

HOW TO DOMINATE



GARY BRODSKY

*"The resistance of a woman is not always proof
of her virtue, but more often of her experience."*

Minon de Lenclos (1620–1705)

French society lady and wit

*"Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman
yet think him an angel."*

Emile Gaboriau (1835-1873)

French author

"Men make Gods, and women worship them."

James G. Frazer (1854–1941)

Scottish classicist, anthropologist

INTRODUCTION: THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

That's an old phrase up there, the battle of the sexes. Most people think of it as a joke. They're wrong. The sexes have been in a state of war for centuries, and in the last one, the men started losing.

Since recorded history began, men have been warring against the elements, the environment and each other to make the world a better place ... for women. Think about it. Men don't need electric blankets. Men don't need arm protectors for their couches. Hell, men don't even need toilet seats. Why? Because we're men, **damnit**.

But women, women need every comfort imaginable. In the bathroom, all a guy needs is his razor, some soap, a towel and some toothpaste. Women need three drawers, two shelves and a closet full of **crap**—**and** that's just to take a dump. In the

kitchen, all most guys need is a skillet, a sharp knife and some salt and pepper. Modern women can't cook unless they've got four hundred plug-in appliances, eighteen bins of utensils, two spice racks, two ovens, an extra sink and then someone else to do the cooking.

Over the centuries, men have taken all the struggle out of **life—for** women. Men still die early from the strain of supporting their families, of dealing with shit jobs and even bigger shit bosses, of fighting the government, their neighbors, their wives and every other thing around them day in and day out until the welcome black curtain of death comes to make it all better.

Our ancestors built huts for their women. Their sons built towns, then castles, then sprawling metropolises everywhere around the globe. Men have dotted the planet with shopping malls and beauty salons for women. We invented everything we could to please them. We brought light into the homes, then we gave them vacuum cleaners, dish washers, steam irons, automatic washers and dryers, juice makers, rug **shampoos**, drip coffee **makers—everything** we could think of to make their lives easier. And you know what?

It was all one big fucking mistake.

I'll tell you why.

Women are like cats. They don't appreciate anything. The more you give them, the more they want. And you know it's true. Despite what we've been told about women by the media, the endless articles celebrating the **wonderfulness** of anything without a penis, the never-ending braying of the

mindless squaws of the "new feminism," women, just like men, haven't changed one iota since we came down out of the trees.

Evolution takes hundreds of thousands of years. People have been covering themselves with skins and trying to work out systems of language for only about ten thousand years. We may have convinced ourselves we're **lightyears** beyond our cave dwelling ancestors, but we're not. We're still just Ogg and Oggella, and the Oggella have been winning the game for some time now.

The truth is we should have never stopped knocking them down and dragging them back to the cave of our choice. When we made them merely economically dependent, but allowed them to stop being grateful, well, that was the beginning of the end. After a while, when a Newton or an Edison would create some labor-saving device, women no longer asked for one to make their lives easier, they demanded them. Trying to be nice guys, our great-great grandfathers gave in.

Big mistake.

Women don't like to be catered to. Not deep down inside. A man who will cater to a woman is showing weakness. To the primitive inner mind of the female, if a guy isn't repaying a woman's idiotic demands with the back of his hand, he's a wimp. There's no helping this. Our instincts are in place and there's nothing we can do about it.

Why do women go for "bad boys?" Why, when there is a guy willing to slobber all over himself, shining her shoes, cooking her meals, running the vacuum, et cetera, do they

dump him for a jobless drub addict who beats them ... every, single time? Because they're all, deep down inside, searching for someone to dominate them.

You don't believe it? Then you're an idiot. Plain and simple. It is the natural way of things for men to be in charge, for men to dominate all situations between a man and a woman. When a man isn't dominating a woman, telling her what to do, giving her boundaries and guidelines, she will get herself into worse and worse trouble, lashing out with ridiculous behavior until some right-thinking male takes her in hand and lays down the law.

But, at this point I'm going to stop trying to convince you of this fact. First off, you bought this book to learn how to dominate women. This means you must at least believe that it's *possible* for a man to dominate a woman. All you have to do now is believe that it's not only possible, but that it's right and proper for such to be the case.

And, you must *believe* this or everything I have to tell you **won't** be worth a **damn**.

To make the techniques work that I'm going to teach you, you have to believe in them. To believe in them, you have to believe in yourself. You must understand, from this point on, you are the man. The man is in charge. Say it with me now, say it out loud:

"I am the man. The man is in charge."

Say it again.

"I am the man. The man is in charge."

Now, as loud as you can, scream the words at the top of

your lungs!

"I'm the MAN, *goddamnit!* And the MAN is ALWAYS in charge!"

Did you say the words out loud? Did you? If you didn't, you'd better get started. You've got to get it through your head that from here on in, you are the one in the driver's seat. You have got to believe in yourself, and in the hereditary power of the penis. Forget this bullshit you've heard about women being the givers of life. You're the Godhead, son.

Women can't make life. All they can do without a man is play with themselves. We make life. Men. Women are just our incubators. We penetrate them, fill them with ourselves, plant our seed, and then watch football until they do their jobs and finally produce the children we create.

Enough of this. Let's sum this all up and get moving. Women need to be dominated. They aren't happy if they're not being dominated. Try being understanding and reasonable and loving and they will torture you until you die or leave.

All women really want from a relationship is a bit of a dance, and then to be told what to do. Period. So, what we're going to do in this book is first teach you how to do their little dance of seduction, and then how to put yourself in the driver's seat so that you're giving all the orders for the rest of your **relationship**—**be** that a lifetime or a weekend.

Let's get started, shall we?

THE ART OF SEDUCTION: WELCOME TO THE DANCE

Well now, the art of seduction. Just what would that be? Do any of you know? Do you have a clue? Probably not, otherwise, you'd be out doing it, instead of buying books.

Now, this statement is not meant as an insult. No one is born with this knowledge. The urge to dominate women is natural, knowing how to do so is not. One has to learn it. I did. So do you. We all learn these lessons in two ways. We learn from the sage counsel of our elders and our pals, and we learn from our mistakes.

When I first started to date I got some great tips from my Dad and some doozies from a couple of my uncles. I also watched my pals when they went on the make; I watched their approach and studied both their victories and their defeats. I had my *own* victories and defeats (trust me, every guy has both, and I mean *every* guy) as well. But, bit by bit, date by

date, lesson by lesson, I put together a playbook of moves and plans that are simply guaranteed to get you between the sheets with as many women as you can handle.

But, let's *introduce* our subject matter for today's lecture. And class, to do that, let's start where one should start whenever they're trying to figure anything out, let's go to the dictionary.

The American Family Reference Dictionary (a superb volume for those in need of a good source book) defines the word "seduce" thus:

1. To lead astray, entice away from duty or rectitude; corrupt.
 2. To induce (a woman) to surrender her chastity.
 3. To lead, or draw away, as from principles, faith, or allegiance.
 4. To win over, entice.
- Syn. 1. Beguile, inveigle. See tempt.

In some ways the above sounds a little nasty, doesn't it? "Lead astray," that's not supposed to be a good thing. Neither is drawing someone away from their principles or their faith. And as for getting a woman to surrender her chastity, well, I wouldn't tell the head of your house of worship that was what you had planned for your date that night. They might have words they want to share with you. Long boring lists of them.

So, does that mean you should give up right now on this idea of getting the women in your life to know their place? What, are you some kind of idiot? What did you buy this book for? To dominate **women**—**correct**? Or, to be a bit more basic

about it, to get **laid**—right? To get laid and to get laid often. To get laid and to get laid often, not by those women willing to give you a fling, those skanky left-overs desperate enough to "surrender their chastity" to you, but by the women you want.

That one you see every day at work, that goddess who sits next to you in class, the gorgeous waitress you see every day at the place you've been having lunch the last two weeks. It's not that good a place, a pit, really, but this waitress, she's so hot, you just keep going back, just to look at her, just to see her again, hoping you can work up the nerve to ask her **out** ...

Fuck that. Do you read me, do you understand, do you catch my drift? Fuck that shit right now. You are done with thinking like that. That crap is *over!*

Yes, seduction is a nasty business. It's you getting what you want at any cost. And what you want is not to pony up your hard earned cash in some dive where the food makes you choke just so you can sit like some naive boob and only *look* at some babe. What the hell good does that do you? Buy a skin mag if looking is all you have in mind. What you want is to get some goddamned pussy. Her pussy. That pussy that's been driving you bug-fuck ever since you got within sniffing distance of it.

I'm not trying to be mean or cruel. Like I said before, we all have to learn our way to getting what we want. I had to, and you're going to have to learn, too.

Seduction and domination are games. More than games, they're sports, and fast-paced ones at that. In fact, if one need-

ed a sports metaphor for these games, it would be boxing.

First off, these are not team sports. They're one-on-one battles. And, these are battles. Trust me on this. We'll get into more on that later, but one has to remember that when a man makes his opening jab, there's going to be a punch coming right back that has to be blocked and counter-punched or at least ducked.

Second, like boxing, every opponent is going to be different. Some women are going to want to dance around the ring, some are going to go toe-to-toe with you.

Third, when you break for the bell (and those moments will be there), you're both going to have people in your corners throwing advice in your ears. Even if there's no one else around, all those words of wisdom you've been gathering from friends and relatives, well, don't think she hasn't been doing the same thing.

She's got girl friends who have told her what to watch out for. She had a mother who told her what snakes men are and what kinds of moves they make. She had a father who loved her and outlined for her every dirty trick he used when he was out there fishing.

Like a boxer, she's sparred and trained and practiced to put you in place. She's gathered advice from every corner, from anyone and everyone, just like you. So, how do you win this battle?

Easy.

You read this book and you do what I tell you, and trust me, and that will be enough to get you everything you want.

You're looking for advice on how to get laid—right? You looking to discover how to get the women you want, *all* the women you want, every piece of tail that catches your eye, and to not only be able to bed them, but then to make them do whatever you want, for as long as you want, after that?

Right?

Hell, don't sweat it. Nothing could be easier.

Just turn the page and let's get started. I've got a lot to tell you and you've got a lot to learn. And hey, don't forget to take notes.

You *are* in training now, you know.

DECISIONS: WHO'S MAKING THEM?

All right, what's the very first thing you have to do in this game? **Right—you've** got to pick out something female to seduce. Let's say you've done that. You know who you want. You've got the girl all lined up that you want and you're ready to start talking to her.

Great. Do it.

Start talking. The subject doesn't matter. No matter what you use to catch her attention, there is something of vital importance you must do to make certain you *keep* her attention. And that thing is, you must not let her make any decisions. Let me repeat that just to make certain you heard it in every part of your mind:

You must not let her make any decisions.

In fact, let me repeat it again:

You must not, under any circumstances, let her make any

decisions.

And now, let me refine that thought. You must not let her make any decisions for *you*. Yes, she can decide which hand she's going to hold her fork in, but she's not going to tell you how to eat. Period. Never. Not once.

I know I'm repeating myself, but let's make sure we've cleared up the greatest feminist fallacy once and for all. No matter what you've seen in the media or heard on "Oprah," women don't want to think about things. They do not want to be in charge; they do not *want* to make up their minds, and they certainly, above all else, do not want any man they can boss around.

Women want to be told what to do. They want someone to take them in hand and make their decisions for **them**—all of them. The more they protest that they don't, the more desperately they need someone to do exactly that. Don't believe anything different.

Now, how do you do this? You start from the beginning and you never let up. For instance, when you first ask your intended cutie out, you don't say:

"Would you like to go out tonight?"

And why not? After all, it's polite, isn't it? It's considerate. Isn't that good? No! Being polite, being considerate, being anything but in charge is fucking stupid, and you'd better learn that fast! Look at that sentence again. You just gave her the opportunity to say "no." You've made it easy for her. Too easy.

Instead, you say:

"Let's go out tonight," or "We should go out tonight," or, to give the illusion of trust that she might have a brain, you ask something like, "Where would you like to go tonight, dinner or a movie?" If she doesn't want dinner or a movie, you don't question her ("Hey, you have to eat, don't you"), you simply move on, give her another choice or two until you find something she'll go for.

Now, if she suggests a place that you hate, don't go along with it just to please her. Pleasing women is not how you get them into bed. Telling them what to do is the way you get women into bed. If they suggest something you don't want to do, you have the right to say "no." You're the man and men make decisions.

Not women.

Remember this pertinent fact, no woman in history was ever sexually interested in any man who let her tell him what to do. Oh, a guy might score the occasional "pity fuck" in such a relationship, but those generally come under keeping a man that a woman finds useful in line. Back in the 1800s, British economist Walter Bagehot said it best when he told the world;

"Men who do not make advances to women are apt to become victims to women who make advances to them."

Truer words were never spoken. Do you want to be in charge or do you want to be a slave? The one who is giving the orders gets to set the pace. Remember this, the one making the decisions is the one who gets to decide when the relationship is over. If you're the one who's been laying down the

rules and making clear what's going on between the two of you, when you say "it's over," it carries a lot more weight.

So, simply put, take charge from the beginning. You're the driver, you control the remote, you say when your dick gets sucked and for how long. Period.

Simple as that.

Because if you don't, she will. And guys, if you want to be an eternal passenger who never gets to see what he wants to see and does all the sucking, then you might as well give right up now.

THE PHONE: USING THE TIME TRICK

Okay, here's one that goes against all the instincts of the young dater. This is a trick that women have been using for years on men and believe me, not only does it work, but it is **devastatingly** effective. Fine. Glad to hear it, because what works for them will work for you.

Now, I'll warn you right up front, this one is hard to go along with, especially when the blood in your veins is drumming in your head and making you sweat and all you can think about is getting some, but you've got to have some will power. It takes a strong hand to hold the leash in a relationship, but if you're not the one holding it, you're going to be the one at the other end, so buck it up and listen.

Here's the scenario: you finally got that special girl's phone number. Good for you. You're on the way. Super. You've told your intended that you will call her that night, and

you've even given her a time. Let's say 9:00. The actual time or date or whatever that you said you would call **doesn't** matter. What matters is *not* calling when you said you would. Let me repeat **that**—no matter what time you *said* you would call, you must then call later than that time. No matter how much you want to hear her voice again, no matter how badly you need just a few of her golden throated words in your ear to remind you of what a goddess she is, grow the fuck up, take hold of your balls, and be a man.

If you said 9:00, then don't call until 9:30, or 9:45. In that half an hour, forty-five minutes, whatever, she will begin to become frenzied over whether or not you're actually going to call. She's gone out on a limb, you see. She has made herself vulnerable. If you don't call, she is diminished.

This is, of course, all in her own mind. But, then again, *everything* in the battle of the sexes is in our own minds. What you have to do is learn to interpret what the woman you want are actually thinking, and you will have the key to their chastity belts every single time. As the brilliant French novelist Alphonse **Karr** once said, "If men knew all that women think, they'd be twenty times more daring."

And this is *so* true. Men grow up with a mistaken fear of women as mysterious creatures who know everything. It's a simple mistake that comes from confusing their relationship with their mothers with everything else in the world that is born **dickless**. When we're two years old and we're trying to get away with something, what a surprise that our mothers caught us in the act. Since adults are generally supposed to be

smarter than babies, the baby is left with the impression that Mom is some kind of super genius. And, don't think for a moment that Moms since the beginning of time haven't done everything they can to make this illusion last for as many years as possible.

Of course, finally we realize that Mom is just a human being and that the reason she knew you were beating your brother's head in or that you were the one who took the peanut butter pudding (or whatever stupid thing you were up to) is because she could hear your punches coming through the wall, or saw the kid-sized pudding-smearred handprints all over the refrigerator door.

In other words, we all learn in time that Mom is just **human**. But, most of us **don't** realize that the aura of superiority that we granted to our mothers, *we granted to all women*. When we specifically take it away from Mom, we have no idea that subconsciously we are still extending it to every other female on the planet.

Anyway, let's get back to the time trick. You say you'll call at one time and you call later. During that extra time, you disrupt her feelings of superiority. Don't forget, for years this chick has been winning battles because of most guy's cultural respect for women which all comes from that fear of Mom's invincibility. Once the guy comes along who doesn't buy into it, suddenly their subconscious reliance on the deference other guys have been giving them works against them.

Suddenly, as we said earlier, little miss superior is in a frenzy. Why isn't he calling? He said 9:00? It's past 9:30.

What did I do wrong? Didn't I look good enough? Who does he think he is?

By not calling at the appointed moment you force her mind to make you larger than life. She is suddenly thinking about you, wondering why you're not doing what you're supposed to be doing, why you haven't fallen in line and obeyed her orders. We all know that women love a bad boy. What no one ever tells you is how little a showing of bad you have to make before you will catch a woman's interest. In psycho-babble terms it's called using the tenants of balanced rejection and acceptance to create a state of relief and willingness.

And, whatever you do, don't worry about her anger. You'll have your excuse all ready. You had to help your mother bring home her groceries and lost track of time. Your boss held you up working overtime, those damn trains, traffic was a bear, that meeting with the Internet company you're trying to get started ran long, **blahblahblahfuckingblah**. No matter what you tell her, it's all going to make you look better. In her mind, suddenly it's;

"Oh, he helps his mother, he works hard, even when he's got troubles he gets straight to me, he's a go-getter ... and I was thinking badly of him. I'm terrible."

This one trick alone probably won't score you a hot oil rub and an offer to put her in silk and chains and to ride her like Trigger into the sunset, but then, no fight is ever won with just one punch. This prizefight is going to go a few rounds at least, but every blow that lands is one more strike that softens up her defenses and gets her reaching for that bottle of baby

oil and the nearest warming pan.

Now, what if she says she'll call you at a certain time? What do you do? Easy. You say "sure." You make certain you're home at the right time just in case she calls on time. Whatever time she calls, you take the call, then tell her you can't talk and that you'll have to call her back in twenty minutes. Forty minutes later you call her back.

If she called you late, your excuse is ready made, you were ready at the right **time**—**where** was she? If she called at the right time, however, then you just go back to giving her one of the excuses you have ready for when you call back late anyway. Remember, if you've got it all planned out you're not going to be at a loss for words. Women are used to men answering things off the top of their heads. Men with planned responses confuse them terribly because usually they've never met such a creature.

Of course, you're not going to be able to plan for everything they could possibly ask you. However, you had better sound as if you always know what you're doing. Never let them slip you a curve. Women are like the most vicious of jungle **beasts**—**they'll** sniff and prod and keep their claws in while they're still off balance, but show the least weakness and they'll strike with panther speed, feast on your heart and then laugh about it over sparkling water with their best homo boy friend and whoever else constitutes their personal posse.

This means, you've always got to have an answer. On the phone or in person, you can never show weakness. No sloppy pauses betraying indecision ... in other words, no "eeehhhh,"

or "I, I, I ..." No "B-B-B-B-," "Duh, duh, er, I, well ..." or any other stuttering shit. This isn't your nasty third grade teacher come back to test your resolve. This is just a woman. This is your prey. You're the one on the prowl, remember?

Anyway, remember, keep that edge at all costs. To lose it is to invite attack. If she throws you a curve you can't handle, tell the truth. "I'll have to think about that one," or "Now there's a question no one would expect." Learn to buy yourself some time so you can stay in the game.

Also: Don't be a boob and never call when you say you will. The first time, **yes—absolutely—don't** call on time. But the second time, sure, go ahead. Mix it up. Keep her off-balance and constantly guessing as to exactly what you're all about.

The same applies to when she calls you. First time, knock her down a peg. The second time, sure, you're there and glad to hear from a wonderful gal like her. Never be the same guy two times in a row. Don't go **Jeckle** and Hyde on her, just maintain some mystery. Being predictable is another way of asking to be shown the way to the front **door—before** you've seen the bedroom.

Also: in the case of her calling you, there's nothing that says you can't just let the machine take her call, and then get back to her twenty minutes later. Anything that keeps them in the "doubt zone" is acceptable. This is what you're after. You want them thinking about you. Why doesn't he call? Didn't he call? You want them checking their answering machine as soon as they step into their apartment or get back to the office

or whatever. You want to be on their minds. You want them thinking that they have to do more to keep you interested instead of the other way around.

Because, well, sooner or later, they're going to realize they've certainly got at least one thing that will keep you interested. And then, well then, my lad, you're going places.

THE SEDUCTIVE APPROACH: WALKING THE WALK/TALKING THE TALK

Okay, so what is it that starts things out for all men with all women. Think about this one. I mean, you don't want to say "looks," do you, because after all, you know there are a lot of guys out there who aren't all that good looking. In fact, you know as well as I do that there are guys out there who are deadspot ugly. And yet, you've seen these bad-haircut, slant-headed, big-eared bananas walking around with the cutest girls in town.

How can this be, you ask. Then you think, "money," that's how they judge all of us. And once again, you'd be wrong. Sure, women are shallow; there's no denying that one. And the ones thinking marriage, you can bet they want to make certain there's a hefty bank account in their future. But still, cash is not the measuring stick females use to size up **males**, and again we know in our hearts that one's true

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