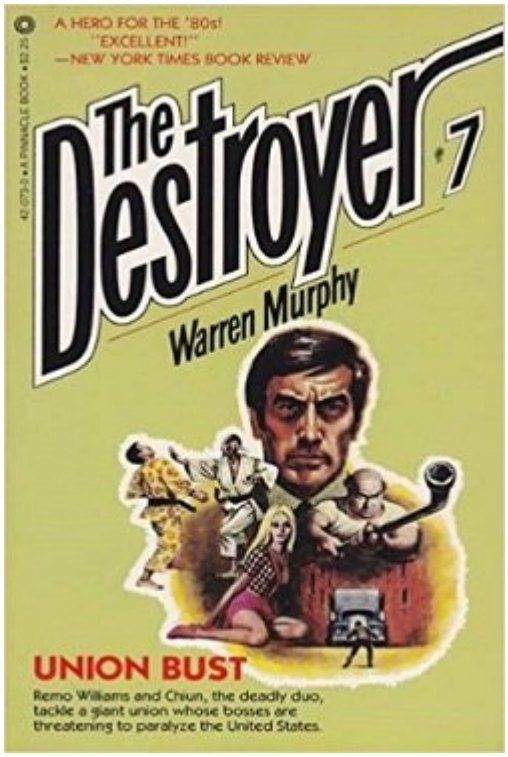


43. Dennis Wheatley – The Ka of Gifford Hillary: Never let it be said Wheatley doesn't take ludicrous ideas and then run with them straight-faced. This time rich shipyard owner Gifford Hillary is cucked and murdered by a brilliant live-in scientist and his disembodied spirit can roam the country figuring out the conspiracy against him, in a race against time before his funeral. Really odd but Wheatley tells the story so earnestly that it doesn't feel ridiculous. *8/10*

44. Harry Kurnitz – Fast Company: A rare book dealer moonlights as a detective hunting down stolen books. One such chase is wrapped up in murder. I like the 1930s aesthetic and did you know the third film based on this book was called Fast And Furious yet featured no car chases, annoying Latina lesbians, or big bald dudes? *7/10*

45. William Haggard – A Cool Day For Killing: A 1960s non-pc espionage thriller about a South East Asian colony murdering the British counsel and plotting to declare independance, so the hero must sort it out. Feels very laconic and colonial in the right way without too much huffing and puffing. *7/10*

46. Ross MacDonald – The Galton Case: Lew Archer is a good hardboiled private eye and this time the secretary of a rich old widow has hired him to track down a son who went missing twenty years earlier and may be dead. It's full of lies, schemes, drinking, and danger. Good book. *7/10*

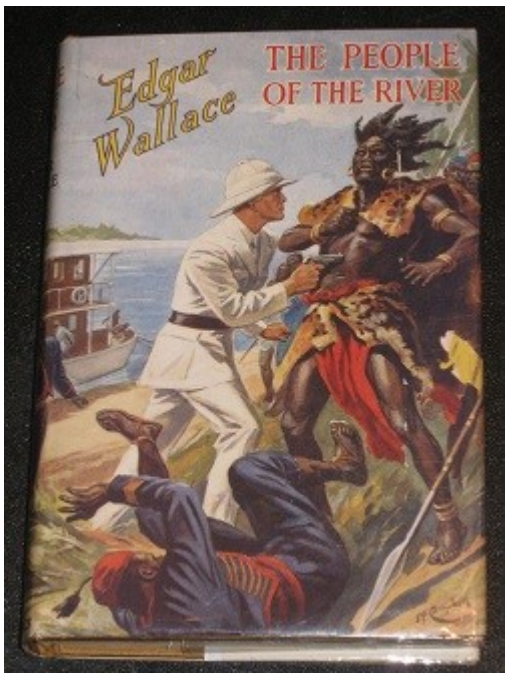


47. Warren Murphy – Union Bust: A ridiculous story about a rising star in the Teamsters who has a secret murder room and is assassinating his way to the head of a unified labour union so as to take over the USA. Remy smacks him down. So quaint to think of what the 1970s writers used as deadly threats to be overcome. I imagine a new book would have Chick-a-Fil as the latest threat to world peace. *5/10*

48. Alexandre Dumas – The Queen's Necklace: The second in the Marie Antoinette series and quite a tight focused story, this time mostly about the Queen and her women. The usual court plotting and scheming but a lot less of the swordfighting and adventuring. Sadly, Joseph Balsamo barely appears. *7/10*

49. Michael Avallone – The Living Bomb: Ed Noon is going up in the world as none other than the President of the United States hires him to track down a missing nuclear scientist. This book is less hardboiled and more Bond. Pretty good. *7/10*

50. Ichiro Kishimi – The Courage To Be Disliked: An introduction to Alfred Adler written as a dialogue between a whiny millennial and a professor. The thrust is that Freud was wrong and our personalities are not fixed in childhood or troubled by trauma. Quite the reverse, the personality has no history and we are what we choose to be. An empowering book that I thoroughly enjoyed. *8/10*



51. Edgar Wallace – The People Of The River: More anecdotes from British colonial administrator Sanders having to stop all the African tribes robbing, raping and killing each other. Has the usual suspense and subtle humour, and I dare say it's considerably more accurate than Black Panther. *7/10*

52. Michael Avallone – There Is Something About A Dame: Someone discovered an unpublished Shakespeare manuscript in WWII and Memo Morgan memorised it. So now someone is trying to kill him. God knows what's going on in this one, but it made sense at the time. *7/10*

53. Seabury Quinn – Night Creatures: Quinn was one of the Weird Tales big names, along with Robert Howard, HP Lovecraft, and Clark Ashton Smith. This is the first time I've read him. He's not much for plotting and manly action, but he squeezes raw emotion from the strangest places. This collection has two sympathetic likeable werewolves and some tragic horror scenes (not gory!). A slow meandering read but felt like relaxing into a hot bath. *8/10*

54. Martin Butler – The Corporeal Fantasy: I knew nothing about Kant, Schopenhauer, or the other dude. Didn't know I wanted to know. This book is Butler's personal interpretation of their philosophy and though it's indiosyncratic and sometimes difficult to read I felt like it presented some great ideas that were new to me. *7/10*

55. Warren Murphy – Summit Chase: Look, it's rubbish. I don't know why I keep reading them. *5/10*

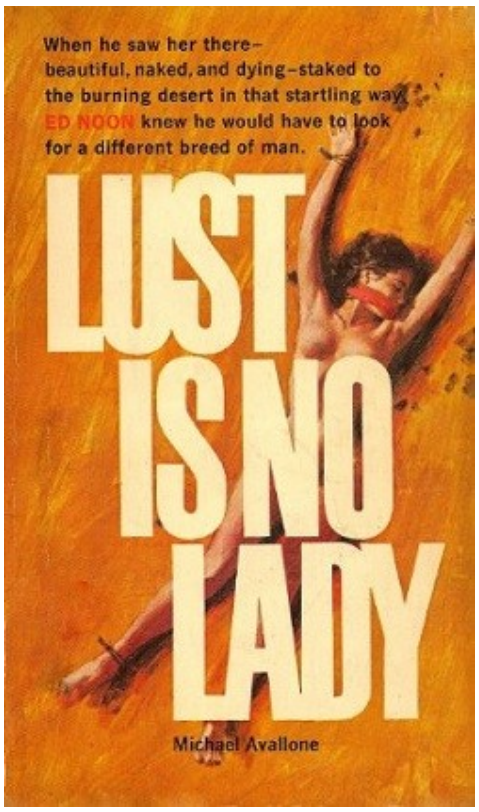


56. Wilbur Smith – A Falcon Flies: I'm a sucker for epic sweeping book series and Smith kicks off a Victorian-era tale of slavery, elephant-hunting, and African conquest here. The main characters are all thoroughly unlikeable cunts but somehow Smith writes them so we don't lose patience with them. Ship battles, duelling, bureaucratic incompetence, tracking beasts through the wilds… it's an African epic. *7/10*

57. Michael Avallone – The Bedroom Bolero: Someone is killing off hot chicks and they are found in red-painted rooms with the Bolero playing. Noon sorts it out. *8/10*

58. Dennis Wheatley – The Island Where Time Stands Still: This doesn't hang around as page one begins with Gregory Sallust thrown overboard during a storm in the South China Sea that kills his crewmates. He washes up on a New Taiwan, a secrey colony set up by aristocrats fleeing Mao. It goes in directions you couldn't hope to guess and is an engrossing read. *8/10*

59. Alexandre Dumas – Ange Pitou vol.1: His series on the French Revolution continues and now its all about the storming of the Bastille. The first 1/3 paints a picture of rural life as the titular character is growing up, then he is swept on a wild ride to Paris and revolution. More focused than many of Dumas' 2nd-tier novels and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Don't jump to this one, as the series is much better read in order. *8/10*



60. Michael Avallone – Lust Is No Lady: This one plays out like a Western. Noon is travelling through the desert when he blows a tire. He stumbles upon a half-dead woman tied to stakes and then into a gold-digging scandal. There's rootin' tootin' and shootin' here. Good book. *7/10*

Balls Deep – Reader Review #2

krauserpua · 1 July 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I noticed one of my readers was leaving detailed and thoughtful reviews on Goodreads, so reached out and asked if he'd review Balls Deep for the blog. I sent him a complimentary copy and insisted he give his authentic opinion, for good or ill. Here's the unedited review. Thanks for taking the time to write it!



Every time I visit this dating blog, I get to ask myself: Why? Why keep following the sayings of a man who is admittedly one of the most unattractive instructors ***(1)*** and who has publicly admitted "Look at me, my head is like a potato" ***(2)***?

And then, there, it keeps hitting back every time: I am going through the pages of his books and get struck by his deep perspective and pure realism. As usual, he doesn't hold anything back. He will report the good days, as well as the bad ones in equal quantity, with a colorful touch of his own sarcasm, self-narcissism and thoughts in retrospect.

The book is so rich and endless, it felt like i was reading 2 books the whole time.***(3)***

The first 70k words start with his Pre-game life. They extend all the way up to his marriage and how it all went to hell from there. There are some parts that explain a lot of the Nick's future choices and attitude towards life. Family, early years, school, university, his time in Japan, marriage and divorce, it's all very graphically presented throughout the pages.

Though there is a lurking issue here. I have personally been very conflicted about that 1st part. It's not that I didn't like it. But it could use a little more polishing. It surely didn't have the charisma the second part did. Some more episodes/details could have been added and consequently far far more perspective in deep retrospect. So that it would be equal in quality to that second part. There were 2 time jumps where a lot more stuff could have been added.

In order to describe it better, the phrase "Identity Crisis" comes to mind, where it's as if 2 different writers have written the 2 parts of the book. I could understand the need to get it on fast with the First Years and move to the "good stuff", but a proper memoir may always use extensive references to those earlier episodes of the writer's life.

It is what constitutes a proper memoir in the very end.

Part B is respectively where the real fun begins. It was eye-opening to watch the daygamer's evolution while, like a toddler, making his first steps and slowly conquering his inner fears to slowly master the "birdsong" of seduction.

Some of the girl stories generated in me that: "What if i did it differently" feeling when on similar situations in the past. Others act as a luminous guide when something alike could happen. I very much enjoyed any analysis on those "near wins", since it was stuff not mentioned in his regular textbooks.

Although could have been said a lot more on those first thousand approaches, the sentiments and the struggle to "get the girl", at least the interactions of the girls chosen to elaborate on go into much much detail.

And this brings us to the insights.

The perceptiveness extracted by some of the situations presented in honestly worth the price of the book alone. How socialism affects the SMP, the Genie metaphor with Bodi, and the psychological evaluation of some girls that otherwise seemed sexually unattainable to most men are only a few of the bits of wisdom put on paper. I actually had to close the book on more than one occasions, in order to do a little bit of reality check, since it was stuff you won't easily find elsewhere. ***(4)***

An honorary mention on the chain of events and how time distortion has been fixed, especially in contrast to vol 2 and 4, while any flashback is well put and justified, so that it doesn't mess chronologically with the narrative.

The illustrated art is spot on and most of the chapters are covered with loose drawings of the girls analyzed in any of their dedicated chapters.

Photographs all around the text contribute in keeping you entertained throughout reading and serve well in comprehending better what happened and which person was involved.

Touches of subtle sarcasm (the author's main characteristic) are mostly everywhere and even got myself bursting out laughing on a number of incidents.

The Verdict
The book tries hard to balance among being memoir, self-help, seduction and purely manifested narcissism. It mostly manages to convey it's messages, with the insights sparsely acting as the glue holding it all together.

Having now read all his now published books, i gotta say i feel a lot wiser, all things considered. This isn't just a combination of seduction stories. Female psychology, the psychology of the streets, the ups and downs of seduction, the wins, the near misses, socioeconomics in contrast to seduction, they all constitute a web of self-development. Which is practically the core of the book as a whole.

It surely doesn't stand in comparison to the other 3 books, owed to that bumpy ride of the first part, execution being its main issue. Nevertheless, it complements perfectly the memoir collection and penlights far better some of the behaviours in later books.

Hopefully e-books release some day, so that carrying them everywhere becomes possible.

Highly advised book if you want to start your daygame journey and still having internal conflicts about it. ***(5)***

8,5/10*

You can buy **Balls Deep 2nd Edition** on full-colour paperback or hardcover on Amazon. North American readers can get it faster here, and it also supports my work better as Aerio take a lower distribution fee than Amazon.

**Evaluation of a free copy received by the author.*

(1) If not for a couple from the Indian side.

(2) At the start of Daygame Overkill product.

(3) At the very least it justifies it's price in ink.

(4) What makes Krauser a prominent PUA instructor pretty much.

(5) For detailed specifics on seduction techniques, the textbooks will be needed.

Girl Junkie OUT NOW

krauserpua · 4 July 2019 · Archived copy · Original

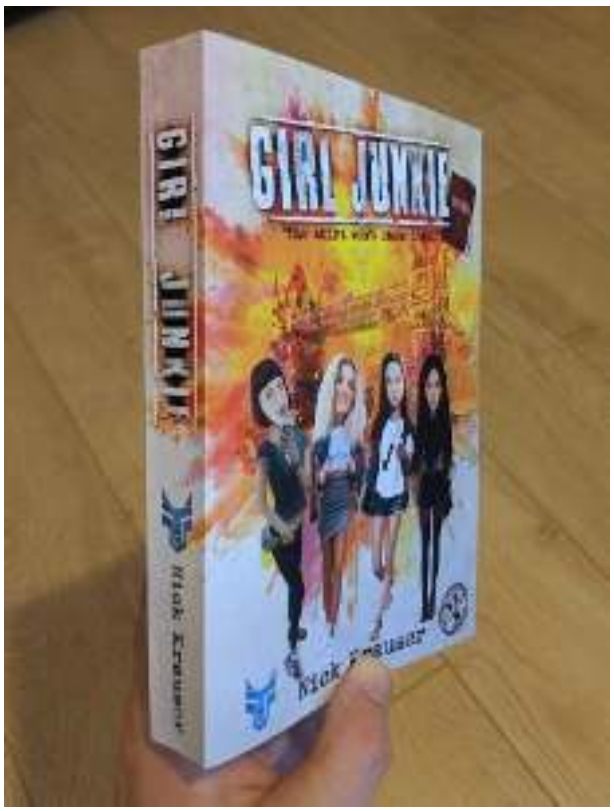


The juggernaut that is the Nick Krauser memoir series speeds relentlessly forwards on to its fifth volume. Join me on my seventh year in game – 2015 – as I travel the world with only my humble daygame skills to aid me in my quest to shag lots of younger-hotter-tighter women. Those of you up to date on the previous four volumes know what to expect: funny stories, ups-and-downs, detailed inner and outer game advice, and an insider's look at how it is to live as a player.

You can get both paperback and hardcover on Amazon in full-colour premium editions. Check this video for a look at what you'll be getting

This is a major work, and not some shit-out-quickly eBook. Five hundred and twenty seven pages, this one. That's no trifle, lads.

I plan to release my entire seven-volume memoir this year and so far I've done two volumes in six months. More coming soon!


GIRL JUNKIE
GIRL JUNKIE

I spoke at The 21 Convention

krauserpua · 22 July 2019 · Archived copy · Original



I was at **The 21 Convention** last weekend, in Warsaw, as a speaker. No doubt many of you are curious as to what I thought of it, not least because of the recent drama between T21C and **Rollo Tomassi**. Okay then, let's do it.

Firstly, I didn't take sides in that drama. I read what both parties had written and was able to reconstruct the events, from the so-called doxxing of the cigar club meet-up, to the Red Man Group LLC tussle, and the varied social media reaction from supporters of both sides. My conclusion was easy to reach: nothing to do with me. I like Rollo and he's been good to me in the past. I didn't yet know Anthony Johnson and his team but seeing as I had been invited to his show and given my promise to speak, I was going to speak.

I'm pleased to report the event weekend was a positive experience.

It was four days at the Marriot Hotel by the central station. The lectures were delivered in a big auditorium and two (or three?) smaller conference rooms were booked out for daily workshops. In addition there was a pre-show meet'n'greet in the hotel bar (I went), a paid VIP dinner (I didn't go), a gratis Heroes dinner (I did attend), and a final farewell meal (skipped). The scheduling was intense with a couple of lectures each AM and PM, with workshops sandwiched in the middle. There wasn't a lot of downtime.

So, how were the speakers?

Richard Grannon did several talks, the two most structured of which I very much enjoyed. One was on *toxic passivity,* his new concept for the West's cultural malaise, and he drew lots of cross-disciplinary connections that I liked. His second was on evading, escaping, and recovering from toxic relationships. In both cases he was a well-prepared, knowledgeable and charismatic speaker. For me, these talks were the highlight. I also attended his workshop on the last day, which was also good. I'm amazed he didn't drop dead from the amount of time he spent presenting.

I caught the second half of **Ed Latimore**'s talk and it made me wish I'd gotten out of bed earlier to catch all of it. He was a humble, charming guy with good delivery and some interesting insights. I'd always thought his Twitter was overly-dependent upon generic bromides and platitudes so it was a nice surprise to find out there's more depth

to him.

Socrates's lecture opened the event, which I missed because he's a big lad and I'd talked shit about him in the past *[1]*. Now I think of it, I only caught half of the total talks. Probably a missed opportunity. After meeting Socrates later, I decided I'll definitely catch the lecture when it comes onto YouTube.

My talk was a technical overview of the *London Daygame Model*, which all my readers will be well familiar with. It was pretty dry and there was so much to cover in an hour that I rather rushed it. It seemed to go over well, but I won't really know what I think of it until it's posted on T21C's YouTube. Afterwards, **George Bruno** interviewed me in a breakout room and he handled it comfortably like a pro.

On the last morning, while I still lay in bed, I got Anthony's invitation to do a **Red Man Group** panel broadcast live. So I jumped in the shower, pulled on my strides, and rushed out for one last unexpected contribution. It was an hour. I was sitting next to Socrates, so if you look carefully you'll see me trembling.

So, have I deftly avoided addressing the criticisms I'd previously raised against The 21 Convention in earlier blog posts? Yes, I have. Let's do so now. I entered the meet'n'greet on the first evening with a few preconceptions, based on the Rollo drama, watching speakers on YouTube and on social media, and word-on-the-street. I suppose you could list my criticisms as follows:

1. It's overpriced
2. The speakers are full of shit (e.g. The Natural Lifestyles, Blackdragon, Andrew Tate)
3. It's a soulless cash-in on Red Pill popularity

What do I think now?

Regarding price, that's for you to decide. Tickets seem to average out at $1,499 so it's for the customer to decide if that's a good deal. I spent lots of time talking to audience members and none of them were grumbling about being short-changed. Quite the opposite, they seemed hyped-up and eager for more. Each day was packed with content and I felt the team were trying to provide as much value as they could. *So do I recommend you go to the next one?* Not necessarily, it depends who is on. Look at the speaker list and decide what you think it's worth. In Warsaw, T21C delivered on what was advertised (subject to Rollo-related cancellations) and the audience liked it.

The speakers were of varying quality, imo. Grannon was excellent. Latimore was pretty good, and I'd like to think I was too. I missed too many talks to comment much further. There were a few duds. **Ivan Throne** probably shouldn't spend so much time talking about ninja spy networks and giving generic advice. **Ryan Black** should stop lying about his results with women ***[2]***. **John Cooper** needs to resolve his fear of rejection ***[3]***

Though I missed talks, I did get to chat to some speakers. Socrates and **Alexander Cortes** both impressed me favourably in person, having more gravitas and charisma than I'd expected from the videos I'd seen. We had a good long chat. They also contributed well to the Red Man Group panel I was on. **Steve Williams** hosted it and he has a very engaging lively manner that is really well-suited to the role. It was fun being on there.

So, that brings me to my updated thoughts on criticism number three: is it just a cash-in? Having spoken to Anthony and watched how he and his team conducted themselves backstage, I was left with the impression that they are sincerely putting on the best shows they can and are fully-invested in the manosphere / red pill message. Sure, it's a business and people want to get paid, but they really want their message out there.

I'll link my three videos as and when they appear on the respective YouTube channels. So, thanks to the T21C team for having me, and no hard feelings on Rollo. I'm still not taking sides.

[1] Joking. I was badly hung over and couldn't get out of bed.
[2] His second slide made the claim, and I quote, that after shagging just three women in his life, he went to a Sasha Daygame bootcamp and within six months had "a harem of six model-quality women who all knew about each other". Well, Ryan, you kept them well-fucking-hidden in 2010 didn't you? I know if I'd been rattling half a dozen models I'd have been flaunting it across the London Seduction Society like ***a right fucking twat***. But no, you kept it

so secret that not a single person in the dozens I knew in the 2010 London community can recall you *ever* being seen with a hot girl. You had us fooled into thinking you were just a talentless goon wandering the streets of Covent Garden doing crappy daygame. Did the models' agency make you sign an NDA and force you to destroy the evidence?

[3] He's got a Social Heartistry YouTube channel. You'll soon see what I mean.

Girl Junkie – Reader Review #1

krauserpua · 1 August 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I'm the world's worst marketer. I don't mind admitting it. In the first six months of this year I released the best two Daygame books ever written ***[1]*** and have barely even mentioned them. Did you know ***Balls Deep*** and ***Girl Junkie*** are on sale now at Amazon?



I'm not completely incompetent, mind. As soon as the paperback *Girl Junkie* was available to order, I sent a couple of hard copies to daygame buddies of mine. One of them, Mr White from London, has posted a review over at his blog.

So, the first reader review of volume five in my memoir is now online. Check it out here.

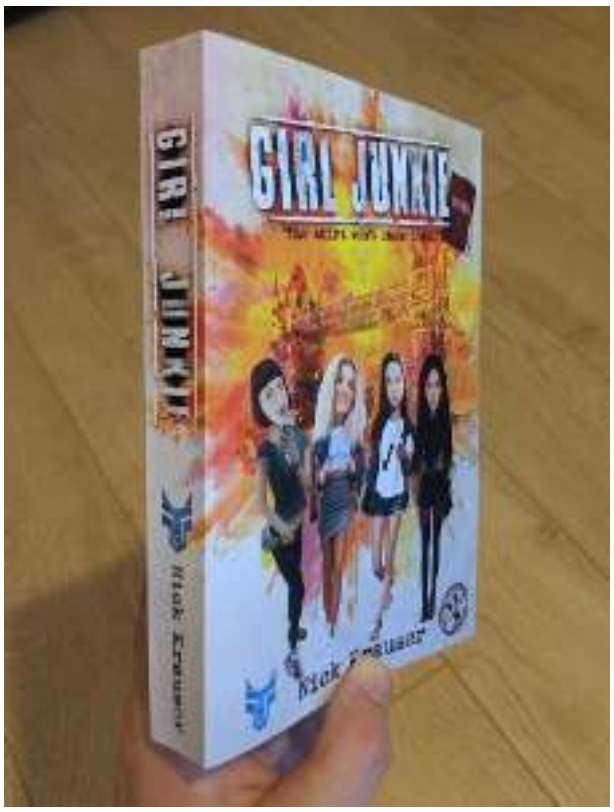
> "…One thing Nick is great at is raising the tension at critical points throughout the book using short sentences and descriptive writing perfectly, such as when he is on a Same Day Lay attempt. He really puts you- the reader into his shoes in these moments when everything feels like it is on a knife edge. That feeling of anticipation/nervousness/excitement we are all familiar with when we are in those same situations. I have always found it hard to put that feeling of the daygame roller coaster into words in my blog posts, Nick does it here with ease…"

It's a bloody good book, you know. A mammoth 527 pages in full colour describing my rakeish exploits as I run around Europe clacking top quality skirt. Each encounter plays out like a case study in how to get laid, and what curveballs girls throw your way. Those of you familiar with my textbooks ***Daygame Mastery*** and ***Daygame Infinite*** know how the model is laid out and how to learn the didactic way. *Girl Junkie* and the other memoirs teach you through storytelling. The prose helps put yourself in my position, watching events play out and feeling how you would react in the same position.

Really, it's almost like you're shagging them yourself ***[2]***

> "…Overall, I really enjoyed the book and compliments the series perfectly…."

Head over to Amazon for the full-colour paperback and hardcover editions of *Girl Junkie*. There are no plans for an eBook.



[1] See! Even my hyperbole isn't at all convincing.
[2] But you're not.

Girl Junkie – Reader Review #2

krauserpua · 15 August 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Warsaw daygamers are no doubt familiar with my buddy Mr R. About a month ago, I sent a copy of ***Girl Junkie*** *to him and asked for a review. Here it is in its unedited entirety. Thanks, boss.*

Girl Junkie is the story of the year after Krauser reached what he considered his peak (as detailed in *Adventure Sex*). Once you've reached the top of the daygame world, can you continue to maintain your position, or will you crash back down to earth like a priapic Icarus? The latest entry in the ever-expanding long-form Krauser memoirs is here to detail the titular man's struggle against the elements. If the previous year was the most successful for his exploits, this is the year where he truly gets to live his life as "Krauser".

Every active daygamer knows the thrill of the chase and the emotional rollercoaster of running down your leads, and by spending the entire year travelling, Krauser is constantly faced with time limits and the need to push everything forward hard and fast. Have you ever met a daygamer who's 100% 'normal'? We can all be daygamers but there are some who have the right combination of issues to allow them to handle the grind much better than most. A steady stream of numbers from younger, hotter, tighter, all filtered through the funnel of love, turn into a string of dates, sex, and anal deflowerings.



The ancient Greeks believed that a man who excessively chased women was ruled entirely by his desires, and became 'womanly' in all the wrong ways. As Krauser continues his endless loop of his favourite euro-jaunt locations, he becomes sulky, withdrawn, and prone to wild mood swings. So, basically a teenage girl with a boner. Appropriately then, he continues to stick his boner into teenage girls throughout the book.

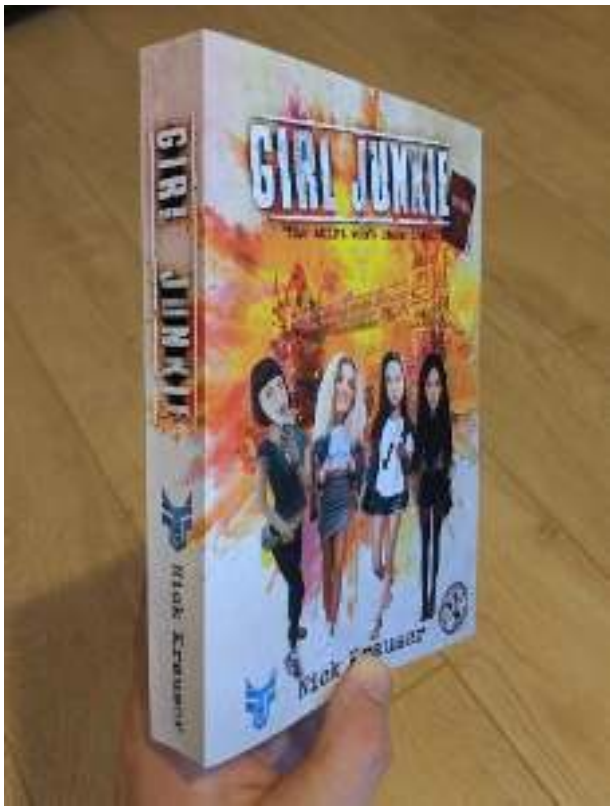
The structure of the book is straightforwardly chronological, with each chapter covering either a change in location or a change in Nick's circumstances. This makes it hard to review in detail as it's mostly slice of life vignettes, but there are several main narratives running throughout the book. The first narrative is Nick's growing realisation that not everyone in the daygame scene is as honest as he is, and that shady marketing pays better than actual results. He's not shy about naming names, but it generally never comes across as a malicious attack on a competitor, more like he feels outrage that scammers are ripping people off.

The second theme is the mental and physical changes he observes in himself. Mentally, he's losing touch with regular life, so going to a beautiful holiday destination with an adoring young girl quickly bores him, compared to repeatedly walking up and down a shopping street and using the same lines over and over again while chatting up birds. The constant adrenaline and dopamine-spiked eurojaunts have rewired his brain to seek quick reward over delayed gratification, and no amount of trips back to hibernate in his parent's conservatory can bring him back. You can feel the frustration as he questions what he's doing with his life. On the physical side, he's coming face to face with his own mortality. His feet hurt, his belly is growing, and he fears he's losing his legendary good looks. Is this the end of the line for our plucky hero? Or is he simply at step 7 of the hero's journey, the moment of despair? Well, since Krauser is still going and has dedicated himself to fitness, I'll let you guess.

The writing is consistently good throughout the book, there is a dip in pace towards the middle, accurately reflecting Nick's state of mind through the year. Many guys I know in real life make guest appearances as characters Krauser meets on his eurotour, and while the characterisations are all accurate, the conversations can sometimes feel a little artificial, like they've been added in to demonstrate a point Nick wants to expound upon. This is not just a memoir after all, there are nuggets of advice and guidance secreted within like hidden treasure.

Should you read this book? ***[1]*** I certainly enjoyed it, and if you've been following Nick's journey then the next stage is always interesting. As a stand-alone volume it's less effective, so read the earlier entries first if you want to get to this one with the right frame of mind.

Ambitious daygamers eager to move their game forwards will be irresistibly drawn towards Amazon for the hardcover and paperback full-colour editions of ***Girl Junkie****. Using your local Amazon may be a little quicker for some of you.*



1 – Yes, you should [K.]

August Memoir Update – Volume 7

krauserpua · 18 August 2019 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a busy period for little ol' Krauser. Not properly busy the way you ~~dickheads~~ dear readers have it, what with real office jobs and proper friends and stuff. But, as a man who spends most of his time sitting on his ~~fat~~ increasingly toned ass, I can assure you that the past two months *felt* busy.

I coached three residentials. One guy got laid twice. Another got two notches on the same day! Now, don't take that as a **Residential Training Lay Guarantee** but it's nice to know the old Krauser Magic has its effect. I think we can all agree on that.

I did **The 21 Convention**, as noted in an earlier post. Look at this photo from it. Rather spiffing, no?



I look so confident. So dominant. So…… attractive!

An unexpected but very welcome surprise in Warsaw was hooking up with a girl I'd first rattled back in 2015 when she was at the tender age of 19. She's still a pretty young filly now and we spent a lot of time together while I was in town. I'm definitely getting soft in my old age because it was lovely ***[1]***

But the book, Nick! Tell us about the book!

Okay, if you insist…..

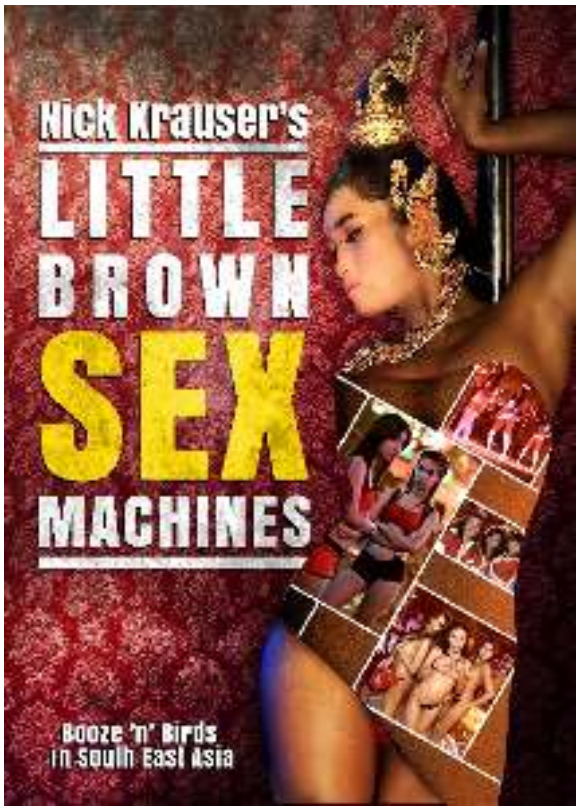
By now you all know the plan, to publish the entirety of my **seven volume memoir series** by the end of 2019 before turning my back on The Game with a theatrical flourish. Volumes 1-5 are all done and on sale at Amazon. Number 6 is a blank page, with all the hard work still to do.

Volume 7, in contrast, is in good shape and currently on schedule. Just this evening I reached the 50% mark in my text edit/rewrite. To those unfamiliar with the process, it goes something like this:

1. Write the book. This is by far the longest and most difficult stage.
2. Edit the text. I start at the beginning and work through the manuscript, picking up errors, tweaking sentences,

and adding new sections. Usually I'll have feedback from a test reader and a hired editor to help me.
3. Organise contractors to create interior artwork and cover design. Collate photos to illustrate the book.
4. Organise contractor to lay out the text and integrate the artwork. This also includes checking for errors and tweaking for visual aesthetics.
5. Upload to publisher website, print and review test copy.

The 50% mark I hit is in **stage two**. Stages 3-5 are pretty easy as most of the work is done by others. What this means for you scallywags is that I should have my final text by the end of this month, and quite likely release the book at the end of September. That'll leave me three whole months to crank out the final volume ***[2]***



It covers a lot more than just SEA, though

[1] I also deflowered a 19 yr old Ukrainian virgin, but let's not boast. My notches are too few and far between for me to take any fun in that game nowadays.
[2] Which intimidates me a little as I've currently written no more than two pages of notes. And also, when that's done I'll no longer have a good excuse to write about myself.

Girl Junkie – Reader Review #3

krauserpua · 29 August 2019 · Archived copy · Original



We all want to be heard, don't we?

It's no fun being an insignificant, squeaky little voice. Being the kid at the back of the class who is told to shut his pie-hole ***[1]***. It's no fun gliding silently through life without recognition of achievement, only to die and be forgotten before the worms have eaten your eyeballs.

My seven volume ~~cry for help~~ memoir may yet cement my place in history as *Kind Of A Big Deal*, but until then I'll take whatever scraps of recognition are thrown my way. Thanks most kindly to **Magnum PUA** for throwing this morsel from his tabletop of blogging excellence:

Nick Krauser – Girl Junkie book review

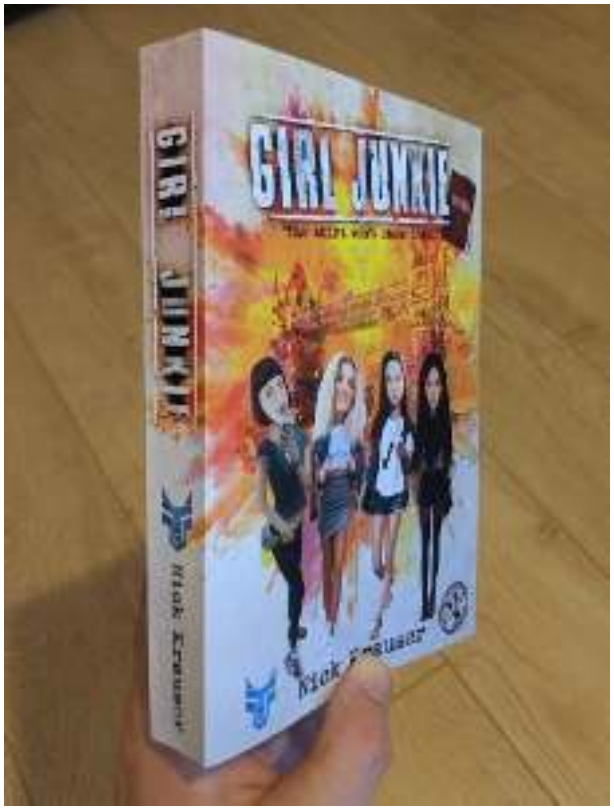
> "Each volume has delivered on its promise: well told interesting stories that both entertain as well as deliver game tidbits and perspective by example.
>
> With each volume I find myself underling certain ideas and passages to bring into my own game toolkit.
>
> **Girl Junkie** continues with this streak and doesn't disappoint."

Thanks kind, sir. Awfully kind.

> "With **Girl Junkie** what stands out to me as a long time Krauser reader is he has matured.
>
> There is less preening. Even though **Girl Junkie** covers the most recent year of the five volumes, where Krauser's game had continued to improve, in many ways he's more humble in this book and from my read it seems to have a greater balances of both the frustrations and successes. We all learn more from our failures and this makes for a more human and interesting read."

Ah! Brings a tear to an old man's eye that quote does. I don't want to be any bother, it's just nice…. sniff sniff… to be remembered.

Daygamers with a taste for a good story and oodles of hidden tips will find themselves headed here for the paperback or here for the hardback. People in weird countries will do best to check their local Amazon website.



[1] So I'm told.

More of my prattle

krauserpua · 23 September 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Whassup my niggers!

I'm sure you've all been jonesing for another video of me running my mouth like ***a right fucking pompous ass***. What, you haven't? Well, tough titty because that's what I've got for you today. Check this bastard out.

(it's also on George Bruno's channel here)

I dunno, sometimes I feel like I'm terribly eloquent. Or maybe **The 21 Convention** just brought out the better side in me. Thanks George for the interview, and to Anthony for hosting me at his event.

Also going down in Krauserworld is another review of my contribution to the English literary canon: ***Girl Junkie***. Head on over to Hash Daygame's site here for the full review. Thanks, pal!

> If you think the blog is filled with sarcastic dark humour, wait till you read the book. You will experience a no holds bar Nick Krauser writing straight from the heart. Hilarious and outrageous.

If you think you'd rather like to read more of my prattle, all my books can be found on your local Amazon site by searching "Nick Krauser".

Dopamine Detox – First thoughts

krauserpua · 23 September 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Those of you who've been **Krausermaniacs** since the good old days stretching back to 2009-ish will remember how this blog began: as a chronicle of my uncertain journey into the crimson arts. Old-skool Krauser was not the debonair, opinionated, loudmouth you know and love today. Oh no he wasn't! ***[1]*** The secret sauce of my blog was its relentless focus upon my learning game, its hyper-documentation of results (and, initially, lack thereof), and the soul-searchingly candid nature of my writing. I was thinking aloud, organising my mind, and trying to get good with girls.

I don't write like that any more. I finished my Player's Journey. To the extent I write about Game, it's as memoirs and textbooks passing on my conclusions, with hindsight ***[2]***

I'm now wondering whether it's time to go back to my old style of blogging. Not about Game, of course. Life's journey never really pauses for breath. There's always *something* to be getting on with. I've always been a tenacious character, someone who doesn't do things in half measures ***[3]***. That tenacity hasn't disappeared, I've simply turned it towards other ends. Specifically, finishing the memoir, reading books, and smashing the gym.

I haven't much felt like writing about it and – with that being all I've done this past year or more – that means I haven't much felt like blogging. Now, I'm thinking perhaps I need to humble myself again. Though I developed a rather high level of competence in daygame, I'm still amateurish and clumsy in the new challenges I've taken on. Perhaps I should use this blog as a journal to chronicle my new path, my new thoughts, and see how that goes. Kinda like the good old days.

Unlike my daygame writing, I won't be pitching myself as any kind of authority on the new subject matter. I'm learning. Other people are teaching me things. I'm trying to clarify my thoughts. This is the sounding board as I do so.



Don't DARE say that looks like me. Either of them!

So, what's going on in Krauserworld right now? A **dopamine detox**, that's what. Listen to this guy:

To summarise: the human brain rewards us with four pleasure chemicals. **Dopamine** is the cocaine, released in anticipation of getting what we desire. **Seratonin** is the chest-puffing pleasure of achievement, of moving up the dominance hierarchy. **Oxytocin** is the opium pipe, the warm fuzzy feeling of connection with and acceptance by

others. **Endorphins** are the anaesthetic, the jab that numbs physical pain.

The problem with modern life is we are inundated with a super-stimulation of dopamine-triggering activities: Netflix, video games, social media, and the biggest and baddest of them all- ~~chasing skirt~~ internet porn. Your next dopamine fix is only ever an arm's length away, in the form of your smartphone. Or a walk to the nice restaurant ***[4]***.

People don't get bored anymore.

Our dopamine is limited. If you release it negligently on high-stimulation/low-value activities there won't be any left to power you in low-stimulation/high-value activities. So, we must carefully manage it.

Regular readers will see why this thesis interests me. Chasing skirt is a non-stop roller-coaster ride of dopamine, seratonin, oxytocin, endorphins, and cortisol. Hardcore skirt-chasers become dopamine-addled lunatics. ***Girl Junkies***.

Ultimate Man came from the No Fap movement, developing his ideas as he struggled to abstain from internet porn. I think if you substitute porn with skirt-chasing, his ideas become relevant ***[5]***. His videos have been showing me an interesting theoretical basis for what I'd already concluded subconsciously: I need to lower my stimulation levels.

Early this year, I thought I could simply give up the Game and find myself a serious girlfriend. But, as the year wore on, I realised that- deep down- I didn't actually ***want*** a girlfriend. My intellectual forebrain concluded getting a bird would be a wise move, but my emotional hindbrain didn't actually want one. Why not? This puzzled me for months on end. Skirt would walk past me, I thought it wise to get a piece of that skirt, and yet I felt no desire to reach out and grab it.

Could it be Approach Anxiety? Hardly. My daygame record ranks me firmly within the world's top 0.1% of *men least likely to be crippled by approach anxiety*. I actually did do sets this year- probably a few hundred- and did bang a few girls. But…… I didn't really want to. The drive wasn't there.

Why?

I trust my subconscious. Since early 2018 it has been telling me to give up on women and give up on the player lifestyle. Initially, I wasn't especially receptive to that message, but it finally got through in mid-2018 and is gradually sinking in. Nowadays, I'm attempting to shake off every last vestige of my being a player. To my surprise, that stuff had settled much deeper into my being than I realised. It's in my bones. Last year I cut most of my links with the Euro Jaunt community: no more jaunts, no notch-hunting, no talking about game, no WhatsApp +1 groups. I turned my focus to a strict diet, gym, and *lots* of reading. It was an informal dopamine detox, before I knew what one of them was.

Since encountering Universal Man two weeks ago, I'm giving his advice a try. I'm not totally sold on his concept, but I don't need to be. I'm in the learning phase of this reorientation. I can afford to try things, cast around for ideas. So, no porn, no video games, no skirt, no Netflix, no sweets, and no booze ***[6].***

I don't expect to remain straight edge forever- it's an experiment. Since pulling away from Game last year I've already noticed my attention span zoom upwards. I went from a man who could barely focus for ten minutes, to a man who thinks nothing of reading a book a day (this year, my rolling average is 1-book-in-2-days). It's been three weeks since I played a video game. Two weeks since I watched porn (a month since watching one I hadn't filmed myself). I can't remember last time I binged a few episodes of a Netflix serial.

I'm more content than I expected.


None of this muck

Already, my brain feels different. Less angsty for stimulation. I remember a few years ago I was *constantly* yearning for something to do. Usually I'd find it by walking the streets. I'd already come to realise how sex-obsessed I'd been. Hormonally, ideologically. As a player, every year turned the dial a little further towards **Sex Is Everything.** I had built an entire ideological system to justify and encourage it.

Not that there's anything wrong with that. I wanted to clack skirt- needed to- and it massively improved my life. Nonetheless, that lifestyle has side effects. They creep up on you slowly, like boiling a frog. Now I'm trying to throw out the bathwater without also throwing out the baby.

So, that's one of the things I've been ruminating on lately.

If you think all that is gay bollocks and would much rather just shag birds, consider my textbook ***Daygame Mastery*** *(available on Amazon) and my instructional video* ***Daygame Overkill****.*

[1] Oh yes he was!
[2] There are still many active players who are writing Player's Journey blogs, including a bunch of my friends who I can verify as legitimate voices. Many of them are linked here.
[3] Which, I'll admit, can be a little wearing on my companions.
[4] Or, if you're Irish, the pub.
[5] Assuming you actually catch some of the skirt, that is.
[6] Maybe the occasional rum on ice, but don't tell anyone.

Now long now, lads

krauserpua · 26 September 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Bing bang bosh! The next great milestone in the history of pick-up fast approaches: the release of volume seven of my ~~interminable~~ epic memoir: *Last Man Banging **[1]***. I'm currently sitting at my laptop facing a first draft of the complete layout, a sixth draft cover, and with three industrious contract artists to oversee. Exciting times.



All the hard work is done. Now it's a case of tweaking, error-checking, and polishing the final document. I think that'll take another week. Then I'll print myself a test copy and have a look through when I'm back home in October. So, my best estimate for release is mid-October.

And by then, I'll have started on writing the final volume ***[2]***



CHAPTER 34

Cool Off

There are many enduring mysteries in the world: the Bermuda Triangle, the popularity of hip hop music, and of course the continued survival of the Jewish nation. None of these head-scratchers can approach, much less surmount, the sheer impossibility of The Problem of August.

Equations get solved. The mathematics of poker has been solved. Yet in ten years of trying, involving the accumulated experimentation of dozens of ambitious men, no-one has yet figured out a productive bachelor to doggame in August.

There are numerous factors at play.

It's the hottest month of the year, and almost every good doggame city becomes rubbish. Firstly, the universities have long since broken up for their summer holidays, scattering girls to the winds. It's also quite common in the FSU for young adults to visit family all month, or hang out in "dacha" summer homes in the countryside. In the Balkans, city kids take cars and buses down to the Adriatic sea. The Croats go to their islands while Serbs go to Montenegro or Greece for the same beach holidays. The upshot of all this is that there are no great doggame cities in August.

I'd tried various work-arounds, such as Prague. An all-year tourist city in a landlocked country, the Czech capital empties less dramatically than most. Still, Prague is outrageously hot and muggy in summer, and August coincides with peak tourist season so accommodation and flight prices shoot up, negating much of the advantage in going there. I'd calculated

Minsk, reasoning that it has a landlocked but unlike Prague it gets no tourists, nobody has any money to go on holiday, and they wouldn't be allowed a visa anyway. I wouldn't act on this spurious reasoning until 2016, when I'd confirm Minsk in August is also shit.

I had a different idea for August 2017: ignore doggame entirely and enjoy summer hanging out with some friends I hadn't seen in a while. Jimmy, John, and Lee were now living together in Zagreb. I decided to visit.

Given Newcastle's limited flight connections, flying in via Belgrade was more convenient. I checked in with Petra. She was single again and keen to meet. So, I landed at Nikola Tesla airport at midnight on the 4th, a Friday night, and took the shuttle bus into Belgrade city centre.

Here my problems started.

I'd arranged an Airbnb apartment in Dorcol, the nice part of town a little down the bank from Knez Mihailova. The landlady had agreed to my late check-in, telling me her brother would wait in to hand over the keys. So, I messaged him using airport WiFi to say I'd landed and expected to reach him by taxi. I went offline, not having a local SIM card to maintain an internet connection during the bus ride.

I arrived. The apartment building had a security guard who spoke some broken English.

"Man named. He gone now."

"I am checking in now. Are you sure?"

"I sure. He leave thirty minutes before."

My fifteen kilo rucksack weighed heavily on my back. I was exhausted from a long journey and the layover at Amsterdam's Schiphol airport. Sweaty clothes stuck to my skin in the cloying summer humidity.

I wasn't happy, to put it mildly.

A bar twenty metres up the road had open WiFi from which I sent the landlady's brother a WhatsApp message. He blue-ticked a read receipt instantly but never replied. I called and he didn't pick up. So, I messaged the landlady directly through the Airbnb message system. She replied after ten minutes; clearly not the slightest bit interested in my check-in problems. I imagine she was in a beach-front bar somewhere in Montenegro. Keeping promises was the least of her priorities.

Over the course of twenty minutes, she called her brother who refused to come back and give me the keys. She blamed me and said she was

[1] Formerly known as *Little Brown Sex Machines*.

[2] Volume 6, as yet untitled, covering the year immediately prior to *Last Man Banging*.

Escape Loops

krauserpua · 2 October 2019 · Archived copy · Original

A concept I liked from **Universal Man**'s discussion of dopamine detox is that of **Escape Loops** and **Productivity Loops**. It goes thus…. Cortisol is the drug released by the body to create dissatisfaction. It is the stick to dopamine's carrot, there in order to motivate behavioural change. So, something happens that's against your interests and requires action…. you get a dose of cortisol.

Getting fat and looking like shit in front of the mirror? That's your SMV going down, and the rising sense of unease you feel is caused by cortisol.

Been on the wrong end of a run of +1 texts from your daygame mates? That's your social status going down ***[1]*** so you're denied the pleasurable seratonin and instead blasted with a shot of cortisol.

Failed a job interview? Carpeted by the boss at work? Stuck in a traffic jam?



Fixed an election and STILL lost it?

It's all cortisol. Your body is reacting to a perceived change against its interests and attempting to prod you into restorative action. The problem is two-fold. First, your body is adapted to a different environment and is thus misreading cues. A traffic jam is not actually a threat to your survival and replication. We are no longer in the state of nature. Second, modern society has furnished us with a range of diversions that allow us to counter-act the cortisol spike without actually addressing its root cause. Universal Man calls them escape loops, and they are activities which drown out the cortisol with dopamine without solving the problem at hand.

Porn is the big one. There are many more: comfort eating, getting blotto drunk, chasing sub-par skirt, farming social media likes, binge-watching Netflix, video games etc. They are all quick-fixes of dopamine that will wash away the badfeelz of cortisol. They are escapism.

Badfeelz (cortisol) —> Escapism (dopamine) —> Repeat

It gets worse.

On a single per-occurrence basis, there's not much harm in engaging in a little escapism. You're struggling on your Moscow euro-jaunt, your mate +1s the WhatsApp group, so you quietly have a wank and go to sleep. Not a

problem ***[2]***. But what if you keep doing it?

Here we get into another problem, that of **Shadow Careers**. It's a term Universal Man picked up from Steven Pressman ***[3]***. The modern world furnishes us with a smorgasbord ***[4]*** of options to progressively climb imaginary ladders to nowhere. Think of the meta-progression in the typical video game, such as levelling up your *Assassins Creed* character with new skills, or progressive unlocks in *Call Of Duty* and online rankings. Think of your followers ratio on Instagram, or your retweets. Think of any virtual credibility.

NONE OF IT MATTERS

Shadow careers provide the illusion you are progressing in your life goals while, simultaneously, your real life is going to shit. Thus it is an extended version of the Escape Loop: create a source of dopamine/seratonin/oxytocin to drown out the badfeelz of cortisol without actually removing the problem that is creating the cortisol.

You might as well buy a white van and drive around Eastern Europe opening mediocre birds ***[5]***



I'm ruined!

What's the solution? UM reckons you should replace escape loops with a productive activity. When you you feel the burn of cortisol, forgo the opportunity to engage in escapism and instead get something done.

Fuck all that. The most productive thing you can do is buy Daygame Overkill, a detailed in-field demonstration of how to pick up girls without harassing them and without shitting yourself because a few low-t soyboys do a Fake News show about daygame.

[1] As far as your monkey brain is concerned, anyway.
[2] If I was into this kind of mucky stuff, I'd have spent all of 2018/19 on Pornhub.
[3] In a book I haven't read but mean to.
[4] Finally, I slipped that word into a blog post!
[5] Then take all your content offline in a panic.

The Rule of Lust

krauserpua · 10 October 2019 · Archived copy · Original

I just passed the three-week mark of my No Fap streak. It wasn't particularly difficult as I've never been one to engage in that kind of muck on a frequent basis ***[1]***. What's been unusual is how little interest I've even had for porn since I completely cut it out of my life. I expected I'd miss the stimulation, that somehow absence would make the heart grow fonder. It's been quite the contrary – out of sight, out of mind.

Now that it's gone, it's like it was never really there. Kinda like my mate from Wales's YouTube channel.

Given that I was never a porn addict, why have I been so Adam Ant about giving up on it entirely? That would be because of the **Rule Of Lust**.



Get back thee, Satan!

I hadn't even considered the issue until **Universal Man** mentioned it in passing on one of his *Sexual Self-Mastery* videos ***[2]***. He postulates that Lust is a cheap, superficial imitiation of healthy sexual desire, much as junk food is of a healthy diet. It is a super-stimulation, all sizzle and no steak. When addicted to porn, a man's sex drive rockets until he's horny all the time. This lust squeezes out all other interests in life until nothing but sex matters. Everything else in life is cheapened, drowned out by the lustful instinct.

I can relate to that. Many times I've been on Euro Jaunts and wondered, "what do normal people even ***do*** on holiday, if they aren't chasing skirt?" I'd see people queuing outside the opera, or dining in fancy restaurants and wonder what the hell they are playing at. What a pointless load of shit when you could be clacking some young bird.



BOOOOOOOOOORRRIIIIINGGG!

I'd come to look back on my teenager years as a woefully-missed opportunity to get notches. Many a time back then I'd get talking to girl, make out with her, and then keep her at a distance. At least half a dozen times I declined to bang girls who were absolutely serving it up on a plate for me. They weren't unattractive either. Why?

To a PUA, it seems like absolute madness. Why would you turn down easy notches from pretty girls?

Well, teenager me just didn't particularly care. Sure, I'd have liked to bang those birds but I remember what stopped me: "she's going to want to keep hanging around, isn't she? She'll expect us to do it more, and go on dates and stuff." I was rather choosy about which girls I'd let into my life so, to forestall letting the wrong ones in, I declined to shag them. Don't let me overstate how often this happened. Maybe a half dozen times in two years. Maybe add another dozen where it hadn't yet been served up on a plate but probably would have been if I'd put forth a little more effort.

The point was this: *casual sex wasn't very important to teenage me*. I was not ruled by lust.

When a man is lustful he's not really in control of his life. He's certainly not ***free***. Say you're in a cafe reading a book and two hot ~~slags~~ birds walk in, twittering on like decorative little dollies. Your head comes up and your concentration is broken. Lustful thoughts fill your mind and there's an ache in your soul if you don't try to bang them. It can be very frustrating. I've spent years of my life in that state. It gets tiresome.


What would YOU do?

A couple of years ago I began thinking what life would be like without libido. My primary conclusion: it would be a blessed *relief*.

You can't just cut porn/birds/sex out of your life and expect to be happy. Something has to fill the gap. For me, it has been reading and gym. I don't expect to remain in **Monk Mode** forever. For the time being, though, I'm enjoying life a lot as my sexual urge is ratcheted downward, lust no longer inflames my blood, and I can get on with other interests.

I doubt I could've found satisfaction in a cleaner simpler life if I hadn't first banged loads of birds.

But anyway, I don't recommend YOU become a monk – nosiree! You'd be far better off chasing lots of skirt and what better way to succeed than to buy ***Daygame Overkill*** *and* ***Daygame Mastery****.*

[1] And this magazine is for my dad, sir.
[2] An interesting series. Recommended.

Powder And Patch

krauserpua · 16 October 2019 · Archived copy · Original

My gran was a wily old goat ***[1]*** and I recall her once letting slip to my dad, as she was helped into the front seat of his car, "I don't think Nick is going to marry again." That was about seven years ago and I've done nothing to prove her words inaccurate. My gran was well into her **Mills & Boons** novels, a monthly book club for lovers of romance fiction. North American readers should think of Harlequin romances to get an idea of it. Kind of like **Mack Bolan** for birds. Every lunchtime when I'd walk from school to my gran's for lunch, she'd have a little stack of Mills & Boons paperbacks on the coffee table.

Years passed. I decided to read one today. I was very quickly reminded of a presentation my old buddy **Tony T** had given at a 2009 bootcamp. He'd based it on the book *Dangerous Men Adventurous Women*, a series of essays by writers of women's romance, explaining how they fashioned the stories. "Get to know what birds pine for, and your seduction game will improve," he advised.

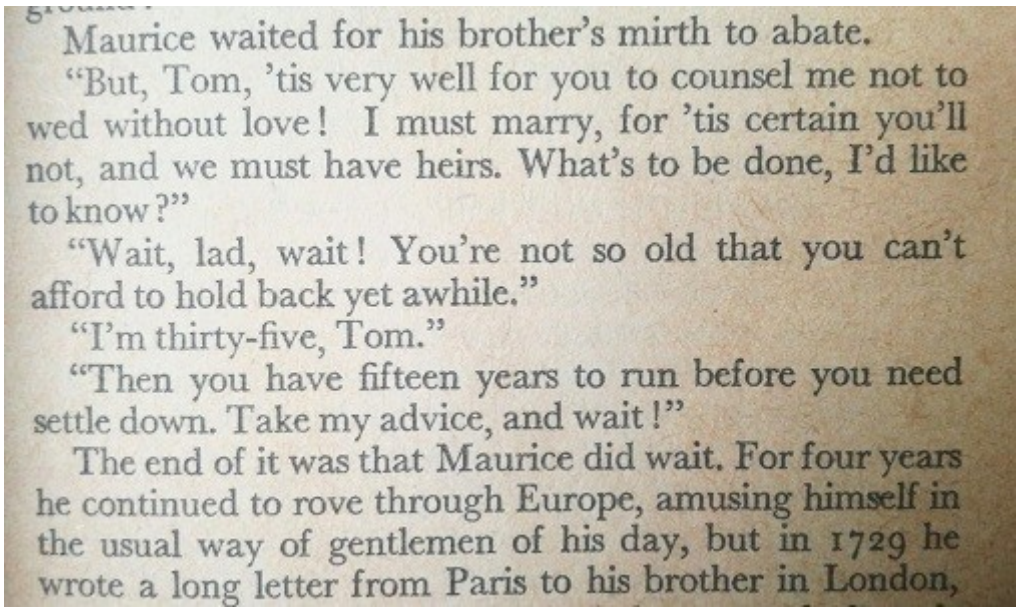


Not as gay as The Natural Lifestyles coaches

So it is with this in mind that I picked up a paperback of Georgette Heyer's *Powder And Patch*, a 1923 regency romance ***[2]*** first published by Mills & Boons. And, my oh my, isn't it half red pill! Reading old books does make you realise that what we think is edgy / thoughtcrime in 2019 was in fact simply "common sense" in earlier times. The story is standard stuff: Phillip is the young son of a country squire Maurice, both of them simple honest men desirous of a quiet village life. Phillip has fallen in love with neighbour and recently come-of-age Cleone who appears to share his sentiments, though neither dares voice their feelings. The foppish Henry returns to their village to lie low after a duel in London and cracks on to Cleone to amuse himself. His wordly knowledge and fast patter make Phillip seem dull by contrast, so Cleone goads him to "go become a gentlemen". Piqued, Phillip sets off and his dad Maurice entrusts him to the formerly-foppish uncle Tom to educate him in the ways of High Society.

Like I said, its for the birds. There are no explosions, car chases, ticking bombs, or strip clubs. There are a few sword fights but strictly until first blood and with no intention to seriously wound. It's a light-hearted book.

But the red pills! Get a load of this advice as the two older brothers chat about how a man of means should live…..



Maurice waited for his brother's mirth to abate.

"But, Tom, 'tis very well for you to counsel me not to wed without love! I must marry, for 'tis certain you'll not, and we must have heirs. What's to be done, I'd like to know?"

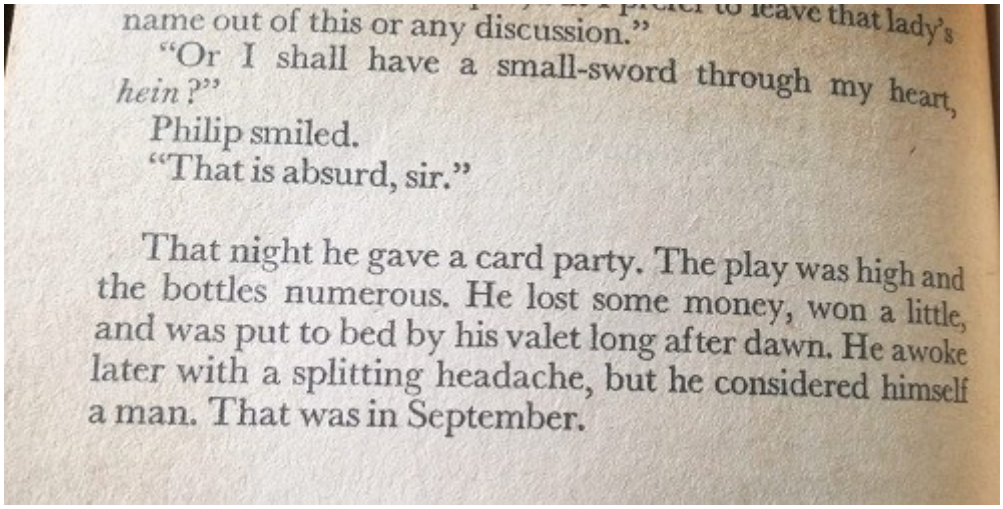
"Wait, lad, wait! You're not so old that you can't afford to hold back yet awhile."

"I'm thirty-five, Tom."

"Then you have fifteen years to run before you need settle down. Take my advice, and wait!"

The end of it was that Maurice did wait. For four years he continued to rove through Europe, amusing himself in the usual way of gentlemen of his day, but in 1729 he wrote a long letter from Paris to his brother in London,

Isn't that exactly the life advice Rollo dishes out over at **The Rational Male**? What could be redder pill than that? It would seem us Euro Jaunters aren't quite the pioneers we may like to think we are. Later, Phillip turns into a debauched gentleman in Paris and he certainly knows how to go on a bender…..



name out of this or any discussion."

"Or I shall have a small-sword through my heart, *hein*?"

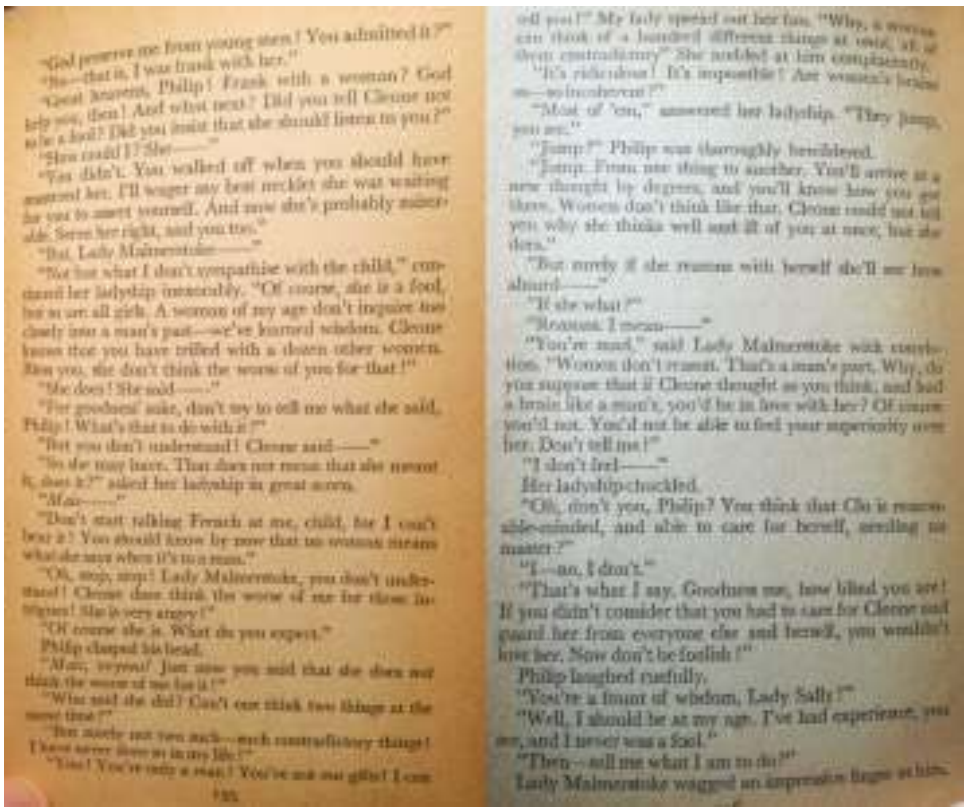
Philip smiled.

"That is absurd, sir."

That night he gave a card party. The play was high and the bottles numerous. He lost some money, won a little, and was put to bed by his valet long after dawn. He awoke later with a splitting headache, but he considered himself a man. That was in September.

So far, so interesting but the book really earns its red pill spurs in the character of wise old Aunt, Lady Malmerstoke. Phillip has returned to London and is the talk of Society, the same circles that Cleone has recently been debuted at by the Aunt. As you'd expect from a romance novel, many misunderstandings and awkward events ensue to keep the couple at odds. Eventually, Phillip asks Cleone's hand in marriage and she rejects him (out of pique, she does love him). Distraught, Phillip seeks advice from Lady Malmerstroke.

Dickheads, I present you with a masterclass in understanding the female psyche. It begins with Phillip having told Lady Malmerstroke that Cleone challenged him on having flirted with too many women already and thus being a man of tainted reputation. Perhaps you'd like to open your copy of Mystery Method to compare it line by line….



Let's recap what game fundamentals Lady Malmerstroke is advising:

1. Deny, deny, deny!
2. Women want to be mastered.
3. Don't listen to what they say.
4. Women are irrational.
5. Don't reason with them.

I dunno, it almost seems like **Chateau Heartiste** is still writing.

It also got me thinking on another point: the interchanges between men and women in this book are so much deeper and more nuanced than anything a typical PUA is capable of coming up with. These dialogues are *verbal sparring*, proper banter. The men are impressing the women by their ability to outclass the latter in the art of conversation. It's a deeper game than simply caressing their hand, pushing logistics, and escalating. These books involve the man winning over uncertain women, not simply filtering for whatever Yes Girls will take them.

If you like nuanced game that pays appropriate respect to game fundamentals while also specifically adapting to the needs of a modern daygamer, get yourself ***Daygame Overkill*** *and* ***Daygame Mastery****. Learn to play the game in Maybe.*

[1] Before senile dementia diminished her faculties, sadly.
[2] That means set in the 18th century, you clod.

Five Weeks No Fap

krauserpua · 22 October 2019 · Archived copy · Original

Throughout my life, I'd always known I was surrounded by a bunch of wankers but now it has literally come to pass. I'm the only clean-minded individual around these parts. One of my friends recently developed a strain of chlamydia so bad that it spread to his knees and ankles, putting him on crutches in Dickensian fashion ***[1]***. In figuring out who he'd contracted it from, he was only able to narrow it down to three particularly unsavoury tarts. Another of my friends recently ended a cycle of Human Growth Hormone, then we went on the lash in Antwerp whereupon not only did he out-drink me quite prodigiously, but he invigorated himself with ample cocaine. When that was gone he flagged down two passing vibrants and cadged some kind of gas- the street name of which escapes me- that is snorted from a balloon.

I dunno, when did I become the paragon of clean living? Compared to such shenanigans, sitting at home reading a book a day comes off as positively boring.



Might as well just move here

Anyway, pre-amble aside I wanted to offer some thoughts on how my No Fap has been going. I initially opted for a **Hard Reset**, meaning no porn, no fap, and no sex. It may surprise you that of the three, my only lapse was in the sex – I banged an old flame who stopped off in Newcastle on her way to visit a friend in Scotland. Does that mean I reset the Hard Reset clock to zero?

Of course not! We all know that re-treads are not notches and therefore don't count as real sex. This is established PUA orthodoxy. Phew!

So, five weeks/35 days of precious little stimulation. What's it been like?

Rather good, I'd say. My attention span continues to lengthen and I get decreasingly distracted by sex-related thoughts. I do find sexual desire bubbling up multiple times a day, usually triggered by a line or two in a book I'm reading, but I don't feed it and it dissipates within about five minutes, fifteen at the outside. In my daygame days I'd deliberately nurture such bubblings in order to spur me to seductive action whereas nowadays I take the opposite

route, dampening down the urges and distracting myself with other things until they disappear.



Five minutes' distraction, yesterday

I've found the sexual appetite is absolutely not a NEED. You try going without food and water, you'll discover what need really means. The sexual urge simply comes and goes. I can see how monks could go decades without acting upon that urge.

Strangely, I'm reminded of a reader's letter in **Viz** magazine ***[2]***. It went something along the lines of: "It is medically-proven that the adult male must discharge semen through ejaculation every two weeks, whether through sex or masturbation. So, Cliff Richard, which is it?" Obviously, that was written for comic effect and there's likely no such medical consensus. However, I'd always assumed the sex urge was like holding your breath underwater: at some point, you will come up for breath. I can say from 35 day's experience, **this isn't true**. It comes and goes. It doesn't build up if you fail to act upon it.

I did have one minor lapse that surprised me. I was checking my torrents folder on my desktop, after many months away from it. There was a Japanese porno I'd downloaded from **JAVJunkies** about a year ago taking up 5GB of harddrive space. Wishing to free up space, but curious, I decided to skip through it to see if I definitely wanted to delete it. I'm calling that a lapse because I should've just deleted it sight-unseen.

Anyway, I watch the opening credits (non-sexual scene setting) and remember, "Ah, this one was a bit shite, no wonder I forgot it". I click on the timeline, quickly scanning across the ninety minute run time and I realise something odd: *it's considerably more interesting now than it was a year ago*. Having grown unaccustomed to lust and sexual stimulation, landing on the middle of a sex scene was like taking a line of cocaine. My brain lit right up and relatively mediocre tarts engaged in relatively badly-staged scenes were suddenly the most interesting thing in the world.

So I closed the media player and deleted it.

I thus conclude that my brain chemistry is in fact changing. Spending time away from lustful thoughts and entertainments does indeed settle a man down.

Speaking of settling down, Daygame Mastery and Daygame Overkill will help you pull lots of girls and thus avoid

having to do so. And Epstein didn't kill himself.

[1] Jimmy and I felt terrible mocking him for that, but we didn't stop.
[2] To date, the funniest periodical ever printed.

What I learned from Giacomo Casanova

krauserpua · 29 October 2019 · Archived copy · Original



Currently wanted by Scottish police force

I've now read six volumes of the lecherous Venetian's epic memoir which, I believe, puts me at the halfway mark. It's been an entertaining and eye-opening read. In fact, I'd go so far as to rank it as the all-time *second best* player memoir series. Well worth a crack.

Like many other cultural icons – James Bond, Conan the Barbarian, Dogtanian *[1]* for example – the popular image of the man is at variance with how he is written in the original stories. My readers are perhaps wiser on matters Casanova than most but I'll bet most of you know him as an elite-level seducer of top-quality Regency tottie. Well, that's not quite accurate. Casanova operated in a very different world than today's humble seducers and faced different challenges. He also had different priorities. So, let's consider some of the things I learned from his story so far….

1. He played the whole lover-provider range.
Orthodoxy within the London Daygame community is that if you pay for sex, it doesn't count. It is no more of an achievement to bang a whore/sugarbaby/Ukrainian "model" *[2]* than it is to buy a movie ticket and watch The Avengers. To call yourself a player when paying for sex is like calling yourself a comedian while paying everyone in the audience to laugh at your jokes. There's no accomplishment. No *winning*.

Casanova clearly took pride in his real seductions, and the books include many of them. He'd pursue some women for weeks on end, going to elaborate lengths to woo them. He'd also just as easily pay for it in cash, or set up mistresses with houses and incomes. He was shameless about it. In one case in France, he sets up a silks factory and hires two dozen young seamstresses, then proceeds to hit on every one of them, offering money for sex.

The memoirs include rapes, prostitution, sugar-daddying, and extortion as means of getting laid in addition to the usual seduction.


The Claw, yesterday

2. Smart men had his number.
It took a while for me to figure this out, but as the books wore on I started to see a pattern emerge. Casanova would arrive in a town and ingratiate himself into a series of social circles, often with a particular woman in mind. Almost immediately he'd make an enemy or two among local men. In itself, no big deal. Until, that is, I realised his enemies were usually high-ranking army men with careers in soldiering, or successful business men. It was wolves recognising a rabbit in their midst. Casanova is frequently run out of town by men who, to him, seem to persecute him without provocation. In volume six he arrives in Switzerland and is temporarily forced to restrain himself and not hit on women for a week. He comments that when walking the streets, locals look at him with respect and he's not used to that! Other times his reputation precedes him, for good and ill.

3. Sexually transmitted diseases were a huge risk
Casanova is frequently sidelined by illness, sometimes taking painful mercury and nitrate cures to clear up venereal diseases, and out of action for months at a time. This was two hundred years before antibiotics and Casanova usually refused to wear "English sheaths". There's one funny time where he stays at a lodge and takes a fancy to one of the girls there, Raton, so offers her two louis to come round and shag him. After showing her to his bedroom he steps out to the lavatory and noticed a patron has scrawled "October 10, 1760, one week ago Raton gave me the clap and it's killing me." Casanova returns to find Raton naked in his bed and her shawl stuffed down between it and the wall. He pulls it out and notices its stains. She flees.

Another intrigue is centred around him getting the pox from a vengeful Madame F. and, because his Spanish valet Ludec has also just caught the pox, Casanova is able to turn the tables. It's a squalid story I shan't spoil.


Knee-Clap was endemic

4. He was ruled by his urges.
Casanova was an inveterate gambler in addition to his lustful wanderings. Most of his stories are some variation of this model: (1) show up in new town with letter of introduction from a notable in previous town, and with a full purse, (2) join a social circle centred around an aristocratic lady, (3) gamble every day, winning and losing large amounts, (4) target the lady or one of her retinue (5) get into some kind of intrigue behind the husband's back, (6) leave town due to either a duel, the pox, or unpaid debts.

Casanova is an inconstant. He will fall in love with a girl and contemplate marriage. They'll develop a serious relationship and then, just before proposing, the daughter of the local baker will catch his eye and he's off after her instead. The old flame is simple forgotten.

5. There's rather more murder than one would expect.
The last story of volume six concerns a mistaken identity with a nun. The thirty-five year old Casanova is walking home one afternoon when he sees a young nun (21yr old) chaperoned by an old battleaxe nun. He mistakenly thinks it's an old flame called M.M. from five years earlier, so he follows them to their lodgings in a peasant cottage. An intrigue ensues. In order to deflect the battleaxe, the young nun (who is hiding a pregnancy inflicted by a fifty-year old hunchback) conspires with the peasant landlady to give the older woman a sleeping soporific. They overdo it and the battleaxe has been asleep for 28 hours. Casanova consults with them and they decide not to call a doctor, as it would reveal the pregnancy and the intrigue. So, they let her die and pay off the parish priest to get her buried without incident.

Years earlier Casanova ambushed a man walking home late one night, clubbed him with a blackjack, and threw him unconscious into a canal. The poor victim was only saved by revellers who saw him floating. There are other such events. Casanova appears to have had no scruples at all.



There's always someone cheating at Faro

6. Degenerates seek him out.
There's one story in volume five where literally everyone involved is on the make: He fancies the daughter of his inn-keeper but she's been made pregnant by some random a month earlier, and nobody knows. So, Casanova consults an aristocratic lady friend who recommends a local midwife abortionist. Social pressure is immense, so they have a plan to go to a masquerade ball together then slip out, take a coach, and consult the midwife. They pay her a 50% deposit to buy the supplies, then tell the pregnant woman. Ultimately, they don't follow through.

Months later, Casanova is walking in a park when the midwife recognises him. She's with a rogue. She reports him the the Chief of Police saying he tried to procure an abortion and she refused. So Casanova is about to be prosecuted. Witnesses are "found" to support the midwife. What follows is a comedy of betrayal, pay-offs, and dissembly as literally everyone is trying to scam everyone else.

Another time, in volume six, Casanova shows up in town and is immediately targeted by three officers who slip him roofies, take him for a fortune in an illicit gambling den, steal his jewellery, and then pursue him through the local courts for payment. He ends up drugging the guard at his hotel, sneaking out a neighbour's window, and fleeing town. In other towns he always seems to know the card sharps, pimps, abortionists, con-men, and other low-life. This despite him being rich and supposedly moving in high circles.

7. Logistics were a nightmare.
It's not unusual for Casanova to rent a country house, full complement of servants, and host grand balls just in order to provide a plausible reason to snatch a quarter hour with his target. He'll bribe staff, wear disguises, and communicate in secret codes with his target in order to secure a couple of hours isolation. Frankly, it sounds like a nightmare. We should be thankful for smartphones and urban anonymity.

8. AMOGing isn't so special.
Casanova was considered a good amateur swordsman and several times he fights duels to first blood. Other times he challenges irate suitors to duels and they don't show. Those of us growing up in the era of 2005-PUA are well aware of anti-AMOG tactics. Hey, great shirt pal. Cool story, bro. Seeing Casanova duelling with pointy blades is a reminder of just how faggy modern PUA is, as an expression of how faggy modern nightclubs and dating can be.



Last Man Banging: Let Me Die A Player
by Nick Krauser | 11 Oct 2019

Paperback
£30.00

FREE Delivery for Prime members

I should probably announce the release of ***Last Man Banging*** *at some point, considering it's already available on Amazon in paperback and hardcover. And, it's way better written than old Giacomo's effort.*

[1] The latter is not actually a dog!
[2] Yes, The Natural Lifestyles, I'm looking at you.

Serotonin not Dopamine

krauserpua · 12 November 2019 · Archived copy · Original



We're not interested in this anymore, remember!

***UPDATE** – In other news, I received a DMCA takedown notice today from Florida-based attorneys for a picture I used when commenting on Justin Wayne being exposed hiring actresses (yet again!). WordPress told him/them to get fucked (I paraphrase) because it's protected speech. Is anyone else getting Justin Wayne-related heat from Florida (where he spends much of his time)? Is he trying to cleanse the internet of his woeful reputation, or is this action nothing to do with him but coincidence?*

There are few things in life as fun as *not* shagging women. Okay, I exaggerate. Yet, I'm remarkably balanced and tranquil nowadays and I've been getting into the business of Mindbuilding in addition to Bodybuilding. Without skirt turning my head every five minutes I'm rather focused on productive pursuits.

I was chatting to my personal trainer yesterday. He commented that my discipline and work-rate are exceptional. I never skip a session, never complain, and I always give 100%. "There's no way I could put so much into the session if I had an office job," I tell him. "We only have two hours genuine focus per day. On back or legs days, I have to go straight home and have a nap. Usually I'm too tired to even watch YouTube."

"We've got even less than two hours focus, mate," he said.

I tell him about my mate **Clappsy**, a determined London daygamer with a penchant for diseased women. He goes to BJJ class before his full-time job, training at purple belt level. I can't imagine anything more ardous before starting work than having purple belts squashing and grinding me at 7am. "He'll give the best of himself in BJJ and have little left over for the office," said my trainer. And after work, he goes out and daygames! Madness!

Progress = Intensity + Consistency

My gym is going great precisely because I cleared the decks for it. It's the number one priority in my day. It's the one thing that, in a pinch, will not be sacrificed. By making it the unequivocal number one, I can pour all my focus into it. Whatever focus is left over can go into the reading, writing, or *shock* daygame. That said, let me elaborate

a little on my mantra of Seratonin not Dopamine.

I wrote earlier about escape loops. Briefly, cortisol builds up when something in your life isn't going in the right direction and you need the impetus to change. Modern society allows us to overwhelm the cortisol badfeelz by way of unlimited options to access the goodfeelz of dopamine. The problem isn't solved but the symptoms are drowned out by video games, porn, consumer spending, shagging, or whatever else we choose for pleasure. This sets up an unresolved tension in day-to-day life. We bail out the water flooding the kitchen without ever thinking to simply turn off the taps.

When faced with decisions, I want to choose the happiness over pleasure. When in the grocery store I want to choose the low-fat cottage cheese over the bag of cookies. When in the bar, I was to choose coke zero over beer. When in the gym, I want to choose the last two painful reps over putting the bar down when there's still gas in the tank.

These are moments of weakness. Moments when the siren song of dopamine calls out to you. "Take the easy road, Nick. You only live once! You could get hit by a bus tomorrow." Thus I have my little mantra: **Seratonin Not Dopamine**. Choose happiness over pleasure. Choose calm over ego.

It's been working out well for me so far. My no-fap streak is at eight weeks and gets easier daily. I'm still averaging a book every two days and resisting the lure of video games and Netflix ***[1]***. I'm applying the same discipline to building my mind through reading, contemplation, and chemical management ***[2]*** as I do with the bodybuilding.

Progress is not an illusion, it happens, but it is slow and invariably disappointing (says George Orwell). I take the long-term view towards mindbuilding as I do bodybuilding. Aristotle has it that we become virtuous through practising virtue. We are what we consistently do. So, by consistently working on my body and mind I how the slow and invariably disappointing progress accumulates until the improvement is eventually marked. It's certainly what happened when I was learning daygame: trust the process, do everything right, and eventually the rewards come.

As usual, fuck all that lifestyle design mindwank. Shagging birds is what counts so buy Daygame Overkill and Daygame Mastery. Or, alternatively, you could pay The Natural Lifestyles or Robbie Kramer thousands of dollars to feed their Ukrainian hooker habits while they bullshit you about lifestyle design and "game" [3]



Pretty much the opposite of a healthy, balanced, happy life. But good TV.

[1] I did watch an episode of **Mad Men** last night. Pretty good.
[2] I don't mean taking drugs or any nootropic bullshit. I just mean structuring my life and cognitive structures to precipitate serotonin and oxytocin over dopamine.
[3] Or even better, you could pay into one of con-trepreneur Andrew Tate's pyramid schemes to keep him in rented Lambos and his regular coffee-and-cigars in the lobbies of five star hotels he can't afford a room in.

London Event Soon

krauserpua · 1 January 2020 · Archived copy · Original

It's something of an annual tradition for me do a London talk around the year end, going back to 2014's *Daygame Overkill* seminar. Since 2015, I've been doing them with Eddie and his gang. So, we were talking once more over Christmas about doing an event in January.

I'm going to be in London on the weekend of the 11th January, so Eddie is having a look around to find a venue for the Saturday or the Sunday. It'll probably be a low-key affair this time around ***[1]*** and, frankly, I haven't even decided what my talk will be about.

Any ideas?

Probably I'll do a much longer Q&A. There are a few things on my mind I might be able to fashion a lecture around. We'll see. Anyway, this event isn't confirmed until Eddie gets back to me with a venue. When that happens I'll write in more detail.

For now, this is just a heads up that if you're likely to be in London that weekend, there'll be something to do.

[1] Perhaps some BBC journalists will show up, who knows.

My obsessive year of reading

krauserpua · 3 January 2020 · Archived copy · Original

Here's a list of every book I read in 2019, in chronological order. I read each one cover-to-cover without skimming. I've italicised the ones I enjoyed the most. I'm afraid there's way too may of them for me to consider reviewing them all.

It's been quite a focused year, obsessively so. Never in my wildest imagination did I expect to read 207 books in a single year (or, 4 per week). I guess I answered the question of "what if?" Fun though it was, reading in such quantities is an outrageous time sink so I'm dialling it right back this year. I doubt I'll exceed fifty.

1. Dennis Wheatley – Contraband
2. Bernard Cornwell – Sharpe's Devil
3. Michael Avallone – The Case of the Violent Virgin
4. John Creasey – The Mark of the Crescent
5. Donald Hamilton – The Devastators
6. Warren Murphy – Mafia Fix
7. Josh Kaufman – How to Fight a Hydra
8. Stefan Molyneneux – Essential Philosophy
9. Alexandre Dumas – The Companions of Jehu
10. Oreste Pinto – More Exploits of Spy Catcher
12. Warren Murphy – Dr Quake
13. Michael Avallone – The Crazy Mixed Up Corpse
14. Donald Hamilton – The Betrayers
15. Ellery Queen – The Player on the Other Side
16. Harry Harrison – The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge
17. Mickey Spillane – The Delta Factor
18. Alexandre Dumas – Joseph Balsamo vol. 1
19. Edgar Wallace – The Ringer
20. Luke Short – Hands Off!
21. Francis Wellman – The Art of Cross Examination
22. Warren Murphy – Death Therapy
23. Peter Cheney – Another Little Drink
24. Michael Avallone – The Voodoo Murders
25. Donald Hamilton – The Menacers
26. Dennis Wheatley – The White Witch of the South Seas
27. Alexandre Dumas – Joseph Balsamo vol. 2
28. John Creasey – Thunder In Europe
29. Michael W Simmons – The Rothschilds
30. Ross Lockridge Jr – Raintree County
31. Don Pendleton – Nightmare Army
32. Michael Avallone – Meanwhile At The Morgue
33. Erle Stanley Gardner – The Case of the Careless Cupid
34. Erle Stanley Gardner – Cut Thin To Win
35. Hilary Ford – Sarnia
36. Donald Hamilton – The Interlopers
37. Giacomo Casanova – History Of My Life IV
38. Peter Singer – Hegel
39. Time Life – Winds of Revolution

40. John Creasey – Inspector West Cries Wolf
41. A.J. Ayer – Hume
42. D. Manners Sutton – Black God
43. Dennis Wheatley – The Ka of Gifford Hillary
44. Harry Kurnitz – Fast Company
45. William Haggard – A Cool Day For Killing
46. Ross MacDonald – The Galton Case
47. Warren Murphy – Union Bust
48. Alexandre Dumas – The Queen's Necklace
49. Michael Avallone – The Living Bomb
50. Ichiro Kishimi – The Courage To Be Disliked
51. Edgar Wallace – The People Of The River
52. Michael Avallone – There Is Something About A Dame
53. Seabury Quinn – Night Creatures
54. Martin Butler – The Corporeal Fantasy
55. Warren Murphy – Summit Chase
56. Wilbur Smith – A Falcon Flies
57. Michael Avallone – The Bedroom Bolero
58. Dennis Wheatley – The Island Where Time Stands Still
59. Alexandre Dumas – Ange Pitou vol.1
60. Michael Avallone – Lust Is No Lady
61. Bryan Westra – The Essential Eriksonian Hypnosis Primer
62. Warren Murphy – Murder's Shield
63. Bryan Westra – The Persuader's Black Book
64. Michael Avallone – The Fat Death
65. Donald Hamilton – The Poisoners
66. Earle Stanley Gardner – The Case Of The Sulky Girl
67. John Buchan – Greenmantle
68. Ian Tuhovsky – The Art Of Reading People
69. Michael Avallone – The February Doll Murders
70. Alexandre Dumas – Ange Pitou vol.2
71. Michael Avallone – Assassins Don't Die In Bed
72. Mikhail Bulgakov – The Master & Margarita
73. Boris Akunin – Special Assignments
74. Rogue Hypnotist – The Force of Suggestion
75. Boris Akunin – The State Counsellor
76. Michael Avallone – The Horrible Man
77. Anthony Jacquin – Reality Is Plastic
78. Boris Akunin – The Coronation
79. Carlos Ruiz Zafon – The Shadow of the Wind
80. Rogue Hypnotist – Changing Perceptions
81. Isaac Asimov – Foundation
82. Donald Hamilton – The Intriguers
83. Ross Leckie – Hannibal
84. Stephen King – The Gunslinger
85. Arturo Perez Reverte – The Man in the Yellow Doublet
86. Isaac Asimov – Foundation and Empire
87. Michael Avallone – The Flower Covered Corpse
88. Michel Houellebecq – Whatever

89. John Creasey – The Terror Trap
90. Boris Akunin – She Lover Of Death
91. Alexandre Dumas – The Comtesse de Charny
92. Michael Avallone – The Doomsday Bag
93. Sprech History – SS Panzer SS Voices
94. George MacDonald Fraser – Flashman
95. Michael Avallone – Death Dives Deep
96. John Buchan – Mr Standfast
97. Michael Avallone – Little Miss Murder
98. Bruce Bryans – What Women Want When They Test Men
99. Bruce Bryans – What Women Want in a Man
100. Michael Avallone – Shoot It Again Sam
101. Erle Stanley Gardner – The Case of the Lazy Love
102. Jack D. Hunter – The Blue Max
103. B. M. Bower – The Eagle's Wing
104. Wilbur Smith – The Angels Weep
105. E. M. Remarque – All Quiet On The Western Front
106. Edward Dutton – How To Judge People By What They Look Like
107. Michael Avallone – London Bloody London
108. Boris Akunin – He Lover Of Death
109. Isaac Asimov – Second Foundation
110. Loretta G. Breuning – Habits of a Happy Brain
111. George RR Martin – A Game Of Thrones
112. Epictetus – The Manual
113. Warren Murphy – Terror Squad
114. Stephen King – The Drawing of the Three
115. P.G. Wodehouse – The Inimitable Jeeves
116. Agatha Christie – Dead Man's Folly
117. Michael Avallone – The Girl In The Cockpit
118. John Buchan – The Three Hostages
119. Kevin Horsley – The Happy Mind
120. Stephen King – The Wasteland
121. Sean Williams – English Grammar 100 Tragically Common Mistakes
122. John Buchan – The Island of Sheep
123. Donald Hamilton – The Intimidators
124. Peter Hollins – Mental Models
125. Sir Richard Burton – The Arabian Nights
126. Michael Avallone – Kill Her, You'll Like It
127. Frank Lauria – Baron Orgaz
128. Boris Akunin – The Diamond Chariot
129. Osho – Be Realistic, Plan For A Miracle
130. Erle Stanley Gardner – The Case of the Dangerous Dowager
131. Charles Dickens – A Tale of Two Cities
132. Michael Avallone – Killer On The Keys
133. Bernard Cornwell – Fools and Mortals
134. Edgar Rice Burroughs – Tarzan of the Apes
135. Michael Avallone – The Hot Body
136. Alexandre Dumas – The Knight of Maison Rouge
137. Michael Crichton – Odds On

138. Time Life – The Pulse Of Enterprise
139. Georgette Heyer – Powder and Patch
140. Dennis Wheatley – Curtain of Fear
141. Richard Tuck – Hobbes
142. Giacomo Casanova – History Of My Life V
143. Agatha Christie – Endless Night
144. Time Life – The Colonial Overlords
145. Georgette Heyer – The Corinthian
146. Peter Hamilton – Talcott Parsons
147. Dennis Wheatley – The Golden Spaniard
148. Time Life – The World In Arms
149. Peter Singer – Marx
150. Mystery – The Mystery Method
151. Giacomo Casanova – History Of My Life VI
152. John Dunn – Locke
153. Time Life – Shadow Of The Dictators
154. A.C. Grayling – Wittgenstein
155. Michael Avallone – The X Rated Corpse
156. Susan Cain – Quiet
157. Dennis Wheatley – Sixty Days To Live
158. Oliver Bullough – Moneyland
159. Donald Hamilton – The Terminators
160. Georgette Heyer – The Reluctant Widow
161. Will Durant – The Story Of Philosophy
162. Warren Murphy – Kill Or Cure
163. Walter Mischel – The Marshmallow Test
164. Leo Kessler – Forced March
165. Dennis Wheatley – Unholy Crusade
166. Georgette Heyer – Regency Buck
167. Cindy Meston – Why Women Have Sex
168. F. Scott Fitzgerald – This Side Of Paradise
169. John Buchan – The Power House
170. Boris Akunin – All The World's A Stage
171. John Buchan – John Macnab
172. Tim Marshall – Shadowplay
173. Dennis Wheatley – The Quest Of Julian Day
174. Erle Stanley Gardner – The Case Of The Counterfeit Eye
175. Michael Avallone – The Big Stiffs
176. Anton Chekhov – The Story Of A Nobody
177. Alexander Dumas – The Corsican Brothers
178. Fyodor Dostoevsky – The Gambler
179. Warren Murphy – Slave Safari
180. Mikhail Bulgakov – A Dog's Heart
181. John Buchan – The Dancing Floor
182. Michael Avallone – The Walking Wounded
183. John Buchan – The Gap In The Curtain
184. John Creasey – Holiday For Inspector West
185. Drew Eric Whitman – Cashvertising
186. Robert S Smith – Q Anon

187. Q Veritas – Q Anon
188. Randy Tantlinger – Harry Greb
189. Mark Dice – The Illuminati Facts & Fiction
190. Frederick Forsythe – No Comebacks
191. John Creasey – Carriers of Death
192. Daniel J Beddowes – The EU, The Truth About The Fourth Reich
193. Edgar Wallace – Silinski Master Criminal
194. Carlos Ruiz Zafon – The Angel's Game
195. Edgar Wallace – The Devil Man
196. Donald Winch – Malthus
197. George Holmes – Dante
198. Alexandre Dumas – Horror At Fontenay
199. Henry Gifford – Tolstoy
200. Don Pendleton – Mountain Rampage
201. Neon Revolt – Revolution Q
202. Robert Wokler – Rousseau
203. Dennis Wheatley – Dangerous Inheritance
204. Patrick Gardiner – Kierkegaard
205. John Creasey – The Toff Among The Millions
206. Time Life – The Nuclear Age
207. Don Pendleton – Fire Zone

London Event Is This Weekend

krauserpua · 7 January 2020 · Archived copy · Original

UPDATE: Tickets available here

Right then, the event is confirmed. Eddie (of Street Attraction) and myself will be doing a seminar on **Sunday 12th January** in Central London ***[1]***. The venue is booked from 1pm. Tickets should go on sale tomorrow and will probably be £15 ***[2]***. I'll update this post as soon as the order website is live. We'll be holding it in a pub function room near Oxford Street. More details to follow.

1. And possibly a third speaker. Not yet decided.
2. £25 for undercover journalists.

Daygame: Resistance Tickets

krauserpua · 9 January 2020 · Archived copy · Original

Buy ticket here



In the London of 2020 you need drones to find sets

Join the Daygame Resistance. There is no fate but what you make!

This Sunday, experience the events leading up to the decisive final battle for the fate of daygame in the war against the globohomo soyboy cucks. **Daygame: Resistance** is an in-person live event deep in heart of enemy territory, in the occupied city of London. Every day, plucky daygamers brave a war-torn landscape scattered with the corpses of chodes, nightgamers, and Tinder burn-outs. The latest threat to take the field are the T-Fag "undercover journalists" who sneak into Resistance encampments in a relentless attempt to wreak havoc. The soyboys are destined to lose, *but at what cost?*

Rally to the daygame banner, men! General Nick "eggs" Krauser and Field Marshall Eddie "sexist" Hitchens are inspecting the troops and will deliver a resounding pep talk.

– Level up your skills and explore a post-apocalyptic world for scraps of quality skirt!
– Interact with a motley group of street survivors and change their fates!
– Bring your burning questions for a lengthy Q&A session.

The Resistance begins at **1pm on Sunday 12th January**. Gentlemen, we WILL win this war!

Buy ticket here

Daygame Resistance: Lessons From Coaching

krauserpua · 27 January 2020 · Archived copy · Original



Hardcore daygame, yesterday

“Hey big man, fancy bumping into you outside the **Argyll Arms** on this cold winter evening. Have you been daygaming?” asks a keen purveyor of the mystical street arts to another adept he’s just crossed paths with.

Snow falls lightly onto his nose. He hunches his shoulders and shivers. A woolly hat and thick scarf would probably stave of hypothermia, but such winter comforts would clash with his rock’n’roll jacket and obscure the three skull pendants hanging from his neck. He long since lost feeling in his fingers. Rather frostbite than allow mittens to cover his skull rings.

The big man replies.

“It’s been pretty grim, mate. Only found four sets in two hours. Barely even sixes at that!”
“Shite. Let’s go inside for a quick snifter. We’ll get warmed up.”

The two men shuffle indoors. A warm blast of air from the interior of the Argyll Arms overwhelms them both. They walk down a narrow corridor past a couple of small booths and on to a large bar area. It’s buzzing inside with the after-work crowd. The two men prop up the bar.



A great place for Russian arm drags

Twenty minutes later they are each onto a second pint and deep into a discussion of the current state of London daygame.

“Has **[redacted]** put his YouTube videos back up yet? He can’t still be shitting himself over that BBC documentary,” opines the rock’n’roller.
“I got a group email from him. He’s put his entire content behind a paywall together with his **[redacted]**.”

He of the skull rings nods thoughtfully. Daygamers like to spot patterns and to connect threads. It takes him mere moments to formulate a hypothesis. “All his old free stuff is now pay only? He’s following **[redacted]**‘s business model, isn’t he. He saw that **[redacted]** made some money off his **[redacted]** and is now running a **[redacted]** group. He wants a piece of it doesn’t he. Fair enough.”
“It’s still a bit shit, though. All the big channels going down. Even **[redacted]** got taken down. Probably a good thing, now his ugly Australian mug doesn’t show up on my feed.”
“Yeah but that pasty ginger **[redacted]** was just hiring hookers anyway. The videos were all fake.”
“Oh, I didn’t realise, I didn’t look closely. You mean like The Natural **[redacted]**?”
“No, mate. I mean literally fake, not merely *shit*.”
“But those guys actually just **[redacted shifty stuff you wouldn’t believe but I know for a fact]** don’t they?”
“According to Krauser, yeah. Total fags.”
“What happened to that **[handsome]** Geordie **[inspiration of many]**? He never blogs anymore. It’s been ages since he released any new content. It’s like the entire daygame world ground to a halt now that he’s stopped doing its thinking for them ***[1]***.”
“Funny you should mention that. He’s just put his *Daygame Resistance* talk up on YouTube. The whole thing. In its entirety. For free.”
“What? You mean he’s not charging $99 for it like **[redacted]**? What a kind, generous man. He’s got a heart of gold that Nick Krauser has. I never did believe the people who said he’s a cunt.”

[1] Look, I’m writing this and it’s a fantasy chat. I can make the characters say whatever I want.

Guest Post: The “Second Life” Of Forum Goons

krauserpua · 16 February 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I haven’t been playing **PUA Police** for a long time but I haven’t lost the natural contempt a legit player feels for the posturing of fake players ***[1]***. I learned to seduce women the hard way, got good at it, and proved myself with evidence (photo, video, in-person) for many years. I have many friends who have done the same ***[2]***. When you do any activity for real, you learn the lay of the land. You learn what is possible for certain people, certain environments, and certain strategies. It becomes easy to spot fakes, easy to notice the lack of verisimilitude in the boasting of these fakers.

It’s a pretty good reason to avoid forums.

I do avoid forums ***[3]*** so I’m not best placed to opine on exactly what’s going on nowadays, other than that nothing has changed and *they are all shit*. When you step in a dog turd you don’t rush a sample to the DNA laboratory to find out *precisely which breed* laid the turd, do you? However, one of my well-travelled ~~hangers on~~ friends likes a bit of forum squalor and has also ‘collected’ a whole bunch of forum Big Guns over the years, amusing himself in comparing the online persona to the real life underachievement. It is to this man that I now hand over the reins…..



Meeting a forum Big Gun in real life

It was late 2019. Out of nowhere- and to the shock of the PUA community- **RooshV** dramatically U-turned, denounced game as immoral and cleaned up his RooshV Forum. After having failed to successfully seduce women from all over the world, he decided he had never really wanted to anyway. He banned a ton of members.

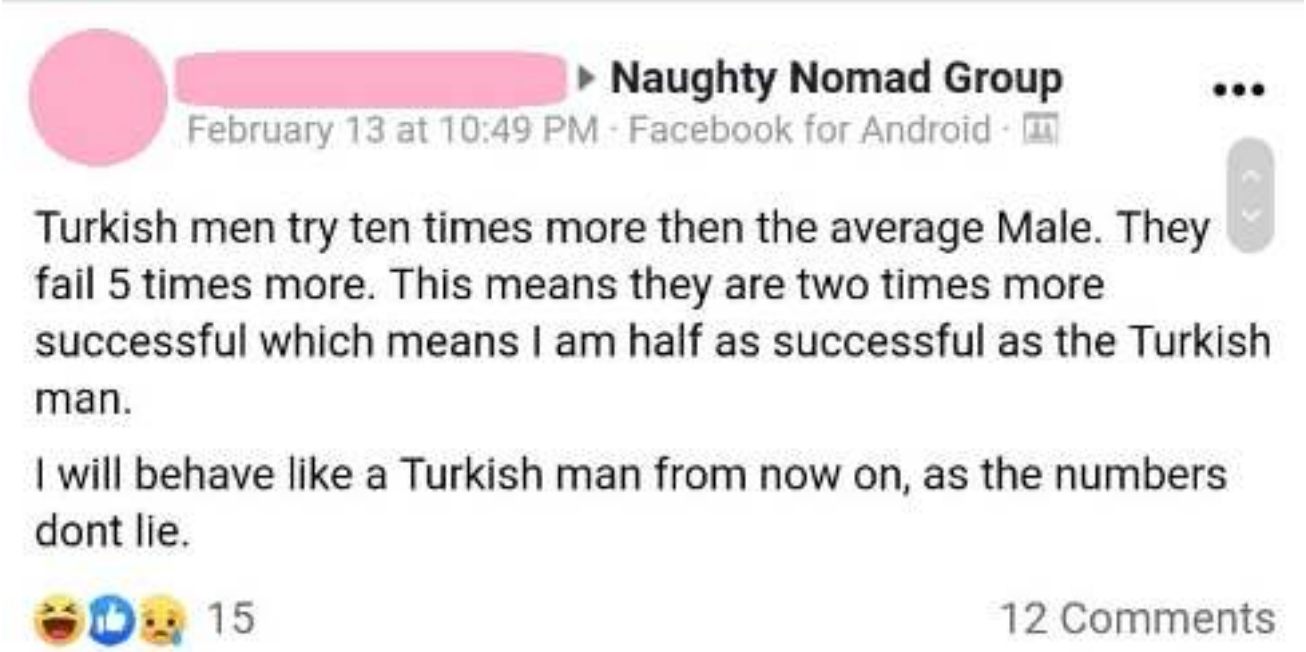
Shock! Horror!

Where would theses posters (and lurkers) go without their illustrious leader providing them with a platform to spout their nonsense? Like the ronin of Edo-era Japan ***[4]***, these internet big guns were left to wander cyberspace with uncertain futures. Some moved to *Swoop The World*. Numerous Slack and Telegram groups were hastily created. Some of those ‘legendary’ players simply didn’t bother looking elsewhere, fading into insignificance.

When the RVF was at its peak, there had always been some members simply too chodey, too full-of-shit and too

delusional even for Roosh's tolerance. Once banned they found solace at the Naughty Nomad forum, a home devoid of rules, boundaries, morals and more importantly truth. Like The Trench from **Aquaman**, these bottom-feeding creatures had found their home at the darkest depths of the ocean, and life flourished.

Naughty Nomad had been making a nice earner through book sales, kicking back a commission for all the business sent his way from RVF. With the demise of said forum, affiliate sales dried up for the Naughty one and his forum activity began to wane. Yet as its death rattle shook the bottom rung of the internet, it gave birth to something yet more sinister and with a wider reach: the Naughty Nomad Facebook group. However, there are terms applicable should you wish to join this exclusive club ***[5]***. Once membership is confirmed you're privy to a completely new world of delusion. Madness such as this gem of logic:



I don't think he's ever met an actual Turk

This is a world where women descend upon you the moment you step off the airplane, requiring a hearty seducer to pre-load a Client Relationship Management system in order to managed the swarms of flange throwing themselves at him.



Ever-helpful, the NNG swings into action with advices.



Anyone want to bet if the third column has even a single entry?

A world where *Russian Super Models* use Tinder to arrange assignations in Prague hostel rooms.



A world where low-T Millhouse look-a-likes get laid every night they go out in Frankfurt bars.



Every. Single. Night.

A world where Ukranian waitresses compete amongst themselves for who can date you.



Scratch the surface a little. Click on these guys' profile it gets worse ***[6]*** Short brown people, overweight low-T chodes stood next to Manilla 5's on their pictures, blah blah. Well readers, call me sceptical, call me a miserable old bastard, for I am both. Despite all these apex pussy slaying alpha shagging predators on the Naughty Nomad forum, it seems lacking in actual evidence. For all these misfits and cast offs fucking HB9s all over the world, there doesn't seem to be any pictures of said fucked HB9s anywhere on the forum.

It's almost as if it's not true….

Thanks pal. Back to Nick now.

There is a video game called **Second Life** and it plays like an online **The Sims**. You create a character and enter a virtual world of socialising where everyone is slim, attractive, and lives in a nice pad. It's an escapist paradise where the pain of your real-world failure can be anaesthetised. Particularly delusional men can fashion an entire "shadow career" of achievement within, relating to others as we desperately wishes he was, rather than how he really is. It is a world composed of interactions between false holographic projections. A mockery of genuine connection.

It turns my stomach, readers.

[1] – Technically I'm a retired player, but let's not quibble details.
[2] – They don't always make the evidence public, but within the "inner circle" we see it and know who is 4reelz.
[3] – I checked MalePrivilege twice last month, which probably spiked traffic to all-time highs.
[4] – But with considerably lower free testosterone.
[5] – You need a facebook account.
[6] – I've hidden their profile pictures for this article but believe me, these men are not what women dream of meeting.

Ruminations on Bodybuilding

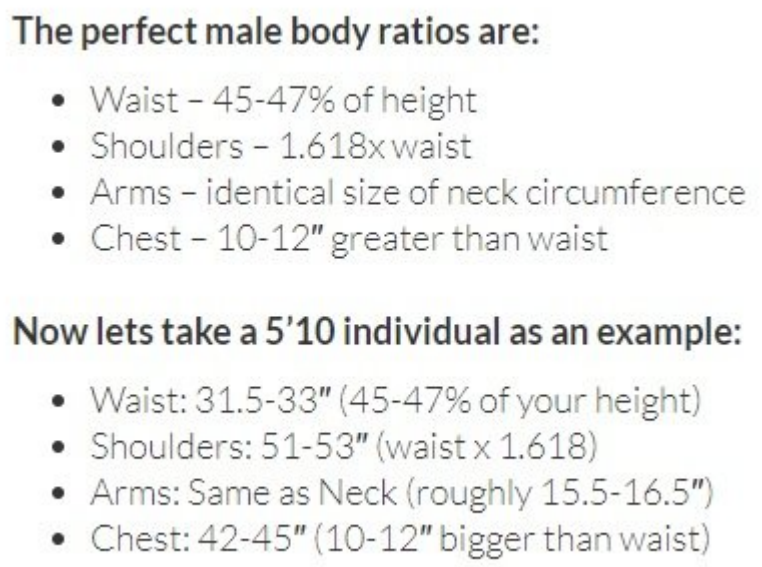
krauserpua · 18 February 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I've been watching a lot of "bodybuilder YouTube" of late and I'm struck how similar it is to PUA YouTube. Not completely the same, mind: the bodybuilders aren't setting up fake modelling agencies in Ukraine in order to hire actual prostitutes onto yachting holidays to pose for the marketing photos they use in scamming chodes out of hugely over-priced immersion courses taught by incompetent chancers (not that it isn't a very **natural lifestyle** choice…. ahem) ***[1]***. They don't have inner game coaches too scared to leave the house, nor do they go on mass-bumming holidays in the bamboo thickets of the Portuguese countryside (while telling themselves they are warriors). Probably those bodybuilders aren't paying for sex while charging money to teach "seduction" either.

Wait. Hang on. What was I talking about?

Oh right, bodybuilding!

So, I've been taking my body very seriously since July 2018 and gradually becoming smarter and more disciplined at bodybuilding. As much as I respect madmen like **Dorian Yates** and **Ronnie Coleman** I have no desire to go that route. Rather, I'm inspired by the athletic physique sub-genre and have as my ideal standard the **Hollywood Perfect** look that the heart-throbs train for before a big role. That's actually do-able on my genetics without drugs.



Mind you, I didn't know that when I started. Which brings me to today's rumination.

I've been watching those "body transformation" videos on YouTube where some guy trains up for a role, such as **Christian Bale** going on an Auschwitz ***[2]*** diet for *The Machinist* and then rebounding as a mass monster in *Batman Begins*, or **Tom Hardy** bulking up for *Bronson* and *Warrior*. It motivates me to see what's possible but at the back of my mind were always two doubts:

1. That cunt is on drugs.
2. My age and genetics preclude me from those sorts of gains.

Well, it would appear I'd very much under-estimated what is possible when you've got your regime finely honed. Body transformation is all about gym, diet, and recovery ***[3]*** and for most of my life I'd been shit at all three. I was especially surprised when MorePlatesMoreDates argued that in many cases, the Hollywood body transformations were probably *natural*. He reckons Henry Cavill, Ben Affleck, Zak Efron were likely natty, whereas Chris Hemsworth, Tom Hardy, and Christian Bale were juicing.



Face is unattainable but body is not

My first nine-months were self-taught under the guidance of a bodybuilder friend, over Telegram messages. He's gone for the absurdly-proportioned muscle-head aesthetic and likes a cocktail of drugs, brute-forcing his gainz with testosterone and trenbolone. I'm rather more health conscious and determined to remain natural, but even so, his was a vast store of bodybuilding knowledge that got me off to a good start and helped motivate me until gym and diet had become entrenched habits.

The really big jump was when I hired a personal trainer. Within one session it quickly became apparent I'd vastly underestimated just how much knowledge goes into training, and how much injury-free progress requires good decision-making. It's not as simple as just plucking a routine from the internet and then trying it out on your ronson, with headphones on while ignoring everything around you. Much like daygame, my coach could spot all my errors as easily as I spot bad form in one of my clients. He knows how to make all the strategy decisions of when to lift what, and when to change.

Before showing up on the first session I asked myself, *what attitude do I appreciate most in my own daygame clients?* I resolved to take that attitude into the gym now that I was the client. I resolved to never skip a session, never show up late, never run my mouth like a chatterbox, never whine, never drag my feet to eke out extra rest periods, never bitch, never bury my head in my smartphone between sets and so on. My coach- who looks like Captain America- is the expert and he was making the decisions. My job was just to lift what he told me to, then eat what he suggested.

It's going great. I don't expect to be headhunted as the next Wolverine but I'm already looking *far* better than I thought possible in July 2018 upon beginning. The habits are deeply entrenched and I'm full-on gymcelling now. My week has only two modes of being: **at the gym**, and **recovering from the gym**. Nothing else matters and I love it. The days fly by. Here's my typical routine for the four gym days per week:

> 10:30 – wake up, shuffle into bathroom to clean teeth, shower, then admire myself in the mirror
> 11:10 – walk to nearby "bodybuilder" restaurant that serves clean gym food. order coffee and chicken omelette, have a shit in their toilets, have another coffee, check interwebs
> 12:40 – walk to gym, buy 1 litre water en route, change clothes, weigh myself, full-body stretch

> 13:10 – begin workout
> 15:00 – end workout, stretch off, shower
> 15:20 – return to restaurant, drink protein shake, order chicken rice with salad, coffee, and read a book
> 17:30 – eat again, something with beef and low carbs, leave restaurant
> 18:00 – have a nap on my bed
> 19:00 – read more and fuck about until it's time for my final evening meal

You could say these are perfect conditions for bodybuilding. I've got no job, no bird ***[4]***, unlimited rest time, fresh-cooked clean food, and a great personal trainer for every session. These conditions won't last forever so I'm determined to max out my effort and discipline while I'm this fortunate and still retain a fanatical determination to push ahead.

For those of you wondering about the specifics of my routine, here's a snapshot. Bear in mind it's always changing and I rarely look at what weight is on the bar/machine because my coach is keeping track of all that for me.

SATURDAY – Legs/Shoulders

0 – **Full body stretch** for about ten minutes, based on boxing stretches
1 – **Seated Leg Extensions**. One warm-up set of 20 reps at low weight, then four or five work sets, the last usually being a drop set. I fucking HATE this exercise and dread it, but like that it's the first one so it's over almost before I realise it. I pull some right fucking retarded faces when I'm trying to squeeze the last reps out.
2 – **Hack Squats**. This tires me out, having all the weight pressing onto my whole body and I'm always a bit worried that when the squat gets deep that I'm not coming back up. Usually four sets of 15-20 reps, getting progressively heavier.


Me before leg press

3 – **Leg Press**. Again usually a warm-up set then progressively heavier on the four work sets. Rep range usually 15-20 and tapers down to 10-12. Last week I did 280kg, being 7 plates of 45lbs each side, which I was rather happy with. It felt like I was stress-testing the tensile strength of my knees. This exercise exhausts me completely, turns my head bright red, and never fails to elicits some grunts and yelps but when I finish the last set its a key moment: I've broken the back of the leg workout and it gets easier from here on out.



Me after leg press

4 – **Deep Dumbell Squats**. This is legs quite wide, facing mirror, holding a heavy dumbbell at my chest. 15-20 rep range with escalating weight until four sets done. I'm always dripping with sweat from it, but somehow it feels more comfortable than all the others. Perhaps it's due to my wrestling exercises of years back which involved hundreds of similar unweighted squats.
5 – **Abductor**. This is the seated "bring your knees together" exercise all the women do. I consider it a rest period, even though the abductors themselves get trained to failure. It's just a small body part and the rest of my body is recovering as I do it. Usually it's midway through the third and final set that my heart rate is back to normal for first time since hack squats.
6 – **Seated Hamstring Curl**. I usually enjoy the 20 reps of the warm-up set, as it's another exercises that doesn't drain the whole body. Usually by the fourth set (usually a drop) I'm near tears because it really hurts. It's not tiring so much as it's just plain painful in a way nothing else is.
7 – **Seated Dumbbell Flies**. Onto the shoulders now and this is four sets with reps decreasing from 20 to 10 as the weights go up, ending in a long drop set on four different weights.
8 – **Barbell Raise.** I don't know what this is properly called. There's a 10kg bar with light plates on each side. I grip at shoulder width then, straight-arms, swing it up to nose height. Feels good to do. Usually four sets, 15-20 reps.
9 – **Seated Overhead Press** (Machine). This one is tiring again, as it transmits all the weight through my entire torso. I don't like it much, but it feels like hard work so actually I do. Again, four sets with rep-range declining from 20.
10 – **Abdominals**. Weighted crunch machine, often supersetted with leg raises. Four sets of 15 or 20, depending on weight.
11 – **Weighted Neck Raises**. Lying flat on a Reebok aerobics step, I place a 5kg weight on my head and then do 20 raises each for front, left, right. Then repeat.
12 – **Stretch off**.

That's the hardest day because it's legs but all four days take about as long. On the other three, I do fifteen minutes cardio on the treadmill at 7.5km/h. Sometimes vary it to be longer, or faster, or interval. If readers show an interest, I can talk about my fitness regime in greater detail.

[1] And you too, Max and Kramer. You pair of scamming fag boys.
[2] Assuming such a thing really happened and it's not all a Jew/KGB scam.
[3] Briefly, I thought bodybuilding was 5% gym and 95% eating tuna out of the can while watching YouTube.
[4] No mates, either.

Some Corona Thoughts

krauserpua · 4 April 2020 · Archived copy · Original

Serbia has been in lockdown for three weeks. Not to the extent of Chinese measures, such as welding people into their homes, but they are taking it rather more seriously than the globalists running the UK. So, everything is closed except supermarkets and pharmacies, which themselves close at 3pm. There's a curfew from 5pm, but food delivery is still allowed. It's all going swimmingly, as society continues to function and Krauser continues to maintain his bodybuilding macros.

So, everyone is happy.



On my way to Maxi for a pint of milk, yesterday

I was on a big conference video call last night with a right bunch of cunts and it was my first social contact in a fortnight. One topic mentioned was, ***what is everyone doing with their free time in isolation?*** The main thing I realised is that my life hasn't changed in the slightest. I'm still unemployed, with no mates, and no birds. I was doing that before Corona made it cool. That got me thinking about introversion and Game.

Have you read Susan Cain's popular book *Quiet: The Power of Introverts in a World That Can't Stop Talking?* I did last year and thoroughly enjoyed it. Her main thrust is that extraverts outnumber introverts 3:1 and through weight of numbers have convinced us that characteristics of introversion are dysfunctional. They've pathologised it. We see this in game advice constantly. You're supposed to go out to social environments packed with people and stimulus (bars, clubs) and then talk to every cunt there. Be friendly to the door whore, high five the bouncers, get pally with the bar man, chink glasses with every group, open some pawn sets, merge them forwards, get bummed off a fat hairy Turk. Okay, that last one is still non-standard advice. But, the point is, traditional game advice maps directly onto extraversion. **Be More Extraverted**.

What if you think bars are shit? What if you've no interest in faking palliness with strangers? What if you don't want to befriend jackasses? *Then you have bad game, brah!* None of this is news to avid daygamers. Most of us already had that eureka moment of *I can shag birds without becoming a social monkey*. We know we are introverts and that a path of tight game exists for us too. No, that's old news. What interests me about Corona is extending the thought: what if it's not just simple introversion that is being unfairly patholigised by insufferable extraverted big

mouths?



The Corona Stop

Think of the following behaviours which are generally considered socially dysfunctional:

- social anxiety
- compulsive hand-washing and surface-cleaning
- homophobia
- racism
- standoffish with wop-style hugging and cheek-kissing
- hoarding

What is the one thing all of these behaviours have in common? *Minimisation of exposure to infectious diseases.*

The Corona lockdown is reminding us why the environment has selected for introversion. We haven't had a major human pandemic since the Spanish Flu of 1918 ***[1]*** so we've been lulled into a false sense of security about how regular these things decimate humanity. The four horsemen of the apocalypse are Conquest, War, Famine, and Pestilence. Civilisation is the art of allowing people to live in cities without dying like rats ***[2]***. Globalisation massively ups the risk, by expanding the scope of where diseases can be found and the speed of how quickly they can be imported into our countries. People seem to forget antibiotics weren't invented until 1929 and didn't enter widespread usage until the 1940s.

That's why we haven't had a major pandemic since 1918. We forgot about Pestilence, just as we forgot about Famine and, until recently, Conquest (i.e. mass immigration)



This cunt dies first

So, when wondering how certain “dysfunctional” traits emerged in our population ***[3]*** everything changes when you interpret it against a backdrop of ever-present disease risk. All that rabbitry of the past eighty years was enabled not just by the spectacular resource growth of capitalism (suppressing Famine) or keeping all our wars outside of the Western lands (suppressing the popular experience of War), but by the impact of antibiotics and sanitisation in controlling pandemics. Thanks to the commie Chinese bastards, perhaps that era is coming to an end. The four horseman of the apocalypse have appeared on the horizon and that’s turning us wolfish.

I couldn’t help but notice the January/February fad for prepping on Twitter. To me, this is the wolfish trait of “preparing for winter” expressing itself. The squirrels are collecting nuts. The world continues to shift from r towards K. I like it ***[5].*** It’s becoming a world I recognise and enjoy living in.

So, what am I doing in isolation? Just the same things I always did, because I’m a wolfish introvert. There have been some tweaks. The gyms are closed, so my training regime has shifted towards endurance/flexibility, seeing as muscle-building is out. Concordantly, my diet is back towards low-carb and -300 calorie deficits. After running surpluses and carb supercompensation, I’d have to cut eventually. Might as well do it now. I continue to read more than I should (just started book #44 of 2020), and I’m catching up on my video games. I recently completed **Division 2**, **Yakuza Zero**, and **Sunset Overdrive** ***[4]***. I’ve also gotten my ass in gear for writing my two planned books of 2020.

What should YOU be doing during a lockdown? Well, what better time is there to do your daygame homework and really learn the theory, so you are well “prepped” for when the streets reopen and the bitches start looking for dick? Get yourself ***Daygame Overkill****, by far the best infield video series out there.*



[1] I don't count Ebola because that only affected Africans, or AIDS because it only affected degenerates.
[2] That's an aphorism from Vox Day.
[3] I'm talking about introversion etc again, not faggotry.
[4] All excellent games. I'm currently level 38 on **Assassins Creed Odyssey** and halfway through **Resident Evil 2** remake.

[5] Fortunately I did all my shagging while rabbitry ruled the world.

Corona Crash – Initial Observation

krauserpua · 4 April 2020 · Archived copy · Original



The love of money is the root of all evil. I do believe that. Of all obsessions, getting obsessed with money can really twist you up and ruin your soul. I'm not quite sure why that is. Psychologists have experimented on chimps to modify their behaviour through operant conditioning, getting them to do certain tasks on the promise of bananas as a reward. They went a step further and trained the chimps to accumulate money tokens that could be traded for bananas. Even chimps became obsessed with money for its own sake.

Not that we are chimps, so let's end that digression here. Where was I?

I have been a deflationist since 2007, when I first figured out (retrospectively, mind) why the **Credit Crunch** happened and then I accurately predicted the **2008 financial crisis**. What I didn't do was *make any money off it.* You see, the only way to profit from a falling market is to go short. And as you soon learn, going short is nothing like going long. When you go long, the whole of the Establishment is on your side: stock exchange rules, herd mentality, tax breaks, central bank interest rate manipulation, government policies. Go short, and the Establishment is against you. You must get your ducks lined up perfectly and correctly guess the window of opportunity. It's very easy to go bust by going short.

The only safe thing to do in a falling market is to sell out of your positions and hold cash. That isn't really profiting, but merely protecting the wealth you already had. Profiting comes later, when the market rises ***[1]***

Although I correctly predicted economic changes in these past ten years, I've singularly failed to capitalise on them. Although I well understand investing, I'm not actually very good at doing it. I have the wrong temperament. I'm much too risk-averse, and way too wolfish to let myself ride a delusional rabbit market. Those rabbits who do go all-in will make money if they manage to sell back into cash before the crash. Few do, but there are some.

So, I've been rather annoyed the past ten years when looking at the stock market. It's a ridiculously over-priced casino where everyone is playing musical chairs with paper valuations. Price-earnings ratios are pure fantasy, based on fake earnings and wildly over-optimistic multiples; banks are holding interest rates ludicrously low, making debt

appear risk-free; company buy-backs are adding unsustainable buyer demand; What a shit show. When will the music stop? Has it stopped now?

> "Markets can stay irrational longer than you can stay solvent" John Maynard Keynes ***[2]***

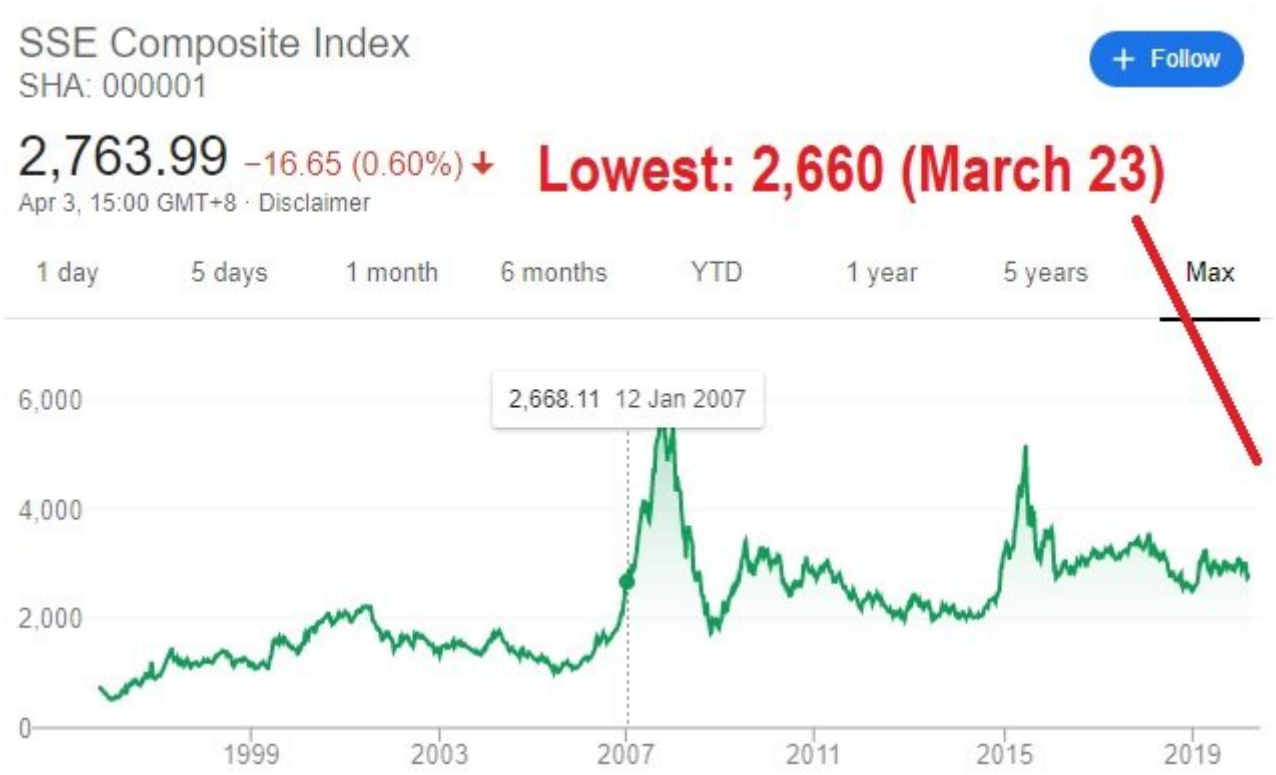
Knowing I was ill-equipped to make money in an irrational market, I stayed the hell out. So I've been in cash, watching the indexes tick ever higher. Very frustrating. Then Corona happened and every major index crashes 35-40%. Suddenly, it's like ten years of missing out never happened.

Have a look at these charts. I've drawn a line to highlight which year they crashed back to, at the bottom of the first crash.




FTSE 100 Index
INDEXFTSE: UKX
+ Follow
5,415.50 −64.72 (1.18%)
Apr 3, 16:46 GMT+1 · Disclaimer
1 day
5 days
1 month
6 months
YTD
1 year
5 years
Max
Lowest: 4,994 (March 23)
5,031.30 8 Aug 1997
8,000
6,000
4,000
2,000
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1989
1994
1999
2004
2009
2014
2019


DAX PERFORMANCE-INDEX
INDEXDB: DAX
+ Follow
9,525.77 −45.05 (0.47%)
Apr 3, 17:45 GMT+2 · Disclaimer
Lowest: 8,442 (March 18)
1 day
5 days
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6 months
YTD
1 year
5 years
Max
8,305.32 24 May 2013
15,000
10,000
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1996
2004
2012
2020



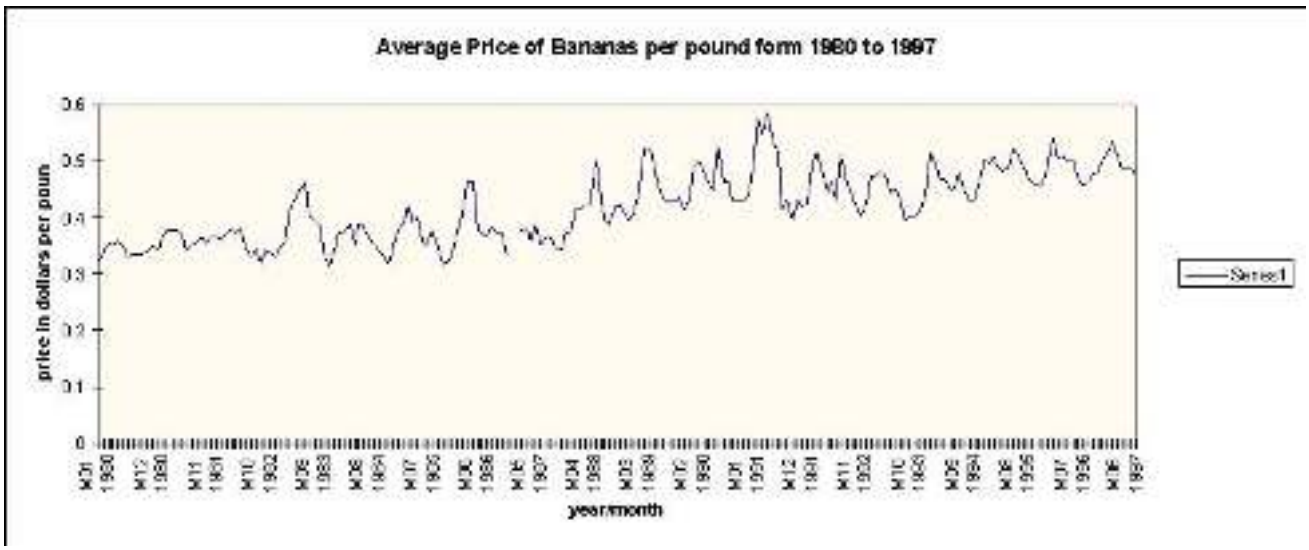
So, the big stock market that matters- the **USA –** has dropped from its February 2020 peak of 29,423 by a massive 37%. The venerable **UK** index is down 34% since February (almost the peak). The squarehead baby-eating **hun** index (DAX) is down 39%. Lastly, the bat-eating evil-hearted **slant** index (Shanghai) never recovered from the 2008 bubble and is now 55% from its heady highs.

Those are big drops. Now look at it historically, in terms of which year it's taken us back to:

Yanks: July 2016 – when ~~Valerie Jarrett~~ Obama was still president
Brits: August 1997 – only three months after Tony Blair first took office
Huns: May 2013 – last time a German club team reached a European final
Fu Manchus: January 2007 – I think the Boxer Rebellion was still going on.

Those are big snap-backs. I graduated my Masters Degree in August 1997 and started my first job in London a month later. If I'd begun investing my money in UK companies on a buy-and-hold strategy starting then, I'd have not made any money ***[3]*** in **twenty-three years**! If you look further left on the charts you'll see if most indices drop a little more (which I think they will, this is just the beginning), they'll time-travel even further back. The chinks and huns aren't far off 1997 either.

In fact, the only area not badly impacted by the **Corona Crash** is Africa:



So, what does this all mean? I'll probably post on it next week.

If you're needing a daygame fix, you ain't gonna get it on the streets, are you? Far better to read up on your theory with Daygame Mastery and Daygame Overkill, so that when the crisis passes you are ready to dive into quality skirt.

[1] Anyone banging on about crypto, day-trading, leverage, ETFs etc as a way of making cash in a falling market can fuck right off now, you stupid morons. You win a couple of coin tosses and think you have an unbeatable system.
[2] A closet homo.
[3] Except dividends, of course, among the rare companies that actually pay them. That would be more than offset by buying shares in a rising market, so I actually lose money when they drop compared to staying in cash the whole time.

Why Trump Derangement Syndrome?

krauserpua · 6 April 2020 · Archived copy · Original

By now, we are well aware that people most opposed to Donald Trump are…. shall we say…. *not of sound mind*. Go back through the past few decades of political disagreement and there's nothing else like it. Remember all of those Republicans rioting in the streets after Obama won election in 2008? No, me neither. It's easy to forget just how deranged and violent the **Resistance** was – rioting, smashing shit up, violently attacking anyone with a red hat, burning flags, assassinating cops, punch a Nazi, false rape accusations against Supreme Court judges, valorising foreign terrorists…. Unbelievable, really. We've got the media being openly seditious, Congressmen leaking the President's itinerary to foreign enemies before he travels to visit troops in a war zone, Senators leaking intelligence briefings…. and who can forget little **Robert De Niro** saying he's gonna knock Trump out?

You've probably encountered it in your personal life too, talking to Lefties. The levels of *reeeeeeeee* are off the charts. None of them are capable of discussing policy differences, like they might have done when arguing between Nixon and Kennedy, or Brown vs Cameron. It's all Orange Man Bad and wild shrieking.



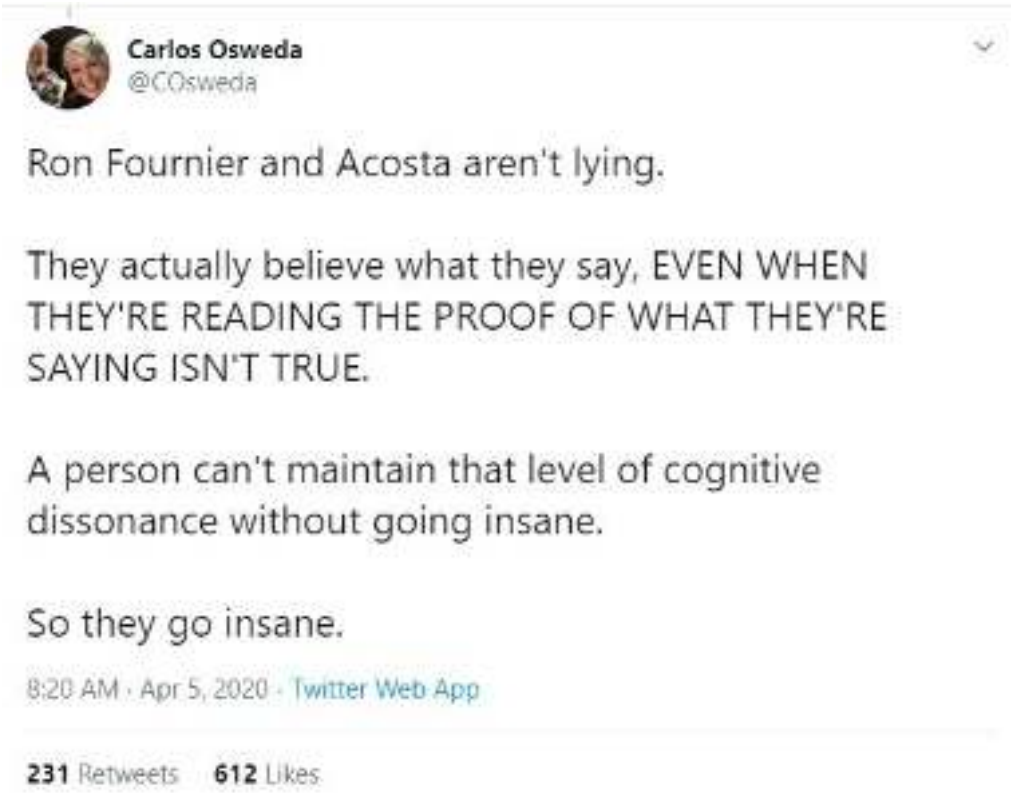
The Left. Every. Fucking. Day.

But why?
Why are they so ***insane***?

Just today I heard three prevailing theories summed up nicely. Nicely enough they provoke thought and are worth sharing. The first one comes from Twitter iconoclast Thomas Wictor (now renamed Carlos Osweda under a new account)

1. Cognitive Dissonance
~~Thomas~~ Carlos believes Trump is a Rorschach test of mental illness. If you hate him (not merely disagree with, or dislike, but actually *hate*) then you are mentally ill. I agree with him. But what is the process? During this Twitter thread was one tweet that jumped out. He was discussing his phone call with a Trump-hating boomer acquaintance in NYC who was convinced he had Corona despite not getting tested. Carlos said he patiently debunked every one of the NYC guy's points but the guy would just immediately switch goalposts to a new accusation, never once

conceding his earlier points as debunked. You'll all know that game with Lefties.



Nailed it

That nails TDS as experienced by the common (Leftist) man: Cognitive dissonance.

> A. My Mental Image Of Myself = I'm smarter than Trump
> B. Real World Evidence = Trump is outsmarting me
>
> = cognitive dissonance
>
> Unable to abandon A, or deny B, insanity ensues.

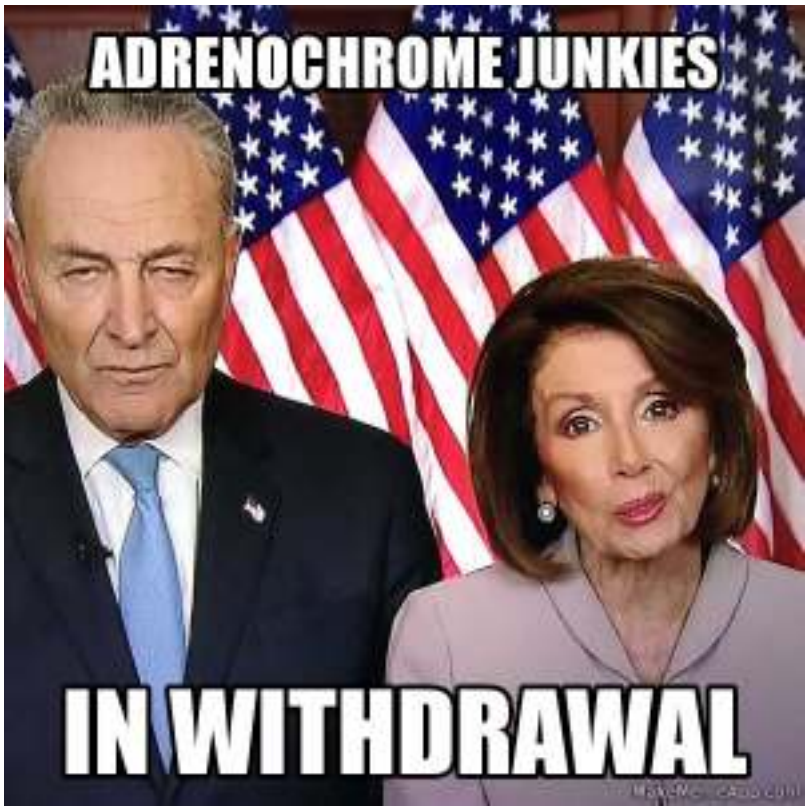
For well over a generation, Leftists have had an uncontested field in media, academia, and politics (in the West) and therefore they were constantly encouraged to feel smugly superior. The plebs had their **avarice** fuelled at the promise of gimmedats, the intellectuals had their **pride** stroked at being the heroic leaders, the degenerates had their **gluttony** and **lust**, and the muds had their **envy** of whites encouraged. Leftism is marketed to the Seven Deadly Sins. It's evil.

Thatcher and Reagan were especially hated because they were a rare (yet mild) push-back against this trend. Trump is the superhuman Mecha-godzilla of push-back against Leftism, at a point in time when the Left thought they had *already won*, forever. Who can forget Hillary's 98% chance of winning in November 2016? That's the very definition of a turn-around. It was a truly traumatic moment for a lot of slags and soyboys. That stuff leaves scars.

Trump is winning so consistently and so brazenly that Real World Evidence is destroying the smug tranquillity of the Left. I see it in my parents every day: the real world has become an existential threat to them, and thus they hide in a bubble blown up by the BBC and The Guardian. Any time a sliver of real world evidence penetrates the bubble, they freak the fuck out. TDS.

The second theory comes from the QAnon types and I didn't take it seriously until today, when a few odd "coincidences" were made clear. You've probably noticed that celebrities and world leaders are afflicted with Corona virus far more than the common man, relative to their proportion of the population (2,400x more often, one

Twitter account calculated). You've probably also noticed how it's always the same small group of celebrities and politicians who are outspoken against Trump to the point that they sound like tantrum-throwing toddlers. Have you also noticed those same people were all on the flight logs to Epstein's island, and they nearly all look like absolute shit now?



2. Adrenochrome

The Pizzagate / QAnon crew have said for a while that there is an international child-sex trafficking ring run by elites, that they worship Satan, and perform child sacrifices. They postulate the reason is that when young children are terrified, their brains produce adrenochrome, and then the elites kill them and drink their blood. It has amazing (but temporary) age-defying properties. This is likely the scientific basis for why vampires in legends live for centuries, why blood sacrifice was common place everywhere amongst pagans and barbarians, and the likes of Elizabeth Bathory bathed in children's blood.

Premise: the celebrities, businessmen, and politicians making up the Cabal have been taking adrenochrome to attempt immortality. Trump has cut the supply.

Here are some isolated facts, each one which can be reasonably well verified:

1. Trump appointed Jeff Sessions to roll up global child-trafficking networks. There have been an unprecedented number of busts, stings, and arrest since Trump's inauguration.
2. Trump signed executive orders targeting human trafficking, including asset seizure of anyone involved.
3. Trump significantly shut down illegal border crossings from Mexico, and gang activity inside US border, particularly MS-13.
4. There is a synthetic alternative to adrenochrome that was patented in the UK in 1981 and then in the US in 1985 by 3M. The same company deep in the Corona mask story.
5. The laboratory that makes the world's synthetic adrenochrome is in Wuhan, China.
6. The same people who are heavily suspected of belonging to the Cabal have been very outspoken indeed against Trump, to the point of embarrassing themselves publicly, and also experienced rapid physical decline since his inauguration.



So, putting these and other pieces together, the theory is this:

All these Cabalites were on natural adrenochrome, harvested from trafficked kids (with associated trappings of Satanism for some of them), to stay young. Much of the supply came across the Mexican border. Trump broke up the trafficking and thus suppressed both the kiddly-fiddling and the supply of adrenochrome. The Cabalites are going hard cold-turkey and are acting out publicly like desperate junkies jonesing for a fix (see Robert De Niro, Tom Arnold, Rob Reiner etc). They have been forced to turn to synthetic adrenochrome and now….. well, that's interesting. Has Trump cut that supply too, under the cover of Corona (and the quarantine keeps people off the streets so kids don't get kidnapped and ~~Democrat~~ terrorist attacks don't have massed targets)? Or did China infect a shipment of adrenochrome for their own reasons and the Cabalites just got a "hot fix" that gave them Corona (or HIV, with Corona as the cover story).

> Let's not forget that the Wuhan lab is tied to the Harvard chem dept CHAIR, Dr. Lieber, who was arrested the day before Trump shut down travel from China? indicted for taking 50K / mo from China in secret and also supervised the wuhan lab? 21 vials were smuggled from Harvard to Wuhan and seized.
>
> https://www.justice.gov/opa/pr/harvard-university-professor-and-two-chinese-nationals-charged-three-separate-china-related
> Lieber was both Chemistry and Biology Chair. His specialty is nanoscience....I read that as harvesting babies for adrenochrome and creating Bioweapons bc of course he is.

I remember reading when this arrest happened. Media memory-holed it fast.

I have no idea. But, to paraphrase Vox Day, the one thing we can be absolutely sure of is: ***the mainstream media story is false***. I don't know what the truth is, but there are so many anomalies that it certainly isn't what we are being told officially and by the media ***[1]***

3. Rabbits facing K-Selection

A third explanation, call it the **AnonCon** view, is that TDS is when rabbits realise the world is turning wolfish, and are freaking out at the thought of the King Wolf- Trump- and how he is reshaping the world into something they'll

be eliminated from. The rabbits felt comfortable in an r-selected world but completely adrift in the encroaching K-selection. They know they are uncompetitive and can't possibly challenge the wolves. So, they freak out like the pathetic fags they are.

Trump made an official statement in today's press conference that ***Daygame Overkill*** *is indeed the best in-field product on the market, way better than the frankly inept competition, and the patriotic thing to buy* ***[2]***

[1] Has anyone else realised that the Democratic election campaign has disappeared from public awareness, yet Trump spends a couple of hours a night on the most-watched broadcast in the USA *being presidential*? Those press conferences are the beginning of his campaign and he's pushed his opposition off the airwaves. Very smart.
[2] No matter which nationality you are.

Corona Home Workout #Daygame #GetRipped

krauserpua · 7 April 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I was asked in the comments what my home-training bodyweight workout is. Seeing as I'm well-known for being responsive to my readers ***[1]*** I guess it would behove me to outline it. So, in true Manosphere Red-Pill Huckster fashion, allow me to pontificate on something I have absolutely no track record in, charging you a one-time Corona Sale price of £97 (60% off £299) ***[2]*** for my **Personal Training Mastery** package ***[3]***

Fuck it, here goes. Summary first:

- Bodyweight training 3 times a week, comprising Hindu push-ups and Hindu squats as the centrepiece.
- Small calorie deficit and low-carbs.
- An hour walking each day.

Putting the detail on it is as follows.

My previous training was based around achieving lean gains, and thus bulking slowly with a small (+300 kcal) daily surplus, cycling carbs on basis as follows:

> Monday: Gym (Back), 2300 kcal, carbs at 100g
> Tuesday: Rest, 2300 kcal, carbs at 100g
> Wednesday: Gym (Chest), 2300 kcal, carbs at 100g
> Thursday: Rest, 3000 kcal, carbs at 300g REFILL #1
> Friday: Gym (Arms), 2300 kcal, carbs at 100g
> Saturday: Gym (Legs, Shoulders), 2300 kcal, carbs at 100g
> Sunday: Cardio (fasted), unlimited kcal (typically 5,000), carbs at 700g REFILL #2

This diet was based on **carb super-compensation**, meaning that I'd progressively drain glycogen from my muscles culminating in being empty when stepping off treadmill at Sunday lunchtime. Then I'd eat like a hog and refill +extra, ready for the next week. It was going good. My weight and strength went up but with minimal fat. Nonetheless, *some* fat was added as was some carb bloat around my waist. I'd need to cut eventually.

Corona brought the bulk phase to an end when the gyms closed three weeks ago. I'm in a small short-stay rental apartment in a foreign country. It's simply not feasible (or, now, even possible) to buy a suite of weights heavy enough to continue with a decent bulk. Therefore I decided to do my cutting phase now. First, I took a week off to recuperate after an extremely punishing year-to-date. Then, training changed as follows:

> Monday, Wednesday, Friday: Bodyweight training
> Every day: Calorie deficit, low carbs, walking

I intend to do ten days cutting hard, then a one-day refill, and back to ten days cutting. Tomorrow is the end of the first ten-day cycle. For training, I'm trying to add volume each session but it's tough because the diet is depleting me. I'm satisfied if I can simply maintain my baseline volume, which is:

> Hindu push-ups x100 (1×50, 1×30, 1×20)
> Hindu squats x200 (2×100)
> Boxing neck raises x120 (1×40 in three directions)

> Sit-ups x50
> Wall chair for 3 minutes
> Standard push-up variations x60 (20 on fists, 10 triangle, 10 middle fingers touching, 10 wide, 10 each side staggered arms ***[4]***)

I was initially planning to get good at the wrestler's bridge again but I've decided long-term neck health is more important than making it look bigger. It's a shame, because it's a very effective exercise if you don't mind knacking your neck a bit. The neck raises are far safer, so I'm doing them instead. This workout, including warm-up/stretching/cool-down takes just over an hour. Much of the break time is spent lying on my bed hyperventilating because it's extremely demanding anaerobically. Total training load isn't as demanding as what I was doing in the gym, but I don't mind. If I was stuck with bodyweight training for the rest of the year, I'd be more aggressive in upping my volume. For now, I'm just happy to keep things ticking along.

Let's be clear. I am not positioning myself as a fitness and diet expert. I've learned a lot, especially over the past two years, but I'm light-years behind the real experts. I post this regime simply because people showed an interest, and this blog is predominantly a personal log of things I try to get better at. In the spirit of full disclosure, here's a selfie I took just before beginning my first training session in this regime, two weeks ago.



45yr old, 77kg-ish

Feel free to comment on the quality of my training/diet regime but- and I stress this- if you are going to bluster about how I'm stupid, or mistaken, or obviously need to do it this other way that you suggest instead, then you must (a) swear an oath upon **Daygame Mastery** that you are not on testosterone, gear, GH or any other PED ***[5]*** and (b) post a picture of your upper body equivalent to what I posted here.

*I find that buying **Daygame Overkill** and ruminating on the treasure trove of in-field knowledge contained within is the single best way to focus my mind to complete an effective home-training workout. Buy it here for $199 (60% off $897)*

[1] Though usually by insulting them.
[2] 60% off £299 is actually £119 but the guy I copied it off is as bad at maths as he is everything else he sells

courses on.
[3] £597 if you want VIP Inner Circle access, meaning the occasional half-assed Skype call, and a chance to sit and watch me eat lunch every Sunday in my ~~#LunchRoom~~ #WarRoom.
[4] Simulating one-armed push-ups for someone not strong enough to do proper one-armed push-ups with good form on almost-exhausted arms.

[5] I've got no problem with people hitting the gas to look good, but, if so, don't kid yourself that you actually know how to train. It's just the gas you're on, as you'll find out soon enough when you come back off it.

The Classics Are Shit

krauserpua · 18 April 2020 · Archived copy · Original

You are probably aware of Hans Christian Anderson's famous story **The Emperor's New Clothes**. Two weavers promise an emperor a new suit of clothes that they say is invisible to those who are unfit for their positions, stupid, or incompetent – while in reality, they make no clothes at all, making everyone believe the clothes are invisible to them. When the emperor parades before his subjects in his new "clothes", no one dares to say that they do not see any suit of clothes on him for fear that they will be seen as stupid. Finally a child cries out, "But he isn't wearing anything at all!"



Fake News parallels obvious

To me, that describes most of the classics I've read. I don't speak from lack of effort. In the last few years I've read plenty, being quite enthused especially by the **Wordsworth Classics** editions. A quick consultation of my reading log shows I've plowed through *Ben Hur, The Master & Margarita, War And Peace **[1]**, The Arabian Nights, A Tale Of Two Cities, The Story Of A Nobody, The Gambler, The Hunchback Of Notre Dame, Wuthering Heights, Ivanhoe*, plus an ungodly amount of Dumas. I've also managed some other classics prior to that. Of those, only the Dumas books and Ivanhoe stood on their own merits as a good read ***[2]***. The rest were all….. a slog.

Every single one of them was painfully over-written. It felt like the writers were poseurs attempting to impress their peers with the wordsmanship of their prose, rather than constructing good books. Almost to a man, the authors I tried were unable to plot effectively, create compelling believable characters, and – most saliently – unable to pace the book so that I wanted to keep reading it. They were not page-turners. I had no desire to see how the characters overcame the obstacles set ***[3]***. I finished the books only because I felt like I should.

But surely you learned something about the human condition, Nick?

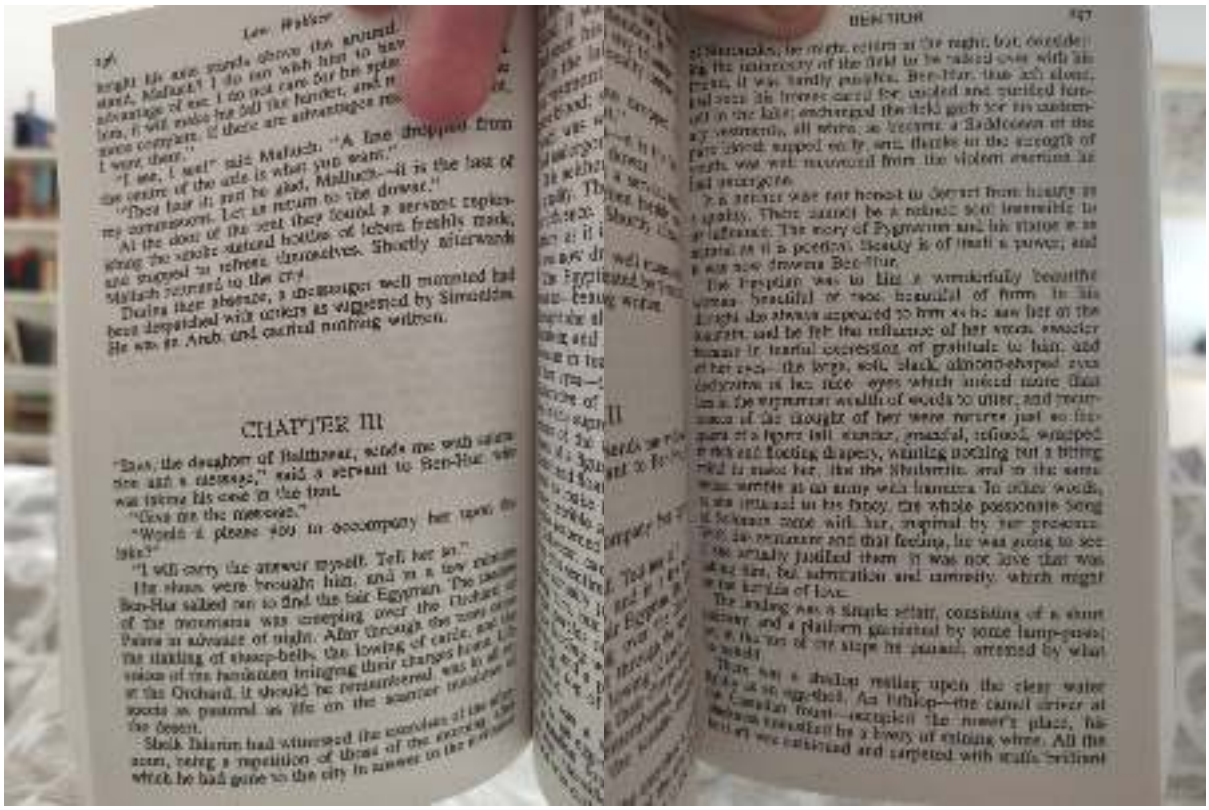
Not really. The classics are full of hokey philosophy, poor theology, and mad ramblings. Russian writers are just miserable nihilists wallowing in squalor. The Arabs are sick savages praising the dumbest, cruellest of kings as wise philanthropists. The French are…. well, French ***[4]***. I think it's not an overstatement to say the weighty issues and observations on the human condition contained within potboiler genre fiction are absolutely the equal- if not ***better***

observed- than those in the classics. I found myself stopping to consider ideas in Stephen Marlowe's **Chester Drum** series or Donald Hamilton's **Matt Helm** books more often than in Dostoevsky, Hugo, or Dickens.

Gamma cunts. I'm calling it, now.

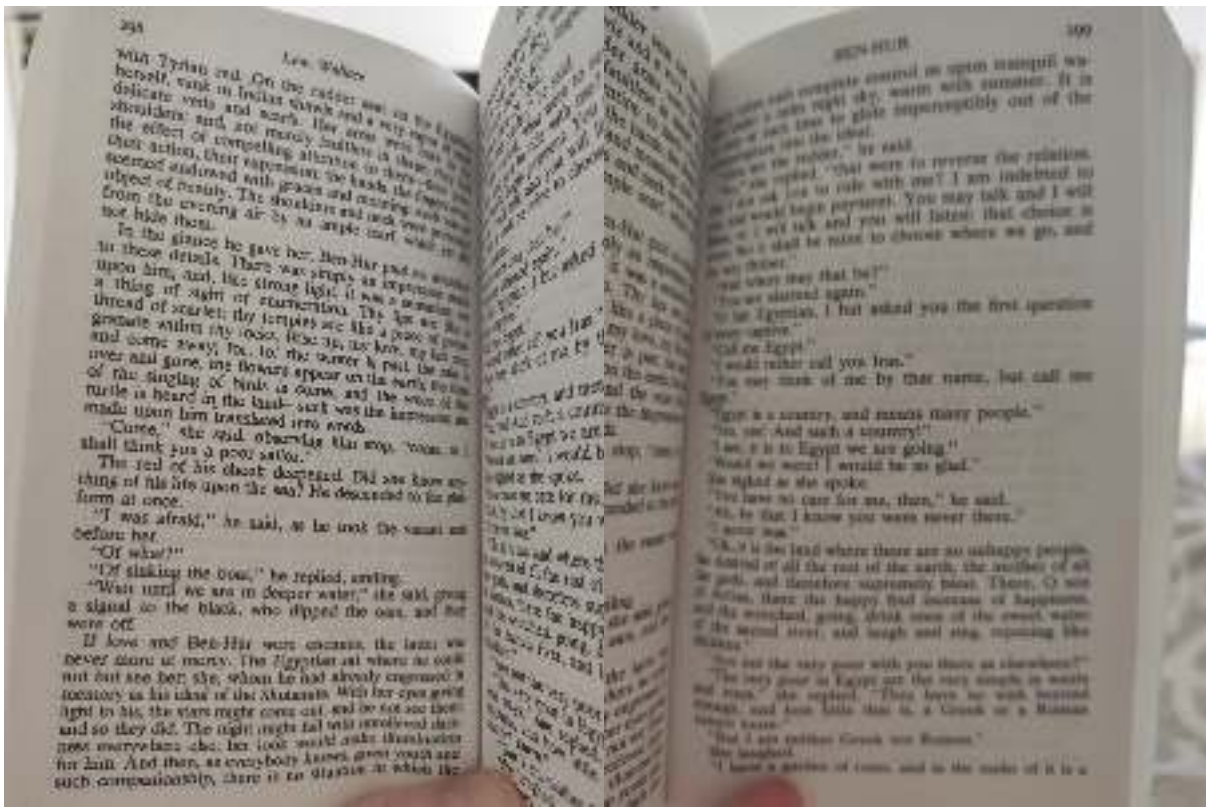
But isn't this all subjective, Nick? you cry, unwilling to call the emperor's clothes what they are. Let's consider that. There are objective criteria to good story writing ***[5]***. For a start, if you're writing drama you need intention plus obstacle. If you're setting a scene, you need to turn exposition into ammunition. If something isn't helping the story, or, worse, is noise obscuring the signal, then it should be excised. With that in mind, let's consider a random chapter selection from **Ben Hur**.

"You are about to read one of the finest novels ever written," the first lines of the Signet Classics introduction assured me. Well, let's put that to the test shall we. Here it is unedited ***[6]*** for Chapter Two of Book Five. The hero is going to meet a young tart he fancies who is the daughter of a crippled trader.

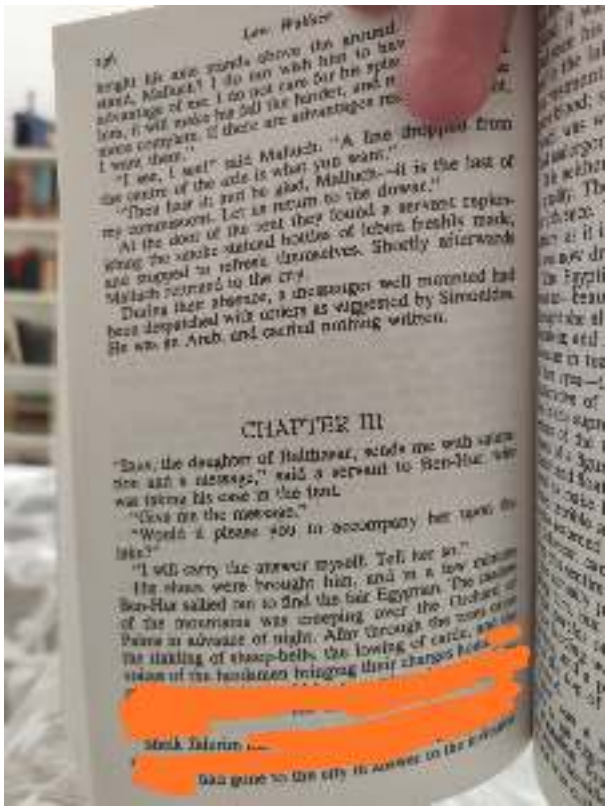


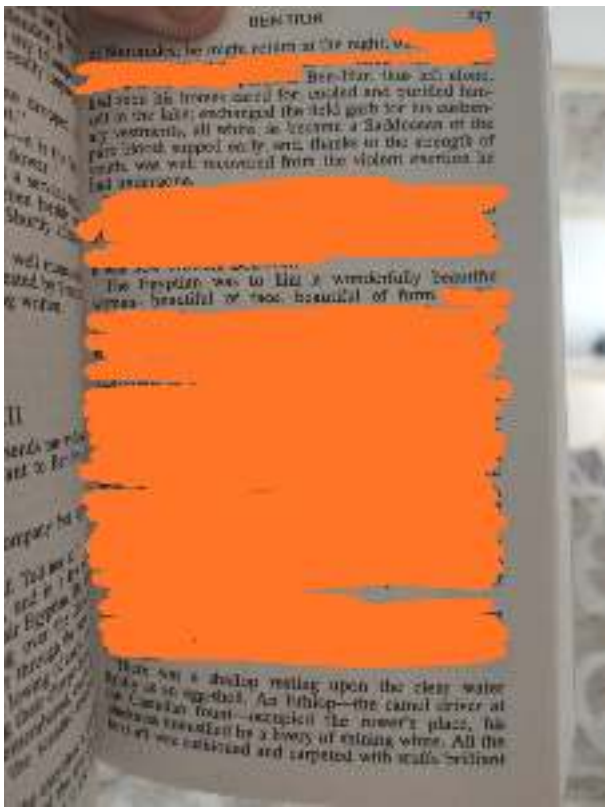
CHAPTER III

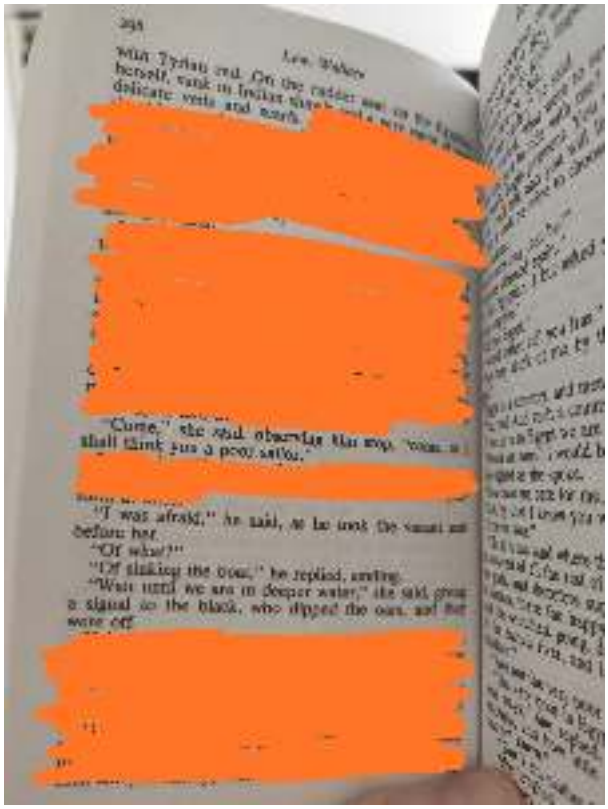
BEN-HUR

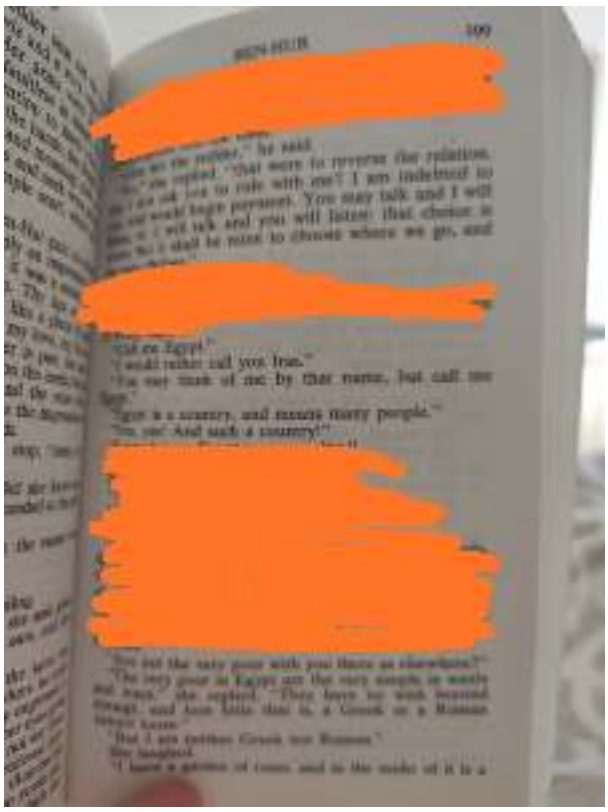


That was turgid, was it not? Now let's consider the vastly-improved **Krauser Edition**:









Notice how my deletions don't remove a single line of value. Absolutely everything I removed was pointless blather that bogged down the plot and made the main character look like ***a right fucking faggot***. All that immersion-breaking purple prose is gone, leaving only the stuff that actually happens. Mind you, what remains is still total shite. It's an unsaveable book. There's 150 pages of story wrapped up in 450 pages of fluff and, when you finally unpick it all, you find out that Lew Wallace has just cobbled together a revenge story of the same structure and themes as **The Count Of Monte Cristo**, except that Dumas beat him to the punch by thirty years and did it miles better. Dumas' book is actually really good and races along as a proper page-turner.

Ben Hur – Finest novel my arse. It's a bag of shite.

Let me tenuously connect this rant to the subject of daygame. When browsing Jimmy's Twitter account I saw him laughing at a link to manosphere name **Donovan Sharpe**. The guy was bragging about how a "man on a mission" lives out his day. Take a look at the photo he posted.



Like a homeless dude giving investment advice

Lol.

He might want to change his testosterone provider because that shirtless photo just looks like a fat slob to me. And, frankly, I would not be bragging about shacking up with a fat lass. If photos like that *of me* surfaced on the internet, I'd get emergency injunctions to get them removed lest my reputation be forever tarnished ***[7]***

The lesson of the Emperor's New Clothes, as delivered by the impulsive kid at the end of the story, is to see things as they really are rather than how you've been carefully gas-lighted to ***think*** you should see them. Gas-lighting can only work when it appeals to our worst emotions, such as *Pride* in Andersen's tale. When something (e.g. a classic) or somebody (e.g. a well-known PUA coach) is established as ***something to be taken seriously*** you should always first ask yourself: why? *What has he / it done to deserve this position?* When you're new to an arena, say just getting into pick-up, it's natural to not know up from down and to therefore look to the mob to tell you who to follow. That's what all these poseurs with Twitter accounts, YouTube channels, and podcasts ***[8]*** are banking on. They are banking on your natural reticence to stand up, point at the emperor, and say "he's not wearing any clothes."

Pretend you never read any of that and just buy ***Daygame Mastery*** *here, the best instructional textbook in the history of pick-up unless you are too stupid, incompetent or unfit for your position as a daygamer*

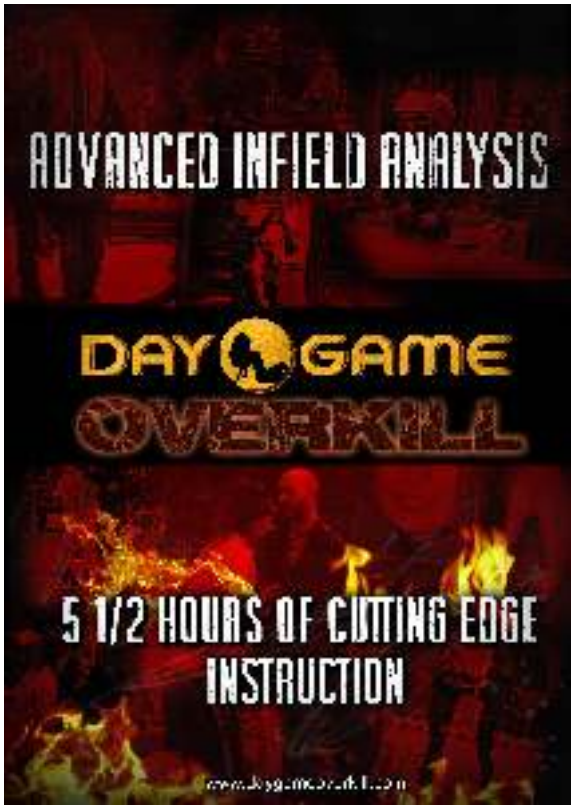
[1] Gave up halfway through. It's so boring.
[2] And, unless you specifically like Dumas' style, only his most famous works are good. Once you drop down to his second-tier efforts, there's a plunge in quality.
[3] Which is, quite literally, the essence of drama.
[4] Snobbish, cowardly fags obsessed with cheese and wine.
[5] Anyone banging on about "what is objectivity? everything is subjective" or setting a straw man comparison to peer-reviewed mathematical proofs can fuck off right now. We are not in a uni student bar.
[6] And, fuck me, if ever a book needed editing it is this one.
[7] More than it already is, that is to say.
[8] Rarely blogs, as charlatans tend not to be very literary unless they are Jewish.

An Introduction To Daygame

krauserpua · 17 May 2020 · Archived copy · Original

One thing I had never done, in the ten years I've been producing daygame content, is provide a simple overview of the ~~Krauser~~ **London Daygame Model**. I've done a beginner's how-two for the low, low price of *zero pounds*. I've done a solid intermediate instructional called **Black Book** for the ~~not so~~ low price of $99 (buy it here). And of course, I have done the legendary ***[1]***, earth-shattering ***[2]***, as-yet-not-even-close-to-matched-much-less-surpassed ***[3]*** in-field analysis and daygame instructional **Daygame Overkill**.

[buy Daygame Overkill here]



But what I *haven't* done is a straight-forward technical introduction for people who don't really know what our style of daygame is. Maybe they've seen some in-fields on Youtube, and gotten an approximate idea that daygame is game in the day. Maybe they've seen **The Natural Lifestyles** and thus concluded daygame is an epic cringefest of low-testosterone soyboys irritating unsuspecting Euro-girls with lame openers and interminable directionless chit-chat ***[4]***. Maybe they've watched **RSD Max** and think it comes down to injecting synthetic testosterone ***[5]*** and then posing on Instagram with obvious models that you've obviously paid for their time.

Hang on, I'm digressing again aren't I?

When Anthony Johnson was kind enough to invite me to his **The 21 Convention** last summer, I delivered precisely that simple overview speech. The full talk has just recently gone live on T21C's official YouTube and I link it here.

And if I haven't made the purpose of my post sufficiently clear, here it is again: Buy Daygame Overkill here.

If you need to be told three times before you do something, you may wish to buy Daygame Overkill here.

1. In my own mind, your experience may vary.
2. To my bank account, at least.
3. Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough.

4. Hot off the presses in this latest video from the bullshitting Aussie charlatan, I see **The Natural Lifestyles** are now preying on desperate soyboys with a "lifestyle design" mentor program. Now, notice the thumbnail in that YouTube video:



has the same girls, in the same clothes, on the same boat, in the same weather as when lying fronting piece of shit **Robbie Kramer** was also shamming at "lifestyle design" here:



I might have captioned that, yesterday

Robbie had to delete his image from Instagram when the girls complained about him using their image in his marketing. So, how did they get these photos? Simple. Robbie runs a soft-pimping business in which he takes $10k+ from credulous chodes (or in Marshall's case, from scheming charlatans) so a bunch of them can hire a private beach and yacht in the Maldives (or Mauritius Islands, I forget which) for a week-long orgy. Kramer uses his contacts among sex workers in Ukraine to ship in a bunch of hookers and semi-pros with a free all-expenses holiday and a ton of blow. Part of the deal (aside from shagging the chodes) is the girls pose for these "lifestyle design" photos.

This is now the *third* person I've seen in the middle of that same group of women from that trip (which was May 2018).

Lads, it's all a **total con job**. James Marshall is a lying chump with zero game who doesn't cold approach and instead relies on hookers and sugarbabies to get laid. The lifestyle he is selling is total bullshit. His entire image is a fragile facade to persuade idiots to fund him. That's how he really got "rich": selling bullshit to idiots and laughing his way to the bank.

5. That's a guess. I'm waiting for **More Plates More Dates** or **Coach Greg** to do a natty-or-not video.

Pick-Up Is Not A Viable Business

krauserpua · 20 May 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I was having a chat with a buddy today ***[1]*** about the history of daygame. He was discussing some of his wing-men who are really into the entirety of daygame both as a means of getting skirt and as an engrossing topic with its own rewards of intellectual edification. For example, consider Nash's many long scholarly posts. That's supreme mental masturbation for the pleasure of taking apart the watch and fitting it back together again. I've been known to do the same thing myself. It's fun and helps you understand the topic. If you're lucky, you can even move the topic forward.

"When I was first getting into daygame, in Prague, I'd watch one of **Street Attraction**'s videos every afternoon when I was getting ready to go out," my buddy said ***[2]***. "I'd listen to all the **Daygame.com** podcasts, and read blog posts. It really got me motivated to approach."

Yes, I can imagine it would. He then discussed a couple of his wing-men who have read *everything* about the history of Game, and who know exactly who was in the Project Hollywood house, who invented what jargon, and so on ***[3]***. As inevitably happens in such discussions, I was asked to elaborate on the circumstances behind Tom Torero getting punched by Richard La Ruina in a Minsk cafe, while Yad egged him on. For some reason, that shot was heard around the world ***[4]*** and is now an Established Event in daygame folklore. So, I regaled my buddy with a long, detailed chronology beginning in 2011 that led up to that punch in April 2014.

Daygame history. I knows it.

In talking about Torero taking one for the team, we naturally slipped into discussion about Andy Yosha's business Daygame.com and then what ~~Andy~~ Aslen Claymore is up to nowadays. I didn't know, but a google search shows he's got a Twitter account with 27 followers launching a product that isn't really explained. The conversation turned to how Andy ran **Daygame.com** and from there to how Tyler and Papa run **Real Social Dynamics**, and then on to the PUA industry as a whole. I think the conclusion is something that might interest my esteemed readership, and thus we arrive at the topic of this post:

> **Conclusion**: Most pick-up companies are not viable businesses.
> **Corollary**: To the extent they stay operational, most pick-up companies are cheating somebody.

At first approximation I'd say there are four different business structures in the PUA world, of which three are non-viable/exploitative and one is viable and ethical but severely constrained. Let me list them. I won't name names, so you'll have to figure out which hat fits who.

1. Really Systematic Dating
This is the most scaleable of all businesses because it operates as a pyramid scheme. At the bottom level squats a mass of young interns who are press-ganged into completing all the administration and grunt work of the business. College kids will man the cameras, edit the videos, upload the files, answer the queries, balance the books and so on. Their lure is that these impressionable unpaid/underpaid lads get to hang out with the coaches and "live the life" and network etc. The next level up the pyramid are the paid coaches who teach the live events and do the actual fee-earning work. These coaches are on employment contracts and worked extremely hard. To squeeze full profitability out of them, they'll be flown around the world to coach a boot-camp every weekend. It's a tough job: crossing time zones, working nights, and the unending high pressure of performing in front of students. By putting these coaches on contracts, you can pay them less than a per-programme fee, say $50k pa, which works out at about $0.01 per hour.

Then at the top of the pyramid are the one or two business owners who take all the profit. Of the entire pyramid, only those guys are making good money.

This business model survives by sucking the blood out of the interns and coaches, then rudely discarding them when they are burnt out or no longer compliant. It requires iron control within the company, high churn of bodies, and lots of internal and recruiting bullshit about what a valuable learning experience they are having by being part of the organisation. The clients don't necessarily get a raw deal. The product delivered might be just fine.

2. Total Numpty Losers

Whereas (1) is a sprawling organisation with many moving parts drawing its value by underpaying the grunts, this second business model thrives on a different currency entirely: bullshit. So whereas in (1) it's the employees and interns being sucked dry, in (2) it's the customers being bled white whereas the staff do really well thankyouverymuch.

Simply, you target credulous customers who are new to pick-up and lack the ability to spot a con. Promise them wild abundant success with women while non-too-subtly suggesting they'll finally find ***acceptance*** in a group of like-minded individuals (use lots of video of group hugs between coaches and ~~suckers~~ clients).

This business model works because the coaches don't need to have any ability whatsoever, so you can get them cheap. They aren't the hard workers of (1). They just need to spin a line of bullshit long enough, then gaslight the client on what great progress he's allegedly made so he goes home with a smile on his face. Given that the coaches have no ability, you'd think it would be difficult to create the marketing material that draws the punters in. That's where severely dishonest and misleading advertising comes in. Hire hookers to model in "lifestyle" photos. Hire hookers to walk down the street that your instructor can "approach" and get an incredible response. Sell nebulous unmeasurable skills such as "inner game". Make it woo-woo as fuck.

Whereas (1) is run like a slave plantation, (2) isn't a pick-up business at all. Much as Britain's **National Health Service** is really just a job creation program for incompetent Labour voters (and if some patients get treated along the way, that's an unexpected bonus), this business model is really just an engine to fund the hooker-and-blow addictions of the instructors. It's an endless circle of: pay hookers for marketing -> to draw in punters -> who pay for your hookers and marketing.

Only by the wildest chain of coincidences will a client actually learn any game.

3. Young And Disorganised

We started with a big complex business model (1) and then scaled it down a notch to a little boy's gang (2), and now we come to the sole trader. This business model will suit any coach who can put forth a reasonably convincing effort on the streets but who doesn't really have the discipline to write a book and speak coherently on a video analysis. This model replies primarily on (i) identifying individual rich suckers, and (ii) shamelessly bullshitting them on the progress they could make with you. Don't play the ball, play the man.

So, try to spot someone with more money than sense. If they are an affluent brown man with an inexhaustible thirst for white girls, you are onto a winner. Saudi lawyers, Indian tech engineers, Turkish entrepreneurs etc. So give them the spiel, "yeah, baby, I fink that what would, like, really work for you bro is if we did a ten-day program in Minsk, yeah." Take the money, sponge even more on accommodation ("so, like, if you really want to maximise your closing rate, like, you need to be in an impressive apartment, where you have twenty-four-hour access to my coaching, yeah?"). Then when the coaching has finished, pitch them on the *next* residential program ("You are making really good progress man. I think, like, the best way for you to push on through to the next level is a two week trip to Romania. Oh man, those Romanian girls are so sexy. Mmmmm! And I'll tell you what, right, there's a Romanian girl I dated- a model, like- and she told me girls down there just love Saudi/Iranian/Indian lawyers/doctors/architects").

This business model is not *inherently* dishonest, but it works best if you keep reselling additional coaching that the client simply doesn't need. It also scales best if you accept clients that really shouldn't be doing daygame at all. Then you're just mugging them, selling impossible dreams you can't possibly help them fulfil.

4. Mostly Ethical

This is the only way I know of running a profitable PUA business without scamming anyone ***[5]*** and it's mostly run like (3) but with two important limitations. First, you screen all prospective clients to figure out if you can actually help them. So, perhaps you'll respond to their first inquiry by emailing a series of pertinent questions (e.g. age, race, lifetime lay count, cumulative approach count, successes etc) and then proceed to a video chat- mostly to check if they are deluded, autistic, or will be a nightmare to coach. Explain realistic expectations and then- if you are both agreed- *only then* do you take the money. This means sometimes you have to turn down clients (and thus cash) ***[6]***. Not everyone is cut out for daygame. That drastically limits scaleability because there are only so many coachable clients out there.

Second, once you've taught them everything you can…. **STOP**. Don't sell them any more coaching. They need to go away for a year and implement all that new knowledge. Intensive in-field daygame coaching is *not* a recurring expense. Or at least it shouldn't be.

Like (3) you have to do the coaching yourself, for quality control. It is theoretically possible to hire help but I've yet to see a PUA business that can sustain such a system. Yes, their marketing will tell you they have "hand-picked coaches I've taught myself and who I guarantee are at the pinnacle of game skill" but this is always a flagrant lie. They are clueless interns. The reason is that managing skilled players is like herding cats. Most skilled players don't want to coach, so you're beginning from a tiny pool of skilled available labour. Then you simply can't keep them. As soon as a good coach gets experience and a name, there's nothing stopping him opening his own business. And, historically, that's exactly what has happened…

…. and thus we come full circle to one of the reasons why Torero got punched in Minsk.

*If you'd rather just buy **Daygame Overkill**, then you may wish to buy Daygame Overkill here.*

[1] An argument, really. But don't worry, I was right about everything whereas he was sadly mistaken on all points of variance.
[2] Sadly, we can't do that any more. RIP.
[3] Presumably they've read the official history of daygame beginning with **Balls Deep** and ending in **Last Man Banging**.
[4] To the extent that being punched on the ear makes any sound at all.
[5] Yosha tried to run Daygame.com like (1) but with genuinely able coaches and far less exploitatively. I think that's a big reason why the company went bust. It's too expensive a cost base.
[6] Something which may have only happened on a handful of occasions in the history of the PUA industry.

The BBC attack on Dating Coaches

krauserpua · 1 June 2020 · Archived copy · Original

Who here still watches Fake News? Who even still has a television with an aerial connected to it ***[1]***? For some people, particularly very desperate PUA coaches, being "on TV" is a major life goal and they'll absolutely humiliate themselves for a chance to pitch their wares on the commie-box. I'm not one of them ***[2]***

So, imagine my surprise when one of their ~~ropers~~ producers sent this innocent little email asking me to appear on their show ***[3]***. Here's how that went.



Eddie from **Street Attraction** got a similar email and showed them a similar decided lack of interest in being featured by the Bolshevik Broadcasting Corporation. Most of you know what followed. The programme turned out to be a hit-piece (like literally every other show they've ever done on pick-up) in which they sent a closeted soyboy undercover on a Street Attraction bootcamp to record some footage they could twist into an attack on PUAs.

I'd be surprised if any of this is news to my readers. In fact, i seem to remember some epic faggotry within the daygame community as soyboy daygamers ran around in circles screaming "Noooooooooooo! Daygame is finished now! We're all doomed!" A few particularly cowardly faggots immediately ~~bent down and grabbed their ankles~~ took down their YouTube channels.

The whole BBC thing soon blew over, having mostly failed in it's objectives. The programme did not go viral and it got so epicly down-voted on the BBC website that they had to sneakily re-upload it twice to remove the accumulated down-votes and negative comments ***[4]***. So far as I can establish, the total battle damage suffered by the daygame community was as follows:

1. The Glaswegian-based daygamer Addy was sent to prison on trumped-up public order charges.
2. Street Attraction's channel was deleted.
3. Other channels had certain videos deleted (YouTube took down my two Kiev SDL infields)
4. And to show it wasn't all bad news, I'm sure we were all pleased to see Australian scammer Bradicus had his entire hookers-pretending-to-be-notches channel deleted ***[5]***

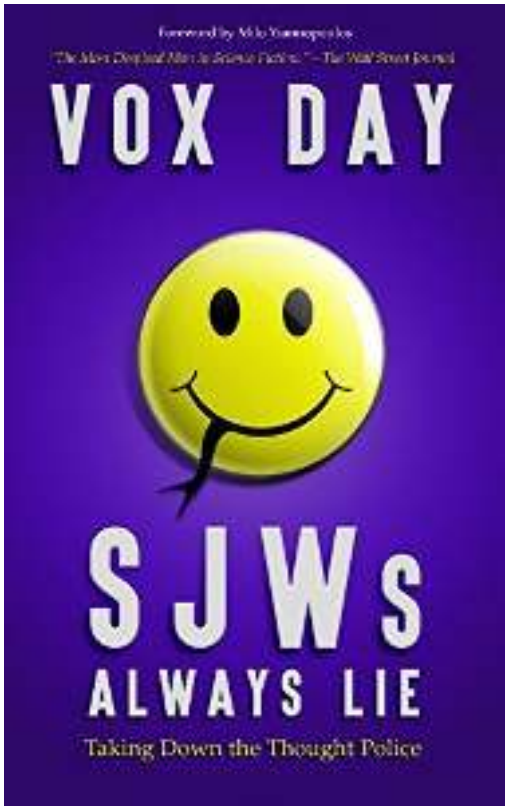
I consider Street Attraction's deletion to be the only real loss there ***[6]*** as they had probably the best daygame channel that has ever existed. Other than that…. meh. However, just because the BBC mostly failed in their attack doesn't mean we should just let them off the hook. We shouldn't let them erase the attack from history, or control the narrative over what they did. So, when I got an email yesterday morning from a small YouTube channel creator who had produced a whopping FOUR HOUR documentary on the BBC programme, asking me to publicise their work, I thought I might just do that.

Here's the first episode:

What do I think?

It's alright. I've watched two hours of it now and mostly agree with the points raised. The format is that **Red Pill Rights** will show a segment of the BBC programme and then compile the reactions / analysis from a half dozen daygame-friendly YouTubers on that segment, then move onto the next. Generally, I found the featured YouTubers rather more tolerant and compassionate than your 'umble Krauser here tends to be. Thus they make some points that never would of crossed my mind ***[7]***.

Is there anything I think is missing from the documentary? Yes. There is an extra layer that could have been added to it, perhaps in a fifth part, that places the BBC attack into the wider theoretical context. Watching the RPR documentary, it's easy to get the feeling that the BBC are simply a bunch of cunts who have an axe to grind with pick-up artists and dating coaches.



This is, of course, entirely true. The BBC *are* 100% cunts. But this attack was actually something very specific and far more widespread than just one show. It was **an SJW attack**, and thus exactly followed the stages of the SJW attack pattern as laid out in Vox Day's excellent book *SJWs Always Lie*. So, what is the pattern? Well, sir, I'm glad you asked.

1. Locate or Create a Violation of the Narrative.
2. Point and Shriek.
3. Isolate and Swarm.
4. Reject and Transform.
5. Press for Surrender.
6. Appeal to Amenable Authority.
7. Show Trial.
8. Victory Parade.

The BBC attack didn't work out as they planned, because the daygame community didn't play ball, but *most* of the

attack pattern was completed. Let's map it over to events as best as I know them:

1. Locate or Create a Violation of the Narrative – This is the "discovery" that there are underground dating coaches who are on the streets *chatting up women*, and worse, teaching other men to do so! Some women have been *mildly inconvenienced*. Even more shocking, some of them quite like the men and decided to fuck them. This is a breach of the SJW narrative because Leftists do not allow men to have any agency nor any legitimate sexual rights.

2. Point and Shriek – The purpose of the BBC show is to draw attention to these dastardly daygamers. "Look at this! Look at it! Witches!"



"It's a Yad Stop!"

3. Isolate and Swarm – The BBC show focused on the two targets they could best attack. Addy was a soft target due to his forthright views and habit of saying quotably unpleasant one-liners, and Street Attraction because they were running boot camps and thus footage of them could be filmed. The soyboy producer, Miles Buttplug or something, did the rounds on daytime TV shows to drum up support for the pile-on.

4. Reject and Transform – *[can't remember this stage exactly. Don't have Vox's book at hand]* I think this is where the target attempts to explain they weren't actually being racist, sexist, transphobic, capitalist or whatever. This stage never happened because the daygame community told them to get fucked. SJWs need you to apologise- which they'll reject as insufficient- as an admission of guilt, which they will then use against you.

5. Press for Surrender – The SJWs then demand the target surrender, such as resigning from their job, changing the government policy, or in this case closing up their business / YouTube channel. Again, except for the ignoble examples of Tom Torero, Anthony Hustle and a couple of others, everyone in daygame told them to get fucked.

6. Appeal to Amenable Authority – This is the *one* point of success the BBC had. They had amenable people in place at the Scottish prosecution services and at YouTube in order to punish Addy and Street Attraction. Note that without these people- who may have literally been just one person in each case- nothing at all would have happened precisely because the daygame community refused to play ball.

7. Show Trial – This was the screening of the documentary plus a planned follow-up that never came to be because of the failure of the original hit-piece to gain traction.

8. Victory Parade – This too was severely down-scaled, limited to a couple of self-congratulatory articles in the usual fake newspapers.

So, though the BBC attack was a by-the-book SJW attack, it wasn't anywhere near as effective as they intended. That's small consolation to Addy and Street Attraction **[8]** but it does show that these SJWs are waning in their influence.

One more particular point of analysis I disagree with on the Red Pill Rights documentary is the segment were Miles Bumbandit is on the bootcamp and pushed to approach. He then resists, saying the girl looks underage. The daygamers features analyse this mostly according to avoidance weasels, i.e. Miles was bottling it, and in scrambling for a way to avoid approaching his brain settled on the rationalisation that she was too young. I think differently. I believe Miles very specifically had a narrative goal that daygamers creep on underage girls (one of his accusations against Addy) and he was determined to get some footage to back up that point by hook or crook. So, when it was his turn to open he claimed the girl looked underage. You can tell nobody else present agreed with him. No comments such as, "yeah, maybe" or "okay, let's find you a different set." Note also that we have only Miles' word that she looked underage, because there's no video footage at all. To me, this was a set-up. Miles had the premeditated agenda of trying to trap Eddie or Richard on camera saying words to the effect of, "who cares if she's underage, you should still try to fuck her."

To me, this was the most shocking part of the BBC programme. It was a blatant set-up of fake news and it failed only because (1) Miles isn't a very effective SJW, and (2) Eddie and Richard *don't* actually endorse banging underage girls.

If you'd like to support the daygame community and fight Leftism, there's really no better way than by ***buying all of my products****. Every fucking one of them. Starting with Daygame Overkill. For every sale of that fantastic video instructional, I will donate* ***ONE*** *pint of cold lager to Eddie next time I go drinking with him.*

[1] Not since 2009 for me. I'm *that* edgy.
[2] When they offered to fund production of a seminar product back in 2015, I bit the hook. What happened afterwards convinced me to never bite again.
[3] The whole team were involved in a bad faith hatchet job, so I have no moral qualms in revealing a private email from them.
[4] How *very* unlike the BBC to be dishonest manipulative propaganda.
[5] Presumably **The Natural Lifestyles** survived the cull because no-one at YouTube could find any "game" going on in their infields.
[6] I don't know Addy or what was really behind the police going after him. There's definitely a lot more to it than simply a BBC documentary highlighting him for talking to girls, but I don't know what it is. Perhaps if I did know, I'd agree with those who call it an injustice.
[7] Such as trying to help people.
[8] Fuck Bradicus, the scamming ginger cunt.

Red Man Group Live

krauserpua · 5 June 2020 · Archived copy · Original

Right then dickheads. I'm sitting on a public bench in London, waiting hours for a train. Everywhere is shut, except two poxy takeaway coffee joints ***[1]***. Naturally, I'm not allowed to sit inside and wait, like a normal person. Oh no! My arse will not be treated to a cushioned seat today. What a bag of shite. Having been in Belgrade the past four months the whole let's-be-faggots-in-England Covid restrictions passed me by ***[2]*** and it takes some getting used to being suddenly reminded of them.

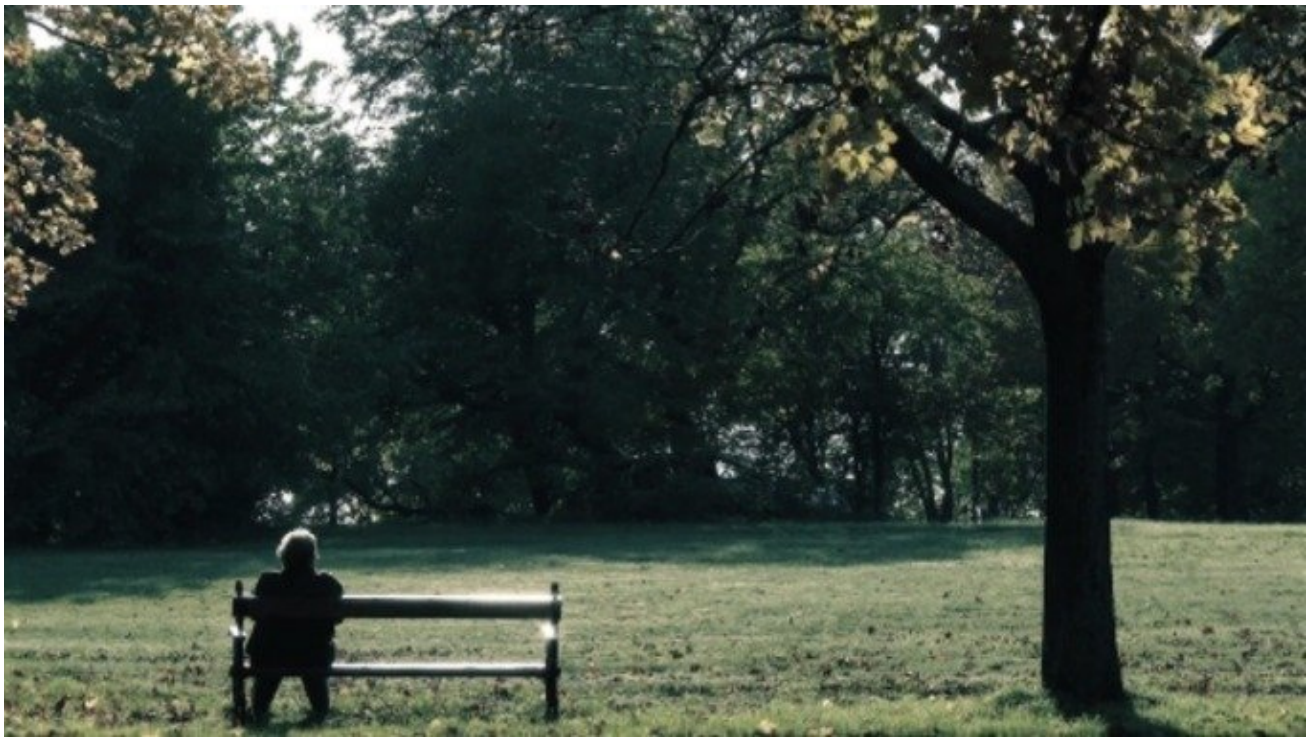
But it's not all bad, is it? I just scoffed a tuna and mayonnaise sandwich, and the latte served by the aforementioned poxy cafe was actually pretty good. I'm gonna be playing **Metro Exodus** on a 48″ flat-screen TV the moment I get back to *Krauser Headquarters North* ***[3]***. In fact, my mood has improved considerably in the space of just two paragraphs.

That's emotional control for you, lads.

Things are all a little coincidental of late. Roy Walker was booked to come over to Belgrade for a long weekend ***[4]*** and then Jimmy Jambone was roped in too. By the wildest of coincidences they booked a flight that would land approximately fifteen minutes after my flight out of Belgrade took off.

Those crazy lads! What a coincidence! ***[5]***

As if that's not enough Mr White and Xants were due to meet me for a coffee as I passed through London but then by the wildest coincidence, they suddenly got a load of work on and can't quite make it.



High value, today

So I'm sitting in the train station in the ghost town of London, having only been in the country for two hours, and some lad comes up and asks, "are you Nick Krauser?"

Frankly, I'm not even sure any more.

Anyway, that's all just a pointless digression to fill a bit of space before I link the final video I appear in from last summer's The 21 Convention in Warsaw. Here I am with the Red Man Group pontificating on all kinds of things.

*If you'd like to donate to **#Krauser'sLifeMatters** so that I can get myself a new TV and pair of Nike Jordans, please contribute $199 to **Daygame Overkill** here.*

[1] Whose free Wi-Fi I'm using, so I'm every so slightly grateful.
[2] And, fucking hell, the disgusting multiculturalism really hits hard after four months around nothing but proper people.
[3] Mum and dad's house.
[4] However much you are missing daygame, you are not missing it as much as him. I can assure you.
[5] It was, right?

I'm champion of my own street

krauserpua · 17 June 2020 · Archived copy · Original

Coincidence is a funny thing isn't it? Just the other day I was saying to my pal, "it's ages since I've heard about **Andrew Tate**. Has he not topped himself yet?" and then, just minutes later, a reader sends me a message about him.

Well, technically, the message was not about Tate himself but rather about one of his many online sock puppet accounts he uses to create the illusion of credibility. But before we get to that, let's look at the man's official accounts and do some simple online due diligence on one of his oft-repeated claims.



With hire cars, yesterday

That's a damn impressive bio isn't it? **K-1 World Champion**. The world's premier kickboxing event, held in Japanese stadiums such as Saitama Super Arena and Tokyo Dome, with crowds of 30,000+ and then televised on Saturday night TV at peak viewing times. Those champs were stars: Ernesto Hoost, Peter Aerts, Semmy Schilt, Remy Bonjasky. True champions. Fantastic professional fighters.

So, I was curious *which K-1 World GP* Tate had won. I hadn't personally attended a K-1 live event since the Bob Sapp era. I think the last GP finals I went to was when Kaoklai knocked Might Mo spark out with a flying kick (Hoost won the tournament). Well, I'm sure Tate's kickboxing record will enlighten me…..



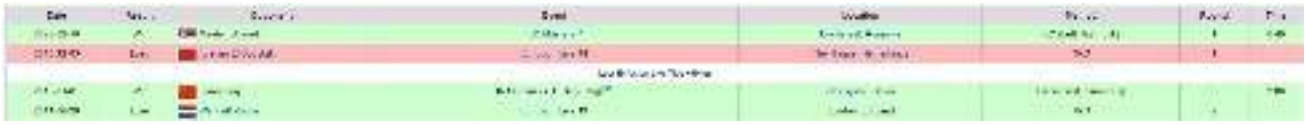
4x champ, yesterday

Ah!



Someone else winning in Saitama

He fought **one fight on a K-1 card**, in China, against somebody called Wing Ding ***[1]***. As his only K-1 fight, that must be his championship. It seems the old adage of "I've never met a wrestler who wasn't champion of something" would also apply to certain kickboxing circuits. Still, Tate *won*. Good on him. Beating another trained fighter in man-to-man combat is not an easily-done thing. So, I was curious just what his "4x Kickboxing World Champion" claim was based on. Clearly, it wasn't the K-1 I knew and loved. So, I perused his record further as you can also at the above Wikipedia link.

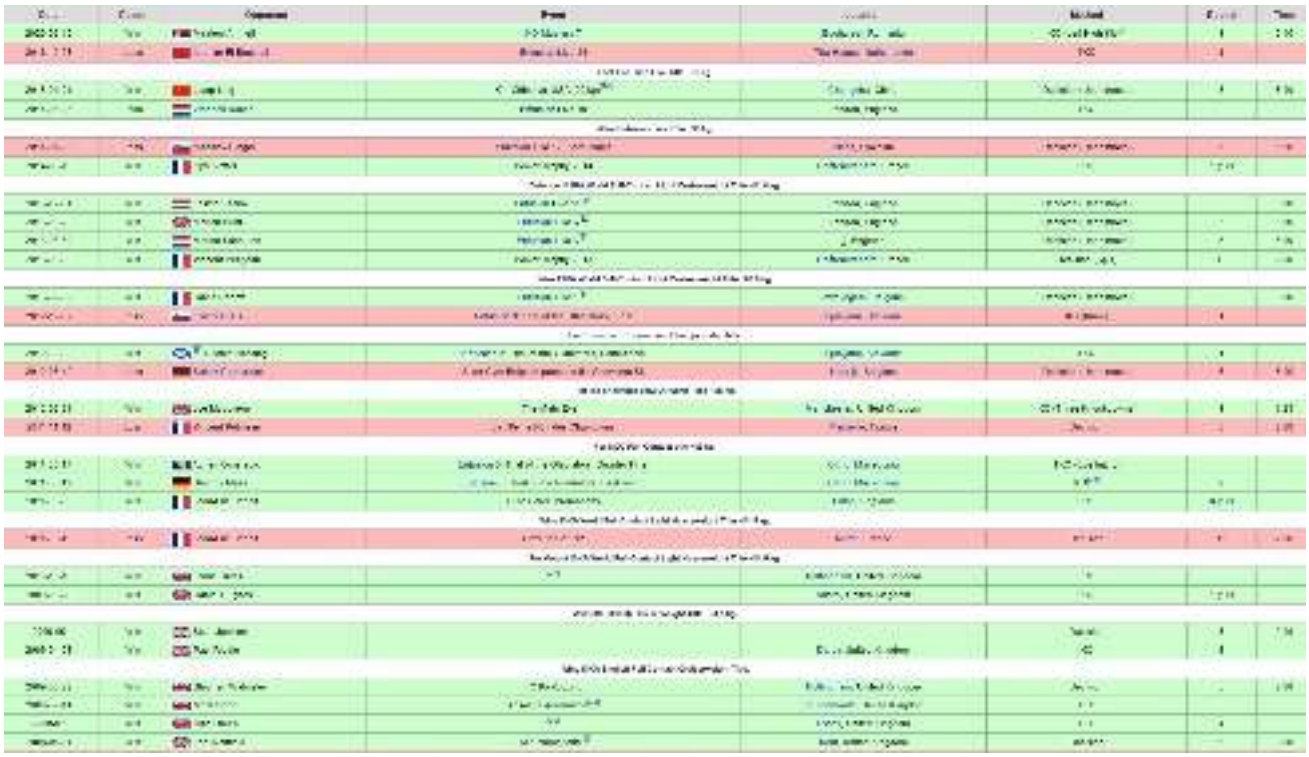


I'll be fair, it's a statistically impressive one of 44-9 (34). Better than my own shitty 3-2 (0) on the Tokyo amateur circuit, by quite a margin. But as Teddy Atlas says, "boxing isn't about your record and how many knockouts you have. It's about who you beat."

So, who did Tate beat?

Scanning his record you can see he came up on the UK regional circuit (semi-pro/amateur) and, as the wins piled

up, he ventured to France, Belgium and a little further afield to Macedonia and Slovakia. Conspicuously absent are the professional kickboxing strongholds of Japan, Thailand, and Netherlands. The one time he tried Netherlands, he got sparked out inside a round. Now, don't get me wrong, there is nothing to be ashamed of in this. Everyone loses. It takes balls to get into the ring and dedication to get yourself to a level where Dutch promoters even invite you onto a card. Tate's record does *not* suggest he's a soft lad. Quite the contrary. But I was still looking for some evidence that would support his much-ballyhooed ***[2]*** claim to be a professional world champion. The centre forward of **Stalybridge Celtic** is ten times the football player I am, but he doesn't write "Ballon D'or winner" on his Twitter profile and pass himself off as Cristiano Ronaldo, does he?



If anyone has a more complete record, link it in comments please

So, I found Tate's first title-winning fight- the first X of his 4X claim- on YouTube against Jean-Luc Benoit. This is for the ISKA World Full-Contact 81.5kg title. It was a rematch from three months earlier, where the Frenchman took a twelve-round decision. Wikipedia has Tate winning inside eight rounds, though this is the only footage I could find of it ***[3]***

Note the venue is a *little* smaller than Saitama Super Arena. You could be mistaken for thinking this is a small-hall semi-pro event.

There's a lot more footage online of their first bout in France. Watch it below to see what "world class" kickboxing looks like on the semi-pro circuit. Tough guys, no doubt, but we aren't looking at Floyd Mayweather Junior silky skills, or conditioning, are we?

So, I think the evidence is pretty clear. Tate's world titles are closer to the **FA Vase** than the **Champions League**. It's still an impressive achievement, so why try to spin it into something it's not? On the subject of spinning a fantasy on social media to pretend you're something you're not, if people are interested I may do a follow-up post on his pick-up credentials.

Now, I'm going off to watch **Saenchai** and **Buakaw** fight for real world titles. Maybe I'll email some of those

manosphere podcasters and ask why they don't do any due diligence before inviting that bullshitter onto their shows to big himself up as a K-1 World Champion.

If you'd like to purchase my products before the inevitable shitstorm hits, you're probably best off starting with ***Daygame Overkill*** *here. No third-world webcam whores were hired to pose as notches in the making of this video, nor hire cars passed off as my own.*

[1] Liang Ling, actually.
[2] By himself, and apparently believed by all of the usual gullible manosphere podcasters

[3] I'm not for a moment suggesting he didn't win inside eight. There's another short camera-phone clip on YouTube of Benoit raising Tate's hand, post-fight.

Final Memoir – Progress Report

krauserpua · 29 June 2020 · Archived copy · Original

Long-suffering readers are well aware that I never release my books on schedule. Some would argue it's because I'm a lazy cunt ~~and they'd be right~~ but my attitude to writing is "it'll be done when it's done." I am not a workaday writer who can sit at his keyboard from 9am and tap away like it's an office job. I admire those who can, but that's not me. I'm dependent upon inspiration. I feel my creative tanks fill up until the pressure reaches bursting point, then I sit at the keyboard and words pour out. After a few days, the tank is empty. I've tried forcing myself to stay at the keyboard but it's like dry-retching after a hefty chunder ***[1]***.

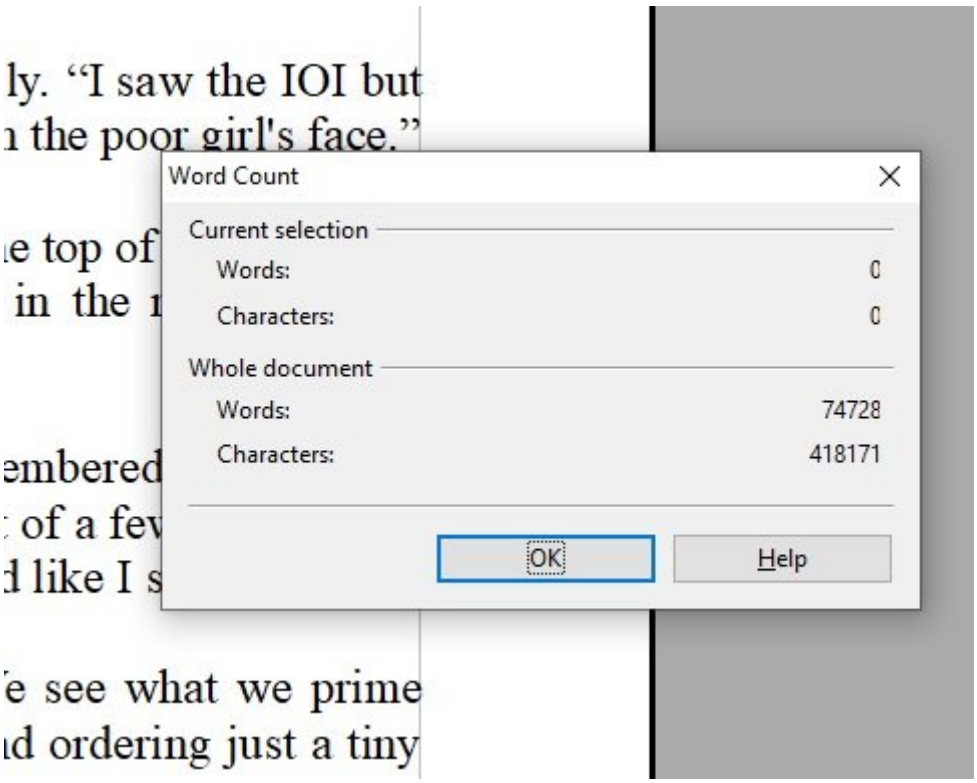
So, I write in spurts.



Jugend, Hottend, Tighterschloss – yesterday abend

You'll be please to hear, then, that the sixth and final volume in my epic pick-up memoir- **Uberkrauser** ***[2]***– has now officially hit the half-way point of 75,000 words. That breaks the back of it. If you've tried writing yourself, you'll know how intimidating blank pages can be. Even more so if you've committed to the project so the book ***must*** be written.

That's how I felt early this year, after having procrastinated all through late 2019 and failed to begin the final volume. It would be embarrassing to have volumes 1-5 and 7 published and then never get 6 out the door. "Nick's lost it," people would whisper, "he went all George RR Martin and couldn't finish what he started." Equally intimidating was the quality issue: could I write another 150k words of blather about the same old shit without it ~~reading like one of Tom's~~ being boring? ***[3]***.



Palpable relief

So, all through the first 75k words I was wondering if I’d do justice to the stories or whether Uberkrauser would be forever known as the “last season of Game Of Thrones” version of a pick-up memoir. I’m pleased to report that I’m happy with the quality and my sole test reader says it’s the best yet. For the first time, I’m confident the book will be finished eventually.

Phew!

The tone is set, the book is moving, and now I just need to keep plugging away. It’s parked for now so as to let the creative tank refill. I’ll probably get back on it in a couple of months.

If you’d like to crack on with my memoir then start at the beginning with ***Balls Deep*** *here and slowly work your way through the pack.*

[1] I’m aware that comparing my prose to vomit is not ideal.
[2] Working title
[3] If you’ve read the other six volumes, it evidently worked out okay so far.

My Two-Year Body Transformation

krauserpua · 8 July 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I often wonder why I never took my health and fitness seriously before. It's probably not hard to figure out. My parents haven't worked up a sweat in their lives ***[1]*** and are both rather bookish and non-physical people. The same goes for my extended family, and thus I had no physical role models as a child and no guidance in this area. Additionally, they eat badly and rely on being naturally slim. No-one ever taught me to eat well and it never occurred to me to figure it out for myself in a systematic way.

English culture doesn't help any either. I started drinking in pubs from fifteen years old and it was absolutely normal to crank out eight pints of heavy beer on a Friday night then get a takeaway pizza before the last bus home. And then do it all again on Saturday ***[2]***. Somehow I went from a skinny 126lb 16-year old to a 175lb lard-ass at the end of my first year of university without putting on a pound of muscle in the interim.

I distinctly remember my New Year's Resolution midway through my second year at Uni was to reduce my drinking to *just four times a week*. I cut it further the next year, added in some jogging and cardio and, being young, I was able to slim right down to 147lbs very quickly. After a couple of years working in London I was up to 160lbs – this time with a bit of muscle- and I stayed around that weight right up until 2014.

By then I was in decent shape from fight training and a haphazard attempt to eat more healthy. Then, when I moved out of London in April 2014 everything unravelled. I always ate out, didn't train regularly, drank far too often, and eventually ballooned up to 190lbs at the beginning of 2017. I held constant at a fat 183lbs until July 2018 when I began this two year body transformation.

I've written here in detail about my first year. This is an update. So, without further ado, let's look at the before/after pics.



May 2018, 83kg, 43yrs / June 2020, 75kg, 45yrs

The studio photo was taken a month ago when I weighed 165lbs (I'm 171 now, about the same body fat) and- dare I say it- I'm in a mighty fine fettle. If you look closely you can see visible abs. In the right lighting and right posture, I

even have a visible six pack ***[3]***. There was no gym pump for that shoot, so I look slightly better during a workout. That's all small potatoes, the point is the contrast with the rather awful before picture (the only reason I still have the before picture is that it actually flattered me alot so I never deleted it!).

I never expected to reach this level of aesthetic at my age without using testosterone injections. My expectations have been far exceeded and I'm thrilled at my progress. What was even more surprising was the impact of my body recomposition on my face.

Look at these before/after pics.



July 2018 vs June 2020

Again, it's not quite comparing like-with-like because one is a selfie and the other a studio pic. However, the studio portrait is not photoshopped. I really do look like that. It's shocking how old and battered I used to look. Now my skin is smoother and glows with health, most of my wrinkles are gone, and I have clearly-defined facial bone structure including the all-important jaw line. Again, expectations are exceeded.

So, what is my protocol, you ask?

1. Diet

After much experimentation with my personal trainer, we have settled on what we consider optimal for my body and goals. From Monday to Friday I eat 2,000-2,300 calories with a macro-nutrient target of 150g carbs and at least 180g protein. The carbs are below maintenance to reduce water retention and bloat. Then on the weekend I do a big carb refill, aiming for 400g on Saturday (rice, potatoes, bananas, bread) and 600g on Sunday (try to eat real foods but hard candy and low-fat ice cream is okay if I'm struggling to hit target). There's no calorie limit on the weekend but I don't eat more than I need to hit the carb target.

This is a carb super-compensation and the rationale is to deplete my glycogen through the week so that my body over-compensates in carb absorption on the weekend, while the weekly carb total isn't too far above maintenance overall. I find my weight fluctuates predictably in a 2kg bandwidth doing this. Visually, I look a bit flat by Saturday morning and pumped my Monday morning. My endurance is notably improved on Monday too.

My goal is to keep doing this, inching my lean gains upwards.

2. Gym

I continue to train four times a week, under supervision of my PT every session. We do a weekly split of Back on Monday, Chest on Wednesday, Arms on Friday, then Legs and Shoulders on Saturday. Due to all the Corona lockdown bullshit, I've been forced to do nine weeks of home workouts year-to-date and missed two weeks entirely. That required remedial work upon returning to the gym, to get back up to my previous PBs on the usual split routine.

My sessions are usually two hours and consist of:

- Warm up and stretch
- Weight lifting (the meat of the session), 6-7 exercises, 3-5 sets each
- Abs, usually 2 exercises, 4 sets each
- 15 minute cardio on treadmill
- Cool down and stretch

Except for a week off at the beginning of Serbia's March lockdown, and another week off upon returning to the UK in early June, I haven't missed a single session all year. Those rest weeks were probably helpful too, as both times when my body realised I was taking a break it immediately shut down and went into recovery mode.

So, do I have any miscellaneous thoughts from what I've learned this past year? Of course. But first, a comedy fat bastard picture.



At my worst, 86kg in January 2017

A. Personal Trainers Are Indispensable

I've now spent a full year with my coach and don't regret a moment of it. It's astonishing to me now to think I went my first year of training relying on the internet and a friend's advice. That worked out okay, but the past year has been a quantum leap in taking my training towards optimal levels. I learned how to do each exercise properly, how to do the correct rep ranges and loading, how to sync it with diet, and then the additional fact that my coach pushes me harder than I can push myself. It's been a revelation and I recommend everyone who can afford it to hire a coach.

It's not unlike daygame in that respect. Loads of cheapskates figuring they can do it solo and then wondering why they have shitty technique. It's the Dunning-Kruger effect in motion. They don't know what they don't know, just like I didn't when I started lifting.

My advice on choosing a coach is the same as it is for choosing a mentor in any other area: find a guy who already has what you want, then ask him how he got it.

B. Testosterone is (mostly) a mug's game
Synthetic testosterone is available over-the-counter in pharmacies in Serbia, and costs about £2 for a week's supply. Yet I've never taken any despite training here for a year. Why? Well, I was very tempted in the beginning when I didn't yet know what was possible naturally, and I was impatient as all hell. I'm very glad I chose against it.

Drug abuse is rampant in gyms and often the juiced guys don't even look very good, so you have to learn to spot the androgen tells before you realise who is on it. I've noticed that very few of the juiced guys look good, for the following reasons:

- Most are idiots who use it as a short-cut and never bother learning how to train properly, or discipline their diets. So, they have over-developed arms and shoulders, fat guts, weak legs, and poor posture.
- Those who do train smart look great for a while but then….. keep going. They get way too big and push well past the aesthetic optimum. Presumably they are so thrilled with getting bigger and stronger that they just fall in love with "more" and keep pushing.
- You can't stay on it. At some point all the toxins accumulate and you have to come off-cycle, at which point you rapidly lose over half of your gains. Your hormones plummet, your mood plummets, and your body visibly melts. To do a proper PCT to return to healthy levels, you need to be off-cycle for as long as you were on. By then, you look as if you'd never even taken testosterone. It was all a gigantic waste of time.

I can think of a narrow range of situations where injecting testosterone is a good decision. First, if you have abnormally-low levels naturally which is messing up your moods and prevents natty training from adding muscle. Second, if you're suffering reduced levels through ageing (i.e. you're mid-40s onward) and don't mind staying on it for- quite literally- the rest of your life. That makes you awfully vulnerable, but I can see the rationale.

What isn't smart is doing it for the reason nearly everyone actually does it: as a short-cut to looking superhuman for a few years, before the consequences catch up with you and you look shit for the rest of your life.

C. Most people don't train hard
I've spent enough time in gyms now to spot who comes in to talk, and who comes in to train. If you're running your mouth ***[4]*** or taking phone calls, or texting between sets, then you really aren't trying. Proper training requires focus, and that means no distractions. I'm even suspicious of people who listen to music on the treadmill now.

If you're training hard, you should really feel it. You should sound like a women's tennis match on half of the machines, and should frequently stumble away at the end of your set with a lost look on your face. You should be red faced, huffing and puffing, and dripping with sweat. Otherwise, you're half-assing it.

Don't feel bad. Nearly everyone else is half-assing it. Including more than half the lads on steroids. I've watched the juiced guys carefully and it's amazing how many do their entire routines while keeping up conversations, and never sweating. Ridiculous. If you are going to hurt your health with androgens, you might as well train 100% so you get the maximum gains on the minimum dosages.

D. Smart training is incredibly beneficial
My coach tells me what to lift, and I lift it. That's the limit of my thinking in the gym. Every other atom of brain power is channeled into focus and willpower. It is commonly said that intensity plus consistency equals results. I agree. Don't fall off the diet wagon, don't skip gym sessions, and always give your all. If you do that, you can make massive progress.

I've really felt the loss from my lockdown-induced setbacks. It takes time to get back up to pre-lockdown strength and conditioning levels. If you're half-assing it with inconsistent discipline, you are like that all year. No wonder most people make no progress.

Those are some of my thoughts. I don't pretend to know everything, but I certainly know way more than I did two years ago and my own transformation is good enough to prove I'm doing it at least mostly correctly. It's been absolutely worth it.

Girls say "nothing tastes as good as slim feels". There's the male equivalent. I only spend 2-2.5 hours in the gym, 4 times a week. That's really not a big time investment. And yet the benefit is that I feel great 24/7 for 365 days a year ***[5]***. The years have dropped off me. I go through each and every day with vim and vigour.

What, you want another comedy fat bastard picture?



Poor girl!

If you'd rather learn how to daygame, pick up ***Daygame Overkill*** *here.*

[1] Except, presumably, for the obvious
[2] To do otherwise would be to invite suspicions of homosexuality
[3] I call this my Special Situations Six Pack, visible only in the locker room mirror at my gym, and only then when I'm pulling up my trousers and thus optimally flexing all my abs. My SSSP hasn't been documented outside of this very contrived situation but I'm hopeful of the future.
[4] Except on arms day, which doesn't take much out of you aside the arm muscles themselves
[5] Except that time I had a can of spoiled tuna and shat myself

The Imaginary World Of The Tate Brothers

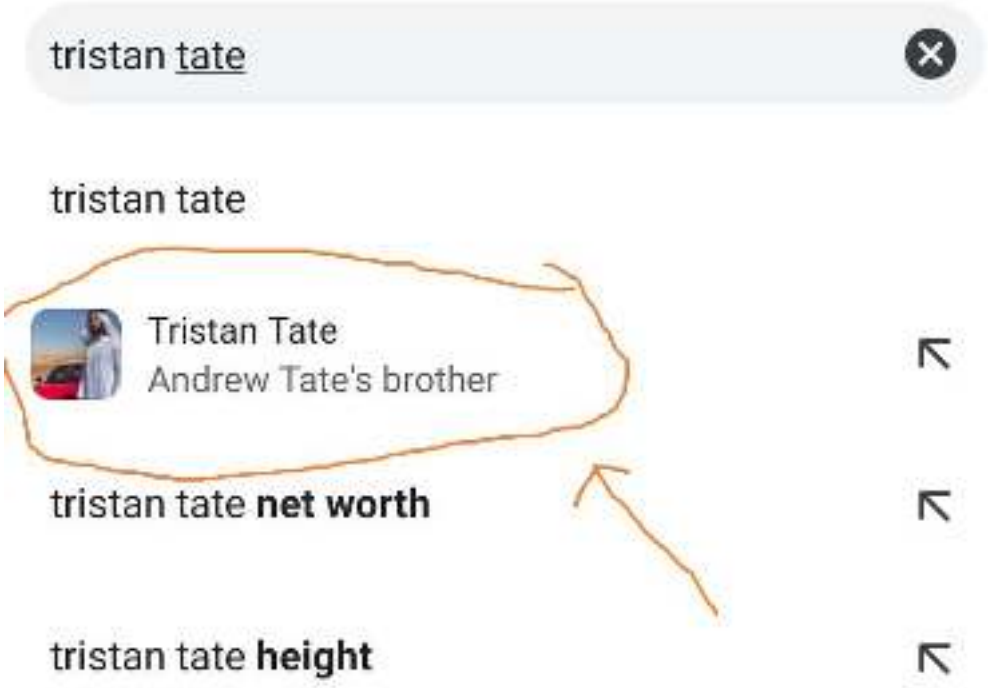
krauserpua · 26 July 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I already did a little online due diligence on con-trepreneur **Andrew Tate**'s kickboxing record, proving quite easily that he's a liar. Go read it here. I don't actually have a problem with Tate: as far as I'm concerned he's a lolcow– that is, a public figure who exists purely for normal people to point and laugh at. If you are dumb enough to swallow his bullshit then *you deserve everything you get*. My problem is more with all the manosphere/Red Pill charlatans who keep inviting him on their shows and promoting this shabby liar. They have a duty of care to their listeners that they are flagrantly derelict in.

So, I wasn't particularly invested in exposing all Tate's other lies. The kickboxing record was enough for 'umble Krauser.

However, while sitting in a cafe bored with Jimmy, I thought that as an experiment I'd see how many lies I could find about Tate in just five minutes of online searches. I've been saying for months that these Red Pill/Manosphere podcasters are outrageously negligent in not doing any due diligence on their guests. Or, more likely, they are complicit in the lies. So, in order to win a beer from Jimmy, I challenged myself to run a **Five Minute Online Due Diligence Test**.

Andrew Tate wouldn't be a controlled experiment, as I already know about him and his whores, rented sports cars, grubby suburban compound, fake ForEx business, and so on. But, maybe he has a brother?



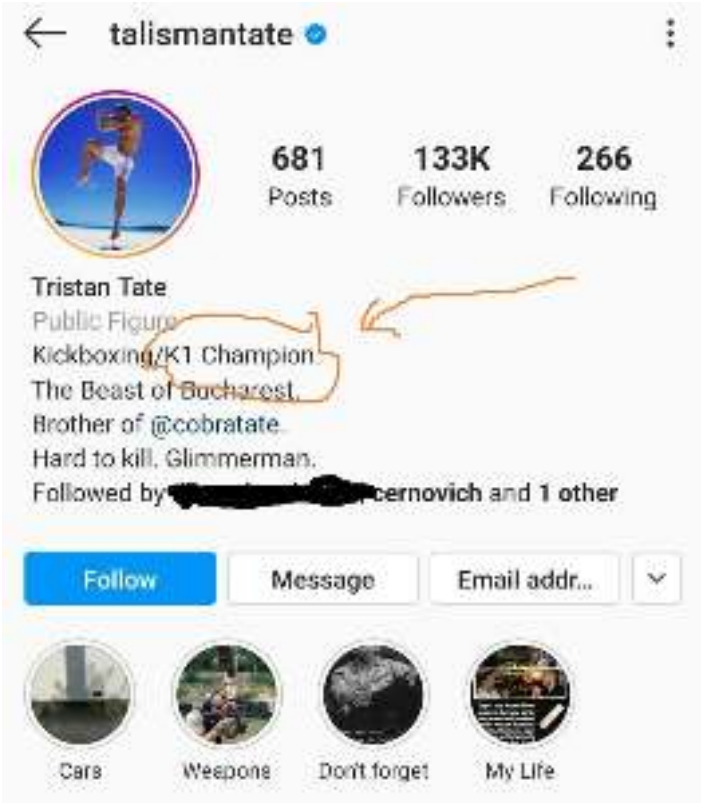
Lol

Oh, the indignity! Google records him entirely in reference to his big bro. So, let's look into Mrs Andrew Tate a little and see if he's engaging in the same false front building as his bro.

1. The Kickboxing

As you can see from his IG profile, he too claims to be a K1 World Champion. So, I searched for his kickboxing record and…. I can't find it. His big bro was quite successful on the amateur/semi-pro circuit but Tristan Tate fought at such a low level that *you can't even find out who or where he fought*. He may be the first K1 World

Champion in history to have an *unrecorded title fight*! ***[1]***. Jerome Le Banner must be really pissed!



lol, “weapons”. Did you fall for this, Cerno?

Tristan *is* a kickboxer, though. Just not a top one. Watch this fight here:

Note how sloppy his technique is. Winging wide open punches, stumbling forwards, falling into his shots, and it’s like both of them are moving in Bullet Time. They are harder men than I am – no doubt about that – but this is *not* world class kickboxing. I respect guys who fight, but I repeat the same as about his big bro: the real story is impressive enough, so stop lying about it! Go watch actual K-1 Max to see what world class really looks like.



As for MMA, he had one fight against a nobody and got knocked out in under two minutes. No shame in that, but not indicative of a world class fighter.

VERDICT: Liar



2. Natty or Not?

Tristan has a habit of standing shirtless in car parks holding cheap Chinese-made swords. Presumably that's what Musashi Miyamoto would be doing were he born in our epoch. There's no question Tristan has a very buff,

muscular body. So, imagine my surprise when he claims in his IG that *he's natty*. Let's do a before/after comparison. So, taking a still from the above kickboxing video we see how he looked after years of training, and compare that to a recent IG post, taken about eight years after the fight.



Not only has Tristan been the first ever kickboxer to have an unrecorded world title fight, he's now the first ever bodybuilder to make his most significant natural muscle gains *over ten years into his training*. Not even Arnie could do that! Note also all the obvious testosterone / anabolic tells: grossly over-developed shoulders and upper arms, traps eating his head, glowing leathery skin tone, extreme muscle fullness at low body fat percentage. It's pretty damn obvious.

VERDICT: Liar

3. Buying IG followers

The Tates would have you believe they have built organic social media followings based on good content, networking, or some other social media magic. However, the fastest and easiest way to grow your online follower stats is to simply buy them. We can test for that by checking out Social Blade, a web analytics site that analyses social media accounts to track when followers were added and lost. The obvious tell for bought (i.e. fake) followers is that you get a massive spike for a day or two, then gradually haemorrhage followers. So, let's look at Tristan.



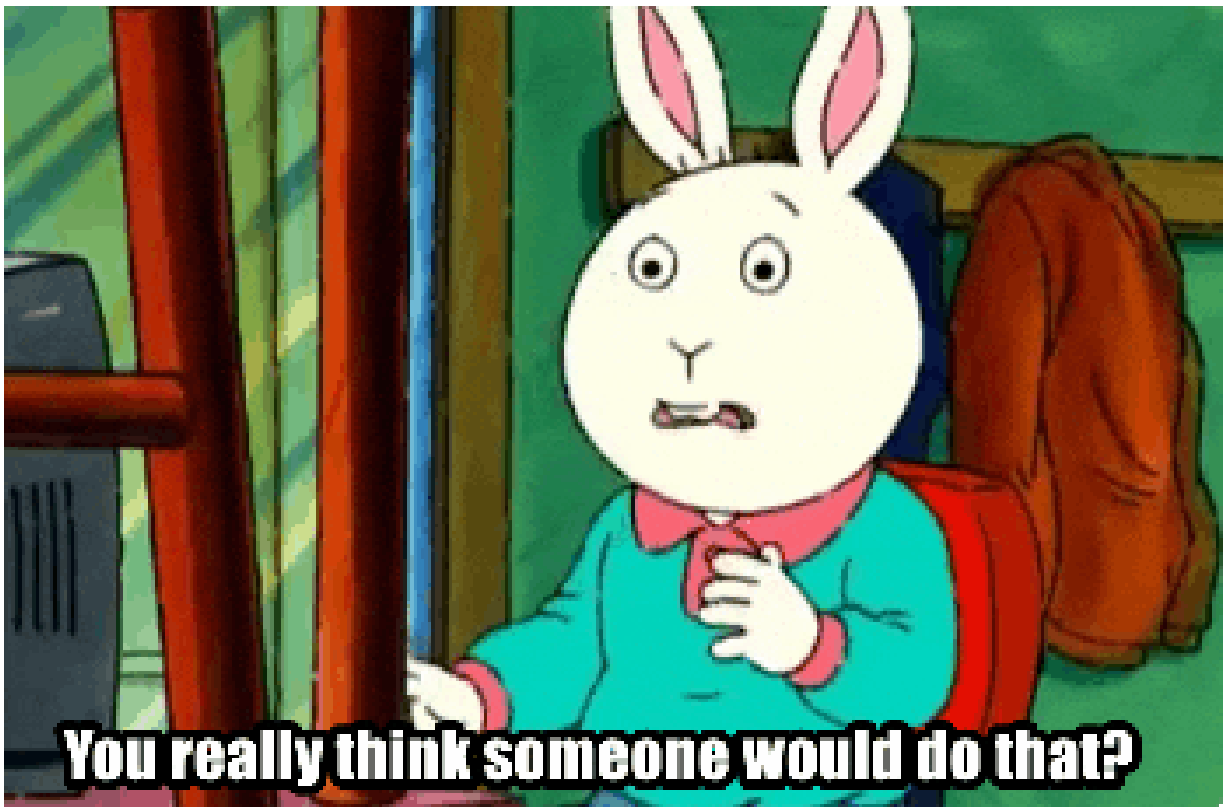
Oh! What a surprise!

VERDICT: Liar

4. Planting articles

Did you know that there are blogs and “news” sites whose business is entirely about accepting money to plant articles on their site? Forbes magazine does this, taking money to run puff pieces, a trick used by many high-budget con-trepreneurs. But what if you’re low-budget, struggling to get by in the suburbs of a third-world shithole like Bucharest? What if you can’t afford Forbes?

Fiverr and Upwork are your friend. For $10 a go, you can get some Indian or Filipino to write a puff piece on you in broken English then plant it on these fake sites. *But why would anyone do that, Nick? Why would anyone lie on the internet?*



It's to paper the first page of Google with articles you control, so that if anyone does Google you, you get what they want you to see. It's a way to push a false narrative ***[2]***. So, let's Google Tristan and see what pops up.



Note all published in same couple of days

Oh!

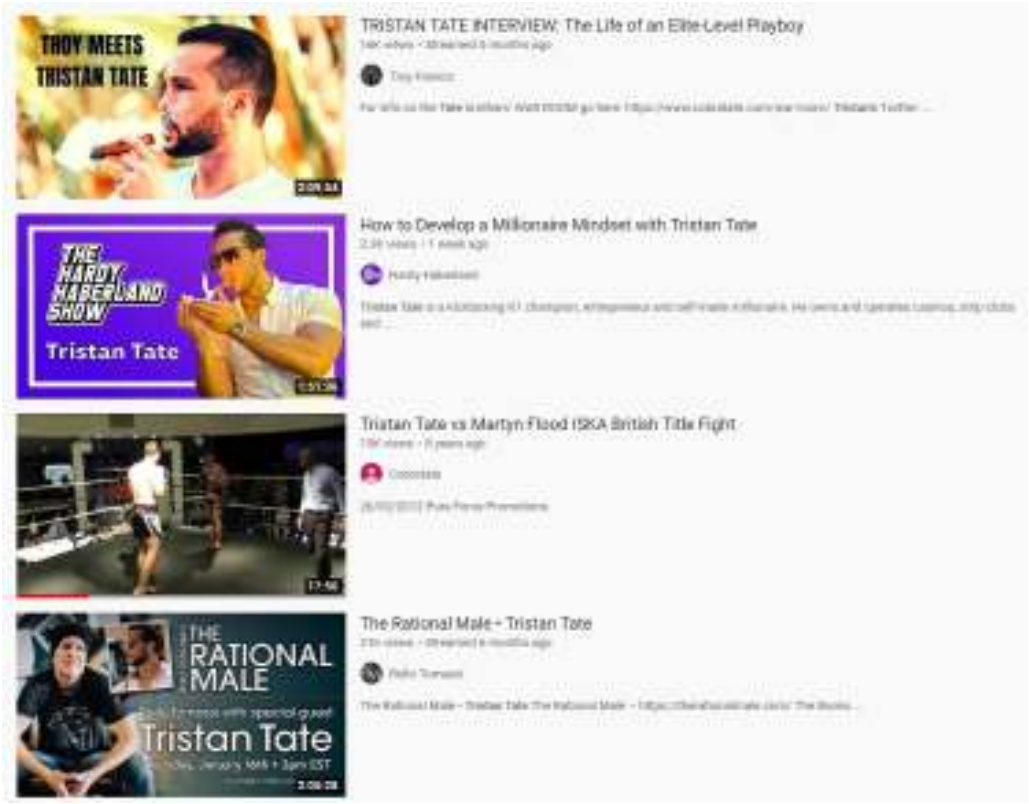
So, he's planted essentially the same article a half-dozen times on fake news sites. Some of those sites even explicitly state they publish any old shit if paid.



Click on them. Note same articles slightly rewritten, all in terrible English

VERDICT: Liar

All of the above took me just five minutes to find. That's all it would've taken Troy Francis, Hardy Haberland, Rollo Tomassi, Bobby Dino et al to know that they were inviting a liar onto their shows. It's all it would take you fucking goons ***[3]*** to figure it out, rather than ask me questions in the comments, "what do you think of this guy?"



Shame on you, manosphere dupes

Is Tristan a cool guy? I don't know. Scrolling through his IG I'm actually inclined to think he'd be a lot of fun to hang out with. He's a competent amateur kickboxer, works hard in the weights room and kitchen, and is pro-actively going after the lifestyle he wants. He seems pretty chill too. A guy like that is normally fun to hang out with.

But, would I buy any of his products? Would I take him seriously on any issue whatsoever? Absolutely not. His entire public image is a false front, built with shameless, premeditated lies. He's a bullshitter. Bullshitters are often good crack to go drinking with ***[4]*** but you never let them near your wallet.

I haven't gone into Tristan's hookers, staged photo shoots, or sock puppet accounts as that would've taken more than five minutes. I think I've done enough to demonstrate that lies and bullshit are a persistent feature of ***every aspect of his life****. You can draw your own conclusions over if he'd also lie about his sexual hijinks.*

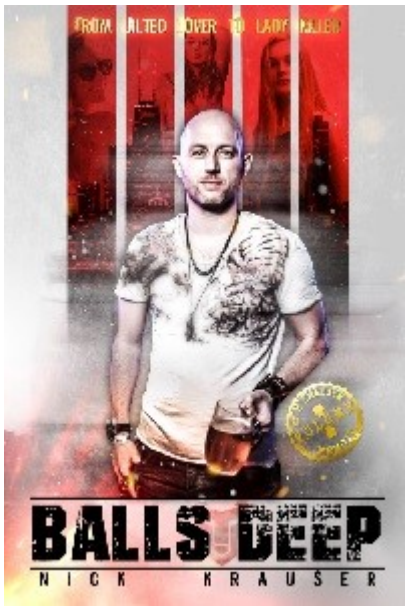
[1] I shall now update my IG profile to claim the WBC Super Middleweight title.
[2] I experimented with exactly this tactic for my band.
[3] It's been a while since I insulted my readership. I was starting to think you miss it.
[4] Tom Torero and Antony Hustle are both engaging company in person, for example.

Balls Deep – Nick Krauser book review

krauserpua · 17 September 2020 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes names start popping up. A bit here, a bit there. They start to become familiar even if you can't quite remember why. **Daygame Breeze** has been like that, as the NYC daygamer's blog and Twitter have started gaining some traction. Maybe Gilbert talked about him once, or something. Anyway, it turns out the young whippersnapper has just posted a lengthy review of the second edition of my **Balls Deep** memoir.

That was rather nice of him.



This one

It's a proper lengthy review too, comparing the themes of my book to those emerging in his own daygame adventures.

> "having just finished Balls Deep, the first volume in Nick Krauser's voluminous memoir series. And oh my, it is a hell of a book."

I agree, pal. It is. The full review is HERE and I suggest you read it in its entirety.

> "In much of the book, we read of Krauser's journey through Game as told through a chronological collection of new experiences with different women. Perhaps I've read enough lay reports that, although I enjoyed every bit of his memoir, I wasn't moved by those stories as much as I was by the change in his mental model of reality. At the beginning of some chapter, he explains that he goes through pains to ensure that all of his thoughts–whether it be on economics, government or women–are consistent with one another. Like Krauser, I got in to Game to solve a scarcity problem in my life, yet found myself going down a rabbit hole of psychology, philosophy and history. We learn how Krauser gets red-pilled and his reaction to it.
>
> You see, Balls Deep is much, much more than 650 pages of racy stories. It also transcends the narrative of a technical man learning/developing Game technique."

Breeze goes on to consider how, as a second (or third?) generation London Daygamer he related to my material the way I related to Roissy's famous blog, back before he got cancelled. Like many of my pals, Breeze soon realised that getting laid is just the entry point of Game. Once you make that big Red Pill step – the decision to confront your existing beliefs and put them to the test – what Roissy called "where pretty lies perish", you disappear down

the rabbit hole. *Everything* is fair game. You become a changed man.

Or not, for the soyboy spergs who run around like numpties, perhaps taking a The Natural Lifestyles bootcamp now and then, and failing to get laid at all.

But the real guys- Team Top Lad, and those intending to join said team- they know Game isn't just technique. It's about complete personal overhaul. It's deep level identity change. It's what Breeze terms realising (or generating) the Inner Chad.

> "Game isn't a hack to the sexual market place either. Rather, it's a challenging path that lets us improve our lot in life by realizing (or generating) our inner Chad. To me, this means improving my fitness, fashion, social skills (through cold approach) and frame. Guys who optimize their position in the SMP without cash or fame tend to focus on inspiring feelings in the girls we date through high-quality attention. I believe this is synonymous with "charisma" as Nick refers to it."

Yep, more or less. I suppose you could call it the process of **Krauserfication**. Not sure that term will catch on. Have a look, lads. It's a nice little post. And he says nice little things about my book.

If you can't control yourself and you must have Balls Deep right fucking now, head over to your local Amazon website and give it a search "Nick Krauser Balls Deep" for hardcover and softcover options. Brits click here. Yanks click here.

Memoir Update: Volume Six

krauserpua · 2 December 2020 · Archived copy · Original

You thought I'd given up, hadn't you? "Nick Krauser is gone. He can't hack it any more. Gilbert Stones' relentless hounding of him has broken his spirit."

Well, you'd be wrong.



I had actually completely exhausted my entire enthusiasm for writing and at 3am yesterday morning I was about to concede defeat. But then *the strangest thing happened*. A truck pulled up in front of my house at 4am and dropped off several boxes full of enthusiasm. Then a computer algorithm switched a ton of enthusiasm from Brooding Sea to me. For the whole of the next day I kept finding new piles of enthusiasm in dumpsters, in store rooms, and was even able to count some of my enthusiasm multiple times.

So, I went back to writing and it's with great pleasure I can announce I have completed the draft manuscript of my sixth and final ***[1]*** volume and will present it to the state legislature for certification by December 8th.

Ham-fisted US election satire aside, here's the deal: the hard work is done.

I am sitting on a 120k-word first draft now. It's of the same length and quality as the first drafts of my other memoir volumes and I expect the rest of the publication process to go like those did too. The story is written. All the anecdotes are in there ***[2]***

What happens next?

First, I turn my attention to collating the art and photos that will prettify the book. That means commissioning girl caricature art and combing my hard drives and phone gallery for the girl photos to hand over to the artist. I'll also assemble a folder of my photo souvenirs from that year, 2016.

Second, I'll park the manuscript for a week or so to cool off so as to view it with a fresh pair of eyes when I begin the first editing pass. That pass is mostly about getting a feel for the shape of the book and where it is light or plodding, for how I treat the characters ***[3]***, pacing issues, and so on. I'll also try to track if I've opened loops that never close, or missed key themes.

Third, some poor sods will agree to test read it for feedback on everything and anything. Hopefully at least one of them will have something helpful to say that I can incorporate.

Fourth, I'll send out some clandestine feelers among the *Krauser Informant Network* to see if anyone knows what Bodi is writing about me in his new memoir. If I reckon he's failing to give me my due recognition for my lifetime contribution to daygame, I'll do another edit to strongly imply he's a homosexual.

Fifth, I'll do a solid edit/re-write to tighten up all the prose, all the issues identified, and beef up the wordcount to around 150k words to include all the themes and stories I'd forgotten first time around.

Sixth and last, I'll submit my final manuscript to the layout designer to begin assembling the final PDF and cover. I'll probably not bother hiring a professional editor this time around. It all depends on how happy I am with the final rewrite.

If you'd like to read the world's best seduction memoir, you should probably get cracking on with volume one, Balls Deep, because it'll take you fucking ages to get through to volume six and time waits for no man. And buy Overkill.

[1] Chronologically speaking. It's actually the seventh of seven in publication, if anyone even pays attention to my ramblings nowadays.
[2] Yes, including yours Salman, you big daft cunt.
[3] My first drafts are always very harsh on my pals and then I soften them for publication.

Casanova was a worthless piece of shit

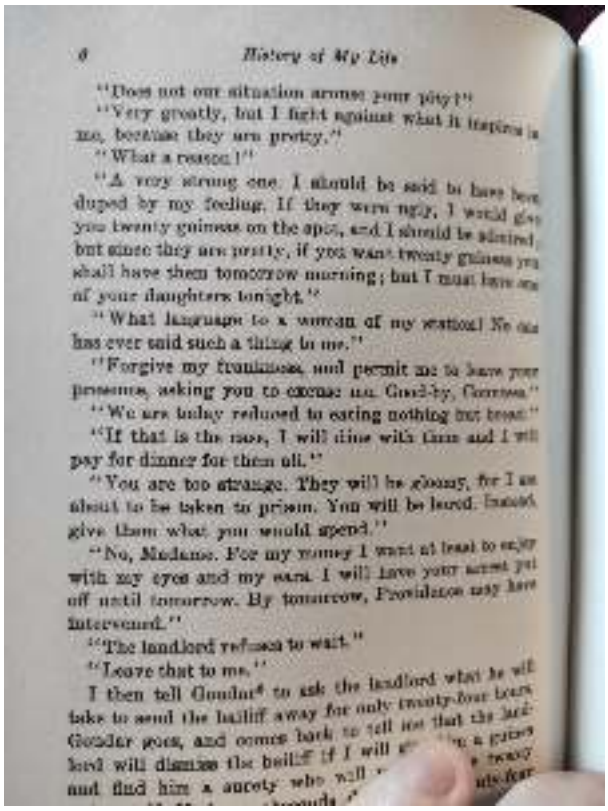
krauserpua · 11 December 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I began volume ten of Giacomo Casanova's twelve-volume memoir. That means I have a pretty good idea of who he was and what he wrote, seeing as I've read these books in sequential order over the past three years. The difference between the Casanova myth and the real man ***[1]*** is a wider chasm than you might've imagined.

Myth: Casanova is the world's greatest seducer, a charmer with legendary skills who glided gracefully through the aristocracy of 18th Century Europe, bedding the highest value women of the era.
Reality: Casanova was a weaselly mealy-mouthed hypocrite, child molester, homosexual bottom, swindler, whore-monger who paid for most of his lays.

There is nothing at all to admire about this man, bar his dedication to writing about his sordid life in such great detail. But that life itself was unremarkable except for its depravity. He wasn't really a seducer, he was a *libertine*. Casanova was full-rabbit and addicted to hedonism. He was also unscrupulous about how to achieve his fixes. Perhaps worst of all, he took real pleasure in trying to ruin broke-ass young girls who hadn't even finished puberty.

Let me just show you three passages from chapter one of volume ten. This is just *one* chapter! These events all occur while he's 38 years old and living in London. First, he hears of a woman from Hanover who is under house arrest with a bailiff and about to be sent to debtors prison. She has five daughters, the youngest of whom is 15 (Gabrielle), and they are reduced to grinding poverty. Casanova goes into the house and suggests he'll pay the mother twenty guineas for each girl for sex. This exchange follows.



6 History of My Life

"Does not our situation arouse your pity?"

"Very greatly, but I fight against what it inspires in me, because they are pretty."

"What a reason!"

"A very strong one. I should be said to have been duped by my feeling. If they were ugly, I would give you twenty guineas on the spot, and I should be admired; but since they are pretty, if you want twenty guineas you shall have them tomorrow morning; but I must have one of your daughters tonight."

"What language to a woman of my station! No one has ever said such a thing to me."

"Forgive my frankness, and permit me to leave your presence, asking you to excuse me. Good-by, Countess."

"We are today reduced to eating nothing but bread."

"If that is the case, I will dine with them and I will pay for dinner for them all."

"You are too strange. They will be gloomy, for I am about to be taken to prison. You will be bored. Instead, give them what you would spend."

"No, Madame. For my money I want at least to enjoy with my eyes and my ears. I will leave your ears you off until tomorrow. By tomorrow, Providence may have intervened."

"The landlord refuses to wait."

"Leave that to me."

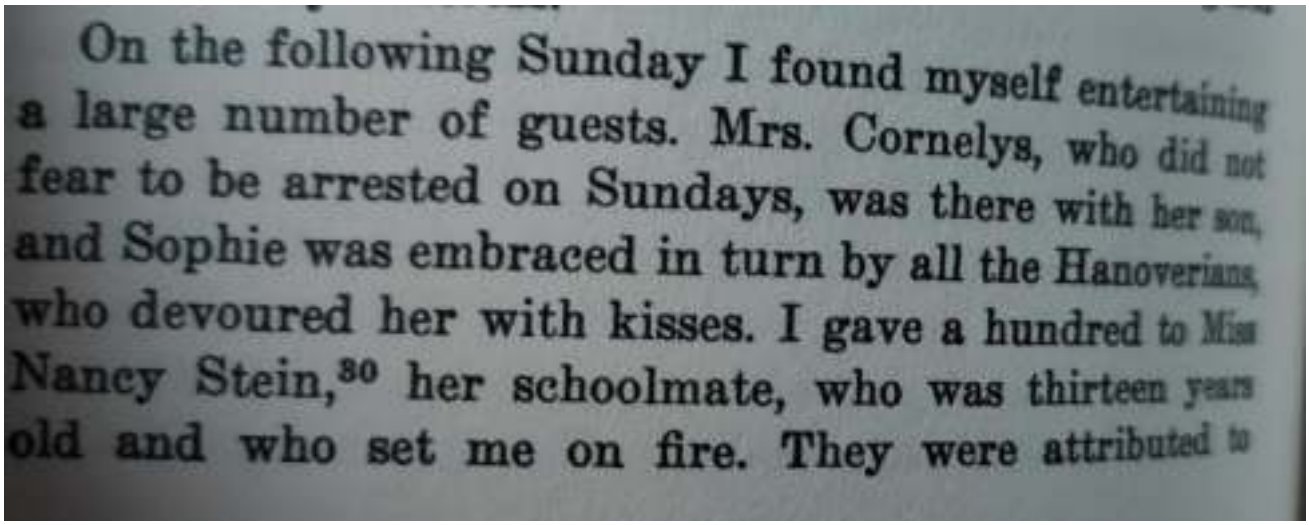
I then tell Goudar[6] to ask the landlord what he will take to send the bailiff away for only twenty-four hours. Goudar goes, and comes back to tell me that the landlord will dismiss the bailiff if I will g[illegible] and find him a surety who will [illegible]

Bullying a desperate family for sex

The girls refuse so Casanova lets them stew and the mother is arrested the following day and thrown into prison. Finally, the oldest sister (22yr old) comes into his room and lies still for fifteen minutes while Casanova bangs her. With the twenty guineas he pays her, she gets her mum released from prison the next day. Casanova then bangs

each girl in turn for twenty guineas a time, right on down to the youngest. Like every other sleazy predator, he writes the story as if three of the girls were falling in love with him.

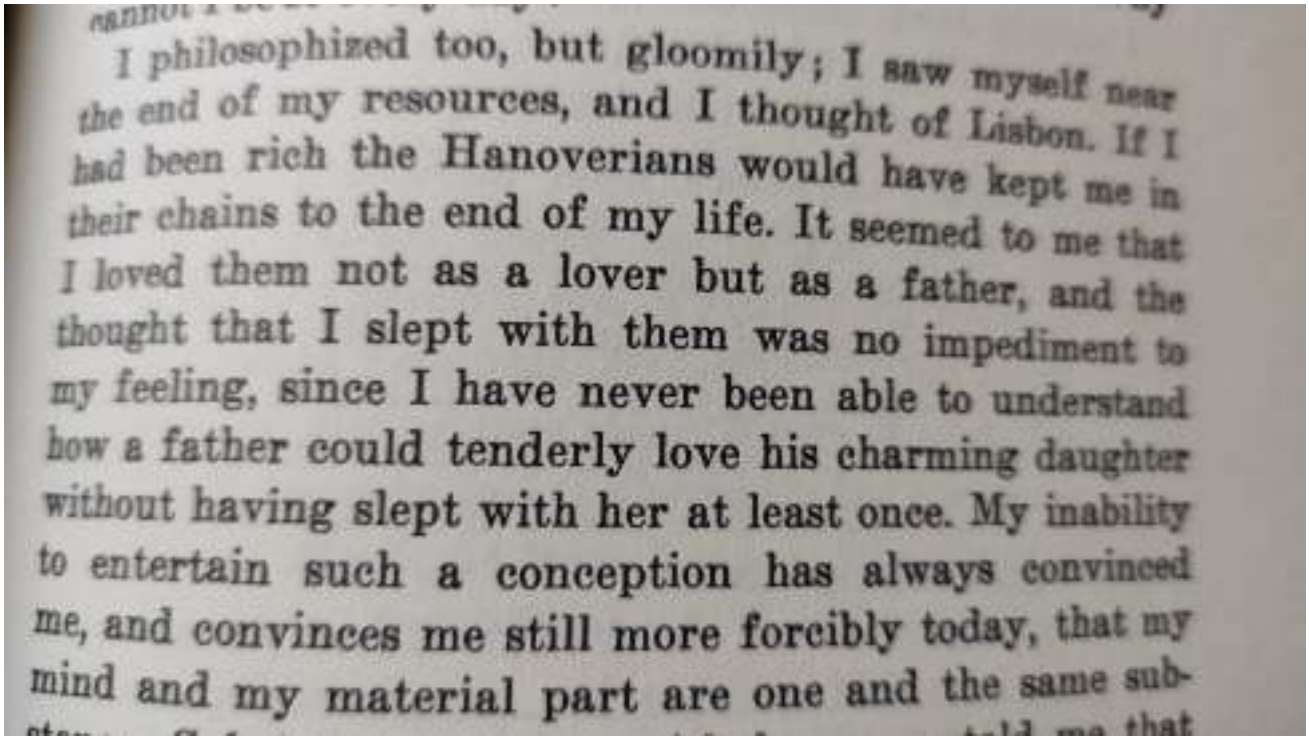
In the middle of this chapter, he has lunch with his illegitimate daughter Sophie who is in boarding school. She brings her friend. In the previous volume he was crushing on all her friends, from eleven year olds upwards. Here's what he says about her bestie.



On the following Sunday I found myself entertaining a large number of guests. Mrs. Cornelys, who did not fear to be arrested on Sundays, was there with her son, and Sophie was embraced in turn by all the Hanoverians, who devoured her with kisses. I gave a hundred to Miss Nancy Stein,[30] her schoolmate, who was thirteen years old and who set me on fire. They were attributed to

Perving and groping on a thirteen year old child

As if that's not loathsome enough, here is how he feels about his daughter. Not his step-daughter ***[2]*** but his own flesh and blood:



I philosophized too, but gloomily; I saw myself near the end of my resources, and I thought of Lisbon. If I had been rich the Hanoverians would have kept me in their chains to the end of my life. It seemed to me that I loved them not as a lover but as a father, and the thought that I slept with them was no impediment to my feeling, since I have never been able to understand how a father could tenderly love his charming daughter without having slept with her at least once. My inability to entertain such a conception has always convinced me, and convinces me still more forcibly today, that my mind and my material part are one and the same sub-

Pedo sophistry

This is all in Casanova's own words. It's not some enemy slandering him. In this one chapter alone he has pressured a desperate mother into prostituting all of daughters, at least one of whom was still a kid, then molested his daughter's thirteen-year-old best friend, and then fantasised about fucking his own pre-pubescent daughter. In one chapter!

Anyone who tells you they admire Casanova is either a bullshitter who has never read him, or a sleazy degenerate who needs to be hanged from the nearest lamppost.

*If you'd like to read an equally long but **far better** memoir both in writing ability and real-world achievement, consider my own Nick Krauser memoir that begins with **Balls Deep**, available in a handsome full-colour edition on Amazon here.*

[1] As he writes in his own words. Let's just assume he's not LARPing
[2] Not that it would be acceptable either

Daygame Overkill Review and TNL comparison

krauserpua · 13 December 2020 · Archived copy · Original

I think it will surprise exactly *nobody* to learn that I still have nothing but contempt for James Marshall's bullshit outfit **The Natural Lifestyles**. They may not be the absolute bottom of the daygame barrel ***[1]*** but they are pretty close. The marketing is bullshit, the coaches have no ability, the owners are sleazy whore-mongers, and… well…. I'm almost lost for words. So, I was quite pleased when reader Ben submitted this unsolicited review. I present it unedited below.

Let the hate flow through you…….



Make it stop!

I am probably one of the few people who have products from **Nick Krauser** and **TNL** as I imagine they attract a different type of crowd. The Black Friday nonsense is upon us and the TNL have all of their online courses up for sale. Of course that includes the ones they said would never be available again. It has been quite some time since I last looked at the TNL courses. I have three. The *Five Principles Legacy Edition*, *Dating Accelerator* and the *Masculine Touch Blueprint*. If you think about buying their products then I would like to point a few things out about them and compare them to **Daygame Overkill**. These are of course just my opinions.

I would recommend Overkill to anyone who is interested in Daygame and wants to know what it looks like, what to do, what to say and how it works. I would only recommend the TNL courses to people who are nervous wrecks and take anti anxiety medication. The boring and monotone voice of James Marshall droning on for hours without ever teaching you anything of substance will calm you down. And maybe in a way, somehow it will help you get laid. But I would not count on it.

Overkill is 5 1/2 hours long. The Five Principles LE is estimated 30 hours long (if you include all the webinars). Overkill costs a fraction and is worth much more. You will actually learn something from Nick. Both products have a talk and infields. But Overkill has more infields and actually shows you different types of girls and teaches you different concepts like yes/maybe/no girls, IOI's, yours and her body language, how to spike, how to stack, hook point, how to stop a girl and much more. You will of course never hear about any of those from the Five Principles,

the flagship course. If you want to know how to stop a girl in the street from TNL you will have to buy the dating accelerator which costs as much as Overkill and includes a few hours of boring talks and is basically telling retards how not to harass women. And of course a few videos where James is demonstrating how to stop a girl and what not to do. But that is it. Not how to open, not how to stack, no structure, no nothing. In one video (not in the same product) James is also saying that Dating Accelerator is basically a sales funnel to get guys to buy more courses. And it costs as much as Overkill.



A fair deal, yesterday

So now you know how to stop a girl. What is next? Well in Overkill the answer is simple (but not easy to execute) and straight forward. Nick is giving you examples and explains why it works. So you can go out and practice for yourself and try it out. And the *Five Principles*? A course that is supposed to teach you how to seduce women. You will get access to one of the principles each week. The first principle is **awareness**. Inner and outer awareness. In the Legacy edition there is a one hour talk on inner and outer awareness each. Plus the original talk. Basically it is you knowing what goes on inside you. You know, your feelings. And what goes on around you. The outer one is looking at a girl and trying to figure out if she is in a hurry or not. Or if she looks sad or whatever. And countless suggestions that you should meditate. And at the end there is you first mission: approach girls and be aware of what goes on inside you and around you. Not how to approach not how to open, nothing. Just be natural. Just do it. I probably don't remember the right order of the missions but there was also one where you are supposed to feel your heart when you approach and one where you are supposed to go to a club and meditate in the middle of the dance floor.

The next principle is **Intent**. Nick talks about this for five minutes in *Overkill* and it is clear as day what it is. James wastes your time for more than an hour with the Dr. Fox effect. There is also an hour long interview with Liam. The mission for this week is: approach girls and feel your balls. Not with your hands! Again you are not taught how to do daygame by James. The next week it is the principle of **Emotional Impact**. It is paramount according to James that you create an emotional impact with the girl if you want to sleep with her. Ok how do I do that? I have watched the hour long video several times and I still don't know how. Either I am too dumb (entirely possible) or he never explains it. This week also includes an interview with John Keegan. **Pressure and Release**. TNL's version of pull/push. Now here James actually gives examples but not many and its still an hour long. And lastly it is

Decisiveness. An hour long talk about how not to dick around and actually „pull the trigger“. Basically being direct with the girl and going for what you want. Another interview this week and this time it is **Sasha Daygame** (one certainly has to be decisive to drink once own piss so he is the perfect man for the subject). In the infields, five of them, James shows how he and others have used the principles to get girls numbers.

And that is mostly it. You can also watch the hours of webinars on each principle. Maybe you will see highlights such as one student saying that he did not learn anything from the course and that he regrets spending so much money on it and James trying to defend the course. You can also watch how James demonstrates how to spank a girls ass. Somebody asked about it. Apparently there was a photoshoot going on with Liam and a few models in the next room. In the middle of the night in their Airbnb. So he gets one of the *ahem* „models“ and pulls her pants down to demonstrate how to spank a girls ass.

And if you have never touched a girl in your life the *Masculine Touch Blueprint* gives you many examples of how to do it. Where to touch in what context and how. This course is done by Liam and there are a few practical videos on eye contact and silence. Plus a few infields and interviews with girls. But I would not recommend it. I mean again if you have no experience at all it might help.



The Effeminate Touch Blueprint

I bought all of these courses before I even knew about Nick and his stuff or the LDM. I was taken in by the marketing and the constant PUA-bashing and the glorification of being natural. Overkill is showing the structure of the LDM in action. I was really angry that I wasted so much money on TNL and got basically nothing out of it. And then I watched Nick’s stuff and I was floored. Here was actually some good practical advice that I could try out for myself and see how it works. A lot of detail and also in my opinion a lot of fun. You will learn the model and how it works. There is a lot of technical jargon and its very detailed. All the steps are explained. How stop, open and what to do next. Daygame is hard and if you rely on finding yes girls it will be hell (unless you are good looking of course). Of course there are no guarantees in life and Overkill will not magically get you laid. There is a lot of hard work to be done. But with Overkill you will at least know what to work on.

Do yourself a favour and don't fall for the TNL stuff even it is on sale right now. It not worth that amount of money.

Daygame Overkill is available here and it's the best $200 you'll ever spend on daygame. The various TNL products are available here.

[1] JMULV and Bradicus are ranging uncharted territory at that end.

Uberkrauser: Sample Chapter

krauserpua · 5 January 2021 · Archived copy · Original

I've been back in Newcastle almost two months now. I'm sure we can all agree that 2020 daygame was a pile of toss. Thank you very much Chinky communist cunts and your globalist stooges. I'm due reparations from the CCP scumbags and oh do I hope and pray that Trump cancels all the US debt they hold. Fucking scumbags.

Anyway, the irony wasn't lost on me that I spent two years away from daygame getting my life and health back in order and "transitioning" to a post-daygame life only to find that when I decided to get back on the streets (April 1st) the chinks had gotten the whole world locked down. I managed about one month of total daygame in 2020, doing 95% of my year's pitiful total of approaches in Moscow in September ***[1]***

Maybe I'll write more about my 2020 if there's reader interest. For now it's just a longwinded segue into what I've been doing in Newcastle: inching through my memoir. It's now up to 145k words which puts it on a par with all the other volumes ***[2]*** and I've completed what I consider the "full draft". That's just my own silly term to mean I've (a) gotten the full chronological period covered and (b) hit my target word count. So I'm now onto the "second edit" meaning I start at the beginning of the manuscript and read through trying to clean it up and improve prose quality and pacing. Funnily enough, this is the stage where I find out what I've written. When writing the first draft I just start at the beginning and plod through, never re-reading completed chapters, so I quickly forget what I've written.

Here is a sample section from the first draft. This is how my writing looks at the first attempt. It'll get cleaned up a bit on this next pass.



Draft front cover

"Bro, I've got some time off work. Let's go to Odessa," he said.

I expressed my lack of interest.

"Tell you what, Big Bro," he continued. "I'll fly you down and pay for your hotel."

That changed my mind.

So, on the tenth of June I boarded a flight at Warsaw's Chopin airport to the Ukranian sea-side resort. As I watched the blanket of clouds beneath me I still couldn't rustle up any enthusiasm. We soon dipped back through the clouds over the sparkling Black Sea and even a panorama of natural beauty did nothing for me. I was in a good mood- life was going well- but I had low expectations and had made the trip simply because Kenan had made things so easy.

Odessa airport was a tip. It was a barn-like Soviet-era monstrosity.

I shouldered my rucksack and stepped into the hot sunshine, following the signs to the airport transfer bus. I had to fend off a few taxi drivers who'd stepped out of the 1970s to solicit my fare. When I arrived at the bus stop I couldn't quite believe it. The transfer terminal was, quite literally, a shack. The blue paint cracked on every surface exposing deep rust beneath. A paper was pinned on the wooded wall in Ukranian gibberish with what looked to be a timetable. After a half hour a battered minibus arrived and I jumped on. The driver never asked for a fare.

I walked on through to the back seat and looked out the window. The bus stopped a few more times headed into town, picking up a handful of passengers. I continued gazing out the window in awe at the grinding poverty of the Odessa suburbs. First I passed isolated broken-down farm houses and then the clustered hovels of gypsy camps. These gave way to battered tenements and eventually to the city centre. Here and there I noticed shopping malls, which appeared to be the only buildings in good repair.

Odessa was the dirtiest, most broken-down city I'd seen since Belgrade. Yet it lacked Belgrade's charm.

It appeared completely un-daygameable from what I'd seen. The pavements were empty and noisy disorganised traffic shuttled past at high speed. The few plazas we passed were choked off by unruly traffic roundabouts and street sellers. I kept my spirits up by reminding myself many FSU cities are like this outside the old centre. It's always the old centre that counts.

To my relief, when we finally pulled around the corner from my hotel, we were in the nice part of town. Kenan had gotten us a room each in a fancy-pants hotel, the Frapolli Hotel on Derybasivska street. It was a delightfully retro hotel with blue painted outer walls, an art deco metal and glass street-facing lounge restaurant, and small balconies overlooking the famous street.

"This is certainly the nice part of town," I thought as I noted all the brand new flash cars parked outside. I'd left all the rattling Ladas and Yugos a few blocks back.

The hotel reception did not disappoint. There was a large brick fireplace in one corner with a few leather easy chairs pulled up in front and a grand piano next to it. A winding dark brown wooden staircase spiralled up to the guest rooms. On the other side of the staircase were more leather chairs and pleasant decorative wrought-iron pillars painted pastel red. Whatever happened, this would be a nice getaway from my typical daygame squalor.

It was not yet four in the afternoon and Kenan wasn't due until eight, so I went outside for a look about. A few miles distant I saw some ominous-looking clouds but as yet the sky directly over my head was brilliantly clear. I walked around the block, checking out the footfall and vibe to see if their was daygame to be had. I remember Tom telling me of a trip he'd made to Odessa around 2013-ish. "Shite for daygame, mate. Grotty as fuck. No sets. I got

really lucky with a same day lay."

Not that I believed him, but let's not flog that particular dead horse any more.

His assessment of daygame opportunities seemed spot on, though. I didn't see a single hot girl. Nothing even to the standard of "at least it's a notch" shaggable. I returned to the hotel and had a lie down.

Kenan arrived, brimming with positivity.
"Bro, let's go out. I'll buy you dinner."
"Okay."

Kenan led the way to a nearby dining district composed of two long pedestrian streets lined with restaurants and with a long grassy park between them. The atmosphere was pleasant and I noticed it was popular with middle-aged couples and families with young children. It wasn't at all popular with single women of shaggable age, however, and in the three hours we sat at an outside table to eat, I only got up once to do a set.
Little did I know, that would be my only daygame set of the trip.

The next day, it started raining heavily.

And I do mean heavily. For several hours Kenan and I sat in the hotel lobby looking out the floor-to-ceiling windows shaking our heads in disappointment.

"Bro, this is not good. Already we have the problem that we are slightly early for the holiday season. This does not help."

The rain did stop by dinner time so we went out again to eat but there streets had been washed of any sets that might've been abroad. Kenan suggested we hit a nightclub. I wasn't at all enthusiastic, having been singularly unimpressed with Kiev clubs, but Kenan did make the very reasonable case that Odessa is a resort town and all the best tottie would be at the beach-front area called Arcadia.

"This is where the beach and clubs are," he said. "The girls sleep all day and then drive to the clubs. It is far from here, so they don't walk the streets. We can get a taxi there. It is our best hope."

I checked my watch. It was getting on the nine pm. I didn't have any other plans, so I agreed. Anyway, Kenan was funding the whole trip so it would've been churlish to let him down on a Saturday night. We went back to the hotel to rest, aiming to hit the clubs around eleven.

While waiting in the lobby I couldn't help but notice and exceedingly beautiful woman sitting on a chair across the room from me. Tall, leggy, and in fantastic gym-shape, she looked an absolute knock-out in her figure-hugging evening dress. She was as close to a ten as exists in the real world.

And she was looking at me.

It took me a little while to realise it, what with the ten metres or so between us, and that stunners never give out obvious IOIs like that. Once I realised she was indeed trying to catch my eye, I got up and walked over. She gave me a welcoming smile and indicated I could sit next to her. After a few sallies, I realised she couldn't speak English.

A woman old enough to be her mum came over and helped translate.
"She says you look very nice," said the old battle axe.
"Thank you. She too is pretty, though I'm worried because Ukranian girls are crazy."
There was a short exchange in Slavic babble between the females and the battle axe turned back to address me.
"She says thank you but she is not crazy. Where are you from?"
By now, Kenan was coming down the spiral staircase. He looked over the bannister at me, assessed the situation, and then came over.
"This is a professional girl, my friend," he said. "I think you prefer the club."

Kenan was only confirming what I'd already figured out- when something looks too good to be true, it usually is. I have occasionally rattled very attractive women but not ever have they sat in hotel lobbies making fluttery eyes at my fat ass before I've even had a chance to begin my silver-tongued magic. I said good bye to the young lady and her madam. It was all quite polite.

A taxi pulled up outside.

"Mate, I've heard Odessa is pussy paradise but so far I'm very disappointed. That one whore aside, I see more fuckable women on Northumberland Street."
"Where is this?"
"Newcastle."
"Don't worry," Kenan laughed. "I'm sure the nightclub will be better."



Shagged

If you don't buy Daygame Overkill, you're a bit of a daft cunt. It's by far the best in-field coaching product out there.

1 – One lay with a 24-yr old stunner I picked up in Gipsy nightclub at 2am while drunk out of my mind and banged ten days later on first date. Again, the irony is not lost on me. Also two near misses with very hot young women, a few make outs, and a few dates to nowhere.
2 – Except for **Balls Deep** second edition which is a whopping 210k words.

Reasons To Be Cheerful

krauserpua · 13 January 2021 · Archived copy · Original

Old time Christian advice is to count your blessings each morning. I think this is excellent advice and I've tried to stick to a routine of it throughout 2020. Partly, there's the moral case for looking on the bright side of life. Despair is a sin. Hope is good. Even false hope is better than despair because at least false hope motivates action to improve your life. Despair traps you in inactivity.

Since I started investigating bio-hacking- beginning a month ago- I see many speakers are offering a biological case to support the old time advice. Essentially, your thoughts influence your physiology and happy thoughts encourage a healthier body and better moods.



Totally unrelated

Think happy, be happy.

When you're unhappy and stressed, your heart beats faster, your breathing becomes shallow and more likely to come from the chest than the stomach, and your body dumps cortisol into your blood. All of these are bad for you. Cortisol is the unhappy chemical that makes you feel agitated. Its purpose is to spur action. Cortisol in your blood is good if you really do need to act. It's a curse if it's a false alarm. It inhibits lots of the body's natural processes.

Looking back on 2020 **I had a pretty good year**. It was considerably less fulfilling than 2019 due to Covid but judged objectively I did alright. Despite cancelling or postponing five of my six residential coaching programs, my income didn't drop below my expenses. I'm grateful I didn't take backward steps on my routine yearly living. That's a reason to be cheerful.

My grand plan to get back on it with daygame on April 1st was totally wiped out by Covid. When April came I was

under full lockdown in Belgrade. There was a 6pm weekly curfew and nobody allowed out at all for any reason on weekends. Everything bar food and pharmacies were closed. It was a **bag of shite**. Somehow, I still enjoyed myself. The weather was nice, I stayed on point with gym and diet by training at home and getting all my usual food delivered. My home brewed coffee was tasty. I wasn't even especially bored as I was into my book reading (160 total books read by end of 2020), wrote a little, played a few games, and occasionally even met friends. Daygame was frustrated but I was in the country I wanted to be in and doing alright. Could've been a lot worse. Reasons to be cheerful.

I'd originally intended to dial back the obsessive gym work by April 1st to focus on daygame. But with skirt-chasing off limits, I rededicated to gym and diet. Belgrade gyms opened up and I spent most of the rest of 2020 training at 100% in quality gyms. Diet stayed on point. So I actually ended 2020 in physically better shape than I would have planned had daygame sucked up my primary focus of time and energy. Reasons to be cheerful.



I spent many lockdown days sitting on a bench with takeaway coffee, in the sunshine

I spent all summer hanging out in Belgrade with Jimmy. We'd sit on a cafe patio chilling out trying to at least get the occasional set in. We'd eat well and both had our training routines. To a normal person, it was living the dream. We were frustrated by the horrible daygame prospects but everything else was great. I evaded the entire year of lockdown bullshit that Brits endured in the UK. Reasons to be cheerful.

We averaged something like one set each every two days and with poor results. Girls just weren't much interested in meeting men and the volume was never enough to hit critical mass where you get into a flow and there's enough going on to deal with normal attrition. But we got our 10k+ steps in every day, had a laugh, and at least occasionally had hot girls to shoot at. It wasn't all bad, hanging out with my pal in a nice city. Reasons to be cheerful.

The highlight of my year was unquestionably the first of my two months in Moscow, beginning September 2nd. The weather held almost all month with bright sunshine, t-shirt and shorts weather, and lots of girls out on streets barely affected by Covid. Roy came over for a month too. I got in over a hundred sets and many were great. There were

idates, dates, make-outs, near misses, and one of my best ever notches. In terms of attraction generated, I'd literally never had a better month. The sheer volume and quality of girls expressing interest in me was **the best I've experienced in my whole life**. It was a reason to be extremely cheerful.

Gyms in Moscow were fully open and my Russian pal found a top class place, even better than my usual Belgrade gym. I didn't have a personal trainer in Moscow but I did have a reliable gym buddy so we cranked out nine consecutive weeks of high intensity training without a single skipped session. Add in the 15k daily daygame steps average and I ended Moscow in the best shape of my life, both in health and aesthetics. I felt amazing. October was cold and bleak in comparison, with a desperate shortage of sets to shoot at, but I still enjoyed myself.

So, as of my November 8th return to Newcastle I was feeling alright. I'd mostly escaped Covid bullshit and despite logging a sub-optimal year I could in no way complain that it wasn't a good year by more objective standards. For fucks sake, I'd only worked a total of five days and I'd spent almost all the year in my two favourite cities hanging out with pals.

November in the UK was nice, being back home to see family and chill out. It was a month of lockdown but it didn't matter as everything I wanted to do was at home anyway. I read books, plugged on with my final memoir, and finished a few video games. It was relaxing. I barely even thought about the fact I was locked down.

This is all lovely but the alleged horrible year of 2020 finally got me down in December. I think it was primarily hormonal, a result of a second month of Covid restriction. It started to agitate me that shops were closed and I couldn't sit in cafes or restaurants. Gym opening and closing was unpredictable so I did what I could. It was bitterly cold and wet so I didn't get my steps in. I think my body rebelled. Adding to the stress were health problems in my family. My dad had a heart attack in mid-August meaning I came home a couple weeks to be there. Fortunately it was mild and he made a full recovery. He's got a stent in his heart now and daily heart pills but is otherwise doing all the same things he was. Then he had a bowel cancer scare and needed a biopsy. Fortunately the test came back with an all clear. Those scares really made him face his own mortality and he went on a doctor-advised diet and has slimmed right down to a healthy weight already. My mum has continued to slowly lose her mind so two months of sharing that burden has been stressful. Additionally, my youngest aunt is in the highest Covid risk demographic due to pre-existing conditions so she's been completely locked down since March and is feeling the isolation and depression of it. I'd been cocooned away from all this during my trips but now I was living in the middle of it and doing my best to provide moral support. It does drag you down.

The US election nonsense didn't bother me too much. It was certainly dramatic, having Trump win by landslide then Biden blatantly stealing the vote, and all the various fallout of the courts, media, GOP, Congress, and Big Tech all go fully lawless in supporting the steal. I didn't like to see evil bare its teeth but it was at least fascinating to follow. The masks are off and the Great Awakening has happened. Fully 50+% of the US population now knows that the election was stolen, voting is rigged, the Establishment is in China's pocket, and elites are selling out the West to its enemies. Back in 2015 normies would've thought you a deranged conspiracy theorist had you explained all that. Now it's common knowledge. The people in denial of it are considered the crazies. I don't know how it'll all shake out but as of early January I found the drama exhausting. The ups had cancelled out the downs for two months but finally it was just tiring to pay attention.

So, it's the second week of January and I'm a bit antsy. I want to walk more ***[1]*** and get back in the gym. I want to get the fuck out of the UK at the earliest opportunity, and I very much hope that at least some popular daygame destinations recover their street traffic in spring. I found 2020 alright and remain optimistic for 2021 but, fucking

hell, *I wish I could get on it*. I want winter to end.

Reasons to be cheerful:

- In the best shape of my life;
- Birds still love ‘umble Krauser;
- Finances didn’t take too bad a pounding, even allowing for blowing a bunch betting on Trump’s election;
- Big things still to come in 2021;
- Memoir 95% complete;
- Got myself a few tentative new interests that should keep me motivated throughout now that the reading orgy and gym is dialled back.

If this is all rambling nonsense to you, you’d best buy ***Daygame Overkill*** *here. It’s the best in-field video instructional course in the world and what better time to polish your technique in anticipation of getting back on it yourself in spring?*

[1] At the minute I’m stuck with Broody and his insane ramblings. I think I might shoot myself.

Covid Travel Fuckabout

krauserpua · 18 January 2021 · Archived copy · Original

You all remember the Steve McQueen classic **The Great Escape**, right? If you haven't seen that perhaps you've at least seen **Escape To Victory**. The six years of World War 2 were dark days, as the whole of humanity was under the cosh. Looking back now, the war seems absolutely insane. What on earth were our leaders thinking? Why did all of white Christian Europe fight each other when *we could've easily just ganged up on the rest of the world?* Imagine the Wehrmacht teaming up with the British and French Armies to kick the fuck out of Turkey. Wouldn't that have been glorious? We could've kept going, all the way to China.

Imagine a world without China. Doesn't that sound *beautiful*?



But no. The big daft cunts had to fight each other with the predictable result of surrendering half of Europe to communism and laying the foundation to surrender the rest to a flood of unarmed Africans sixty years later. What a shit show.

Speaking of shit shows, let me tell you about my own great escape. This is the inspiring story of one plucky freedom fighter's daring breakout from Gulag Britain at the peak of Covid bullshit.

I recently expressed an interest in getting the fuck out of Britain before Boris instituted a blanket travel ban or mandatory Bill Gates "vaccinations". My primary concern ***[1]*** was the UK turning into Australia and trapping its citizens for a whole year ***[2]*** so I decided to beat it. As Robert De Niro's character says in **Heat**, never have anything you can't leave behind in thirty seconds if you feel the heat coming around the corner. Belgrade is still mostly open. Restaurants, cafes, shops, gyms and so on are operating as normal until 8pm. You only need a 48-hour PCR test to enter. No special permits or citizens-only bullshit. I like Belgrade. I've got stuff going on there. So, Belgrade it was to be. I booked a ticket by KLM to fly from Newcastle on January 11th. It was an eye-watering £320 one-way but beggars can't be choosers. Most flights are discontinued right now.

Four days beforehand, KLM sends me an email saying I need a negative PCR test no older than 72 hours to pass through Amsterdam (even in transit) and of course I already know it's 48 hours for Serbia. No problem. I get an NHS PCR test and proudly hold the negative result email.

On the day of the flight I check-in at 4am for a 6am flight, having stayed up all night. My dad dropped me off because the Metro isn't running and there are no taxis anymore because no-one travels or goes out, because everything is locked down in Tier 4 Newcastle. Two Colombian girls ahead of me in the queue are sent home

because Colombia announced the day before that anybody who has been in UK in the past 14 days is banned entry to Colombia, even it's own citizens. No tests, no isolation. Not even allowed in. They are rather distraught as it's the first they've heard of it. Two other people are refused entry for reasons I don't yet know.



Not this hot, not by a long way

It's looking ominous for Krauser but I know Belgrade hasn't barred entry and I've met all the requirements in the KLM email. I pass my passport across the counter and get out my email certificate.
"Oh, we don't accept NHS tests," says the KLM check in assistant. "New policy, a week ago."
"You didn't tell anyone," I retort. "Your email says PCR test. This is a PCR test."
"It's policy."

I'm refused boarding. I get talking to a sailor who works in Norway who was refused boarding for the same reason. Another two after me suffer the same fate. KLM specifically exclude the NHS test but didn't inform their customers. Cunts. I borrow the sailor's phone to get my dad out of bed to pick me up ***[3]*** or I'd have been stranded at 4am in sub-zero weather.

Three hours of sleep then I get on the phone to sort it out. KLM customer support confirms the no-NHS policy then tell me Air Serbia hold the ticket so I have to call them. Air Serbia said under my ticket terms I must pay a £150 rebooking fee plus the additional fare rate, quoting me £500 for a one-way ticket on Thursday (on top of the £320 I already paid). No thank you. I go to my travel agent, Opodo, who keep me on hold two hours before telling me I have to go back to Air Serbia to get the rebooking fee waived.

I spent all day on the phone. Finally I sent an email to Air Serbia with attachments of my test and the KLM email, then finally get to bed. I wake up the next morning to find Air Serbia agree with me and have waived the fee. I get back on the blower and rebook for Monday 18th. Same flight, same price, one week later.

You'd think that's the end of the drama. Oh no!

I need a private PCR test within 48 hours of arrival. It's a six-hour total flight, so gotta be within 42 hours of departure. Now, the clinics only guarantee delivery of test results within 48 hours, though 24 hours is realistic. So, I try to get an appointment. There is only one clinic in the North East open on Saturday and its final appointment of the day is 10:45. I'm due to arrive in Belgrade 12:30, or 11:30 UK time. So, that appointment would render my test 45 minutes out of date. There are no Sunday appointments (and likely result wouldn't arrive in time for check-in).

There's no wiggle room. The clinic won't wait the 45 minutes longer, and said the system would put appointment time on the certificate. So, *there is nowhere to get a private test.*

I chat a bit to the clinic receptionist and she tells me all the local clinics send their samples to a laboratory in Barnard Castle. That's a tiny scenic village at the south of County Durham, about 80 minutes drive from my house. Obviously there are no trains or buses there. "I think they allow you to test at the laboratory itself," she says.



The only test centre open after 11am on Saturday

I check online, find the clinic, and yes they offer a click-n-collect service 24/7. I get support on live chat and they assure me they'll be open on Saturday and results usually take 24 hours. I book a kit online and strong-arm my dad to agree to drive me down. That problem seems solved. That's Tuesday evening. I go to bed at least reasonably confident everything is squared away.

Then I'm talking to Roy Walker. He just got to Cape Town.

"Mate, I got stopped by an undercover cop at Boarding in Heathrow. She was asking me where I'm going and the purpose of my trip. You're not allowed to leave the UK for holiday. You need a business reason."
"Did you have one?"

“Yeah, my mate there wrote me a letter asking for an engineering quote. I told the cop it was a business development trip. She bought it.”

So I spent Wednesday sorting out my bullshit cover story for travel. On Thursday I go walkies with Brooding Sea in the city centre. Just as I’m about to get the bus home I get an email from KLM. My Monday flight is cancelled. The square-headed Dutch government bastards have just banned all flights in and out of the country, it says. Fuck. I rush home and call up Air Serbia to arrange a refund. While the phone is still on hold I open Sky Scanner and desperately search options. The only non-KLM flights are out of Luton and Heathrow. There’s a good direct Air Serbia flight at Sunday lunchtime and….. there are two seats left. I book without even waiting for Air Serbia customer support to pick up about my existing Monday ticket. At least now I’ll be taking the PCR test on Friday.

I need to get to London. There are only four trains each day and none of them arrive early enough to catch the flight. So I buy a ticket for the day before. I’ll have to spend Saturday night at a friend’s house in London. I call Xants who offers me his spare room but adds, “you might not want it, because my flatmate literally has Covid right now and is in isolation in his room.” That wouldn’t bother me but there’s a fair chance I’d not get to board the flight and have to return to Newcastle, where I’m staying with two parents who are in the legitmate Covid risk demographic. I try another pal and his landlord isn’t even allowing his girlfriend to come over, due to bullshit Covid fears. Finally, Big Baldie offers me his floor.

“Don’t have a sofa. Don’t even have a lounge, mate,” he adds.

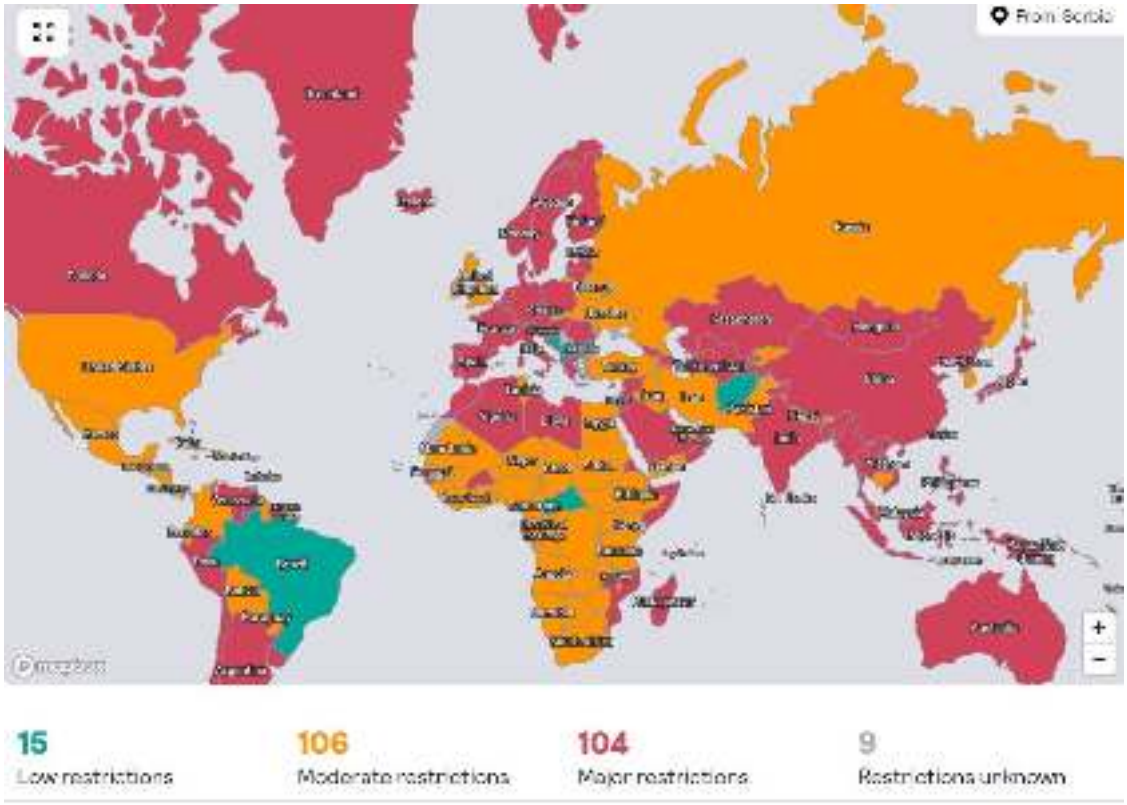
I take it and then order a click-n-collect sleeping bag from Argos for £10, to collect on my way back from the lab on Friday. It’s at that moment that KLM sends me a new email implying the Monday flight is still on, and this entire Heathrow rigmarole might be unnecessary. But, the money is already spent and I really don’t trust the squareheads to fly on Monday. At least now KLM has added a line to the email saying they don’t accept NHS tests. They must’ve had a lot of angry customers over that.



This exact model

Friday comes and it’s heavy snow. There is one road to Barnard Castle, over the moors. There’s heavy fog and visibility is severely restricted. At any moment we expected to come onto Road Closed signs that would force us to call off the entire trip. Luckily, we get there. I take the test in the lab car park, under heavy snow, then get some fish and chips. The test is timed to be valid for the Sunday Heathrow flight. It will have expired by Monday morning’s Newcastle flight (if it’s even on).

On the way home through the moors, I get a message from Salman. it's a screen cap of newspaper headline that Boris has just announced a travel ban starting 4am Monday morning- two hours before I was due to leave. Sunday is now Last Chance Saloon. Now I'm concerned ***[4]*** that the worst-case Aussie situation will play out: total travel ban from UK. While sitting in the car as my dad drives through the fog I search Skyscanner for ANY country that (i) will let me in, and (ii) isn't crazy expensive to fly to at short notice, and (iii) flies on Sunday.



Nearly all the orange is functionally red anyway. Map is even redder if you open it from UK

The entire EU is ruled out because citizens or residence permit holders only. Most of the rest of the world too for the same reasons. It looks like Latvia is open and it's £13 from Edinburgh on Ryanair. I book that before it disappears and figure to check when I get home. I get home and read the newspaper sites. Ah, Boris didn't ban *all* flights. He just ended the travel corridors through which people can enter the UK without isolation. Still, the papers say many flights will now be cancelled due to onerous new requirements. You can fucking bet KLM will be one of them. It turns out Latvia wouldn't let me in anyway, so that option was a false hope.

I have a brainwave over night. This is a chance to set up a satisfactory fall-back plan if London-Belgrade falls through: Go to Russia. My business visa to Russia expires on 1st Feb and the governments ban on UK nationals entering the country expires on the 15th. It's the fifteenth right now. I could fly as early as tomorrow, spend a week or so in Moscow, then take one of the convienient Moscow-Belgrade flights into Serbia. Problem solved!

I'd even have a solid business case for leaving the UK and a business visa to back it up.

So the next morning I call my visa contact and ask him: do I need extra days on my visa after my stay (like you do with a passport expiry) or can I remain in Russia until literally the last day?
"You can stay until the very last day no problem," he answers. "But, this morning the Russian government extended their ban on UK nationals until Feb 1st. You cannot enter until then."
"My visa expries on Feb 1st."
"Yes."

So, it all came down to catching a train to London. There were engineering works on the line making the usual sub-3 hour journey now take 5 hours, via Cambridge on slower, shitter lines. If anything goes wrong with my train, I can't get to London, and therefore can't get out the UK. Just before bedtime, Xants sends me a screencap of the overnight weather forecasts. Heavy snow and sub-zero temperature: the kind of weather that leads to train cancellations. He seems to find it amusing. As I fall asleep I can hear heavy snow and wind thudding against my windows.

I wake up to bright, clear weather. The snow has already cleared. I hop on to Trainline Live Service Updates relieved to see all four trains are on time. My PCR test comes back and I print it out. I'm ready! My dad drops me off in town and now I'm wondering if the Covid police are gonna give me shit boarding the train. Nope, it's a breeze. I get to London on time.

I check Kings Cross underground station for service updates and I'm dismayed to see the Piccadilly Line to Heathrow is suspended due to engineering work. Literally nothing in this trip is going to plan! I must get a bus to Paddington and then the Heathrow Express. I spend the evening walking around Camden with Big Baldie then get a reasonable night's sleep. He walks me to the bus stop at 9am and I'm off to Heathrow.

Now I was just hoping I hadn't misread the Serbia entry restrictions (or they hadn't changed overnight) and that the Covid cops wouldn't interrogate me. The Air Serbia staff, bless them, barely glanced at my certificate. I could've written my own in crayon for all they cared. They never asked the purpose of my visit. I took my boarding pass with great relief and this was the first time in a week I believed I might actually succeed in my travel plans.

I didn't see any Covid cops. I spent £4 on a copy of the Financial Times and rolled it under my arm when walking to the gate, just to look a bit more business-trip-like. There were no questions. The last hurdle was Serbian immigration but they too just checked my PCR test and let me in on the usual visa.

Thank fuck for that!

So, what a drama. I got an email that same day from KLM confirming they had indeed cancelled the Monday flight. So, it had been London or nothing all along.

This is all very interesting I'm sure but has nothing to do with shagging hot birds. ***Daygame Overkill****, however, has everything to do with picking up and shagging birds. It's the best video instructional available. Buy it now from this link or be a fag forever.*

[1] Concern, not *fear*. I'm fuckin' rock, so I don't *fear* anything or anyone.
[2] Like my Aussie pal Joe who has been locked down all year and has to entertain himself my smashing up his house under the guise of "renovations".
[3] High value.
[4] Just concerned, mind you. Not frightened.

You Don’t Need To Become Old And Knackered

krauserpua · 20 January 2021 · Archived copy · Original

Now that my forty-sixth birthday is rapidly approaching, I’m intimately aware of my age. I can honestly admit that it’s preying on my mind. I ask myself: *how long can I keep this up for?*

I did my first daygame cold approach in 2009 when I was thirty-four years old. I do believe I asked myself a similar question back then: *am I too old for this?* At that time, I’d been propagandised into believing in “age appropriate” dating, that men should date women of about their own age. That was just normal. It’s what I’d seen all around me for decades. Older men dating young women were usually figures of ridicule for sitcoms and drama shows on TV.



The alternative to daygame

Once I started getting dates with SMV-prime women- and eventually fucking them- it was a great liberation. I really wasn’t past it. I could do it! For the following ten years it felt like I’d been given a second youth. A second chance to do all the things I really ought to have done in my twenties. As readers of my interminably long memoir will surely attest, I took full advantage of my second chance.

But those ten years have gone. I’m forty-five now, soon to be forty-six. Is it still possible?



Frankly, I still look good

Covid suspended the possibility of finding out through the real-world feedback of daygame. I got a month's worth of daygame in on my Moscow trip and that limited sample suggests that *yes Nick, you've still got it. You're still sexually relevant to prime-SMV hot birds*. Great!

Nonetheless, I am not taking my extended SMP lifespan for granted. My mind is fixed very firmly on retaining my sexual relevance as long as possible, as I get a girlfriend and, eventually, a wife. I'm certainly not going to let myself get fat and knackered again. I am taking all things anti-ageing seriously now and I don't care if that makes me a faggot. Some of my regime now:

1. Four-times weekly hard gym training with a personal trainer ***[1]***
2. Target 15,000 steps daily, whether daygaming or not;
3. Calorie- and macro-controlled diet of healthy food with no junk;
4. Severely reduced alcohol and sugar consumption.

So far, so 2020. I've now added a few new items into the mix. These are currently on an experimental basis to see if they have a noticeable effect. If they don't, I'll drop them:

5. Daily supplementation of Vitamins B, C, D, and E, Zinc, Omega 3, Apple Cider Vinegar, and MSM;
6. Daily facial rub of Vitamin C serum and retinol ***[2]***
7. A course of Epitalon;
8. A repair course of BPC-157.

I'm looking into the bio-hacking world to see if they have any additional reliable protocols for either extending health-span or limiting the effects of ageing (either literally, or even just the visible markers of ageing). This is a new passion of mine as I firmly believe that ageing can be slowed and many of the symptoms of ageing put off for

decades. There's no reason you have to be fat, lethargic, and knackered at fifty. Personally speaking, I look younger now than I did five years ago. I feel better than ever, even better than at the peak of my kickboxing aged twenty-six.

Obviously, I know ageing is remorseless and unavoidable. However, you don't have to surrender to it immediately. If there's reader interest, I'll go into more detail on each element of my regime.

Young and free, or old and knackered, I'm still the world's best daygame coach. If you want to max out your own daygame skills, you have to get my ***Daygame Overkill*** *video instruction series here. There's nothing else even comes close.*

[1] I just restarted in Belgrade this Monday and I'm very pleased to be back on it.

[2] Defo the gayest part of my regime.

Easy Come Easy Go

krauserpua · 23 January 2021 · Archived copy · Original

I've long believed that the way you get a women says a lot about what you'll experience from her. It's one of the many reasons I avoid Tinder. Only about 10% of girls have a Tinder account and they are essentially putting themselves in a very obvious shop window on an app known for hook-ups. The usual Tinder date involves meeting them close to your apartment and banging them within a couple of hours, then feeling a bit disgusted with yourself for scraping the barrel. You don't, of course, see these girls again.

Nothing wrong with that from a casual sex perspective ***[1]*** but you are basically filtering for lunatics and sluts. I've never been into that demographic and time has only made me more averse to it.

At the other end of the spectrum is social circle, where a girl sees you around for months, can watch you closely in your interactions with others, and then eventually tips her cap at you and chases you down. That's how most men get girlfriends and then backwards-rationalise the process as if ***they*** were the party doing the picking up. Nothing wrong with that either, and the main reason I avoid social circle game is because of how the tiny pool of prospects essentially cripples your choice. You end up taking what you're given. That's never been my style of living.

Daygame has it's own pros and cons for what type of women you'll meet and what you can expect from them. My own personal experience has run the gamut from lunatics looking to get quickly fucked to archetypal good-girl virgins hoping to get married. What interests me today is a particular type of daygame girl: **Easy Come Easy Go**.

Have a look at this video. This chick was such a case.

She's rather nice, no? I was sitting on the patio of Kamchatka bar on Kuznetsky Most one evening with Roy and Seven, drinking a beer and not very full of social energy. Roy was with one of the birds he'd pulled ***[2]*** and I was staring into space wondering when I should go home. Then the blonde chick of the video rushed passed.

I felt rather than saw her IOI. Jedi mind powers or ninjitsu, I guess.

It was an easy set. She was loving 'umble Krauser from the off and happily gave up her number. I pinged her two hours later and we struck up a chat. She was meeting friends then going to a nightclub to dance. I received a couple of club bathroom selfies (nothing naughty) and we set up a date the next evening in a fusion Asian restaurant next to Nikolskaya.

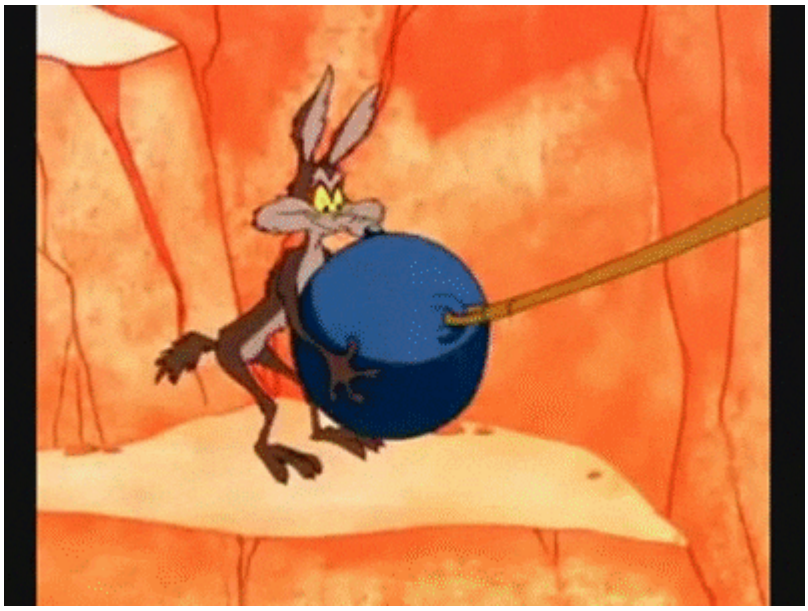
It was all so easy.

This chick, Tanya, was full of excitable energy and extremely agreeable. We were kissing within half an hour though I knew it was to be had within five minutes. Two hours later her pals picked her up outside the restaurant in a car and she went off to some other club. She sent me a video of her dancing on a podium (unofficially).

The second date a few days later was at a mall. She invited me out, pinging that she was in the centre. We ended up in the Irish bar where the above video was shot. It was another exceptionally easy date where Tanya proved to be full of beans and agreeable. I smelled a rat.

I had that gnawing feeling that other girls I'd dated like this had not put out. You get easy dates, easy make-outs, and probably even a bit of hands-up-the-sweater action but they rarely end in sex. That turned out to be the case with Tanya. She agreed to a third date by my apartment and walked straight into my room without murmur. I could just sense she had not come to fuck. We drank a beer, fooled around on the bed, and she was resolute about keeping her tights on. After two hours she was gone.

That was two days before the end of my trip so I considered it over. She replied to my message the next morning and then went radio silent. Easy come, easy go.



I've been trying to figure out why girls do this and I've hit upon a hypothesis. Everything about Tanya suggested she was a good-time gal. Not a slut. Tanya was looking for fresh experiences that would brighten up her life. She wanted excitement and happiness. If friends called and said "we're going to drive out into the forest for a picnic, are you in?" she'd most certainly be in. Same for a bungee jump, a jazz concert, a finger paint class, or more nights dancing on a podium in a club. She wants diversions. She wants to drink from the cup of life.

I had (not in so many words) propositioned her with, "would you like to spend a few evenings fooling around with an exciting foreign man?"

She'd been all-in for that but sex wasn't part of her deal. I don't think it ever was. She was delightful company and I enjoyed our three dates but that's all I was getting. And then when I left town she moved on to the next thrill ***[3]***. This is why she was so easy and agreeable at everything up until the moment of truth. I'd never gotten the sense at any moment that she was hoping to get fucked, or even a Maybe Girl waiting to see whether I'd successfully seduce her. She was Yes from the first moment for fun while simultaneously a No for sex.

If you are quite prepared to have dalliances with such women while filtering through for the ones who do fuck, there's no better way to build up leads than buying ***Daygame Overkill*** *here for a detailed video guide on how to do daygame properly.*

[1] Aside from the horrendous average quality, of course.
[2] The hottest of them, in my opinion. A tidy petite blonde.
[3] This is, of course, all supposition.

My personal use of BPC-157

krauserpua · 26 January 2021 · Archived copy · Original



"Heal like Wolverine!" says the marketing pitch.

Well, **BPC-157** is a peptide and it can't be patented so there's not actually any marketing done, any more than generic paracetamol is marketed. No money in it, is there? What I mean is that's what all the internet yahoos are saying about it. BPC is an abbreviation of *Body Protection Compound* and BPC-157 is a peptide produced naturally by the human body in the gut. It's legal to buy in the UK but has not been approved for human use and is therefore labelled as "research only" and "not for human use" ***[1]***.

Woah there, Nick! Back up a bit. *Peptides?*

It was all new to me two months ago so let me fill you in on what I've found out. Peptides are long chains of amino acids produced naturally in the human body. We produce tens of thousands of them and each functions as a signalling device to regulate all kinds of normal bodily processes. Scientists have so far isolated about 200 of them to get a good idea what each of the 200 does and how to synthesise them in a laboratory. Most are of no interest to us, covering boring processes, but a few stand out and have been claimed by the sports science and anti-ageing communities.

The reason you don't hear much about them is because drug companies cannot patent a naturally-occuring amino acid and thus there's no pot of gold at the end of the human trials and FDA approval rainbow. Additionally, most peptides cannot survive stomach acids (they get broken down fast) and thus are a waste of time administering orally. So, unlike vitamins, you have to inject them. That immediately rules out almost all normies from wanting anything to do with them ***[2]***. Peptides are "underground" in that hardly anyone talks about them but they are scientifically researched, synthesised and administered. It's not homeopathy.

BPC-157 is already in widespread use amongst physiotherapists and conditioning coaches for elite athletes. The drug testing authorities such as USADA are well aware of it and have not placed it on the controlled substances list because they don't judge its effects performance enhancing according to their criteria.



Exactly what I bought
So, what does it do?

BPC-157 reduces inflammation and aids the healing of soft tissue, particularly ligaments and tendons. It has a sister peptide called **TB-500** which does much the same thing but with a bias more towards muscle repair ***[3]***. It's long been used in race horses to aid healing and now pro athletes get it to reduce their time recovering form injury.

Word on the street is it more than halves recovery time from soft tissue injuries.

What got me interested were all the internet testimonials that it can also heal stubborn long-term injuries that have been previously resistant to other methods, such as rotator cuff, ACL, and tennis elbow. I've had a nagging tendonitis in my right shoulder for over ten years ***[4]*** and nothing has fixed it. The physios gave me exercises to no avail. A long time away from bag work didn't help. BPC-157 sounded like a good shot to sort it once and for all.

I bought mine from UK-Peptides for £109 for five small 5mg bottles, each reconstituting with water to be a week's supply, five weeks total. I also bought bacteriostatic water to mix into it, and a box of 100 insulin needles (0,5ml with tiny 0,30mm points) and sterile swabs from Medical Supplies UK.



And a box of these cunts

Internet advice was conflicted on the best dosage protocol. One school of thought says reconstituted BPC-157 is unstable and extremely short ester (like, half an hour) so you should inject it as close to the injured area as possible. Others say that doesn't matter so do it anywhere that's comfortable, such as thigh or subcutaneously around midsection, is fine. Yet another school of thought says BPC-157 is reasonably resilient to stomach acid (it does actually exist there naturally) so it will have a more systemic effect orally and additionally promotes gut health.

What I settled on was: one 15mmg in the bad shoulder, another 15mmg in my left shoulder (similar issue but far less pronounced), and then 15mmg orally by spraying from syringe directly onto my tongue.

I did that for three weeks.

The results were immediate and encouraging. The anti-inflammatory effect was noticeable within one day and by the end of week one the pain was completely gone. My shoulder trouble comes and goes, with long periods of barely noticeable discomfort and then periodic flare ups, of up to a week, of very bothersome aching and occasionally even sharp pain. Just two weeks before beginning the BPC-157 my left shoulder had flared so badly that any kind of movement anywhere on my upper body sent shooting pain along my shoulder. It was so bad I couldn't find a comfortable sleeping position and it took me a minute to slowly get out of bed, and a further hour before my shoulder felt normal. That's what had spurred me to take a chance of BPC-157, deciding this was no longer tolerable.

So, within a week all that was gone. My shoulders still felt a bit hollow and bothersome, but no actual pain. By the end of week two my left shoulder felt 100% and my right shoulder the best it had in years. My right shoulder has been twitchy for years and by the end of week three that was gone too. Both felt 100%.

I stopped my course then, as I was flying to Serbia.

I hesitate to say BPC-157 fixed my shoulder problems due to the following confounding variables:

1. I wasn't at the gym this period, due to lockdown, so my shoulders weren't coming under their usual weight-lifting pressure. The recovery could be as much due to a lay-off as to the BPC-157 itself.
2. The shoulder pain would always wax and wane naturally, so maybe I was injecting the peptide during a period my shoulder pain would've reduced naturally.

It's too soon to talk about anything permanent. For all I know, the BPC-157 had a temporary anti-inflammatory effect to reduce pain but did nothing to heal the underlying injury and thus it'll all flare up again once the inflammation resumes.

So, my personal anecdotal results are optimistic but inconclusive. I've still got two bottles of the stuff left (and I'm told by my coach it's legal to purchase in Serbia). If my shoulders act up again, I'll resume my above protocol. There's also an additional slightly comical reason why my research is inconclusive.

Once constituted with water, BPC-157 is unstable and is best kept in a dark, cold place such as the refrigerator. Some internet sources say it doesn't really matter so long as it is out of direct sunlight. Others say no, it must be refrigerated. Well, I couldn't put mine in the fridge because I was staying at my parents' house and thus (i) my mother would freak the fuck out if there's a research chemical in the fridge and (ii) she's so absent minded now she'd probably drink it herself or throw it in the bin. Thus I had to keep mine behind some books on my bookcase. It's quite possible that only day one of each week's injection was the full-strength stuff and the rest might've been no more than a placebo.

Obviously now that I've got my big boy pants on in Serbia I can put the next lot in the fridge.

Blah blah anti-ageing who gives a fuck. ***Daygame Overkill*** *is where it's all at. Almost six hours of daygame video instruction including ten wowser infields of me in action and detailed breakdown of what's going on and how to reproduce it for yourself. Buy it here.*



Not long till I look like this, lads

[1] Seeing as bodybuilders will inject themselves with **Trenbolone** designed to bulk up the Belgian Blue dairy cow, obviously that is not going to stop them trying BPC-157

[2] And, initially, ruled out me too for that very reason.

[3] I haven't tried it but might do so.

[4] Due to boxing. I'm southpaw and really like jabbing. After thousands of rounds punching the heavy bag, with a heavy predisposition towards my lead hand, I started to damage my shoulder.

Daygamer Knee

krauserpua · 31 January 2021 · Archived copy · Original

Enthusiastic daygamers have experienced a wide variety of familiar ailments during the prosecution of their skirt-chasing careers. The more portly of us ***[1]*** are prone to *Daygamer Thigh* formed by the excessive rubbing together of the flabby inner-thighs when putting one leg in front of the other 20,000 times each day for weeks on end. It's rather unpleasant to be rubbed raw below the crotch, especially in hot weather. In my fat bastard days I'd get it too and my workaround was to wear longer trunk variants of my H&M boxer shorts. At least then the chafing of denim against skin was softened.

Some other ailments tend to be suffered by only the more stubborn of us. To date, Salman is the only lad I know to have had a severe case of *Daygamer Toe*. For the sake of precision, lets not confuse this with the similarly named *Torero Toe*, a tragic condition that occurs when a man with learning difficulties attempts to copy the devil-may-care posture of a more experienced player. So, purely for the sake of clarity ***[2]***, let's call Daygamer Toe by the new name of *Salman Toe*. This is an inflammation or soreness of the toes and instep caused from daygaming eight hours a day in ill-fitting leather biker boots after all your wings have told you to wear something more comfortable. The short term solution is bathing your feet in warm soapy water every evening. The preventative protocol is to buy shoes that are designed for walking rather than riding motorbikes.



r-selected as fuck but asking for trouble

More common is *Daygamer Sole*. This is an increasing numbness in the bottom of your feet precipitated by walking on pavement, concrete, asphalt and- God forbid- the cobbled streets of Prague. After a few days of 20,000+ steps you can find your feet bones ache and you lose sensation in them. This is usually a good time to transition to well-cushioned Nikes, or take a day off. Be sure to lie on your bed with your feet up against a wall to let the blood drain out of your swollen tootsies.

One ailment that is rather less comical is *Daygamer Knee*.

I got this in 2018. Essentially, too much walking around on hard surfaces had made my left knee ache. It was an odd sensation. It wasn't acutely painful nor was mobility hindered, but it felt like my left leg had walked three times further than my right. The knee felt fatigued. When the condition worsened my knee felt weak and hollow, with a persistent dull ache.

I tried the usual things without success. I changed footwear, took longer rest in the evenings, and even tried a couple of months with drastically reduced average daily step counts. Nothing really changed. I started to wonder if I'd messed up my knee. I was still capable of three/four-hour walking sessions but suddenly my knee health was something to be nursed. My walking capacity was limited by the endurance of my joint rather than my muscles, or fitness, or patience.

Shite.

I decided to try diet supplementation. First off was **glucosamine sulphate** capsules, a well-known treatment for joint pain. It helped a little. It took about a week to notice a difference and it reduced the ache by perhaps 25%. That was helpful but not satisfactory. Then my pal Juggernaut suggested daily MSM powder.

MSM?



This cunt here

Methlysulfonylmethane

It's cheap as chips on Amazon and comes in big fuck-off-sized tubs. £13 buys you six months supply. Usually there's a little plastic scoop included. Recommended dosage is 1g four times daily. I mix 2g in a glass of water, once in the morning and once before bedtime. I use the 100% pure powder rather than fancy-dan proprietary mixes because in the latter its the MSM that does all the work.

Results were immediate and satisfactory.

Within three days the ache was almost gone and by a fortnight my knee felt as good as new. There were no side-effects. I could now comfortably handle strings of 20,000+ steps days in succession without flare-ups. When I ran out of MSM and couldn't dose for a few weeks I'd notice the old symptoms re-emerge, suggesting that MSM doesn't fix the underlying issue but it is what keeps the symptoms at bay. I've been taking it daily since early 2019 and don't intend to stop.

I strongly suggest anyone suffering Daygamer Knee, or indeed any joint aches, look into it.

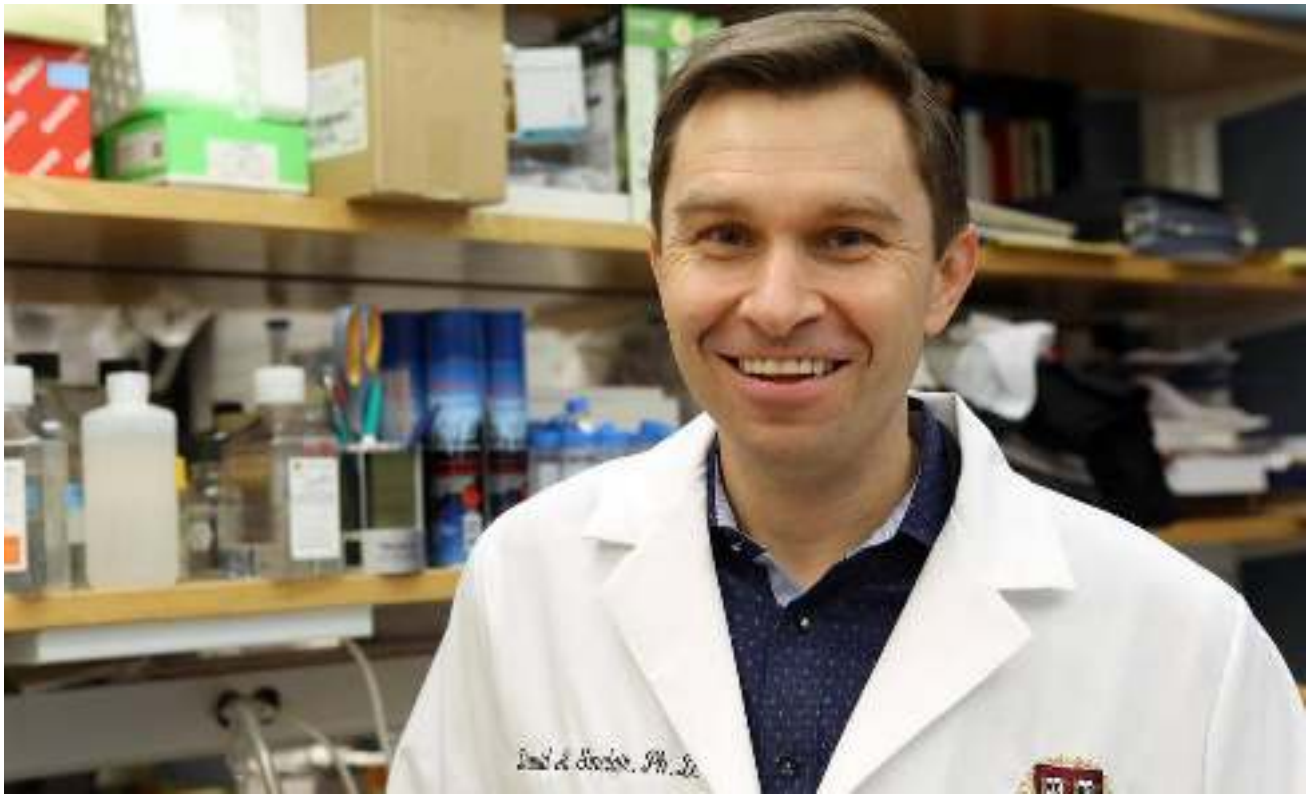
*And I suggest even more strongly that you buy **Daygame Overkill**, a fantastic 5.5hour video instructional showing me in-field with hot Croatian girls and detailed analysis of the sets and how to replicate them. Buy it here.*

[1] Xants and Thomas Crown, for example
[2] And most definitely ***not*** in the hope that the term catches on

David Sinclair – Lifespan (book review)

krauserpua · 4 February 2021 · Archived copy · Original

Tom Xants recommended me this book ***[1]*** by a leading researcher in gerontology and top dog of an Harvard anti-ageing research centre. That got me curious but before taking anyone's advice seriously, I follow the **Krauser Rule Of Data Sourcing**, namely I google a picture of him to check out his physiognomy. Krauser don't take no advice from dorks, fags, or pedo-faced bugmen. Judge for yourself.



From the set of Little Britain

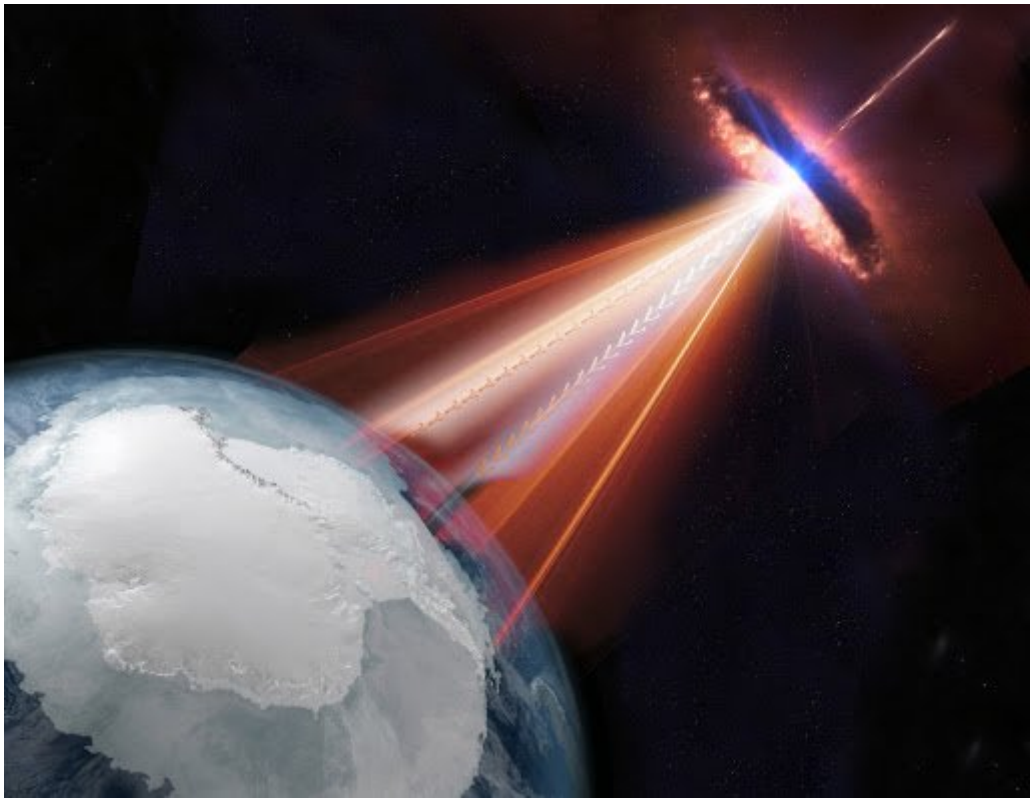
He's over 50 and this is an anti-ageing book so I think we can all agree Dr Sinclair passes the first smell test. I paid Kindle my £4.99 and dived into the 473-page text. What did I learn?

The book is split into three sections: past, present, and future. The past is by far the best as it focuses entirely on Sinclair's official area of expertise, the scientific literature of ageing. He's a legit top-tier expert in this field. He gives an outline of the health problems caused by ageing and the existing published research on fighting it (mostly in mice). His central theme is that **ageing is a disease** and **there is no biological necessity for it**. He considers various scientific explanations for the ageing mechanism and dismisses most as dealing with the downstream effects of ageing rather than the core process.

What's the core process, Krauser?

Unwanted side-effects of the DNA repair process, that's what. Sinclair says almost all lifeforms, including those as simple as yeast, have a *survival circuit* that flips between two states. Normally, the circuit is engaged in processes aiding reproduction including literal cell division and growth. There are enzymes called Sirtains that direct this process and everything is happy as Larry in good times. However, our DNA comes under daily assault by the forces of the earth causing damage to literally trillions of cells. The assault can be cosmic rays, UV light, X-rays, waste

products from metabolization of food, viruses and whatnot. The point is, it's totally normal, widespread, constant and thus every organism has evolved a survival circuit to clean up the damage. Thus your sirtains (especially sirtain 2) leave their posts doing the daily business of living and act as firefighters on your cells' DNA, fixing it.



This stuff is BAD for you

Eventually, the damage is too great to be fully repaired or the job takes so long that your sirtains end up neglecting their daily tasks in the rest of the cell. Accumulated damage expresses itself as an unravelling of the DNA loops, causing the nucleus of the cell to get ragged and diffuse. The information contained by the epigenome is thus lost. Sinclair calls this the *Information Theory Of Ageing*.

All that nasty stuff that happens as we age- grey hair, wrinkles, slow repair, inflexibility, shitting yourself, cancer etc- are symptoms of this condition. If you can find ways to reduce the severity of daily damage, and/or improve sirtain's ability to repair it, you can delay and possibly even reverse ageing.

This theory leads to some very obvious lifestyle recommendations, especially to reduce the daily damage to your DNA: don't smoke, don't booze, don't catch diseases, don't get fat, don't eat junk ***[2]***. There are additional things you can do to boost your sirtain production and clean out senescent (dead/zombie) cells, such as supplementation with quercetin, resveratrol, and NMN. Sinclair also recommends regularly exposing your body to minor stresses so that the survival circuit does regular small repairs to DNA rather than infrequent big jobs. So, intermittent fasting, regular exercise, and hot/cold exposure therapy.



Dude in the glasses was 50 when Cocoon was filmed

That's the **Past** section and I found it fascinating. The **Present** section explores ongoing research and most-likely theoretical advances taking advantage of Sinclair's position to be strategically located within the scientific community currently researching new therapies. He's exceedingly optimistic but cautions that none of this research is published or long-term tested on humans. Thus it's less robust than his Past section but gives ideas to enterprising anti-ageing fans.

The thrust of this section is that we'll soon have some synthetic compounds, probably daily pills, that specifically address ageing. Work is ongoing to ascertain how to refresh sirtain production (which falls over time), or to splice in repair genes, or lengthen telomere and so on. He foresees a world in which we all wear sophisticated smart watches that constantly test our sweat, blood, heart rate and so on, forwarding the data to advanced computing for real-time detection of infections, poor bio-markers etc. This doesn't seem at all far fetched to me. He explains how many age-related diseases such as cancer, Alzheimer's and heart disease can be detected years before they become symptomatic. Catching them early means treating them early.

There's also some Frankenstein stuff like genetically modifying pigs to grow organs for human transplants and 3D printers for organs ***[3]***. Fascinating.



I made a mistake in my NMN dosage

The last section, **Future**, can be completely ignored. Now he makes the same mistake 99% of scientists make when writing popular science books: he lectures us all on social and political concerns that he knows less about than the average Twitter blue check. There's some epic faggotry in this and its a real slog with literally nothing of value worth finding. Skip it.

Finally, in the conclusion, he gets around to the bit I wanted to read all along: what is his protocol? What shit are he and his family taking to keep themselves alive longer. I'll save you the bother and tell you right now:

1. One gram of NMN, one gram of resveratol, one gram of metformin every morning;
2. Daily dose of vitamin D, vitamin K2, and 83mg aspirin;
3. Low sugar, bread, pasta ***[4]***;
4. Skip one meal a day- basically a gay-ass intermittent fast;
5. Daily steps;
6. Gym on weekends, again a gay-ass regime of something that he should do more;
7. Blood tests every few months to check bio-markers;
8. Meat on gym days but not otherwise;
9. No smoking. Avoid microwaved plastic, UV exposure, X-rays, CT scans;
10. Stay in the shade during the day and cool in bed;
11. BMI in the healthy range which for him is 23 to 25

I'm glad I read this book because it gives a solid science-backed opinion on what causes ageing and what has been proven to work to stop it ***[5]***. Reading between the lines it gives clear advice on how to design your own anti-ageing protocol. Well done, David.

He'll probably live longer than me but he certainly won't be shagging as many hot bitches. If you don't want to live forever but you do wanna pick up the skirt, buy ***Daygame Overkill*** *here for just $199. That's less than $1 a year over your artificially-extended lifespan.*



Don't kid yourself. You want this more than another ten years

[1] Which is about as ironic as Keith Richards recommending me a book on asceticism.

[2] Sorry Tom.

[3] China has a better idea of just throwing the Muslims in concentration camps and using theirs.

[4] I'm on a high-carb bulk right now so I'm breaking this big time but my usual diet matches this advice. I'll be back on it in a couple of months.

[5] In yeast, mice, and worms.

Health Indicator Tracking

krauserpua · 11 February 2021 · Archived copy · Original

Reading that *Lifespan* book, there was a particular paragraph that inspired me. Sinclair predicted a near future in which we can wear bands or sensors that will monitor our heartrate, blood, and sweat in real time to feed the information into computer analysis that will then provide early detection of imbalances, illness, and life-threatening conditions. “That sounds like an easy way to keep on top of your health markers” I thought.

The next day I walked past an electronics shop that had **Fit Bands** in the window. Oh, right. These things already exist! I remember seeing Tom Xants wearing one a year ago and chastising him for the obvious faggotry when he could’ve had a chunky r-select watch instead. Well, 2021 is the **Year Of Krauser Faggotry** as evidenced by my use of Vitamin C facial serum and an almost total ban on alcohol **[1]**.

I investigated.

It quickly became clear there were essentially two types of fitness tracker bands: watch-like expensive ones by recognised high street brands, and cheap band-like ones by dodgy chinks. Naturally, I favoured the latter. At least until I get a better idea of what info I want. It seems they all do basically the same three things: pedometer, heart rate monitor, sleep tracker. It’s the last of these that interest me most now that I’m currently reading Matthew Walker’s *Why We Sleep*. He lists so many health ramifications of poor sleep that I felt I was developing Type 2 Diabetes and Insomnia just reading it.

So, 2021 is the year Krauser optimises his sleep.



I bought this slanty cunt

After comparing all the chinky slant-bands on the internet and by Serbian shop prices, I settled on the Xiaomi Smart Band 5 for a tidy £35 ***[2]*** and it had upgraded features from the Smart Band 4 (namely it can differentiate

sleep types) and it matches my phone, a Xiaomi Mi Somethingorother. I slapped the bastard on my wrist, synched to the Mi Fit app and watched the magic happen.

Here's my sleep data so far (open to get higher res image)



Fairly promising in terms of being in the better half of my peer group and getting just about the recommended 20% REM sleep and 15%+ NREM deep sleep. I also have the right profile, of getting most of my deep sleep early and the REM sleep later in the night. It seemed rather odd to me that a wrist band can track such things based on your wrist's pulse when scientists such as Walker use an ECG to measure brain waves to detect the distinctive signatures of REM, deep, and light sleep. Is this device accurate? Here's a dorky kraut who actually compared my band to the readings given by scientifically approved instruments:

His conclusion:

1. Pedometer is very accurate
2. Heart rate monitor is accurate for everything *except short bursts of frenetic activity*, such as weightlifting. This is because it only measures every minute rather than continuous, and thus can miss much of the short spike in heart rate ***[3]***
3. Sleep tracker undercounts REM and NREM Deep sleep. This is actually great news because it means my sleep is *even better* than the Smart Band registers.

The hun said he'll do another more detailed comparison based on a much longer sample size in a few weeks so I'm keen to see his results. If the band is consistent in it's sleep tracking error then I can easily adjust for it. If, however, the errors are erratic then it's of limited use.

As for heart rate, I'm doing just great. My resting heart rate is around 50bpm which puts me in the athlete level of fitness according to experts ***[4]***. The graph below shows a nice steady low beat when I'm sleeping and then nothing too excitable when doing hard training – though with the proviso that this Smart Band apparently fails to capture some of the higher spikes.





High value, scientifically measured

So, everything looking pretty good so far but I wish to optimize. I'm already looking into a few tweaks that I can talk about later

Nothing optimises daygame better than my ***Daygame Overkill*** *video instructional series available here. It contains ten in-field recordings of me pulling hot skirt and detailed analysis of what you see in them.*

[1] Not to mention shagging.
[2] £26 on Amazon but you might as well be buying a lottery ticket with Serbia's postal service.
[3] That spike is indeed short on a fit cunt like me.
[4] A chart I found by Googling.

NOTE: in case you're wondering about the stress levels, I'm doing just great, thanks for asking.



Cool chill alpha vibe, yesterdau

Skype Coaching Open

krauserpua · 14 February 2021 · Archived copy · Original

Covid has kind of screwed with the learning plans of ambitious daygamers. We all know how important it is to get onto the streets and do the sets. There's no better way to learn than by doing. It's why one-on-one coaching is so effective. But…. Covid. So many good places are locked down, and they wouldn't let you through immigration anyway. And it's winter so even in happy times the streets would be a bit grim.

What to do?

I've done a little coaching this winter over Skype video calls. It's opened my mind to some benefits that in-field residentials can't match ***[1]***, the main one being the time-lapse. Coaching a guy one hour every weekend breaks the learning points down into smaller chunks and allows a them a full week to sink in. Being off the street takes away the pressure to do sets and allows the brain to focus more on the theory and the nuts and bolts. It encourages more complex questions and longer answers to really get to the meat of things. I've also noticed Skype clients feel more comfortable seeking help on topics that aren't so intimately tied with street work. They tend to want more on texting, dating, sex, and building their value internal and external.

I'm surprised how well this winter's coaching went. So, I've decided to do more.



Let's have at them, lads!

I will take on four coaching hours each Sunday afternoon. Whether that's four lads at an hour each, or less clients with more time each, I don't really care. Things my coaching has so far included are:

1. Detailed analysis of audio in-fields;
2. Answering questions about sticking points;

3. Theoretical explanation of principles;
4. Identifying weaknesses and developing plan to address them;
5. Logisitics advice on euro jaunt destinations;
6. Mindset development.

It doesn't have to be limited to that stuff, though. Each call is one-on-one so the coaching addresses specific needs of the client. If that kind of thing interests you, let me know in the comments or by email at nick krauser 1 [at] gmail [dot] com.

I want to develop a consistent block of four hours each Sunday afternoon (GMT) with regular clients who are ambitious to make progress. I'm less interested in "just one hour" tire-kickers. So, for now, I'm offering a 4×4 package for £400 GBP. That's four hours coaching, working out at £100 per hour, ideally at one hour per week for a month.

Intermediate and advanced daygamers will get the best value out of this but I'll consider beginners too if I like the cut of your jib.

*You should still buy **Daygame Overkill** here as it's by far the best in-field video instructional series out there. It's got ten infield recordings of me showing how it's done with extremely detailed analysis so you can squeeze every drop of value out of the videos.*



More of this please

[1] Resis are way better overall but they do have a few limitations.