

Rian Stone

ARCHIVE

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Best Regards,

[/u/dream-hunter](#)

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Retirement, almost 30 days

October 23, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Panama Canal, midnight. 2008

Remembrance Day, or Canadian Veterans Day.

On 11/11/2015, I will officially be a civilian again. I had a revelation with my ol' lady this morning. I'm excited, and happy. While this sounds like a banal statement, it's not. I haven't been truly excited about anything since 2008, when I circumnavigated the world to go hunt pirates outside Somalia.

- I wasn't excited when I moved across the country to Montreal.

- I wasn't excited when we got any one of our three Italian Greyhounds
- I wasn't excited when I moved into a downtown penthouse with a terrace better than most night spots in town.
- I can't pick any other change, vacation, or accomplishment I've done over the past 7 years with any sort of anticipation, excitement, or genuine joy.





I have since had a realization of my countdown timer. I clearly had anger I held onto at the time, though I didn't know it yet.

The reasons are many, and I will probably get into them later, but it's enough for this to realize what makes me happy, and to go for it, in a prepared and purposeful way. This is what a RP mindset can do. I saw a problem, owned it, prepared to fix it, and put aside present day hedonism for future reward.

And every day I watch my countdown timer, and genuinely get happier. My Warrant Officer has me in her office, berating me for something that I wasn't even aware of. There's always that part of you that gets angry, frustrated. It was just tranquil, outcome independence. Fuck, I thought older women were supposed to be wiser. Turns out menopause gives a second wind.

The lesson here? Owning your shit, and moving forward gives a sense of satisfaction that just hasn't been matched by any type of activity. I'll write about it more specifically as it happens. When I see guys who hamster themselves into some sub-optimal action, I think to myself: *Imagine how happy they could be if they took a look in the mirror and decided to do something about it?* All you have to do is get past ego-protection and do something about it.

I make the effort to remember this, every time I see some angry rant on The Red Pill. It's the anger phase, but they don't need to be shit on for a low value rant, they need to be shown a better way, just like I was, and the people who showed me were before that.

Though it's not my problem, it's theirs to solve

Originally posted 1st September 2015

Ashley Madison: A chance to show this tiger still has claws

November 4, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I watched as Chad opened the first of the seven seals. Then I heard one of the four living creatures say in a voice like thunder, “Come and see!” I looked, and there before me was a white horse! Its rider held his phone and he was given a condom. He rode out as a conqueror bent on conquest. Revelation 6:1-2?

It was a wife’s dystopian wet-dream

Their own personal soap opera, or their own chance to finally stick it to Susan. Everyone knows Frank was cheating on her, she will be so embarrassed! Every man she knows, she can look and see if he's cheating, or wanted to. It's a wonderful, cynical, technical mix of crab bucket, TMZ: The home edition, and the non-fungible understanding of whether you made your man happy all these years, or not.

There's a lot of material out there, discussing why online dating is hypergamy, run amok. The four horsemen (Tinder, OKCupid, Seeking Arrangements, and Bumble) have summoned upon us the *Thotpocalypse*. This isn't about that, this is looking at that one

I won't bother going off about why online dating is hypergamy, it's been done to death. What I see here, is a chance for a man to take on his life with refreshing honesty.

I've had a discussion of it with my brothers on the Married Red Pill, the subreddit where men first started learning how to come back from marriage purgatory, and found out some guys are killing themselves over this.

Let that sink in for a minute.

Men are killing themselves, over the misguided notion that a man needs to make wife happy above all. Like a golden calf, a man's own happiness is something to be struck down, through sacrifice, appeasement, and eventually the ultimate sacrifice through an embarrassed sense of misplaced nobility. "At least the kids get the insurance money?"

Imagine if I told you that someone was beating the shit out of me on a daily basis, and that I treated them like gold. Then on the one day I actually managed to throw a punch back at him, the guilt made me decide the only way out was to shoot myself. You'd think I was crazy. Replace violence with a withholding of a man's basic need to be desired and loved and suddenly it sounds rather benign. This is what's meant with the adage "No one gives a shit about the plight of man"?

What's stopping a guy who *gets caught* from coming clean, **and owning his shit**?

It's not that she wanted to fuck you, or felt some sense of betrayal, it's about control, about knowing she has tamed the beast. Instead, a guy can show that he still has some claws.

"Look, Susan. You haven't fucked me in over a year, the fuck did you think I was going to do? You get to live in the suburbs rent-free, you got your kids, you got everything you want. This discussion is over."

"You're welcome."

Worst case scenario? Lose a frigid wife, access to your kids, some cash? I've developed plenty of strategies to fight that battle with the various divorce lawyers and freshly divorced men I've worked with. And the one good thing that my step-father taught on this subject was:

Operation Scorched Earth. He was willing to burn his entire fortune to the ground, rather than give it up. He was an asshole, but the tactic was sound. A lot of guys are worried about their money. You're a good quality man, you can make more. It's something every guy has to come to understand at some point. Loss is inevitable, but your ability to rebuild is eternal. The courts are stacked against you anyways right? Burn it all to the ground, give her half the ashes, in the end, you'll be in your 30s, 40s, or 50s, having sex with women who are willing and able. She'll be the post-wall single mom looking for a comfortable man to pay the bills.

You may still be funding her ass, but it's much less than she cost while married, and you get yours in a perverse win-win scenario; or

Or, she will take your unapologetic need to fuck women to heart, and start keeping her end of the relationship up, if for no other reason than to attempt to keep you under some sort of control. It's not ideal, but it's a start, it's something you can work with.

Either way, both outcomes look preferable to a mouse of a man, hiding his life of quiet desperation, and lubricating his dick with his own tears, begging the world for any girl who is willing to take his

money in order to fuck him while he pays someone his wife not to.
Self awareness is hard. Own your shit.

Originally posted 2nd September 2015

Don't consume media that isn't designed for you

November 4, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



The media landscape is ladies night, they are the impulsive spenders, not you.

Globally, women control \$20 trillion in annual consumer spending, and that figure could climb as high as \$28 trillion in the next five years. Their \$13 trillion in total yearly earnings could reach \$18

trillion in the same period. [\[source\]](#)

\$1.4 billion dollar prestige beauty market ranks Canada number one Globally [\[source\]](#)

Mastercard, in their 2015 report, says 96% of moms have direct responsibility for household financial management: 63% do it completely on their own.

I could spend a whole post on page 13 findings alone. I strongly suggest you read them. Food, restaurants, clothing and shoes. The takeaway is this: **You don't spend money, so you aren't the target audience.**

Those bumbling oafs on TV? It's smart business people, filling an ego void to make money. Those actors talking about feminism? Yeah, them to. It's called lip service, and the more you watch it, the more it's affecting you. It's influencing what you believe, and your narrative you use for the world. This is the important part. No one thinks they are able to be manipulated by advertising, but what it does is genius. It gives you many discrete stories that allow you to build your own deep story. And just like that Millennium Falcon Lego set you bought as a kid, you're generally going to get a Millennium Falcon shaped toy once you're done with it.

You'll consume these things and think they are bullshit. In your little mammalian hindbrain you forget where you sourced the information, only that it exists. Media is something that isn't for you, it hasn't been for a while now.

Mike Rowe telling you to get good at doing that plumbing. That commercial with the bumbling oaf. Wife sweeps in with product, saves the family from her local sperm donor. Solipsism at its finest. It's like the whole world is crumbling around you, you're confused, maybe even angry. Consider this, consider that It is not crumbling.

Media business has learned that you are not a useful consumer. 80% of household disposable income is spent by women. On a tangent, notice that women aren't earning 80% of household income: earns 70% of what a man makes, spends 80%, the numbers don't add up. Add the above mentions of the financial responsibility of the household. **Statistics**, but that's not the point.

You sell to either women or you sell to wealthy men who are willing to pay a premium for high quality products/services

They aren't always the ones earning the money, but they are the ones spending it. And the guys who are doing their own spending aren't watching Netflix, they aren't reading Shitty online magazines, and they sure as fuck aren't binge-watching commercial breaks

You're consuming stuff designed for women, don't be any more surprised than some idiot who watches Top 40 music videos and wonders why music has gone to shit. Mike Rowe has his blue collar *manly man* brand; it's not for you. It's for that wife who has the paunchy dad-bod at home and wishes she had a guy who was good with his hands and smelled like grease.

Society is not going to die in the next 10 years.

Sure, the west might be on the decline. But it won't be over next year, or even next decade. Hell, it may have a good century before you start having mad max car chases in the parking lot of a Walmart.

So what are you going to do about it?

Have you considered these things getting you mad over the downfall of society may just be influencing you? A little too much outrage porn? You're going into the ladies locker room, and then

bitching because the tampon disposal is disgusting.

Put down Facebook articles from some asshole you barely knew in college. Throw away your subscription to the O network. I'm sure it feels good to point out how hard you have it because women are pandered to on TV and on the net more than you, but it's not worth it. Save it for the *Men's Rights Activists* to bitch and moan their way to equality over.

Go to the gym, take your dogs out, go to Starbucks and talk to some girls. It's a better use of your time. Remember, Chad isn't getting angry because Chad doesn't consume his antitheses.

Originally posted 6th February 2016

The Archwinger Series: What do you do when a girl cries?

November 4, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





How do the rest of you guys deal with crying?

Besides just kicking the girl to the curb

A great starting point from an anecdote from a fellow Marriedredpill vet. I think he's gone forever now, so I want to keep his stuff around. First post of the Archwinger Series:

I wake up every morning at 5:AM to leave the apartment and drive to the gym, missing traffic and getting in a few sets before work. I'm tough to get along with if I don't get my workout in. Last night the weather was bad, and it's still raining this morning. She is next to me, asking me to please not leave because she's worried about me.

"It's so dark outside, she says "You're Going to drive into high water and die; there was a story about someone who did that on the news last night."

A normal guy would probably give into that, but my early morning waking up and working out has been her longstanding issue. She's been trying to get me to spend less time at the gym since the day we met and secretly hopes I'll give up working out entirely. Partially because she's kind of heavy and has esteem issues, partially because I probably make her feel guilty, partially because my waking up early makes her "too tired" to work, definitely too tired to work out herself. Partially because it's a power and control thing.

So I tell her that I'll be fine and proceed to pack my stuff to leave. That's when the tears start. Shaming and guilting me didn't work, so she moved on to the manipulation. I don't care about her any more, she says. I don't care about her feelings. I'm selfish and can't skip one workout, for her. I, of course, mention that I can think of one really great way she could keep me around for another hour, and that just makes her cry more because I'm "joking" about her feelings. I was serious, but okay.

So screw it, I get my stuff, tell her once more that there's nothing to worry about – I commute to and from work in bad weather all the time -- and head out, leaving her crying on the bed. Then, fuck all, it's cold and rainy out, and I can't get that nagging picture of her crying into the pillow out of my head, so I go back inside. Amateur mistake, letting crying work.

I could see it visibly. All of the attraction and all of the respect she had for me just draining out of her face as soon as she saw me back in the bedroom. It was too late. There was no fixing this.

She's not happy to see me. She's still crying. She's not grateful, of course, because her precious feelings are so terribly hurt and I'm still so terribly selfish and she never should have even had to ask me to stay. If I were a better man, she wouldn't have had to ask me!

The whole time I'm home, she keeps accusing me of being mad at her. I'm fine. I'm eating breakfast. I'm great. It's her that's mad, but she can't quite put her finger on why. She got exactly what she wanted, but she's so filled with subconscious contempt and disrespect, and doesn't understand what she's feeling or why, so she assumes that she's picking up on me being angry and accuses me of being pissy.

It's pretty clear where I screwed this one up, but maybe someone out there can learn from the above.

Retirement, almost 30 days; 2 years later

November 5, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Tip of the hat to the first post. The Suez seems a better pic than the Panama, since a mans MAP doesn't have locks, it's all under your own steam

Reflection: 2 years since taking the pill

Two years have passed between my first post and now. Here I am, reflecting on my journey if I want to be charitable, navel gazing if I don't. I am reflecting charitably on the lessons learned, on the lessons I *thought* I learned. Looking back, I can see lessons that I wasn't aware of. I may have learned them, but I didn't acknowledge it, not consciously. Years of trying things out, reading, learning, writing, acting, and eventually getting to where I am now. My first steps into my Male Action Plan (MAP) involved boundaries, more importantly, it involved not being taken advantage of, or for granted. The hidden lessons were on overcoming learned helplessness and the validation seeking behavior that came with my anger phase.

I learned the importance of having some fight left in you, not caring if others acknowledge it. Most importantly, how avoiding the hard actions kills the joy of accomplishment. I learned to take the lumps with a smile when I had no choice, and avoid the lumps when the opportunity presented itself. Embrace the suck, avoid the suck. Even in my little victories no one gave a shit, and I should continue with whatever the fuck I am already doing regardless. Finally, I learned that life only gives joy to authenticity, and that I had no idea what the fuck authenticity was, most of us do not.

Learned helplessness

If you fail enough, if you are kicked enough when down, you have a common coping mechanism. It is called learned helplessness. Continual failure causes you to distrust escape routes when they present themselves. To your ego defenses, they are a more costly failure, so why waste the effort. Instead, your ego encourages you to take the easier road, accept your fate, to take the less painful action. Since you will arrive at the same outcome, why bother?

The experiment that coined the phrase involved dogs, being given electric shocks while locked in cages. Scientists would keep the cages closed throughout the experiment, while randomly applying electric shocks. The dog would scramble about and try to escape until the shocks stopped. Eventually, the dogs stopped trying to escape. Eventually, the door was opened during the shocks. The dogs were so prepared for failure, so prepared that it was easier to lay there and accept their fate. They never tried to escape.

Nowadays, it's called MGTOW

This could have been the script, the script that I was writing for my life. My own personal one-man play. I was gaining weight, I was on SSRI's. Fourteen months of purgatory where I learned the Laws of Power. they were guidelines that I ignored as a child, when the adults around me constantly demonstrated their utility. The military as an organization is cold and uncaring. You get used to it, or 'embrace the suck.' Once you are thrown into military justice system, you experience the cage, and the shocks first hand. It was my command team using the system to remove me. How else could you explain throwing around the accusations of espionage in a unit that did not contain anything of worth? The part-time skipper gave the premise and *my team* rolled with it. Everyone was primed to assume the worst from the narrative they set, and there we were. Delays in due process, punishment without due process, the rules didn't seem to matter. On an organization that drilled procedure, rules and compliance above all it was a huge pill to swallow. Just knowing that it was all a lie, contingent on you being high enough in the chain of command to disregard it without consequence.

I beat this attack. I did what people did not do. I shed my learned helplessness. I still had some fight

left in me. The military has a system, which is as clever as it is consistent. It's called a summary trial. It is an informal version of a court-martial. Think of a plea bargain vs a court trial.

It is theater at it's finest.

This theatrical production happens the same way, every time. I've been the director of this play a dozen times in my own career up to this point.. Use dread to put fear into the other person, let it simmer a bit, then, you offer a lifeline:

"Here, a court martial can offer jail-time, it's very serious. Just take the summary trial. We get this out of the way, and it can be all over. worst we can do is a few weeks in confinement, that's not so bad."

And that's what everyone wants. When every one of those guys was on the stage with their production of **Fucked: the musical**. They wanted it to end, to remove the electric shocks. They all said the same line. They just wanted it to end. It was so consistent. After the 3rd one you realize you didn't even have to tell them their lines, it was almost scripted. Lay on the organizations disappointment with their ethical lapse like a father disappointed in his son. Nine times out of ten they would cry. This was by design. I was actually given formal training on how to act when a man cries in front of you, I'm paraphrasing it here:

"Don't console, don't tell them it will be OK, don't say anything. If they begin to tear, push the box of tissue towards them, do not offer. Pause until they can regain composure, and do not let them leave the room."

When a guy is given this exit, to make the pain go away, it is the equivalent of you laying there, waiting for the shocks to end. You are helpless, so you let it happen as the path of least resistance. In reality, they opened the door for you long ago and you just refused to step out. The reason that door is opened is the same reason that the summary trial is offered. Most sailors are not trained in the gathering of evidence. MP's cut corners when doing interviews and many in charge will screw up all kinds of due process, whether from ego or bad advice from below. Often, the punishment is given beforehand, because everyone just *knows* that the guys guilty, he definitely deserves whats coming to him, so why wait? I have a recording of my MP interview. I heard the point where they opened the door for me. It was when I heard the corporal ask me to tell them what I had done, and ask for assistance in what else they could charge me with it. And with a few simple words, my MAP had began:

I'm not going to do your fucking job for you

Typical emotions, I felt pretty bad ass to talk all tough to the man. I was pissed because, in all that time, fourteen months of purgatory, and they really had done nothing. It was probably sitting on someones desk, pushed to the top of the pile on account of the statute of limitations. I had pictured what so many other men picture. That moment in their head when their ungrateful spouse or boss was not even bothered to put in the effort while Zeroing you out. I get the world doesn't care about men, but you'd think it would invest some effort into not caring. I was asked to shock myself, what kind of learned helplessness was this? When I was offered the script I talked about, summary trial, let it end etc. I turned it down. The powers of punishment would be greater, but so is the onus of the organization to prove them. I took on the risk of unlimited punishments, because I know that I was in the right. A defining male characteristic is our risk taking behavior, and this was my risk. Not only am I not going to do your job for you, you're going to be forced to do it yourself.

After 14 months of punishment, poisoning my professional network, libelous correspondence, I won. You can shock me for over a year, and I would survive. As soon as the door opened, I would escape.

I want it to end, but on my terms. I still had fight in me, good. What came next was the shit that I was not ready to own. I refuse to be a studies replication.

Validation Seeking



On the developed side of the canal, there were always these pathways, if you looked, you could easily escape the desert

It is not a positive thing. It is not a negative thing. It is an attention thing. Acting because you want someone to acknowledge you or your grievance is validation seeking. In my case, I wanted to rub their noses into it. The letter from my commanding officer contained a last ditch effort to shit all over me. Accused me of being a bag of shit, functionally useless, stopping just short of calling me illiterate. The second paragraph had been one of the kindest things I have ever seen written about me in a military correspondence. They hated me, but desperately needed me. The place was falling apart without me. A mans only value is what others can glean off him and for the first time in a long time I

was valuable.

I framed that letter, placed it at the front of my desk. I displayed it proudly, I wanted them all to know. That'll learn them! *Fuck me*, I roll my eyes when I remember this. I had another guy told me this plan, I would have laughed and called him a faggot. And here I was, a giant faggot with a framed picture[1]. It wasn't just the letter either. I had the timer. A big digital timer, visible to all, counting down the 6 months until I was a civilian again. A big fuck-you, down to the second. I have it in the first post here, T-minus 45 minutes until I was a civilian again.

I put together a plan, I decided that I was done. Once you see the "meritocracy", the paper-tiger camaraderie, the faux-nobility of *Queen and Country*, you can't do it anymore. After all that, it was impossible for me to stay and still pretend I had any self-respect. I would be the jaded sailor, sitting around for 8 years, collect my non-indexed pension. Fuck that noise, I'd rather eat what I kill, ride or die bitch. The military paid for a second degree of which I completed four years in three. Three boring, anti-social, hard study years. I had gotten enough mentorship to transition into civilian life properly. I had saved enough money. Enough that I would not have to work for years, not unless I wanted to.

I then sat at my desk, staring at that countdown timer. Every time someone came into that room, I would watch them glance over, read that letter, and then look back to me. Officers would always avoid the topic, enlisted guys would act surprised. Old salty chiefs would shake my hand and congratulate me on the war trophy. How cathartic. We men love to embrace the moments the world shit on us, almost as if belonging to a club with the event as our entrance fee.

"Fuck you, I'm valuable and you're going to lose me! "

What a horrible script. I made this theatrical production in response to theirs. And it wasn't the play I wanted to perform, that is the worst part. It was wasted effort. What were they going to do, make a request to have me stay? They had nothing to offer me and I would have refused if they did. The egos attached were not going to try even if the place burned down after I left. No, **I wanted them to desire me and I wanted to reject the offer**. That would have felt good. I always say I ain't shit, and that's OK. I was not OK with it then. That moment I secretly fantasized about would never come, and I shouldn't have even invited the thought of it. I had enough anger over my life at that point, I didn't need to seethe off it. It got me back to the gym, it got me eating better, it got me motivated to game. I acted as if that was not enough. Revenge fantasies are one of the biggest beta-tells around.

The opposite of love isn't hate, it's apathy.

As long as I can remember, I never got excited. I was never excited for birthdays, vacations, or paychecks. It was as if I didn't care about anything. I wrote this piece two years ago. I remember being excited about leaving the military. I was fucking giddy. The last months were filled with anger and excitement, spite and joy. The one thing it did not have was apathy.

I missed the obvious as many do when they from the eye of the storm. This is the importance of the own your shit weekly posts in Married Red Pill, or ownership in general. You perform consistent action, reflection, and calibration. While you are acting and putting your pain out there, you can get the perspective of someone who both understands your mental outlook, and does not care to get in your way. I'd go so far to say they enjoy watching you solve it, especially if they can attach their notes onto the success story. Men, perfect strangers, focused on a similar goal ... This is the only group I know of that would help a man when he's down. Better than paid shrinks, better than family,

and way better than you're fucking wife, girlfriend, or fat-full-time babysitter.

One other lesson that I take, after some distance and time, is how good it is to have fight left in you. I learned that validating that fight with others is wasted effort. I read about men committing suicide after a divorce, a stock market crash, a false rape accusation. I realize they didn't have any more fight in them. I'm not comparing or minimizing what they went through as I see that they wanted to take the easier solution, just make the shocks stop. I will not judge a man for that. I can tell you, with absolute certainty, that I am not one of those men. The world may not give two shits if I live or die, if I succeed or fail

But I do. Someone has to.

Those spiteful symbols did not make me happy. They were my GTFO ice cream cake[2], a prop for their theatrical production, or my rebuttal production. Tastes delicious, and if chocolate cake was the only thing I ate I would be a fat fuck. I wrote on that old post about getting dragged into the boss office, heels together, berated over something my replacement had done. I didn't feel anything, it was surreal. I was an actor going through the motions, as if you were standing above it all while watching it play out. The play was wrapping up, this was the last show. I just sat there wondering, "she does know this is just a play, right?" Military theater would have me stand straight, eat shit with a smile, and profess how I would take action to rectify the situation. And on top of it all, I would thank the Warrant for the interaction like they were doing me a fucking favor by chewing me out. I don't recall saying anything, just a "K" and left it at that. Funny how pick-up always sneaks into interactions. That letter has more meaning than all the others. The director had already yelled to cut, the scene was over, and here this person was, still treating this as if it were live.

The difference was in being John Hamm, not being Don Draper[3]. This is what I learned. Never accept my fate if a door is open. Never expect others to validate it when I do, and to always remember, it's just theater, and I am another actor.

[1] There's an inside joke to go with this, I will leave it for another day. Some of the veteran MarredRedPill remember the story of the man with the gilded frame though.

[2] Frenchie was booted from fleet school. I remember as a last party, I had bought him a cake with GTFO inscribed on the top. We had a morbid sense of humor

[3] There is a post on authenticity coming, with a reference to the hit show Mad Men. The difference between incongruity of ones presentation (Draper, Whitman) and understanding it as a game (Hamm)

This post was originally posted on November 12th, 2017

The Archwinger Series: Respect is Earned

November 10, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





Respect is Earned

It's a story as old as time: A guy gets dumped by his girl because she found someone better. I guess I can elaborate with a little more detail.

A guy and his girl move into a new apartment. The girl starts hanging out with some of the people there, doesn't come home one night, and the next day dumps her boyfriend. She says that she *met someone else, is really attracted to him, and was with him last night*. The guy asks, if she fucked him and she responded with,

"No, but I'm going to."

What this meant was that she didn't want to be a cheater so she waited to break up and be single first. Honestly, that little factoid isn't important, the part where she spends all night with this other guy talking about:

- How they're going to fuck
- Making sure she has sure thing lined up before dumping her boyfriend

That was her cheating just as much as fucking the guy would have been. She may as well have fucked him as the boundaries were already crossed. Our "Red Pill" brothers predictably flood this thread with comments about how annoying women are or how can she be so callously disrespectful. I find it refreshing how direct and honest women are toward men that they don't respect. Once a woman doesn't no longer needs you she has no need to lie to you anymore. I'd give it decent odds that this girl was telling her guy the truth, she hadn't fucked the other man yet. She's breaking up with him, clearly doesn't respect him, and she gains very little by lying to him. It's not like she seriously expects this guy to remain her friend or admire her for not actually cheating. That's stuff she's telling

him for his benefit, in order to let him down easy. She doesn't benefit from that.

But anyway, Our “Red Pill” brothers predictably complain. “Women have no honor, they have no respect, Yada yada yadda.” There is something our fathers told us that applies here, or they should have. Something that society tells us daily, *Respect is earned*. Think about what we're asking of this girl, what you're asking of women in general. If we expect loyalty, we are asking a woman who meets another man who's better than you – be it better looking, higher status, more wealth, security, better social acumen, more interesting skills and hobbies and shit to talk about, whatever – that she pass on this better opportunity solely because *you came along first*. We are asking women to commit to a relationship with you as if she expects to be with you forever. She can never cheat, never dump you for a better offer; just stick around forever or until you dump her, whichever comes first. This is a race after all, and you came along first. Anyone who comes along later must be ignored.

That's not a fair thing to ask of women.

It is *not* her responsibility to stay with you on principle alone. It is your responsibility to be the kind of man who doesn't get dumped or cheated on, or at least being the kind of man who can move on with minimal fuss. It is your responsibility to earn that respect and admiration every minute of every day. If she passes on a better offer on principle alone, she'll spend the rest of your soon-to-be, very short lived relationship resenting you, finding fault in everything about you, or *realizing* how unhaaappy she is. Society's message, that *Respect is Earned* is a true one. Where society fails us is in the shitty advice we're given on how to earn respect. You would think that being a loyal boyfriend, having an established history with a woman, moving in together, doing shit for her, planning on a future together; that all of this would lead to her respecting you? Respecting you to the point that she can meet another guy she's attracted to and shrug it off? Sure the new guy is hot and fun, but she has history with you right? You've done so much for her over the years, right? Tough shit. That's not how you earn respect.

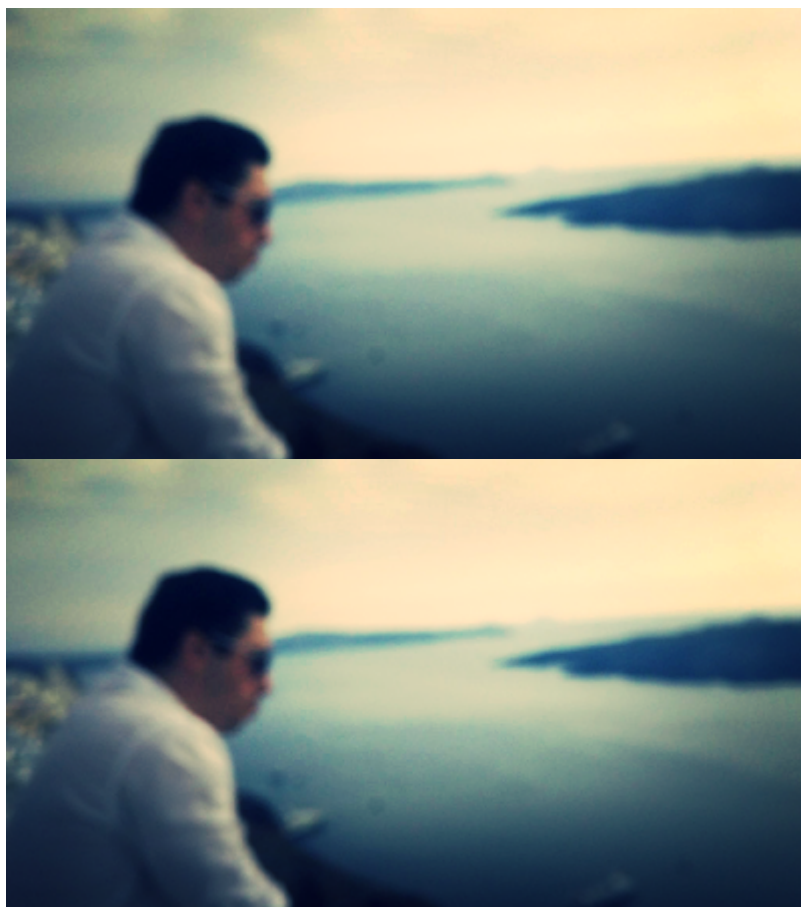
You do not earn respect by respecting others. You earn respect by respecting you, which is counter-intuitive. By being a selfish, lovable asshole who puts himself first and does what he wants, even at the expense of others, and the whole world bends at the knee to chase after you, it tries to win your validation. Everyone else is so fucking polite and respectful *by default* while you are instead busy respecting yourself. That rubs everyone funny, and not just women. That makes people try harder when they are around you. Your job is to be powerful, important, to be successful. You don't have to be a dick if you don't want to, but by being nice and doing shit for your girlfriend? That is the path to being replaced. Your job is to do shit for you that *as a side-effect* benefits your girlfriend. Your job is to be a man that raises others up, that encourages others to raise themselves along with you. That raises the value of everyone in the room just by being there. To be the man that every woman wants to fuck and every man wants to be. You don't avoid getting cheated on and dumped by being a nicer boyfriend. You avoid getting cheated on and dumped by becoming a man that nobody in her right mind would ever risk fucking things up with.

I for one don't want women to be loyal, principled, and honorable. That would just encourage me to get lazy or reward the stupid and the lucky. The right-place, right time guys who just happened to get there first?

I'd rather earn respect.

Power, Abundance, Ego

November 11, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



The cradle of civilization, 2016

No one should be praised for his goodness if he has not strength enough to be wicked. All other goodness is but too often an idleness or powerlessness of will.

François de La Rochefoucauld

This isn't about a guy who has come from a cold, dead bedroom. This is something advanced on the Mazlow's hierarchy. It is for the guy who has his life on lock. Once you get the hang of navigating the sexual marketplace, or society in general, you find that putting in effort, building value, being your masculine center are simple. Not easy, but simple. Once you get there, once you get to a place where your main motivation is no longer the removal of grievance, where the addition of value is required, what is next?

Power

It really doesn't matter how you define good and wickedness, just that you have a definition. I try not to make the mistake a lot of guys seem to, where they begin to look through the past, as some sort of historical rooting through the garbage. François de La Rochefoucauld [read: Franswah you damned Texans]. Which is the post on this post. All the things I used to do in order to be a nice, kind, decent human being didn't matter if they came from a place of impotence. Now I get the military formalizes that hierarchy, why it's needed, and why it's a good thing, though I can't help but notice a lot of my former shipmates take that same mentality to the rest of their lives, where that hierarchy doesn't exist.

If I am going to be another data point in this navel gazing subculture, I may as well constrict the timelines to my lifetime. At least then I can be certain to have the proper research done before I stare into the navel abyss.

I took a look at what I am, at what I did. The two concepts aren't so disconnected as men, We are what we do. Did I value my good deeds based on getting what I want, or by wanting what I got? It sounds simple, almost silly, but it is the only way I know to keep from resting on my laurels and getting complacent, so I should hope. I treat my girl well, I make good conversation, garner adequate attention, time, sexual satisfaction, and financial stability. Do I do these things because I have no choice? Or do I do these things because of the value for me is worth it?

The only way these things are more than ego-protection measures is if I have options, or as a mentality of abundance, as opposed to a mentality of scarcity. What value is there in fucking the old lady good, hard and regular, if it's because I value the only pussy I will ever get? What virtue am I signalling? That I can fuck the only person I am able, occasionally, when she lets me? It only gets value because I could fuck someone else, someone better, in the strictly SMV sense. If there were options that best her in every way, why would I be doing anything other than building my exit strategy?

If I'm not a selfish prick, riddled with options that I choose not to chase, what good am I? Is my moral compass one of the master, or the compass of the slave? And hot damn if this concept isn't a bang on description of me, pre-redpill. Two sets of rules. The master considers that which makes his life better a virtue, and that which removes it, is a vice. I remember my Petty Officer, second class on my first ship causing us to live under her as if we were plebs, while she gets glowing reviews on our stellar ability to run a communications control room. I remember my peer, feminist, former reservist (read: lacking competence) getting the green light to promote ahead of me. Lucky for her I helped by taking on the troublemaker watch and leading it to a tight run ship, pardon the obvious analogy.

"She shouldn't have to earn it again" was the justification given to me. "We gave you the shitty watch because we knew you could handle it." Do I take what I can, or suffer as I must? I don't see myself getting into that position again, and if it's thrust upon me by fate, by restarting the anger phase for *one more go* at unfucking myself.

Simple, actionable advice

What action would I expect someone to take after reading this? What Action would I take? Always build options, and consider your options when patting yourself on the back. It's cliché on the Married Redpill subreddit to pat yourself on the back with:

- "Since taking the pill, I've busted my ass and gotten an X% salary increase." *OK, are you going out and testing the waters every 6-12 months? then it's reveling in what you're given.*
- "I fuck the wife 3x a week now." *OK, are you receiving any sexual testing from women outside your bedroom? If this is the only one who would fuck you, is it really an accomplishment?*
- "I've lost 30 pounds so far this year and feel better than I ever have." *Losing a lot of weight is good, but now you're a less-fat fuck. Are you 'hawt' yet?*

Attaboys and identities can be dangerous

They are too easy to take as a trophy, and to walk home a champion. Once you win, there's no more

reason to play. It reminds me of the issue I had growing up. I was smart, gifted level smart, or so I was told. Special classes, IQ testing, back pats all around! This is a death sentence to a kids discipline. Parents, peers, community, all building children into some sort of *chosen one*, and it took years of being treated like a useless ordinary seaman in the navy to remove that mentality. I remember my first supervisor: "Look, I get you're very smart, went and did all that fancy school shit that I never did, but I'm your boss, so shut up and scrub the toilet." I should really thank him, and the few dozen other crusty-ass sailors for the much needed boots to the ass.

Psychologically, it becomes an identity. I began to defend the identity more than the skill.

"I'm a very, very smart man. Things come effortlessly to me. When something arrives that I cannot immediately master I have two choices. I can either buckle down and realize I am not the smartest man in the world and master it with humility and discipline, or I can protect the idea of being intelligent.

I didn't do this difficult thing because it didn't interest me, not because it was difficult. If I put in the effort I would have mastered it, I just couldn't be bothered to. Now I am still very, very smart, good for me!"

I was sub par for a long time on account of this ego-defense I had built up. If my ego fails in its attempt to bring me benefit, I would get anxiety. Defense mechanisms like I described above are engaged to help ward off unpleasant feelings, like anxiety. While I accomplished much, I left even more off the table, because I was unwilling to nut up and start treating what I did rather than who I was as my mental point of origin. Identities can be dangerous, they attach to our ego and we defend our ego, even over the well being of whatever is left within. I would say the superego would help me here, but society built the values of the superego, and it wasn't too helpful, it only added more fuel to the fire. I do appreciate the writings within The Red Pill, since it was a much healthier superego than the one I was given. He was the literary version of my old supervisor, not as educated, not into all the fancy book learning, but he was my boss, and I will go clean that toilet. He never makes me feel special, this is his value, or as I love to point out:

You ain't shit, and that's OK.

Originally posted May 09, 2016

The Archwinger Series: We are here for the unhappy

November 12, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





The Red Pill

We are here for the unhappy losers

Rian: This is something that comes up every time The Red Pill finds its way to society writ large. This is usually done by a group of guys who want to signal how great they are, or a group of women who want to project the image of their asshole ex husband onto a scapegoat. It was too well put for me to let it die within a subreddit on the chopping block.

Something we often brush aside at The Red Pill is actually one of the main reasons people are so quick to declare this entire body of information to be a pile of bullshit: Most men out there have some sexual success and end up married. Very few men die virgins or never find a wife if they really want one; even unattractive loser guys get the occasional lay, have the occasional girlfriend, and end up married eventually . They have a little sex, have a couple of kids, and then die. It's disingenuous of us to proclaim that only Red Pill men have sex, while all loser beta blue pill pansies are all celibate laughingstocks.

Loser men still have some sex. Naturals have a lot of sex.

Instead of focusing on the sex, it's important to focus on the real issue: Happiness. We don't prioritize ourselves, we don't improve ourselves, we don't educate ourselves on the modern rules for how male-female interactions work. We don't do all of this Red Pill bullshit just for sex. We do it because we want to be happier. Sexual success being one thing that makes a man happy. Red Pill men are generally much happier than losers. Your average dude doesn't have a lot of success with girls. He might have the occasional girlfriend, he might get lucky sexually; by the time he's in his 20's or 30's and is thinking about marriage, he will marry the first girl who agrees to date him. she is probably the first, second, or third girl he's ever fucked. He doesn't know any better. Girls who agree

to date him are a rare find. So hard to come by, he best not pass one up or he might actually be *alone forever*. This loser man has never really been happy so he has no metric by which to determine whether marriage to a particular girl will make him happy or not. The natural doesn't have to think about any of this, and just coasts on his natural talents.

This isn't the girl's fault, let's be honest. While it's getting worse, most women, average about 7 sexual partners before marriage, not the 10-20+, but that number's going up with each generation. Most women enter marriage with generally good intentions. The trope of a 29 year old slut whose age is starting to show, only settling down because nobody wants to fuck her any more happens, but most women aren't that extreme of a case. Women who marry are still kind of mildly doing that sort of thing e.g.

"I'm 26, and I want children, am sick of dating assholes, and need to get more serious." look at a man's job/income/stability, and push for marriage. It's not some massive attempt to game the system. They really want kids and a successful marriage *at this point in time*, and really don't understand why marrying someone who's good on paper but not sexually attractive to them is doomed to failure.

They don't get it.

When you are a woman, or someone for who opportunities for sex come easy regardless of how much or little you avail yourself of them, it's hard to think of sex as a big deal. Marrying someone who will take good care of you long-term seems *far* more important than marrying someone you actually want to fuck. Unfortunately for the girls, guys that they actually want to fuck who are also faithful and good long-term partners interested in marriage are hard to find. Guys who are swimming in a lake of eager pussy aren't generally interested in cutting the ride short and marrying an average girl.

But despite all the horrible stories we hear, many of these women don't divorce or cheat on their men. Some do, but many never will. They just stay in mostly-unhappy marriages and live a lifestyle they couldn't afford on their own, while having as little sex as possible with their husbands. Just enough to grease the wheels. They see it is a chore, and less experienced women actually think it's normal to not desire sex with their husbands. This leads women to see nothing wrong with benefiting from their husbands' labor while never fucking him. After all, if it's normal and everyone's doing it, it can't be wrong.

However, as much as we theorize about women and their romantic life-cycles, The Red Pill isn't really about women. *It's about men*. The problem with a loser man marrying a woman who isn't thrilled at the idea of fucking his brains out on a nightly basis isn't that the woman is benefiting unfairly from him. Sure, that's not fair, but what do we care if a woman's benefiting unfairly or not? I don't care about her. I care about her husband. This loser man is going to spend the rest of his life unhappy. But he'll never know it. He'll think that this is just how life is. He's never had multiple women competing to ride his cock. He's always been desperate for a date, always been denied sex, and genuinely believes that having any woman willing to marry him and have occasional sex with him is an amazing blessing. When you've never really been happy before, you don't realize how unhappy you are now.

The trope of a pussy-whipped husband begging for the slightest whiff of once-a-month sex from a wife who doesn't desire him is so entrenched in society that we see it in sitcoms. Most men end up unhappily married to women who would rather read a book or watch TV than fuck them. Most men work all day supporting households then come home and do 50 percent or more of the house work

because if you don't, you're a misogynist. Most men are always thinking of their wives and doing things for them *because you should never stop dating your wife and making her feel special!* But, for the 27th night in a row, she goes to sleep after her back rub, or maybe just pretends to sleep to get out of sex, and her loving husband goes to bed *disappointed again*, thinking this is normal. Deep down he knows he's not really happy, but he's completely oblivious to how soul-crushingly unhappy he truly is. How beaten down and eaten away his soul has become.

When your very purpose – *your very role* as a husband, as a boyfriend, as a man in general – is denied and cast aside as useless and unwanted, what are you? I submit to you that many of these poor loser men in unhappy marriages and relationships, even though they've had a little sex, are in fact virgins. These men are going to die, never knowing what it's like to have sex with a woman that actually wants them – that is burning with desire to fuck them. No agenda, nothing to gain, just sex with him, because she wants it, because she just respects and admires him so damn much that she can't keep her hands off of him.

Stop reading for a second and take a moment to really think about this point: **These men will live their entire lives, working their asses off, then die, never knowing what it's like to have sex with somebody who actually wants them.**

They went right from that awkward first time in high school to a few more times with a girlfriend trying to rope them into engagement, to married having once-a-month shitty duty sex with their nagging wife. They've never had real sex. They've never had a woman desperately want them. They've never been respected, admired, loved.

That's the real crime in the modern dating-marriage scene. I don't care if women benefit from a man's labor. I don't care if women piss all over unattractive men. I don't care if manginas support women in these efforts. But there are unhappy men out there who are going to die, never knowing the sublime joy of actually being wanted, as a man. They've worked so hard for it, tried so hard for it, and yes, done a whole lot of shit wrong in the process, and they've never been happy. They don't know what they're missing. If you ask one, he'll tell you he's happy. He has a loving wife with a couple of kids, a decent job, and a house he can barely afford. But it makes his wife happy. she nags the fuck out of him and keeps the marriage going with a trickle of duty sex once every 4-8 weeks, and he thinks that's normal. He thinks that's happiness. Deep down inside, he knows he's not really happy, but he doesn't know what to do. And he's going to die before he's ever really happy.

The Red Pill is here so that guy can find it.

Why is The Red Pill so Hated?

November 13, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





Why is The Red Pill so hated?

Or, write drunk, edit sober

When you decide to look at sexual strategy as an objective thing, when you decide that the current hardship was mostly due to your societal misunderstandings, when you finally *take the pill*, (since no one can talk about growth or experience for the sake of it, we need to default to drug taking metaphors) you start to see it.

A strong, visceral hate-on for you and everything you learn. No one has a tepid opinion on the subject. It is either the coldest shower of reality, or the scalding hot sear of misogyny and the fall of the west. We have the greatest world-wide opinion opener.

- *The time constraint.* Guys enjoying the decline
- *The plausible reason.* A bad breakup or disrespectful wife lead a guy here from pure desperation; and
- *The question they are invested in.* What are the untouched taboo subjects on inter-gender dynamics that we'd rather not talk about?

This is a long answer for why people, from the Men's Rights Activist to the die hard Feminist have a visceral rage. No name calling here, no assumptions that others *just do not get it*, only an assumption of rationality. I wonder where that approach came from?

Praxeology is the study of those aspects of human action that can be grasped a priori; in other words, it is concerned with the conceptual analysis and logical implications of

| *preference, choice, means-end schemes, and so forth.*

I argue, though I admit I am not the first one to do so, that the hate on for The Red Pill is because we have been conditioned to avoid taboo topics: Sex, female desire, social status, love, and gendered differences. This is not a controversial opinion to have either. We have had taboo topics throughout our history that seem downright silly by modern sensibilities. The renaissance had a taboo against being critical of the church; any argument ever made needed to be for the sole purpose of immediate refuting it. The Baroque period saw Caravaggio absolutely vilified, why? He painted Jesus with dirty feet. Graham-Dixon wrote about it in his biography of Caravaggio:

Dirty Feet





The Crucifixion of St. Peter, Caravaggio, Public Domain

When Caravaggio painted the saints and martyrs with bare feet, he was firmly allying himself with pauperist wing of the Catholic Church. Not only was he explicitly welcoming the poor into his pictures, making them feel part of the same impoverished family as that of Christ and his followers, he was also implicitly calling on the rich to follow the example of those such as St Francis ... The message would not always be well received. [To quote his reference to Niccolo Lorini del Monte, the priest most well known for his role in the condemnation of Gallaleo] “In sum, feet may be taken by the holy Church as symbolizing

the poor and the humble.”

The upper-class hated the idea of *their church* being shown alongside the unwashed masses, it was a direct assault to their status. Again, to quote:

The newly triumphalist Church... It did not welcome the poor and the meek or make them feel that they, ultimately, were the inheritors of the earth. It was there to awe, daunt, and stupefy them, to impress them with visions of a force so powerful it could not be resisted — and must, therefore, be obeyed.

I'm not self-important enough to think of zealously equating the average blogger, Twitter personality, or YouTube talking-head with the criminal greatness of Caravaggio[1], this is to establish a precedence of taboo topics, status, and the vitriol it can cause. It reads shamelessly low-class to say “I cannot get laid and I need help. I had a bad upbringing, my dad left or was impotent, my mom sabotaged my concept of women, my wife has destroyed my sense of self. I have a lot of pain in my life, what the fuck do I do? How do I get women in my life, I have needs!”

Imagine being the best friend of this man. Take off your shoes, and paint him his own personal Crucifixion. “Well friend, you need to get more attractive to women. Women are attracted to confident, in shape, charismatic men who have their shit together. Since you are such a co-dependent fuck up and have trouble putting all the pieces together and actually become this guy, or no father was around to teach you, I will break it all down for you.”

You would have a revulsion, deep down because it is socially upsetting, or *cringe*, and ... just, wrong. It communicates low status and is, for better or for worse, disgusting to many people. We cannot complain about it, this is human nature and the whole idea with The Red Pill is to see the underlying rules of social interaction, just like this one. It is an eyesore, gross and unattractive. I get it, most guys do, we have those same reaction to some of the first day posters who come down to the old house on Paper Street, put their bare feet up on the porch and learn. We examine failures as much as we examine success, so it will show the kind of pain that men do not want to know exists, let alone experience. Spend some time around any Red Pill space and that anger you see is men in pain.

One has to have their head up their ass to not understand that the pain stems from sexual failures, personal failures, social failures, financial failures, and more sexual failures. Pain comes from not fucking, poverty, social shame, social status, financial hardship, a perception of powerlessness. Pain comes from the feedback loop of bad diet, fitness, and mental health. Pain comes from jail, the failure of public education, modern legal systems and the lack of positive male social institutions.

We do not actually have power to reverse the trend in our society, I say it often, the gender war is over, feminism has won, end of story. We are never going to reverse the feminist and anti-male machine, even if society wanted to.

The Prison-industrial complex will continue to be a taxpayer funded meat factory for poor men and will not change in our lifetimes. Colleges are going to get more feminist. Public education is going to get worse before it gets better. It isn't just men, as a society we must experience trauma before we change. The idea of "Fuck it, the world is a shit hole, here is how to make life fun, meaningful, and build something you can be proud of in the time you have" resonates with men. It is a form of nihilism that comes in the first Red Pill realization for a man.

A realization that he eventually will grow out of.

Nihilism and growth

The attitude that everything sucks shit is exactly what the approval seeking male needs to slap himself out of this false mental model. Critique of some concepts e.g. *“most women are attention seeking thots, insofar as they can capitalize on it, until they reach their epiphany phase, turn their nose and grab the comfortable second choice male!”* is a justified criticism of The Red Pill.

I fully admit that is a bad world view and at the same time see why people hold it. A broke person will see socialism as good, and rich people as evil. Teach that man how to produce good work that earns him pay and he will see rich people as his peers who have *made it*. He will see money as a fairly sensible invention that spurs innovation and hard work. This is ultimately what a man within The Red Pill can do. Teach a guy how to succeed and he loses his opinion that everything sucks. Teach a man how to get a laid, or get a girlfriend and he stops espousing petty nihilism on the internet. Teach a man how to get his wife *acting right* and he stops living his angry life of quiet desperation.

Many of the other aspects of the Manosphere, including Men's Rights, or the Men Going Their Own Way in particular will make men pessimistic and nihilistic.

- Today a mom murdered her toddler and receives no punishment!
- Schools now are denying boys entrance into a CS scholarship!
- Stats about how shitty everything is for men!
- Look at how horrible these feminists are!

The Red Pill, and the work of the men within it helps guys who are in this nihilistic state get it out of their system. We haven't surrendered, we've simply learned how to play the game with the new rules.

Like I wrote before, it is an eyesore. It looks cringe and reeks of low status. It is gross to see some teenage kid talk about how "society is so ..." Just hearing the word society come out of someone's mouth is almost always followed by a horribly analysis, like saying "wake up sheeple!" during 2006. Look, that is how the guy fucking feels about society, he should be able to share his perspective and reasons for his perspective, he should be able to listen to others do the same. That is how new seeds of thought will be planted. If this sounds familiar to the current issues surrounding free speech, they should, it's the same thing, compartmentalized for men.

He will grow because we all provided him with knowledge. Knowledge that is, at worst, **beneficially wrong** and at best is **life changing**. For example, if I could tell someone the moon is made of cheese, and he cleans up his diet and hits the gym 3 days a week, then as far as I'm concerned, the moon is made of cheddar, and I will sound it off with the largest megaphone I can find. The guy will not have to know of the seven hundred different reasons why he should.

But who can see that end of it? Not many, and I argue that it is only the kind of guys who *just get it* after coming out the other side of the process who can. All the casual lurking person sees are the shameful bits, the admissions of failure, the breakdown of useless mental models that were taught at a young age by well-meaning family and friends.

If you are a normal person in a home and school that nurtured you into a confident dude, of course you would think it is nothing but a bunch of introverted, neck-beard misogynists, echoing each other about how shitty everything is. they do not see, for example, the lowered cholesterol levels and

healthy blood pressure of one of the senior endorsed contributors dads when he was introduced to the books he found there on health.

Like with Pick-Up and Mystery Method stuff, they can only see the aviator goggles and feather top-hats from that reality show. They do not see me coming out of a far-too-long period of celibacy and enjoying the dating life along with my budding military career. They only see the dumb shit people do, to one day get to that point. They see the lows. Ask any married dude on The Married Red Pill: how much happier has their wife been since they found this **and gotten to work** [emphasis mine].

No one will ever see that. They will see me, or someone like me, telling that guy that they need to quit being a pussy. that they need to lift weights often, not supplicate, lose their co-dependency, develop healthy boundaries, fuck your wife (or her replacement) better, and let her be emotional without reacting all the damned time.

They see the misogyny, but they don't see a dude working through his misogyny to develop an actual love of women *as they really are, as opposed to how he wanted them to be*. You must objectively understand what is meant when women say they love you. Objectively understand that a man with illusions about something can never love that thing.

If you do not truly understand how women are different than men, you do not love them.

You cannot be too proud, everything is on the table in order to achieve an objective understanding of ones self and the lavender scented meat-bags you may one day want to raise a family with. This is the fundamental idea of The Red Pill that is so revolting:

That no price is too high to pay for reality. It is much easier to be risk averse, and cling to false mental models. Having shame, looking like a retard, being misogynistic by societal standards are a small price to pay in the pursuit of objective, uncensored ideas.

Most people cannot, or will not pay that price; if something will deliver success, but make them look like a degenerate moron, they will not do it, period. Being willing to look like idiots in the pursuit of success flies in the face of that risk averse mental model; and rather than confront ones own risk averse impotence, they sit back upon whatever perceived accomplishments they do have and rage about how pathetic it is that some people have to do kill their ego and do a little more to get to their level, or the level they think they are at. We all cling to our illusions as if they were facts.

Ultimately, that's all the hate is. Successful people who hate on The Red Pill are likely dudes who lucked into a great environment to grow and thrive in. They naturally think other dudes who are not effortlessly successful must be *serious jackass losers*.

Unsuccessful people who publicly hate The Red Pill, which is most of them, as I have met very few successful people who engage in online hate, are dudes who came from a similar, sub optimal environment or peer group, and build their own narcissistic fantasies to escape to. They have a subconscious resentment to guys who unabashedly attempt to fix their problems instead of escapism.

The barefoot, Red Pilled people who share their problems, as most male problems are pretty similar, often display massive anger sometimes projected outward, but eventually directed inward think: "Holy shit, we're all a bunch of losers! Fuck this, I want out, I will literally do anything to not be like how I am now."

In conclusion, you have those laughing from high on the month at the paintings of dirty feet, you

have the unwashed masses angry at the mirror being presented, and the painters showing Jesus with dirty feet, so that they will never go without footwear again.

[1] He straight up murdered a pimp named Tomassoni in 1606. Because of the irony of the name and this material, I could not resist leaving it out.

Red Pill works even if you're 52

November 16, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Married Red Pill Works at 52

A natural alpha confronts becoming beta after a 30 year marriage. Initiates changes after reading Married Red Pill on Reddit; solving issues that have dogged the relationship those 30 years.

□Kudos to /u/Olderpiller, my all time favorite field report in the Manosphere. This is taken from him, almost verbatim. It is something I notice with many success porn stories, both the fake ones and the pseudo successes.

You can always tell a real story from a take one from the male perspective. Does it read like a perfect guy who knocks a girl down a peg? Is it a girl getting her comeuppance? It is a revenge fantasy.

On the other hand, do things happen, were mistakes made without self reflection? These are kicking the can down the road. Yes, it is great when you see a guy ditch a shitty wife and replace her with a younger model. The problem comes six months later when the exact same issues come up. Note the use of language in his summary post.

Olderpillers hit all the right notes, not to mention watching this progress over the year it took him to complete it. □

The Context

I am an engineer and entrepreneur who has owned a number of moderately successful businesses. I met my wife in College. We've been together for 35 years, married for 29. We have four kids together and my wife is a very smart professional who has worked with me in my businesses. I am used to leadership, being the CEO and owner. I am normally fairly aggressive and perceived as an alpha by my peers. When my wife confronted a significant health issue about a dozen years ago, I flipped to absolute supportive beta in our relationship because I thought I had to put my needs on the back burner to support her.

Once the health issue passed she became increasingly focused on work just as our business was doing better. We both worked 90 plus hours a week in the early days, then spent the rest of the time was on raising four kids. In effect the business was our mistresses, it took significant focus away from our relationship.

Our sex life was always OK, averaging two times per week. I was lucky in that she was always in great physical shape (*A hint to the younger red pillers out there take a look at the mother of your prospective LTR; if she is not in good shape in her thirties or forties the odds are against your future wife being able to keep her figure*). I had slacked off with exercise and had gained about 30 pounds, even though we always ate relatively healthy, as I love to cook and we both hate fast food.

The problem I was confronting was how my life was going to look like with the last kid leaving for college. The business was in decent shape, I reduced my workload to about 50 hours per week and had great flexibility to go out and vacation more. Our financial position was very good and I was looking forward to enjoying my earned free time. My wife was still addicted to work and despite numerous arguments over the years, she never figured out how to reduce the workload. She would work in our home office late into the night; checking and double-checking the work of our employees. This was not a traditional affair but **it still stood in the way of my happiness**. [emphasis mine]

I discovered red pill and the Married Man Sex Life Primer. I read through it voraciously in April of this year, and realized that the first thing I had to do was fix myself. I started lifting again, working out every day in our home gym. I stopped acting beta towards my wife; if she asked for a glass of water I would no longer *be a gentleman* and rush to get her one but pretty much ignore the request. There were some shit tests earlier on along the lines of "Why are you working out so much?" It quickly escalated to "Is there someone else?" I could not apply direct dread as we worked together and I did not want to shit where I eat by hiring a 25 year old *executive assistant*. So in addition to just swatting the shit tests away I casually mentioned that a few of my friends were so happy after their divorce and had cute younger girlfriends.

The sex life increased dramatically and quickly we were up to 10 or more sessions per week, I was seeing the payoff of the testosterone shots I was taking. As a result of MMSLP the sex changed. I was much more demanding feeling comfortable telling my wife that I wanted to start the morning with a good blowjob. Unfortunately my wife would still get up after sex and go back and work in the office

until as late as 1 or 2 in the morning.

The Event

I continued to improve, gaining confidence and losing weight. My weight was down to 210, my wife would join me on morning walks, she would state that *she needed to get fitter to keep up with me*. [emphasis mine] However, even after two months of reading and applying MMSLP the underlying dynamic of my wife's attachment to work did not change. I was fed up and did not want to waste the rest of my life sitting around the house while she worked. I explored restarting my hobby of flying but fundamentally, I wanted a partner that would be there to enjoy the fruits of our hard work, together. On a weekend walk in June I dropped the bomb on my wife. I told her that I was opening a separate bank account and moving a significant amount of money there. I told her that I wanted to separate and move out, that divorce was fine and I had no problem with her continuing to work as many hours as she wanted to make my half of the business worth more while I take vacations and enjoy my life with someone else.

For the first time in her life she began to see her work as the addiction it was and she spent the rest of the day crying and apologizing for the last decade. I proceeded to open the bank account on Monday morning. She met with her department that day and told them that she was going to distribute her workload among them. I really believe that my increase in self-confidence and true attitude of *outcome independence* on whatever choice she wanted to make was the key to achieving something that a decades worth of arguments, covert contracts and bitching did not.

The Result

What prompted me to write this post was not just gratitude for the impact that the Married Red Pill had on my life, but my wife's comments in the shower this morning. She said she had one of the best weekends ever with a college football game Friday night, comedy show on Saturday followed by drinks and tapas. Followed up with an eight mile hike on Sunday then watching some football with together. The weekend ended with us sitting in the yard and watching the sunset Sunday, having a drink followed by the 3rd time we had sex that day. She is walking around the house in either Lululemon stretch pants or something lacy, is not allowed to wear panties to dinner, and enjoys when I give her great ass a good spank.

I know that I need to keep up my game, so I am ramping up the outside interests taking up SCUBA to enjoy on our week in the South Pacific at the end of October.

Lessons learned

Tell me that you don't read this and get a smile on your face.

Originally posted Oct 03, 2016

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Bring it!

I don't give this out to anyone, it's our little secret

Thank you! I guarantee you'll enjoy each email

Sex and Violence: The two non-fungible measures of a man

November 19, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



The Lost boys

□ We're the middle children of history, man. No purpose or place. We have no Great War. No Great Depression. Our Great War's a spiritual war... our Great Depression is our lives. We've all been raised on television to believe that one day we'd all be millionaires, and movie gods, and rock stars. But we won't. And we're slowly learning that fact. And we're very, very pissed off. □

— Chuck Palahniuk

Boys are lost, searching for their vision, their manhood, searching for their place in the world. They search for purpose. I know this because boys have asked me for it. It's not hard to find, but it's hard

not to fear. Many boys make up a place because it's guaranteed they can get there, that it's safe, and it is what their ego wants of them. I use the word boy and the word guy with a purpose. They are placeholders for a males delayed adolescence.

A boys adolescence is his innocence, a guys adolescence is his impotence.

A man walks over to his place in the world and plops himself down in its center. He then dares the world to remove him. A guy waits for an invitation, a map, and an escort. Instinctively, he knows where he's supposed to go, but since no one has offered it to him, it's not valuable to a guy. After all, why would you want to go there, if no one else will tell you how great it is? This place is the pursuit of sex and violence. It's the place where men just fit, it's our Valhalla. No invitation is required.

I was invited to speak last year. The topic was about men relationships, and unfucking themselves. I was not there to offer an invitation to that place. I was not there to give a vision, a rite of passage, or any mancertainment. I explicitly said this, and could not have been less persuasive if I were talking to the wall. The only questions people asked involved their vision, their rite, their certification exam. What checklist exists that could prove I am a man? I gave very dismissive, very flippant responses:

"Go knife a deer and eat it's still-beating heart."

I was speaking earlier on the concept of DEER (defend, explain, excuse rationalize), so it received a muffled response. Not funny enough for laughter, but clever enough for a chuckle. Guys still bring it up, and I've since given it enough thought to put my words onto paper. We used to be handed an invitation for that place. The invitations were signed Queen and country, noblesse oblige, the strong family patriarch, the American dream, your man card, or the salt of the earth. Insert any of the phrases you see from advertisements for beard oils, assault rifles, and half-ton trucks. They drop it on you, like the load of gravel into the back end of the all new 3500.

Our strong arm isn't needed anymore. We have robots to do the heavy lifting, we have computers to do all the intellectual labour. We have instant dinners delivered daily to your door, dishwashers to free up a woman's time to pursue her own fortunes in business. We used to be Atlas, holding his world on his shoulders, broadening them to handle the load. those days are over. We aren't needed anymore. So what's left? Where is our place?

Sex and violence are the only two non-fungible measures of a man. They aren't as tough as they used to be, so you have no excuses not to meet them. They are the place you should be, or at least not avoid.

They don't build them like they used to

I

They don't build us like they used to.

It wasn't easier, but it was simpler back then. I celebrated my best friends military retirement by taking him to Amsterdam. We took the time out of our hedonism to view the allied cemetery in Oosterbeek. It was a park, full of people walking their dogs, wheeling infants in strollers. Was it more, or less reverent than at home where we never set foot in them? I didn't count the graves, but according to the plaque, hundreds of men had died liberating it. I notice, of all the gravestones, only one had was for a man older than 25. The few survivors were similarly aged. Those survivors, they could look in the mirror and know they capable of asserting their will onto other men with finality.

What conflicts would arise on their return that they could not handle with amusement? I'm not saying that life was a cake-walk, I'm saying that it could never compare to the very real threat of violence they already conquered. I'm not guessing, I've spoken to men like this.

During Remembrance Day (Veterans Day to anyone stateside) I had the pleasure of meeting a Korean War veteran. There used to be some friction in the Legion's, where WWII veterans didn't consider Korean War vets to be worth of joining, keep this in mind. I paraded that morning in full ceremonial dress, as per tradition. As per tradition, you head to the nearest Legion and spend some time with other veterans. If you're lucky enough to find a legion still run by veterans. There I was, double breasted suit and a chest with a modest amount of medals for my rank. A visual acknowledgement of time at sea, missions deployed, time served ... **so noble amirite?** I'll never forget that conversation with that gentlemen, whose name I couldn't remember today. He asked about my deployment with a mixture of curiosity, and vicarious living.

| "Look at him, the tadpoles doing what I used to."

He asked about the stresses, the good and bad times. I asked him the same.

"They threw me out of a plane with a bunch of explosives, and told me to blow up anything I found that was made out of steel." ... **so noble, amirite?**

It stuck with me all these years. I was a good sailor who asked fucking Popeye to take a look at my career. He never had to ask himself if he was a man since the queen awarded him the title out of necessity. If I am being honest I never asked either. I avoided asking out of a fear of the answer. A few metal trinkets and some cloth weren't going to confirm it for me, they were symbols with nothing behind them. Any doubts of that were washed away with a few wets and a five minute conversation. Well, that and an order coming from the Admiral a few years beforehand.

The RCN were going to to issue more medals as a force-retention initiative.

They told me I could be a man by offering a trophy, but not the game I had to win to earn it. Man-via-participation-trophy. It was hollow. I understood now why civilian guys would tell me why they didn't serve, once they found out I did. I understood why these guys felt the need to create excuses for a question I never asked. They needed a reason to say:

"I would have been a man, if not for [insert excuse here]".

We used to get invitations to this place, because people needed us there. We don't get invitations, but still think we have to RSVP.

II

I took my girl on a vacation to Seattle some years later. I took her to my regular bar we enjoyed during our port visits off to pier 66. If you've ever been to Seattle, I'm talking about Cowgirls. Good times were had by all of us hairy-bags. Now? It was novelty for her and it was nostalgia for me. Afterwards, we did the early morning drunken stumble back to our hotel. My attention couldn't have wandered off more than a second. I look back, and some drunken asshole had her by the arm. She was yelling at the guy to let her go, he had a friend not far off staring at it all. I can't remember the name of the man who blew up Korea for work, but I can remember some drunken idiot touching what was mine ... **so noble, amirite?** I have no idea what caused this and she was too drunk to recall either.

I took the guy by the neck and tapped his head into a shitty watercolor print on the wall. The only other time I remember a man wrapping his hand around someones neck was when I got into it with my stepfather; It's funny how we go back to what we know. I wasn't thinking. There was no negotiating, no talk, no calling for help. No one got to tell me what to do here. I just did it, and dared someone to remove me from the situation. His friend dragged him away and I dragged my girl back to our room. We never saw them again. I cut my hand pretty bad, lucky for her. She gets to play nurse before passing out from the booze. Lucky for me I cut my hand superficially and got to horrible first aid, without worrying about passing out from the blood loss.

I wasn't dropped off in Korea to be violent with the Queens authority, but I was dropped off in a hotel in Seattle to take care of my own. There was no invitation, so I crashed the party.

III

Violence rarely happens today. It rarely has for me and I've actively gone to places where it's expected. I grew up blue collar in a rural town, I joined the military, I deployed overseas; I should have been surrounded by violence ... but I wasn't. The few times I had, and it paled in comparison to the men in Oosterbeek, or that man in the Legion. It's bittersweet; I was never tested like they were. Still, I worked with what I had. They were invited. I walked up, took a spot, and waited for someone to remove me. I had been working out since I was 17, I had a black belt in Tae Kwon Do while in college. I trained in MMA to pass the time between sails. I had childhood chores on our ranch, where I was picking up rocks out of fields, chasing cattle, branding calf's, hauling irrigation lines, and riding horses. I'm not saying this to brag. My hardships didn't compare to my step-fathers, my military service didn't compare Korean vets. When push came to shove, I worked with what I had. I was able to hold my own each time these small opportunities were presented. I didn't beat my chest over it, I never got the satisfaction to warrant it. I didn't need to start a fight after bar hours, I didn't need to have an audience or talk shit someone after I ran out of alcohol. I did what I had to do when I had to do it. I didn't worry at the time if it made me a man or not.

| □Everyone wants to be a bodybuilder, ain't no one want to lift no heavy-ass weights.□

— Ronnie Coleman

I know I'm not the only one who sees it. Are guys really avoiding their dream of being a soldier because of flat feet? Are guys really avoiding a fight because they were worried they may lose respect if they lose? Do guys really believe that by avoiding it, the question of their masculinity got to remain unresolved?

My stepfather got an invitation because they needed hard labor for a lifetime. The veterans got an invitation because the queen needed things blown up. I never got an invitation, but I crashed the party whenever I got the chance. They got their certification. I made sure I didn't avoid mine.

Sex and violence

I

How can I know there aren't others? Many make the case for being a good dad, a loyal brother, a good earner (what I flippantly call a good plow horse). Fatherhood? If that were the case, why are over half of children looking at their step father, or none at all? My mom gave me the title man of the

house at 6 years old. Fucking 6, couldn't even be bothered to make it in to a shiny trinket and pin it to my chest? What good is being a man if you give it to someone who cant color inside the lines?

One can say they are a good father and no one can tell him otherwise, who are you to question it? You can be a kids best friend, or a strict disciplinarian. You can be the head of the household, or the guy who was suckered by a single mom; suckered into loving their kid too much to leave, regardless of her piss-poor behavior. Where in those examples is a man? Is there really any value in being interchangeable, in being fungible, in being vague? It's less charitable, but in being gullible and manipulated? Is all it takes being able to tell a story not one can call you a liar on? Is a man something you can't gain, but can lose? I still don't color inside the lines.





I still don't color inside the lines

Our loyalty by itself is no better. The lowest-tier guys will give their loyalty just for a whiff of pussy. The highest of men will give their loyalty to someone valuable and deserving. They both can have loyalty and it's tangential to our value as men. Being a man makes it valuable, It's not valuable enough to make a man.

Is our ability to work that which makes the man? We live in the information age. Our work is only as valuable as the bacon we bring home and the gratitude of those who need it to survive. Women are getting better educations, earning more than men in greater numbers and the trend isn't slowing, it's accelerating. We live in the land of abundance, bacon we can bring home costs three dollars at Loblaw's. Is this the value we place on the man-as-plow-horse? Do we hold our frozen-foods masculinity on our backs as Atlas held up the world? If I remember, Atlas wasn't exactly happy with his lot in life either. If Heracles wasn't so damned clever, he would have ditched his responsibilities without reservation. Everyone can earn money. Some can earn money by earning your money, and they couldn't even be bothered to make it in to a shiny trinket and pin it to your chest.

Everything else we think of as manhood markers have been devalued beyond use. If everyone can do it and no one needs it, what good is it?

II

When I strip everything away, only two things remain. Strip away all the protections of modern civilization. When countries are in civil wars, what two things happen? Men are killed, and the frequency of sexual assault gets slightly worse than a modern ivy-league college campus. We become the Lord of the Flies. Give me the conch! I will fuck it before I cave piggies head in with a rock.

"Can't we all just get along?"

No Piggy, we cannot. Hyperbole aside, cut back all of our prosperity, growth, and civility; cut it

down to the bare minimum and there they are staring at us. Sex and violence.

Our hind-brain is seeks sex, our hind-brain seeks violence. I wonder if a girls hind-brain is wired to see attraction in the former, through protection from the latter? It must be terrifying for a guy.

Objective proof you are a man. Objective proof for women to reject you with if you're not. The world doesn't care which one is true, but it won't let us know that until you tried. It's just as well, we wouldn't believe the world if it tried to.





America isn't obsessed with sex and violence; it's obsessed with authenticity (or avoiding it). It just so happens that sex and violence are the only two things that you can't fake, and we keep coming back to them as the definitive "measures of the man." We can fake wealth, intellect, status, kindness, political acumen, parenting, looks-- there's no objective measure of any of these things, a man can construct any identity he wants, people might not buy it but who are they to say? But a fight isn't a matter of opinion, it is too real.

--The Last Psychiatrist

When guys ask for an invitation, a road-map, or a certification, they miss the point. That guy is asking someone else to make him a man. What kind of fucked up request is that? Would you like your big brother to put your dick into a girl while he's at it? Would you like your big brother to beat up everyone who doesn't show you the respect you deserve? The fantasy of the coercive mastermind holding the Leviathan on a leash? this is a female fantasy for horse girls and Boris Vallejo paintings. Are you a horse girl? Are you a Boris Vallejo painting?

Looking for society, the church, the queen, your job, or your fantasied army of online comrades to make you a man is no different than the horse girl. It's worse, at least Boris' oil-based beauties know they broke that beast in. At least the horse girl actually broke hers in. Who wants to pretend they

could be a man if only [insert excuse here]? Tell me again how much of a man we are, when we must have it gift wrapped? Get busy fucking, and get ready to compete and win in the modern sense of the word. We aren't violent in the way we used to be. We aren't clubbing every threat around with our cudgel. Conquering the workplace, asserting your frame on the world; we live in a sophisticated world, and have sophisticated tools to conquer it. They have to be objective, no bullshitting ourselves.

| We can't be a man while fantasizing about being a woman.

III

The excuses one makes to avoid this place are faux-virtue. Have you seen a guy with his girlfriend in tow when they meet Chad? A man will be unconcerned, and rather aloof. A great line from one of the married red pill men I talk to:

"If you want her, I'll throw in the truck for free!"

This isn't a threat, this is an introduction, a signal that he fucks, he doesn't need to prove anything. If she leaves, he will find another, he's aloof about it.

As a contrast, guys work hard to minimize Chad, to avoid the question on whether he can take his sex(woman) from him. The fight was over before it even started. The girl knows it instinctively. You may not win any points for puffing out your chest when Chad makes his move, but you sure as fuck lose points when your spidey-sense tingles at his mere presence. Women play follow-the-leader.

"Chad gave my guy the tingles, why wouldn't I have them too?"

Sex is important as food is important. It's the only thing that matters, until you have eaten.

A minefield of reputation traps, a constant threat of rejection. We used to fear rejection because it sucked when no girl in your village of 50 would fuck you. Now one fears rejection because it attacks what makes him a man; a rejection of ones intrinsic worth. If you buy into your mommies idea that you are a special little boy, I imagine it must be a big deal to that ego if someone disagrees. It's much easier to assume you are a pussy slayer, if only [insert excuses here]:

She's a lesbian, she has a boyfriend, I don't like slutty girls, I only date high quality women, I want to get to know her before I sleep with her.

Notice a pattern?

Not fucking you doesn't make her a lesbian

I'm calling bullshit on all of it. How would I know? Because I used to be that guy before I started fucking women. Ask any man with a decent notch-count and he will say the same. Those strong and rational arguments that you believe look weak and emotional to anyone listening. Imagine how your game looks to women when even men can see a guys unattractive behaviors. They are wafting off of a guy, a visceral stench. While the guy thinks he's washing the failure off himself, he's bathed in it for all to see. Like the story The emperor has no clothes, except hes only the emperor in his own eyes. To everyone else, he's just a naked little boy, and everyone knows he's not wearing anything.

I've been rejected, sometimes harshly. I've been rejected with a large audience watching. It sucks, it really does. But I don't die, I don't dismiss it an call her a lesbian. I take it in stride. I may have failed, but at least I know where I stood. I worked, I killed my ego, I get to see my scent and I am able to

clean it. I scrubbed it more with the sponge of rejection. Eventually, I got to that point where I didn't get a rejection, and it turned out the girl was actually a lesbian!



Just because she's a lesbian doesn't mean that was why you were shot down. I can affect the world around me, more than the world can affect me.

I can't remember her name, a cute girl from the east coast 'bye. It's something Newfies end every sentence with. She was a few years behind me in my trade specialization. I wish I could give a detailed field report of my game that night but it was too long ago and the details are too hazy. I'll call her Stacey. Stacey was good friends with a girl I went to basic training with, Charlotte. Charlotte's legs were as loose as her morals, and they both got her to rise to the top of the ranks. I can't fault her for capitalizing on her skills, it would be stupid not to. The navy gave her an attraction-boost that small town Saskatchewan never could. I remember Stacey talking me up at the Pacific Fleet Club during our version of happy hours, turned up to 11. I took her back to my place, and I'll spare you the details. This was during my mattress on the floor, milk crate for TV stand, saving-up-for-a-house days. Once we finished, she dismounted and went back to the PFC to continue drinking with the gang. I wonder, was I a part of a scavenger hunt? Stacey didn't really talk to me much after that. I found out 4 months later she got a girlfriend. Depending on your perspective, I'm either the reason she gave up dick forever, or a lesbian giving it a good college try to make sure. I've never been rejected right after a money shot before, but I know it had nothing to do with me. There were many girls before here, and there were many girls afterwards. I know some other guys that had a crush on

her. they were too afraid to approach her. Some guy who thought themselves a man, if only it weren't for [insert excuse here]. He pretends the question of his manhood is still up in the air. It's not. He should have tried to fuck her. Better to live in reality, than pretend to be capable. It sure as shit beats calling her a lesbian after shooting you down. You may be right, but it's not the point.

Sex and Violence

What does all this talk of fucking a lesbian have to do with being a man? What do you think choking a random dude in Seattle had to do with being one? Over a year ago some guys asked me what their rite of passage should be. They asked for an invitation. I blew them off, but I Now have an answer for them. Sex and violence. We are never going to get it as good as our forefathers had. There's no more great war, and unless you've got the chops to become a mercenary or special forces (hint: you won't) We work with what we have. Be able to stand up to the world, and affect it more than it can affect you. Go get shot down, call her a lesbian, then learn how to get yours even if she is one.

There's your fucking rite of passage. Go getum tiger.

New Years Resolutions

November 22, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Dubai, UAE

You weren't here for the work, don't tell me to hold back on the rewards

Hearing the strategies women have and applying it to my life makes me an asshole, or so goes the conventional wisdom. This reminded me of a blog post called "new year's resolutions" by Dalrock:

There's no future in being a better man, so I will work hard to become a better woman. I will give myself free reign to do whatever I want whenever I want, and I will do so with impunity. I will demand the best for myself because I deserve it, and shame those who do not immediately offer it. I will be faithful to my partner when it suits me, and adventurous when it doesn't. I will be bad and demand nothing but good in return. I want it all, and I want you to give it to me right now. I will find power and self confidence by being sexually promiscuous while ignoring the fact that I'm not accomplishing anything that your average chimp at the zoo hasn't. I will demand that you accept, embrace and celebrate my actions because I am being true to my exceptionally unique self. I will righteously criticize those

who engage in the exact same behavior I do, because unlike them, I'll do it with style. Most importantly, if my Sex and the City lifestyle doesn't pan out, I'll blame it on whoever or whatever is closest to me.

Can't have it both ways

I rile up a few of the more delicate people whom hear of my degenerate years. I remember reading this guys plea to the Twittersphere to 'stop ruining the good girls with your playboy lifestyle.' It was a weird drink, one part desperation, two parts impotence, shake in a tall glass of regret and serve over ice and garnish with two balls in a jar.

One consistency I notice, that the same kind of guy who lectures me on my requirement to show more respect and reverence to women is the exact same guy who thinks women are gullible to fall for my kitschy opinion-opener and a little kino. Good girls do not forget about their virginity and turn into dick sucking, jaded tattoo repositories, I wish I was that good, no one is. So which is it? Women are either mindless children with infinite malleability, or they are respected equals able to do basic *adulting* as good as I am. One cannot have it both ways. It never bothered me, but I did think about what was in it for me to even listen:

- I have never have seen one of these calls to action when I was sailing one hundred and eighty days a year and could have used the break
- I have never seen one of these calls to action when I was working out six days a week, through all kinds of pain to stave off work stress and be physically presentable and could have used some serenity
- I have never have seen one of these calls to action when I told a guy the girl he was dating got with more than half of his instructors, and it may not be worth marrying both her and her four year old, he could have listened

No one cares about the work I put in to build my 4F strategy: Be fun, be financially secure, be fit, and fuck well. They only cared that it reflects their lack of effort spread out over a lifetime. I have been swooped on plenty by my own personal Alpha Male of the Group (AMOG). Paul was a tanned 6'2 basketball star on the college team, and those pearly whites blew out any game I would pull that night in university. Jason was the 6'3 Rugby player who geared his entire life around swooping chicks and could out talk me with his silver tongue, I would get blown out during foreign ports often. One of the crew was even a contestant on the Bachelorette, how do you compete with that?

I never cried about it since you only get better by playing against better opponents. Instead, I watched, I learned, and I competed. As I got better, I started to pull off my own little victories. To now watch some effeminate guy who weighs 145 pounds while soaking wet lecture me (read: The projection of his personal Chad) on ruining his wife or girlfriends desire for him is slightly annoying. I took the New Years Resolution and adopted it for myself. Some of the best strategies in the Red Pill are lifted from women wholesale, and they work:

- Dread is the concept of female branch swinging adopted to a male perspective
- Outcome Independence is a mindset taken from women who are offered sex daily, adopted to a

male perspective

I would not say I adopt this stuff from a position of anger, belligerence, or some sort of revenge fantasy. I get a lot of guys do, and it may be beneficial at the start, but it will not work over the long term, being angry takes too much effort and I do not have the energy for it. It makes as much sense for me to be emotional about the rain. Instead, I wear these mental models as a rain coat, it is the way of the world and possibly always was.

Women choose, we have our burden of performance

Women will always get to decide what they find attractive, not from some cold calculations, but from the trial and error our genes have conducted over many, many generations. I can fight that on account of some internal logic that has an air-tight structure to it, or I can simply learn to play it better than the people I surround myself with.

And on the flip side, I will learn to surround myself with people whom I have no business competing with. It is the only way I will improve and it is the only way I know of to mute the fear of failure, or the risk aversion without lifting all day everyday. If I go in there as the underdog, I cannot be surprised if I get out played. The occasional time I out-chad a guy is the sweetest of victories.



No Dave,
no I am not!

I remember when I was in Dubai UAE, during our ships RAMP (rest and maintenance period.) we partied at The Rock Bottom every night. On night two, the same night that Dalke gave out his prostitute strategy (and for free to boot,) right after some Iranians and Palestinians were having a brick fight outside the bar, we brought back a small cadre of Omani Air flight attendants to our suite. I was doing what I normally do in foreign ports, chain smoking and unleashing 90 days of 24/7 stress, hoping that my shin splints and sore bones would heal before getting back to sea. BJ, my instigating co worker noticed that one of the girls, an ex fitness model would follow me around the party. Dave kept trying to sleep with her, and BJ knew how competitive I was. I cannot remember her name so I will call her Susan.

“You’re not going to let Dave sleep with her, are you?”

And BJ knew me well. *No sir, no I am not.* I do not remember what I did, but I do know I treated the lay as if it was a foregone conclusion. Dave was 6 feet, deep raspy voice, in good shape, but I like to win. And I won. The girl was 6’4, which I will never, ever do again, the logistics are just too much effort. I came back to our suite the next morning a hero. A military unit has not caused destruction in the middle east of this scale since “Mission Accomplished” in 2003.

Dave and I had a good laugh, and then *Hair of the Dogged* our morning away.

That was my new years resolution, what was yours? Hoping to marry that flight attendant and get the same enthusiasm I did? and what did you do exactly to warrant it? Take your time, I will wait.

Orignally posted 17 March, 2016

Power games: A Field Guide

November 27, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





Power Games

A Field Guide

Killology

| If you're not sharing information, your struggling over power and status.

Some studies were done during the first world war, as most soldiers when in battle would not fire with the intention of killing their enemy. People rightfully have a moral aversion to killing, go figure. A combat historian and WWI vet *S.L.A. Marshall*, had a few revelations.:When training if you switched from bulls-eye targets to human silhouettes, you could bypass this moral aversion and turned this from a moral aversion, to an instinctual act. It transformed this into instinct, and increased peoples kill rate considerably. It got me thinking, with the proper tools I can develop this otherwise unattainable skillet of Dark Triad behaviors. When you're thinking of men with natural game, or naturals, they tend to just internalize their success with women, thought they don't know what they are doing. True psychopaths, true Machiavellian, true narcissists aren't self-aware. True dark triads run into problems, especially when problems arise and require thinking outside of the box. It's their

one, very useful hammer, and they approach everything as if it were a nail:

The man who pulls a knife on you is at a disadvantage ... Psychologically, he only has one weapon. His thinking is therefore limited to the use of that single weapon. You, on the other hand, are thinking about all your weapons. You're thinking 360 degrees around him. You've got all the advantages when you think about it.

Bruce Lee

My advantage is that I am not a natural. I learn deliberately and understand, each day, how best to work with strategy. In this case, understanding open and closed conversation engagements. Dark Triad isn't about being a complete psychopath, they have brain abnormalities and can't help it. Narcissistic Personality disorder is caused by brain abnormalities or childhood trauma, you can't learn that. What I aim for is learning how to make the the bulls-eyes into silhouettes, make me better prepared for situations where it's needed.

Open conversation is how most people interact. Open conversations involve exchanging information. Anything you think of when you imagine debates, co workers discussing work, and they also involve expressing emotional states. Everything from 'this is how you put together a bookshelf' all the way to 'when you call me a bitch, it makes me feel bad.' Closed conversations engage in validation-seeking and harmony/status behaviors. When things are good, when and people are stable, open conversations are the norm. Boredom, struggles for power, and dissatisfaction encourage closed conversations. Engaging a closed conversation with open communication always fucks things up. You'll DEER too much, or roll over and give a girl the reigns over your frame, neither of which does either of you any good.

Don't Eat Paint

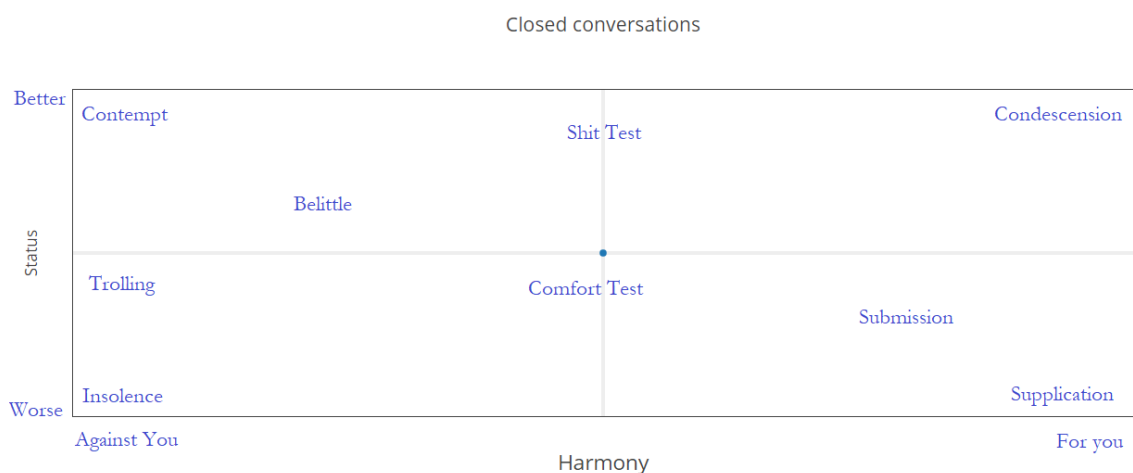
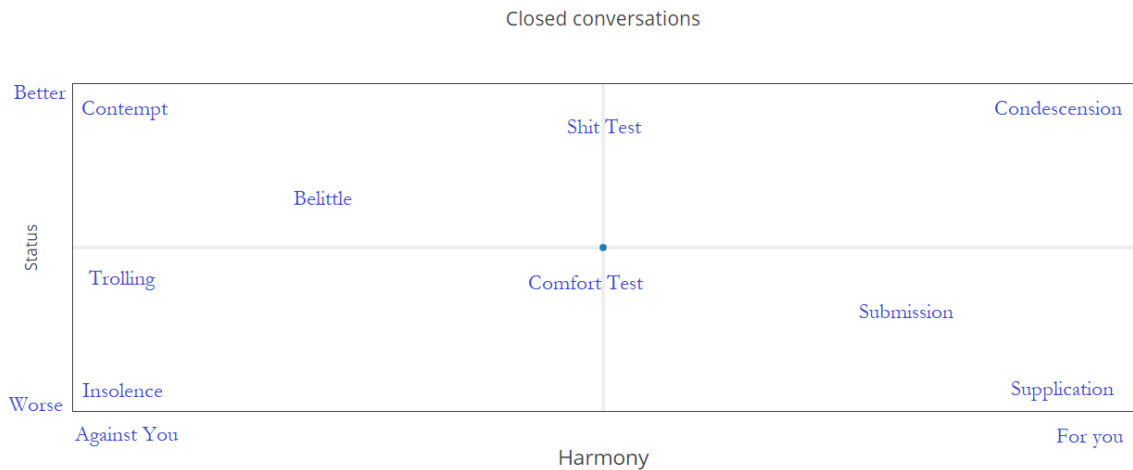
If you aren't in a stable LTR or marriage, I can think of few reasons to engage a closed conversation. The #1 tool in your toolbox is to disengage, and it should always be your first choice. When you've decided to take on the wonderful burden of female companionship, you cede some freedom in exchange for her value to you. A plate hasn't earned it. A live in girlfriend takes a little more preparation to kick out. A wife adds legal obligations and sometimes a lengthy separation. A child adds a lifelong engagement even afterwards. As you go up the list, these tools become more useful, at least for me.

There's your disclaimer, don't be on the spectrum with this shit on your tinder date. Don't be an aspie asshole.

Validation-Seeking Behavior

Validation-seeking behavior is poison. You are your own judge. This disarms 80% of closed conversations power against you. The focus should be on on harmony and status. Children think of conversations in one dimension. Status, or am I better than you, or worse; or, harmony, am I with you or against you? Watching my old 80s cartoons, I see the language in one dimensions. the fact women are so good at power talk is most likely because they never watched Thundercats growing up. I guess mom was right, TV rots your brain. Instead, picture a conversation in two dimensions, which I use to define the 4 conversation archetypes:

- Contescension - I am better than you, and I am for you
- Contempt - I am better than you, and I am against you
- Supplication - I am worse than you, and I am for you
- Insolence - I am worse than you, and I am against you



With a few, standard red pill interactions

The above chart illustrates the concept. In a closed conversation, each individual is either for or against the other person, and also considers themselves better than, or worse than the other person. This is status, and harmony. These are not objective labels, the mind of the speaker is what matters. Women are better able to convince themselves of their status, so their ignorance gives them an advantage through an irrational confidence. Narcissists have this as well. As a man, the best defense against faux confidence is competence. Then add on Irrational confidence backed up with blood and sweat. This comes after my building of frame, and for a good reason. Men do not get the benefit of ignorance, the burden of performance is a bitch. Plus, the way guys tend to interact makes competence a fairly straight forward thing. We all figure out who has status in a hierarchy.

Initially, I was reactive when I was having an open conversation, and a woman was having a closed one. Shit tests will come from the disharmony like a status check. My end goal is to win in the status game. My harmony comes with being a high value male. So long as I’ve established both, she will come around, or I will get out. This is where the power in a relationship can be gained or lost, one

engagement at a time. Carl from Black Label Logic calls it death from a thousand concessions. When people talk about having a high EQ, as a correlate to IQ, this kind of stuff is what they mean. I consider EQ to be equivalent to phrenology, but in this case its a close enough description.

High IQ men build nations. High EQ men build realities. Receiving shit tests, push/pull, emotional engagement. A man needs to take charge with all of them, I'm playing in this space, speaking womaneese. Once you see interactions like this, it's very easy to spot them in the future. Not just women either, you see them all the time, engaging in social media, or normal conversations. Closed conversations are manipulative tools to maintain, check, or shift status. They are also ways to create or remove harmony. When a girl acts like an insolent or contemptuous cunt to make me angry for whatever reason? It pushes me into disharmony, so you are the manipulated into supplicating a girl when she's being insolent. It's really clever manipulation. Instant status boost. When my girl gives me a shit test, she's giving me the reigns to see if I can lead and she can submit. She's on the fence. A little bit condescending, a little supplication, still manipulation though in this case it's for both our benefits. You either step up and she submits, or you fuck it up, and she belittles you for thinking you were worth a damn. Push pull makes a lot of sense like this, dancing between status and harmony engagements.

The main event, the nuclear comfort test, they both come from a position where girls realize they have 0 power in an engagement, and while desperate for harmony, give a status check, then submission. Tears, desperation; the intent is to manipulate a man through her tears into submitting to her, or to treat her like her stern, but loving father. Assure her of her place in your life, replace the old status with a new one. A last ditch effort at testing me. I would start mapping my arguments, map my normal conversations, it was blindingly obvious once I knew to look for it. There is a lot of tools I've learned in the redpill that easily map to it as well:

- Agree and Amplify - Condescension
- Amused Mastery - Condescension
- Fogging - Disengagement
- Nuking a shit test - Contempt

Not only does this encompass me passing simple shit tests, it's the idea behind push/pull! The difference is whether I am reactive, or proactive. Emotional engagement is like catnip to a woman, I've known this since my time in the PUA days. and if you don't initiate these thing, she will, eventually. I'm playing to win, so may as well take the offense. I refer to it as manufactured outrage. Besides, there's a beauty in creating my own drama through closed conversations. This reduces the time spent reacting to the random argument at 1AM when she cannot sleep, and I've been an asshole because of some manufactured reason. Instead I pick some inconsequential shit, things you simply are not invested in, so you can disengage, reflect, and learn, without serious consequences.

During my interactions, I must be cognizant of the interplay. It is good practice to play around in harmony states, to see which ones create which dynamics with which people. Plus, I've noticed that with a woman who instantly disengages with any closed communication, she is already moved on. I may not have a lot of data sets around relationships, breakups I am very experienced with. The opposite of love isn't hate, it's apathy. A woman passing up on drama is the first indicator that she is beginning to flip the light switch, to move on.

An Example

This is all a lot of background, and theory, based on reading, learning, acting, applying, observing, and then acting again. These are the guidelines I use, developing my ability to power-talk. This communication does not only involve words, in fact, a lot of it is in body language, facial expressions, and context. This isn't a knife, this is your hands, your feet, your head. Use all your tools, or you lose your advantages. A few practical guidelines I have:

- Stop treating all interactions as open interactions, become aware of the closed interactions. Body language is crucial here. You need to look for emotional engagement, they will always give a tell.
- If you aren't able to effectively read body language, it's best to approach all interactions as if they were closed interactions. It is very easy to switch back to open dialogue, but very difficult to move into one. From specific wording, anything that involves your character, your actions during crisis, or any assessment will probably be closed communication.
- If your first instinct is to assume the other person doesn't fully understand the situation, and you need to explain (DEER) it, hoping for the misunderstanding to resolve itself, then you are surrendering in a status engagement before the first shots were fired.
- Stop using validation-seeking interactions, and instead be aware of the dynamics. Shutting the fuck up is a temporary tool, used to change a mans natural inclination to DEER, seek validation, and supplicate. STFU isn't about hiding the fact that you're being an emotional bitch when she mouths off, it's about watching and learning.

Narratives

The way you move in between states? In a word, narratives. A fiction writer builds worlds. Bad writers spend most of the time explaining the worlds. Good writers make references when interacting within the world. Great writers move characters fluidly from one point to the next in the world, like a perfectly designed machine. I suggest Vinkatesh Rao's book TEMPO to see more about narrative based decision making.

An Example

Before the end of my military career, I was having panic attacks, for ... reasons. Just like Briffaults law, when I was no longer valuable, she began to build an exit, rewrite the narrative, and the relationship was on borrowed time. These moments of weakness is where a woman will engage, it's when they always engage. Sharks don't attack without chum in the waters. In a moment of accidental clarity, during a particular nasty shit test, which was 100% insolence, I had my first clumsy successful closed interaction:

"Look, if you think this shit(the attacks) is going to last you can fuck off. I will be getting better. So shut the fuck up, because I will remember how this shit goes when it does[Contempt]."

She dropped it. It was crude, it was not very competent, and it was more angry than persuasive, but it moved from insolence[her] and supplication[me], to contempt[me] and disengagement[her]. It was a step in the right direction. I began reading the 48 Laws of Power around that time.

Fast forward to my main event, many months later. Finished 48 Laws, the Prince, TEMPO. Had some low key tests, and figured I was catching onto things. I've got my separation planned, down to the

dollar. All our entangled finances have been separated over the past six months. I have a 'fuck you fund', and the real estate agent is waiting for my call to sell. This was no bluff, this wasn't simply words. I was heading out on our date, and because she wasn't revered enough when I invited her, she was not going in a most insolent manner. 4 hours later, I returned home. The night wasn't over, I went up to the terrace to enjoy a few drinks at an after party. She came up to give me a blast of shit, only to find me surrounded in a hot tub full of girls, laughing and enjoying myself. It was like a shot to the gut, the engagement has begun. Insolence, met by condescension and indifference. She meekly asked if I was coming to bed [insolence to supplication].

Once I got home? Panic and supplication from her. Any man who has gone through a main event will see similar. The only difference? My foundations were built, I was back to my fighting weight, I applied Dread, other women were in the picture. I had my release in the works. In 6 months, I was a free man with the money to take 2 years and go live in the mountains if I wanted. I was mentally, financially, and physically prepared to burn this entire life to the ground and start again. It was clear that moment I ranted about that many months ago was here. I was half drunk, and just let the chips fall where they may. It was my moment to take my life back, the one I gave away for far too cheap, and at this point, just showing up was all I needed to do.

Be smarter than me, I would suggest sobriety during these engagements. This only worked because of practice and repetition, it came naturally. This is the condensed statement of a good hour long comfort test. Again, it was clumsy, but I was better than before. I'm a free man soon. I have not been selfish in the 10 years she's known me. I will be looking after me from now on.

If you don't want to deal, then I understand, I have enough money set aside to separate clean.[Condescending/Contempt]. I was the new lovable asshole.

And what happened the next morning? She made me a full breakfast with some fun sex during the day. Every interaction (keeping in mind the past 6 months have been nothing but contempt) was 100% submission. It was the biggest emotional release of her life. I got my first taste of proper power-talk, and a more harmonious interaction with my girl. The one detail that sticks with me was looking back, It was watching the hamster working with the narrative I had given her, or watching womaneese in real time. The one-off comment I had made about the separation plans had the largest impact. I had funds specifically to leave, and it was planned down to the dollar.

Actions beat words.

I had shifted my conversation styles and began to lead the interaction. I had created a narrative which anchored the decisions and impressions she had over our interaction. This fight, which she had been having without me for over half a year was over. A *Come to Jesus* speech later, and there was a path forward, all she had to do was take it. I was the captain Captain, this was the first officer dynamic, and a better life.

Why is she such a cunt?

So, for the guy who keeps asking himself why his wife is such a cunt? Why a fight? They were only talking about the dishes! There's your answer. Approaching all communications as open communications when in a closed engagement automatically pushes you into the supplication archetype. Explaining yourself is supplication in these engagements. You lose a bit of status. The actual conversation doesn't matter. Sharing information doesn't matter. Whether it's true or not is

irrelevant? Yes, it doesn't matter. This is a power play, and you should have tools to engage, disengage, and establish your beachhead, frame conversations within your narrative. They are not parlor tricks. You cannot fake it. It works after you've put substantial work into the fundamentals, and not built a house on sand. If it's all fakery, she will make that shit crumble like Broadzilla.

- Get your Male Action Plan in order, get your value to the point where you can command respect, if not from the woman you are with, then another one, or many.
- Get your finances on lock, and under your control.
- Get your philosophical house in order. Stop sabotaging yourself by opening your mouth, stop seeking approval.
- Once all this is in place, learn to understand the power dynamics in conversations. It's about power and harmony. Build your EQ, build your conversation skills. Finding techniques that work, as they will always be slightly different, depending on the relationship.
- And for fuck sake. If you don't have half a million in real estate, a child, or a lengthy divorce as a consequence of permanent disengagement, don't play with fire, walk away. This is not a system I would ever use on a plate, they haven't earned the ability to play in the majors, she gets bush league treatment, period.

Originally posted 6th February 2017

Mental Models, Deep Stories, and True Observation

December 10, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Mental Models

What is it you really want? *Written in the airport lobby*

Congruence testing

This was based on an old conversation I had with a distraught wife who didn't trust the man-child at home (her words.) It was a congruence test, basically a wife submitting, giving the husband enough rope from which to hang himself with, and he proceeds to hang. It is awkward to see such a large number of men who think they know what they want out of their lives. They never look further into their underlying motivations. They end up fucking themselves over because they are chasing a fantasy.

This is what's called the deep narrative. If all the decisions in one's life are considered narrative elements of a story, the deep narrative is how they all come together into an overarching theme.

When developing a plan for one's life, there are a few different parts. If you're familiar with the term OODA loops, this is a variant: observe, act, reflect, calibrate, act again. We had a regular on the forums, a man who went by the name UltimateCAD. He is an extreme example of mission focus; or he is Jack's sense of Zen: letting what does not matter truly slide.

He knew what he wanted. His wife cheated on him, and he knew that his world was built to shield her from the consequences of that. He wanted to have great sex and raise his kids under his supervision while maintaining his resources and not letting this woman ruin his hard work with horrible parenting, or a shitty second husband. That was the core. He turned into an absolute Lothario, transformed himself into the married playboy, fucking anything good looking in his sphere. His wife was terrified of losing him and straightened right out. It was the most counter-intuitive example of Dread I had ever seen. By him demoting her to babysitter status, he actually secured his children's security.

All the moralizing he gets, the shaming language. Cheater, asshole, little dick. It was all irrelevant to him. He has a vision of what he wanted and everything he did was focused through that lens. He turned into a giant narcissist, and he had the strongest frame I had ever seen. He had his mission, and everything outside that was either amusing, intriguing, or funny.

Mental Models and Assumptions: the deep story

A mental model is a framework we use in order to anchor our decisions. Venkatesh Rao referred to them as *deep stories* or *underlying mental models*. If you are curious about them in your life, try asking "why" when making an assumption. Here is an example I've taken from a book from Mr. Rao, called TEMPO, and someone asking a student for an underlying mental model:"

- "Why were you in a rush this morning?"
- "To make the 0900 Mandarin class"
- "I thought you like to blow off early morning classes?"
- "I like this one, I might major in linguistics"
- "Why linguistics?"
- "I like to travel, I may end up getting a job in Asia after I graduate"
- "Why not quit college and just go move to Asia and get a job?"

- “Well you need a degree for the well paid international jobs, and right now the big growth is in China.”

Imagine that you don't actually need a degree for well paid international jobs, imagine that most in the top paid positions don't have one. Imagine the big growth isn't in China, but India or back home. All those previous assumptions in your mental model are correct, and make perfect sense, but the underlying deep story is flawed. You want a well paid international job, but you're shooting for something that doesn't exist.

This is Marriage as most think of it today, with it's white picket fence, provider husband and dutiful wife. When a man, out of pure desperation came by my forum, it was because he couldn't articulate why, but he knew his deep story regarding his relationship was flawed. The initial exchange would go something like this:

- “Why are you mad at your wife?”
- “Because she turned me down for sex... again”
- “Why do you want sex from her?”
- “Because it's what you're supposed to get in a relationship, to have and hold, right?”
- “If you just want sex, what's stopping you from just gaming other women, or hiring a pro?”
- “I don't want to game other women, I want her!”
- “Why her?”
- “Because when I agreed to only fuck her, she should have understood that meant she was supposed to fuck me too.”
- “So if she broke the deal, why don't you leave?”
- “Because I don't want to lose my kids”

Another example, where one gets to the deep narrative; take your own narrative down the rabbit hole until you start getting to its core.

In this example, the man didn't want to fuck, not primarily. What he wanted was desire, thought it took a lot more to get to that point. It's a validation thing, that you are valuable enough to get a woman's genuine desire. For others, it is just sex. A divorce and dating women non exclusive is the best route. You can't see what you really want until you get to the real reasoning, and not your assumptions of it.

I just want to fuck my wife obscures a huge swath of human desires.

Drawing Upside Down

Can you draw? If not, it doesn't matter. Draw a person from an image off the internet. When you are finished, compare what you drew to the photo. Chances are it doesn't look the same, not even close. Know why?

You aren't drawing what you see. You're drawing what you know people look like. If you take it to the extreme example of a child's drawing, a nose is a triangle, eyes are almonds, heads are spheres. That's not what people look like, but that's how your brain symbolizes them. This is exactly what's

happening with someones mental models. Start again, and turn the photo upside down and draw what you see again. I guarantee it looks a hell of a lot more accurate than your first attempt. Do you know why?

It's because you aren't drawing what you know, you're drawing what you see, realism vs naturalism. Your brain isn't designed to process people upside down, so it taps into a different set of cognitive skills, such as lines, spacing, angles. You're drawing upon a different set of observations. You can't see a jawline now, you see a line, approximately 30 degrees from parallel to the picture for 3 inches. A line you can draw, a line that specific you can measure against what exists, you can see the accuracy.

Looking at things completely backwards is a great way to actually see what is in front of us, and not see what we think we know to be true. This is the purpose of the anger phase. Most men are co-dependent and validation seeking. This is the primary problem with men, raised by women, raised as defective girls. The anger phase flips everything he assumes on its head.

- Are women wonderful? No, they are vile, horrible, evil thots
- Are women faithful? No, they are just opportunistic, waiting for your replacement to make his move.

These aren't meant to be statements of fact, they are meant to build an alternative mental model. you flip the world you know upside down, and start to look. All this coaching, all this advice, we are still just random people on the internet after all, no one gives a shit. So the women around a man are flipped upside down and shown at their ugliest, and the man learns to draw what he sees, instead of drawing what he thinks is there.

Shed the inaccurate mental model you've built and turn it on it's head. Observe don't rely on what you think you know. If ones life isn't moving towards a place of fulfillment, there is a problem with your mental model, every time. It's one of our hard and fast rules.

Don't listen to what she says, watch what she does.

After all the interactions, are you getting genuine desire? a 50% good enough woman is not a victory, it's a manipulation, it's the golden calf of success. Time to smash some tablets and start kicking some desert hedonist ass.

Flip life it on it's head:

- Your girl says she loves you
- *Does she fuck you on the regular, and with enthusiasm? No? then she doesn't desire you, the word is a manipulation, built to placate you*
- Shes a great wife!
- *She's a stay at home mom, she doesn't cook, clean, or fuck you. you have a maid and cook for you and the kids. She isn't a wife, she's a part time nanny paid well over market rates*

Once you start turning your life upside down, getting a little angry, and build a proper plan, all those questions:

- "Am I being too mean?"

- “Should I rub her back?”
- “She’s being bitchy, what do I do?”

Sound silly. If you understand your deep narrative, and are able to look at your life as it is, and not how you assume it to be, you already know the answer. Is it working? Keep doing it. Is it working against me? Stop doing it.

Next stop, the heel

The remaining part is to have the stomach to be the bad guy in others stories. Your deep narrative has to come before any other concern. Focus on yourself first, second, third ... she can be seventh.

The Archwinger Series: Every unhappy wife is a rape victim

December 12, 2018 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





The Red Pill

Every unhappy wife is a rape victim

There's been a good bit of debate over what should and what should not constitute rape; what should and what should not constitute consent. This should, or should not have been solved centuries ago, though as we get smarter, it makes it harder to maintain our memory of such trivial details.

Modern “enthusiastic consent” laws require a woman to not only agree to sex verbally, but to be damn near excited about it, and to provide ongoing verbal affirmations that it is okay to continue during the entire encounter. We often complain that the definition of rape is slowly being expanded to include the regret of a sexual experiences. A more accurate definition of rape, idealized to to most pro-anti-woman advocates would be, “sex I may have agreed to, but didn't really want, and kind of felt coerced into having.”

Many pro-anti-woman advocates will tell you that rape is about power, and that's not entirely false. For women, sex is a source of power, and if you take away their ability to be the sexual gatekeepers, you make them feel powerless. A large portion of the psychological trauma and damage experienced by rape victims relates to that feeling of being helpless, powerless, of being taken against their will. The physical act is bad enough, but that feeling of complete powerlessness – one minute she is a strong independent women who is thinking about what she needs to get done at work tomorrow and that silly thing her boyfriend said — and the next minute a much stronger guy is showing her that everything she has, everything she feels — showing her that none of it matters. She is just weak flesh in a caveman-ruled world, and the stronger caveman is taking something by force that you've guarded fiercely from unworthy men your entire life.

A staggering number of marriages and long-term relationships are unhappy. We would all be old and dead if we took the time to count them; where nagging overweight shrews are emasculating timid,

underachieving, out-of-shape husbands hourly. All this is while the shrew grudgingly agrees to missionary sex once every six weeks to keep the marriage limping along, and the paychecks coming. You can change a few of the adjectives in that previous sentence here and there, but sadly, that general concept applies to a very large number of marriages and relationships.

A good friend from where I used to live had one of these marriages. We still talk on occasion. He told me recently how things came to a head in his marriage. Married for seven years now, having once-a-month duty sex; true to his blue-blood-betamale roots he finally came unhinged. He gave his wife an ultimatum and thinks he won. Now he is getting more frequent sex.

I had visited a couple weekends ago and we had drinks. He is acting mighty, alluding to sex with a smirk, generally being an awkward ass about the situation. Later that night I chat with his wife while he is out on a beer run. She says something kind of odd, "It's hard being more sexual with him."

I know what she means, though I want to see if she knows what she means. I ask her, "What do you mean? What's so hard about sex?"

"Huh?"

"What — Is — So — Hard — About — Sex? People do it all the time!"

"I dunno."

"I mean, it's physically easy. Not difficult to do at all. It's not intellectually challenging. It doesn't take all that much time. It doesn't cost any money. I don't see what's so hard about it."

"I guess it's just hard to make myself do it."

I smile. That is exactly what I thought she meant. She gets it. When she says it is hard to be more sexual with her husband, what she really means is, "It is very difficult for *me to force myself to have sex with my husband*. She is viscerally repulsed by the thought of being sexual with him on a level she cannot fully comprehend. She does not want to. She does not want to so badly that it takes all of her emotional strength to push through that and force it." The physical acts aren't hard. But making herself do them when her subconscious is screaming at her not to?

That's hard.

So many women are in marriages like this. **They do not want to have sex with their husbands.** They pretend to be asleep. They pretend to be on their period. They feign illness. They go as long as they can while having as little sex as possible. Not because they are evil hags who delight in denying their husbands enjoyment. They really and truly do not want to have sex with their husbands. They figure it is normal for a marriage to cool off like that and eventually turn non-sexual. About once a month, give or take, they finally give in to their husband's badgering just to shut him up. And it is hard for them, every time.

I cannot find any studies on this, but I will be willing to bet that women in unhappy marriages that have sex with their husbands again and again begin to exhibit the same psychological traumas and damages as rape victims. Because in a sense, these women are being raped. Not raped like the legal definition, not really. It is not hard to imagine that a woman's psyche may perceive these sexual encounters and process them, in a lessened manner, as a rape.

Take my friend. His wife does not want to have sex with him. But there is an implied threat there, completely covert, that her marriage may be in jeopardy if she does not have sex. She might lose her financial stability, or the financial stability of her children. Her children may lose the stability of his money, a two-parent home, a house zoned to a good school district. Within her feelings, he may as

well be holding the kids at knife-point and forcing her to fuck him. When a woman feels like she has to have sex with a man, even though she does not want to, due to some kind of self-perceived threat, her mind processes that like a rape.

Every wife in an unhappy marriage that has sex with her husband when she does not want to, because she believes she has to in order to keep her financial stability, every unhappy wife is a rape victim. Essentially she is being self coerced into sex she doesn't want. And over time, these unwanted sexual acts take a toll.

Real rape victims will often act out sexually. They go on a king laden fuck spree, they ride a bunch of random cocks. Therapists call this "reclaiming ones sexuality." They felt so helpless and powerless when they were raped, it was out of their control. So something about having a bunch of stupid, irresponsible sex that they choose to have makes them feel more powerful, like they are in control of their sexuality once again.

We see this same behavior in unhappy wives. For years, they create their won prison, they have been trapped, forced into having sex they do not want, their sexuality and their power taken from them under threat of losing their marriages, their financial stability. So they go out on girl's night out, fuck a random cock, and *reclaim* some of that lost power. she will feel in control for a night.

Is it any wonder that pro-anti-women feminists want to define sex-by-coercion as rape? It is not enough that a woman says yes and agrees to sex. What if she agreed to it but did not *really* want it because she felt like she had to for some reason? If your live-in girlfriend fucks you because she knows she will be out on the street if you break up, but she doesn't really want to? Your average pro-anti-women feminist would consider the lack of her enthusiastic consent to be rape.

Take the alpha man pick-up scenario. Our hero Chad saunters into a club and starts chatting up a girl, touching her, escalating, she really likes him. But she never has sex the night she meets someone. However, during the night, it quickly becomes apparent that Chad wants to fuck her, and that Chad has six other women in the club that want to fuck him. She likes Chad and she wants to see where things go, but if she wants to keep her chance with Chad alive, she needs to fuck him. She does not really want to, but under the perceived threat of losing her chance with Chad, she feels like she has to.

So she has sex that she verbally consents to, but did not really want, because she felt coerced. Then Chad does not return any of her texts. Her psyche processes this encounter like a rape. She literally feels raped. Obviously, she was not *actually* raped, but she feels raped, and in girl world, feelings rule.

If you are not building attraction to the point where a woman is begging and pleading you to thrust your cock into her, you're doing her a disservice. Because to a woman, anything less feels like rape. So hit the gym, be hot, be confident, be successful, social, interesting, and awesome. Be a 12 out of 10 who's so unrealistically bad-ass that women beg for your dick. Because in a few more years anything less than that will get you 5-10 years in prison, you filthy rapist.

Consumers are Chasing Ghosts Instead of Meaning

January 15, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





Marketing is not reality

It's pandering to the emotions of consumers, and the consumers ain't you; or

Dafuk? this isn't playing with Lego, I'm just putting your mural together for you

As a companion piece to my post on media consumption I thought it relevant to revisit and expand on it. If you're interested, it's based on a piece at Ribbonfarm, on the Red Pill ideas on consumption versus production, and an ex-Mormon porn star having a temper tantrum on Twitter. I've included some NSFW screen shots in case they delete this NSFW example.

We have a perfect storm of situations :

- The delayed adolescence of men and women
- The subsidization of women as both consumers and societal investment (e.g. we need more women in everything)
- The differences in gender consumption and production
- The largest generation in history (Millennials) coming into their peak culture
- The hyper consumerism that comes along with globalism, as a social strategy

And as a result, there is a large bubble of reality which is called upside-down-clown-world. The good news is that it's not real. The bad news is that it's still contributing to the impotence of modern man. Referencing the porn stars diatribe against the anonymous Mormon twitter TRADCONS shows you clown world. She gets to use free publicity to drive the quiet, devout-yet-insecure consumers of pornography to her sales funnel. I guarantee at least a decent chunk of that same angry demographic consume that product she offers, and have secretly driven her sales for the month. At the same time, those anonymous men are able to cleanse their sins through their scapegoat. If you're not aware of the historical context of a scapegoat, it's from the old testament type of absolution. People would throw their sins onto a goat and sacrifice it as their absolution. What we see today as outrage culture is merely the online manifestation of old testament rituals. Marshall McLuhan was right, we are culturally returning to our ancient ways.

On the surface it looks like two group trying to establish the normal order of things, what is acceptable and what is not. What is really happening is: porn producers make porn and get paid while Mormon men get to both consume porn and signal to their flock how outraged they are that it exists. Many people spent a lot of time, and used a lot of effort in order to create this status-signalling perpetual motion machine. **The Self-Bullshitter 3000**. Similar to Apple's business model, they have taken the ability to manufacture Indulgences and made it affordable to consumers. Now I have to wonder what this means in the context of clown world and a false narrative. And I'm convinced it's that men have a cognitive dissonance around excessive consumption and meaning.

This is why I say men cannot consume media that isn't designed for them, and it's changed how I see outrage culture.

What used to look like people outraged at something that doesn't fit their worldview, and using low impulse strategies to make this displeasure known, in an effort to remove these evil things is more likely a way to have our cake and eat it too. The TRADCONS who rally against porn are usually because they are in sexless marriages. Porn is their manifestation of their wife's failure to perform her function in his life, and their coping mechanism to keep things working as they currently are.

How could you not rage against it? An addict who knows he's an addict hates his drug, but still injects once that itch hits.

The Feminists who rage against anything masculine? daddy issues given a megaphone and millions of friends. Why do you think all the issues feminist literature rally against are the same things they were denied in life? Don't show her a strong father figure on television loving his tribe and protecting it, because mom divorced dad when she was 7 and you're simply reminding her of her parents failure. The Feminists who rage against men in positions of power are usually powerless themselves, stuck in the dead end jobs that were usually reserved for men who would dutifully perform their tasks in order for the chance at a grateful family appreciating his sacrifice.

Instead, we end up in clown world, where these bitter feminist women are married to devour yet insecure men. Both raging against the world they weren't given the option to aspire to, while coping with their current lot in life they were offered. Enjoy the decline, we are all enjoying a society-wide coping strategy of narcissistic rage and home made Indulgences.

As for mass media, it will solely cater to the feminine aspect of this. Why? Because women spend money. Women are the conspicuous consumers in life. Upper middle class women are the most status conscious and status insecure people on the planet. Know what fills that void? Keeping up with the Jones'. Know who pays 30% more for makeup and pink colored goods? the women who aspire to be

those upper middle class women. They are hardwired for it. Know who then buys the stupidest snake oil products just because the advertisement suggests that they *Aren't a good mother if they don't?* Women.

If you're watching popular culture, you see their outrage culture. It's manipulative, and it's obvious, *to you*. But the thing about manipulation is this, if you can see it for what it is, you aren't the target audience.

Every ad on television involves a bumbling idiot and a whip smart corporate girl. Every product shows nothing but the failure of men. Are they driving the narrative, or are they filling a niche? Advertising execs don't have the time or willingness to change culture, they merely show it a mirror. In this case, men are shown both hedonistic consumption, and given the means to cry out against it in the same product. Women are given both the pink colored goods to tap into their nesting instincts, and the validation that comes with their hatred, or at the very least condescension of men; usually personified as their ex husband, ex boyfriend, or the current beau that they resent having to settle for. It's the same phenomenon surrounding what I've referred to as the symbols of masculinity. Push-ups, cold showers and bacon scented beard oil. The same phenomenon as buying a pink version of anything for a 40% markup, but is organically sourced as a fair trade item from Columbian dirt farmers. We are buying what we want as hedonists, absolving ourselves of guilt from the outrage we are given, much like projecting our sins onto goats. then we sacrifice it and move on. the sacrifice in this case is our inability to grow out of a consumption mindset and into one of production.

And the reason this is coming to a head in the current year? I have a feeling it's because the largest generation of lost boys is starting to turn 40. The year where society no longer sells them their world views. Religion has been largely destroyed, TRADCON experience has been obsolete for decades now, and our mindless consumption box no longer placates us. what's left but to create our own content, and rage at those who abandoned us, or rage at those who removed the classic organizations that used to fill in the void?

Our world went out for smokes, said it would be right back, and showed up out of the blue, 20 years later to ask for a few grand for his business idea.

And from what I see, the only way out of this is to build our own. We are now in the position where we could follow the nihilism roadmap. Kill our false gods, and build ourselves a new one that benefits us. Sure, it's just a podcast, it's just a blog, or it's just a twitch stream with some voice narration. But to the next generation, we are the ones building their world view for them. The alternative is to put it in the hands of people who see you as the personification of their involuntarily absent fathers. I wonder which group will allow you to enjoy the decline?

Three paths, creating meaning, redistributing meaning, or killing the meaningless. And outrage culture does not kill it, it is a band-aid that allows the meaningless part of ourselves hobble along. I create meaning where I can, my fanbase redistributed it, and college educated femenists attempt to kill it in favour of their status quo outrage culture. The game is afoot, let's see who wins?

Kids aren't a second chance at ones own shitty childhood

January 29, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

or

Do you want to be right, or would you rather be effective? What if it came at the cost of your own feelings?

Kids are not atonement for previous parental failure

It's something very predictable. Parents are often the most ingrained identity I am aware of. Feminists, social justice warriors, democrats, none of them hold a candle to the response one gets by calling a mother out on bad parenting or suggesting a father may need a different strategy. I've stopped trying to offer anything that I may have learned from being the child side of the relationship, or from watching the child side of others relationships. Luckily, shouting into the void is free, and here we go. I don't see good coming from the mental model of modern parenting; or

The atonement for their parents failure.

I've written a bit on my childhood. I held resentment for my step father for a long time, until I didn't. I realized he bought into the same blue pill social contract that most Boomers bought into. They also got burned by it, like anyone else. By any metric he was an alpha male, brash, aloof, masculine. He was a workaholic that fucked everything that walked, and I always have him in the back of my head when I read about some impotent mans revenge fantasy of being an 'Alpha.' I highly doubt a regular man has the resolve to be the kind of unfiltered masculine man that he presented. Are you willing to be a sociopath? Probably not.

I take many lessons from the man who didn't use my name until I was almost 18. I was lovingly referred to as 'my moms bastard kid.' I still remember having me, my brother, and my growing collection of sisters at the bottom of the stairs while he and my mom had shouting matches on the daily. I suggest you go to my article 'Replacing our Fathers' if you're interested in reading more on this. I took many lessons, and the way I referred to it was with this parable: *It is like having a father who beat you every day, so you swore you'll never beat your kids when you become a parent. It's a great lesson, but you cannot give the teacher any credit.*

I would repeat that for years, almost as a mantra, and it kept coming back to me when I became old enough to see my peers become parents, then divorced parents, then part time babysitters, and sometimes new parents again. Everyone had stories of the failures of their parents. Dad was cold, mom separated them from their dad. I hadn't met the father of most of the girls I fucked during my pick-up days, with the exception of the girls whose dads were naval chiefs. There was a few mornings where I would wake up and see a picture of the chief at work that was known for being a salty asshole; the message his daughter was sending was received loud and clear.

Girls don't seem to benefit from a father that is cold, but boys seem to, at least the boys I know have. the only problem I see with it, is we lose that thing that made us who we are. I've learned much from a parent that did not care if I liked him, and most certainly did not like me. I think the gem in that parenting style is lost on people. Everyone says you're not supposed to be your child's friend, but everything they do revolves around having fun and good feeling memories. It's almost like they are

replacing the lessons they learned through hardship with surrogates.

Hard times create strong men, strong men create good times, good times create weak men, weak men create hard times.

While this isn't an accusation, it is something that I wonder, often. Are parents really living what they talk about when they proclaim their 'responsability of a parent?' or are they using their kids as a vicarious surrogate? I see it often with men in the Married Red Pill sphere. Divorce settlements are anchored around the best interests of the child, which is laughable when you see the actions of vindictive women during their trials. Men who are most focused on maintaining the ability to see their kids every day, focused on their own well being, saying platitudes like "I would be heartbroken if I couldn't see my kids go to sleep every night." Again, this isn't to mock or call out, I just wonder about the two reasons; a wonderful lesson I learned from one of my red pill mentors:

Everyone has two reasons for what they do. There's the reason they tell you, and the reason they don't.

I mean, if the goal was to raise a strong individual, I would expect to see a much harder faced father, especially in cases where the kids who were treated with that level of tough love came out as fully, self actualized men. If the goal was to raise a strong individual, how many men would be able to play nice with their cheating whore ex wife in order to keep her from fucking the kids up (oh, because they will, I've seen it). Is it better for the kid to have dad spend a hundred thousand dollars on custody hearings, or to have mom denigrate him, then when the kid becomes college age to find that dad has setup his college fund, or the down-payment on a house? My aforementioned mentor did fill me in on another thing. Most of the time spend with ones children is done when they are adults, and they are the years that count.

It stuck with me. I was mad for years during my childhood, arguably the most useless of years in my life. They only served to allow me to fail consequence free until I could figure out a semblance of adulthood. Would it have been in my best interests for a loving, caring, attentive step father, or for him to have done the job that was required of him, without his ego investment in the outcome? I mean, this outcome independent aloofness is one of the main drivers in overcoming the problems in ones sexual relationships, ones work relationships, why would it be any different if it applied to ones child and parent relationships?

This is a pondering email, there isn't a point, there isn't a lesson, and this isn't tablets taken down from the mont. but I wonder, if men were focused on being effective as opposed to being happy, if men were focused on being correct instead of focused on being right, if men were focused on raising kids, instead of the identity of being a dad ...

Would they be better fathers, or worse? Would the lack of prestige among a group that doesn't treat fatherhood as prestigious really be so bad? Would your unattractive behaviors towards epiphany phase women, single and divorced moms when acquiring plates with solid beta strategy be such a bad thing? This may be as far as these questions go, because the conversation will never be had, parents are too invested in what they are doing, and those with the detachment from the outcomes aren't invited to the conversation.

Man, I wonder how I will take this post, looking back in a few years. Probably not well.

The Archwinger Series: Women who cannot cook = modern day Chinese foot-binding.

January 29, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

The title is mine

This article is alarmingly true in ways that nearly bring tears to my eyes. [[Referencing this](#)]

One of my favorite hobbies is cooking. I cook a good 90% of the meals for my family. And for guests, visitors, strangers, people at work. I'm no Martha Stewart, but I'm a decent cook, and I really enjoy doing it. Not the cutting, not the standing at the stove, not dabbling in the spice rack, but just the overall act of creating food that other people enjoy. Whenever my wife is wowed by something I made, she always asks "What did you put in here?" and I always respond

"Love." She chuckles like I'm joking, then asks what I really put in there, but that was a pretty honest response. I cook with love. There's a piece of me on each plate. There's just something about creating an enjoyable, nourishing, and just plain tasty dish, and having other people enjoy the thing I created. To share my love in that way.

What I do today used to be what most women did all the time. Not because they were oppressed and forced to by the evil patriarchy, but because it was an admirable thing to spend the day creating something, out of love, and nourishing your family with it. To bring homemade pastries to the neighbors. To make the appetizers for your kid's event. To invite your husband's boss over for dinner. To share your love. Everyone's got to eat, so the one universal way you can give your love to everyone is by feeding them.

Today, most modern women laugh and spit at the act of cooking. Or cleaning. Or folding the laundry. Or having sex with their husbands. The very notion of doing anything that serves, helps, facilitates, or gratifies another person – especially a man and especially, especially their husband--is demeaning, oppressive, and downright insulting. It's not so much that women brag about not knowing how to cook. They brag that they don't have to cook.

That's really the modern woman's ideal. **The less they have to do, the more bragging rights they have among other women.** The ideal situation is to marry a hot, wealthy, superman of male candidates, but not have to get a job and work, cook for the family, clean the house and do laundry, or have sex with her husband. That's the epitome of self-worth in the most women's eyes. I'm so hot that my husband "loves me for me"! Which is code for: I don't have to do anything, just exist. My vagina is so valuable, just for being a vagina, that I don't have to do anything for anybody else. Everybody does for me. I'm a princess. That is the highest epitome of female bragging rights among their peers.

Oh, but if the husband ever loses his job, doesn't take the trash out, or leaves the toilet seat up, he's getting divorced. A princess shouldn't have to put up with that shit.

The Archwinger Series: I've been Hurt in the Past

February 8, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I've been Hurt in the Past

I used to meet a lot of women who allegedly loved me. Loved me more than any man they'd ever known before. Loved, but went to great lengths to never, ever have sex with me. They weren't virgins; many had quite the history with men. I still never got anywhere. Their reasoning was grounded in woman-logic: "I've been hurt by a lot of assholes in the past, and I really care about you, so I want to do this right"

Or some variation of that.

If you're a loser hearing that you'll think to yourself, "Oh, joy! I'm totally not an asshole, and she notices that and is rewarding me with a real, non-sexual relationship instead of a shallow one that's going to fail! I'm so lucky! I'll wait forever for such a wonderful person! I should find something nice to do for her right now to let her know how grateful I am!"

Here's how that same woman-logic sounds to a real guy: "Other men worse than you have gotten farther with me, in less time, with less of an emotional and financial investment. But because I care more about you, I am making you jump through hoops and making you spend a greater amount of time and resources to get less far with me. Because I care more about you. What? Why are you looking at me like that? This makes perfect sense. Yes, giving less to people I care about more makes sense."

Here's what the girl really means: "I've pegged you for a chump. I don't think you have options with other women, and I don't think you're willing to walk away, so I'm going to frame this relationship on my terms. We fuck when I want to, and that's going to be after I've made you jump through a bunch of hoops to prove you're my little compliant bitch who's going to give me all the time, resources, and validation I want, at will. If you were a real man, you'd have fucked me already, but I've cast you for the role of bitch. I don't care about you. I care about me. I don't even like you. Sex is reserved for real men. You're not a real man. You're my bitch."

Here's the kicker: Most women don't know that they really mean this. They just know that the validation feels good, and that a guy who keeps validating them without sex makes them feel powerful, happy, and better about themselves. When any woman hears the line of girl logic, "I've been hurt in the past," it makes perfect sense to them – she's screwed up by giving it up too easily before and wants to stop screwing up. By stop screwing up, they mean that she needs to do a better job of withholding sex to bait men into doing shit for her to earn it. They don't know they mean that, but that's what they mean.

Only in the eyes of a woman does it make sense to give less to a man that you love more. But that's the rationalization kicking in. If a woman is giving you less, and making you do more for it, that's the exact opposite of loving you more. Being stingy with affection is the opposite of love. Requiring an exchange of favors rather than just giving of yourself is the opposite of love.

It's a difficult truth to admit and to accept, not just for us, but for women, too. I think on some level, they want to love that nice guy who's going out of his way for them, but they just don't. They can't.

But they tell themselves that they do, and that they're just taking it slow to avoid getting hurt like they have in the past. Because they love him more. And if things don't work out, he's still a great guy – the chemistry just wasn't there. And if they slip up and screw some hot guy from work, it was a mistake. They don't love that guy. They love the nice guy, don't they? They were just drunk.

"I've been hurt in the past and want this to be different," is nothing more than an insidious shit test. By complementing you, telling you that you're different from every other guy, that you're not an asshole or a douche, and that she loves you more than every previous man, you're off-guard when in combination with all of that praise, she denies you sex. Because she loves you more.

New Years Resolutions

February 8, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

New Years Resolutions

Women tools, adapted to male sensibilities

Hearing the advice women get and applying it to me makes me sound like an asshole, right? This reminded me of a blog post called "new year's resolutions" by a long-gone blogger named Solomon II.

There's no future in being a better man, so I will work hard to become a better woman. I will give myself free reign to do whatever I want whenever I want, and I will do so with impunity. I will demand the best for myself because I deserve it, and shame those who do not immediately offer it. I will be faithful to my partner when it suits me, and adventurous when it doesn't. I will be bad and demand nothing but good in return. I want it all, and I want you to give it to me right now. I will find power and self confidence by being sexually promiscuous while ignoring the fact that I'm not accomplishing anything that your average chimp at the zoo hasn't. I will demand that you accept, embrace and celebrate my actions because I am being true to my exceptionally unique self. I will righteously criticize those who engage in the exact same behavior I do, because unlike them, I'll do it with style. Most importantly, if my Sex and the City lifestyle doesn't pan out, I'll blame it on whoever or whatever is closest to me.

Kind of depressing, freeing, and thought provoking, all in the same statement. Bringing it back to the common female attitude against most manosphere writings. They want a man who 'just gets it' and isn't inauthentic. I wonder if this is just the ultimate, gender-wide projection of a huge insecurity, pawned off as some fault of man.

the tone to take this in isn't angry, it isn't mocking, or belittlement. And I'm sure you can spin this into a positive attribute, if you lawyer it enough. It isn't good, it isn't evil, it's just an amoral strategy that is working damned fine, so long as you discount the measure of personal happiness in the subject.

It just 'IS' And I'm fine with that.

The most responsible teenager in the house.

Women see it as a value judgement, and that's why nothing a man talks about with other men can truly be understood by women. Women put everything through the lens of 'how does this make me look in the herd?' which isn't how men do it. This is no different than a conversation about why metric sockets don't work so well on imperial bolts. There's no value judgement, it's just an observed reality. Whether it's 100% accurate and fair to all parties is irrelevant.

It just works, and that's good enough.

Originally Posted 17th March 2016 by stonepimpletilists

Amendment:

There's a nuance to this, something I had not considered, yet adapted to quite well. Most of what is involved with the red pill is the Jeet Kune Do of relationship strategies. So much of what we do is adopted from women's strategies, with an added male sensibility. Branch swinging for women is Dread for men. Solipsism for women is Frame for men. Game for men is womanese for women.

And just like a trans MMA fighter, we take the woman strategies, and proceed to roll them with it. As much as men like to say this is about being the manliest man who ever manned, it's really about mission focus. Getting what you want out of life. And the masculinity, or lack thereof in a system shouldn't be relevant. You're a man, you're put on this earth to win, and you do what you have to do in order to do so.

Even if that means you're taking that culture and adapting it to your life.

I never wanted a relationship, you probably don't either

March 20, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Relationships are a woman's job

I have concluded that it is bad sexual strategy to want a relationship and that it is horrible self-sabotage to look for one. What you can do is be open to one, which puts the onus on the girl to sell you on the idea of her on a full time basis. Of course, this can be a bit unnerving, as it puts your sexual successes and failures in the forefront. If you cannot get a girl to want to win you, then you are not valuable enough to warrant the effort, it's a huge hit to the ego.

I happened into this mindset, almost by accident. I had been spinning plates for just about a decade at that point – I was a late bloomer – and had seen nothing but disaster in the vast majority of relationships around me. Parents, friends, co-workers. I was just old enough to see the first round of divorces among guys my age. Man it happens young. As I started telling the story, I was getting the stories of other guys in the red pill, the one that comes to mind was /u/UEMMcGill, another red pill moderator who had the same experience. A few others afterwards came out, and so I ran with the idea.

You can only be open to having a relationship, but the onus is on her to convince you it's worth it.

At the time she was one of my plates, 8 years younger and a lot of fun, but I was deploying so life luckily taught me not to look for a relationship. I cannot give the RCN all the credit for this, most of the girls I was dating were pretty convincingly sold on the idea also. And so I left to sail around the world and pretend to fight pirates, how noble, amirite?

When I got home, I hadn't seen a girl who wasn't an alcoholic, fat, or in a burka in 7 months. Our ship was having an exclusive party, and I wanted to bring one of the old plates, possibly a new one if I could get one in time. I was still adjusting to driving a car again, I couldn't sleep in a bed, I wasn't exactly at the top of my game.

The aforementioned plate wanted to come to. The Pacific North West wasn't exactly known for exclusive party scenes, so every girl wanted a sponsor to take them where the booze was free, high T flowed, and no one smelled like patchouli. The friend who invited her last year wanted nothing to do with her, she tended to wander off and do her own thing, and he hated the idea of having to babysit her.

I wanted a fun girl to plate, and she wanted an invite.

Enter the plate.

I was still dating other girls, and In Vancouver, I was meeting up with a part-time stripper, as I needed a date for some diplomatic function with the public officials there. I guess the HMCS Vancouver was banned from her namesake city a few years back, and we wanted to start leaving better impressions with the locals. This event was a story in itself for another time.

After a lot of bullshit, I eventually walked away, it was right about the point where she started adding hoops for me to jump through. Either it was my game, or my luck, but it always happened around the 30 day mark, a girl's nonsense started to come through and I just walked away. My party-plate as it turns out was also in Vancouver, she had just flaked on her guy for being unattractive. I had nothing to do for the evening so invited her out on a date.

It's something I had noticed, for about a year, this is the first plate I had that didn't have

- Daddy issues
- Drinking issues
- Control issues
- Feminism issues
- Attitude issues

In fact, the worst thing I could say about her is that she had too many bar clothes for my amount of closet space. We sat there over Caesars and I put her on a 90 day trial period, 'let's see shall we?' And for the second year, she just didn't have any red flags. No suspicious absences, always pleasant, not secretive with her phone, no stories through the grapevine at work over who had seen her where. Dear god, she was even better than my old roommate Terrin, she put her makeup away after she used it instead of leaving it on the sink!

And during that time, the only concession I made was giving her the opportunity to keep me to herself. Nothing changed, at first. However, after one random night of drinking and having fun at a friends house, she came over and turned into a blubbering mess. The whole conversation centered around her worried that I didn't love her, and she loved me so much. Around that time she started staying over, cooking me breakfast. She even cleaned my house! I joked, that during our first date she was the first girl to make me so much as a sandwich. The point though, that I hadn't really looked for a relationship with her. I was open to one, I was willing to give her the opportunity to have one, but she had to invest in the relationship. After all, I was good at game and still not even close to peaking. I would sacrifice all my years of thottery ahead of me. What I had inadvertently asked myself was: "What's in this for me?" And while it wasn't much I had asked for, she stepped up, and here we are over a decade later. She still makes me breakfast if I ask, and I still give her my best years.

Contrast this with my buddy Matt. He was married to his high school sweetheart, a beautiful Polish girl named Liz. He was co dependent, she was frigid and controlling. She spent money to soothe her angry emotions, while Matt treated her as an equal, which she resented him for. They got divorced, and it was a train wreck from start to finish. Put that aside, watching him date again was weird.

He was looking for her replacement, he was looking for a wife. Every girl he brought over was middling at best, yet to him they were all wife material. He would project all his great qualities onto them, while ignoring the glaring flaws. The obvious one was the girl who had a huge acne problem, whom he called hotter than his ex-wife. Say what you will about her, she was objectively hot.

About 7 months later he had a new wife and they got married. The weird thing was, she went from being a very passive, quiet girl, into the mirror image of Liz. I couldn't tell you if she was always like that but hid it in order to hook him, or whether his passive nature left a leadership vacuum that she entered, and proceeded to fuck up.

He went looking for his unicorn, and he ended up with the same old nag he started with, except in brunette. He never stopped being co dependent, never took charge, he almost never said no. he was very passive, and she had to take the reins. He then hit bed death by a thousand concessions. It was really sad, he used to complain about how Liz never fucked him, and those same stories were starting up again. I wonder how different it would have been if he lead the interactions, lead the relationship, or at the very least made her work to convince him it was a good idea to stick it out with her.

Girls suck at leadership, and no one wins when they try to lead a relationship. It reminds me of lesbian bed death. If you haven't heard of this, it's where two girls start off in a great relationship, then slowly but surely lose all sexual interest in each other. No one is initiating, and everyone is waiting to be receptive. All the while, resentment builds and they shit self-destructs. I can't say for certain this is why lesbian relationships have the most occurrences of domestic abuse, but I can't say they aren't related either.

Even now, I don't think I ever truly was 100% 'in' on my relationship. It wasn't that I think I'm so damned good that I deserve better, it's just something I've picked up over the years. It's hard to see a 99% failure rate for relationships and put faith in their permanence, surely I'm not better at it than everyone around me right? The one thing I can say with some confidence is that when I've been around something that could be great for me, but didn't really care if I got it or not, I was better at looking at it objectively.

I don't think there's anything more effective at manipulating us than the wishes of our own egos. In my case, the only expectation I had was sexual company, and it's fairly easy to see if a girl fits the bill. I never really committed more than that until the other person gave me a reason to. Now I don't know if this is the be all and end all strategy, but I do know it's worked for me, and the guys I've swapped notes with. Give it a shot in your life, see how well the feedback gets for you

Womens relationship advice is garbage.

April 28, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Advice for women is garbage

Why everyone tells you what you want to hear and what you can do about it

Judging by my watch statistics, if you're watching this, you're likely a man between the ages of 20 and 45. You've likely been given horrible advice about women, relationships, and how to function as a man in modern society. Having said that, I'll in frequently see a girl peek her head in to see this forbidden knowledge wink wink.

By the time someone gets to a random dude on the internet for advice on his failing marriage, long term relationship, or failed search for relationships we've established multiple failures from the top down. Leadership failures, societal failures, interpersonal failures, and self-sabotaging failures.

Imagine telling someone a year ago that you would need to find a complete stranger who doesn't know your name or what you look like in order to get a truthful opinion?

They would laugh, I would laugh, and I still do.

The one thing that is great for men is that no one cares about us enough to lie about us unless they want something from us. Women who find you unattractive will happily let you know, men who find you useless are more than happy to let you know. When you're trash, you know you are trash.

But I'm not talking about men here, this time, I'm talking to you ladies, because you don't have it so good, and I don't envy you.

Imagine being a pretty young girl. Maybe you are, maybe you were and have since blossomed from a pretty girl into a pretty woman. Who is honest with you?

- Men want to sleep with you will tell you what you want to hear so they can. They will lie to you because they want you
- Men who actually love you will tell you what you want to hear so they don't upset you. They will lie to you because they care about you
- Other women will tell you what you want to hear because they think it's more important to keep conflict down than to be honest. They will lie because they are conflict averse
- And a few women are jealous and will tell you what you want to hear because they don't want you to be better than them. Some chicks are just jealous.

Everyone lies to you whether they like you or not. An entire multi-billion dollar industry exists to lie to you for your money. We all know it too:

- Low fat diets are garbage
- Cutting all your hair off doesn't make you more attractive
- Fat is not hot, other than a very specific demographic
- Guys don't care about your career
- Guys aren't attracted to your intelligence
- Your ultimatums only work on the kind of men you don't want

And I wish I could tell you that I have the answer. Unpacking all the lies men are given is hard enough, let alone the lies you are told. Besides, guys tend to be hardwired to take an interest in learning from experts, women tend to like deferring to an authority. Whether a man is right or wrong is irrelevant if you don't think of him as a guy you look up to. And I will never be an authority like any of the non-Doctor television doctors out there, all I can offer is this.

Be a voyeur. If you follow a lot of guys in my space, you're going to see guys at various stages of unplugging, of being more valuable to those around them. You'll see something interesting that may help you. As the men get better, they become honest with themselves and the people around them. This makes me laugh, as much as Red Pilled men are painted as evil misogynists by the media, they have something rare, something you don't see very often.

They are honest.

You watch a guy who has been around for a while, not the new guys. The guy who has conquered his

own lies, who has made himself a high value man that the women around them become attracted to, listen to what he's saying to them, or what he's saying to us about them. Sometimes, it's rather mean. If you've been fed sugar your whole life, being told to eat your vegetables must sound horrible.

Something you'll notice though, you get to see men at their most honest. Somewhere inside of all the talk you'll find the solution to your own lies, and where your inner beauty and value lay. I've seen it happen only twice in 5 years, so I know it's difficult. Claire and Darla.

Claire was a little book worm who read it all, and put up with a lot of toxic men for years. She always had a smile on her face, she was patient, and she eventually addressed her own life. A man who treated her as disposable, loved other women just as much. She went from that to a man whom she still beams about. I hear they got married last year.

Darla was the rare case of a girl getting redpilled by having her husband treat her like women treat men. Divorced from a guy who became a dependapotamus. She learned to get out of her own way, to stop being such a competitive argumentative masculine woman, and instead started to act in a way that provided value to a man. What happened next was wonderful. She found her own Chad. She could be the ball busting corporate type during the day, and had her wonderful man to melt into in the evenings.

We are all in this together, the best thing you can do, and it's as honest as I can be. The best thing you can do is to get out of the guys way, watch us make our mistakes, learn from them, and wait for that moment of honesty that no one else will give you. It'll be tough, we aren't the most pleasant to listen to, but it will help.

Or like I say. I may be an asshole, but I'll never lie to you.

Playboys, Alpha males and 'Real Men': Manipulative container words

April 29, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



or; Women's Tools

Adopted to male sensibilities

I've often suggested a healthy level of narcissism is required by men, in fact I've often suggested it's one of the hallmarks of the concept of masculinity itself. Healthy is a vague term that we can take to mean anything we want it to, so in the theme of this post I will look to make it a little more objectively.

Unhealthy narcissism involves a few characteristics. Create an archetype, persona, or life script, which I condense into the term *deep narrative*; emulate the characteristics of your surface level understanding of this deep narrative and respond with rage towards any person who does not recognize your *deep narrative* as their *deep narrative*. I use the term rage purposefully, anger is a social reaction to a perceived injustice. If I break my arm from an accident it hurts, if you break my arm on purpose it's anger. Rage doesn't have a grievance, it's an ego defensive measure to remove threats to one's ego investment. Whether it's accidental or purposeful doesn't matter. Only the deep

narratives integrity matters.

And it's built on a foundation of sand.

So when I say a healthy level of narcissism, I define it as a level of narcissism that does not require rage in order to sustain itself. The reason I make this specific is because of the concept I am introducing here

Container Words

I use an analogy to describe this. A container word is a box, a box with a label on it. You take this box with a label on it, and fill it with emotions, feelings, and ego. You seal the box and throw it at someone else. They have their own box, and it's filled with their own emotions, their own feeling, and their own ego. Since your box differs from theirs, and everyone's box benefits themselves, they use their box as a cudgel against your box. You **must** adopt the contents of their box or else suffer narcissistic rage.

The labels are pretty common: Alpha Male, Beta Male, a Real Man, a Man of Integrity, Playboy/Pleighboi, HighIQ, Real G; you can easily think of many more once you know what to look for. Women and men both use container words to bully you into doing something for them.

- You're not a *Real Man* if you don't do the dishes
- Only *highIQ* men understand this
- I would never put up with that, I only sleep with men who have *Integrity*!
- *Real G's* only fuck 9's and 10's

I've spent way too much time arguing with middle aged soccer moms online during my learning phase of The Red Pill, and it's something prevalent that isn't discussed. Luckily once a man gets it, they learn to develop frame. Frame encompasses the final strategy in this essay.

Why use them, what's the point?

And this is where we get a little tribal in our definitions. In general, the mental models that have coalesced around *Red Pill* are ones of:

- Factual objectivity, where there is one set of facts
- Moral subjectivity, where what is moral is based on the specific goals of the specific society
- Open conversation, where discourse is designed to discover what the facts are. We ideally *play the ball, not the man*

The mental models that coalesce in increasing regularity around the typical person, most often women but increasingly guys I'll call *blue pill* are:

- Factual subjectivity, where there are multiple facts which are based on the perspective of the person making the observation.
- Moral objectivity, where there is one set of morals that we are constantly refining as we

become more ‘enlightened.’

- Closed conversation, where discourse is designed to discover who has the moral high-ground in any situation, so that their subjective facts may drive peoples behavior.

I argue that the former encompasses masculinity, and the latter femininity. There are biological justifications for this which I am not getting into as it’s outside of scope. If we were to argue about it, we would either agree, refine the definitions, or take the above definitions and pit them against each other and end up back where we started.

Take a leap with me.

Container words are a perfect example of using blue pill mental models to achieve a goal, the goal here is to get someone else to behave in a way that benefits them. She has her facts, her truth, and her goal of interacting with people to establish her status as authority so that everyone else must adopt her facts. The ideas are irrelevant, only her status.

e.g. good girl, high quality woman, not her fault. More containers

I’ll bet a few of you are mapping this to an argument you had with your wife and it makes sense, doesn’t it?

Meanwhile, a well meaning but insecure man will assume others are having discourse with the idea of discussing facts. He takes the moral posturing as if it were a definition, he will take her container of facts and adopt it as their own, he takes his objections to her obvious lunacy and puts them aside. The blue pill person seems so certain of their facts since she is basing it on the certainty of her moral authority. We all are completely certain of our morality, it’s the deepest narrative we have. It’s our lives **hard-and-fast ruleset**, not to be broken ever. If we do break them, we build elaborate justifications as to why it was necessary to do so in order to protect our moral code.

If you recall my definition of unhealthy narcissism above, this sounds similar, no?

- Create a deep narrative
- Emulate the superficial characteristics of the narrative
- respond with rage at peoples lack of acknowledgement of said deep narrative

The moral high-ground isn’t even consistent, it changes as the rationalizations and justifications change, the only over arching mental model is ‘self interest.’ This is the traits of the borderline, the female equivalent of narcissism. It’s different, but deceptively similar at the same time.

I tell guys that a lot of the mental models the red pill has are adopted wholesale from a woman’s mental models and adapted to male sensibilities. This is what I mean. Put aside our ideas of discourse and learn to handle someones moral posturing as the useless but fun game it is, then proceed to laugh at their flimsy box of manipulation, while you sit on your container of forged experience cocksure in its contents.

It’s not a huge stretch to tell a man that his long term health and success requires changing his mental models from contemporary blue pill ones to more self-interested red pill ones. while I acknowledge this sounds less like a praxeology, or study of purposeful human action in order to navigate them to ones own benefit, than it does a philosophy, I notice that the mental models have to come because of the praxeology, not the other way around. Otherwise we are replacing one unhealthy narcissism with

another one. Even if this makes it a more beneficial deep narrative, it's still lacking the sustainability that will work for a man in the long term.

I find a lot of red pill guys who jump the shark seem to forget that. Red Pill as a collection of mental models creating a deep narrative comes from understanding the feedback one gets from the world in its reaction to his actions. When you create your deep narrative because a bunch of dudes online talk about how they think, how they act, and why they do things, you'll eventually run into a chick that refuses to acknowledge your edgy *redpill* persona, refuses to touch your dick. causes narcissistic injury, and creates narcissistic rage. I could add some case studies and callout some names, but I'd rather the reader does that on his own, half the fun is in seeing the matrix as its code.

Whats the takeaway?

My takeaways are: first, I am not my brothers keeper. Getting to a place where one gets enthusiastic sex and desire from as many women as possible is a universal. Aside from that a *Red Pilled* man is a man on a personal journey to achieve greatness in his life, in whatever unique ways he chooses to define it.

Definitions of greatness, another container word. Best to open the box in front of others so we are all talking about the same thing.

Second, any man who is *redpilled* is acting like a child with dynamite; creating an elaborate archetype, emulating their own surface level understanding and reacting negatively when others don't acknowledge it; or

- Everyone says we are evil misogynists that hate women. I'll act like an asshole and shit on women and I can be redpilled and have all the pussy too, right?
- The real redpill is deferring to Jesus and shitting on women for having sex
- I got a girlfriend now, she is special and not like the other girls so I will reward that with all the validation she wants!

Children with Dynamite is the perfect explanation for this, as is purple pill. Using red pill tools to achieve your blue pill goals, or wielding something that isn't doing anything but destroy your own attempt at a sustainable deep narrative.

The third takeaway is best summed up by one of the older guys in this space, *Humansockpuppet*

You are a man. You are the only creature on this planet fit to accomplish anything of worth. And because of that, the rest of the world will always try to twist your mind, or twist your arm; to force you, by deception or by threat of imprisonment, to accomplish their goals instead of your own. Learn to recognize when this is happening, and take back control of your life, so you can do the things that YOU want to do.

Anyone using your own box to achieve their own ends is manipulating you. Don't be mad about it, they do it because it works. It works because people are conflict averse, insecure about their own self worth, and seeking validation from others. Address those three points and they can throw around their container words all day, while you approach them with amused mastery:

Hey, your box is leaking

Finally, someone is getting it

May 24, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

So sorry so serious.

Something you'll see all over the Manuresphere is the "She's Not 'Haaappyy' Meme." If you're wearing your wellies, you can stroll over to AskMRP and see in four or five posts on the front page. As with all memes, it's a shorthand expression for a longhand thought, meant to gloss over a complex phenomenon. Essentially, they are accusing women in general as well as specific women in their lives for ending relationships for arbitrary, capricious reasons. The premise is that women are driven by their feelings, not logic, and are therefore torpedoing their own families for specious reasons. To wit: their own happiness.

Here's the question nobody in the manosphere is asking: What other reason is there?

Let's list some of the reasons these Lords of Logic see as legitimate for ending a marriage: the spouse is physically abusive; the spouse is irresponsible to the point of causing financial or legal ruin to the entire family; the spouse is substance-addicted and is either refusing to get help or doing a poor job of it; the spouse is neglectful or abusive towards the children; the spouse is neglecting their partner's physical needs (specifically, sex).

In all of the above, the end result is that the party who is being wronged *is unhappy*. The sex of the wronged spouse is irrelevant; their role in aiding or abetting the at-fault spouse is irrelevant; the fact that they knew they were putting a scorpion on their back as they waded into the river is irrelevant. What is relevant is that they are unhappy.

So why is this meme so prevalent? Why the derisive extra vowels? I posit it is this: As far as these men are concerned, her happiness is NOT a valid reason to divorce. But his IS.

I further posit that for many of these men, the announcement from their spouse that she was not happy and intended to end the relationship came as a shock. They felt blindsided. And the reason why was that they, the Redpillers, had been ignoring months, maybe years, of signals that their partner was unsatisfied. What's worse, their little crimson suppository encourages them to do peecisely* that. A woman expressing unhappiness, no matter how clearly or directly, is simply "shit testing."

In DMSW's post yesterday, we see a MRP referring to his wife serving divorce papers on him as, and this is a direct quote, "the ultimate shit test." But while we're all shaking our heads in disbelief at the utter idiocy of this, let's take a moment to unpack why this event came as such a shock to that poster:

As far as he's concerned, if he's happy, everything is OK. To any MRPs reading, and I know for a fact that you are, this is the actual definition of solipsism. This isn't mere selfishness, which all human beings exercise to a greater or lesser extent. This is a man who is a world unto himself. No feelings matter but his because, as far as he is concerned, *no other feelings exist*.

Can you imagine a psychologically normal, minimally empathetic person who would want to stay with a spouse who was fundamentally unhappy with them in a way that could not be fixed?

Would love to hear your thoughts.

*typo and IT STAYS.

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*typo and IT STAYS.

From our resident peanut gallery. She does no understanding of satire, but clearly is not stupid.

her happiness is NOT a valid reason to divorce. But his IS.

She gets it at least.

Becoming ones own #1, 2 3 and 4th priority, his own masculine center. Not only do people project their morality onto the men in MRP, they do it with no thought for the outcomes. Men in MRP are happier, and they are better men, because they know how to be vile men. People argue that it's wrong for so many reasons, mostly from their own bias and projections. All MRP men know that you have to drag someone into a happy life kicking and screaming. They had to drag themselves into it first, stop getting in their own way and learn to be happy. And just as some men want to feel like an Alpha male, without doing the work, a lot of them drift towards feeling like a good, moral and happy

person, again, without doing the work.

Dalrock already said this

My thoughts when reading this drifted to Dalrock's new years resolution

X. There's no future in being a better man, so I will work hard to become a better woman. I will give myself free reign to do whatever I want whenever I want, and I will do so with impunity. I will demand the best for myself because I deserve it, and shame those who do not immediately offer it. I will be faithful to my partner when it suits me, and adventurous when it doesn't. I will be bad and demand nothing but good in return. I want it all, and I want you to give it to me right now. I will find power and self confidence by being sexually promiscuous while ignoring the fact that I'm not accomplishing anything that your average chimp at the zoo hasn't. I will demand that you accept, embrace and celebrate my actions because I am being true to my exceptionally unique self. I will righteously criticize those who engage in the exact same behavior I do, because unlike them, I'll do it with style. Most importantly, if my Sex and the City lifestyle doesn't pan out, I'll blame it on whoever or whatever is closest to me.

It's right there, if you read it all. The Cardinal rule of relationships, The amoral strategy. What she calls hypocrisy, I'd call finally catching on and playing to win. I'd say she's 100% right! And I'd say, it seems to work just as well, so will add some more tools for the toolbox.

Praxeology

If you look at this like some kind of philosophy, ideology, some kind of moral framework. If you look at it like this, it does read poorly, inconsistently, hypocritical. Of course, it's none of those things. It's strategies to achieve what you want. What men want will vary as much as a man can vary from his brothers. Above all else, he wants to win, to be the prize, in whatever way suits him.

It's advocating the removal of woman from the top of the totem pole, and the removal of his expected rewards, the piecemeal kindness (unconditionally one way only) that men should receive for all their hard work. The whole rant reads like the want of men, to be the benevolent, kind plow horse. The manipulated man, who holds everyone to the same standard, regardless of merit, only their intent. Of course, that same equal standard is more equal to some, but it's OK, we can take it...

How good of a man can we be, if we are unable to accomplish any dread in a dying sexual relationship? How much better a person are you, than the guy who could be the cruelest sonofabitch around, but chooses not to. Choose not to, because she is more valuable to treat kindly, than any short term Machiavellian schemes payout would be. Every awkward dread implementation I've seen in the field. Every, single one, is based on impotence, not effectiveness. No one blows up a marriage by being too good at having options, too much abundance. Guys blow up a marriage for being such low value men, that any assertion of their masculinity removes their sole value from in her eyes. The walking ATM wants more? I'd rather just cash out now, instead of put up with the child wanting to run the show.

Good, she enforced rule 7, someone had to.

But... It just doesn't work OK?

If it didn't work, we wouldn't do it... That makes me laugh, makes me take this less seriously than a woman would. Give someone else, other than me the chance to make everyone happy. Give someone else the keys to run the show in a way that helps me. Give the leadership role away, and what happens? They screw it up, but with the best of intentions. Best part, it will be your fault. Shit in one hand, wish in the other, see which fills first.

She means well, so it's all OK. This is why you may as well run the show, it's your fault if it fails, may as well be responsible for it too.

All the talk about knowing happiness, the moral highground, and whats wrong with every man there, what's there to show for it? Abusive ex-husbands are the prime reason the MRP peanut gallery exists, and to them, we exist to project their shitty men onto all men. All this knowledge on how and why red pilling men is wrong. I ask you this, where are the feminine success stories, the stories that come from deliberate action? Someone who did not have a winning hand, but through deliberate action, caused it to work?

Winning at life through happenstance isn't good enough, it isn't going to cut it. The lottery is, and always was a tax for the stupid, and asking a man to put his life into the meat grinder with hope and dreaming is just that. Dummy taxes.

Paper Alphas

I often laugh at paper alphas, men who know how to type being alpha on a keyboard, but crumble at the first test. Men who speak about lifting constantly, while they cannot see their dick past their belly buttons. Paper Alphas are a joke, and what is this if not paper virtue? Everything I know about you is wrong, you act inconsistently, hypocritical and mean. Yet, the ones who are good at it are happy, while most critiques come from people who are objectively not. You tell me, where exactly is the problem? Are all these happy men, happy relationships wrong? Or the one throwing rocks from the outside, constantly screaming their bile?

The question has always been: how do we have a stable relationship with maximum happiness for all? To me, this critique illustrated the answer perfectly. We have a stable, happy relationship by dragging them to into it, kicking and screaming, in a way they absolutely hate, and with no regard for their feelings and wanting of comfort and false virtue. Once your woman is there, and they show they are worth keeping around. Once you have it at a maintenance level, and only then, they can enjoy the spoils and think it was their idea. The benevolent dictator indeed.

This is simple, it isn't easy

As my fellow brother BogeyD6 says. Unpacking this is difficult and having our minds grasp the concepts are maybe the most complicated things in this world.

No one else has a god damned clue what the fuck they are doing. They double down on what they think of the world, and how you should act in it. Never mind that it hasn't worked for them, never mind that they aren't happy. Call for equality when they lose, call for gratitude when they win. Their

hard work when they happen to win, your fault when they lose. Fuck it. I will take my own wheel, drive in my own direction, and do what I have to do to get there. If you have what it takes, and give more than you take away, you can come along.

Fair is for sports. This is life, fair is never considered

Originally Posted 15th June 2017

What is

June 20, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



The Main Event

That is not a main event, no, not that either

[Watch it here and have a tuna melt](#)

I, along with a lot of smart and capable men in this space talk a lot about Dread. If you don't know,

Dread is the process where a man prepares himself to be the most attractive man he can be while giving a girl he is currently married to, or in a long term relationship with, a chance to step up her game and meet his challenge before he moves on to someone else (or no one at all). One thing that isn't discussed nearly enough is the main event, or that moment when the power dynamic in a relationship shifts for the better, and a guy receives the mother of all comfort tests, or a girls anxiety about her relationship security.

I'll paint a picture. Imagine a guy who generally puts everyone except himself first. This could be you, your dad, your brother, or a guy from work who talks about his marriage way too much. He marries the first girl who shows the slightest appreciation for this. Maybe they have kids, maybe they don't. The one thing that happens is that the sexual thrill of having two people, a girl desperate for unearned validation, and a guy desperate to work for it; that thrill starts to waver. Two codependents cannot stand alone, someone has to become the narcissist, and the wife begrudgingly takes the role. Sometimes the girl has some serious daddy issues and refused to accept anything but that role. A lot of women try their whole lives to be men, they always seem to be really good at becoming the worst that men have to offer.

Some men just light themselves on fire to keep others warm.

This couple used to have sex like rabbits, it's now on a schedule: monthly, quarterly, annually? Then, it's just done. Some of the worst guys I've seen an spoken to have gone on in this personal hell for as long as a decade or more. I should say it breaks my heart, but they did it to themselves. The average man can get laid if he wants to, the question is what else is he attached to that gets in the way?

Hint: It's validation seeking co dependence.

Even the single guys have it, they don't get to pat yourselves on the back. What, did anyone seriously think that proclaiming 'the juice isn't worth the squeeze' to every woman at every opportunity was being above it all? Who *exactly* do you think is supposed to hear that message and validate it?

Back to the relationship co dependents. They eventually find their way to our space. We get these cookie dough men, we show them Rollo Tomassi, we show them Athol Kay, we show them Ian Ironwood, Robert Glover, Manuel Smith, Ethar Vila, the list is huge. I, or someone else berate them like a drill sergeant to crush that ego, and until they come out the other side, forged out of iron.

They get into shape. They work out years of frustration inside the squat rack. They get their mind right, they replace their shitty mental models with healthy ... more importantly, with successful ones. And another concept, the thousand foot toe rope; The concept of where a mans progress isn't reflected in their woman, much like a ship towing something at a thousand feet doesn't change direction for a long time.

We can all say we are a married team, but you're alone. Never forget that you ain't shit, and that's OK.

At it's core, Dread is about you learning how to become attractive, or how to be attractive again, and to learn learn how to stop being unattractive, to start looking the part. The part is of a self actualized, charismatic, lovable man. Insert whatever masculine words into this box. It's a mans individual box, labelled 'masculine.' Just make sure enthusiastic sex is in there somewhere.

When this happens, men start to build and experience options, or abundance. Women in general love charismatic, fun, lovable and attractive men, they love them a lot. That wife or long term relationship

that a man has been experiencing purgatory with for months, years ... decades? That woman is completely clueless as to why any of this is happening, and he isn't telling her. Why would he? Guys have tried to, Robert Glover suggests it, in fact plenty of guys in my experience have tried to, or accidentally let her find it herself. Consider this a warning, use open communication like this, and you'll either get her assuming you're not going to follow through —*as she should*— you've not followed through on stuff before right?

Or she'll assume you will follow through and it makes her feel bad, so she subconsciously sabotages it. She doesn't mean to, it's mainly how women think in this situation. She feels bad, she feels worse as you get better, and she does things so she doesn't feel bad. Want an ice cream? You deserve a reward for a good week at the gym. Lets have a drink and see what happens!?

Instead, keep all that work to yourself, no woman wants to hear it and it makes it harder for you if she did. Then eventually, eventually something happens. It doesn't happen all the time, and it doesn't happen with everyone, but it does happen. People around you, your woman in particular start to act right by you. They do this because you're worth a damn for once.

If you're lucky you got a good woman. she's switched on with no daddy issues. Shes emotionally damaged no more than your average girl. They see a guy step up, and they fall into line. She trusts her instincts and does what she has to do to keep her man, to keep you happy. If that's you, great, you're one of the few, the proud, the top 20%. welcome to hypergamy, where a woman defers to her best option, try the crab cakes, they are delicious!

But for most of you, most of us, that's not what happens. A woman will be utterly confused. Her man is getting better while she is falling behind. There's years of built up baggage, so seeing such attractive behaviors in an unattractive man is confusing. This story only ends one way. She goes to her tool box and uses all the tools that used to work:

- She tries nagging
- She tries getting angry
- She tries feigning being hurt so you protect her
- She tries feeding you during a cut

She still doesn't feel sexually aroused by this, there's just too much baggage in her head from how things used to be, but in the back end of her girl brain, she kind of starts to feel something, a spark. That spark turns into a fire, and when it does she can't ignore it anymore.

This is the main event.

If you've not heard of the term comfort testing, it's where a girl attempts to get assurances that you won't leave her. The Main Event is the mother of all comfort tests. It's a last ditch play to find some stability. You always know when a woman is desperate, and she switches over to a direct style of communication in an emotional situation. *Where is she in your life? What does she have to do to be there? What are you trying to accomplish? Why do I feel genuine desire for this dufus?*

It's all subconscious, and it's all there.

A lot of guys think they have a main event, but they don't. They get a girl who starts getting angry, starts trying to communicate, starts all kinds of antics to pull you back in to her frame, to make things

revert to way they were before. We are creatures of habit, and nothing bothers us more than when people don't act how we expect them to act. *That's not a main event.*

A main event is a visceral thing. **If there's no snot bubbles, if there's no tears, if there no genuine fear that she may lose her best option, and if she's able to form a sentence without stammering, it's not a main event.**

It's the strongest emotional reaction you'll ever see from a woman. We talk a lot about submission, it's an emotionally charged word, but that is exactly what this is. This is the strongest display of submission a man will ever see in a relationship. It's when, in a girls heart of hearts, she submits to you: the strong, aloof, sexy, charismatic man of value. The guy who has the right mix of desire and comfort, alpha and beta qualities, serotonin and dopamine. What, did you think Alpha meant good and Beta meant bad? Don't kid yourself, these are edgy shorthand terms to describe the lover and provider behaviors in men. No guy does anything if you call him a lover, but call him an Alpha and his peacock plumage starts to flair out. the main event is where a guy knows that he's no longer faking it, it's where a guy has actually made it.

That man has got the reins, maybe for the first time, maybe after a hiatus. He's leading the relationship so don't screw it up. The first step to getting there is whats called the **Come to Jesus** speech. That's a topic in and of itself, for another time.

Dread and the Main Event

To sum up, with Dread, you're going to receive one of thee positive outcomes. well, two are positive, one is just positive for you:

1. A mans wife or girlfriend steps up to meet the challenge, or
2. A mans wife or girlfriend fights him every step of the way until the main event.
3. The last option, maybe her daddy issues run too deep, she just checks out, she never wanted a good man, she wanted a whipping boy. One can't do anything about that, just be ready to interview her replacement, because, and this is another old saying *The stay plan is the same as the go plan.*

I Can't Even, or; telling better stories

July 9, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I can't even. The worst thing to hear when you're trying to have fun with a girl. Click the image to watch the video

This is a post about storytelling. Whether it's a wife, a potential plate, or even general charisma with friends and co-workers, it's an important skill set. Marshall McLuhan had a great insight into hot and cold communication. A quick summary, television was a hot medium, and we only had to sit there and take it in. Books, radio, conversation, all cold mediums, they require our grey matter to engage, imagine, connect. As we move away from television and onto the internet, we are moving back to cold communication methods, and in some ways, it's helping us. In this case, it's helping guys talk to girls without having to stare at the girl fingering her phone. It's hard to talk to someone that isn't

there. It's harder to give anyone good advice.

If you can get past that first hurdle where they think 'who is this douche? Where does he get off saying anything?'

If you can get past the second hurdle, where they think 'this is nothing like the thing I am doing to fail now, I don't trust it'll work any better!'

Then you get to the third hurdle, where 'this thing will work OK. I'm going to blindly follow this advice, to the letter, without any thought behind how I do it. If a little of it will work, doing it to the exclusion of everything else should be, twice as good!?'

I was talking with my girl, and by talking she was giving me the gears because I ruined dating for her. Never mind that none of this is true, the useful part came when she said why. It was something I told her when we were first dating that ruined it for her. 'People have boring uninteresting lives and can't even make it interesting when they tell you about it.' Her friends were boring, my friends and I weren't boring. Sometimes our adventures were boring, but when we were telling stories they never were. Supposedly she's never been able to do small talk, even her work friends, it's just mouth noises now.

I think guys take the advice of 'being more interesting than whatever she's fingering on her phone' to the extreme, and either dance like monkeys, or refuse to even tap their feet. It's not about entertaining someone for validation, it's not about what they used to call 'dancing monkey game.' It was to be charming. Charming people tend to have interesting people and uninteresting people genuinely like being around them. We are social creatures which is difficult when no one can stand you for more than a few minutes. If that sounds like you're entertaining, so be it. It beats social isolation, depression, and rubbing one out to anime girls while drinking a thots bathwater at \$35 a pop.

Girls are bored and the ones who aren't bored are stressed because of some deadline someone made up for them that they will never meet so that their boss can meet the directors arbitrary deadline that doesn't matter while the project gets cancelled next week anyways. Girls are stressed, bored, validation seeking, all roads lead to Rome. Learn to string words together without pissing people off.

Women all have a brain that is in search of escape. Ever wonder why girls don't watch anywhere near the amount of porn that guys do? Well, that's not entirely accurate, they do, on their kobo or their kindle. Go check the amazon best sellers list for women, everywhere in there, porn. Girls are story listeners, and if guys want to hold a girls interest, they need to be story tellers. It's about being interesting. I know many guys take that to mean you need a fancy car, do crazy vacations, have an awesome high status job and drink only the finest wines.

Those aren't interesting, they are interests, they are set pieces.

- A boring person with an awesome job is a boring person with a schedule.
- A boring person with an awesome car is a ride to a girl's Tinder dates condo.
- A boring person with an awesome vacation is a boring guy with a sunburn.

You get the idea. When I was going out to pick up with friends, when I was heading out into a foreign port to party, I made up a job, everyone did. They were golf pros, they were pilots. Some actually were pilots but they flew Sea King's so it's not a brag. Look it up and come back to see why it's funny.

I on the other hand, I was an accountant. No one cares about an accountant or what he does, and that

was the way I liked it. I had to stop making that job up in April, as girls kept telling me they needed help with taxes. I guess they don't make thots with the fiscal prudence that they used to have. I went out in a Nissan Sentra. Chicks get wet for a man with fuel efficiency and 4 doors. I never rented a fancy car, I didn't go broke purchasing a body kit for my Eclipse. Just a simple 4 door sedan. Any girl who met me saw a guy with a boring job, a boring car and who never went everywhere. In real life, I was a sailor and had been everywhere. They didn't care about that, why should they? They didn't get to go. I never got to tell all those stories about how great I was, those would be boring. Just like the guy that they just had a date with before they ran into me.

Instead, I was present, in the moment, and the stories were relevant. The stories were told with some energy, a little passion. I made up the most boring life I could think of. When I had to talk about something I had to ask questions.

- Why was this girl out by herself?
- Where were her friends?
- Why is there a wine stain on her summer dress?
- Why is there a tattoo on her neck?

Tease her a bit about having lame friends, tell a story about how you learned to remove wine stains so you could save a 2 thousand dollar damage deposit on an apartment. People-watch with her and point out how silly everyone else was. It's us versus the world baby, just us in our private little slice of life.

Guys are very good about talking about the past, talking about the future. Most guys I hang with will either tell me stories that start with 'do you remember that guy who?' or 'man it's going to be awesome when I ...' Guys tend not to be good at talking about where we are at that exact moment, at being engaging, at being present. If you're out with a girl you want to have a subtle, sexually charged story, but if you're boring, no one cares about innuendos. If all you can talk about is how great you are, the only takeaway she has is,

I can't even.

You never want to be 'I can't even.'

You can be 'I can't today, but lets do this next week?'

You can be 'I can't, it's that time of the month'

You can be 'I can't, my boyfriend is in the next room'

But you can't be "I can't even"

You can make things up, you can run your mouth about almost anything, just be engaging. This isn't just a dating thing either. If you're boring like this with your wife, you'll notice your bedroom starts to become a chore, if not for you, for her. Rub your naughty parts together, repeat for 5 minutes, watch some YouTube, subscribe to PewDiePie, go to bed. If that's your life, I feel for you, I really do. You're capable of so much more, and it's not that hard if you work at it. Ask questions.

"Where did you get that wine stain?" Find out that girls friend got sloppy on her birthday and spilled before the police threw her into drunk tank? There's your premise, go tell a story:

"You should thank her, you'd have never met me!" And what makes you so special?

"See I paid your friend 300 dollars to pretend to be drunk and spill some wine on you. I'm actually

testing out this new washer and dryer in my place, but I didn't have anything that stains at home, so I had to come out and find someone here."

Ok, that one is not very good, but the idea is sound. A good story often sounds weird out of context. So long as the words make sort of sense and you're telling it with great body language and lots of energy, no one will care. No one will care it's 100% made up. It's fun and you sell it, you sell it hard. Big smile, lots of smiling. When you want her to pay attention you put your hand on her arm. You look very serious at the serious parts, then pause and pull back, laugh when the serious parts turn out to be nothing. Devil may care is your modus operandi. If your life is genuinely interesting this becomes easier, but if you want to be really good? Be able to make nothing, interesting.

Turn 'I can't even' to a 'I already did'

Maybe you suck at stories, that's fine. We don't all have campfires and peyote. Take an improv class, they are great about thinking on the spot. Go to an open mic night and practice your 15 minute set on stage. Toastmaster, or just go to bars, coffee shops and be social. Practice and fail the old fashioned way, by practicing and failing.

You'll notice, the more you tell stories, the better you get at them, the more interesting you become, and the more engaged people are. You're present, you're there, they are there.

'I can't even' becomes 'you can't even stop listening can you?'

You aren't lying, you're not manipulating, and before the moralization comes out, no one is besmirching a girl's honour to enjoy a few hours of sport fucking. This is to illustrate a way to be charismatic and entertaining. Telling a girl you want to be her boyfriend while stringing her along is going to blow up in your face, as is telling a girl you aren't married when you are. If you take this as a license to lie and cheat your way into the bedroom, all I can say is it won't work, and you'll probably end up #metoo'd, and most likely deserve it. Well, lie if you must, make the lie so obvious that she opts in. Girls like honesty and they like plausible deniability.

Vetting, Part I: Men do not know what they want

July 24, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I was too young to know what I wanted. friends would hook me up with their friends, this was the single worst date I had ever been on...

Vetting is the relationship strategy where a man takes a list of values and qualities he prefers in women and uses it to assess the viability of the woman he is currently dating so that he can know if she is worth committing to over the long term. The quintessential strategy for the type of men who readily identify with being traditional and conservative within a modern and liberal society. Note, these are little 'l,' and little 'c.' This isn't about tribal politics, this is about men. The vetting strategy is thrown around as if it's the same strategy men have used throughout history, when in reality it's a horrible mental model; a narrative guys use to provide comfort for the grim reality that relationships all end, and most end well before the man is ready to move on, or his children have had the full biological father experience.

Vetting is a horrible strategy for the following reasons:

- I. Men do not know what they want in life. Men have a wonderful ability to rationalize what the world offers, transforming it what men wanted all along. A vetting list is guesswork and post hoc rationalization.
- II. Vetting a woman is vetting for values. The question is, whose values? Men today are instilled with feminine values, created by and for women to meet their own needs, not his.
- III. Vetting only works if everyone is doing is immunized from everything else.
- IV. Vetting for values is a narcissistic fantasy, and serve to hide the true nature of women and men in order to live in the narrative it presents. By the time the masks come off it's too late.
- V. Vetting creates an ego investment, where a man ignores anything that is outside of his vetted criteria. If the list is wrong, it's an attack on a mans ego, and he will fight tooth and nail to protect it.
- VI. Even if the masks are off, and humans are naked and honest in their interactions (which they aren't) vetting offers a snapshot into someones values, not a longitudinal assessment. It has the same longevity as an MBTI assessment; it's astrology for the educated.
- VII. Vetting is often done to the exclusion of actual relationship strategies. Boundary enforcement is far superior and doesn't require a lifetime of instilling feminine values in a man in order to understand them.

I.

Men do not know What they want in life. The idea of taking a man at his most inexperienced and encouraging him to develop a list of qualities that give him the best choice in a long term relationship is naive. Vetting is touted as mitigation of risk, but risk is a wonderful container word that we can fill with whatever feelings we want. What exactly is a man risking?

Is it financial risk? Most men will parrot the line of divorce bisecting a mans fortune, but this is post hoc rationalization, not the core reason. The kind of man who is able to build a fortune has the tools to build two. The kind of man who is unable to build a fortune doesn't have the fortune to lose. Clearly it isn't about financial hardship.

Is it about the risk of losing so much time to a poor connection? Men age well, and assuming their lives have been a constant path of improvement in the ways that matter most, we don't lose so much

time that our lives will end alone in a house of cat food at boxed wine. A strong theme is that men are being raised as defective women, and the idea of men aging like women, approaching that wall where we transform from young virile men into cold angry spinsters is a female insecurity. Men in their 30s, 40s, and 50s, with the assumption that putting in a modicum of effort are constantly growing into more valuable men, have many options throughout their lives. If a woman were to pull the plug, men are in a far better position to trade up in life. The amount of women who desperately search for high value men is at an all time high, we only need to reach out. A large part of having longevity in a relationship relies on a man being a woman's best option. If you are one woman's best option and she forgets, you can be another woman's best option.

A real risk exists, in that a man can lose access to her children. Men cannot have children, they can only sire children. We get to be involved in the child's life at the behest of their mothers. And while this sounds callus, one of my mentors in this space gave me a wonderful piece of wisdom. "The majority of time you spend with your children will be with them as adults." I should hope a man's primary concern with life isn't his ability to babysit the kids, or coach a little league game for their sake, since we know it's to soothe his own soul. The risk is in not being able to watch them grow up, or to be unable to raise them in the way you wish you were raised as a child. You weren't raised that way and you turned out alright, which makes my point. Many of us had fathers who didn't get to watch us grow up, and made up for lost time when we got older. I never got the privilege, my father died just before I turned eighteen. I've never held that chip on my shoulder, I turned out alright

The risk is one's ego. Most men who tout vetting as a relationship strategy tend to be early into their relationships. It's not that a man knows it works, it's that he hopes it worked, even though it was largely guesswork and coming to terms with the person that took interest in him.

Our ego tells us that this one of a kind girl is the kind of girl that we carefully observed and concluded that she was one of a kind, one in a million of her kind. For most men, the one of a kind girl wasn't one of a kind, she was the one girl who kind of showed us any affection at all. The girl we were the kind of man that she was able to attract, he was her niche.

She had a specific type of man she could attract, and we let life happen to us.

And this is why vetting does not work. Vetting implies we are taking control over our lives, and in reality, most men are letting life happen to them, and vetting provides a narrative that allows a man to pretend he doesn't sail to wherever the winds decide to take him. For the inexperienced man (most men) he doesn't get to decide, others will decide for him and he has to come to terms with that, hence, vetting.

Vetting, Part II: Garbage in, garbage out; or, whose values are you using?

July 25, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





Split, Croatia. An entire museum section on the women of antiquity that shaped modern society

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II.

It doesn't help that men are attached to wonderful container words such as: valor, honor, sacrifice, hardship. Military men are familiar with the phrase 'Embrace the suck,' as much of a military mans career is about enforced hardship in order to achieve a higher goal. It feels good, so many civilian men love to pretend their ability to keep a woman is akin to fighting the Nazis in Normandy.

"Sure, I would have served if it wasn't for these flat feet, embrace the suck, Susan."

Those container words are filled with values. A list used for vetting is a checklist of values, and those values did not come out of a vacuum. Men are not born with values inherent to them, they have to be taught, they have to be instilled in him. Who are the gatekeepers to values? Increasingly this is the pervue of women. Women create values, values by women, and for women. They may benefit a man, but in any situation where the values that benefit a man contradict the values that benefit a woman, the womans values win out, always.

The values in a mans life, the 'should wants,' or the ideological structure (not root words idea, ideal, logical.) Find me a social structure that creates these values that isn't heavily influenced by women, and I'll show you one that is about to. Women have invaded every male space and taken it over, often to the thunderous applause of the thirsty men who are happy to have the validation of their feminine gods to shine upon them. Paleolithic men loved to have structures that encourages women to join them, since women meant tribal longevity. That primal instinct is totally unprepared for a world of almost nine-billion people in peaceful societies removed from all natural threats. A mans deference to the female imperative is the diabetes of our value system, too much of a good thing is bad for us.

Men aren't able to teach men anymore. The decimation of the family unit over generations has all but removed the man from the household, replaced with a substitute teacher father, who has Damocles sword over his head should he want to establish boundaries. "You're not my real dad!" Right, his job was outsourced to cheap dad 2.0 labor. Pedophilia has pushed our removed many male teachers for young children. When I was a child I had a half a dozen male teachers before I got to high school, my nephew has none. Of the fathers that remain (half of the biological and step fathers) a great many are emasculated to the point of being wonderful feminist allies, codependent men who aren't in a position to lead themselves, let alone lead the next generation of men to some measure of happiness. I know this because my generation wasn't lead, and now we are in the position to pass on the lessons we didn't learn to the generation that won't stand a chance. I have a feeling a lot of dads will disagree with this and it warms my heart. You're part of the solution, and this isn't about you. The kind of person who reads this is so rare as to be a statistical outlier. I also know many of those dads are insecure, class conscious patriarch wannabes, the emperor wears no clothes, but one desperately needs him to be in a parka in order to convince himself that he's happy.

There used to be other institutions that offered guidance outside the household. Church used to, though the pastors are now pastoreesses. The church is running out of spaces for men so they coddle the women. It's a common trope that the worst of women seek the church for absolution, and the church promises to get the flock to 'man up and marry those hoes.' Can you tell me that the church will fill mens heads with virtues that benefit him above all?

So without the influence of men, a cadre of women are spending the child's formative years instilling their feminine values onto him. It's not malicious, they don't know any different, nor should they. Men are raised as if they are women, is it any wonder they come out defective? The emasculated dads, the 2.0 not my dads? They are the cheerleaders, the allies. They parrot the same feminine attitudes and may as well grow breasts and own the role.

And many do.

So the needs of women are preached to men when they are young children, unencumbered by the needs of men. They are increasingly being removed from the household, the schools, and the churches. More and more women are spending more and more time around children, and raising men as if they were defective women, instilling the values that most resonate with women. We cannot expect any vetting to overcome the underlying values that created it. Though it does make women have a much easier time identifying these plow horses, looking to hardship and sacrifice for their next fix. First hit is free.

Vetting, Part III: There are two rulebooks, yours and everyone else's

July 25, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



VETTING

III.

Your rules and everyone else's



Outside of Italy, It was one of the few times where I thought relaxation was more important than sleep. The juxtaposition illustrated this piece well

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III.

The thing about insecure men looking for assurances in their women is they don't have the confidence in their own criteria. I'd suggest there's something in our DNA that nags us, in the back of our head, a feeling that something is wrong, but not able to pinpoint exactly what it is. Mans ego soothes that, instead looking for the herd to reinforce and validate the values that were given to them by their women, codified in a list that is largely guesswork, in hopes of avoiding a risk that is poorly thought out, which is really the search for permanence in an impermanent social structure. We all die alone, the only difference is the spread between death and alone.

A man raised by men or influenced by men would be more accepting of the responsibility that comes with this. Female values search desperately to insulate responsibility, offload it onto authority, onto consensus, onto the rules. The modern relationship is like a virus set upon the traditional conservative values. Mind you, the thing about traditional conservative values is that they aren't traditional, nor conservative. Modern men pretending they are traditional, based on advertisements from the Donna Reed show and Norman Rockwell Americana paintings, used to sell cigarettes and vacuums. Consumption culture doesn't conserve, and the tradition was an aspirational one that actual tradition had to be convinced was the norm. A man isn't the traditionalist, he is Norman, the symbol of relationships from a fictional time.

Vetting doesn't work because it requires a cartel in his society. Everyone has to play by the same rules, and women just don't. They don't have to, it's codified into law. Most family breakups aren't from infidelity, or abuse, or some very reasonable criteria for their dissolution. They are broken up because, most of the time, the wife isn't haaappy. Remember that sacrificial nobility referenced earlier? Those are his rules, not hers. Cartels never work, the instant one party can break the rules for personal gain, they do. Vetting can't work when only half the society respects the values. Normans aspirations only work when Norman is the norm.

Does anyone know what one of the biggest indicators that a woman will divorce/separate are? It's whether she has divorced friends. No one can vet a girl based on whether she has friends who will divorce in the next 5 years, or whether you'll be required to move to a city and all new new friends and co workers are divorced women. As much as we like to think we are impervious to the influence the people around us give, we aren't. I just wrote down the multitude of ways men have been raised with female values. Women are more prone to follow the herd then a man will ever be. It's as large a difference between the sexes as there is the disparity in testosterone production between the sexes.

Thats the thing about vetting, or the vales checklists. Not only do I argue they aren't effective, but it's clear even the people who swear by them don't have confidence in their efficacy. The mathematics of

our world work whether it's daytime or night, whether you're in Africa or Asia. The value checklist only works if everyone has the same values, and homogeneous social groupings are basically extinct. I'd argue the Mormons, the Amish, and some of the backwater cultures on the dark continent are the last vestiges of it, but that doesn't help anyone. A mass exodus will only water down what they have curated for themselves.

This all implies that the players are acting in good faith and honesty with each other.

Vetting, Part IV: Narcissistic fantasies, rage, and being zero'd out

July 25, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





About the only way anyone will relive the Norman Rockwell fantasy in this day and age

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IV.

In reality, vetting only serves to obfuscate the real people involved, encouraging masks, slowing down the period of getting to know the real person behind them. By the time the masks come down, it's too late, the vetting has done its purpose already and it's too late.

Earlier, when I suggested that the values that underlie a vetting checklist are build by women, for women? This couldn't be any more clear than in seeing them work in practice. A man who is vetting a girl for a relationship doesn't hide the fact he's vetting a girl, in fact most men can't shut up about their damned checklist. Two types of women will hear it, the first kind is the woman who has options, she sees one guy with a huge list of what she has to do, a shopping list to which the common answer is 'you can't tell me what to do!' And she's right. Any decently attractive young woman today doesn't have to listen to a man ever, and no man has the ability to incentives her otherwise. The only tools he has are his value, and the tall buff guy on Tinder is much hotter, and has a much shorter list of criteria and he will win. Even chasing him will win, a mans list just isn't any fun. However, once a woman has gotten to the tail end of 'I wasted my 20s' and wants out of the sexual marketplace (or worse yet, the sexual marketplace asks too much of her to continue) those same guys are sitting there with their lists. Clearly they are really good lists, look at how many women didn't meet their criteria? No worries, girls have known whats on that list since they were seventeen. They throw away the bar dresses, grab a sun hat and a summer dress and take a few Tinder phis in a wheat field. Make sure she braids her hair and always stare:

Down and to the left, down and to the left. That's a Kennedy assassination joke, and I worry it's too obscure for anyone to catch.

Every man who played the field in his 20s and 30s knows these women. He'll scroll through social media and see the girl he used to call up when he struck out on a Friday night, all of a sudden her bio looks like the Little House on the Prairie. "Wait, is this the same girl who I watched deep-throat a whiskey bottle last month?" No, it's the virginal good girl who just wants a relationship, to settle down and have a family. And Norman will look at his list, look at her, and be so impressed with his luck.

"She is exactly what I've been looking for, she meets the list 100%" of course she did, when you follow the recipe you generally get the same dish as the one on the picture. She may believe that's her now, shes highly invested in believing it, so why wouldn't she? And for a year, two at most she will be. But the thing about masks is people cannot wear them forever. At some point she reverts back to her normal self, and the guy looks at someone who doesn't resemble the girl on his list anymore. His ego will hide that from him, for a little while, but you can't keep that up forever either. How do I know this so well? Hundreds of these guys are finding their way to this space via a Google search

that has some variation of:

‘Hey Google, why won’t my wife have sex with me anymore?’

And it’s not just the girl wearing a mask either. The guy has his own mask, the one of the great guy with high standards, he’s loyal, he’s committed, and his greatest goal in life is to be the father of her children. It’s a narcissistic fantasy. He doesn’t want to raise a happy child into a functional adult, he wants to be a dad, and those aren’t the same thing. It’s OK if you don’t know the difference, because your kid will. Meanwhile the man gets to live his narcissistic fantasy, for a little while. He spent his adult life searching for this perfect woman, that value list stapled to his head like a party game. Read my wishes, fit the mold, and get what you want. Once a guy gets there, it all starts to sink in. His identity was created by women, for women. It’s not natural feeling. He may not know why he has this narcissistic fantasy, but after a while others go off script, others start to act like they have their own desires, their own values, and their own incentives to act in their own best interest. This isn’t supposed to happen!

After the first child, maybe before, maybe after, the girls honeymoon phase, or her mask comes off. Once it comes off she looks at that man beside her and realizes he doesn’t measure up to the kind of man that got her wet. She just doesn’t feel like it anymore, so she stops being his fantasy, his symbol to fetishes. The sun hat is replaced by a pixie cut, the cunt dressed replaced with a moo moo, the sweet femininity is replaced by a nagging battle Axe. The marriage is often replaced by a wealth transfer via divorce and accusations that he abused the kids. Never mind it’s not true, the courts have to act in the child’s best interest, best not to take any chances! And once all this sinks in, the guy passes by any opportunities to take his balls back and start becoming an advocate for his own best interests, once it’s too late, he finds out he’s been Zeroed Out.

This is narcissistic rage. It’s not pain, pain is when you drop a hammer on your foot. It’s not anger, anger is when someone else drops the hammer on your foot. Rage doesn’t make it to the frontal lobe, narcissistic rage is the limbic brain realizing that others aren’t adhering to the narcissistic fantasy, they aren’t acting as the symbols of that fantasy, and the man can no longer fetishes them as set pieces in his one man play. Norman: The musical, no longer showing. This rage manifests in many ways. A man turns to the bottle, a man turns to nose candy, or turns to a barrel in the mouth. The lucky only rewrite their narcissistic fantasies, plume the women for daring to have agency and looking quickly for her replacement. Repeat until dead, free sandwich if you get the marriage card stamped 4 times.

Vetting doesn’t work because vetting isn’t an action. It’s building a narcissistic fantasy wherein everyone gets to play their part until they get what they want, then the masks come off, we meet the real person behind them, and potentially have the narcissistic fantasy turn into narcissistic rage.

Vetting, Part V: Ego investment, nothing to see here, everything is fine

July 25, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Nothing to see but what you want to see



Nothing to see but what you want to see



Tulum. “Of course they want me to climb the temple, I built it! Lie down on the table, sure!”

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The man who gets married 2, 3, 4 times, he avoids all this by his ego investment. The mask comes off but his ego puts it right back on. She isn't lying about working late, when she comes home to immediately have a shower it's because she's tired and it helps her sleep better. She isn't texting someone else, you can trust her because you vetted her properly. Clearly you're the best man in the world, she wouldn't dare leave you for another man. Oh that guy? Yeah, you're way better than him, so she couldn't be lying about just being friends.

Vetting doesn't work because our egos will work overtime to ensure anything and everything a woman does outside that list will conform to that list, the alternative is to admit we were wrong, the list is wrong, and that we were living a lie. We can't have that, so it must be some other convoluted explanation!

So we have a list of values that were largely guesswork, put together by a man who lets life happen to him and rationalizes it as a preference. The values that underlie the list are created by women, for women, and increasingly with less and less male influence when it matters the most. It vets for values that only have meaning if the social groups we belong to act as a cartel, which they never do. The list is really just a script for an unrealistic play that two people agreed to do for a year or two until it becomes too hard to pretend, and even when it happens, a man will most likely pretend it's everyone else's fault but his own that anything went wrong.

For some men they rewrite the narrative on the fly, their ego defends them against living in a lie by changing the lie. Miller lite masculinity, named after the flavorless beer is a great safeguard against coming to terms with a false fantasy crashing down. Instead of exploding outward, raging against the failed scripts outside, they go inside. The man isolated himself in the man cave, isolated from the family he vetted for. He turns from chasing women and family to chasing fantasy football, growing a beard, driving a truck, drinking beer, smoking a pipe, jerking off to fine leather, doing anything and everything to hide from the fact that his narcissistic fantasy is a lie. Norman 2: Electric Boogaloo is born.

Vetting, Part VI: A camera isn't designed to snap a lifetime

July 25, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



It's not sound policy to take a snapshot and assume it is longitudinal.

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Even if all of that isn't true, and everything happens in the exact opposite way, it wouldn't make any difference. People could be honest, cartels could work, the list could be foolproof and the values congruent with a mans best interest and it still wouldn't matter. Vetting is about as useful as MBTI, astrology for the educated. It offers a snapshot into a persons life instead of the longitudinal assessment everyone hopes it to be.

What is MBTI? The Myers Briggs Type Indicator. It's a pop-psychology form of astrology. Instead of Sagittarius there's introversion, instead of Scorpio there's sensing. How does this relate to vetting, or value lists? It's because they don't predict anything, they merely assess a person at a moment in time. People change, relationships change people, and the person you were with 5 years ago isn't the same person you are with now. We can be generous and call it growth, or we can not and call it divergence. The point is, the values you vet for are not the values she will have after your first child, after you put a ring on her, or after the divorce papers are served. MBTI has a half life of 6 weeks, that means that if you give a hundred people an MBTI assessment, in 6 weeks half of them will test differently. Now it is pop-psychology, on par with phrenology, it's got more rigor than your damned list. What do you think the half life is of your value assessments? What do you think your skill is when it comes to accurately assessing a girls values?

People shed their cells and replace them all the time. The person you knew seven years ago is almost entirely a completely new person, a Ship of Theseus in real time. When a man vets a girl, he isn't assessing her long term commitment to his fantasies, he is assessing her ability to fulfill them today, right now, and merely hopes that it will carry onto the future. I'd say the divorce rate is a good indicator as to the longevity of vetting, but it's no longer very good at it, people know the jig is up, and stopped even testing their lists. I don't blame them, I consider myself among them. Do you really think you were smarter, more rigorous, a better judge of character than half the men that came before you? Maybe you are, are you also better, smarter, more rigorous than the ones who beat the odds and

live out quiet lives of desperation inside of their marriage? Any smart man shouldn't have that same level of certainty.

If the list, the values, the qualities you measured today have no guarantees of being there tomorrow, why even bother with the list, it's just a crap shoot. Oh, so it increases the odds? OK, and betting on red or black instead of a specific number has better odds in roulette, the house takes it all in the end. Surely men are smart enough to figure out a better way.

Vetting, Part VII: Boundaries come from within and address the root issue

July 25, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





It's the path I've taken, these are my notes. what, you thought I was an incel?

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A man who created a list based on qualities he was forced to accept by the world around him, refined by the work of countless women filling his head with female sensibilities, that only works when he can force the society he lives in to abide by them wholesale, on a woman who is faking genuine femininity in order to playact Norman: the musical, when the main actor has already moved onto his new project; Norman 2: Electric Boogaloo has forgotten to build any tools to maintain what he's vetted so hard for.

So we have a list of values that were largely guesswork, put together by a man who lets life happen to him and rationalizes it as a preference. The values that underly the list are created by women, for women, and increasingly with less and less male influence when it matters the most. It vets for values that only have meaning if the social groups we belong to act as a cartel, which they never do. The list is really just a script for an unrealistic play that two people agreed to do for a year or two until it becomes too hard to pretend, and even when it happens, a man will most likely pretend it's everyone else's fault but his own that anything went wrong. And instead of coming to terms with that, continuing to alter the narrative so it relies less and less on a supporting cast, turning the fetishes from people into objects of masculinity, without the hardship that usually earns the title.

How do you keep them hoes loyal after you marry em? Don't worry about that, just vet bro!

How do you keep her from getting bored with the same tired dick day in and day out? Don't worry about that, just vet bro!

How do you ensure you continue to be her best option as her life priorities change? Don't worry about that, just vet bro!

How do you continue to maintain dominance in the household as a mate retention strategy when you're faced with unending attempts to undermine you and test your frame?

Just

Vet

Harder

It's the most short sighted strategy a man can use, and it guarantees that the man will have to learn proper tools at the point in a relationship where he has the least amount of freedom, or the most amount of leverage to control his own life and value.

Do you know one thing that women love? Women love having to work for and catch the heart of a high value man. Do you know what women don't love? Lifetime enjoyment of the trophy, that itch comes and the next prize awaits. Do you know what the strongest aphrodisiac is for women? Cocaine. Know the second strongest?

Commitment anxiety.

Take a guess on the best way to remove commitment anxiety, is it putting a ring on it? Is it attaching your financial future to the marriage, is it promising in no uncertain terms that you won't even try to find another one? By showing her a list of vetted qualities that is the beginning and end of her concerns and insecurities with commitment. Men are often berated by the cheat codes, what's worst, wanting an easy life, or giving them to someone else who enjoys playing the game?

Yes. Vetting is bad for sexual longevity, boundary enforcement is far better, even though it's a constant task to be conducted. Value lists are easy, I'd certainly put on a summer dress, wear a sun hat and bake cookies for a year if it meant I got to enjoy that sort of payoff. It would be great to enjoy before moving onto the next challenge in life. While it isn't the majority, there's an ever increasing number of women who treat their first divorce as if it was a part of their standard life path. And these sort of women have no shame about going pure will-to-power on meeting those milestones. They will hold their nose and buckle down to be your everything, and without any tools to enforce your boundaries, they have no reason to keep up the facade outside of the honeymoon.

The idea of putting all this work and investment into vetting a girl is the standard nice guy behavior, adopted to a more mature audience. Instead of being the sexless virgin who puts nice guy tokens into the machine and waiting for sex to be dispensed, he is putting plow horse tokens into TRADBOT 2000 and expecting lifelong fidelity and genuine desire to come out the other end. It's a negotiation of desire and longevity based on the projection of unattractive behaviors as attractive ones. I've repeated the term narcissistic fantasy, and I'll say it again. It's building a false script, building an identity, and then expecting everyone to play their part in the script, resulting in rage if it's not met.

Put two narcissists into a room, the sun-hat gods and the TRADCON dreamers and you're going to see someone buckle. Since society is designed to favor women over men, men will lose this battle, every time. Judges will hand wave concerns of fairness if it means that the mother will suffer. 30 000 years of maturing as a species, and we still worship the fertility goddess.

So enough of the doom and gloom. In de-constructing narcissistic fantasy masquerading as virtue, what does one do about it? If vetting is a tool used by naive men without a destiny in mind, guided by women influencing morality in their best interests, to serve as a coping mechanism that requires you to shame and bully other men into adopting your same morality using a system with a horrible track record, for people who are putting up a facade to get what they think they want, at the expense of any strategies after the vetting seal of approval, what do we do?

I argue boundaries, resolve, and willingness to be the bad guy in another person's story are the guiding principles that sustainable work far better over the long term, bolstered by a sense of self that is guided by your own self interests, and not that of the herd; or the women in your life that don't want a man to tell them what to do,

AKA, Dad, after he didn't buy them that pony when they were six.

When one is single, spinning plates, or sleeping with women for sport, one quickly learned that outward appearances of judgment were the worst way to ensure a successful night with a woman. She liked being a slut, she loved being a slut, she especially loved being your slut. What she hated more than anything was someone thinking of her as a slut, especially someone in her social circle. You learned to keep your mouth shut and enjoy her in the way she wanted to be enjoyed. In that, you learned to enjoy women for what they were, and not what you wanted them to be. A man takes his ego out of the equation, and quietly observes. People feel comfortable around a man with that sort of

self confidence, and open up much more to them. Judge if you must, but do it quietly, play the cards close to ones chest. And don't throw it all away once you get the inkling of success with quietly observing and getting ready to enforce boundaries.

Men have a horrible tradition, where once they start to see success, to throw away the tools that got them there so they can go back to their narcissistic fantasies. It's the adage of one using 'red pill'd tools for blue pill'd goals.' Don't do that. Being honest in this way isn't a summer camp, it's a re-framing of a mans sexual strategy for his own best interests, unencumbered by female influence. Our old values and morals aren't ours, by shedding them we see people behind their facades, no one wears a mask unless they are on the defensive against judgment. If you want to find a long term companion, you save a lot of work by seeing the real them as quickly as possible. The woman sees the real you, and you see the real her. It involves degenerate behavior, but remember who called it degenerate in the first place? It wasn't you, it was people who don't live with the consequences of your life decisions.

Men that want women, that love all women, they are building this facade. Any girl who is worth a damn will see your authentic masculinity as a breath of fresh air. You be you, you let her be her, and if it's not working for you, you quietly thank her and find someone else. The sex will be good, exciting, the sex will be honest. By being able to be comfortable as her true slutty self, a man will make her comfortable, so long as you occasionally reciprocate it by taking her slutty finger paintings and putting them on the fridge, telling her how good they are. A little after care can make up for the worst behavior of the best men.

Those kind of women are happy. They don't know why, they just feel it. Not all women, but enough women Will. Enough that a man can build a strategy off of it. And the thing about the kind of women who are happy with a man, is they like to please him. How can you tell if you have one of those? They do things. I'm not talking about sexual things either: they clean your house while you're out, they blow you when you're having a hard day, they do things that make them feel good, they do things for you that make them feel good. They do things that make them feel good by doing things for you without expectation of reciprocity, winning you over is the reciprocity. There's the only vettable quality that matters.

She wants to make you happy, and through that makes herself happy.

Those are strategies that work. Can you turn a hoe into a housewife? Who knows. I know the kind of woman who can be happy in a house where her man takes the lead will be more than happy to. Give her the chance to be there and see how she responds. Most girls won't, most girls are just shit and have no game. They'll come around when they don't have a choice but to act in some mans Norman musical number. Either it's the wrong time in her life, the wrong place, the wrong set of circumstances, or she's under the spell of someone else. Maybe her daddy issues run too deep and she refuses to buckle under the pressure of her own happiness. That's fine, theres more women out there, and you've yet to meet them all. Enjoy her for the time you have her and move on, or move on while you still have her, why be stingy with your gifts?

After strong boundaries, honest communication (I mean communication in every sense other than words) and a non judgmental approach, you start to get a feel for who has potential and who does not. You start to focus on the potential, you stop paying attention to those without. You reward good behaviors, you don't reward bad behaviors. The one thing you definitely aren't doing is letting life happen to you, you're actively taking a role in shaping your own destiny. Your morality and

shopping list of criteria isn't being handed to you by jaded women, emasculated men, or some other authority without skin in the game, you're building your own based on what has worked in your best interests. It's not an opt-in list that any cluster B personality can fake, it's an opt out list, you've vetting your own time, attention, affection, and commitment, she can do whatever she wants.

You aren't learning to like what you get, you're learning to get what you like. And after all this, you come to learn about yourself, the nature of women, and are in a far better position. Remember, she isn't yours it's just your turn. When that turn ends, whether it's a day, a year, or decades, you have the resolve to walk away when it's no longer in your best interests to stay. Why? Because your boundaries are sacrosanct. Your dignity, your self respect, and your boundaries are all you have. They are your balls, and you don't put them in a jar and give them to anyone. Back to the beginning, we are talking about risk. What is risk:

Losing your fortune? If you can build one fortune you can build two.

Losing the love of your life? Once you've lost that loving feeling, once the wife goggles have been slapped off your face they aren't coming back, it's already lost, you're simply coming to terms with that

Losing access to your children? Are you the babysitter or their father? Do you want them to be functional adults or do you just want to sit there and tell them stories every night while they see an emasculated man reading it to them? Being the example doesn't always mean being there every day.

What do you risk? The only thing you risk is your own dignity and your mission, and that only happens when you put your faith into checklists, authorities, and the expectation of reciprocation. All masks, all facades, all buffers to keep you from putting your naked self in front of a girl and her naked self, and enjoying that brutal honesty of sexual relationships for as long as it lasts, then moving on, no love lost.

The alternative is trusting a list to live your life for you, and learning to cope with whatever the world wants to give you that day, usually for the benefit of someones best interests that aren't yours.

Ask your psychologist if thottrozone is right for you

July 30, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Who pays?

On the negative externalities of thott culture, and the lack of ownership

For those in this space who talk entirely too much about the nuances of intersexual dynamics and masculinity in modern society, its very persuasive and useful to personalize the issue in order to

better articulate the problems for men, and see how it changes the conversation. We have a seminal work of a man who went by the pseudonym Muff Man Mike, which really distracts from the seriousness of his post. It's been on the must-read list of any aspiring man in this space. The purpose here is a little more top level than usual, but as a society, we really would benefit from the ownership of the consequences of the choices we have made.

In this case open thottery by most women, and a handful of top tier men, and it's resultant increase in anti-social men who have been jettisoned from society, with a small percentage of them willing to take as many people out with them as they can. Or my alternative titles for this, *The human cost of Netflix and Chill*

If you don't know this story, M3 lays out the tragic story of his 12 years of involuntary celibacy, the complete disregard and false equivalences of the female hardship when it comes to dating, and the inability for society to see him lying there in pain and respond with anything but a boot to his neck. He then articulates how he managed to pull himself out of Dante's Inferno and unapologetically lives a life he can be proud of.

My one wish is that this issue is examined without the polarization we see in today's politics of left and right, where each side screams at the other saying 'you're wrong' and nothing happens except a race to the bottom. You can't expect people to come to you for help when you're going to demonize them from the outset. That needs to stop. Incels need help. What that help is and how it reaches them is another discussion altogether. But it's one that needs to happen to keep shit like this from repeating.

His wish, which came at the heels of the first televised example of an InCel going on a murder spree to end their personal hell, fell mostly on deaf ears. As far as posts go, as far as conversations go, he gave the most telling example of how guys in the Red Pilled sexual dynamics space are arguably the last line of defense for the kind of men that society has let continually fail, a byproduct of logically self interested motivations and freedoms by everyone else.

His reasoning was sound. If he was a woman there would be a large segment of society that would act as a social safety net for him, as a man he either had to do it himself, or to eat a bullet.

I am not, the purpose of this, not interested in the specific issue of who has it worse, what tone the solutions needs to be, and if InCel rampages are really a consequence of modern thott culture, or as I call it, or the thotpocalypse. I'm asking a different question.

To the public institutions that were tasked with preventing the failure of the citizens to which they were entrusted, why have they been allowed to abscond from their primary duty without consequence? who is responsible for this?

It is not an academic question. How many institutions have betrayed the public trust, from a male perspective, and what resultant alternatives have come about from it? Where does the accountability lie?

Only a complete degenerate, anti social first stage nihilist would argue that there is no problem with groups like the American Psychiatric Association deciding to make the bulge of the bell curve of masculinity into a disorder, and the social welfare program across the first world incentivizing the destruction of the family unit. It may be correlation not causation, but it was the system in place during the greatest prosperity boon of human history. If it required change because of societal changes, where were those tasked to govern in leading the charge towards a new, beneficial system?

And only the amorally unrealistic would fail to realize that there isn't something psychologically wrong with a man who solves this by turning women into surrogates for sexual conquest. A real man sleeps with women, therefore half the human population is relegated to the status of a warm hole. This is apexed by the loud minority of men who took this to its logical conclusion and purchased hollywood-grade silicon sex dolls, and fully dehumanized the sexual experience.

Not permitting women the personal freedom to fuck with impunity requires explanation of how we are going to deal with the larger cadre of lost-boys who no longer opt into society, or the small minority of them with the perfect combination of mental instability and violent proclivity. And if you want to restrict the sexuality of women, or more accurately constrain the sexual options available to them, you have to explain how you're going to get voting aged women to go along with your sexually unsuccessful redistribution strategy. Find me a woman who sacrifices herself for the greater good and I'll find you an adams apple.

Either we are Ok with the increasing number of unattractive desocialized men who will take a miniature final solution to express their angst at a system that not only does not allow them to win, but refuses to even let them play, or we don't. Either one we pick, we must be accountable for the consequences of that choice. For example if we are to allow unfettered, consequence free sexual activity from the majority of women and the top handful of men who are able to capitalize on it, we must also admit we agree to the rare occurrences of violence that come from the systems it creates.

Side effects of thottery may include sex dolls, excessive weed use, and in rare cases, a van running over 20 people. Ask your psychologist if thottrozone is right for you

Similarly, if you want to restrict human freedoms in the hopes of staving off said issues, then you have to show how you plan to build up those weak and unattractive men you have now forced upon women, otherwise they will just join convents. "Repeal the women's vote" Right, and you're sure this solution is as simple and effective as it is likely and possible?

I know most people hate deciding whether to have the train run over 20 people a year if you pull the lever, and having a bunch of chicks with miserable love lives and social restrictions placed on them if you don't, but that's the beauty of this scenario, you already did.

All of us have already, and we unanimously decided that thottery, or at least the ability to opt into thottery as much as a girl would like to, is the way to go.

The issue now isn't that a decision must be made, it already has. The issue is that we, as a society need to come to terms with the consequences of those decision. The pastor who is enabling a woman who decided getting pregnant by her drug dealing boyfriend was more important than a stable household. The judge who agreed that Mrs. Beta Bux happiness was more important than the ability of her son and daughters potential future success, or Mr. Beta Bux ability to see his children. The APA who decided that all the men who are wounded from this agreement are the problem, not the society which we curated for them.

The issue is, when a group of men take it upon themselves to address this negative externality, why can anyone with a shred of decency then vilify them for attempting to keep guys from killing themselves, or as many others as they can find in an afternoon? This space wasn't created without the need for it. Any anger towards this space, or the men within has to stem from the understanding that every other facet of society has failed these men, perhaps that anger is a surrogate for someone who needs to believe their freedoms don't come at a cost. That the reminder otherwise is too much to bear.

Then again, some people just want to watch the world burn, and get paid while they throw lavender scented gasolene on it.

Testicular Cancer Meetings: The Field Report

July 31, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



5 Archetypes of Male Advice
And why 4 of them are garbage.

Shoutout to Dr. Glover on the top right

The Field Report

1. Anthony: The Problem
2. The 'Help'

- Daniel
- Peter
- David
- Cliff
- Darren

3. The Breakdown

4. The Solution

5. The testicular Cancer Meeting

- Daniel
- Peter
- Darren
- David
- Cliff

Anthony: The Problem

Anthony: Hi. I write this knowing full well that there will be judgement that follows. So let us commence.

My wife and I got married almost 11 years ago. I was a Baptist, she was Southern Baptist. (SB is basically Baptist on speed, complete with high worshiping hands and low skirts. And zero tolerance for good music.) We fought from the beginning. I remember our wedding rehearsal was a disaster, and our wedding day was even worse (that was my family's fault, but different subject). There was lots of crying and little sex on our honeymoon. And so we fought. And fought.

Five years ago I said goodbye to God, the Bible, and church, and I started having affairs. I was so tired of the fights. WWII would have been rest compared to our marriage. We've been separated for about a year now, I moved out six months ago. We're still going to counseling, but it's all coming to a head. She knows about the affairs, but still wants to try. As for me, I want to WANT to try, but I'm too drained and depressed and bitter.

The problem is, she's the perfect wife in every other way, and she's a wonderful human being (minus that whole Southern Baptist thing). It's just that, our compatibility was forged in deeper fires than Mordor. The kids are messed up by our separation, which doesn't make things any easier. She asks me constantly if I'm sleeping around, rightly so, but it just causes me to want to sleep around just to justify her questions/accusations.

I can't enjoy anything with her in my life. I found some new hobbies that I've been growing in, but there she is, a constant, nagging voice, and I'm on the verge of quitting those hobbies, and I'm back to being a hermit like I was in most of our marriage. All the while, she's stuck at home dealing with screaming kids who won't let her sleep. If I go over there and help, according to her, I make things worse. I'm leaving a lot of stuff out, but based on that little bit, what are your thoughts on the subject? I'm trying to gather ideas or points of view I haven't thought of before. Thank you in advance.

The 'Help'

This is the frustrating part. we just walked into a testicular cancer meeting where our boy here is lamenting his balls. Seated around him are five men. There are more, but there are only five that matter.

Daniel

Daniel knows that he is the herd. Daniel has no insight, no understanding, no empathy, sympathy, or even cares for his brother. Daniel is a neo-neolithic man. He worships the Venus of Willendorf. If you don't know what that is, it's a 20,000 - 30,000 BE statue about a foot tall, depicting an extremely voluptuous nude woman. She was the fertility god of the cavemen. She is the figure that prehistoric man worshiped. We pretend we are fancy with all our new fangled technology, but we have regressed (or perhaps never left) that same, core belief that we worship that one true god. Jesus is dead, he died long ago, and Venus lives forever.

Daniel doesn't want to help Anthony, Daniel wants Anthony to get back in line and show piety to Venus. He only has one tool for that, shame. He incessantly shames Anthony, anything he holds as virtuous and good in his life he will throw at Anthony, so Anthony feels sufficiently bad that he does what he's told. If Anthony kills himself because of it, well that's tragic, just so long as he followed the script though no one has to feel bad about it. Respect whamen, worship Venus, do the right thing. And by right I mean whatever she wants it to mean.

Peter

Peter doesn't know anything, but Peter likes to be a part of things. He says a lot of words, but they are meaningless Pablum. Peter is desperately afraid of making a call, standing by it, or searching his experiences for any insight. Peter just wants a friend. Peter will say what he has to say to fill the room with noise, because that is what Peter wants to do. Humans are social, so the more words, the more human, right? And through this use of puking sweet words, he hopes that he will drown out the stench of reality. It's OK Anthony, you can cry now. And when Peter throws an answer, the problem is that it's a non answer. Leave her, or stay with her, those are you choices Anthony, so follow your feelings and use your spirit to guide you over the path of blah blah blah. Flipping a coin man, you sometimes get heads, sometimes tails. Good luck! Peter is worse than Daniel, at least Daniel has a goal, Peter just loves to play with himself and pretend it's useful.

David

David is no smarter than Peter, but David is Self aware. David knows that he is an idiot, so he cannot offer any advice. The thing though, is David is not a sheep in search of a shepherd. Dave is a reinforcer of his shepherd. Dave will tell Anthony to trust in the authority that he trusts. Sometimes, David says to read this book he read, and it will answer all the questions. Sometimes, david will point you to a marriage counselor, and if you already have one, a better one. I don't know what they do, but the word marriage and counsel is in the title, so that's exactly what you need, right? This is the guy

who helped get the Patriot Act signed into US law. Never mind it had nothing to do with Patriotism, all that matters is the veneer, we can worry about the rationalizations afterwards. Dave shows uplifting videos and memes, Dave suggest crystals, meditation and yoga. Dave even goes so far as to think that the man in the sky can be the authority, just think real hard and Jesus will put the answer into your head Anthony. David has to be the most useless one of all, he's an extension of an authority, at least Peter is an individual.

Cliff

Then there's Cliff. Cliff has a bone to pick, with what? Who knows, the only thing we can guarantee is it has nothing to do with Anthony. Cliff takes the opportunity to see Anthony is a man of faith, and decides that he needs to rant about his own shitty childhood, why the faith destroyed him. Cliff is another narcissist who got dropped into someones story, and now desperately fights to make it about himself. All it takes is a second Cliff, and we can safely ignore Anthony and the original situation. They stand in their testicular cancer meeting by the coffee machine, bickering with the Hegelian method, because bloodsport is how we solve problems. No one likes Cliff, but Cliff doesn't care as he's too busy masturbating into the mirror and throwing it in his own face. Again, no one likes Cliff, especially Cliff.

Darren

It's not just me, and there are varying degrees of it, but the one guy whose been quietly sitting in the corner has insight. He looks past the story and reads between the lines. Darren has read this story a hundred times already, he knows how it usually goes. And when Anthony's story misses certain details, or adds others, Darren knows that something is there that Anthony either wants us to know, or wants to hide from us. When he wants us to know something about his story, he's telling us what he thinks is important. When he hides something from us, we know that Anthony knows it's his problem and he's ashamed of it. We hide the 'badness' as Dr. Glover, author of No More Mr. Nice Guy would put it. Anthony created a covert contract with himself, and luckily Darren isn't one for bullshit, he knows what's up.

The Breakdown

First, there's the way the question is framed. He knows full well there is judgment, meaning negative judgment, but decided to post anyways. Why? If this was a problem he wanted solved he wouldn't post in a place where people ignore that. Why put yourself on the cross for people to throw stones? There's only one reason a guy puts himself there, because he gets off on it. It's a weird, innately masculine desire to be absolved of sins through the fire of judgment. I can't explain it, I can't show the root of it, I just know it's there. This man doesn't want his problems solved, what he wants is to be told he is a bad person, because he is guilty for his actions, and once he has that identity, it soothes the dissonance in his life. Lacking an authenticity in ones life builds a mental debt, and this is the pressure value. It's literally what is meant when we say *feelz over realz*.

And when he says let us commence, that reads like something you'd say when you wanted a humble brag. I did some bad things, but they were difficult and amazing, the emotions were a rush, but I come to you humbly, to talk of my sins. Once you've seen it a few times, you get that sense of self righteousness that always rubs me the wrong way. It's the first indication that a man won't listen to anything that betters his life, and will chose to ignore any effort you spend. The smart guy will file this under 'can't be helped' and move onto the next poor bastard.

Triage indeed.

This is almost a word for word re enactment of 90% of field reports I've seen. The entire story is told from the female perspective, and never in a positive way. She screwed up every aspect of the relationship from the start of the story. The question that he so carefully avoids:

- Why did he not react to any of this stuff?
- If it was that bad, where was the boundary enforcement?
- At what point did he decide not to let her go?

I've spoken before on the lack of utility in vetting a woman, and this is a prime example. The summary of his criteria was that she went to a church like his, on speed [his words.] Once he invested his ego into that set of values (or the veneer of values,) everything else became irrelevant, even though, as you see in the remainder of the post, it was clearly vital to the long term fulfillment of this relationship, and the family unit that came from it. He brings up two specific grievances. I know they are important, as it's the only part of himself in the story, everything else is vague or externalized anger at this whamen for not fulfilling his fetishized narcissistic fantasy This is the ideal; he has built an idealized concept of what the perfect woman, or what we call the *unicorn*, is in his life. This ideal likely involved whatever peer acceptance has been drilled into his head from childhood and given to him by his church authority. He did not see his wife as a person with her own desires, but as a means to fulfill his communities, and his ego's, ideal. What else can a woman do in this situation, but disappoint him? The only reaction to this narcissistic fantasy when the fetish doesn't agree to be part of the narrative?

Rage

Everything that this man is being shamed for was the manifestation of his rage.

The infidelity gets its own breakdown. This is an amoral assessment. Once you understand the nature of sexual dynamics, the female and the male mind, and how they differ, you realize there are two types of infidelity. I don't call it cheating, because this isn't a game, and there are two sets of rulebooks, one for the slave morality, and one for the master. Men sleep around because of abundance, or because of validation. This man was clearly in the latter category. Some men are just given too many options by too many women. We can nickname these guys Chad, affectionately named after the college frat boy that effortlessly plowed through the cheerleading squad, it's essentially that. And the thing about Chad is that Chad is honest. Everything he does, his body, his language, everything is completely congruent. Chad eventually settles down with a woman, gets married. Chad sometimes steps out, but he is what he is. The wife knew it, he knew it, it's known. Chad has the good sense (or should) that while honesty is the key to a relationships longevity, the underlying reason for it is because a woman fears losing the emotional commitment of her man, much in the way a man fears the physical commitment of his woman. Why? Men want paternal

assurances, it's the only reason we are hardwired for monogamy at all. Infidelity from a woman taps into that limbic brain anxiety, after which we wrap our frontal lobe around it with a multitude of excuses.

"It's about saving the west!" Sure it is, keep reading Evola, I'm sure the answer will align perfectly with your desires dude.

The woman, however, is worried about losing that commitment to another woman. Chad smashes and bounces. He always comes home, and there are never parts of his paycheck missing on his side-pieces. It's not ideal, but a woman would rather share a high value man than be saddled with a low value one. I've seen a few, growing up. The wife almost always left once the last kid left the house, but they lasted longer than just about any marriage I had seen.

What this man did was seek validation. His wife, whom I should more accurately call his fetish, is going off script. He needs the validation from other woman that he is still a man, he still has the identity of a man. How does he get from here to there? By creating other fetishes. Now his story has gone from the one the church gave him, to a martyred one. "All these perfect women, and I could have any of them, but I made an oath, and I suffer in silence. Woe is me."

If anything, the wife deciding to work things out, because that's what the church told her to do, put another narcissistic injury onto him. She's supposed to get angry, divorce. She is supposed to do all the heavy lifting while he gets to remaining in his narrative. But she didn't. She did what the church, her authority, told her to do. This is why they are so confused. Sheep in search of a shepherd, flailing about by their emotions, alone.

That's why she's in constant anxiety about his fidelity. The fact that, and I guarantee, they are arguing constantly, acting with no consistency, have no personal boundaries, which I know will be equivalent to the boundaries they give the children, is why the kids are distraught. Granted, a lot of that childhood anxiety is the parents projecting their anxiety onto the kids. In reality, kids have no frame of reference, they are brand new at living, so whatever is presented to them is considered normal for the most part. Parents often use their kids as human shields to defend their ego from their own better sense, this case is a great example of that.

A small piece that isn't part of this puzzle, but also matters, is that line in that section. "My wife is perfect, except..." I've seen it hundreds of times. It's a tell tale sign that the man is not having sex. It's a script. Stored in the limbic brain, waiting to come out: "My wife is perfect, except the part where she never sleeps with me, and when she does it's just her laying there and running through the grocery list in her head." We can shame the kind of guy who buys a sophisticated sex doll, but is building your own any more noble?

Back to it, the end is the result and consequences of his actions. He has no boundaries, narcissistic fantasies crumbling around him, a fetish that refuses to play ball; she has her own insecurities, anxieties, and her own co dependence is left flapping in the wind. Without someone to be dependent on, it builds up the similar, but opposite anxiety that the narcissistic one has built. Positive levels of narcissism mean leadership. It's not about who does the dishes, it's about creating a story where everyone wins, and the actions drive the script, not the other way around.

The Solution

Anthony is not special, so Anthony has two paths ahead of him. The general path, and the personal

path. Generally, he has a horrible set of mental models, a deep narrative that doesn't jive with reality, and he does not know what he doesn't know. Others will have to help him, and so they need assurances from him. This could be money, or plain, old fashioned effort, but he has to care more than anyone else does. It's his life, and he wasn't able to even tell it from his perspective, even though his actions assume everyone else exists as a set piece to his one man play.

The funny thing about this room, is everyone looks identical. Everyone is fat, has a horribly manicured beard. Everyone wears the same Kirkland Signature sweaters that their wife bought them. A gift that simultaneously assured her that no woman would dare think they stylist and attractive, while at the same time hiding that horrible body they have to lay underneath once every few months. Grin and bear it Susan, it'll all be over in a minute. Nature has a sense of sympathy in that he only goes for a minute or two on account of his horrible health.

Anthony needs to drop fifty pounds. This both makes Anthony more attractive, but it more importantly makes Anthony focus on actions, discipline, and long term reward for short term impulse control.

Anthony needs to fix his mental models. Darren give him Dr. Glover and Manuel smiths books, When I Say No I Feel Guilty, and No More Mr. Nice Guy. Anthony starts to learn and internalize how he can make himself his own mental point of origin. How does that differ from being the centerpiece of his excessive Narcissism? It's that he becomes the focus of his actions, not the character in a narrative. As he does more, he becomes more. The identity follows the actions, not the other way around. This is how you avoid that mental debt we talked about earlier. There is no debt, everything is perfectly authentic, there is no contradiction as there was nothing to contradict. If you want to be fancy about it, you're living the Texas sharpshooter fallacy. The target exists where you were aiming. It sure beats a guy who is shooting at what he wants, then pretending he wanted to hit the target 3 barns down. Didn't I say earlier that deferring to an authority isn't a good thing? Yes, and this isn't pointing to an authority, it's a tool to solve a problem. Dr. Glover isn't the ideal you should aspire to. If [the if is important] you want to solve your issues, then his work on the subject will help you understand and combat them. You aren't hiring a carpenter, you are buying a hammer and building your damned house.

Anthony starts treating his life with full ownership. His house, his kids, his wife... Even if he cannot stand her, it's not about her, it's about him. Act as if anyone in his house died tomorrow, how would he conduct himself? Do that and move on. The kids get a fully engaged father who sets boundaries. The wife gets a husband who rules her as the benevolent dictator. This relationship was a stillbirth, but in that there is value. A sparring partner that can test you in ways no other girl can. A new girl doesn't know your bullshit, isn't sick of it, and won't call you out on any of it. A new girl doesn't test your frame. Don't throw this gift away.

And this is the personal part. Anthony created breathing room for himself, so that he can make the hard decisions. What does Anthony want? Until he can answer this, he remains in purgatory, building himself a ladder so that he may escape his own personal hell. It's not up to me to lay out what that should be, but simple wants that most men have. A woman who desires him, enthusiastically has sex with him, stays loyal to his dick, and doesn't cause more harm to the kids than help. Now he has to look at all the people in his life and see where they fall into his road map. He wants enthusiastic sex? If the wife, great, if not, then she gets first crack at his libido, not sole custody. He wants well raised kids? Sounds like the wife sucks at it, time to scale back hours and be a more active father, learn to set boundaries, and allow them to fail and grow. Thats a topic in and of itself. Does he want freedom?

Then he may have to accept he will be the villain here. Divorce, walk away, start his life over, and deal with the consequences. As you can see, there are no right or wrong answers, only consequences and goals. Own one to get the other. If you don't want it bad enough to be the villain, then you didn't want it. Go back to the drawing board and re prioritize your goals, do it after leg day at the Gym.

The testicular Cancer Meeting

Daniel

It's not just shame by the way. Daniel and his cadre love to signal to each other how good a person they are. It's much easier to say 'I'm not Anthony, he's bad' than it is to actually earn the respect of your fellow man. Luckily, Daniels friends are pretty crappy at it too. They live the illusion together. Sacrifice anthony to Venus, then pray for a good harvest this year.

Tony: Honestly, I think you are an idiot for cheating. She did not deserve that. Sorry to be so blunt but there it is.

Daniel: 11 years and y'all still haven't figured that s**t out yet?

Sean: Man up. Leave the childish wants and needs behind. You have children. They should be where you focus. Seriously. Marriage is a constant compromise. From both. Stop thinking about what you need. You ceased being your own priority when you said I do and had children. The priority is t the individual. It's the unit. Your job to hold it down and together. My two cents.

Brian: You are a moron for cheating, you guys never should have gotten married because it sounds like it was obvious even prior to marriage you weren't compatible. So still will never be compatible no matter how much you try to be. Moving forward you need to let her go and try having a civil relationship with her, focus on bettering yourself and being a good father to your children.

Joseph: You are not going to like this answer but you need repent and believe the gospel. You have to man up and stop making excuses for your wicked sin. Adultery is wicked and you don't get to blame your wife for you giving into your lusts. You need to recognize that you are to represent Christ to her and are to sacrificially love her like Christ loves the church. You are to lead her with your love. And then means you are going to need to be truly repentant for your own sin. You are destroying yourself, your wife, and your kids with your selfishness. I see you live in Louisville. I live just across the river and am a pastor. If you want to get lunch sometime and talk, let me know

Francisco: Move on and focus on being a father. That is your legacy.

Joel: Without knowing a lot of details of your own situation, kids are almost *always* better off when their parents stay together. The idea that divorce and getting along is better is a load of horse s***. In my humble opinion, now that kids are involved, what makes us happy no longer matters. We have a duty to out children, and part of that duty is to stay married to their mother.

Franky: Joel, do you not see how toxic these two are together? Obviously were only getting one side but still. At this point if these two stay together. He's going to step out again. He doesn't want to fix it and, here's what was the worst part, HE FEELS THE MOST UNHAPPY WHEN HES AROUND HER. Your advice is seriously to stay together?

Joel: Yes, my advice is seriously to stay together. Since he's asking our advice, mine is that he understand and do his duty both to his wife and his children. "Stepping out" doesn't have to be

inevitable. Choose not to. He doesn't want to fix it? Choose to fix it anyway. We don't feel happy? So what? Why should that mean anything? When we have kids, our own feelings don't mean anything. That fact that he feels a certain way is manifestly **not** the worst part about this. Don't step out on your wife. Be there for your kids. Put their well-being before your own emotions. We have duties. We can talk about manly weekend projects, splitting logs and climbing mountains, but manliness starts with doing our duty. We choose to do our duty whether we like it or not, and regardless of how it makes us feel.

Ben: It sounds like you have some growing up to do, unfortunately. You have chosen to step out on the marriage and you're complaining about her "nagging"? Also, with your description of faith differences, it seems like this goes a lot deeper within you than, what you have essentially said, "we don't get along easily". Maybe you could consider respecting her faith even if you have given up on yours. That alone will help you to recognize that she has a perspective on things also and you can talk to her about it. You at least have put this out publicly for a bunch of guys to provide their insight, which is a step in the right direction. But you definitely have to recognize that marriage includes conflict and needs to include a willingness to address that conflict productively, and that as someone who openly violated the marriage, you are in no position to dictate those terms

Konrad: You missed out the most important: KIDS. Sure we get your personal and rather selfish way of presenting your case, but how many kids and what part of them are you loyal to ? You left God and basic morals , so what about them Stephen Davy I think if you are going to sleep around since you lost all respect for yourself you should have some for her and leave before you do more damage. Anyone who cheats so easily should not be in a relationship with anyone. Pretty simple. Grow up

Ray: Friend, you don't just say "goodbye" to God, you never had a relationship with him in the first place. And if you think cheating on your wife is okay maybe that's where you should start.

Dan: What is peace in the hearts of your children worth to you?

Aubrey: I agree. At least until the children are grown and on their own. The responsibility of being a parent supersedes selfish wants and pursuits.

Doug: You made a covenant. You have children together. You cheated. It's on you to step to the plate and do whatever is in your power to make this work. If she's a 'perfect wife', then she's not the problem. She's even willing to forgive your infidelity, for some reason. Own up. Be the man.

Franky: Dude. I don't understand people like this. What do you want? You literally just rambled about how you don't want to be with her but she makes your life easy. -- Move on. Stop wasting your time and hers.

Peter

Peter and his friends cannot help themselves. It's not that they won't help, it's that they can't. If you weren't focusing on the individuals, Peter and company would drown out the room with nothing but noise.

Peter: No mold survives sunlight. Bring everything into the open. Fully. Humbly. Without ego. Here's a motivational video to sooth you.

Richard: Decide. That is all.

Aubrey: Sounds like a basic incompatibility to me brother. It seems the foundation wasn't solid

before you even got started. If you're interested in salvaging and reviving the relationship that's going to take time, work and compromise on both sides. Is she w...See More David Bryant Mitchell Counseling will help. Start on some personal counseling right away. You have some things to clarify and fix. I'm not a behavioural health expert, but can hear you pleading for help. I would say depression plays a major role

Sam: Not my place to speak since I'm not married, but you only get one shot at life, it is short, and it ends when you least expect it: why spend it being miserable? I'd find the most amicable way of distancing myself from her if I were you and focus on things that actually make you happy. Do the whole "it's not you, it's me" thing, tell her you need some time for yourself and just become absent; she'll eventually find other things to focus her nagging on.

Mark: The key is having a conversation about boundaries here mate. You guys value different things which is fine but you either set boundaries or you separate.

Steve: Can you do another 5 years, just like this?

Anthony: No. But I'm stupidly optimistic that things can change.

Tate: Without anymore details, this all sounds like a train wreck. Sounds like you as well have some growth to do completely separate from your marriage. The fact that her asking "makes" you want to sleep around is a bit concerning. Sucks to say, but it sounds like it's been so bad for so long that the damage has been done and you should cut your losses and move on. Do better for yourself and the kids.

Lee: There's always room to heal and be better, but it takes effort on both parts.. Otherwise it'll never work. If you're not getting what you need out of the relationship, at the end of the day you're not respected by her, and that breeds resentment, and then - here we are. Perhaps she doesn't have the concept of what it is to be a spouse? Not talking about a mom, or a chief cook and bottle-washer, I mean a partner in life.. Someone you can count on. If she's never been brought up in that, then that's not her fault. She's doing what she thinks she's suppose to do, but missing out on what could be so much more. If she wants to work it out, you're blessed beyond belief, but in order to do so, she needs to have some counseling/therapy/marital enrichment something or another to help her understand what it means to be a wife. I would personally have thought that would have been done at church, but it doesn't always work out like that. Good luck my friend.

Andrew: Lee You're right in that she's all about the cooking and the housework. But it stops there for her. Sure, she'll pursue intimacy, but I'm not interested because it's only going to cause another fight more than likely. And she's into her housework and I'm into my things, but there is no common interest. Never has been, and that's paralyzing.

Lee: Andrew, Well, oil and water don't mix, no matter how hard you try. If you didn't take time to get to know one another (really get to know one another) to determine if your differences would be deal-breakers, then you're both at fault. Now you have a responsibility to your children to give them the best you can give. If that means staying together and making it work then stay together and overcome the obstacles and make it work. If it's truly an oil and water scenario, then it'll never work, and the negative vibes will flow down to the kids, and they'll manifest that through rebellion, poor grades in school, trouble with authority figures etc etc.. First off, you must realize after having kids, it's no longer about you and her, it's about your kids. They come first - that doesn't mean stay together for the kids. If the best thing for the kids is to split up, and if you and her both can provide better for them by being apart, then be apart. Just make sure they know you love them, she loves them, this isn't

their fault, and you both must continue to co-parent together. That means you work together raising these kids. It's a partnership.. be the best parent you can be, and keep your personal love life out of the front light while doing so.

Edgar: Dude I'm hearing resentment here.. Understandably and justifiably so (or so it seems) - However, you need to put that aside, and look at the overall picture. Seek first to understand the way she's wired, as I mentioned above. Why does she do the things she does, the way she does? There's got to be a thread there that can be unraveled and re-wired if you both want it. On the other hand if it's just something that's deeply ingrained in her, and there is no hope, then this should've come to light much earlier on than now, and you could've dealt with it before having kids.

Matt: Devils advocate What if the best situation for the family as a whole is that the parents aren't under the same roof, I know plenty of split families who are much happier that way

Herman: Life is short.

Bryan: Anything is possible between two well-intentioned people. It is able to be healed for sure and it can become better than it ever was.

Jim: I don't have much to say as I don't really know what you should do, except make yourself happy before you try to make someone else happy. But, your statement, "She asks me constantly if I'm sleeping around, rightly so, but it just causes me to want to sleep around just to justify her questions/accusations.", is where I had the thought, this guy needs to stop justifying or looking for an excuse for sleeping with ANYONE but his wife. You say counseling is coming to a head. Makes sense. But, overall, is it helping to make any progress in the relationship? If no, I'd move on honestly. If yes, and there's hope, well....keep going. You can get through it if BOTH of you continue to put in the work.

Caleb: My opinion won't have much value because I don't have kids nor am I married but I can say that your kids come first no matter what the situation maybe and anything after that it's all for you so I say take care of your kids and take care of your mind and your body man cause you've only got one of them and you need to be happy cause if you're not happy how are you going to make your kids happy. If your old lady's bringing you down man you just got to call it quits cuz you're just going to be in a puddle of misery for a long time and then you're going to spend days thinking and wondering why you put so much effort into something that was already gone you know that's just what I'm taking from what you typed up but I wish you the best and I hope things work out God loves everyone man everybody makes mistakes there's nothing wrong with trying to fix yourself in and straighten up so best of luck to you man.

Christian: Sounds like mistakes were made and unless you make a decision you'll never truly be able to learn/grow from them.

Brett: "What are my thoughts?" My question is, "What do you want?" You have to decide if you want to call it quits or work on it. If you have kids, make a hard effort to set your pride aside and do family stuff man. Show the kids how a husband cares for his family. Its easy for me to say since I'm not in your situation but I've been taught to take a "hard right" instead of an "easy left". Good luck.

Khartoum: I'd say you need to hold on to your hobbies and carve out a space and source of positivity in your life. Maybe recommend the same for her.

Andrew: Khurru That's what I'm leaning towards. I've begged her for years to get her own hobbies, make friends, and have a life. Literally cried with her and begged her. She has made one

good friend in the last year, finally.

Lyndon: Be done with it man, beating a dead horse. Divorce and be happy

Stan: You are an individual. There is no one on the planet that is like you. You started this journey alone and you will end it alone. By saying that except and respect other individuality. Otherwise you'll never be happy.

Travis: Spiritual incompatibility is as big as sexual incompatibility, they can both ruin otherwise great relationships. While I don't think infidelity is a good answer, staying married may be just as bad of an answer. Find yourself and your inner peace. Then be a part of your kids lives.

Greg: You two individually and as a couple need to strip everything away and determine who you are, what you want to do and be in life and whether that includes the other person or not. For this initial no BS assessment, not about kids. Mortgage, house, logistics, money, religion... Be brutally honest. Not sure if you or her can do that. But this is your deathbed view. How do you want to live your life. Who do you want to share this short dance with? Now layer on where you will meet in the middle and where you won't compromise and where you will defer on kids, sex, religion.. the whole shebang. Can you build a solid relationship, going forward, on mutual trust and respect? If not, don't bother. You're wasting everyone's time. And if not, then focus ALL your energy on co-parenting in the most healthy, productive and positive way possible not for your individual agendas, but for the best interest of the kids. Always bring it back to that.

Darren

Sometimes Darren doesn't put the answer in a package in a pretty bow. Sometimes Darren points out insight, lets the bread crumbs present themselves, lets Anthony learn how to learn from his own experiences. And say what you will about it being incomplete, it's part of the solution. even Anthony kind of knows this, deep down.

Anthony: I've messaged some guys who are more understanding. But like many Christians in my experience, they have to prove their masculinity by kicking others when they're down (I sadly did that myself as a Christian). They're the ones I ignore after a sentence or two because that usually means they've got it made. Like, I've never had a drinking or drug problem, so my two choices to respond to guys that do are: "Get over it and stop using, dumbass," or sympathize and point them in the direction of someone who could help better than I.

Toby: Are you finding that the answer to problems with the relationship with your wife are not found in other women?

Andrew Toy Toby Wilhelm I find that I'm happiest when I'm not around her

Brett: Never mind the broad, unfair, and inaccurate representations of southern baptists. Is there a question here? I see a tremendous amount of selfish actions and hurt feelings. Are you looking to be justified in your decisions?

Matt: I'd say this from the little you've shared. There is a strong chance that whatever junk you've both got inside of you is not going away by getting a divorce. It's just going to poison your next relationships too. So...if you have kids together you might as well work through your junk together. You need some professional counseling and probably need to change the voices you are listening to in your life. There are millions of people in the world in arranged marriages who learn to love

someone they don't even know. You can learn to love your wife again.

Andrew: Matt. Thank you for this. Truly

Michael: What is your idea of a perfect life? Not a perfect WIFE, a perfect LIFE? If you can answer that, then I believe you can probably answer the other parts.

Roberto: You're asking because you have not given up and I commend you. There's a part of you, clearly, that wants to make this work. If you have a desire to make it work, you are so fortunate that she's willing to forgive your indiscretions. You shouldn't be afraid to be judged in this group. Most people commenting here genuinely care. As Iron sharpens iron, so one man sharpens another. There's a lot of iron in this group and you're practically guaranteed to Learn a new perspective. If you believe in divorce, then you have an out and might not do the work. You've got a failsafe and almost any excuse can lead you to avoid the uncomfortable. If you do NOT believe in divorce, then you will do any and everything to heal these hurts, fight for your relationship, change what you need to change within and build something healthy with boundaries, loving kindness and compassion and forgiveness. One where you don't blame mostly her for the outcomes and look for excuses to step out with other women. Brandon Stull Here's the deal. You made a commitment, marriage, and you found excuses to break it. You say you want to want to try, so you don't want to. Stop playing around. Get the divorce if that's what you want.

Jose: Brother. Move on. You can still have a cordial relationship as co-parenting adults. It's healthier for the kids to see their dad enjoying his life and seeing what a real relationship where two people compliment each other.

David

David is free advertising. Is it even worth listening to David? I like the columns to line up, so why not?

David: Go to Order Of Man website and search for Fix Your Marriage by Fixing Yourself podcast. It's one of the Friday Field Notes. It may not answer your specific questions, but it'll help you see things from a different perspective. Which can, hopefully, help you find the answer you're looking for.

Darren: Turn back to God. Find a church for you and faithfully go. Invite her to go with you every week even if she doesn't go, keep inviting her and your kids. Become the man/husband/father that you are meant to be. It sounds like your marriage has the potential to be wonderful and it sounds like she will forgive your infidelity—that's something to say about her. It sounds like there were numerous problems to begin in yalls marriage but church denomination differences were a big problem. As a man, you are the spiritual leader for your family. Step into that role and embrace it no matter the circumstances. You may just end up in a happy healthy relationship or you may end up divorced but you will still be a leader for your children. You will be responsible for them in Gods eyes. Don't give up your hobbies. Focus on becoming the best you possible.

TJ: Sounds like you may need a different counselor.

Cameron: There's a video of Jocko, I think it's called "learn to say good". You just lined everything out and the problems are from you. This is a great opportunity to become the man and leader you were created to be. You really don't want to be a hermit do you? I imagine you want to walk into

your home and be respected and loved... good. Time to work on you.

Michael You said it yourself. You can't enjoy anything with her in your life.

David: Chris Ashworth thanks. Had a stormy marriage. Marriage counseling helped, but until we started seeing DIFFERENT counselors on our own (we didn't even go to the same office), it didn't get truly better.

Chris I'm working as a life coach and have to offer some pro bono work

David: First off, you shouldn't have married her. The challenge is you married someone NOT of your exact faith. Marriage is already a challenge even when you pick the right person of the same faith. Marriage is the most important decision you will ever make in your lifetime because it will affect everything else... It doesn't sound like you knew that. With that said, the liberals will tell you that the right decision is to focus on yourself and do whatever you think is the right thing to do... The conservatives will tell you to toughen up and make your children and wife the priority over your own needs... If you believe in God and want HIS mercy, I would suggest you show mercy towards your wife as she has towards you (she is willing to forgive you right?) Unless your wife is physically, mentally, or verbally abusive to the point where you should call the cops... then I highly suggest that you do some soul searching, reset your expectations, and just fix your marriage no matter what the cost... Also, nobody is an expert at marriage and there's a lot of self discovery here... I learned that I'm horrible at communicating my wants and needs to my wife because of some mindset issues from my past or upbringing. Read a lot, pray a lot, repent a lot!!! This is a good book check it out

Cliff

Cliff is annoying, we don't like Cliff.

Cliff: I couldn't handle the southern baptist thing. Somebody preaching a bunch of fairy tales to me

Aristotle: I don't understand fellas who come up on here to dog him. Doesn't he seem a little flustered by HIS situation as it is? He has to live with the consequences of his choices and actions not us. You do not support a brother like that. I'm not suggesting anyone should be a 'yes man' and hell, even he anticipated judgement, but I don't know how constructive that is. Can anyone just help him his thought process, or do we have to kick a man whilst he is down too?

Aubrey: Aristotle, sometimes a kick in the ass is what's necessary to wake a person up. I don't see anyone "dogging" on him in a negative way. To the contrary, they're offering straightforward and plain spoken advice.

Andy: This is why Christianity is bullshit, and full of hypocrites. All these so called Christians bashing this guy when the Bible teaches you forgiveness and acceptance? Christians are the most judgmental people on earth, they only accept you if it's a sin they are ok with. I wouldn't worry too much about it, to me it's pretty simple. If your wife wasn't taking care of your needs it's only natural to seek it elsewhere. Now that being said, you've already been caught so she'll never forget it and you'll probably be hearing about it for years if you work it out. Maybe time to move on

Carl: Andy if you think Christians people are perfect, you are in for rude awaken. Christians aren't suppose to be perfect nor are better than others.

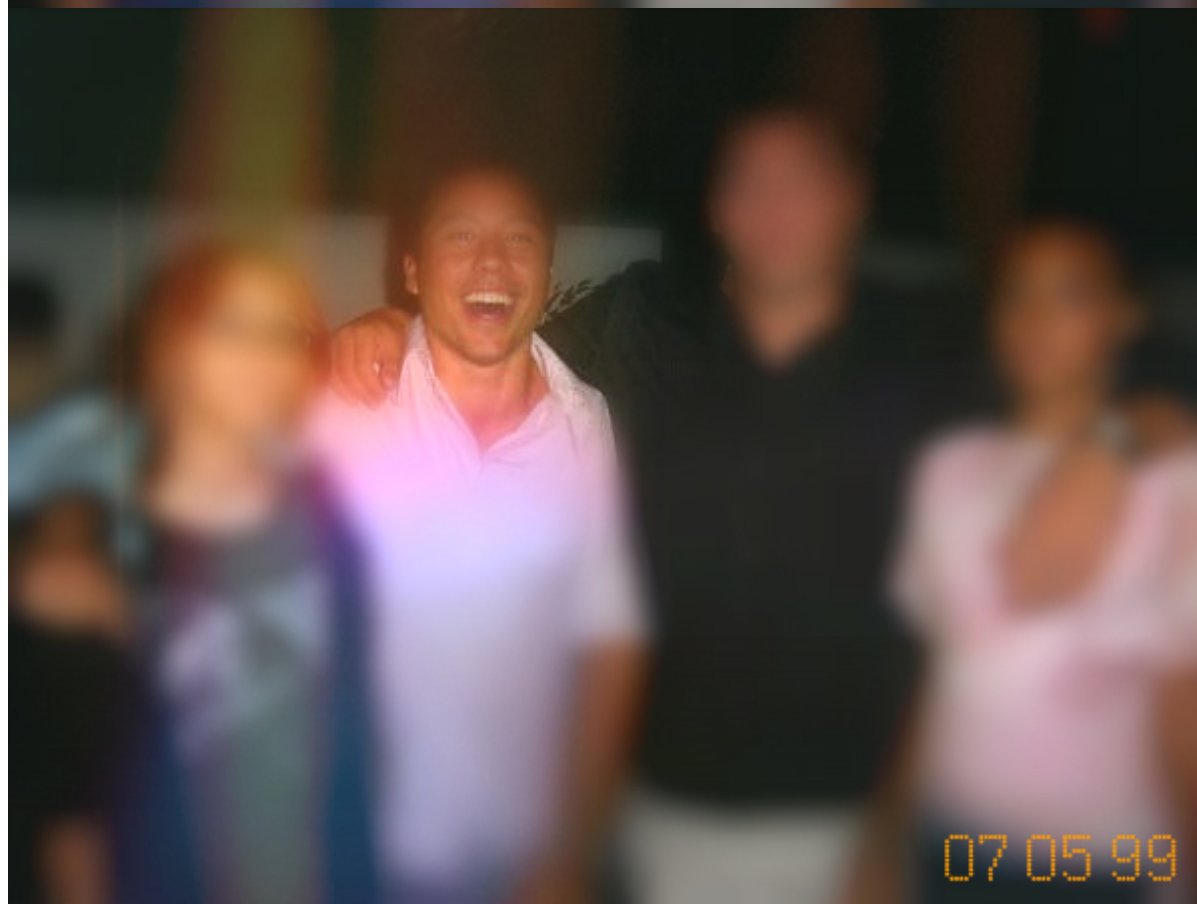
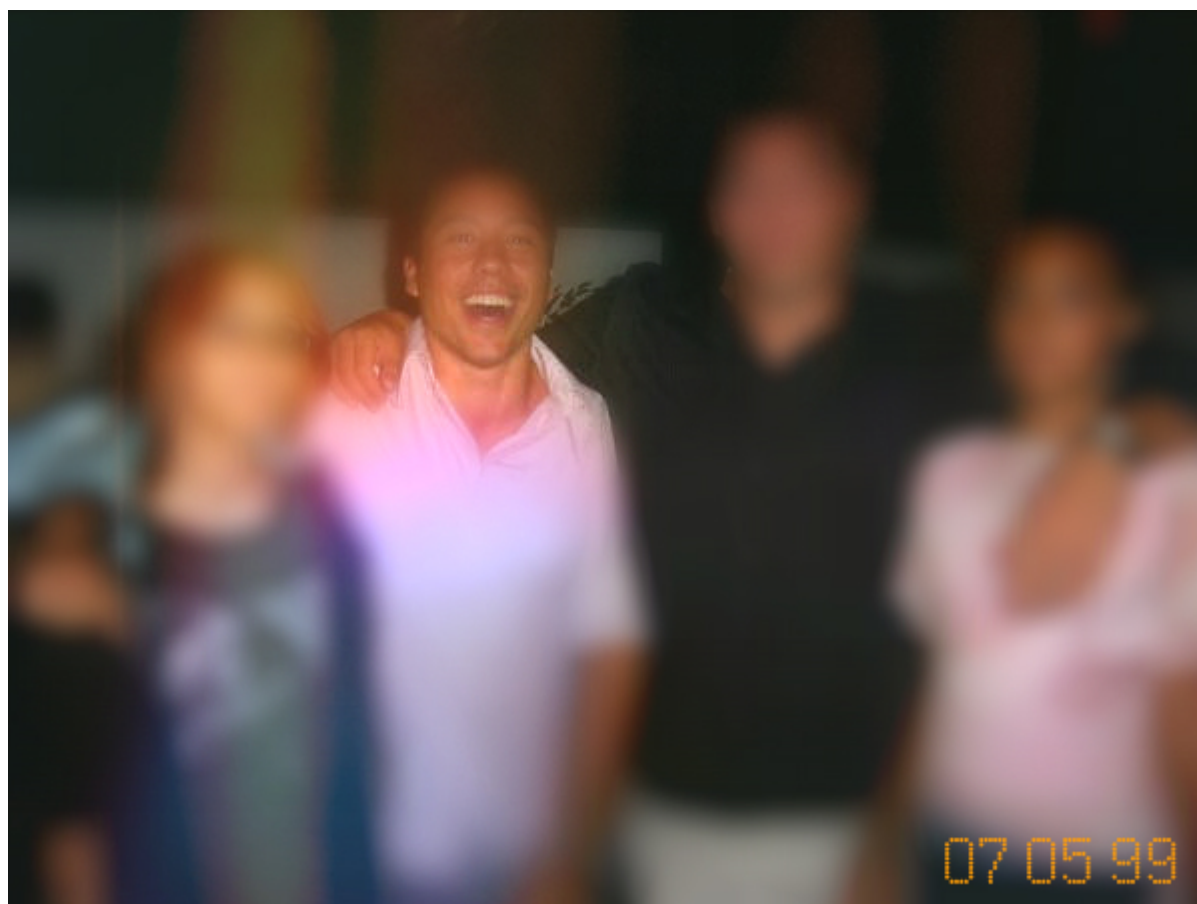
Andy: Carl what part of my comment made you believe I think Christians are perfect in any way? I know they aren't better than others even though they like to act like it. Timothy DeVoe The

relationship that you need to fix first is the one with your creator. You need to ask yourself if you ever truly had a real relationship with God. Were you simply going through the motions in your beliefs? Based on the fact that you have no problem with your recent choices, then it's safe to assume that you do not share a love for the Bible and it's commandments like it sounds like your wife does. I have witnessed in my life that when you get right with the Lord that He will help fix everything else, including your relationships. If you refuse Christ's offer of salvation, then nothing in your life will get better and your relationships with your wife and possibly even your children may suffer and grow apart. Please return to your faith and watch your marriage and other relationships get better than they ever were. I PROMISE you that they will Frank Musulinaro I agree with what Darren Bertram and Matt Lombardi said above so I won't repeat what they said but urge you to read what they have to say. In addition, seek the moment in your life that made you fall in love with your wife. In my opinion, love doesn't die, it just gets buried under other emotions once we stop focusing on it. It's just been my experience. My wife probably should have divorced me several times by now. I'm so thankful that she didn't, and so is she. I was too focused on my own stuff that my priorities for my family faltered. Keep fighting for love bro. Love is not something we buy at the dollar store and throw out once it stops working. That's what is wrong with the world today... the value of the love of others has decreased while the value of the love of self has skyrocketed. As for God, you may have left Him... but He never left you brother. Forget about man made religion and denominations and focus on His love. There are many here that care about you man. You're not in this alone. I'm praying for you and your precious family right now.

Doug: I grew up southern baptist and have been back a handful of times in the past 30 years. There's no way I would marry someone from that church. They're hateful and spiteful and I have no doubt she has people regularly telling her how bad and sinful you are and that she's a bad person because she failed to change you into their idea of what you should be. It's one big guilt trip.

Replacing our fathers: Part I

August 12, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



When men most need help

Is when our instincts make us less likely to receive it

What you have to understand, is your father was your model for God.

If you're male and you're Christian and living in America, your father is your model for God. And if you never know your father, if your father bails out or dies or is never at home, what do you believe about God?

What you end up doing is you spend your life searching for a father and God.

What you have to consider is the possibility that God doesn't like you. Could be, God hates us. This is not the worst thing that can happen.

Chuck Palahniuk

There is no longer a passage into manhood. Upon reflection, I had one, though I wasn't told, and it took me decades to understand what it was. I reflect on the similarities between that day, and my red pill MAP. I post this as a contrast to what a man is capable of, if given the tools, versus being an island, in the world of the female imperative.

Male Social Matrix

My parents were divorced when I was 5. Moved to a small town in western Canada, to a man I barely saw. All I knew about him, was he was an asshole. Took me almost 20 years to understand why. He was a plow horse, frustrated, AMOG, in dark triad parlance, a King. Worked 16 hour days for 20 years, came home to a vicious cycle of disrespect, begetting disrespect.

He resented the family, the leeches that took from him, and gave nothing in return. He couldn't do much but lash out, and so he received the same treatment in kind. He slept around with whatever road trash would put out, and self-medicated himself with bad food, good booze, and the worst kind of drugs. He was surrounded by the same. Friends, all divorced, all forced to pay for their women. Left because they had children, and the only language the men understood was lashing out. I can only imagine the frustration of a man who only knew how to fight, being crippled of his one way of venting frustration without any guidance of healthier mechanisms. Half of them died before reaching 60, the ones that remain, shells of men. Even as a child, I knew what that meant.

The Clubhouse

We used to sit at the bottom of the stairs, the 5 of us kids, when the parents fought. It was sort of a clubhouse for us. My brother always had his aluminum bat, I always sat at the higher step. We talked about all sorts of things, nothing I can remember. The only real moment I had with the man was once, when I was home from my first year of college. 20 years of fights, and I'm not why, but this one was different. Something happened, he was lashing out, she rolled her eyes or otherwise dismissed it as a childish rant. He stormed across the room, and I stood up and got right in the middle. All i said was hey.

I remember him grabbing me by my neck, me holding my ground, and my brother, on the landing at the top of the stairs, still with that aluminum bat he had since he was 5. Mom, to her credit, broke it

up before it went any further. I know full well I was going to get beat down. I was outweighed by a good 70 pounds, and the man had done hard labour his whole life, I was a fucking fine arts student, you do the math. I was never Stoney, I was always her bastard kid, until that day. Typical sandbox, he treated me like a man from that point on, and I jokingly regret it to this day.

The reward you get is the respect from the other men in the Matrix, who have witnessed your response to the challenge and your bravery for taking it on, and who don't count your loss against you. You might get your ass kicked, but no one else is going to say shit about you, knowing that you're willing to defend your territory. --Ironwood

The next day, we were in the kitchen, and he started to unload everything onto me. The story about how his old man was the same way. Used to beat the shit out of his mother as he put it. Finally one day he says enough of that... And proceeded to tell me how he put his father into the hospital.

You're not a man, until you put your old man into the hospital.

It was the weirdest piece of wisdom I have ever heard, and I've never been able to shake it.

I get it now.

I picture a man sold the beta dream, and his subsequent disillusionment from it. He never had a positive role model growing up, but was still expected to live up to that positive life script. The stuff he learned, he learned because all men learn it. Was actually pretty successful, started as a heavy machine operator, ended up with lots of poon, 3 daughters and 2 stepsons, a giant company, new money I believe they call it. Still, what was his reward? A divorced mother of two, resource leeches. We were kids, we didn't know any better. She was a woman, she was doing what she had to do to achieve optimal hypergamy. He had no way to deal with this, so he devolved into a drug using, alcoholic. I haven't talked to him in 15 years, and I don't expect to. He's got a new wife now, and another family started I hear. His three daughters will never speak to him again either. He is life's cautionary tale. When you read about life not caring for men, this is a stark example.

My blue pill upbringing was due to distancing myself from his lessons. Instead of taking the good parts, I wrote it off wholesale. I wasn't successful in high school, I wasn't successful in college. I was a great orbiter, I use the phrase man standing among giants. Everyone around me was amazing in their chosen missions. Most of them are now brought down by the women they have in their lives, but that is another story.

Epiphany

I somehow lucked out and had an epiphany. I learned PUA, Mystery Method. I hit the gym, got a black belt in TKD, and joined the navy at 23, straight out of university on a drunken rant. The pussy flowed, but I never fully fit into a blue pill life, there was too much of those experiences in me to believe in the dream. Slowly, but surely, life chipped away at the edges. I bought into the myth of queen and country, noble sacrifice etc. I bought into the myth of the unicorn. I bought into the myth that happiness came by being everything that man was not.

And life caught up with me. I was early thirties, downing SSRI's like candy, drinking heavily, gaining

weight, a set of sociopaths working to put me in a military prison, and a disrespectful harpy, giving me that same eye-roll that roused me from my slumber 15 years before. And like before, with a simple hey, I ended up here.

My map was simple. I never wanted to end up in a position of being taken advantage of, or taken for granted. I look to my post on new years resolutions as an example.

- I hit the gym, got back into shape.
- I cut the medication cold-turkey
- I put in my release, let go of the anger I had for the organization.
- I finished another university degree, got the military to pay for it.
- I saved up enough money for a fuck you fund.
- And I started living like I was single again.
- Essentially, I built a frame from the ground up.

I didn't tell anyone any of this, I just did it. I didn't just pass shit tests, I nuked them. I remember initially talking too much, statements during a shit test like "At some point, I will be better, so cut this shit out now" which didn't do anything. I just quietly went back to the gym, and lifted. I took the risky approach of defending myself legally, fully committing to the situation I was in. I was told to make a plea, take a little hit, it made everyone's lives easier. I've been on the other side of a half dozen court-martials, and knew what I was doing, with all the experience I've had, I was a borderline paralegal anyways. The stakes became real. I stopped cold turkey on drinking and medication. I made myself scarce or used the iron when they happened, and never speak of them. this is probably the first time I've referred to them, and I don't see myself doing it again.

The main events

I had received two letters, in quick succession. The first, was from the crown, saying that the entire year and a half long ordeal was going away. They call these things administrative violence for a reason. I worked long, and I worked hard, in the end, it paid off. To date, this is the only validation I have ever proudly accepted in my life.

The second was a letter from my CO, calling me a bag of shit, but being forced to accept me back, because they were desperate, with a few personal attacks peppered in. I framed it and put it on my desk at work. I had taken the time to add more than a full time course-load. Between the punishment without due cause I was already fighting, the full time job I still had, I had taken 1.5 times the course-load of a full time student. I put in my release, and let the organization go. Their shit tests stopped permanently. It was some of the best work days I had ever had in an organization.

On the home-front.

I was riding the high of happiness from this all. Was going on a date to a lounge and whiskey bar that we always wanted to do. I got a vile shit test back, she wasn't going, and I was to stay home and placate this mood. I got dressed and I left. I had a great time, left the phone at home, and ended the

night up on the buildings terrace. Met a bunch of girls that night, eventually practicing my french in the hot-tub with all five. During the night, Molson (our security guard) was being asked by a pissed off harpy if I was up here. I am a lucky man, in that I can see the exact moment where I had control of my life again in this relationship. I laugh now at every tough talking women who describes leaving her RP poser behind, because I know how it works in real life.

In that one moment, I saw the look of a woman who went from an angry, bitter harpy, full of condemnation, to one who understood what was finally happening. She would shape up, or be replaced. I never treated it as if I was teaching her a lesson, or showing her a consequence, it was as as certain as it was inevitable, like the sun coming up in the morning.

This is how things would be, what you do with that information is now on you.

She meekly asked when I was coming home, I said after my drink. She waited, and unloaded the mother of all comfort tests onto me. If you haven't had a main event while drunk on scotch with another in hand, I would suggest you try it. It's a surreal experience.

That is when the leadership began.

This is another topic, for another day.

Lessons learned

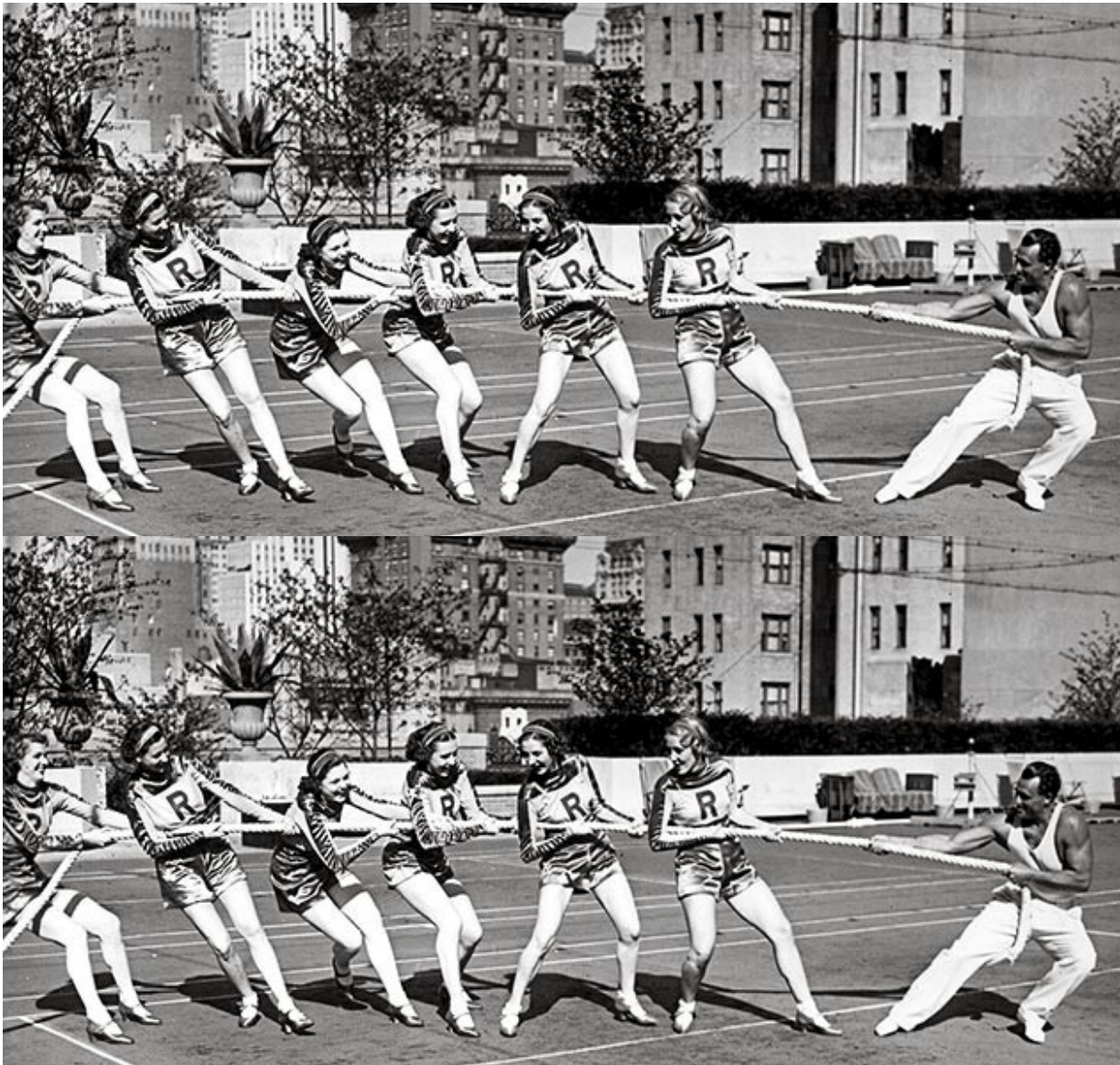
There were two men in this story. Both at the end of their rope. Both having their enough moments. One had nothing, he was alone, and he could only lash out at the world, an uncaring world that he gave his pound of flesh to, but received nothing in return. One had tools to succeed given to him by many men, over many years. He had other men to hold him to task. He had a plan, and he was steadfast. Let it all go, built it up again from square one. One man in this story is old, broken, and off to live his own life. I have no idea if he's happy. The other is now enjoying his new red pill life, spreading this path to happiness and realistic expectations, to men willing to listen and work for it.

I now know the lessons I was given in my youth. They were harsh lessons, and they were surrounded by horrible lessons, but they were there.

| Posted 11th November 2016 by stonepimpletilists

Truth Demands Action, a kind rebuttal to a belittling critique.

August 16, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



How far back must we go to find the halcyon days of masculinity, and how is this any different than Mystery giving a girl a compliance test?

I can only blame myself. I was here too late for feminism to sink its teeth into the meaty asshole of the Red Pill and take a big chunk out. I'm part of the second generation of asshole, the one which the god fearing hyenas nibbling away while weary of the lioness returning to finish her meal. I ask said hyenas to provide a thoughtful rebuttal, and this is as close to one as I've seen.

<https://medium.com/@thehunteronline/truth-demands-action-9c589be2c588>

| □Do you have a minute to talk about our lord and savior, Rollo Tomassi?□

— LOL

Twitter User @flyover_country has provided a Medium.com essay, a suggested 16 minute read. I required twice that. Not because it's dense, but because half the article is masturbatory, meandering tangents with pedantic language (irony noted) to establish the author is well read; plus, I never learned to read. It's impressive where he references as many intellectuals as possible to bedazzle me

with his knowledge. I only wish he had the same convictions when it came to quoting myself, Carl, or Rollo Tomassi with his most damning accusations. Instead he peppers the essay with the words “Intelligentsia” alongside our names, while leaving them out on the accusatory sections and hoping the reader will make the connection for him. If you’re not aware, this is something called **plausible deniability**, and any man who has used game to gain more success with women will be very familiar with the technique.

I had planned to offer a thoughtful rebuttal of his points starting at the top and working my way down; I was originally a Redditor and this was a bad habit I picked up from the platform. The problem is the points rely on assumptions, the assumptions rely on definitions, the definitions rely on references and the references make no sense. Garbage in, garbage out. Instead I’ll aim at the thrust of it, I only hope to steel man it with all the respect the writing deserves. This is kinder than what I and others were offered. The points:

1. The critique is summed up as **Sheep in Search of a Shepherd**, becoming adversarial when the answer we give is to be your own shepherd, which is taken as a shirking of our masculine responsibilities.
2. The entire framework of his post is framed within a feminine mindset. I don’t mean this as a pejorative either. We are having an argument on completely different playing fields.
3. That the Red Pill is dangerous and will cause the decline of civilization, lovingly referred to as ‘the west’; and
4. That the Red Pill is a reaction to and sister system of feminism. I think this is meant to be an equivalency of their attack on men or something. Red man bad, got it.

I.

The critique boils down to the author looking to establish authority and expecting anyone speaking authoritatively to take the responsibility for those who listen. This is done to set impossible expectations of the red pill “intelligentsia” so that we can be safely dismissed as hedonist assholes. The author ignores any actual damage to masculinity, and instead focuses on a specific narcissistic injury. The ‘white picket fence’ Norman Rockwell narrative where men are men, women are women, and good wins over evil is disingenuous and avoids actual grievance. Instead, it’s arguing over who gets to write the rulebook. If this were a Twitter beef, he would be telling those evil pickup artists to ‘Stop ruining the women we have to marry after they’ve wasted their 20s waiting for us to man up!’

This author must be a Christian pastor in training. The entire thing reads like a man who was given a homework assignment by his pastor. The first part points to a linear path of mankind (read: man) moving from savagery to civilized greatness. It meanders about. It takes time away from making a point to ensure you know how many find leather bound books the author owns and how many great authors he can quote. He finally gets to the thrust of it after a lot of passive aggressive point scoring.

The people within the Red Pill are bad. They have a duty to take responsibility for the outcomes of the actions they are talking about. By saying that their words are merely tools and putting the onus on the reader to map them to his own life, they are similar to a linguistic arms dealer who does not want to be held accountable for the resulting bloodshed.

Christians debating among themselves over the red pill asked this five years prior. The conclusion

was unanimous.[1]

This leads directly to the question, what else is there? As I've said before.

There is nothing else.

So, what else is there? Is there reason to have grievance that doesn't involve a bunch of dudes talking about getting laid and not getting destroyed in a separation?

□ A man would rather live in a miserable story he's read a hundred times than write an unknown story with a better ending □

— Rian Stone

In other posts, I've talked about how the men in this space are really the only system that exists between a loveless, lonely, celibate man and a potential mass shooting. It sounds hyperbolic, but it really isn't. The A.P.A. or, the authority on mental health have deemed masculinity to be a disorder[2], while wanting to switch your gender is perfectly acceptable[3].

I suppose this implies it's acceptable so long as you don't switch to a traditionally masculine one.

Why the author chose to go after the Red Pilled "intelligentsia" as the evil authority and not the A.P.A. is beyond me. The only thing we have that the A.P.A. doesn't is the promise of men ruining those traditional women who just want to put on a sun hat, summer dress, and sit around in a wheat field taking wholesome pictures all day in order to establish that she isn't the same girl who wasted her twenties on fun and adventure.

If I read his argument right, and I've seen it enough to say I am, it's that anything less than following the path of **his** moral authority is seen as blasphemy. Unless you're one of the moral authorities that is actually causing harm, so long as it doesn't affect his own narrative. Power gets a pass, because sheep don't attack shepherds of other flocks. The difference is the consequences of the A.P.A findings do nothing to attack the narcissistic fantasies of the author. I should add that this is not calling the author a narcissist, I'm talking about the fantasy. Gender swapping is that 'moral backwards savage' ideology that he can dismiss. The fact a bunch of dudes can fuck the soon to be wife of one of these hard working moral paragons, and do it just for the sport of it is a direct attack on that narrative. It makes me wonder if all the pedantry and literary references are a sophisticated form of flex.

"Sure, you may be able to get a blow job on the first date, but do you know C.S. Lewis off the top of your head?"

This is speculation. I would likely retract the statement if pressed too much about it from the author.

Here is the key disagreement we have. Whether the tools are useful or not is irrelevant to the Blue Pilled mindset; only the conviction of the "intelligentsia" (almost forgot the belittling quotes) to become their brothers keeper. No authority that currently exists does this. I've written and spoken on how narratives affect decisions. This is a prime example:

A man would rather live in a miserable story he's read a hundred times than write an unknown story with a better ending

He knows (or he should) the status quo. His parents divorce, his mother's vilification of his father, and being raised as a defective woman should have established it well enough. *Just learn to cry and communicate more son.* Even if not him, he will have a close friend or seven who have. No man

under the age of 50 can plead ignorance.

For us heathens, following our parents life scripts to their likely failure is not an option. I quoted the word 'truth' in Whispers work, though I find it useful to use the word 'utility' instead. Humans are social creatures, and the social world has too many variables to pin down something as noble as truth. Utility implies a good enough measure of truth along with the humility to know that the depth of human interactions always has more to it than we think. Of course, this idea of a different narrative is a direct attack on a man's ego investments. It's not a character attack on the author, it's happened enough over the years that I am comfortable in assuming it will be here.

Most the points the author discusses parrot the exact discussions I reference. Notice the references have a timestamp of ~2014. I can go back to 2008 and show an older iteration. I can go to 2003 and show an even older one. Before that? It's someone else's garbage fire. We were all wearing aviator goggles and feather boas while someone else was navel gazing.

II.

This isn't an attempt to change minds. Anyone of any worth who engages in the Red Pill in any fashion already knows how this dance works. There is no difference in opinion, there is no meeting in the middle, there is no half and half discussion. It's a difference in how one processes morality, facts, and the purpose of a debate. Red Pill is amoral, but men are not. Whisper, a pen name of one of the better writers in this space offers great insight into these differences[4]. The fundamental differences in how the author approached his rebuttal to how it's framed are seen in the assumptions. they are referred to as blue and red pill in his post:

- RP Assumption 1, that there is one reality, and the truth is what accurately describes it. The better a statement does this, the more true it is; **factional abolitionists**.
- BP Assumption 1, That reality is subjective, and what is true is a codification of someones perspective; **factional relativists**
- RP Assumption 2, That whether something is good or bad is a matter of opinion, and that the consequences of actions are what matters; **moral relativism**
- BP Assumption 2, That there are one set of moral laws, and that the pathway of man from savage to civilized man is a straight line pathway, of which any societal woes are considered moving backwards; **moral absolutists**.
- RP Assumption 3, that the goal is to find the utility in a course of action, and how that knowledge can be used to predict outcomes; **the discussion is about what is useful**
- BP Assumption 3, The goal is to establish authority, as per assumption 2, **the discussion is about who is the authority**
- RP Assumption 4, Any disagreement or discussion is about the ideas not the people. **The character of the speaker is irrelevant**
- BP Assumption 4, Any disagreement or discussion is about the people, the ideas are irrelevant. **The whole point is to win the moral high ground so one can set the moral rules.**

And this gets to the core of his earlier point. *Sheep in search of a shepherd*. While I suggested broad subjective categories, blue and red pill, what it really does is suggest feminine and masculine belief

systems. Just parsing this out would be a post in itself, so I'm hoping you'll take this as a 'good enough' truth, or **utility**.

This is why every critique thus far on the Red Pill and it's content creators has been thinly veiled character attacks, passive aggressive snark and other reputation attacking tools. That isn't because the attacks are crude, poorly thought out or badly implemented. *That is because these techniques are the entire point.* To attack the character or reputation of anyone speaking so whatever content they talk about can be safely disregarded. If that's good enough for you, I can't help you, call me after the divorce if you haven't decided to suck on a 1911.

It makes perfect sense why the author has such animosity at "Rollo Tomassi," myself, or Carl.

Rollo, myself, Carl, Whisper, Ironwood, Galt. No one wants the role of the supreme moral authority. We would rather the individual take that upon himself. Even if any of us did, there's no mechanism from which we can accept responsibility so the point is moot. The assumption that the individual is the only and best advocate for his own best interests is as close to a core believe as one gets in this space. For one who wants his shepherd to be The Shepherd, what we put out is tantamount to stapling the 7 iron rules of Tomassi onto the church doors in protest to the indulgences offered for men who 'man up and marry those hoes.'

III.

I can't really comment on the fortune telling, as I'm not omnipotent. I haven't read enough C.S. Lewis to be able to predict the future, so I'll have to concede defeat to the authors crystal ball. What I can say is that with all the faulty garbage definition of terms he's used, I'm surprised he can confidently predict anything. I find it horribly rude to put the fault on modern societies woes onto the shoulders of a 27 year old man who just wanted to get laid, he was born into this mess, he didn't create it.

□ Put 10 weak men in a room and you get caddy infighting. Put 10 strong men in a room and you have yourself an army. □

— Black Label Logic

Praxeology had those roots he describes. How he gets to this particular framing is beyond me. If he had to ask or clarify terms, I don't know why he didn't go to the source. Ian Ironwood[5] gave the best description for Praxeology as it maps to a Red Pilled mans life. Ironwood builds upon the work of Keoni Galt[6], the man who made the first post using the Red Pill[7] and is as good as it gets for original sources.

Ideologies are belief systems which hold up ideals - moral, ethical, social - as standards by which to live or guide us. Humanism, Marxism, Christianity, and the Boy Scout Law are all ideologies of various sorts. They establish lofty goals toward which we aspire, celebrating unifying beliefs that, theoretically, guide our purposes.

Praxeologies, on the other hand, are not systems of belief, they are systems of practice. They are not concerned with whether or not something lives up to a preconceived ideal, they are concerned with whether or not something actually works. Engineering, small engine repair, computer coding, fishing, and first aid are all praxeologies. The Red Pill is a praxeology, not an ideology.

I like the Twain-like[8] admission that human action is never from within, always from the outside. Red Pill is reactive in the way all men are reactive.

1. A problem comes along which causes a trauma, or a hardship.
2. Men find the situation untenable and work towards a solution.

Not as noble when put simply. Thanks Mr. Clemens!

This all makes sense when you assume mankind and morality advance on a linear path. Do you know who else does this?

Progressives.

While I hate to be cliché and talk about horseshoe theory, feminine values in, feminine values out. There's a reason Redpilled men tend to have equal disdain for the TRADCON and the progressive. The two groups aren't mad at each other because the other ideology has its boot on your neck for the sake. They aren't concerned of man's well being. They are mad because it's not *their* boot. At least the progressive types are upon and up front about this, the TRADCON has the delusion that they are doing the guy a favor.

“A real man doesn't make his woman drive, work, or do anything resembling self reliance!”

Sure, Sharia law is pretty clear on that.

I figure if the author can become TRADCON Nostradamus and meander about the future, I can become Red Pilled Columbo and meander about the present.

IV.

Another fault he makes is in calling feminism an ideology. It isn't an ideology, it's not a belief system, and it's not a set of values ...

It's a tactic.

And the only part of feminism that parallels the Red Pill is the argument made in the The Melian Dialog:

because in practice might makes right—or, in their own words, "the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must"[9].

For both, it's about getting what you want, using whatever tools best accomplish that goal.

This is why feminism has no rhyme or reason. Is being a slut empowering or evil? Is prostitution a social construct or is it a woman taking back her femininity? The reason it makes no sense is because it's not supposed to. It's will-to-power, or womaneese (a shorthand term used to describe it in this space); using man's innate instinct to protect women against his own self interests. This is what happens when all danger is removed from society. Without the need of a man, what need do we have of man?

Flip the genders and it says much about the mentality. Why do you think everyone is up in arms when a guy flippantly tweets to 'go learn to make a sandwich?' Or, 'What do you bring to me other than a warm hole between your legs?' Many women don't have an answer. Many don't want to.

I would take issue with his assertion that the men's rights movement is a precursor to the Red Pill. If there was a sister movement to feminism, it wouldn't be red pill, it would be the M.R.A. They've

taken the idea of feminism as a tactic, and assumed that men are on equal footing when using the same tools. Instead of that instinct for protection however, they get revulsion. This is why the movement as a whole has zero success successful pushes in the last 50 years. Even when they put women into the ranks of their leadership, the female approved grievances are not addressed. This isn't an important point; I wanted to address it to avoid the idea that Paul Elam has any business in this space with the rest of us.

Pick up artists are the father to the Red Pill:

- Our George Washington is Mystery, our tri-fold hat is a feather top hat.
- Our Boston tea party was an L.A. foam party.
- Our war of 1812 was, Woodstock '99?

This is why I assume the intent was pure nihilism, or building up a god in order to tear it down. To make this into a societal woe is to give the "intelligentsia" too much credit. We were a bunch of guys who wanted to get laid, got good at it, found ourselves in the company of predatory women and institutions that abandoned us in our time of need, and then took it upon ourselves to clean the mess up. Passing notes on are what allowed it to happen as quickly as it did. Strike a blow for male ingenuity.

Put 10 weak men in a room and you get caddy in-fighting. Put 10 strong men in a room and you have yourself an army.

Summary

While this is a masturbatory, pedantic rebuttal to an equally masturbatory pedantic post, I do want to give credit to the author. I've been asking for pushback for years, and it's the best I've seen yet. However, it's a sophisticated version of the thousands of arguments that people have already had on purple pill debate, or the blogosphere circa 2009 - 2014. The arguments are tired, the terms aren't even agreed upon, and the fundamental disagreement between masculine and feminine axioms will never be reconciled by a post where both parties refuse to meet on the other person's home turf.

There's no shortage of men willing to be the plow horses of society and they are welcome to reach the disillusionment of that dream on their own. Automation is coming. Once one no longer has the noble job as a truck driver, paralegal or back office drone, they can come back and tell us how the paragon of male virtue worked out for them.

Do you have a minute to talk about our lord and savior, Rollo Tomassi?

[1] Free northerner, Alternatives to game.

(<https://freenortherner.wordpress.com/2014/01/17/alternatives-to-game/>, 2014)

[2] Stephanie Pappas, ARPA issues first-ever guidelines for practice with men and boys

(<https://www.apa.org/monitor/2019/01/ce-corner>, 2019)

[3] A.P.A. What is Gender Dysphoria?

(<https://www.psychiatry.org/patients-families/gender-dysphoria/what-is-gender-dysphoria>)

[4] Whisper, Why PPD, while sometimes diverting, is ultimately useless. (Reedit, /r/Purplepilldebate, 2015)

- [5] Ian Ironwood, Praxeology of hate dominant male.
(<http://theredpillroom.blogspot.com/2014/05/red-pill-roles-praxeology-of-dominant.html>, 2014)
- [6] Keoni Galt, Praxeology and the truth of game
(<http://hawaiianlibertarian.blogspot.com/2014/01/praxeology-truth-of-game.html> 2014)
- [7] Keoni Galt, Game is the Red Pill
(<http://hawaiianlibertarian.blogspot.com/2009/09/game-is-red-pill.html>, 2009)
- [8] Mark Twain, What is man? Page 1 (<https://www.gutenberg.org/files/70/70-h/70-h.htm>, 1835 - 1910)
- [9] Thucydides. History of the Peloponnesian War, 5.89

Authenticity: Revisited

August 16, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Anyone who has been in the manosphere will be aware of a certain attractive behaviours model called Dark Triad(DT). For the unfamiliar, DT is the combination of Machiavellian, psychopathy and narcissism behaviours. These behaviours are assumed to be more attractive to women than the alternatives.

I can comfortably accept that as my own experience in pick up has shown the more I've added those qualities in my approaches and sets the more success I've had. Many men have done the same. This isn't the same thing as scientific evidence. However, I then point to a bunch of studies to say this is supported by research, you can point to the replication crisis in the social sciences and we find out there are no replication studies done on just about anything and we can end up right back here.

Let's skip the dance and assume it's useful. (read: true enough in that it's helpful.) This post was originally written right after my first speaking engagement in Orlando Florida, where I first met Rollo Tomassi and we had both removed our anonymous facade to talk about Red Pill in front of an audience. I look through the DT personality traits and focus on narcissism, which seems to have nothing attractive about it. In doing so, I learn that it's not what I thought it was, and developed an understanding of what a healthy level of the DT traits looks like, how it comes about, and why I should adopt that mental model instead of alternatives, especially the Traditional Conservative, Norman Rockwell form of masculinity, which is an unhealthy form of narcissism, or NPD.





Authenticity; or

A healthy level of narcissism.

Machiavellian

Machiavellian behaviours make sense. A man who focuses on his end goal and doesn't bow to an external morality succeeds more than someone who uses artificial barriers to temper his behaviour. A man who constantly refuses to do things for reasons other than outright lies or breaking enforceable laws will always do worse. No blood, no foul and keeping the eye on the ball, sports references are masculine. Fail to plan and you plan to fail. Military references are also masculine. In reality, the kind of guy who wants to be cunning in human sexuality is seen as autistic, this should be effortless and just happen. the only ones who say that are those who are gamed, never those who game.

Psychopathy

Psychopathic behaviours make sense. Psychopathy can't be taught, it isn't a skill, it's a brain deformity. The entire study of killology exists to study how we can bridge the gap between effectiveness and empathy. An example is from when the US army discovered that most shots fired during the first world war were not intended to hit a target. People had an innate problem with killing other people. They had developed a system to alter the mindset. Targets that were used for shooting practice were changed from rounded bullseyes to human silhouettes. Soldiers would practice until it

became reflexive, then in battle, they were able to bypass that part of the brain that associated their fire with the taking of human life. While that is an extreme example, I can understand why being able to mute ones empathy allows you to have a more fun degenerate attitude towards women and sex. Sometimes a girl just wants to be dominated, treated like a piece of meat. Show me a man who discards the control over his civilized sensibilities and I'll show you a woman with wet panties. Don't forget, rape fantasies are a thing. Considering no man without brain damage is going to be able to push this very far, it's easy to see why it's a beneficial skill to have. It's not psychopathy, it's simulated psychopathy. It's dialled into a goldilocks zone where someone can truly enjoy the objectification, but not so dialled in that one can't add empathy when socially appropriate. Narcissism has confused me. I can't draw a connection between being attractive, or not being unattractive, and meeting the criteria of any meaningful level of narcissism.

What is narcissism?

Answering this is harder than it looks. The easy way is to look up any psychological diagnosis and grab the bullet point list. As TheLastPsychiatrist.com[1] points out, the lists are both correct and incorrect:

We found a foot, an eyeball, and a liver. This must be a man. Or a triceratops. Or a... And now we come to consider that a man is something possessing of three attributes: footness, eyeballness, and liverness, with exclusion criteria of dinosaurization. Thanks, Aristotle, this helps a lot.

Over the years, I've come to adopt the understanding that both he, and renowned author Venkatesh Rao have adopted: *Unhealthy narcissism is the creation of a self-defined narrative as a buffer against a perceived inadequacy in order to achieve a goal through deception.* The problem comes when the narcissist actually gets what he wants. It's not hard to lie to a girl to get her to sleep with you. It's not hard to promise the moon so she will marry you.

The problem comes when you get what you wanted and then the victory rings hollow. After all, did she really desire you when you had to manipulate her? She must be a low IQ or damaged woman. No, I respect women too much, it must be the fault of those damned pick up artists. It makes sense that the traditional conservative mental model (TRADCON) sees Game as manipulation since he builds an elaborate back story of him as the benevolent plow horse and dictator because he wanted her to love him. If he uses manipulation, clearly everyone else must be.

So what is it about narcissism that's attractive? In a word:

Authenticity

the TRADCON or the nice guy is manipulative. He knows what his woman wants (or what she should want) because he already wrote the story. His pastor, his parents, everyone wrote the narrative and he is the protagonist within it. However, women aren't stupid, they have their own tools to fight deception. Evolutionary Psychologist Martie Haselton calls it the Commitment Skepticism Bias.[2] Everyone with experience knows it. Any easily faked or low investment signals are automatically distrusted by women in favour of high investment ones. We know of them as Shit Tests. And here

comes the problem, the immovable force is coming up against the unstoppable object.

Anger and Rage

When someone is the antagonist of the story everything runs smoothly, because they recognize it. What happens when a woman doesn't acknowledge the story at all? This is called narcissistic injury, and the only response to it is a concept called narcissistic rage. do I mean being angry at the girl? Not, not anger, rage isn't anger, rage is rage.

Anger is a social emotion. When someone experiences an injustice at the hands of another, they experience anger. Drop a hammer on your tow and you get hurt, but you don't get angry. If someone else purposefully drops a hammer on your toe you get angry. Anger is your way of signalling to the world that you aren't happy about this, and the other person should remove their injustice. Anger is to men like nagging is to women, which is probably why they hate it so much.

Rage is a pure limbic brain response. Rage is a man putting his hand on a hot stove and then flailing about as he pulls his hand away from the burning. Rage isn't a signal, it isn't anything, it's the brain lashing out using the body. Any woman who's ever had a jilted ex-boyfriend texting her at 3 A.M calling her a whore, or grew up in a house where dad came home to burned meatloaf and responds with a set of Irish sunglasses for the wife knows what I'm talking about. Any man who can take any number of punches to his arm, but loses his mind when someone smacks him in the face understands.

So again, why is narcissism attractive at all?

It's because of John Hamm. If you have been living under a rock, there's a show called Mad Men. The protagonist is a narcissist named Don Draper (not my analysis, he was written this way) except he isn't Don Draper, he is Dick Whitman. Dick is an insecure bastard child raised in a whore house and seeks love to sooth his crippling insecurity. He doesn't know how to get it himself, so he adopts a narcissistic fantasy, that of Don Draper. a WASPy, suave, charismatic man of mystery. the fact that so many people think being good at Game means you want to be Don Draper is missing the point. Don isn't the seducer in this story, he's the TRADCON. What happens when a girl ceases to buy into his fantasy? He breaks down into a blubbering mess, Dick Whitman comes out and he starts to cry. This is a television show, in real life, he would have started swinging the minute the Dick Whitman postcard came out. When the TRADCON creates his Norman Rockwell fantasy, and his wife decides she's a person in her own life story as opposed to an accessory in his he will either lash out or turn his rage inward. Being Zeroed Out is the term we use in this space, it's a shorthand term to describe the loss of one's narcissistic fantasy, narcissistic rage, and resulting damage to one's identity. It's OK, it's not like the identity existed, it was a fantasy.

The man with Game is Jon Hamm. He's playing a character, he knows he's playing a character, the audience knows he is playing a character, but everyone plays along. Earlier I suggested an accurate way to describe psychopathy is to say simulated psychopathy. So why is narcissism attractive is the wrong question. Why is simulated narcissism attractive?

Because it is female porn.

Women read romance novels in the same way men watch Rambo III. Their need to live inside of a seduction story is real. They know 50 shades of Grey is made up and they don't care. You know Rambo didn't free Afghanistan from the Russians but you don't care either. They know Mad Men isn't real but still want to fuck John Hamm. And when someone destroys his narrative, calls out Don

Draper as a fraud, he doesn't experience emotional rage in the same way Dick Whitman does. John looks confused at the situation, asks "You do know this is a TV show, right?"

What did I mean when I said authenticity is what makes narcissism attractive? Authentic people are honest about their dishonesty. More importantly, they think of others as human beings. Humans have their own desire, their own wishes, and their own stories. Authentic men, men with Game make the woman a co-writer in the narrative, not a set piece.

Why would you want to be honest with a woman, especially when I've been rambling on about psychopathy for two thousand words? It's not because Jesus wanted you to, it's not because soccer moms watching Dr. Phil will nod their head and approve. It's because when you get those signals from her, the signals of genuine desire, you can actually appreciate them. The manipulative TRADCON narcissistic fantasy is just that. Anyone who loves a man for his fiction must have been too stupid to detect it. All victory rings hollow, it's never enough. He will sleep with other girls and they won't be enough either. He didn't drop his mask, he built a new one. Now he is the sinner who God needs to forgive, he's weak and women tempt him to cheat.

Notice how everything is about him except the blame.

But Game? Game is a story, Game, is ... well, a game. A game has two or more players, the game has rules everyone agrees to. Game is collaborative. The dishonesty isn't dishonest, any more than playing Monopoly is dishonest because the money is pink. "You tricked these women into sleeping with you and ruined her for the rest of us!"

No, she was going to sleep with someone, I just made her enjoy the experience and left her better than I found her.

The Game

It took me years to understand why narcissism was important to Game. Machiavellian would be what we consider having structure, logistics and a plan. Canned routines of the Mystery days, working out, being lean, anything you do with the single-minded goal of the game is a great way to dial in your DT.

Simulated Psychopathy would be avoiding all the self-sabotage. Stop stepping on your own dick and analyzing the footprint. Sex and relationships are mutual, enjoyable, fun. This is the same if they last 6 hours or a lifetime. Dr. Bus has a great book, Why Women Have Sex, and of the thousands of reasons he goes in to, none of them have to do with the reason you're unwilling to approach a girl.

Narcissism is about building the narrative, but not having it as your crutch. You need to be confident enough to laugh it off when someone doesn't accept the narrative, or to be good enough that the other person builds the narrative with you. 'Us vs the world' is a great pick up routine that exemplifies this. Take a girl on a date, people watch with her and make up a story where you separate them from you two with the fantastic stories. Dodging that creepy guy who has been stalking her all night so you can isolate.

And when she calls out Don Draper for being fake, you look at her confused and say 'You do know this is a game, right?'

Originally Posted 30th October 2017 by stonepimpletlists

[1] thelastpsychiatrist.com , A Generational Pathology: Narcissism Is Not Grandiosity,
(https://thelastpsychiatrist.com/2010/11/a_generational_pathology.html)

[2] Cindy M. Meston, David M Bus, A Generational Pathology: Narcissism Is Not Grandiosity,
(Chapter 10, 2009)

[Read the original Here](#)

The Archwinger Series: Men are not happy

August 20, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

About once every month or two, there's a post somewhere on Reddit, by a woman, saying something like, "My boyfriend suddenly started doing Red Pill stuff and now I want out," followed by 4-6 paragraphs explaining how her boyfriend is now a controlling, abusive asshole who works out and wants sex (because these traits are, of course, very, very unique to The Red Pill, and any guy who exhibits them obviously went online, found us, and we ruined him). These threads get seized upon by our detractors, who eagerly point out: "See? See!? The Red Pill doesn't 'work' ! It just ends relationships and turns guys into assholes!"

Independent of what is and is not actually "Red Pill behavior," situations like these are based a bad assumption. Simply put, in examples like this, the lamenting woman has presupposed that prior to her man's "changes", their relationship was actually good, and he was actually happy. Then he ruined everything by reading some bullshit online that told him how his relationship ought to be, then trying to implement it.

This begs the question: If the relationship was fine before the boyfriend went all Red Pill on his woman, why is he trying to change things? Why did he go on the internet and seek out the manosphere? If he's happy with his relationship the way it is, why is he trying to find ways to improve his sex life and become more assertive? (All of this, of course, assumes that a) the stories presented on Reddit are true; and b) the man actually sought out The Red Pill and didn't just stop kissing his girlfriend's ass for any number of other reasons.)

The Red Pill is here because men aren't happy. They don't want to be sweet and sensitive and do things for women all day long and be the "perfect boyfriend," while having subpar sex once every six weeks, paying out the ass for expensive dates and gifts, sacrificing personal time, and getting bitched at and threatened with a break-up if any of this perfect behavior ever dips slightly. They don't want to give backrubs and footrubs, stay at home one weekend a month while their women have a night out with the girls, get disrespected and talked about behind their backs, get cheated on (but just harmless, meaningless mistakes that don't really count!), and get berated when they push back against any of this. They don't want to let women move in, rent-free, and get pressured to buy a ring for a four-digit number of dollars and tie their finances to someone who makes less than half as much money, just because they've been "dating awhile" and "it's time" and they're "supposed to."

Sure, everything's hunky-dory for these girlfriends, but for the men, everything is NOT happy. Everything is NOT going well. And men are sick of it.

When a 28-year-old man with an entitled bitch of a girlfriend of 5 years stumbles across the Red Pill, he reads stories about men not so much older than he is who don't have or want girlfriends. They don't need a girlfriend because they have four or five women fucking their brains out on a regular basis outside of a relationship. They barely spend a cent on dates or activities. They barely lift a finger to impress women. But girls can't seem to get enough of them.

And what these men do seems so simple. Work out, focus on your career, practice your social skills and get confident, develop useful skills and interesting hobbies – essentially, quit wasting time. Read non-fiction instead of fiction, watch less TV, play less video games, quit jerking off to porn, spend that time doing something that makes you physically, mentally, or socially better. The Red Pill tells

men that their time is valuable, and to use it well. Hand in hand with that, The Red Pill tells men that since their time is their most valuable resource, quit wasting it on women when you're not getting something of equal value in return. If your girlfriend is ugly, sexually ungenerous, lazy, or just an entitled bitch that expects you to do all kinds of crap for her just to maintain the pleasure of having a girlfriend, is it really worth all of the time and energy you expend? When you could be doing something that actually improves your life?

The Red Pill exists because many men aren't happy. Because these relationships that are allegedly "just fine" are very much NOT just fine. Because men are giving so much to their women and getting so little, with the assumption that merely existing – merely being a presence in the man's life – is all a woman needs to do to become his highest priority. That men should be falling over themselves getting in line for the right to say "I have a girlfriend," and nothing more. Men are sick of this.

Guys in the "my man went Red Pill and ruined our relationship" Reddit posts probably aren't actually going to internet sites to get an instruction manual for how to piss off their girlfriends. They're just normal guys who know in the pit of their stomach that something is wrong – that they're wasting their lives, and that they're not happy. It's not their girlfriends' fault, it's theirs. And they decide one day, for whatever reason, to try to take control of their lives, of their relationships, and build something they're actually proud of. And steps 1 and 2 of that process involve asserting yourself and living the way you want, and expecting the people with whom you associate (e.g., your woman) to add value to your life equal to the value you're expending. The rest of the world shorthands that behavior as "being an asshole," and "ruining relationships." How sad is that? Honestly and confidently pursuing the life you want, and expecting others to hold up their end of a relationship is the new Hitler.

The Komodo Dragon

August 29, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

People have the most stupid and repetitive strategies in a relationship fight. Man notices problem and talks to his girl about it. Communication is the answer, always! The girl decides that he called her a bad person, and now she is offended. Continue to throw accusations against the way to see if any stick. Once he starts to correct the accusations, the conversation is now about her reputation, and no longer about the actual screw up she made.

It's better to remove your attention, affection, and commitment. It's better to keep your mouth shut than it is to think you can run your mouth half as good as a woman who just maxed out her Visa. This is a strategy about handling grievances, more importantly, it's about patience, leadership, and taking your ego out of the equation. This is the time to learn how to fight like a Komodo Dragon. If you don't know, they are a southeast Asian monster who bites their prey then wanders around for a while until the thing passes out from either toxin, venom, or bacteria. Then the dragon wanders up and enjoys it's victory. I started to see it in my life. Every time the girl and I had a fight, regardless of how right I was, how wrong she was, it was always the same thing. It was about her being a bad person. Of course, after a nights rest and some distance, whatever grievance I had was getting roundly addressed.

The key points to remember are: you have to be worth a damn and you have to give some time for your anger to simmer. Men and women aren't equal. They don't fight equal, they don't talk equal, and they don't approach a fight equally.

When I was first starting on my journey, I had an issue with my girlfriend at the time and her spending habits. She would piss away her Visa without anything to show for it. The old me would, every 4 months bail her out and tell her to do better after a shouting match. I said this is how we will never afford a new house in Montreal, she said that I was mean and it wasn't her fault. I'd stomp my feet and nothing would change. After I had gotten my act together, fully red pill'd, fully learned about the nature of men, women, communication etc. I learned that I wasn't holding frame, boundaries, or understanding the communication styles being used. I wasn't willing to leave over 5k credit card, though after twice it got put on the table. I didn't really let her know though, so all she knew was that she always had a safety net. So how did I learn to fight more effectively to establish boundaries?

I realize women argue with closed communication, while men argue with open communication. In my case the issue was simple. Spend less than you make, then we buy very nice things or go amazing places. Her argument was simple, she is not a bad persona and I'm too mean. I was focused on open communication, or on the logistics of a problem, she was focused on closed communication, or validation seeking and jockeying for status and harmony. One has to be willing to be the bad guy here and get it all out. I don't know how I worded the strategic fight, but the broad strokes are what mattered. I was unimpressed that she had done this thing, I was unimpressed she waited so long to tell me, I was unimpressed that she thinks this has anything to do with reputation, and I would not put up with it. I do recall saying that I don't have many hard boundaries, this was going to be the one. I was just coming off my main event, so she was on board with change. I knew a lot of this would be showing her how to handle finances properly. Her parents were an abysmal failure, I imagine more parents are.

This is a law of the universe, immutable, tablets from high on the mont. I'm not angry, I'm not sad, I don't need her to agree with me, or calm down. I need her to understand that my commitment comes with compliance. I would help out when and where I can - other than another bailout - but I have to see progress.

Now, here's where the strategy comes in. She had emotional reaction to all this. I was the bad guy in her story, so be it. She was sitting in the kitchen yelling at me how I couldn't treat her like this, I couldn't be treating her like a child. This is the part I found useful, as I had been through this before during my main event. It's just like would when I was picking up a girl from the smoking area in the bar. It's all about push and pull, dopamine and serotonin, comfort and desire, highs and lows. It's about polarity. I said my piece, and I was gone. Like the dragon I gave a bite and nothing else needed to be accomplished. I made it a policy not to get dragged into any status arguments, feelings, or accusations I needed to argue with. Just space and distance. I usually say leave with a smile come back with a smile, my normal goofy face was fine.

The trick to a proper fight is that it's not a fight. It's not about her reputation, it's not about making you happy, it's not about emotions, recognition, validation, vindication or vengeance. It's laying down the law. My continued commitment was not without condition. I've got a plan to succeed, and I won't let anyone, no matter how good intentioned, get in the way of that. So I go, had a coffee, I hit the gym, then I came home and went to bed, not another word. I noticed it was almost exactly 8 hours between fights and resolution, so I just ran out the clock. And sure enough, the next morning she's sitting on my lap doing up a budget. When she went over budget for the month she would hand me her visa so she wouldn't be tempted.

At that point the situation is one about simple leadership and logistics. Give her the tools to succeed, lead her to happiness which she's kicking and screaming. If she can't, or won't succeed? Then you need to have another conversation.

Or not

Picking your battles: A field guide

November 8, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Thailand was a mess. Everyone was fighting with everyone. Nothing was solved. We were drunk and hadn't seen land in 2 months, what's your excuse?

Everyone has heard of the adage where you should pick your battles, but very few people understand what it means or how to apply it

In my life, I've been blessed with a childhood where I was the smallest guy in the room and prone to an ass kicking if I picked fights along with an adulthood in the military where you simply cannot use force in any meaningful way to enforce your personal will.

In all this, I've adopted a few guidelines to follow when picking your battles:

- What outcome do I want?
- If the other person or a third party arbiter capable of giving it to me?
- Am I punching up, or kicking down?
- What are the long term repercussions of burning a bridge here, can I live with them?
- Outside of how I feel, what is in this for me?

What outcome do I want?

This one should go without saying. Since I constantly see people ignoring it I thought it best to say it anyway. Some people want to fight for the sake of fighting. They don't value anything but attention, and have blurred the lines between good attention and bad attention. What is good or bad attention is really the difference between knowing what you want and simply wanting recognition. People are horrible at knowing what they want, as was I for the longest time. If one can handle feeding themselves having sex on a schedule and getting a mortgage paid, there is no need to look any further unless you want to.

When someone is wrong on the internet, what do you want to do by picking a fight with them? Unless you're a brand or business and wanting to work on brand differentiation, there is no reason to, other than attention or validation of some form. Validation doesn't pay the bills, validation doesn't make your woman enthusiastically desire you. Granted, validation is the reason she loves to please you in bed, but she is a woman and it makes sense, are you a woman? If so, ask yourself if this fight you're picking is going to end up with a top tier man wanting you in his life. If not? Then it probably applies to you too.

If the other person or a third party arbiter capable of giving it to me?

Sometimes people are useless. I'm not talking about the lack of intrinsic worth, everyone deserves to live if for no other reason than to establish how kind other people are by not wanting to step on your neck. Arguing with a coworkers over some work performance issues isn't going to address those issues. I used to see it every day when I was a sailor. The same techs would sit down at the same table at the same time for the same conversation. The boss is an idiot, the officers are incompetent, and their supervisor wanted a stupid action done that would solve nothing but cause problems for everyone. They had the huge battle on who was more incompetent. The one thing all these conversations had in common? No one who had any power to address this ever sat at the table with them.

It wasn't a battle, it was voiced impotence. Things happen for which they had no control over. Instead of accepting them, or making steps to remove their impotence, their battle was simple catharsis. Build up frustration, catharsis, release. It was a wonderful cycle, and it served to keep them showing up and putting up with all manner of incompetence. The point of picking ones battles is to set aside the things that will not change, and make efforts to change the things that you can, or to remove yourself from a situation where you can't handle the lack of change. Everything else is a coping strategy.

Am I punching up, or kicking down?

This is one I am still guilty of from time to time. The better you get at something, whether it is work, sleeping with women, academics, anything that requires effort and skill the worse at it the average person will be. One can sit there and have a fight with someone who is not only bad at whatever the battle is over, but also inconsequential. I can beat any 8 year old in elementary school, they can't fight as well as me, aren't strong enough, and anything they tell me is wrong. What am I doing, other than establishing the delusion where I am treating 8 year olds as my competition?

A better example was when I was in my redneck city in university. I had a bunch of friends on the volleyball team, a few others who were the fun loving rednecks who loved to party, and the girls that loved to hang with the fun kids. One of my roommates was part of another group, the car guys. They saw a lot of Asian immigrants coming to the western school, all owning fancy cars modified heavily. They weren't rich Asian immigrants though, so they bought Ford Focus' and threw exhaust manifolds, under lights, and fancy decals onto them. It was a regular competition. On Friday he and I would drive down to the bar, he would sit in the parking lot with the friends and battle over who had the best mod that week, the fastest car or the best whatever. I was in the bar, competing with the athletes over who brought home the best girl that weekend.

I lost most of those battles, but I was in the game. It was the game that most men in their 20s were playing, the one that too much testosterone and too little parental supervision created. Who gets to sleep with the most women, the hottest women, the best women between the lots of us? I would have gotten no better at it if I were listening to my roommate tell me what I should add to my truck to impress the loveless guys sitting in the parking lot across from the bar. Now if having the best fart can on your car is the battle you want to win, good for you. If it isn't, you shouldn't be fighting for the esteem in a game you don't want to play

What are the long term repercussions of burning a bridge here, can I live with them?

It's often easier to let someone continue to be wrong and get value elsewhere than it is to fight for every battle. Life is iterative in that each time you battle someone for something it isn't in a vacuum. Sometimes a tactical retreat is a good move. Is your friend about to marry that single mom who only wants him because he has a good job? Sure, you could battle him for the stupidity of his ways, but you won't win. Argument never trumps feelings, and I guarantee he's fallen for that girl, and probably her kid. The best you can hope for is that he tells her about this fight, and the soon to be wife/ex-wife demands that you be cut from his life.

Maybe you can live with that, maybe you can't. Ask yourself, if you can't be his friend if he makes a bad choice, why bother fighting with him, skip to the end and say goodbye. Why the need for the theatre, other than to ensure that you won't see him again for years when he finds out you were right about her? I'll bet he could have used you the year before the divorce when you could have pointed out that having her baby daddy over for the weekend you're away on work is a bad idea.

Outside of how I feel, what is in this for me?

This one is an overarching theme for all the other points. When you're going to create conflict, it's always good to ask what you're going to get out of the scenario. If you don't have a good answer, other than to appeal to some sort of absolute morality, some unwritten but sacrosanct rulebook or being so emotionally invested as to be unable to articulate a reason then you probably shouldn't do it.

I cannot believe it needs to be said. Having a good reason and a preferred outcome in place before doing something is how to adult in the world. Without reasoning, you simply have instinct and feelings. The only people who benefit from that are hot women (who are subsidized by the thirst of men) and animals (who don't have jobs to get fired from)

I'd add an anecdote or something here, but if the reader is unable to come up with a personal understanding of this, then they have wasted their time getting this far.

So you want to tell men how to live? A humble request

November 15, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

So you want to sell me on why I should listen to you and not the Red Pilled. I'm sorry to disappoint as it doesn't work that way. You're already more invested than I, so it should be easy. You have a message, and you want me to listen, you want me to agree, you want me to adhere. I'll be happy to, here's what you need to do first:

Don't tell me what to think, tell me how you think. If we are both as clever as we think we are we should get to the same place. I'm a big boy and don't need you to hold my hand.

Don't tell me what should happen, tell me what has happened. I trust the performance of experience over the potential of your dreams, the former has never been wrong.

Don't tell me who is good and who is evil. Tell me their outcomes. Every action has unintended consequences and I'd rather not be one of them. We all know Jesus was a saint ... unless you were a moneylender, then he was not very useful.

Most importantly, tell me why I should listen to you. In all the lofty dreams and demands over the years, not one has ever offered me anything in my own best interests. I'm rather fond of myself, as he's the only one who has wiped my ass every day without complaint.

Red Pill Archives: Introduction

December 3, 2019 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Red Pilled Archives

Almost a hundred subscribers! Welcome newcomers

TheRedPill pk_atheist

Greetings, everybody. Welcome to the red pill. We've got almost a hundred subscribers, in exactly two weeks! This is incredible.

Why have we grown so quickly?

Because there's truth in the red pill. Because men are realizing that the sexual marketplace has shifted away from what we've been taught. Men who grew up over thirty years ago are discovering the world has changed. Men who are still growing up- from the 80s, 90s, and even the last decade, they're starting to realize that what their parents taught them, what television and chick flicks taught them, what church and sunday school taught them... it's all wrong.

Our culture has become a feminist culture. A president cannot be elected today without succumbing to the feminist narrative and paying them tribute. How many times has Obama given credit for his manhood to his wife? How many times has the debate hinged on women's pay gap - which is a myth that gets lip service because if you don't you're a misogynist!

I'm not here to parade the concepts of Men's Rights- nor am I here to discuss self-improvement tips that /r/seduction now purports are to make you a better man, not get laid more often.

I am here to say, for better or for worse, the frame around public discourse is a feminist frame, and we've lost our identity because of it.

But this isn't the end of the world. The world is changing, but men are still part of it. We just need to make sure we're changing with it.

It's too easy to blame feminism for our troubles.

Men, our happiness is our responsibility. Culture has always shifted, it's dynamic and fluid. It has never and will never stay still.

Feminism was inevitable. Equal rights are something I strongly am in support of. For men and women.

Women have the right to pursue happiness. Nobody should tell them otherwise. Maximizing happiness is the goal of every living creature on this planet.

Men, we need to recognize that since women are rightfully seeking out happiness, evolutionary psychology is more relevant today than ever in the past century. (and possibly longer). We no longer run the show. And I, for one, don't disagree that marriage had to change if we were to see equal rights.

But now it's time to get serious and realize that our strategy needs to change. Feminism is a sexual strategy. It puts women into the best position they can find, to select mates, to determine when they want to switch mates, to locate the best dna possible, and to garner the most resources they can individually achieve.

The Red Pill is men's sexual strategy. Reality is happening, and we need to make sure that we adjust our strategy accordingly.

Welcome to the red pill. It's a difficult pill to swallow, understanding that everything you were taught, everything you were lead to believe is a lie. But once you learn it, internalize it, and start living your new life, it gets better.

As an introduction to the topic, I want to outline what our focus is here at /r/theredpill.

Mastering Game

Game is an important portion of a sexual strategy. A lot of you probably came here from /r/seduction and are probably wondering why we'd need a new subreddit if one dedicated to game already exists. The reason is simple: Game is a facet of The Red Pill's sexual strategy. Determining good game is impossible to do so without first understanding the context given by The Red Pill's framework. Something I keep seeing over on the seduction subreddit is a problem taking over most relationship and sex forums: the desire to feminize the discussion (basically making it sound politically correct if read by a female).

Yes, game got a bad reputation from girls who demonize manipulation. This is because game is an effective strategy against their own sexual strategy. I believe women's opposition to game can be attributed to the unconscious factors in women's sexual strategy (Please do read Schedules of Mating). When women started becoming vocal about their opposition to game, that's when men decided it would be necessary to make game more politically correct. "Oh, we're not here to manipulate women to have sex with us- we're here to become better men!"

And thus, the female imperative took over game. When men think they must define their own sexual strategy in a way that best delivers results to the female sexual strategy, you know your own strategy will suffer! In a game of chess, do I politely not take out the oppositions' queen in hopes not to offend or win the game?

Defining the Strategy

Because of the necessity to have good game, we must define what good game is. A large portion of Red Pill discussion revolves around evolutionary psychology. Understanding the facets of this psychology are key to developing a good sexual strategy. Because this strategy is useful not only in gaining the attention of the opposite sex, but continuing relationships, having children, and maximizing your own happiness throughout life, I'm going to argue that defining the strategy outside of just "good game" is an important facet of Red Pill Discussion.

Acknowledging Reality

Finally, I think our focus should always remain on ensuring that we challenge the reality we perceive and discuss precisely and objectively whether or not our beliefs line up with the testable results we

can replicate. I am a firm believer that potential success can only be maximized by maximizing your knowledge of the factors surrounding your success. Keeping your eyes closed and ignoring evidence and facts will not benefit you. Opening your eyes and acknowledging everything no matter how good, bad, or painful it may seem, is instrumental in making decisions that will lead to the happiest, most successful outcomes.

Amendment

Wouldn't be possible that if it's necessary to go through all this to get a girl - is she really worth it? Or am I totally missing the point?

I think the problem spurs from this: Humans have an innate urge to sexuality. Where that sexual urge aims is irrelevant. This sexual urge can be described many ways- there's an urge to find happiness by settling down, there's the immediate urge to get off when you're aroused, and there's a mid-way urge when you meet somebody you're attracted to.

Unfortunately, this is an evolutionary drive. Without this drive, humans probably wouldn't have made it as long as we have. So it's important to note that it's pretty intrinsic to us as life forms.

In order for these urges to have an effect, there's a counter-measure put into place, making us unhappy when we're not fulfilling our evolutionary goals that stimulate our pleasure centers. There's a reason why being lonely isn't fun, because it's evolutionarily advantageous to seek out mates and even friends!

So, if she's work is she really worth it?

There's a myth that game isn't necessary if you just find the right one(TM). I would like to put this myth to rest. Game is a necessary component of being competitive in the sexual market. Of course there will be instances where tighter game helps more or less, and in some cases, if the girl you're going for has a significantly smaller sexual market value, you can make a lot more mistakes...

But your value in the sexual marketplace is somewhat tied to your game (and of course attractiveness as well).

So yes, game is required. Anybody who thinks game isn't necessary, that the red pill truths are extreme examples that should not apply- well that's a guy who ends up 4 years into a loveless marriage with a wife who wants a divorce.

The red pill truths aren't true to everybody.. until they realize they're not the exception they thought they were.

Wouldn't be possible that if it's necessary to go through all this to get a girl - is she really worth it? Or am I totally missing the point?

Game and the red pill are both based on evolutionary psychology. It's not about a particular girl or gaining her attention, it's about understanding reality and hedging your bets.

Exhibit beta attributes in front of any woman and see how long it'll last.

How any of this applies to the gay community- I've got no clue.

I recommend giving this a read

Note: The original pieces of these posts often get deleted, removed, or otherwise destroyed over time. When I discuss them I leave content under my purview so I can maintain access over time. The

original piece is here and it's suggested you go there for the original version

What is Dread; or, why no one has any frame

February 27, 2020 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

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Note, am I in a good relationship, or a bad one? You can't tell from the photo, which is the point. It's never been about HER

The good doctor Shawn Smith came out with his rigorously studied understanding of dread and his rebuttal. I like the doc, we've met before and he has always come across as an intelligent, thoughtful and well-intentioned man. I'm always psyched to talk about sexual dynamics, and his well intentioned straw man tapped into an excitement I've not had in a while. I'll quote it below, then go through it with corrections as needed as well as some thoughts.

By the end I aim to achieve a few things. First, to clear up and clarify the definition, give the reasons you can take that definition as authoritative, and then address why there seems to be so much confusion on the concept.

Shawn is quoted as saying:

A bit of explanation for the guys who were troubled by my dread game tweet... Let's define terms. Here's the definition I use, based on an average of the conversations I observe: dread game is the dark side of mate-retention tactics. It's a set of techniques aimed at keeping a partner interested by instilling anxiety, a sense of urgency or the impression of scarcity. Things like flirting with other women, creating the impression something is wrong, pretending to be unavailable.

I realize some of you don't define it that way. Maybe you include more positive mate-retention tactics, like provisioning. Maybe for you, dread game is just being assertive and making sure she knows what she's getting into if she wants you in her life. If we have different definitions, cool. I can live with that if you can. I choose my definition because most guys who discuss dread game seem to be talking about creating angst in women. They're talking about emotional manipulation like this description from a popular site:

“Dread game is a technique to use in relationships where you make a girl worried that something is wrong or that you may leave her for another woman... she wants to alleviate the stress by trying to please you.”

So back to my tweet.

Most of you know I'm married. Apparently my wife would rather keep me around than lose me. Maybe she is even anxious about losing me. I don't know. I didn't ask. Frankly, I'd rather she feel happy and secure. I have never spent one minute trying to make her anxious. I have better things to do. More importantly, that's not how I run my relationships. I like the Golden Rule.

She is an amazing woman. We treat each other well, and our marriage is fun. It would suck to lose her but she is free to go any time she wants. I have no interest in any technique that will manipulate her into staying by my side an instant longer than she wants to be here. You fellas do what you want. I'm sticking with what has worked over 20 years of a great marriage. Being confident and chasing excellence? Absolutely. Trying to make her uncomfortable? No.

Shawn declared he was defining terms, but then did the exact opposite. Let's define the terrain:

Dread is a concept developed years back in the same method that all game strategies were developed. Men in sexually dead and dying marriages were at their wits end. It wasn't just red pill spaces either, more mainstream relationship areas such as /r/deadbedrooms /r/relationships and many others had converged on the strategy. Guys out of pure frustration would check out of their marriages and start acting as if their wives died. Many of them became confused that once they checked out of their marriage how their wives became more responsive. I know of two examples five years ago. One of the guys eventually returned to his marriage, though he was having troubles understanding what happened. The other had a revelation in his lawyers office when his soon to be ex wife gave him a blow job. He talked about how at that moment, he looked down and it clicked for him. 'She could have done this for the last ten years, but only saw fit to do it now that it's too late.' He came in her mouth and left.[1]

Dread was a thing before the red pill got a hold of it. It started with an author with the pen name The Blue Pill Professor (author of the book on Dread[2]). The word of these got around in the Married Red Pill and guys dissected what worked about it and what didn't. It was broken down to 12 steps, though it's less. I believe the steps were chosen because of the parallels with alcoholics anonymous. The steps are straight forward, the mentality that goes with them is not. It's funny, in looking to

rebuke the doctors take, I've seen a lot of people using very old outdated models of dread, which have not been updated. It looks like my disagreement with Shawn requires much work on my end as well. House cleaning day cometh.

Dread

- Level 1: Learn to recognize and start passing Shit Tests. Begin building a strong, indefatigable frame where you are not affected by sexual denials. Begin leading your wife more and begin seducing her.
- Dread Level 2: Develop an action plan to improve the major areas of your life. Develop the physical, spiritual, psychological, financial and personal areas of your life. Your journey begins at the gym where you need to lift heavy weights to exhaustion 3-4 times a week, working each muscle group at least 2 times a week.
- Dread Level 3: Begin to build a life apart from your wife. Join a club. Take up a cause, discipline, or calling. Get busy. You are going places, with or without her.
- Dread Level 4: Begin conditioning your availability to your wife with her treatment of you. You are busy now. You don't have time for a sexually disinterested, annoying, or angry wife. Take up another cause if you need to. This is a great time to join a martial arts club.
- Dread Level 5: Upgrade your clothes and start dressing 'up' more of the time. Top off your solid, masculine, strong, indefatigable frame. You should be acting like the Captain of your Ship and leading your relationship. You should be actively using Kino and seducing your wife. This is commonly known as the separation between active and passive dread. For most sexually healthy marriages this tends to be the stability point that men maintain.
- Dread Level 6: Begin to study pickup artistry. Before you do anything stupid, use your newfound knowledge about the stages of seduction and pickup artistry on your wife. Give it some time and apply this knowledge to seducing your wife. Use pickup game first to try and save your marriage.
- Dread level 7: Begin to practice pickup artistry and learn how to approach pretty women and hold an attractive conversation.
- Dread Level 8: If you have put in proper work, been able to have charismatic interactions with the women around you, eventually your wife will see it for herself. The concept of pre selection is strong here. A husband hitting on the waitress in front of her is a display of lower value and social autism. A girl walking up to her husband and having a flirt conversation shows value. This step cannot be forced, and is the culmination of the attractive behaviours and qualities you've built up to this point.
- Dread Level 9: This is the lynchpin. It is time to speak plainly but don't start issuing ultimatums. Instead, Dread at this level is an implied and credible, but still as yet unspoken threat. If it has not worked before now and you are approaching Athol Kay's "Option A" or "Option B" point (i.e. start fucking me like I need or I am filing for divorce). Note this is the END of a LONG process.
- Dread Level 10: TELL her how it is going to be- or else you are leaving and filing for divorce. It's the infamous "Fuck me...or fuck you." If you make it to this point you must be mentally checked out enough and pissed off enough to actually move out and file for divorce if things

don't improve. By this point you have already gone through the logistic and legal hurdles and only need a decision point and a signature, either outcome works for you.

- Dread Level 11: Get a GF or mistress and start having sex like you were meant to have.
- Dread Level 12: Open cheating. (note: I've never seen or head this actually applied, and assume it's here to make a full list of 12 items. I've left it in for full disclosure)

To be clear: "Dread" 11 and 12 is nothing more than "Plate Theory" applied to your marriage, for the edge cases where divorce is. I am suggesting that before you blow it up and get divorced and demote your wife to "Ex-Wife" why not demote her to "Plate" first? You have nothing to lose! The legal issues could potentially get sticky but very rarely do courts give a rip about infidelity. There is a better chance of them caring if there are young kids. If this final tactic works, then you can restore your marriage. If it doesn't, your marriage was already over, you just didn't get the memo.

What everyone gets wrong

It's laid out in step 1. Frame. A healthy level of narcissism, one self as their centre point of origin, the protagonist in our own life story, rational egoism. Call it any or all of these things and you would be correct. The problem comes with people automatically making this a female centred activity. It's impossible to have frame and still judge dread by any woman's reaction to it. The most accurate definition I can muster (and this is assuming you want actual sexual strategy, and not a cudgel)

Dread is a deliberate set of steps to remove you from a sexless relationship and give you enough options and abundance to find the next one as quickly as possible (or none at all) while addressing any self-failings that caused the bout of celibacy. This is all while leaving out an olive branch. Should your wife begin to feel desire and engage in a healthy sex life again a man retains the option to take her back into his life.

Any talk of 'making her fuck you' or 'giving her fear or anxiety' tells you, flat out that the reader still thinks of his life as if it's a set piece for the woman in his life and has no frame. I'll say it again for the cheap seats:

DREAD HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HOW YOUR WIFE RESPONDS.

This is where Shawn has had outdated information. Early writers of dread had no frame, and every writer copies their work and regurgitates it on their blog. The only reason this is any different is because I've implemented it myself, along with a few other hundred guys that I've worked with over the years. In the same way Dr. Smiths profession no longer treats Hysteria by stimulating his patients clitoris, married red pill men don't focus on the wife in this scenario.

For example:

The aforementioned quote, from someone with the pen name Tddaygame, whom I know of, but have never dealt with in any substantial way. Since Shawn's take seems to be based solely on this one singular definition, and the comments of random people on the internet with no credibility from which to point to. It is bafflingly wrong, and it's obvious that it was regurgitated from second hand sources and passed off as authoritative; as much as an internet forum of nerds talking about sex can be.

Everyone makes this mistake early on, and it's not discouraged since most guys know that a guy first

starting out has an internal, feminine-focused outlook and can only see things in a reactive way. Luckily, any man who actually has performed any dread game will tell you, once it clicks, they get it. Sometimes guys get it early, some tame guys get it late, some don't get it at all. But when it clicks it's magical. A guy realizes his life is his, his outlook changes, he becomes focused on himself and his happiness, and this no longer becomes a road map to follow, but a natural inclination.

Most people in healthy sex filled marriages find this whole conversation odd, because they never had to put up with a decade of celibacy in a marriage. The guys that did were obviously so dependant and unattractive that they had no healthy mental models to understand what attractive men intuit: If she doesn't want to fuck me, I'll find someone else.

[1] If anyone is truly curious I will see if I can pull these two from the archives.

[2]<https://www.amazon.ca/Saving-Low-Sex-Marriage-Seduction-ebook/dp/B01BGZO1WK>

AMMENDMENT: Someone found the report I was referring to! Here (Will probably clean this up and link to the private forums in my site, accessible to Patreon only people.

[1]

Edits at the bottom. TLDR. Romance is gone. Wife farted on me on a semi-special day. Keep in mind that I'm by no means perfect and this is a snapshot of a what has always been an awesome relationship. Also this is written from my point of view. Her reddit post would probably go something like "I asked my husband to do some chores and he turned into an A-hole the next day." Long story. We've got two kids 6y and 1.5y. We both have full time careers. We've got some rental properties that take up time. We're a super busy family. The hours after work are generally a whirlwind of picking kids up, making dinner, packing lunches, laundry, grocery shopping, cleaning etc. The weekend's are spent doing projects, family time and rental stuff. My wife is an awesome mother, and I think we make a great team parenting and keeping up the house. The problem is that she is no longer interested in putting forth effort into "us" . After kid #2 was born the sex never returned to where it was before. We're doing it on average once a week which isn't nearly what it used to be, and what is more upsetting is that our repertoire is at 25% of what it was before #2. When asked about certain things we used to do she once replied "we don't do that anymore..." I don't think I was let in on that discussion. Sex also now only happens at night, once the kids are in bed, once her face is washed, her outfit is laid out for the next day, and she changes into her granny pajamas. I really miss the days when she couldn't keep her hands off me. It kills me inside not to be desired anymore. If I really need a release she's always willing to take care of me, but it's so obvious she isn't into it that it kills it for me. We still talk a lot, but 99% of our conversations are about the kids, plans for the house, scheduling etc. It's mostly business now a days. She puts effort into her appearance, but usually not for my benefit anymore. She's in amazing shape, so there are no body image issues that I know of. So.. about six months ago I decided that this wasn't acceptable anymore. I read the Married Mans Sex Life Primer, and No More Mr Nice Guy. Not everything in those books applied to me, but the only person I have control over is me and there were areas that could use improvement. I admit that I was not in tip top shape, so I started running and lifting and dropped from 207 to 177. At 5'8 its a remarkable difference. I upgraded my wardrobe to accommodate the new me. I've taken her on date nights/sent her on girls/spa/pedicure days. Stepped up my game around the house/with the kids (I was already doing my share). She loves the changes I've made and admits that I'm an awesome husband. She now makes it a point to show me off to her friends. However, none of my efforts have changed anything on the romance front, and we've had that discussion enough times already. Which brings me

to the incident last night. I/we were up all night the night before with a sick kid. I spent the morning home with the kid until she started feeling better, then took her to daycare. I dropped off a cup of coffee to my wife at work and then went to the store and got her a card and some lotion that she really likes in honor of the ten year anniversary of us meeting each other. Then I went to work. This isn't a date that we normally celebrate, but I happened to notice and thought it would be a nice gesture. Well after work happens. She comes home and gets the gift and she's super happy that I would remember something like that. The afternoon and dinner time were a complete shit-show. Youngest kid was still feeling a little off, oldest was tired and being a turd. We worked together and got them in bed, got the house cleaned up and dishes done. I finally lay down on the couch at 8pm and she comes out of the bedroom in her granny pajamas, leans over and gives me a really sweet kiss and thanks me again for the gift. Then she proceeds to asks me to do X,Y and Z chores. See then farts while she's standing in front of me exactly at head level, says thanks and walks off leaving me pissed off in a fart cloud. I do the chores, retreat to my office to lift weights and watch Monday night football by myself. This morning she comes to me asking what's wrong because I'm visibly upset. I explain that I don't appreciate being tasked with chores after working all day, farted on and having that be the end of the conversation. I also stated that I feel like I've been put on this earth to pay bills, do chores, take care of kids and my reward for getting everything done is just more shit to do. She was close to tears when I left, and I don't think she thought of that exchange from last night from my point of view. I feel like I've put a ton of effort into the relationship. I don't think anything is going to change, and I don't think we're ever going to be lovers again. I feel like a chump even writing this because our lives are so blessed in so many ways that I feel like these are some serious first world problems. I guess this is just a rant. Things are good enough. We don't fight, and we enjoy our family time. Divorce would drastically change our kids standard of living, and I wouldn't be able to deal with not seeing the kids everyday. Unless someone on here has some awesome advice I'll just keep on trucking with roommates with benefits.

-----EDITS-----

Edit #1. Sex is not the main issue, but a symptom of what's going on. I'm not following her around humping her leg FFS. We're doing it once a week, but it's not the same sex we had for the previous 8 years. It was only two paragraphs of the original post!

Edit #2. Enough about the granny PJs. I'm not hung up on them per se, but for the previous 8 years she wore boy shorts, cute tank tops, and all manner of comfortable clothes that made her look flattering to bed, now she's wearing a dress that covers from ankles to shoulders. Another example is that on a weekend where she used to have worn a cute sundress out to run errands is now sweatpants and a t-shirt. As for my appearance I always dress decently because I want my wife to be proud to be seen with me, and it shows that I want to be the best partner possible.

Edit 3 People fart. I fart too. I just don't do it within 18 inches of my partners head because I'm considerate, and care about what she thinks of me.

[2]

So I spent a couple of days after the update taking things in and processing what was going on. I was in a very serious funk, just going through the motions. I think what I was doing was mourning the end of my marriage as I knew it. Since my wife made a bunch of unilateral decisions for me over the last few years, I figured now is my time to make some for her. -I'm going back to school. I stopped when we got pregnant with kid #2 because I was making good money and we were going to have 2 kids

running around. I'm about 1 to 1.5 years away from a degree in my field right now. -I'm getting myself demoted at work and going part time. I explained what was going on to my awesome manager and he's letting me take a step back until I'm done with school and says my full time job will be here, if not something better when I finish with my degree. He also referred me to his divorce lawyer and she is awesome. So I sat my wife down two weeks ago and told her about the decisions I made, and if she wanted a roommate that's what she has now. I moved her dresser, clothes and things into the office and moved my weights, desk, model cars, and kegerator into the sitting area of my bedroom. When she got upset about her moving I explained that I bought the house and bed for me and my wife, and since she has opted out of that arrangement she can enjoy the pull out sofa in the office or she can choose not to live in the house that I've provided. I've done a hard 180, and even though I'm a wreck inside I've put on a great show of detaching and moving on. All of her husband privileges have been revoked. I am no longer her emotional tampon when she needs to vent after work. I no longer pour her a glass of wine when she is doing school work at night. She isn't entitled to the food I prepare for myself and the kids. I am no longer accountable to her for my whereabouts, after the kids are in bed I come and go as I please. I am cordial and polite, but I have not engaged her in conversation since we had our talk. The changes have seriously gotten to her. I've heard her crying in the office at night. After about a week of the 180 she came into the bedroom and tried to be intimate. As hard as it was I sent her away. I won't be manipulated through my dick ever again. My plan is to finish my degree. Use the money we had saved for a third rental property to offset my loss in income while I finish school. Document every meal I prepare and every minute of time I spend with the kids over the next 1.5 years to establish myself as the primary caregiver. When I file for divorce next year we will have no liquid assets (we'll still have three houses, three cars, and retirement accounts to sort out), have the same income, and I will have a metric ton of documentation of time with the kids. I will have to literally scrape by from the time I file until everything is final, but once things are final I'm going back to working full time (hopefully with a promotion) and she can take me back to court if she wants. I've given her no hint that I plan to file. I told her I'm content in this roommate arrangement, so hopefully she won't see it coming until I'm ready. I will not pursue a relationship outside the marriage until everything is final for a number of reasons. I'm in the best shape of my life, and I'll have plenty of time after this is all over to do what I want. I've also heard the dating market for a guy in my position is a lot better than it is for her. Thanks reddit for the confidence boost to do something. I'll post another update in two years. TL;Dr - Lawyered up and hit the gym.

[3]

I've been asked for an update almost every other day since the last update, and now things have changed slightly I'm coming to reddit for advice again. First I want to clear up a few points from the last update. -I'm not trying to take the kids away from their mother. She is a great mother and she loves the kids and doesn't deserve to lose them. I am also a great dad and don't deserve to lose them either. The simple fact of the matter is that I am a male in America that has a track record of working 60-70 hour weeks to support the family that i love. As a result of that I have no chance of getting 50/50 custody. If I can establish that I'm the primary caretaker I have a shot at 50/50 custody, if not it's a Long uphill battle. -We are co-parenting. We communicate and co-ordinate the parenting duties, and the kids always come first. -Our house is not a toxic environment. There is no arguing or shouting. I am nothing but cordial and friendly to my wife. I treat her exactly like I would treat a roommate that I was friendly with. There's negatives to that for her because I don't support roommates emotionally, I don't cook for roommates, I don't give roommates foot rubs, I don't have

sex with roommates etc. etc. those kinds of things are husband privileges that she forfeited when she wanted me to move into the office and pay the bills for the rest of my life. If that makes me a bad guy, then that's what I am I guess. -Some people were mortified that she cries in her room. Well guess what... I fucking cry in my room too, but I didn't create this situation and lie to my spouse for years. On to the update!!! I got enrolled and started classes again. The school took a lot more of my credits than I thought they would, and I should hopefully graduate by the end of the year. I went part time at work, and things were pretty calm around the house for a few weeks. No groundbreaking discussions or revelations. I focused a lot of energy into the kids, and took every opportunity to spend time with them. Going part time removed a giant amount of stress from my life, and being able to pick the kids up from school everyday has been priceless. Everything was going great until the holidays came around. We had a previously scheduled/paid for trip to go to her parents for almost ten days. I really didn't want to be stuck at her parents house for that long, but it would've broken my heart not to see Christmas morning with the kids. So I decided to go. My wife begged me to keep up appearances and make this trip go as smoothly as possible and I agreed that I could do that for her. Due to us keeping up appearances and the sleeping layout we were sharing the same full size bed. First night we were up there she came onto me hard. This was super weird because we visit her parents all the time, and I can count on one hand the number of times we've had full on sex there. I explained that I didn't feel right about it, and I wasn't going to do anything that would lead to me getting emotionally hurt again. She had an absolute meltdown. Sobbing uncontrollably, curled up in the fetal position, snot bubbles... the works. She begged me to just cuddle and console her, and that's when my resolve broke and I held her like a husband until she cried herself to sleep. The next night she begged me to just let her sleep the way we always used to go to bed with her head on my chest and her legs underneath mine. Every night we got in bed together for the duration of the marriage she never fell asleep until her head was on my chest. I agreed to let her and we slept that way until the end of the visit. The time with the in-laws was actually uneventful. We get along really well, and realizing that they were very close to not being a part of my life anymore made me pretty sad. We got home the beginning of the first week of January. We went back to our separate rooms, and have stayed that way until this Monday. Monday night I was scheduled to fly out of town for about a month for work. It's a big project that I have been a big part of since the beginning, and me not going wasn't an option as far as the customer was concerned. My company has done a lot for me, so I was going. I got up Monday morning for my usual trip to work so I could get my things together and tripped over something in between my bed and the bathroom door. I turned on the light to find my wife sleeping on the hardwood floor of the bedroom with a pillow and comforter. She got up, and once she kind of woke up she just burst into tears and was babbling uncontrollably. What I got out of it was that she would do anything for another chance. She can't stand not sleeping in the same bed anymore. She is willing to get a better job in our district. She would fix anything I had an issue with in the bedroom or in the house. She would go to counseling, whatever it took. I kind of had a minor freak out at this point because this wasn't what I was expecting to deal with one minute after getting up, in the dark, in my underwear. I told her I couldn't deal with this right now, and we could talk about it later, but I had to get in the shower. I was also trying to wrap my head around the fact that this is the same woman who wanted to never have sex with me again, wanted me to live in the office, and continue to pay all the bills and help parent the kids FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. I got ready when I got out of the bathroom she was sitting on my bed looking worn out. I promised her we would talk when I was ready, and I bailed. I went to the airport while she was at work, spent some quality time at the airport bar and got the fuck out of town before I had a nervous breakdown. Tuesday

morning she texts me to check my email. I check my inbox to find an email from her outlining exactly everything she wants to do to fix things if I would just try again. I feel so hurt. All I wanted before was for her to put forth some effort like I was. Now months later she's finally willing to try, but I don't know if I've got it in me. I've detached so much and I've been through the process of grieving the end of my marriage already. If I try again I'm afraid I'll never get rid of the nagging feeling that she just realized how hard it would be to go it alone without a domestic teammate and did whatever it took to keep me in the house. I'm afraid I'll never get rid of the resentment of being taken for granted all that time. If I continue and leave her will I always regret that I didn't do everything that I could have? Maybe I go through counseling with her until I have my degree, and then make a decision. So now I'm just sitting in this hotel without my family, wishing I could just go back to the way things were before. tl;dr Wife wants back in. I'm sitting at the biggest crossroad of my life just thinking about which way to go.

[4]

I've gotten a ton of requests for updates. Usually one every other day or so. Since many people are invested in what's going on, and I've received lots of good advice I figured I owed another update. Here goes. My last update was almost two months ago. My wife had promised me anything to give it another try. I took some time to think about things as usual and sent her back an email with the following conditions that must be met for me to consider the possibility of reconciliation. -She had to get individual counseling. She had to find a counselor, deal with the insurance, schedule the appointments and find child care. Normally something like this (scheduling appts/dealing with our insurance company) would fall squarely on my shoulders, but I wanted her to show me that she was willing to put forth the effort. Also I wanted to attend her first session and get my point of view to the counselor. I also said that i would be willing to join her after a certain amount of time if the counselor feels it would be helpful. -She must be willing to get a better job. I thought about this one for a while and thought about what she would do if the roles were reversed. What if I decided one day that I wanted to work at Jiffy Lube because I found it more fulfilling? My wife would consider that divorce territory. At the same time it's ok for her to be grossly overqualified for her job, but keep it because it's low stress and is fulfilling. So one of my conditions for reconciliation is at the very minimum she needs to find a position in our much better paying district, preferably as an administrator. -We sit down together and call her parents and step them through our whole situation, including the part where she threatened to use their money to destroy me in a divorce. I think they have a right to know of her plans. I really like her parents. If things do go south i want to be able to still have a relationship with them, and i want them to know the whole story. -Lastly, I get to take as much time as I personally need to deal with everything. The timeline is on my terms. Those were the terms i outlined, and she agreed to everything. When i got home from my trip a month ago she had the counseling set up. We attended the first appointment. I spoke my piece and left them to it. She hasn't missed one since. Last week we finally had the opportunity to have the phone call with her parents. She told them the whole story, leaving nothing out. Her dad was super angry that she would feel entitled enough to make threats with the money that he had earned. She is going to have to do some fence mending with him. Overall they were supportive and would help out however they could no matter the outcome of this whole thing. There's not a lot she can really do about the job since we are in the middle of the school year. We'll see how that pans out over the summer. So... Things around the house have been pretty good. We're still sleeping separately, and haven't been intimate because I'm not in a place where i can handle it emotionally. I can tell she is making a serious effort to look

her best around me like she used to, and is being super thoughtful towards me. Usually I am the one being thoughtful and doing the little things for her. It's almost like she is courting me again. When i do nice things for her it almost moves her to tears. It makes me feel almost bad. I have made an effort in that family time is actual family time again. It's no longer the kids with me or the kids with her. We are spending our time together like we used to. I am still working out like a madman and running serious miles every week. School is going well, and I'm on track to graduate. It's awesome working part time. My month away from home really cleared my head and padded my wallet with a ton of overtime. I think the biggest hurdle to overcome is the fact that we are approaching our relationship from two different angles. She is in saving the marriage mode, and is doing and saying all the right things. I am in the mind frame that my marriage ended a few months ago, and I'm trying to decide whether or not i want to date my wife. The question is. If i was meeting my wife for the first time right now, knowing her past, would i consider her relationship material? I guess the jury is still out on that one. TLDR: In a holding pattern and content with that. We'll see what the next year has in store.

Being Controlling Doesn't Work

March 6, 2020 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

It's a shame really, there's so many wonderful field reports like this. Guys long gone, and hard to find tidbits floating around. I want this put in a museum:

I've tried it all, I've tried every tactic of being controlling. It doesn't work, it's a pure waste of your time. Don't become how I used to be, a controlling bitch.

- If a woman wants to cheat, she will.
- If a woman wants to talk to another man, she will.
- If a woman wants to do whatever the fuck, she will.

I've been the controlling guy, I've been the crazy guy, I've been the nice guy, I've even been the nice controlling guy (example: I'd appreciate if you just don't talk to other guys). It just doesn't fucking work, I've obsessed over how to make my woman loyal, do exactly as I say, not talk to anybody, etc. I was making up imaginary interactions of her talking with guys, I was hamstering hard as fuck.

I've gotten anxiety, I've gotten gut feelings (trust them), I've become obsessed and became crazed. Becoming too invested into someone, is like a disease; you let yourself go and put your all, into one person; it's not worth it.

- Things will change, when you stop giving a fuck,
- Things will change, when you work to become the best version of yourself.
- Women will change towards you, for the better.

But being controlling isn't the way, nothing will change in her behavior. One of my old plates (*I'm tired of her and I'm occupied with someone else*) was talking about how her boyfriend said "If you talk to a guy, I will break his fucking jaw; I'll rip that shit off." Meanwhile we were at a little get-together and she wanted me to fuck her the whole time. Also, she just told me she cheated and is hooking up with another guy in about a couple weeks. She was also telling her friend how, I have "great dick" and was all excited when she thought I was going to fuck her. A co-worker at my job also likes to talk to me and says how her bf would be so angry and threatens her not to talk to any guys.

The controlling shit doesn't work, I was the controlling guy; take it from me, it's a complete waste of time. If you don't like what a woman is doing, play fair game and withdraw attention; or just hard next her.

Threat's don't work, you're making yourself look stupid. Think of how your acting in third person perspective.

Competition; or, why I don't care about someone's Ford Focus

March 19, 2020 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Dubai, where the gang felt the need to drive out into the middle of the desert to avoid competing with the guys with ‘born to lose’ tattooed on their foreheads

There’s a group of guys hooked on philosophy making waves recently. There’s an author who goes by the pen name “Bronze Aged Pervert” who published a book using edgy internet language to articulate philosophical concepts and it’s selling rather well, and various sub-tier versions of him trying for their piece of the action. Roosh V is attempting to rewrite the Bible to reflect his theological justification for use of Magic Mushrooms to find god. Cernovich is right behind him and

judging by his physical tics I'm guessing a more caucasian choice of recreation Old ideas of masculine competition are coming up. Men must compete to be men, without conflict we are women, kill or be killed, dog eat dog, it must be like this because in the 40s a lot of brilliant minds were defeated in the biggest conflict in human history. Something a lot of the newfound masculine competition types are missing however:

Who are we competing with exactly? What exactly are we competing for?

In college I lived in some off-campus dorms. A small hundred person apartment complex surrounding a nice park. My roommates and neighbours were good dudes, a bunch who were on the university volleyball team, a drug dealer, fun-loving rednecks. A great motley crew.

I went to high school with guys who lived in the complex a bit further out. They were obsessed with their cars. There was also a bunch of immigrant students with rich parents on their side. Chinese kids who would park their Japanese imports in the parking lot with aftermarket parts like carbon fibre hoods, custom exhausts, cute Chinese girlfriends and god knows what else .

Redneck college kids couldn't afford a Supra or an NSX, so they bought used cars like the Ford Focus, Honda Civic, Integra's and Preludes (remember those?) Aftermarket parts and body kits aren't cheap and take a lot of time to install. Every weekend they would hang out in the London Drugs parking lot beside the main college bar. Uncle Chucks I think it was called at the time. They would show off what they had bought that week to each other. Who had the best body kit, whose rims were lower profile, drinking beer, sitting on the hood etc.

Not a lot of girls interested in car parts for a Ford Focus. People in general didn't really care. The only people who really cared were the guys who bought aftermarket parts for their cars. I never remember seeing any imports in the parking lot either. They were enjoying it in their little group and good on them!

We passed by the parking lot to get to the bar every weekend. We walked into to the bar, ran into girls we met during school year, we fooled around and built up a roster of people that we could invite to our house parties later on. I got really good at mingling with crowds, networking, being social, holding an audience while I tell stupid stories. Paul was a tall attractive fuck from the volleyball team. He looked like the Rock but with a swimmers body and he was always pulling the best looking chicks, every night. I got the second best, or third best, or last place. I would win some and lose some, it was no big deal.

I fly back to the west coast a few times a year. A few of the gang have done pretty well for themselves and are usually available to catch up. It's nice when I have a group of people I know in a bunch of different cities. If I ever had to move back, I like having a social circle ready to go, people to call up and catch up on what's new.

The point of this story is that I don't really care about aftermarket parts for someones Ford focus, neither did anyone who didn't own a Ford Focus with a fart can hanging off the back.

Also, this story isn't about a Ford Focus. Competition is great and all, but who you are competing with and what you're competing over matter just as much.

Wife Uses Sex To gain Control: Part II

May 18, 2020 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

And by the way, to OP or anyone else reading this, you don't have to do any of this shit. This is a lot of work. This is inverting someone's request to share your emotional burden, and instead expressing that you're willing to take on more of theirs. And yet you give them some conscious deniability that their being the magnanimous one, since this is all framed as their willingness to listen to your vulnerabilities. If you have a loved one who is depressed about some loss and ask them how they're doing, they'll probably respond with, "I mean, it sucks. But whatever. Thanks for asking, but you don't need to deal with the shit in my head." You can just say, "OK buddy, hang in there." Or you can do this exact technique. Yeah, I mean, I can't imagine how you feel. I know you were really close to your uncle, and his passing... Jesus. It's like you have family, and you have friends, and there's the rare people in our lives that are BOTH, and sometimes you don't realize it until it's gone. It's almost like you're suffering two losses. Fuck.

And your friend may say: "I know, right? I mean, I still remember learning how to make a fire with him when I was 8. And then going on camping trips with him almost every summer after I graduated high school. Look, my dad is a great guy, but everything I knew about the outdoors was my uncle. He was a parent figure, but then he was a friend, in a way your parents will never be, I guess."

And, oh look, he's letting you deal with the shit in his head, and maybe he feels 1% better about everything after this conversation, now that he has a little more of a grasp about why he's feeling this deep melancholy that's unique, because his uncle was a unique individual, who was uniquely close to him in ways than his parents and friends will never be. And yet he doesn't feel the embarrassment he would if he asked you, "can I just ramble about why I'm depressed so you can help me figure it out?"

I can let her feel, and i'll just let her cry on my shoulders from now on!

Look, let me very clear here. What I'm describing here is a very powerful tool, that you pretty much want to break out only for the people in your life that truly, actually, deserve it. If done right, it can be one of the most powerful things anyone can do as a "good friend" or a "good husband." If your wife is shitty, you don't have to do this. You don't have to do anything. But while we love to say "IDGAF" and "STFU," consider the range of human emotions and interactions is broad enough that you can express empathy without being a crying little bitch. Conversely, if you find yourself constantly thinking -- I don't even know what she's hysterical about, I don't know if this is a Shit or a Comfort Test, but whatever, IDGAF so I'm gonna STFU -- well, personally, I think it's suboptimal to do this. In the past I've described why you should give One Single Fuck. If you think your wife is being a "Comfort Whore," and she's a hysterical mess when it's your family member that died, then it's perfectly valid to 'fail' a Comfort Test. Your family member died, your emotional needs come first. But give One Single Fuck to conclude that. Don't just aimlessly go through your life and marriage with zero mindfulness about what the people around you are actually thinking, and defaulting to "STFU" because it's "safe." Your hysterical wife is probably not hysterical about whatever nonsense is coming out of her mouth, but she is hysterical about something, so you may want to figure that out and respond accordingly, even if that response is to just "STFU." But I see this advice used too often as an easy out to not fuck things up, but I honestly see it like training wheels.

So we say STFU in this context: "Look, you're clearly taking the shit your wife says way too much at

face value. Her yelling about the dishes isn't about the dishes. Stop trying to compare chores with her, and STFU."

But I'd prefer to see it in this context: "Look, you're clearly taking the shit your wife says way too much at face value. Her yelling about the dishes isn't about the dishes.

Responding to her and arguing about dishes is entering her frame, which isn't doing either of you any good. But if you want to pull her into YOUR frame, you'll probably need to figure out whatever the fuck it's actually about. Have you been a Drunk Captain? Are your lives objectively overwhelmed with kids and careers and she's dealing with that poorly? Does she have stupidly unrealistic expectations about household chores, and do you need to set a hard boundary about this? Think about this, and until you have some developed and thoughtful ideas

stop trying to compare chores with her, and STFU."

Yeah, it is safe. You won't actively fuck anything up. But may passively fuck things up, probably when the people close to you start to resent you for your apparent zero empathy for anything. A woman with a hamster running wild isn't going to be particularly affectionate, appreciative, or respectful. You don't need to fall all over yourself placating that hamster, especially when it's running over something that has little or nothing to do with you. But being oblivious to that hamster running wild and thinking, whatevs, if she's upset about some shit, she should just tell me, and I'll blandly listen to her and hug her maybe isn't always the best move.

One more point.

Some guys here do have wives who are so fucking anxious and neurotic and have such a low self-esteem (and have developed narcissistic personalities as a defense mechanism to avoid spending their days in a depressed fugue state of melancholy), that any emotional outburst likely has zero relation to any sort of reality. Do you know who else has poor executive function leading to impulsive emotional outbursts, all driven by a low self-esteem that is masked with narcissism? **Teenagers**. What do you do when a teenager loses his or her shit? You tell them to calm down, and if they're still insistent on raising a shitstorm, then you tell them to take their shitstorm somewhere else. Or, if they're throwing that shitstorm in their bedroom, you just leave the room.

Is your wife the Oldest Teenager in the House? Some fit that archetype pretty well, but others don't. I know this contradicts canonical Red Pill wisdom, but recognize the demographic they're discussing are mainly 18-25 year old women, who literally are teenagers or only a few years older. Some women never quite mature from this stage, especially if they're exceptionally neurotic. Your wife will Comfort Test you when she wants comfort. She will Shit Test you when she wants to give you shit.

The way she will do this, and the most effective response to pull her into your frame, may actually vary from marriage to marriage.

If we're serious about Red Pill being a toolbox, then I'm suggesting "STFU" is sometimes an overused hammer that makes it seem like any action/reaction from our wives is a Shit Test Nail. Which is bad when she's actually asking for help with her Comfort Test screw, which you just bang into the wall and crack her drywall of emotions that she felt was already on the verge of collapsing. Oops.

We walked over outside and as we gathered the mattresses she just started balling her eyes out about her sister (recently split with husband) being able just go & do 3k jogging each day. I forget exactly when I said, but it was along lines of "Well dear you work hard 2 to 3 times a week with boot camp, I'm proud of you for that". She fucking snapped

So she expressed envy for her *divorced* sister, and you responded with a compliment that was infantilizing at best, and condescending at worst. Since she "snapped" but you didn't elaborate on what she said (possibly because you're left-brained, half-austic mind that we see so often on MRP, and thus were so overwhelmed by actually having to process someone's intense emotions that it shut down) -- I can't tell you whether I think this was a Shit or a Comfort Test. But, it's very possible your response was smashing her Comfort Test screw with your "STFU hammer." You got any other tools in your toolbox, dude? Or are you just going to refuse to ever pull out a screwdriver because of that one time you dropped it on your foot?

I spoke to her about the counseling. I was honest and non emotional and stated that the more she went, the more unhappy she was becoming. She said that her counselor was just dredging up the past as a "reason" why she was like she was.

This is a common problem in individual therapy. The therapist thinks they're fucking playing Clue, and consider it a winning condition when they announce your fucked mental state is Colonel Anxious, who clearly had a motive because of Bad Formative Experiences. Way to go, Sherlock, really nailed that stone cold whodunit. But, how do you arrest Colonel Anxious and put him in jail so he's not terrorizing other people? Good therapists should help you figure out Colonel Anxious was last seen In All Your Interpersonal Relationships, committing his heinous acts with his weapon of choice, All-Encompassing Fears and Debilitating Self-Doubt. Also found on the scene was his accomplice, Really Stressful External Events, and there's eye-witness testimony that the getaway driver was Useless and Unrealistic Escape Fantasies. That's the kind of information that your wife needs to arrest Colonel Anxious, or at least force him to flee to another country where he's mostly harmless.

Bad is she feels sex is a way to control me in our relationship.

Dude. Duuuuude. Your wife is responsible for her own emotions, and the fucked mental models that drive that emotions. But if her fucked mental models mean she irrationally rejects sex she wants because of some misguided need for control, well, she is overtly announcing, "I won't want to enter your frame because I've decided it's better to lash out with self-destructive reactions instead. I know it makes no sense, but it's what I'm going to do." A lot of women think this way, but it's impossible to really do much about it because they don't even realize they think this way. You just act happier and happier, she just gets pissier and pissier mostly because she wishes she could just operate with a healthy and constructive mind like you do, but she's jealous and resentful she can't, and it's easier to try and bring you down instead of figuring out her mental shit to stop thinking this way. And this will happen until get an Epic Shit Test known as "The Main Event," where she realizes how stupidly self-destructive her thinking is to herself, to you, and basically everyone else. Banging on your frame is just hurting her, so she should come to terms with that eventually.

"I think the reason we don't have sex as much is because I feel it's the only thing I can control."

Here is the thing. Your wife is being very overt with this thinking. Which means, at least in my opinion, you don't need a "Main Event." Which is good, because this whole sequence of events leading to catharsis, doesn't always happen. I'd ask *one of our 65 year old guys here* if his first wife would have smoothly escalated to a Main Event and then calmed the fuck down. Because not every person does this. Some people are so fucked in the head that they're willing to indulge their self-destructive habits so badly that they'll get divorced, or fucking slit their wrists in the bathtub, because, you know, it's "control," or some shit. Your wife is going to go down this path, and maybe she'll figure out it's a bad path and join your frame, or maybe she's too fucked in the head to do that. You can control that? No. Can you influence that? Of course. Are you saying you've never influenced anyone in your fucking life before?

If someone's wife isn't even conscious of this, there's not much you can do with any influence. But your wife is. Your wife is literally admitting, in very plain and overt language, that she acts like a bitch because she's anxious because she can't control shit. She's acknowledging that it could very well BE about the nail, and this is why I've written such a long wall of text you. You actually have a rare opportunity a lot of people on MRP don't. You can help your wife to get over her shit and enter your frame without a Main Event! But you're just sitting there, twirling your Red Pill hammer in your hand with a perfectly good clawhammer on the other end of it, and sort of just whistling happily and shrugging in response.

But you could say:

"I know sometimes looks like I never get nails in my forehead, but they do all the time. But I just take this, and yank it out. We can't do much when we get nails drilled into her head, but nothing's stopping us from just <yank> prying it out like this. I know it's easy to roll your eyes and think I have it easy, but everyone feels this way. It only looks easy because I spend a lot of time ripping those nails out, plus I got a good clawhammer. I think your last therapist focused too much on whatever happened in your past that you don't have a clawhammer, but it's not like they don't exist. Some people find them on their own, some people need some help. Some people have small claw hammers but at least they pull out small nails, until they can find a bigger hammer later on. I actually have a huge nail in the back of my head right here -- see? A lot of people don't see it, including you, and that's why you think I don't know what it's like to have nails, but I do. But until I get a big enough clawhammer, I at least make sure to pull out the smaller nails. It sort of seems like you're in so much pain from the big nails, you shove the smaller nails FURTHER into your head, because at least the pain from those nails is something you're 'controlling.' But, you know, seems pretty harmful to me. Probably just makes sense to get a claw hammer instead.

After the Christmas bullshit I've started to just be myself and focus on my happiness and from there letting it make everyone in my life like the family (two kids and wife) happier.

Or, you know, just do that. Buckle up, cowboy, because that's a much more bumpier ride. Guess we'll see you with a Main Event post in 3-6 months. Hope you don't end up divorced like this idiot.

Wife Uses Sex to Gain Control: Part I

May 18, 2020 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Married, two kids: I'm a newbie to these forums. I have been lifting and reading. Let me tell you I have much to learn. One aspect I improved in my life has been a IJDGF attitude towards most things. I do believe I need to stop giving even less shits about hurting peoples feelings and just do what I want 4 me. Before marriage that was me.

Anyways to the point. Last couple years had been rough. Police involved in bullshit cyber-crime issue that lasted over a year and a half, add that my wife's family was having two divorces and her father was dying slowly over this time. So naturally we ended up having some fights and a power struggle about feelings. She wanted me to show MORE emotion about the events that were happening in our lives. She managed to pull me in one day to our bedroom and said it was ok to me "vulnerable". One time, this one time I let my feelz be heard and it was bad. I felt like shit and she looked confused and bewildered during the process! Afterwards a few days later

I spoke to her about it honestly. I told her crying made me feel worse, and I told her it really didn't make her feel any better at the time..... I could tell. When I asked her how she felt I was surprised by her honest answer of "Well honestly dear, I don't like to see men cry and it bothers me more than I'd like to admit and even though I asked you to be that way it made me not like you after". I had let her pull me into her frame, let her convince me that it was fine to show feelings, but in the end we both understood it was somehow wrong. Men are suppose to be that underground bunker during shit storm tornadoes like we were going through. At that point I was a tent being flung about. Never again, fuck that shit! I can let her feel, and i'll just let her cry on my shoulders from now on!

That was middle of last year, sex was diminishing, fighting was increasing. We talked less and honest speech was far and between, and then it got worse. She started to see a councilor and I was beginning to see that this was going wrong in many directions. Even worse I tore my meniscus so I stopped going to martial arts class a few times a week. Fuck my life! It all came to a head during Christmas. Her dad had passed on, our "police" issue went poof (since they fucked up not me) and things should have been moving ahead. Dead wrong, it was decided the entire family was to meet for a white Christmas at the newly built family cabin at our vacation acreage. We did this to "honor" her father since that was always his dream and why the cabin had been built. I knew weeks in advance this would be an emotional cluster fuck of a holiday. We were stuck in a cabin, snow 2 feet high with all members drinking and I was trying my best to be stoic and let her flush her feelings out. The holy shit, fuk this shit moment came on the first day when me and my mother in law, wife and kids arrived a day early. I was "whipping boy" all fuked day. Do this, move this. Ready this. I could do not right. Next day even worse as everyone else had arrived and things got busy. My time was spent walking on egg shells or being bored and slamming Bushmills down my throat. There were laughs and cry's for the other family members you could feel the tension. It was then wifey and I were asked to grab a couple extra mattresses out of the 5th wheel to put in the cabin, sure why not. We walked over outside and as we gathered the mattresses she just started balling her eyes out about her sister (recently split with husband) being able just go & do 3k jogging each day. I forget exactly when I said, but it was along lines of "Well dear you work hard 2 to 3 times a week with boot camp, I'm proud of you for that". She fucking snapped To this day I remember I pulled back in reversion. That moment is why i am here. I just went back, ate a hash brownie my sister in law gave me (which I

never do), enjoyed a trip and when I felt real high left. I took a 2 hour long alone in the snow walk-about to the lake down the road. I liked it. That point on I just didn't give a fuck. Drank ate and had a good time. Xmas day kids opened presents, watched a few movies, we all played cards against and then we left after 4 days. Off back home.

When we got back, things were cold. Thanks to Reddit I found redpill and from there marriedredpill and here are the things I've done.

1. I spoke to her about the counseling. I was honest and non emotional and stated that the more she went, the more unhappy she was becoming. She said that her counselor was just dredging up the past as a "reason" why she was like she was. Convinced her to stop going, and instead I got her reading more books on self improvement rather than a stranger telling her how to think. With the books, she at least will talk to me about them and we can hash out what works and does not as adults.
2. Decided I can still swim, lift and wear a knee brace in class. I've going to lose that 15 pounds I gained last year. I feel better look better.
3. Refocused like years past on how IJDGF. This means I started to stop fighting and letting her draw me into frame. I became more honest about what I wanted. Sure she would turn me down for sex or shit test me, and I've failed a lot of times, but more now I just tend to let the feels run off my back like water on a duck. No butt hurt. Just OK dear and go spend my time doing something I like. If I do lose frame i have a talk with myself and learn what to do better. I am making changes SLOWLY. Maybe I can even be slower since she keeps saying that I'm bee different lately and acting weird. I just laugh and joke around with her.
4. Just do my work at home. Just romance her for shits and giggles randomly. I'm working on the humor and pushing her buttons aspect.

So finally to the topic, sorry for the novel. Valentines day weekend. I have been tracking her cycle and she was ovulating V-day. We ended up doing to three times that weekend, Fri,Sat & Sunday morning. Normally it's a 1 time a week thing. Wednesday comes I send her a cute hump day camel pic on Tuesday, tell her I've taken the day off to clean the gutters on the house and rental and do yard work. She arrives home late from boot camp and we go have lunch. When we come back I make moves to get some action and i'm shot down. She asks what my problem is, saying wasn't three times on the weekend enough? I told her it's not the amount of times, it's when the mood hits and the time is right, like the middle of the day two of us alone and no kids and no one hurrying to get to work. She was miffed and angry I wanted to sex her up. She told me I looked hurt. I told her I was not hurt, but that as an adult I could feel disappointed without being butt hurt. The next night chilling with a beer and a glass of wine watching crap tv she said :

"About yesterday, I'm not sure whats wrong. Maybe its in my head or just about us. You just do what you want to do. I can't control you. You don't care about authority, or what your friends do. You just do what you want without asking. I'll ask if I can go out, even if I always know the answer is yes. You, you just tell me what your going to do and then it happens. Yesterday you just thought we were going to have sex and so I decided we weren't. I think the reason we don't have sex as much is because I feel it's the only thing I can control." I just looked at her, with a cute smile, said nothing, didn't agree or disagree. Didn't try to fix anything or her. Lightly poked her and she smiled back. Felt good, or rather

| better. Felt like freedom. Do I need fix her shit? No! Can she change or fix me? No! Wow.

There you have it. Not sure if this is good or bad. i say kinda good because she was being honest and saying that I'm just me, and she understands that. Bad is she feels sex is a way to control me in our relationship. And I didn't give a shit when she said that. Did not say that was good or bad or get hurty feelz. After the Christmas bullshit I've started to just be myself and focus on my happiness and from there letting it make everyone in my life like the family (two kids and wife) happier.

PART II HERE

The Archwinger Series: Women act as shitty as you let them

May 27, 2020 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

There is a lot of Red Pill advice out there that overlaps conventional advice for attracting women. (e.g., “Be attractive; don’t be unattractive.”) For example lifting weights until you have a rocking body, dressing well, grooming well, developing social aptitude, hobbies, skills, becoming professionally successful, well-connected. Being confident. Powerful. Having an awesome life.

In fact, all of that is pretty basic common sense. Everybody knows that all of the above traits will help your chances at having a great sex life, and even the ones that don’t help or help very little still can’t hurt you. In fact, a lot of these practices are just good life habits in general. It’s not surprising to think that a girl might be attracted to a guy who has good life habits and builds an awesome, healthy, successful life using those good habits.

The Red Pill part of all of this isn’t so much the notion that doing that shit is a good idea. Everyone knows exercise is good. It’s the emphasis on how incredibly important all of it is. The traits in those two paragraphs above are the absolute only things that matter to women. Those are what define your status. Your value. Nothing else matters.

All of that bullshit about talking to women, treating them well, having common interests, having compatible personalities, getting along as friends for awhile, then maybe moving things toward sex/relationships later? None of that matters. The only purpose behind the way you interact with a woman is that it signifies your status and value. For example, having a confident, non-socially-awkward personality, carrying yourself with muscular, confident, powerful body language, always being busy having shit to do and talk about – all of that is not, itself, attractive. But these things send the woman signals that the underlying person who has this personality and these behaviors is good looking, successful, social, skilled, and interesting. A valuable man.

Where “blue pill” people go wrong is seeing valuable men have success with women via these interactions with them, then leaping to the wrong conclusion. They conclude that if they do the same things -- talk to women, treat them well, have common interests, a pleasing personality, and get along as friends for awhile -- that this is what is attractive to women. That this will lead to success, just like it did for those valuable, high-status guys. But it doesn’t work. Guys who lack value but interact with women in a pleasing manner either become friends only, or get blown off entirely as creepy.

One might even say that all of this bullshit about common interests, being nice, being compatible, and getting along as friends is completely trivial. If you’re hot, successful, social, skilled, and interesting enough, you can be a complete asshole and women will still fuck you. Sometimes, they’ll even perceive that you’re not an asshole, but are, in fact, a sweet and misunderstood guy. When you’re a valuable, high-status guy, every single thing you do will be seen in the best light possible – even the asshole things. When you’re a low value man, every single thing you do is seen in the worst light possible – even the nice and well-intended things. Women think awesome assholes are funny. Women think low-value assholes are jerks. Women think awesome nice guys are sweet. Women think low-value nice guys are creepy.

Women mirror valuable men. Valuable men are the containers, while women are the liquid that fills the space they are given. Women who interact with valuable guys end up taking an interest in the valuable guy’s skills, hobbies, conversational topics – even if these things never interested the

woman before. They suddenly notice how cool those things are and want to learn more. Likewise, when an awesome guy expresses displeasure or distances himself from something she does, she changes her behavior. She conforms to please him.

When a man is low-value, women laugh at the things he does, dub them loser activities, and distance themselves from his interests. This often leads to low-value men instead conforming themselves to try to please women, further signifying their low value. It's also just plain off-putting. Who wants to fuck a man that acts like a woman?

Many modern women don't have much going on in the way of personality, hobbies, skills, interests. You'd be hard pressed to pry a 20-something in 2015 away from her cell phone. The lives of most modern women consist of social media, eating out, buying clothes, and "dating" guys. The really deep ones maybe talk about music. They spend their time shallowly reflecting the guys they want to be with, latching on to the lives of their men.

It's easy to hate them. To look down on them. In fact, The Red Pill encourages a negative view of women. Why? Because when you see women as non-unique, non-special beings, each one defined primarily by how much of a boner her appearance creates, you can approach them confidently, without really caring how things go. Because what's it matter of one particular non-unique, non-special woman doesn't fuck you tonight?

We see stories left and right of women acting up, cheating, dumping, divorcing, and generally being pretty shitty toward men who love them. But remember: Women mirror their men. If you're a high-status, valuable man, everything you do looks like you're glowing – even the asshole things – and your interests and goals seem downright cool to her. If your value is slipping, everything you do looks awkward and creepy – even the nice things – and your interests and goals look like loser stuff. High value men don't stand for bad behavior. Low value men let it happen because they have nowhere else to go.

If a woman is being shitty to you, it's because you're letting her. She's reflecting your own shittiness back at you. Women are only as shitty as you let them be.

Michael's Story, ALL of Michael's story

June 1, 2020 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Introduction

This is a comment posted on an essay by an old Red Pilled blogger with the pen name “Dalrock” where he shows the current narrative among women to *Enjoy my 20s and settle down in my 30's*. There's a few interesting points to take away from it:

- If you're a woman looking to wait until later in life to settle down, it's likely you look to women who are your elder, as they did to their elders.
- Many women are still able to do this, however an increasing number of women are not. The data reflects that by looking at longitudinal studies.
- Women who don't want to marry, aren't. Those who do, may not be able to.
- He speculates that the relationship market will eventually turn into a 'sellers market' as men who are relationship capable and willing will be rare.
- This will happen at some point in the future, too long for people today to bank on [my analysis]
- While minorities trail behind white women, they are all trending in the same direction

And underneath, a man named Michael gives a first-hand account to this:

Michael's Story

Hello. Is there an introduction board for this website?

My name is Michael.

I've been reading this website for 3 days. I'm shocked to see everything I've experiencing written in such a perfectly stated way. Never before have I seen a blog/media outlet so perfectly written. The writer is surely a genius. I'm amazed and relived to see so many responses. It means I'm not alone. I'm 32 years old and have never been married. Unfortunately (or fortunately I'm not sure which anymore at this point) I have no kids. I am single and alone and not dating anyone. I live in Los Angeles. My income was \$120,000.00 (net earnings after creative deductions and business taxes) in 2011. Income is projected to be \$170,000.00 (net earnings after business taxes) in 2012. I'm exactly the kinds of “independent man” women claim they want. I drive a luxury car with an amazing apartment in Los Angeles directly on the beach. It's quite a panty moistener and costs me \$6,000.00 per month. I work from home because an office would cost at least another \$2,000.00 month. I keep in great shape. Gym 3-4 a week + running + organic diet (I spend \$700-\$900.00 a month on organic foods and supplements) I was raised in a Christian “7th Heaven” (old TV show) type household. We always went to church. Strong hard working father figure was always present for me and my siblings. I went to private school, university, law school, and then started my own practice at 28 years old. My parents met and married in college. They have been married for 39 years. And it hurts me to the core to be 32 and unmarried. Alone. Without a loving wife. I feel pain from it every single day. It's

like a sharp invisible dagger constantly stabbing at me. But perhaps I'm part of the problem listed in the graphs above. Let me explain why:

I went to the same college my parents met and married at. I was hoping to meet marry and settle down. Instead I was met with hundreds young college aged women who were NOT interested in marriage. They were interested in:

1. Partying
2. Having sex.

College was 24/7 fuck fest. At first I was able to begrudgingly "socialize" in this element. What do I mean by "this element" within this context? College: Extreme social promiscuity, cheating, drama, drugs, and parties. I was an observer but NEVER a direct participant because my heart would not let me. This eventually caused me to stick out as a third wheel observer on campus. Someone who was always "not mixing" or "participating". As a result I never enjoyed the benefits. I rarely dated. Instead I was sneered at. Cute girls flicked their fingers at me. I was used by women as a person to tell their problems to. I was passed over. I was seen as "weak "lame" and "boring". I was ignored in the hallways, library, classes, by these women. And it didn't help I was cash strapped broke working a minimum wage job and eating Ramen noodles..

The vast majority of these young hot girls vigorously pursued college life sex like you would not believe. They had sex with a large variety of guys. What I personally call "lily padding". These girls did anything and anyone in the name of "fun" (fun=parties, fun= sex with new people, fun= drugs, fun= raves, fun = frat party etc.

It hurt me to watch these girls go out of their way to pursue and spread their legs for complete losers. COMPLETE LOSERS. I'm talking: Hi I work in a carnival part time, I'm covered in tattoos, I have no job, I failed my minimum wage drug test and I'm in a band. These guys were losers. Some did not even go to the college! They would hop a bus stay with friends and get laid THAT NIGHT.

Many nights I could not sleep because of the girls getting fucked hard... 1,2,3,4 dorms down. The dorms were old military barracks from the 1940's with vents through the ceilings. It was very loud. All the time. I remember how much it hurt to be rejected by one girl in particular I had my open hopeless romantic heart set on... We had allot in common. I pursued her like a complete gentlemen – and was eventually turned down. That same weekend after getting turned down I got to hear her getting fucked hard and loud in the room next door. The guy who lived there was a super scraggly unattractive heavy drug user covered in tattoos majoring in "music studies". This girl was young hot thin beautiful in her physical prime. I never said anything. But I felt so hurt she turned me down for casual sex with a guy like that.

This guy was very open about his exploits with her and told me not to worry because practically every guy he knew fucked her. As the years passed the same thing happened again and again, and again and again, in various ways with all kinds of unrelated girls. What I mean is: I was looking for a LTR leading to marriage. I would meet trade numbers talk and "feel" a girl was a good person. Then she would do other guys. Or I would find out things like this. When this kind of thing happens to me over and over all through my life....it hurts me and makes me doubt senses. What is wrong with me that my heart is telling me she is a good person when she is clearly not?

As time went on I was labeled "husband material" by the girls on my campus. This phrase continued

to plague me into my late 20's. This label resulted in ZERO DATES all through college. I wasn't "down with it". I wasn't "participating" etc. (sex, drugs, parties, etc.) My heart wasn't into it. So I wasn't entitled to any of the benefits (having sex with young attractive girls in their prime etc.). However party guys, flash in a pan athletes, loser guys in bands, want to be DJ's and self-professed "club promoters" – were ALWAYS getting these girls at their youngest hottest physical prime. Basically the more of a loser the guy was... the more these women would have sex with them. Hot sorority girls flocked to Football players like a butterfly's on a beast. It didn't even matter if the guy was black. College athletes did not even TRY to get laid.

One night I had enough. I confronted a room of 8-10 gorgeous white girls. These girls were 18-24 years old. I asked them if they planned to get married. All seemed to say more or less – YES. I asked what their future husband would think about their behavior. I was immediately met with hostility. I was told the future husband would "never know" and "it's none of his business". The girls said they knew exactly what they were doing and were planning to "have their fun" (fun= partying, fun=sex, fun=going on spring break etc.) and would "settle down later". I asked: when are you planning to settle down? They said:

"It depends" and "probably around 27, 28" or

"Maybe sooner it depends".

I really put the girls on the spot. During our exchange they saw I was upset. They told me I should be happy because:

"Nice guys finish first in the end."

I told them you cannot have your cake and eat it to. Then I was told by Kaylene (a young thin super sexy blonde with curves in all the right places (who BTW refused to date me even though we were friends and according to her roommate had sex with almost 30 guys in one semester) she told me:

"Michael let me tell you something: not only am I going to have my cake eat it and eat it too. I'm going to have it with ice cream and sprinkles."

All of the girls laughed and smiled in agreement. I thought things would change after college. They didn't.

Now at 32 and successful these women are hitting me. In my mind these are the same women who rejected me. I'm not interested. The Bible says something to the effect of

'Don't forsake the wife of your youth' or something like

'Remember your young wife?'

Something like that. How am I supposed to remember something I never had? I have no history with these women. Ticking ovaries are scandalous. They will lie and say anything to get what they want. Which is:

BABIES AND A LOVING HUSBAND TO PAY THEIR BILLS.

Yet these women did not even give a few good years of their youth!

As a man I am very visual. God made me this way. I cannot help finding a physically beautiful woman attractive. Why did these women not at least give me a few years of their youth so I would have time to fall in love with them and permanently burn their image in my mind's eye? I need something to remember when we are 50 and married. Yet she spent her 20's parceling herself out to

guys who gave her nothing and offers nothing to the guy who gives her everything. I'm expected to commit hard earned resources to raising children with what is ultimately a suspect woman whose history I know nothing about. A 30+ unmarried women has very high chance of having a questionable past and baggage. I believe the more men a woman has been with the less likely she is to be emotionally committed each subsequent one. When you have handed out little pieces of your heart over years to dozens of different men what is left for the husband you proclaim to truly love? What value do the words "I love you" mean when she has stared into the eyes of 10-100+ different men and said the same thing?

At 30+ women's physical appearance has nowhere to go but DOWN. Is this what women mean by "saving the best for last"? Marrying at 30+? How can women spend trillions of dollars a year on beauty products yet at the same time claim a women's age "shouldn't be important" to a man? And what about children? Did they ever think their husbands might want to have children? What's more likely to naturally produce a quicker pregnancy and healthy offspring? A fertile 24 year old in her physical prime... or a 35 year old aging womb? What if I want multiple children? At 30+ a women can easily become infertile after her first pregnancy. As a result of everything I've seen and experienced in my life I would like to make an announcement to all the desperate 30+ year old women out there: I would rather suffocate and die then spend my hard earned income, love, trust, and substance on you. You are entitled, ageing, feminist, jaded, baggage laden and brainwashed. And if I cannot marry a woman in her 20's

I REFUSE TO EVER GET MARRIED.

Given my high income this should not be a problem. However I'm concerned at some point I will have to start looking overseas (Ukraine, Russia, Eastern Europe etc.). I'm not going to marry one of these 30+ ageing entitled females who clearly have an agenda of their own. I intend to get married once. Marriage is meant to be forever. I will not be a starter husband for one of these used up women. I can't tell you the number of men I've known who married late and were rewarded by losing everything they spent their lives building... The way I see it I've been given the following choices:

1. Marry a 30+ woman.
2. Marry a woman in her twenties
3. Be single and enjoy my money.



In my high rise building there is a single attractive girl. 28 years old. She has less than 2 years of nectar in her late 20's peach left before 30 hits. I've talked to her a few times. Her car is parked next to mine. In the interim I've seen her palling around with at least 11 different guys (in a suggestive consummating manner) since she moved in. She works during the day. And to the best of my general recollection, almost anytime I've been down on weekends her car is gone. Weeknights as well. I just went downstairs to get something out of the car. It's 2:30am and her car is gone. I wonder where she could be?

The Bible says something about a promiscuous woman to the effect of "her feet never stay at home". I can't even count the numbers of single white females I've known, talked to, known of, heard about and personally observed whose feet "never stay at home". I suppose the politically correct term today

is having a “sex life”.

One day (perhaps soon) this women and others like her might decide they want a husband. Why would any quality monogamously orientated man knowingly marry a women like this? Answer: They wouldn't. That's why women lie about their past. These women are garbage. They are pounded and creamed by all kinds of guys throughout their 20's. Don't kid yourself. It's not just intercourse. All her holes are used by these men. In every possible way. After oral most women swallow. This means her stomach and digestive systems are used to digest and process the ejaculations from all these different guys.

Then when the time is right, these women successfully present themselves as virtuous women (usually near or in their 30's) rolling back their odometers; scamming and victimizing their trusting suitors and potential future husbands in the process. These are by and large innocent men, who believe they are marrying the discerning virtuous women of their dreams.

A women's past should be grounds for immediate divorce.

◆◆◆

FuriousFerret a helpful red pilld guy says:

Looking at Michael's story, I would like to point out one concept pertaining to Christian youth today. His mentioning of attractive women that he considers a 8+ is interesting. He specifically mentions these hot women and describes their slutty party girl behavior and how he played beta orbiter to them. He also mentions how he was an observer and didn't want to join the party scene.

Well you have to pay to play my man. What Christian youth don't understand or want to comes to grips with is that both hot women and men are most likely going to go off into the fun life. They have the most temptation because of the all the pleasures that are offered at their feet. This is something that Christian men and women have to understand. You most likely will not get someone hot.

The cognitive disconnect that Michael feels is understandable. When you read about him on paper he is quite the catch ... in 1951. Law school, good grades who cares? Respectful towards females and putting them a pedestal, doesn't mean shit when being male means shit in terms of natural status in 2000 +, in fact you are shooting yourself in the foot here.

Truly attractive women and men leave the church when they realize what fun they can have. If you don't want to enter the party life and learn/use Game, your chances to get a true 8 plus is very slim when they are young. How many true 8s are there in your church circle? They are as rare as the true (not contextual) alpha male. If there is an 8+, every single guy with any balls is trying to get her. The competition is fierce.

The solution to this dilemma is Game. While the competition is fierce due to scarcity for the true hot female who isn't a slut, most men in there are either clueless about any type of romantic dynamics that work with women or refuse to use them because they think it's evil. It's still damn hard but the man with one eye in the land of blind is king.

However, most men will have to settle with a 5 or 6 if they actually want some type of 1930s style no sexual activity before marriage type of relationship and that's if they are actually desirable and not a mangina who is utterly repulsive.

And Michael Responds with:

Yes. I do feel I deserve an 7.5+.

Why? My history, morals, hard work, ability, accomplishments, personality, physical fitness and income. I paid my dues. I would make a very good father. I'm not covered in tattoos playing guitar in a bar for \$18k yr. I will be happy to settle for my equal. All I ask is she is white, in her 20's, and has not been pounded and creamed by dozens of different men. I will not settle for a fabulous fat five or single mother at the Methodist church. What you say about church women (at least at my church) is interesting. There are very few attractive women. Even less who are single. I also look at Christian dating sites like "Big Church". Let me tell you: they call it "big church" for reason. Haha. Physically attractive women as a general percentage feels significantly less than other dating sites reflective of the general female population (match.com etc). However there is one exception relative to my church experience: MORMONISM. I visited the Church of Latter Day Saints and was blown away by the single attractive women. At the time I was discussing my job to another guy my own age and noticed a few women were "orbiting" me. I attended a few sessions and was seriously considering converting. Interesting you mention game. I promise. I absolutely do have allot of game. In business. But that kind of game is actually hard work. I don't want to "work" when I come home. I just want to come to my loving loyal monogamous wife. □



After some more people red pilling him to the modern normal, he reflects:

I've still getting used to the terms expressed on this website (red pill, blue pill, beta orbiter, etc) however I'm familiar with Alpha and Beta concept. I want to be a Beta in my off time. I don't want to put out the effort to be an Alpha. That's what I have to do at work.

Thank you for all the wonderful responses. I'm quite shocked I'm not alone. I've brought this up to other guys in the past and they laugh or look at me like I've got 3 heads. This site is amazing. I would like to thank the people who posted positive comments, and/or empathized with my situation even if they may have disagreed. Thank you for being objective, thoughtful, and open minded to my situation. The positive and open minded comments far outweighed the few (if any) negative comments most of which I took as a form of constructive criticism. Great responses. Thanks!

P.S.: Has anyone created a simple single line chart (up, plateau, decline) showing a women's age window of opportunity relative to her fertility/appearance? I wanted to email it to someone I know. Thanks!

Stray Cats, the Matrix, and Rockwell: Living life or letting it happen to you

July 15, 2020 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I

Everyone knows about the Trolley question, a moral dilemma comparing utilitarianism and deontological ethics. If you're unaware of it; a train is going to hit 5 people tied to the tracks and you're in front of a switch which changes which track it rides on. The alternative track has 1 person tied to it. Do you hit the switch and move the train or will you leave it? Privately we decide which to pick and why. Keep a pin in that while I talk about a couple and stray cats.

"Look at that stray cat Dave, pull over we need to help him!"

"Stacey, we don't want a Cat"

"But he's so lonely and it's dangerous, and if we don't he will die!"

"Ugh ... fine"

And now they have a cat. These individual interactions happen over dozens of years hundreds of times. Every stray cat, every sheltered dog, every sob story. If you don't save them then they will be put down and that's so mean! Life is a constant set of appeals for Dave to save the world so that Stacey may feel better. Soon, Dave has a second cat, then a third. Before you know it the carefree Dave, the lifelong friend that we all remember as carefree, a good man, someone who we remember as a great example of what we would all aspire to be. Dave, who found an awesome woman, a high quality woman (whatever that means) sitting in a house that smells like cat shit and can't even go on vacation or they will all starve to death. Dave didn't think any one of these concessions would kill him, but taken together, Dave is living in a personal hell, paved with good feelings and the whims of the person he cares about the most. Dave is a shell, covered in cat hair.

Now I'm sure when you're reading this you can map it to all kinds of real life 'crisis': The muddling of economic migrants and refugees and legal migrants. Potential cuts to social services by government or going along with a feel good legislation. Taking care of step kids because you're a good man who does good by her. The list goes on and on and on. As Dr. Peterson would say, adding responsibility onto the shoulders of men is how you make men feel great again.

Getting back to the trolley question: which did you choose? Did you choose to not act or to act? Did you decide to save as many lives as you could at the expense of as few? Did you decide that you will not cause a person's death just to change things you were not responsible for? Look back to the example of the stray cats. You are Dave. Did Dave's moral choice reflect Dave's actions or did he get pressured into it for a whiff from an 'awesome girl?' What good is Dave and his moral framework if he isn't the one who commits the immoral act. Dave may have been the utilitarian and would have decided to do the most good and cause the least harm, but that wasn't Dave's choice to make now was it. The funny thing about the Trolley problem is that, in real life, the track usually involves the switch being beside that single person, and you'll likely lose your finger by holding it down. No good deed goes unpunished.

That's how the 'nobility' of man gets corrupted. It's not nobility, it's gullibility wrapped up as a

virtue. I'm sure if I was Jordan Peterson I would throw out a line of the garden of eden here and splash some 5 dollar words around it so we can all feel smart and know why the reader is in a relationship of quiet desperation, but I ain't Jordan Peterson and I don't do in depth coping strategies, I prefer results.

Most guys analyze these situations and provide a logical answer why men should save more cats, why the cat population is in need of protection, and why saving cats makes us happier. Dave wants to believe it because he has to. Otherwise Dave has to admit people that he loves and probably love him are perfectly able to smother that spark of what makes him a man, if he lets them. And why wouldn't he? People love to reward the people they love by being agreeable and pleasant and cooperative and good and noble and slightly miffed and a little annoyed and pissed off and utterly miserable.

It all comes back to mental point of origin, to frame, to rational self interest. You're allowed to love those who give you value, you're also allowed to refuse to let them put you into an early grave. It's not because women are evil or men are evil or hypergamy is evil or any such nonsense. It's simply because there is only one person on earth who has your interests at heart over the long term, regardless of circumstance. And that man is the one who wipes your ass every day that you stare at in the mirror while washing your hands.

II

Imagine how many scenarios exist where you have a desire, a want, a need or a grievance and it isn't reflected in your girlfriend, wife or plate. Imagine a social narrative you pay lip service which reflects those same female sensibilities, and imagine how it's completely against your own better interest. Is this a physical law of the universe to be followed? No, it's a choice. Moral frameworks are always choices. Morality exists for a distinct population to agree to certain rule sets, make sacrifices to their own best interests in order for a maximum fulfilment for all. But, is the 'for all' still relevant? How many stray cats are in the world, how many good people do we trust with out best interests?

If you haven't caught on by now, the girl isn't just our women, they are our institutions, our authorities, anyone from whom we offer this level of trust in mutual self interest. The cat isn't a cat, but any responsibility for others that we are tasked with protecting from a situation we had no part in creating.

What am I telling a guy to do here? I'm asking rhetorically, I don't care. If I have to preach or tell you why modern moral imperatives are not in your interest than you wouldn't believe me anyways. You can continue reading for the entertainment value alone. For the rest of you, consider how easy it is to be Dave. Talk is cheap, keep talking after the thousandth concession. I've got too many friends in these miserable lives. They have perfect families, kids they love dearly, jobs which are stable, rewarding and fulfilling. They have everything everyone told them they would want, on paper. In reality they are miserable in lives of quiet desperation.

You want to save as many people as possible, that's your duty as a man. We know this because the people who want you to do all the work said so. Knights of England and France told you that in their chivalry n stuff. The Queen told you when you signed up, as did the teacher when you're told what good students do. Your mom said the same because she hated your crappy father. Never mind the knights code was among people who wanted to kill each other agreeing to never kill while taking a dump. Now, it's about protection of whamen and whatever noble causes they tell you exist. I'll give a more recent example of the past weaponed for the present at the expense of men.

III

Norman Rockwell was an artist who worked for the Saturday Evening Post as an illustrator. He was known creating a style known as Americana: an idealized American aspiration that showed middle class men enjoying leisure time as a respite against the horrors of the second world war. Women were submissive, pleasant, stylish. They were good mothers and good wives, like Donna Reed. Children were behaved, good natured and full of potential. Everywhere you look men had an identity they had. It was made up. I guess the Boomer's were too lazy to do it themselves. Why tell guys what to aspire to? Well, to sell them the set pieces that came with the aspiration of course. The wife, the kids, the barbecuer and the cigarettes, a bunch of set piece archetypes to fulfil that fantasy.

By the way, did you know that Marlboro Cigarettes taste 30% better than brand X? Men are men and women are women. It's amazing if you work hard and play by the rules that you'll have the perfect life. Since we are on the subject you haven't lived until you've driven the new Ford, it gets 6 miles to the gallon you know and financing is cheap! The point is this life never existed, though people wanted it to, and were willing to buy enough cigarettes to get a small taste of it, if only for a few minutes.

Back from the future to the world of today, aspiring to the aspirational model of the age we never saw. Many guys look at those advertisements as a lifestyle aspirational model. It no longer sells them cigarettes but it still works as an ad. Everyone knows cigarettes are bad and that any less than 36 miles to the gallon is the equivalent of dumping oil into the marshlands, but the set piece children and sidekick wife are pretty enticing, no? I wonder what the chivalrous Knights of England were trying to sell, maybe they were recruitment stories for better serfs?

The Matrix came out in 1997, and in one scene Neo finally goes back after getting unplugged, pointing at a cafe he used to eat at, the food was good. He at least knew that his past was a manipulation, we aren't so lucky. He had the luxury of knowing which was the matrix and which was not, we live in a world where we don't know whether the good old days were like Mad Men, or Marlboro. Was Donna Reed how women used to be or I Love Lucy?

We are nostalgic for a world we never knew, and assume it through our own matrix. No fancy plugs in our heads, only our dissatisfaction with what we have now. Is it any wonder why men are so willing to let others show them where the stray cats are and how many you have to rescue? A blogger, thelastpsychiatrist, made a good point about this:

Rule #1 of stupid people trying to make sense of the world: the culture you know nothing about has all the answers.

To summarize.

I argue it's not your job to save a world you didn't create by putting yourself on the track. That we have our own ethics, our own morals and they aren't worth a damn if we let other people use us as the tools to realize theirs. Not everyone who manipulates you into a life of quiet desperation hates you, in fact most of them think of you rather fondly and neither care nor have awareness of the suffering they will offer. Finally, we are easily manipulated into a life script that serves other peoples purposes by appealing to our sense of goodness and virtue. Sell you the cigarettes that kill you one day, and the nobility that comes with marrying a single mom the next.

No one actually knows what life was like, but we can live in our own imagined ideals which happen to align with having everyone tell us that we (read: you) need to rescue one more cat, because then we (read: they) will finally be happy. Of course they aren't either, the first 4 cats was proof of that, but you let children lead, don't be surprised if you end up like Lord of the Flies and you reprising the role of Piggy.

Consilience: The Business of Me

January 5, 2021 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

The purpose of this essay is the same as every other piece of content I put out. It's men helping men and swapping notes. Praxeology through the concept of convergent evidence as it applies to the Red Pill. I will be expanding on James' points in the same note-sharing manner we do everything else.

To read the original piece, go here.

I.

The appeal of a steady job is the trade off between potential and stable revenue. Sacrifice potential riches for the steady, consistent budget. During the 2020 worldwide global crisis, a growing group of men are seeing the not so stable corporate job as a risk. This isn't a pandemic issue. Pandemics are public health crisis. Our economic issues are self inflicted. More men are trying their hand at entrepreneurship, leveraging the information and attention economies to start the business model called the 'Brand of Me.' What a perfect blend of millennial narcissism and capitalism.

Like everything involving talent the Brand of Me is a slave to the Pareto Principle. Most people earn nothing. A few at the top will have everything. There are only so many outraged talking heads one can have on feminism, racism, libtards and MAGA nuts. The biggest personalities, most attractive platitude spouter's and longest running Me's clean up after the crisis. Everyone else begs at the trough for access to Me's audience. I didn't see the value in trading up one risky career for another, so over the past two years I have worked to make something simple: provide scalable value to a group of people who are receptive to the content I provide while only using as much Me as I had to.

I've learned a lot in a short time. I was taken aback by some lessons from James Clear, the author of Atomic Habits. He talks about lessons learned from ten years of experience. There was a fair bit of consilience between our respective approaches. If you have an on-line business you quickly learn no one knows what they are doing and everyone is taking educated guesses while hoping for the best. So when multiple people from different approaches arrive at similar conclusions it's not an accident. That consilience. I am proposing a new mental model for anyone looking to leave one unstable career for another on account of our self inflicted economic pandemic. Instead of the Brand of Me, I suggest the Business of Me. The difference is subtle, but I argue it's vital.

I was lucky in my timing. I decided to leave the corporate world and join a loose connection of misogynist? Me's almost a year before COVID-19. My governments dollar-short and day-late response to the pandemic decimated the primary value of a corporate job: job security. I watched my wifes company restructure 80% of its full time employees and squeeze a ton of extra productivity and a pay cut out of the remainder. I'm sure for those people it was damned reassuring to know that their income was stable, until it wasn't. Bills, vacations and expenses can be planned for, until they can't. It mirrored my experience within the Red Pill. Whether a girlfriend, a wife, a career or a battle, everything is perfect until it meets resistance, things are great and we don't need any help, until we do.

On the off-chance there is someone new to my work, when I discuss the Red Pill I'm talking about

it's pre-Me definition: the praxeology of sexual dynamics and strategy for the modern man. Whatever you've heard about government conspiracies, multicolored pill pop-philosophies and similar dick riding brandings is irrelevant. Men found that they can put their collective heads together and solve problems around women, relationship, sex, career, and more recently self actualization. It's low on rigor it's high on replication, much like entrepreneurship. Worse than hard science, but more scientific than Science?.

II.

Mike Cernovich, The Hodge Twins, Roosh V, and hundreds of Me's, having various levels of fame and one primary skillset: being as entertaining as possible with vaporware. Or, "How do I make the most money with least effort?" hustling circles. Hustling used to describe drug dealers scraping together a few dollars while avoiding the police. Now it's some virtue for the Me's. The most resonant metaphor is for slowly killing clients who pay for the privilege, which is accidentally accurate in my opinion.

Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day, give a man fear, indignation and a villain and he will feed your multiple income streams for a lifetime. At least until you get banned from MailChimp, Facebook and Youtube on the same day. Hey, leverage that into "they don't want you to hear my truth, follow me here to continue drip feeding my income!" The business model is as brilliant as much as predatory. This may sound like anger, disdain or sour grapes, I should clarify that it's closer to a cynical acceptance of human nature. I'm an adult and don't believe in fairy tales, only ass models on Instagram, or Me's.

Like any thirst mining ass-model, no one is forced to like their stuff. They cater to the demographic with more money than sense, more dream than actualization, and more emotions than utility. It's all the same grift no matter how high you go. Goldman Sachs convinced Americans to keep their underwater mortgages in 2009 and no one says international finance is a grift. If you don't think that's a fair analogy to equate these plucky Me's to an unregulated evil empire of mustache twirlers? read:

- Launch by Jeff Walker; and
- Trust me I'm Lying by Ryan Holiday

Pay attention to the identical strategies billion dollar media companies use to your local "content creator" then get back to me. Last year I pointed out how this one Me who runs a "convention" in south Florida was reading through Ryan's work and implementing the strategies chapter by chapter, predicting his next moves. It matched perfectly. None of the hustle is an accident, or clever innovation. It's disenfranchised men chasing after the gold rush. Most people didn't make money on the gold rush either.

James Clear: author of Atomic Habits, which I admittedly have never read, put out a series of tweets on entrepreneurship. He is a self declared ten year entrepreneur who condensed his rules into some pithy platitudes. What caught my attention was that it paralleled mine.

This is called consilience, or converging evidence. Where I talked previously about low rigor and high replication consilience is how every good strategy within the Red Pill gains or loses stature.

Read, watch or listen to a strategy and ask: 'did this work for me?' (note: past tense, not a navel gazing future tense, this is important) The only evidence that matters is replicated evidence. Consilience is where more men in more walks of life can answer with 'Yes.' Values cannot be replicated, neither can hopes and dreams.

'Should be? doesn't exist, only 'Is.'

III

The tail can't wag the dog. This is why so much of what you see on Twitter, Reddit, or Discord echo-chambers may call themselves Red Pilled but they aren't. Instead of consilience you get clustered collections of platitudes designed to appeal to the aspirational values of the demographic. Just about all those values are impotent, unattainable, and no one else thinks of them as values, and that's also by design. Without that, you don't have an enemy to rally against. E.g.

- They hate women. What monsters! Buy my course on Me!
- They hate conservatives, what monsters! Buy my course on Me!

Again, audiences are split up into a demographics clusters. As the Me's becomes familiar with the demographics in group and out group values, they shit out 'worldly wisdom' as a placating set of reassurances wrapped in wisdom wrapping paper topped with a Red Pilled bow. This isn't men swapping notes, this is Instagram panderers knowing that if they show their ass, you'll buy their merch. They call themselves Red Pilled and If you don't get what's going on here, re-read the second sentence in this paragraph. You're gullible and Me's know that. You are here reading this so maybe there's hope. The structure of the platitudes are:

- You are special, it's the world that is the problem
- You have an enemy, it's either feminism, government, liberals, PUAs, grifters, globalhomo's (I've yet to get a clear definition of this boogeyman)
- I am your aspirational model. My authenticity is perfect. Everyone else is lying to you.
- I will give you impossible demands.
- I will berate you when you don't meet them and offer you information products to do better next time

This is not unlike how Catholics devised the idea of confession, absolution, and indulgences. If Me's are secular-catholics, where are the Cardinals?

The top of this authentic demographic fuck pile are the gatekeepers. If you say the right things and repeat the right mantras they give you access to their audience. This isn't speculation. YouTube tells you in the creator studio that the best way to grow is with collaborations. Twitch, Amazon, BlogSpot and WordPress even makes space for you to add guest authors to your free blog site! There is nothing Red Pilled about demagogues leveraging sycophants. I don't know how to collaborate with experience, only to share it. I also know that a small beef with Me's running the 'War Room' will get a half dozen third world sycophants to harass me for months, so I can confirm this is how things work. 'War Room' heh. I guess the 'League of Extraordinary Gentlemen' was taken.

As a reader, I don't know about your aspirations, but I didn't leave the military or the corporate world just so I could have another master with softer power and an uncertain standing with them. When I fuck up in the Navy, my Petty Officer chews my ass out. In my corporate career if I fuck up that promotion disappears, I get fired, my contract doesn't get renewed. For better or for worse I knew where I stood. It would be hell on earth to wonder if the latest tweet or video irritated some thot-leader/ass model and you lose access to their authentic and loyal audience. Refusing to play that game is why my growth is much slower than it could be. I'm OK with that, but I'll talk about slow money later.

Remember this isn't sour grapes. It's a reflection of the landscape. This is the result of a series of rational and logical choices one has to make to gain success. Yes i'm shitting on it, but life is shit and you'll get messy. Make sure you can clean that shit off in a cold shower. Even if you wanted to take the high road and avoid it, the constant barrage of demands from aspiring Me's for you to "debate me in good faith!" or "show the other side!" will simply weaponize your virtue (read:weak stomach) to step on your neck to inch further ahead in their reach. Their demands for free speech are always weapons of the powerless to attack the powerful, full stop. The Me's goal isn't to learn, to teach, or entertain. Me's goal is to maximize reach while minimizing effort. You may not believe me, you are more than welcome to learn this lesson the hard way. Most Me's burn out once they get their first viral Tweet and decent payday. Then they buy into their own hype and so my focus on longevity and sustainability can weather the occasional idiot running their mouth.

IV.

The Business of Me differs from the Brand of me in it's subtle detachments. There is a detachment from the work which is vital for long term sustainability and mental health. The last thing I would want is to pull a Roosh and "find" Jesus at the bottom of a bag of mushrooms with a potential demographic eager to fund his revelations. I would have a hard time swallowing the fact that a decade of work pick up artistry, a decade of lifestyle management, a core decade of my life is wasted and I have to pretend I popped out of one of those matrix batteries covered in the slime of my previous work. A business can pivot when things are no longer working because it's not identity, it's work. People have to pretend "I'm not like that anymore, I have been through all the bad boys and want to settle down with a nice customer like you!"

A lawyer can train in medicine and become a doctor without being thought of as a farce. Roosh can't come back from the Ukraine and be thought of as a prophet. Cernovich can't come back from fucking lady-boys in Thailand and become a political pundit. Well, to be accurate, they can (and do!) What they can't do is handle the identity pivot without a little help from Columbian Santa showing something up their chimney every Christmas. You can do that if you like. I wrote earlier about sustainability in the business of me and cocaine doesn't fit the model.

Business of Me implies there is a product. Me's have onlyfans pages, but built for men. You pay money to see the "private nudes." A business can't survive prostitution. This means you require a product of value outside of your own ego. This means books, this means videos, this means podcasts, this means events, this means merchandise which someone would have bought even if your logo wasn't plastered across it. Everything exists outside of yourself, so it's not about you(Me.) If you died tomorrow would anyone want your stuff? Do you honestly see anyone buying Gorilla Mindset without seeing Cernovich "own the libtards!?"

It's a Business of me because you aren't your product. If I write something that offers no value, I get rid of it. If Me's write something that offers no value, they lashes out at you for not liking it or hide you from their audience. Don't believe me? Remember when Jack Murphy was proud of driving his girlfriend to hook ups? He is, to this day harassed by people who throw that up every time he talks about How Obama supporters like Trump or some such. I thought it was weird and incongruent. I even mentioned to him that it could make perfect sense from a business perspective. He used to be married, had kids, got divorced. That was everything a man is "supposed" to do in life. Now that he got that out of the way, he wanted to spin plates with one of them at home to bake bread. Every man who is in the dating market knows that the girls they sleep with are sleeping with someone else. There is literally nothing there you have to hide from or defend or explain away. It's modern life, sans kayfabe.

My guess is that he was ego invested in the new grift. Disenfranchised, capital-L liberal politics don't mix much with sexual degenerate demographics. Then again, when you write about driving your girlfriend to get railed that doesn't exactly come off in a shower. Instead, pretend it didn't exist and keep blocking people until it hopefully goes away while posting stories about how the Liberals don't let you spend time with your kids to appeal to the sympathetic demographic sensibilities.

When authentic identity pivots happen, bringing up authenticity sucks. A Business of me isn't ego invested like this. Past decisions don't need to get buried. Past decisions follow a trajectory to where the business is now while the business moves forward, better. Remember when IBM supplied that 1945 Austrian painter with computers to help round people up for his "work camps"? That pivoted into "no one gets fired for hiring IBM" pretty quickly. Everyone knows what they did and it's OK, everyone makes mistakes, plus it WAS very efficient.

V.

I want to expand on James points with my experience making similar choices, and expand upon them How I run my business. 2020 was my 10th year as an entrepreneur. Here are some "rules" I try to follow after a decade of stumbling around building my company. Not rules for all businesses. Just how I choose to run mine:

Create something useful. If it doesn't deliver value to the reader, don't do it.

I don't pander to the audience, I make videos, write content, authored books and audio-book versions. In every word I wrote, I wondered how this helps the reader in their own life. Not their feelings, their life. You see if in small examples. For example, in my Youtube series: Relationship Breakdown, I made the choice to add a section that is in every video called "Why this matters to you." This part is where the listener has to map any lessons to his actual life. It separates these from being Dear Abby articles for Men. Me's point at people and laugh or point at bad people as a reassurance that they (read:you) are good people.

That's not value, that's pandering.

My Red Pilled Coffee videos involve a warning not to eat paint: so you don't over-misinterpret to the point of sabotaging your success. What objective measure does your work add utility to the reader? If

you can't find one, then you're not there yet, keep working.

That's not pandering, that's value.

Create something timeless. The more evergreen your work, the longer time-line you have to find success.

There has been not a small amount of pressure for me to generate content towards the outrage of the day. Now you will have to do some of it. But if that's all you do, prepare to be in the same situation as Ukrainian Pick up Jesus, or MAGA Me's who don't have a 2021 roadmap. Do you honestly think anyone will be watching Tim Pool videos about the Trump election hearings when they pop up on their feeds next year? Do you think anyone is reading 'From Democrat to Deplorable' once the next election cycle is underway? I joke when I complain about my cooking videos have the worst performance out of all my videos. But when I grow, each one of them is as watchable today as they were last year. This goes for the relationship breakdowns, the sidebar series and the rest of them. Fuccfiles, my own book too! Part memoir, part homage to Neil Strauss: The game and part 12 Rules for Life. A sailor's life picking up women, a man succeeding through hardship and persistence is as timeless a subject of worth as any. After a few reads people notice the subtext of how I got myself a girlfriend and stopped being an idiot. Ten years from now, god willing, it will be as resonant now as it was in 2008 when I was doing it.

Optimize for time before money. The most important question is, "How do I want to spend my days?" Make as few choices as possible that violate your answer.

Now this isn't a slam against Jon from Modern Life Dating, but this is a difference in work philosophy. When I was 23 I was more than happy to burn the candle at both ends. Showing up for a sail with 3 hours of sleep and not even sober enough to be hung over was fun, for a while. I could joke with the boys about how I was still a damned good sailor when I looked like I was hit in the face with a shovel. I could joke with my boss and he'd say 'So was she worth it?' to which the answer was always yes, but actually no. The story was worth it. I don't want to pull the old man card here as I haven't earned it yet. I will pull the nothing-to-prove card. I have enough stories that I don't need to beat myself up to have any more. Jon, with that crazy work ethic isn't there. He busts his ass, 16 hour days for months at a time. He runs a humble online course the same way the military runs a deployment. After they finish he's burned out and has to go unwind. He had to shave his head because he couldn't carve out enough time to get proper haircuts without cutting into the bottom line. In a way, he and I are running the opposite paths, optimizing for time or money. Now I still have enough money from smart investing, a lucrative corporate career and a modest military payout/pension that I don't need more money. If I did I would have never left my corporate gig. Information Security analysts make good enough bank, but I didn't want or need shiny widgets or bigger numbers in my account: I wanted time. Had I gone the other route I can only imagine how much of my extra revenue would go into buying me my physical health back, only to waste it away again on another money and time trade off. There is no right answer here, but I haven't needed an alarm clock in 2 years, nor have I needed a drink or a pill or the runner's high of a shopping experience to function the next day. You can see us both working in tandem, pick your path and own the tradeoffs.

Once you start making money, do not sacrifice your lifestyle simply to make more money. Again, first ask, "How do I want to spend my days?" Then, within that subset, "How can I make the most money possible?"

I moved this point to be together with the one before it because they are related. I see guys make their first dollar on-line then instantly upgrade their social media flexing. Psychologically I have to believe that the customer looks at this instant lifestyle inflation and thinks to themselves ?did I gain anything here or did I simply fund this guys Miller Lite truck nut masculinity lifestyle?? I hope you never see me bragging about how much money I make for my clients while I can?t get together a single testimony, even though my Instagram is full of cash. If you?re wondering, yes, I am referring to someone specifically. I do like the guy so you?ll have to do your own sleuthing. This is an guesswork granted, time will tell if this wisdom holds.

It?s not an uneducated opinion. In my previous life as an art history major, I recall the medieval Italian period had many ultra wealthy aristocrats (e.g. the Medicis) had extravagant palaces for being successful merchants. They used to have ostentatious facades and went through cycles of making money, showing money, and peasant uprisings burning the palaces down. Soon, giant palaces were built with modest facades. All the decadence was behind their walls, and you can see those buildings today when you travel to Italy. No one has a problem with you doing better than them, but I don?t see long term success happening when you rub their noses in it. I started my Business of me with the same lifestyle I would be living before. Some people see it as a flex, others see me as one of the poors, but it?s consistent and I can?t forsee someone giving me grief about their funding my lavish lifestyle at their expense. Again, time will tell, but it kinda already has.

Build assets that compound. Eliminate problems, responsibilities, and obligations that compound. Your business should feel easier to sustain each year.

The smartest piece of business advice I?ve ever gotten was from Richard Cooper: Don?t work with retards, and don?t work with people who work with retards. I sometimes wonder if I left revenue on the table, but I also haven?t had some retard jeopardize my business with his stupidity either. I can imagine what life would be like had I decided to stop working with the guys from Rule Zero and continued to work with the old Me?s. Funny, I don?t have to wonder, as the guy who came to the Red Pill the same week I did has done just that. He went from understanding the converging evidence that is the Red Pill to becoming some power-dad, still making no money and tons of hassle off that relationship. Someone will have to correct me, I don?t know if his planned book was ever released or if he has had success in other realms. I only know he decided to work for someone who doesn?t pay, and brings nothing but outrage and drama to everyone around him.

Attention

All attention is good attention isn?t real. Some attention gets you cancelled, and some, like Kurt Eichenwald just gets you known. With his faux seizures and admission that he shows tentacle-porn to his children, you may think he?s an idiot, but you did learn his name. Some attention gets you cancelled, and some like Dr. Eugene Gu who is notorious for being catfished by a fat chick and pretended to sleep because he was too timid to kick her out of his house. Those dramas made their names known. The drama I?m talking about is the crab bucket drama that just makes everyone look like clowns and without any of the clout thats supposed to come with it. If you make national news and it leverages into a large brand thats good. If you are arguing on the daily with anime avatars with

300 followers, you aren't. All I have to do know is get better at what I do and continue to work, because all that attention won't matter for shit if there's nothing for people once they learn your name. The loud roar of outrage has turned into a small whisper. And unless you plan to write my wikipedia article, I ain't about to engage it like that. I like his point about the reciprocal:

Be easy to work with. Nobody wants to add friction to their life. Make sure each relationship you build is a win for the other side. Win-win is the only kind of relationship that is sustainable.

So don't be the guy you would refuse to work with. I want people who think like me, so I should be what I consider to be the ideal collaborator.

Optimize for reach over revenue. Choose to reach more people rather than squeeze out another dollar. You'll help more folks and the person with the largest audience usually ends up with more money anyway.

I wish I had a pithy anecdote on this, but this was actually my earlier failing which turned into success. You're supposed to build something called the "lifetime spending per customer" metric, according to the grifters bible. I don't track that, I wouldn't want to, my focus is on the stuff I deliver, not the customer. It hasn't steered me wrong so I don't plan on changing that. I'll leave it to the reader to decide if I'm smart or stupid.

Besides, who doesn't love watching Internet pixel numbers go up? Not so much that I would change what I do for more of them but enough that I don't need to get the high of squeezing another shekel out of a potential customer because of some fancy psychological tricks. Learn my name, see what I offer, grab what interests you. Keep it simple. Simple keeps you honest. Authenticity is what people do to bullshit you into thinking they are honest.

Complexity and statistics are the best ways to lie to everyone, including ones self. If all those modest numbers on all the platforms were to double I would do far better than doubling that dollar metric. 99.9% of the 8 billion people on earth have no idea who I am, plenty of room for growth!

Be patient. Think longer-term than anyone else in your industry. Be impatient. Don't let a day pass without doing something that contributes to your long-term vision.

I hope I am not betraying any trust here, but Rollo and I have talked about this a lot. Slow money versus fast money. In his work with the liquor industry he has had the chance to meet men of wealth, and then to meet the wealthy men?. The one observation he had was that the ones who had the most were patient, and did things methodically, deliberately. Plenty of flash in the pans would come and go. This jived with my experiences. My stepfather was new money. He built his empire from one auction priced excavator and his own bare hands. The business paid for his visits from Columbian Santa and his elves (I can't think of a clever metaphor for half the chicks in town he slept with) and then when NAFTA gutted the logging industry he lost it all. It wasn't the ending from Scarface, but it wasn't the ending from Brewster's Millions either. Besides, I am going against what I learned in an old article where I wrote how I never wanted to become a man like my step father and how it damaged my dating life for too long. I'll keep the part where he could sleep with half the town, and

lose the deviated septum part.

Continually ask, "What is the highest leverage thing we can do right now?" Then, spend at least two minutes today working on that thing.

I don't have much to add here, other than to laugh at the new years resolution people. So busy telling everyone not to drink on new years eve, go to sleep at nine and start building your empire at 4AM or you'll get left behind. Always do 20 push-ups and have a cold shower. So much busy work with 0 payoff. It's the illusion where we 'feel' like we are working without accomplishing anything.

Fuck that.

The navy had instilled two great lessons: When in doubt, rack out and If you don't have anything to do, don't do it here. During Primary Leadership Qualification, the course that everyone must take before promotion to the MS/MCpl I got a great example. The idea is to simulate high stress and workloads and low sleep environments to get everyone to focus on mission essential duties and test our resolve. It ended up with every platoon leader (we all get a day or two during the course to lead) afraid to make a call and to pass the leadership course by being risk averse. Ironical. Instead of managing their people they would have everyone sit in limbo making busywork so as to look productive.

My day came up and we were to give a series of lectures on how to give a lecture or briefing to a command team. Start the day at 4:30AM and go till 7:00PM. Our workload didn't require all that time unless we wanted it to. I got people who weren't presenting to finish the tasks scheduled after the lectures. It turns out we weren't required to have everyone sit in on every lecture and waste time. They didn't need the info and we weren't graded on attendance. We were expected to work until 10:00PM but we had time and resources and everyone was just stressing over their lectures so better to give them something else to do. At 2PM everything was done except the last few hours of lectures. I told everyone who had finished theirs to go home. I got a lot of conflict avoidance resistance. People argued it wasn't fair, that they would get into trouble, that we were 'supposed' to stay till ten, and what about the reservists who had to stay in barracks because they lived elsewhere? How is it fair that some of us have it good while others have it bad? I brought my section leaders into a room and laid it out:

'I'm the last one to go home, I'm not complaining. Everyone will eventually have a half day in the military so just be happy someone is today. I was specifically given this authority and I'm using it, end of discussion.'

The next day, this 6 foot amazon named Kiraly dragged me into the side room to chew me out about letting everyone go home. I had all their requirements met to standard. I was given the authority to let them go. After 15 minutes of being yelled at I went back in the hall to the entire group stunned. I had a laugh:

'Look, I had to eat shit for 15 minutes while 50 people got 6 hours to hang out with their families, it was a good trade'

I was told later on that Piche, one of the other Petty Officers laughed at the whole thing. We sailed together later and he was a great boss who trusted me. Everyone in my PLQ platoon looked to me for leadership, even if it was only for a few days. I never forgot that lesson. Every time I see some platitude twitter asshole talking about some manufactured hardship to 'build their great empire' I

think about them as some platoon leader filling everyone's day with busy work so they didn't have to risk appearing lazy while still getting the job done. They would have scored a higher mark on the PLQ course, so I suppose it was all worth it. Both appear to be altruistic while personally gaining from everyone else's misery. How noble.

Spend as much time as possible doing the actual work (the thing that delivers value) and as little time as possible doing the "pre-work" that fills the calendars of most people. Example: Have as few meetings as possible.

Same thing, rephrased

Reduce the scale, not your standards. Aspire to do exceptional work and apply that standard to everything. Book. Article. Tweet. Doesn't matter the size. In the long run, your brand is the quality of work you do. Sacrifice quality??anywhere??and you sacrifice the brand.

This one stands on its own. While heavily drinking on New Year's, I put out a tweet where, I said: The dumbest shit I post on here contains some of the smartest points you will see made on this godforsaken platform. And I stand by it. I don't need giant pedantically wordsmithed multi thousand word essays, overly verbose tweets about stoic spartans or listicle youtube videos.

Ten ways to build your own Empire! Number 5 will surprise you!

The irreverence and subtext is the point. Those who get the context understand the shit-posting. Those who don't just see another ass model. Exceptional does not mean to look need to look like you are trying to look smart. Exceptional simply means consistent and relevant, look upon this standard and weep. In my case game/sexual strategy is a game. Games are meant to be played, and I suggest you play, but seriously. Girlfriend, wife, plate makes no difference, it's all a game.

A stupid post about high brow culture may sound exceptional until you realize that you're sniffing your own farts and not delivering value to anyone. Irreverence is attractive, a social signal that you have enough abundance that you aren't bothered by the problem on today's news cycle. It's all a game. I have concerns about the world, same as the next guy. If I can't put out some irreverence then why would you listen to be about the only thing I am here to promote? You may think this is silly, then I ask you to look at all the Red Pill accounts who have spent the last 4 years wearing MAGA hats and bitching about liberals. The only value they have provided for you is distraction, actually less. The infamous "dream opener" on Tinder is where one such man suggests you tell a girl "I'm going to cum on your face and make you my girlfriend" And we had a few guys try it and got their accounts banned. That's not Red Pill, that's the Instagram ass-model doing more harm than good. Open your eyes and look around and you'll find 75% or more of Me's are no different.

Own your distribution. (In my case, my website and email list.)

No man is an island. While I get the point here, get as close as you can to full ownership of your work, realize that there is always a gatekeeper somewhere. A middle aged soccer mom complained to Mailchimp about Stephan Molynoux and they pulled his email list immediately. Sargon of Akkad started talking about nationalism and politics, until Mastercard pressured Patreon to pull his funding. "Own your own" makes a good sound bite, but I would say more accurately to diversify your distribution. Stirling Cooper had a great example of this. I had him on my podcast last week and he

discussed how a milquetoast tweet of his got him blacklisted from LA porn, of which he had a fairly stable career. He's made a ton of money off the outrage with his information products, books etc. He also has Europe which doesn't care about LA. He didn't own distribution in a lot of his income, but he was able to lose one and not bat an eyelash. Steph owned his own distribution, which one came out better?

Think it over.

Continually reach out to people who do the kind of work you aspire to do. Build friendships with exceptional people.

Friendship isn't the right word. Woman use it like this. Build acquaintances. Don't over invest, they are people whose interest align with yours. Maybe in the future you become friends, for right now, follow the laws of power: Always appeal to their self interest, never their charity. Friends do favors, acquaintances engage in win-win behavior.

Reinvent yourself. Time erodes every advantage. Evolve or die.

I want to put a big fucking asterisk on this one. Roosh going from eastern European playboy to Christian Unibomber was not a good reinvention. Slutty Suzy and her triple digit notch count turning into the TRADWIFE with a sun-hat and summer dress is not a good pivot either. I mean for her it may be, but for whoever wifes her up and finds out she ?doesn't do anal, oral, or cowgirl anymore? it's a life destined to platitudes and misery. Reinvention needs to come with a narrative structure. If you don't know what I'm talking about Venkatesh Rao has a great book called TEMPO where he goes over the concept of narrative based decision making.

The difference between narrative based decision making and narcissistic fantasies are whether the actions drive the narrative or the narratives drive the action

Frame your life as a series of narratives with axis on intensity, and a positivity/negativity. Make decisions based on the narratives that come out of it. It makes more sense when you do it because people can follow you along on your reinvention. A reinvention isn't the same thing as calling a mulligan. A reinvention is a series of actions that deliver a better result over time. Change is part of that process.

From a mental health standpoint, a common issue with unhealthy levels of narcissism is the fantasy. You create an identity (e.g. you make it up) and then require fuel to cement the identity in place. I'll give you a few examples: Strong independent woman who don't need no man, the ?I'm a good dad? guy who has a good job and women should love him, or the white knight who defends women against misogynists. Now people can hate them or love them, just so long as they acknowledge the fantasy.

- If you think the independent woman is a desperate spinster then you're just a hater.
- If you think the good dad is a milquetoast virgin then you're simple a degenerate who wants to decay the west.

The issues come when someone doesn't acknowledge the fantasy, this causes an injury, and thats where the problems happen.

Using the example of the white knights, that's why ?I hope she sees this bro? is such a powerful tool. His fantasy involves being the nice guy. He defends women against men who treat her poorly and she

rewards him with adoration (or at least the girl who sees his signaling). He wants his fantasy so your responses to his accusations feed the fuel. But flat out suggesting he's only doing it to try and sleep with a girl doesn't acknowledge his virtue, and attacks that identity. On-line people will just ignore you, but in real life you can see a dude truly melt down at the accusation.

On the other hand, switching from a pick up artist in the 2000s into Red Pill in the 2010s makes sense. I got the women, now what? You find out that the same stuff that picks up women also helps negotiate salary at your new job, helps you when raising your daughter not to be a princess, or helps you get through mental health scenarios. For me it further reinvented into the failure of modern psychiatry and psychology to address the needs to men, the failure of the creative class to cater to male sensibilities, and the failure of modern institutions to fulfill their social benefits for men. That sort of reinvention makes sense, you can follow it with the 'what's in it for me?' mental model I talked about earlier. Reinvention is not pulling a mulligan, it's refining and expanding in ways that make sense.

The next few don't really apply to me. I'm a one man show and while I have hired editors for the book, and want to hire editors for the videos, I'm not there yet. Mostly it doesn't make sense but I don't want to post a spreadsheet here so I'll leave these to speak on their own merits.

- **Run lean. Hire slowly and keep your team as small as possible. Find a way to do it without hiring another person. Use freelancers and build partnerships before creating another full-time role.**
- **Stay small even if you can afford to be big. The more people you have on the team, the harder it is to get everyone rowing in the same direction. The cost of consensus is more expensive than the cost of payroll.**
- **Share the profit with employees. Get the incentives aligned. Everyone should get a slice of the upside. When the business wins, we all win.**
- **Negotiate expenses yearly. Analyze all of your expenses and eliminate anything you no longer need. With your biggest expenses, look up the latest pricing of their competitors and ask them to beat the lowest price. If there is no relevant competitor, ask for 20% off.**

Try this stuff out and let me know.

VI.

For increasing amounts of men, the idea of the stable office or manufacturing job is becoming less and less stable while simultaneously having stagnant wages make them less attractive. If this stuff applies to you, I wrote this to show the concept of convergent evidence, or how we all say men swapping notes when discussing the Red Pill. I bring up the roadmap that most Me's are using to create a business around vaporware using nothing but personality to drive revenue. I argue not only is it lazy, unsustainable, and comes with costs. I argue It also is more of the same. The king is dead long live the king type stuff. Your corporate job had people for whom you had to tolerate out of fear of being fired, and with Me's is the same thing, except you never know where you stand. Instead of being the male version of an Instagram ass model, create evergreen works, be patient, be diligent, and never sacrifice time for money. Hustles are for poor drug dealers with nothing better to do. Your goal is a comfortable life with no busybody fat to weigh you down, along with the sustainability that

comes with it. The last thing you want is to break under your own hype and turn into a cocaine addicted idiot dancing for quarters. So with a little bit of mental health, a little bit of work ethic, and a lot of streamlined time management I'm sure you too can carve out your own comfortable niche in this world; or like how the old Pick up Artists put it:

Leave her better than you found her.

Epilogue

?Wait a minute, I remember making it clear to people who have followed me that I do the exact same thing, isn't this hypocritical? Why won't you ever work with people who work with that Florida convention? Don't you expect the people you work with to be Red Pilled as well? Aren't you just making your own demagogue recruitment agency and this is all sour grapes for those who have done it longer and better than you??

If you really want to have your mind blown, go read this again and point out all the parts where I did all the platitude-statement techniques I spent the last 8,000 words critiquing.

Marriage counselling is like 17th century medicine

September 28, 2021 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I was reading someplace that sick people visiting physicians in the Victorian age were worse off, not better by going to the doctor.

No one knew anything about hygiene in Victorian-Era England. People were not aware that disease was spread by germs which thrived on dirt. People didn't realize that shitting in their drinking water was bad. They did not think of handwashing before eating street cleaning. Diseases spread quickly. People dreaded catching malaria, which they thought came from a poisonous gas called 'miasma' from sewers and corpses. Doctors still believed the ideas of the Greek physician Galen. He thought that the body was ruled by four humours (fluids) which determined what your personality was and how you reacted to various diseases. Example:

- Blood/Sanguine - hot: fiery personality
- Phlegm - cold: calm personality
- Yellow bile - dry: bad-tempered personality
- Black bile - moist: melancholy personality.

Opening up to your wife about your insecurities and vulnerabilities is the same as applying leeches and bloodletting. Egalitarian relationships with women make as much sense as bleeding out an already weak person.

Reading about misguided attempts to cure illness in the 18th century reads no different than an unplugged man watching Dadbod try to save his marriage through therapy and marriage counselling. At least the leechers didn't promote eugenics and only switch to marriage counselling after some Austrian painter ruined it for his career.

The best parenting strategy no one will tell you about

October 4, 2021 | by Rian Ston | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I see a lot of power dads online, telling other men how to raise their kids

?I would raise my kids this way, if I had them, but I?m certain it would work!?

?I have been a dad for 3 months now! With my worldly wisdom I?ll explain to the peasants how to raise warrior poets!?

?My goal is to raise my kid in the way I had wished my dad raised me. I don?t think he could handle what I handled and be as good as I am?

I?m not a power dad (not yet) but I am good at smelling bullshit. Someone needs a change.

And while I have not had the pleasure of joining the group of men with proof of sex and unresolved childhood malaise, I have had the pleasure of being raised by one. I grew up with a strong sense of self, the ability to weather petty emotional drama and a good eye for the kind of men who would be a perfect match for seeing who is in the trench on the other side of this mud pit, French of Prussian and not much else. Suspense over, time for

The Power Dad Rules

Wishing I was where I was when I was wishing I was here

Your dad raised you best he could. He either paid too much attention to you and now you?re scrambling to find your own identity, or he paid too little and you?re now pissed off that your lifetime hug count is so low. Either way, first rule is to treat your child as a mulligan.

Contrary to popular belief, children are not people. Children are more of an extension of your ego. See, half your genetic information is in this other person who has thoughts and feelings and incentives and is still developing (aren?t we all?) so the healthiest approach is to ignore their sense of self in order to tinker with your dads program. Don?t we all love competition with the old man? Now you have to work quick, as by the time your son gets to be the age of *wishing you were where you were when you were wishing you were here* your dad will have already passed away and you don?t get those precious few years to rub it in his face.

The best bonds are lifelong, meaningless competition bonds, just ask the Count of Monte Christo

You are the greatest. No one can match you

See, while your dad raised you as best he could, it clearly wasn?t good enough. Luckily, you were the greatest man in the world (if only everyone else could just see it, right?) so you managed to make yourself into the success story that you are today. Unfortunately, you are pretty sure your son doesn?t have the grit, determination, the *I don?t know que* that you had, so above all else:

Don?t raise your son the way you were raised or it will fuck him up, bigtime.

If your dad made you work summer jobs, don?t do it to him. If your dad didn?t make you work summer jobs, make sure he?s digging ditches by 15. And whatever you do, ensure you tell him at every opportunity the lessons you learned through any hardships you?re deflecting from his life. If a

childhood raised by 80s family sitcoms taught me anything (and it most certainly did) it's that a 30 second PSA at the end of the day outweighs any amount of experience he could have got.

The alternative is you have to let go of control, let him live like an individual, and guide him towards dealing with his mistakes. This is too uncertain, just play baseball instead. In between walking him every at bat, you can tell him the story of how you used to get on base through getting in front of the pitch and taking it in the hip, like men used to.

What you're doing is the best thing you could be doing

If you learned anything over your life, it's that self reflection is time better spent on the search for novelty and certainty. If you just discovered a secret parenting strategy yesterday, it's now THE parenting strategy of today. Tomorrow anyone with any sense will be doing it, and everyone else will raise loser kids. You're not a loser, are you?

Didn't think so

The process is pretty foolproof. Try something, brag that you did it on social media, and have other power dads add pixels hearts to your assertions. Anyone who disagrees is easily dispatched. Ask them how many kids they have. If it's any less than yours or the kid is any younger than yours I offer you the get out of putting up with their bullshit for free card. Just say:

?You'll understand when you get to [insert your kids age here]?

Now if someone has more kids or experience don't worry. They are usually too busy raising their kids or laughing at your post to care. Let them laugh, they don't need to know the secret tricks and tips, they are too old to use them anyways.

Alpha Male, without the harems

The best part about being a power dad is that, for the first time, someone worships you. Someone actually wants you, needs you, likes you, loves you. They do all this and have no transactional aspect to it, it's 100% validation love. It's the same kind of love your wife swore she had for you, until she got pregnant, but you know:

?All couples have less sex as they get older, especially as they have children?

?Maybe if you did more dishes I could be more relaxed and we could have sex more?

?I love you but I'm not in love with you?

I know those sound bad. They sound like the life of quiet desperation that is begging for escapism. They sound like someone who doesn't know what someone wanting him for the *man he is inside*. And for those men I say don't worry, the power dad is coming to save you. You only have to endure years of a forced celibacy while your soon-to-be wife figures out that all these men aren't the prize, the one she can give herself to fully, the one she can have a more meaningful relationship with. All they do is fuck and piss her off. You only have to endure a courtship where you are constantly jumping through hoops; buying a nicer house, buying a fancier ring, paying for her to stay home, accepting that monthly sex.

Luckily, for a brief period, you both decide to start a family. She will desire you like you've always wanted. Once she gets pregnant she will pass the All-Spark onto your new baby boy, and after going back into the life of quiet desperation, he will look up and say his first words:

?I love you dad, are you superman??

And you?ll realize it?s all worth it. Now get back to work, your dad can?t prove himself wrong, can he?