

Archwinger ARCHIVE

compiled by /u/dream-hunter

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“Owning and Operating Men” – A woman’s guide to getting it wrong

19 upvotes | October 15, 2013 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I seriously hate crying

63 upvotes | October 16, 2013 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So I wake up every morning at 5:AM to leave the apartment and drive to the gym, missing traffic and getting my workout in before work. I'm tough to get along with if I don't get my workout in. But last night, the weather was bad, and it's still raining this morning. There she is next to me, asking me to please not leave because she's worried about me. It's so dark outside, she says, and I'm 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 a longstanding issue of hers. 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, partly because she's kind of heavy and has esteem issues and I probably make her feel guilty, partly because my waking up early makes her "too tired" at work and definitely too tired to work out herself, partly 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. How do the rest of you guys deal with crying? (besides just kicking the girl to the curb)

Game = Rape!!!

85 upvotes | October 18, 2013 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

People (women mostly, but some manginas) often complain that the game theory/seduction tactics advocated by The Red Pill and other sites are dishonest and manipulative, and some even go so far as to proclaim that gaming a woman and ultimately obtaining sex from her constitutes rape. I've tried and tried to wrap my mind around how anybody could arrive here and figured I'd toss my prose out there.

Putting aside the fact that game methods are not some kind of magic formula that gets women to spread their legs automatically and unwillingly, making them helpless victims, I got to thinking – what is game, really? What, exactly, is a skilled pick-up artist manipulating women into doing? How, exactly, are women being deceived? Here's what I came up with:

So Jimbo enters a bar or club. First off, he would never normally hang out in a place like this, because he's an introverted, boring, beta nerd, but he's been reading up on game and was told he's supposed to practice, so he's been going out every weekend even though that's entirely unlike him. This is deceptive to women – the very fact that they're seeing him at a popular gathering place is implying that he's the kind of guy who goes to places like this. If they knew he wasn't really that kind of guy and was really a boring, stay-at-home, introverted nerd, they'd never want to sleep with him. So he's already raping people just by being there, but moving on...

He immediately walks up to a group of people that includes a few hot girls and starts talking. He never does that normally because he's shy, suffers from social anxiety, and is introverted – especially around girls. To help hide the fact that he's really nervous, he has a few sets of story-type scripted lines he likes to begin with. Because he's said all of these things before, they come out easier without having to struggle to find the right words and without looking nervous. They're also a lot more interesting than any of the stuff he'd normally talk about with people, because he's kind of a boring, stay-at-home nerd. This is deceptive to women because it makes him appear more confident, socially adept, and interesting than he actually is. If he weren't putting on this front and he were just being himself, girls would immediately be able to spot that he's a socially awkward, nervous, boring loser and weed him out.

Throughout the conversation, even though he's really attracted to a couple of the girls, he doesn't let on. He's actually a little rude – not in a bad way, just in a way that makes him look confident, like he's used to dealing with girls and doesn't really care whether he scores with them or not. This is deceptive to those women, because there's a chance they might be intrigued or put a little more at ease by the fact that he's not overtly hitting on them or pulling out his Johnson, pointing to it, and telling them explicitly about his objectives. It's also deceptive because it makes him look confident, sure of himself, and attractive to women when, as described above, he's not actually confident, socially adept, or interesting at all.

If the night goes really well, he takes home a pretty girl and she sleeps with him, never the wiser. The next day, however, she discovers that he's not actually a confident, interesting, socially adept guy. He's actually kind of introverted, nerdy, anxious, and boring. She was tricked! If Jimbo had been himself last night, she would have identified him as a loser she doesn't want to sleep with right away and could have moved on to other guys. She was therefore an unwilling participant in the sexual

encounter, and was thus raped.

The lesson: It is completely immoral to put on any kind of act or front that makes you seem more attractive to women. If you are unconfident, awkward, or boring, you absolutely must lead with that and not pretend to be socially adept, confident, and interesting in an attempt to bed girls. That is lying and is not cool.

As an aside to the above, in the morning, after the girl's makeup had rubbed off all over Jimbo's pillow, it turns out that she was a 6 and not a 9, and was 34 years old and not 26. However, as we all know, it is completely immoral and bigoted for a man to consider a woman's appearance and age when evaluating a prospective match, and a woman's attempts to disguise these things are actually quite heroic, because they help ignorant men to ignore their unreasonable bias against ugly old hags.

The Beta Game

9 upvotes | November 6, 2013 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The Red Pill focuses, quite a bit (nearly exclusively), on being a man – namely, on being “alpha,” in such a way that’s attractive to women. As a subset of those behaviors, The Red Pill focuses on various “game” techniques, ways of life, etc. that are successful with women. There’s a whole world of detractors out there who constantly condemn The Red Pill, who just don’t see the merit, or even the need for these ideas. Last night, I was up thinking about this, wondering why the huge majority of “normal” men (meaning non-Red-Pill men) not only dismiss Red Pill ideas, but don’t even think there’s a need when 99% of these men have most likely witnessed the broken world of man-woman interactions first hand.

What it boils down to is what girls you attract and why. If you go to bars and clubs every weekend, approach attractive girls (i.e., 9-10), and maintain sexual relationships with quite a few women at one time, you’re actually very unique. Most men – even most “Red Pill men”—aren’t living that life. Most men aren’t a 9-10 Alpha. Most men are a 5-6. Most men don’t go out and pick up women that are a 9-10. They end up with a woman who’s a 5-6, marry her, have kids, and live a normal, boring, henpecked life.

Here’s the thing: there’s this whole “beta game” going on underneath the game focused on by The Red Pill. There’s this entire world of average women who don’t get picked up by the desirable, top 20% of men. They could still get laid each night if they really want to, but they have to settle for a “lesser” man. A confident, good-looking, aggressive Alpha isn’t approaching these girls, because he can bed a 9-10. The only guys giving these women the time of day are “normal” 5-6, beta men. Some of these mediocre women are still entitled bitches who run off normal guys and sit around complaining that all men are shallow pigs for not dating them, but many aren’t – they’re fairly “normal” girls, in that they’re average in terms of looks/desirability and know it. Frankly, most normal women have a low self-esteem. They know they’re not 9-10s, they know the top guys don’t want them, if you hit them with a hard neg, they’d just call you an asshole and leave rather than laughing playfully, and if they saw you flirting with someone else, they’d give up right then and there. A lot of standard game techniques just don’t apply to them, at least not in the same way.

Those normal, average women are the regular target for most normal, average (non-alpha) men. And since for those women, game and alpha traits don’t apply – at least not to the extent they do when approaching a 9-10— and most men can eventually end up in a “normal” relationship with one of these mediocre women, this is likely what leads most normal men to conclude that The Red Pill is a bunch of bullshit made up by internet losers for which there’s no need. They went out and followed the tried and true advice of “just be yourself,” and ended up with a girlfriend, so clearly game and TRP is just something for loser computer nerd virgins to brag about on the internet. In their mind, they didn’t need to be exceptionally manly or use any special techniques to get a girlfriend, and anyone who thinks you need that is stupid. The poor saps just don’t know what they’re in for.

If you’re a normal, non-alpha guy, and you’re approaching a normal, 5-6 girl at a bar, you may very well be one of only a few guys to give this girl the time of day that night. She’s probably been watching a lot of higher-caliber guys hit on her hot friend and getting bored and pissed off, while a small number of inept creeps keep hitting her with beta crap. There’s this sub-game going on, where the coolest of the creeps – “king beta” if you will – ends up beating out the other betas to date the

mousy chick the hot guys don't want. If you tried standard game on her, it wouldn't work very well. For normal guys meeting normal targets, they might actually have more success if they're just "being themselves." They're not going to get laid that night, but might be able to talk one of these average girls into a date, then into being their girlfriend, then eventually get lucky. Then maybe marry her and live unhappily ever after. Fortunately for the guy, these less attractive, less desired, less slutty girls aren't as likely to divorce-rape him in the future. Just take his masculinity and happiness away as they rule the marriage. Sure, his wife would leap on the cock of an alpha man in half a second if she could, but odds are that this girl will never have the opportunity to cheat, or if she does, it would be an undesirable beta and not worth the risk to her lifestyle. Many do end up cheating because they grow to hate their nice guy, henpecked husbands so damn much, but many don't and choose to stay unhappy for the benefit of their man's paycheck.

But that's the norm. In the eyes of the large majority of people, both men and women, it seems like The Red Pill and game just don't apply. Like they're stupid and there's no need. Because most people just go out there, be themselves, and end up with a partner who's a 5 or 6, get married, and be generally unhappy while producing the next generation of unhappy saps.

To an extent, these people may be right. The Red Pill may not be something every man necessarily needs. It's something that's really only beneficial for a guy who wants to break the mold. Most people are happy in the mold, or at least convince themselves they are. For a lot of guys, it takes a woman screwing them over royally before they really have enough of a fire under their ass to start seriously considering positive change. Until then, they happily play the beta game.

Just imagine them in their underwear

13 upvotes | January 15, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A little analogy for you guys today:

Many individuals who are called upon to deliver a speech stumble due to nervousness and anxiety. It's a disaster. One tried and true technique that used to be promoted by public speakers and speaking coaches throughout the world to help such individuals sounds a little silly, but it works: Picture the audience in their underwear. When you do this small mental exercise from the podium, your entire perception changes. You're no longer standing in front of a room of critical minds judging you and watching your every move and breath, as you nervously try to win their approval. You're standing in front of a group of fools in their underwear, telling them how it is. Your confidence shines through, your speech is better and more controlled, and you can have fun with it, which everyone enjoys.

"But Archwinger! That's just plain not true! Your logic is flawed and you didn't cite any peer reviewed scientific articles on this. Nobody in the audience is actually in his or her underwear. In fact, here's a link to a study concluding that only 0.05 percent of speech attendees forget to put clothes on. And here's another study that says that picturing the audience in its underwear doesn't work for everybody all the time. So it's a logical fallacy to talk about this like it's true if it's not true for everybody all of the time."

Don't care. It works for me. One hundred percent of the time, I deliver a better speech.

"But Archwinger! It's offensive and unhealthy to assume something about your listeners that makes them seem foolish and inferior to you. It's not the picturing them in their underwear that's working for you, it's the confidence, and you could have gotten that confidence in a lot of other ways besides thinking something inferior and hateful about the listeners!"

Don't care. It works for me. One hundred percent of the time, I deliver a better speech.

"But Archwinger! What you're doing demeans the audience and is hateful. Why don't you just speak the way you used to speak? Eventually, if you keep at it for a long time and put up with a long string of failure and rejection, you'll find a group of people who likes your awkward and insecure style."

I'd rather be successful now. Thanks.

"But Archwinger! You can't have a healthy relationship with your audience if you're thinking something negative in your head about the listeners! And why are you so hung up on fulfilling the role of speaker anyway, while relegating the audience to the role of listener? Everyone in the audience has a mouth and a voice, just like you, and is just as capable of being a speaker as you are. If you really want a healthy relationship with the audience, you should scrap the idea of giving a speech altogether and engage the audience in an open conversation. I know that this diverges from the traditional roles of speaker and listener and that the audience didn't prepare on this topic or expect to have to speak about it today, while everyone was expecting you to prepare, be knowledgeable on the topic, and deliver a capable speech, but the fact that you'd be treating the audience like equals, deferring to their thoughts, and listening to them is definitely going to outweigh the fact that you will look completely unprepared and non-knowledgeable about the topic and won't have delivered what was expected of you."

Every time I give a speech, listeners line up afterward to shake my hand. They love it.

"But Archwinger! Those are just dumb people. Most of the people who hear you speak when you're

picturing them in their underwear think you're an asshole."

When I picture the audience in its underwear, I dominate the room. I own it. Everybody – the other speakers at the event and countless listeners – comes up to shake my hand and complement me on my speech. Half of the people don't even have anything intelligent to say and just want to hang out next to me. I'm invited to speak at subsequent events without fail every time I do this.

"But Archwinger! You're just going from speaking event to speaking event, traveling around the country, living from day to day, when your goal is supposed to be a steady daily office job in a cubicle. If you really want a steady regular job, you have to stop doing this."

I'm happy. I like traveling, meeting different people, and attending different events. I don't need a steady office job to be happy and fulfilled.

"You're full of shit, Archwinger! This doesn't work. You're just an internet virgin neckbeard loser spreading lies about public speaking! Why do you hate the audience so much just because you sucked at speaking when you were younger? Nobody listen to Archwinger!"

"Red Pill" as behavior, not philosophy

7 upvotes | January 30, 2014 | /r/PurplePillDebate | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

My theory of the day: What if the whole issue behind this Red Pill phenomenon isn't whether Red Pill behaviors "work" or not? What if the real issue is what those Red Pill behaviors change in someone's life? What outcomes are the same, better, or worse, depending on a man's behaviors?

Let's start with a couple of givens from the internet: About 50% of women will admit to cheating on a man at some point in their life. About 50% of marriages end in divorce. So let's just assume for the sake of argument that if you meet a woman, there's about a 50% chance she's going to cheat on you and/or the two of you are going to end up divorced. And a 50% chance that she'll never cheat on you and/or your marriage will withstand the test of time.

Now, you approach this woman and don't use any "Red Pill" behaviors. You're shy, you watch her from across the room. It takes you all night to work up the courage to go talk to her. Luckily for you, she thinks this is kind of cute and charming. You stumble over your words but manage to tell her you think she's pretty. You buy her a drink, then two, then you exchange phone numbers. The next day, you call her, eager to follow up, and she tells you she just wants to be friends. You stay friends with her for three years, hanging out and doing all kinds of fun things together, her feelings eventually grow for you, and you start dating for real. You end up married to your best friend. Hooray!

Two years later, you learn that she's been cheating on you for the past six months, maybe longer. You accuse her, she admits it, says she's not happy and hasn't been for a long time. She files for divorce the next week. The Red Pill has a field day proclaiming that if you'd been less of a timid nice guy and actually taken control of this relationship, this never would have happened. Everyone else says that this girl was just a bitch, you got unlucky finding this one, but don't let it get you down. You meet another girl, get married, and this time it lasts, because you had a 50-50 shot, and this time, statistics went your way.

Because it's a 50-50 shot, we have no way of knowing if this guy's non-Red-Pill behavior cost him his first marriage, or if he just drew a bad girl. If the guy had undertaken Red Pill behaviors instead, and the first marriage went fine, we'd have no way of knowing if The Red Pill "worked" for him, or if he just got lucky and got one of the good 50%.

If 99% of marriages worked, or 99% of marriages failed, and The Red Pill produced a noticeable statistical difference, we'd be on to something. But in a world where 50% of women cheat and 50% of marriages end in divorce, it's just not possible to tell whether any one behavior or set of behaviors is affecting anything. Because a Red Pill hater could just as easily say that this was a 50-50 shot and being a Red Pill man or a Mr. Nice Guy non-Red-Pill man just determines how big of a dick you are.

What we do know, however, is that a lot of women don't like non-masculine Nice Guy men. At least not in an overtly sexual way. A few do. We also know that a lot of people don't like Red Pill guys acting like jerks. At least not long term. But some do. It's fair to say that there's a certain type of woman who is going to go home with a Red Pill guy and turn down every non-Red-Pill guy who walks up to her, and if you're not doing Red Pill behaviors, you have no shot with her. (For clarification, Red-Pill behaviors in this context means being fit, successful, and confident, acting valuable, and not giving the woman any special attention or validation – if a guy, in his head, assumes a whole bunch of negative things about women, that just helps him be more confident when

he banter with the woman – we'll assume for this example, the guy is not being an overt asshole and telling the woman she and all women are cheating slut whores, like the 1% of Red Pill posters everyone likes to make fun of.) It's equally fair to say that there are probably some women out there who will turn you down at the first sign of any Red Pill behaviors.

So what if "Red Pill" isn't some magic formula that "works" or "doesn't work?" What if it's viewed more as a set of behaviors and assumptions that will make you more successful with a certain type of woman (and possibly less successful with others), but that's what Red Pill men are really after anyway? If you want to be successful with a 22-year-old, extremely attractive bar slut who's going to go home with you that night, or the next night at the latest, and you're not looking to get married ever, and you want to date six women just like this at once, none of whom will pressure you for commitment, you'll be ten times more successful if you go at this with a Red Pill attitude, even though you might be turning off and chasing away other types of women. Likewise, if you turn that Red Pill stuff off and act "normal" (it's debatable how normal and abnormal some RP stuff is – a lot of it is just plain jane confidence) you'll be primed to attract a whole different type of woman, but at the expense of never attracting the type of woman Red Pill guys get.

What if Red Pill isn't "wrong" or "right" and it doesn't "work" or "fail?" I.e. if Red Pill is just a set of behaviors that changes the type of woman you attract and the type of relationships you form.

(Note: A valuable comment would include thoughts on the topic expressed in the text above, not general remarks like, "some of teh RP asshats hate wimin and say tehy all suk and r slutz! thats wrong no matter whut!")

“I’ve been hurt in the past.”

731 upvotes | February 18, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I used to meet a lot of women who allegedly loved me more than any man they’d ever had previously, but went to great lengths to never, ever have sex with me. They weren’t virgins; many had quite the history with men. But 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, upon 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 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.

Love is not enough

244 upvotes | February 27, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Reality flies in the face of the adage “love conquers all.” We have a 50% divorce rate, 40% of women cheat on their partners at least once (and that’s just the number that admit to this in a survey), and an even larger percentage of men cheat. And a depressing number of people who don’t fall into those unhappy percentages still confess that they’re not truly happy with their partner or their relationship/marriage. Either love is the weakest conquistador in the world, or more than half of the relationship pairings in the world aren’t actually in love. Maybe both.

Society shames men into considering the answer to one and only one question when deciding whether to commit their lives to a woman: Do you love her? If you care whether she has a job or employable skills, or even about her general attitude regarding money, you’re selfish and materialistic, and probably a lazy underachiever. If you care whether she’s willing and able to cook, keep a house, and utilize basic maternal instincts, you’re a misogynist. If you care about her appearance or how frequent and good the sex is, you’re a shallow pig. If you care about her sexual history, even instances of unfaithfulness, you’re an intrusive, dehumanizing slut-shamer. Basically put, if you care, in the slightest, about whether a woman will add any value – any at all – to your existence, then you’re a terrible human being. All you should focus on is whether or not you “love” her. Whatever that means.

Society encourages women to avoid settling too early or too readily for an imperfect man, and to hold out for “Mr. Right.” Women are encouraged to spend their youth “finding themselves” which is code for having as much meaningless sex as possible with as many partners as possible to “figure out what they want” in a man. Society tells women how unique, special, independent, and powerful they are, and that a man is “lucky” if he attracts a woman willing to be with him at all. Women are told that if a man wants anything from them, be it sex, cooking, housekeeping, or even their hand in marriage, that man had better well “earn” it from her (unless he’s so hot that she wants to do all of that stuff anyway). Women avoid creeps. Women avoid boring guys. Women react poorly to guys who fall all over themselves trying to please them. Women are drawn to strong, successful men. Women are taught, early and often, that for a man to be worth their time, he had better add value to their life.

Basically put, when considering a possible future with a man, a woman considers a huge variety of questions: “What quality of life can this man provide for me?” “What will our children be like?” “Will the sex be any good?” “How hard will I have to work to get him to marry me?” “How hard will I have to work to retain his fidelity and support?” “What do I have to say and do to make all of this happen for me?” “Am I okay compromising on some of these points?” and so on. Nowhere on this list is the question, “Do I love this man” because that question is answered inherently by answering the previous questions. If the man adds value to her life, then she “loves” him.

We short-hand all of this at The Red Pill by explaining that men and women love each other differently. That “love” means something different to the two sexes, and that women don’t love men the way men love women. I’d take this a step farther and note that it really doesn’t matter if or how men and women love each other. The simple fact is that love just isn’t enough.

Women prioritize value in a mate. For them, value = respect = love. If they respect their man – truly respect him – then the transactional nature of the relationship goes out the window. They’ll have sex eagerly, keep house, work a job to contribute to the household, and enthusiastically throw themselves into pleasing and bettering their partner’s life, because they respect him. If their mate is not valuable,

then there's no respect, no love. At that point, the relationship is nothing more than a transactional arrangement – using just enough sex to retain support, fidelity, and commitment, contributing just enough housekeeping/income to maintain the illusion, and slowly asserting her power and beating down the man so that future months and years require less from her to receive more from him.

Men prioritize value in a mate. They look for different qualities than what a woman seeks, but they insist on value, all the same. One of the qualities that provides a woman with value is whether or not she respects the man.

But men are in short supply. The world has very few men, and a huge number of losers. Loser men don't prioritize value. They prioritize... the fact that their mate is willing to grace them with a little bit of her time and attention. The mere fact that their partner is female gives her all the value they could ever want. She doesn't need to say or do or have anything. Just be willing to be with them. Society pre-conditions generation after generation of losers, trained from birth to expect nothing from women, demand nothing from women, and honor and value them just for being women. For them, love, alone, is probably enough. But that love doesn't go both ways. Deep, down inside, they know this. They know she doesn't love them, but it's enough for them just to have someone to love – they don't really care if she loves them back, as long as she's there. She'll grow to love them in time, right? Nope. Because for her, love isn't enough.

The Rape Issue (with some fun hypotheticals)

14 upvotes | May 8, 2014 | /r/PurplePillDebate | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

One of the more common insults tossed at The Red Pill is that the community encourages rape. This very serious accusation generally stems from two principles: 1. Negging (a PUA term relating to playful/teasing banter with a woman in a way that slightly makes fun of her that a PUA would tell you is nothing more than treating women like normal people instead of lavishing them with complements and free drinks, while an anti-PUA would tell you the tactic is all about finding stupid girls with low self-esteem and berating them with insults until they feel miserable enough to fuck you) and 2. Last-Minute Resistance (another PUA term relating to many women's propensity to freeze up when they're about to have sex with a guy and verbally indicate uncertainty, that a PUA would tell you is mostly just token resistance done for plausible deniability so the woman feels like less of a slut, while an anti-PUA would tell you that it is a clear withdrawal of consent and any further physical contact of any kind by the man is rape.) While The Red Pill and the PUA community aren't one and the same, there have been countless discussions about rape and consent, and how The Red Pill's views on men, women, and relationships align (or interfere) with all of that. So a few hypotheticals for you guys follow. Because hypotheticals are fun.

Which of the following scenarios below are rape, and which are not? Why?

1. I go to a bar. I meet a girl and we start talking. I buy her a few drinks. By the end of the night, we've each had three or four. We're not drunk by any means. Maybe a bit buzzed. Both of our judgments are still pretty much intact, but the alcohol has lowered our inhibitions. Really, our connection isn't that strong, the chemistry isn't that great, and if we were stone-cold sober, neither one of us would want to have sex, but it's getting late, neither one of us wants to go home alone, and with those drinks in our systems, we make the bad and uninhibited decision to go back to my place and have sex. In the morning, we're both kind of awkwardly regretting it – her especially. She wasn't out-of-it-drunk and knew what she was doing, but she had some alcohol in her system. If she were completely sober, she'd never have consented. Rape?
2. I bring a girl home from a bar, we're messing around, the clothes start to come off, and she freezes up and says, "I don't know if we should be doing this." I stop immediately and respond, "I need you to be clear with me. You don't know? Or are you asking me to stop?" She pauses for an uncomfortable few seconds and won't meet my eye, then replies, "...You don't have to stop." We proceed to have incredible sex that we both thoroughly enjoy. That's about the farthest thing in the world from 'enthusiastic consent.' I didn't mean to be pushy or coercive with that question, but I wanted clarification. Rape?
3. Here's a fun one based on a true story. So my wife and I had sex last night. It was late before we had our kid tucked into bed and everything cleaned up around the house. We have some out of town visitors coming and my wife wanted to vacuum, while I put away laundry and dishes. With our visitors arriving today, opportunities for sex over the next few days will be nonexistent. So I asked last night if she wanted to have sex, and she sighed in exasperation. "Really?" "Yes, really." "But I'm so tired." "Then say no." "Fine, we can have sex." "You know what? Let's just forget it and get some sleep." "No, then you're going to pout all night and I don't feel like dealing with it." My wife often likes to act as though she doesn't like me,

doesn't like sex, and she only deigns to have sex with me because putting up with my bad attitude annoys her. She then proceeds to enjoy the sex immensely. Anyway, that's definitely not 'enthusiastic consent.' That was an outright, "The answer was no, but you've browbeaten and coerced me into a yes." Did I rape my wife?

4. I meet a girl at a professional function, and she asks where I work and what I do. I figure I'm never going to see this girl again, so I embellish a bit about my position in my company to impress her, and she gets really impressed. So impressed that we go back to my place and have some incredible sex. During pillow talk afterward, she starts asking if I can help her get a job in the industry, when I'm not actually in any position to be able to do that for her. I decide that the best thing to do is come clean, so I tell her that when we first met, I was really nervous and wanted to impress her, so I lied about my position. She's seriously pissed off and declares that I lied to her to trick her into sex, and storms out of my house. Rape?

The Red Pill is Pro-Woman

470 upvotes | May 16, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There's a post floating around one of the other subreddits telling the tale of a 17-year-old girl and her controlling, manipulative, abusive 23-year-old boyfriend who took great pains to isolate her from her friends and family, demand sex on every occasion they would meet (and threaten to dump her or kick her out of his house if she didn't comply), and some other really shitty behaviors, like physical violence and driving off and leaving her in another state. Needless to say, this guy isn't the "alpha male" a Red Pill guy strives to be. He's a sniveling loser who had to resort to insecure, jealous, and controlling behavior because he didn't have options with other women, wasn't an attractive or valuable man, and was desperately afraid of losing this girl.

Somewhere in this story, the woman tosses in the fact that this shithead she was dating was obsessed with reading The Red Pill, which, of course, led to the usual Reddit bandwagon about The Red Pill being a haven for virgin loser sexist rapist abusers. Conveniently brushed off was the fact that this woman, for five years, stayed with her boyfriend, had sex on demand every time, came back to him after every breakup, and put up with all of his crap. Everyone simply concludes, obviously, that this woman had psychological issues, was young and naive and inexperienced, and that her boyfriend "took advantage" of her and "manipulated" her. Because of the way he "made her feel," she was forced to stay with him, forced to have sex with him on demand, and prevented from leaving him. This standard surfaces again and again, in various examples--I'm just pulling this one because it's recent.

If a man were to approach a "normal" woman he was dating, with no deficiencies, no issues, no perceived power disparity or significant age difference or anything like that, and if that man were to say, "Have sex with me or we're through," the assumption for this baseline, normal case would be that the woman has two choices: have sex with him, or end the relationship. Also assumed in this normal, baseline case is that the woman has the capacity to make whatever decision she feels is best for her. Maybe she wants to have sex anyway and likes sex with him. Maybe she doesn't, but gets something else out of the relationship she appreciates. Or maybe she's offended by this kind of demand on principle and dumps him. But it's her choice, right? She has agency and makes the best decision for herself.

The modern, anti-Red-Pill viewpoint is that no woman would ever put up with that garbage. The only correct choice is for that woman to dump the "abusive" shithead she's dating (because any attempt to coerce a woman into sex is automatically "abuse." You're supposed to buy her jewelry every weekend, not say a word about sex, and hope she fucks you out of the goodness of her heart). If a woman does agree to sex when demanded like that, that's obviously the wrong choice, and it is clear, simply due to the fact that the woman made this wrong choice, that she is psychologically impaired and not responsible for her bad decision. Her abuser somehow had power over her and she couldn't see the truth.

That's the standard. Essentially, if a woman makes a choice our detractors agree with, she's responsible and made a great choice. If a woman makes a choice they disagree with, then she was clearly manipulated, controlled, abused, and not responsible for her bad decision – blame the man. That's the blue pill, feminist, anti-Red-Pill way. "The choice I would have made is the only correct

choice. I'm so right that anybody who does differently is mentally incompetent by definition, and any man who causes a mentally incompetent woman to make a bad choice is an abuser who should have recognized that the woman he's abusing is mentally incompetent simply by virtue of the fact that she did what he wanted." That's the standard. It's on you, the actor, as a man, to recognize whether or not a woman is competent to make a decision on her own behalf. It's up to you to know everything there is to know about her and the totality of her circumstances, and to assume that women are mentally incompetent and can't make good choices unless their circumstances are absolutely ideal. And even then, maybe not.

Ironically, the Red Pill is much more pro-woman. We assume that women are reasonably intelligent people, capable of making reasonable decisions that are best suited to them. That's where the whole hypergamy thing comes from – we assume women are smart enough to make the decisions that get the best possible outcome for themselves. Likewise, when a man gives a woman a choice: put out or get out, we assume a woman is intelligent enough and responsible enough and reasonable enough to decide which of those two choices is the best one for her. If she walks, great. If she stays, then maybe she wanted sex, or maybe she's getting something else out of the relationship that she appreciates. But it was her choice based on what she felt was the best outcome for her.

The Red Pill gives women the benefit of the doubt. The Red Pill believes in a woman's ability to make responsible decisions for herself. Our detractors assume women are idiots, and therefore, it should be a federal offence to ever attempt to coerce a woman into sex, because women that agree to be with such men are apparently, by definition, mentally impaired. You can't put women on the spot like that! They can't be expected to make the right decision in those circumstances!

That's the world of "feelings." If you pick up a woman at a bar, and she goes home with you that night, but tomorrow morning, she regrets the encounter, then you "manipulated" her into sex. It wasn't her decision, it was your abuse.

But even if she doesn't regret her decision, our detractors don't take her feelings into account at all. They only consider their own. They never would have gone home with you. The only correct decision was to turn you down. Because she made a decision they disagree with, by definition, you abused and manipulated and controlled her.

Thankfully for women, we assume better of them. We're far more pro-woman than most feminists.

Men are the romantic sex

435 upvotes | May 22, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There was a stupid [r/relationships](#) post not that long ago about a girl who attempted some kind of half-breakup with her boyfriend while she went off to college. The big plan was to fuck other people while they were apart, reunite over summers, and eventually get together again seriously and get married four years later when she was done with school. They'd never actually had sex and were both still virgins – until a month or so into college, when she fucked a random one-night-stand. And proceeded to have numerous friends-with-benefit relationships for the next four years. And proceeded to tell her half-boyfriend back home all about it. He didn't share any information with her, so she assumed he wasn't doing much, or at least nothing serious. Needless to say, she was shocked when she came home four years later, and he'd been dating a serious girlfriend, with plans of marriage, and even more shocked to learn that...get this...he disapproved of her four-year stint of recreational slutting and was actually hurt when she lost her virginity to some random man instead of him, and kept fucking other guys to boot.

The thing is, she didn't get it. To many women, this plan makes perfect sense. In her eyes, she was an awesome girlfriend. She knew that long distance relationships were hard, and that she was likely to cheat – maybe him, too – and it was easier for both of them to break up and fuck other people. She knew she still wanted to be with him and him with her, so she made arrangements to get back together, and kept in touch, and was open and honest about all of her sexual relations. In her mind, not only was she an awesome girlfriend – she was **faithful** to him – because while she had a lot of sex, she never pursued a romantic relationship with anyone else. In her mind, it was all “just sex,” so her half-boyfriend had nothing to worry about. After all, he was free to have “just sex,” too, right?

But it's never “just sex” for a man. Because sex for a man is a little more difficult than putting on a tight dress, walking into a bar or club, and leaving at last call with with the hottest guy that approached, it actually has value and meaning to a man. “Just sex” is the equivalent of telling a woman, “You can still date me. I'm ‘just married’”. I don't have sex with my wife. It's just an emotional and legal commitment. That shouldn't bother you.”

We're constantly told that women are the romantic sex. In touch with their emotions, honest about their feelings. That men are stoic, emotionally out of touch, thoughtless, unfeeling, uncaring pigs who only care about sex, and maybe food and beer, but mostly sex. But women are the mature emotional ones, hoping for romance and a genuine prince charming story. It's a question of perspective.

Men are the ones who pine after sweet, pretty, virginal girls, who never give them the time of day, then end up fucking some asshole douchebag. Men are the ones who stick around with this girl anyway, hoping she'll eventually recognize how devoted they are to her. Women are the ones who are annoyed by this kind of man and wish he'd go away.

But from a woman's perspective, they experience the exact same situation. The difference is that women experience it only for a select few men. Frequently, the unattainable, “hawt D-bag.” This guy never gives her the time of day, but she sticks around and fucks his brains out anyway, hoping he'll eventually recognize how devoted she is to him. He's kind of annoyed by that and wishes she'd just shut up and use that mouth on his dick instead. So enthralled is she by this asshole that the rest of the men in the universe are completely invisible to her.

It's the same romantic story of unrequited love, woman or man. Women and men are both "romantic" – as long as they're pining after someone who doesn't love them. Where things diverge is what happens after two people are in love.

When a man and a woman fall in love, the man becomes fiercely loyal, devoted, and if he's an insecure, unmanly man, he also becomes kind of needy and controlling and manipulative. But he'll put up with anything for his woman, and put up with anything from his woman. He'll fight for her, he'll change for her, he'll work for her, he'll do anything she wants, because he loves her and wants her to be happy. Even when she pisses all over him, he'll change as best he can and do whatever he can to keep her. Because he loves her. He's a romantic, and he wants this love to endure any hurdles, hiccups, and hardships.

When a man and a woman fall in love, the woman becomes fiercely disinterested. Now that the man has committed himself to her and is constantly doing shit for her, it's not really interesting any more. It's not a challenge. Each gift and compliment and gesture is routine and expected, and she didn't have to earn it. The thought of having sex with this guy isn't as exciting as it was when she was first pursuing him. It's actually kind of a turn-off now. She thought the chemistry and the spark were there, but they've faded. She gives things a chance and goes through the motions, but she knows she's not in this for keeps and hopes that he's not getting too attached, because it's girls' night next Friday, and she's going to the club with her friends, and who knows what might happen?

Even if a woman isn't the girls' night type, the initial fire of the relationship still fades for her. The sex dwindles. Things become monotonous. She figures that's just how things are supposed to be when you're in a steady relationship or marriage. She's not really happy, he's not happy, but it's comfortable. He makes money, she spends it, he buys a house, she lives in it, she bitches about something that needs doing, he does it. Comfortable. Not exciting, not sexy, not romantic. Comfortable.

And being the hopeful romantic, the man sticks with her, through thick and thin. He tries to rekindle the fire, but she laughs at his pathetic attempt to manipulate her into sex. He asks about their decreased sex life, and she becomes defensive and accusatory – doesn't he love her for something other than sex? He asks whether she's happy, and she becomes suspicious and disinterested – why is he being so insecure? He works hard to do everything she wants and needs. "Why doesn't she notice?" he thinks.

But she does notice. And she wonders something sadly similar, "He does so much for me. He's so devoted. Why don't I want him?"

Loving Yourself Loves Others

6 upvotes | May 28, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I just got into work late today from our daughter's first dancing recital. She's three, so it's a bit of a stretch to call any of the activities "dancing" (though she still dances far better than I do, or her mother), but I wouldn't miss this for the world. Before I had a kid, I never understood stupidass parents filming a toddler's tone deaf singing and barely mobile motor skills, but having raised our daughter for the past three years, it's totally worth being behind in work for the rest of the week to have been there for her barely proficient demonstration of motor skills. I never thought I'd be that guy.

Sitting there, watching all of the moms and dads watching their kids through their cell phones while filming shitty videos instead of actually watching their kids with their eyes, I started thinking about each of them. What they do, what they might be like, how they looked. I was reminded of all of those after school specials and media-driven stereotypes of workaholic dads I grew up seeing. Dad always travelling on business, always working late, and early, and never being a substantive part of junior's life. Mom eventually leaving him while the whole world agrees it's the right decision. The message was always, "Dads, just be there. Just be present. Be a part of your family's life!"

It struck me how feminine that message is. While the importance of being present in your children's life absolutely cannot be downplayed, looking back at that message today, it's plain as day how different a man's love and a woman's love for their family are. The female role is to "just be present." Be the mom, be there for the kids. That's how she loves her family. By being there, always present, always available. That was her role for her entire life. She went out, she sat there, she looked pretty, dad picked her up, and ten years later, they're married with kids. By just being present, she found love, she advanced her life. That's how she shows love – by being present.

Again – being present in your children's life is very important, but equally important is the fact that men show their love differently. Men love their families by being valuable. Looking at all of the moms and dads at my kid's dance event, I thought about what it would be like if I was there – if I were present – but if I had recently been laid off. How tense things would have been between myself and my wife. If I was there. I was present. But if I wasn't valuable – wasn't providing well for my family. My wife wouldn't have been grateful that I was there.

I thought about what it would be like if I was there – if I were present – but if I were the fattest, ugliest, worst-dressed man in the room. How everyone would have noticed. How that would have reflected on my family. I realized that there's actually a point where if you're too ugly, too fat, and/or too underdressed, you actually do more harm than good to your family by being there. Showing up in a dirty T-shirt and ripped blue jeans while weighing 350 pounds would be akin to showing up drunk or unwashed.

If I was there – if I were present – but I didn't socialize effectively with the other parents, same deal. I'd have damaged my family, not helped it by being there. My wife would have been pissed that I showed up at all.

While it's important that men be there for their families, it's equally important – maybe even more important – that men be *valuable* for their families. By being physically fit, professionally successful, confident and socially apt, fostering useful skills and interesting hobbies, a man loves his family.

When a man loves himself, respects himself, and improves himself and his life, that is how he shows love to his family. A man who sacrifices all of that to “just be there” more often is actually loving his family less by being less valuable to them.

As men, we owe it to our children, our wives, our girlfriends, and even our plates/FWBs, to become the best men that we can, and to never sacrifice or compromise when it comes to being those men. This is how we love them.

The measure of sexual success is desire

355 upvotes | June 3, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

One of the reasons it's so difficult for a "beta" man to break free of his unsuccessful pattern of behaviors is a fact we often neglect, or at least push toward the background: Beta men still have some sex. They're not entirely unsuccessful. They get lucky sometimes.

While a 20+-year incel who can't get two words out in the presence of a woman without being threatened with rape charges can easily identify his shortcomings and leap to The Red Pill with great enthusiasm, a beta gets just lucky enough, just often enough that he thinks to himself, "I'm doing fine without that stupid Red Pill shit. I just need to stay the course, and eventually I'll find the right girl."

Being the kind of man we shorthand as "beta" is kind of like being married to all women at once. He cherishes, respects, and lavishes every woman he meets with compliments, favors, gifts, attention, time, validation – expecting nothing in return but hoping that maybe, just maybe, a woman will notice how great he's being and favor him with sex, a relationship, eventual marriage, and totally make him happy. In an interesting twist, he gets his wish – sort of. Women tend to treat this type of man a lot like they'd treat a husband. They're generally polite when he gives them gifts and validation, nice enough to keep him thinking he has a chance, and about once every two months or so, someone will even fuck him. He receives just enough of a trickle of sex to think that he's on the right track, and that if he keeps it up, eventually he'll hit the jackpot and everything will be good. Meanwhile, the women of the world fuck better men every Saturday night, usually after letting average joe beta take them out to dinner, sending him home with a chaste hug, then slipping into a tight dress for hitting the clubs or just calling up this week's friend-with-benefits from Tinder.

Sex is a smokescreen. We often tout that the measure of a successful relationship is sex, but an occasionally-lucky beta, or even a man in a shitty marriage, gets sex once in awhile. The real measure of a successful relationship is *desire*. Women put out all the time. It barely means anything in today's casual sex, easy-fuck Tinder day and age. They'll toss some duty sex to their husband or pity sex a thirsty beta once in awhile to grease the wheels. But even if you're having sex once in awhile, if a woman doesn't *want* you sexually, frequently and with great enthusiasm, then your relationship is circling the drain. The measure of your sexual success, interestingly, isn't sex. It's desire.

And you can't negotiate desire. There's no amount of time, gifts, compliments, attention, validation, or favors you can trade to receive desire. In fact, the very attempt to make such a transaction kills desire. Trying to win a woman's attraction is failing before you begin.

The only reliable way to become the object of desire is to...that's right...be desirable. It always circles back to being good-looking, fit, professionally successful, and socially apt, and living your life as though the women around you don't matter and barely exist. Being too busy, too successful, and too awesome to waste a single second trying to impress a woman is, ironically, impressive to women.

A woman who goes home with an awesome guy, the very night they met, knows she's not getting a long term relationship and marriage out of the deal. She just wants sex, with an awesome man. She desires him. That's sexual success. Her pity sex with joe average beta? No desire, just a smokescreen to keep joe in line.

The goal isn't just sex. The ideal is for a woman to not only fuck you, but to fuck you with no expectations, getting nothing in return except sex. To fuck you because she wants to, and no other

reason. The Red Pill isn't strictly about achieving sex with women. It's about making women want that sex, then giving them what they want. On a larger level, by being the kind of guy they want to fuck, you're giving them what they want. So give your wives and girlfriends and plates a big red gift by being awesome.

Men are not happy

1782 upvotes | June 5, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit 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.

Be selfish, dismissive, amused, and communicate less -- the keys to success

574 upvotes | June 13, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

While exchanging text with some of our fine friends over at Purple Pill Debate, I accidentally came up with a four-point summary of the main concepts I've taken from the Red Pill that have resulted in the greatest improvement to my marriage. It actually sounds kind of simple when you lay it out in summary form: be selfish, be dismissive of undesirable behavior, be amused at anger, and communicate less rather than more. Of course, conventional societal teachings tell us that this is a surefire path to divorce and unhappiness. Yet time and time again, in all of our interactions with women, the exact opposite proves true. If you do these four things, you have a good sex life and a good home life. If you do the opposite of these four things, like society tells you to do, you have a sexless relationship with a disrespectful bitch and get cheated on and dumped/divorced.

Be selfish – No woman respects a man who doesn't respect himself. You respect yourself by putting yourself first. By knowing what you want and taking steps to acquire it. By being forward and honest and outright saying what you want. By doing what you want. By not compromising on what you want.

Now obviously, being selfish doesn't mean being a disrespectful ass. Don't skip out on your kid's birthday party to go to the gym. Don't plan beers with your coworkers on your anniversary. You can be a little flexible. You're supposed to think of your woman occasionally. And when you're a guy who generally puts himself first and does what he wants, then on those rare occasions when you do think of your woman, it's *special* to her and she values what you've done for her. Conversely, if you're generally a self-sacrificing guy who's always doing shit for her, then nothing you do is special or valued. It's ordinary. In fact, if you ever stop doing all of that shit for her or dip slightly in your self-sacrificing behavior, you've fallen below ordinary and she'll complain.

Don't ask your woman for permission to do anything. Just tell her what you're going to do and when. It's fair for her to know when you're not going to be around/available. So tell her. But don't ask. Your woman's going to complain. She's going to deliberately plan things on top of your gym hour, your professional events after work, your time with your friends, and ask you to cancel things and reschedule things. Tell her no. If she's a bitch about it, mention that you told her what you were doing and when, and tell her to reschedule or cancel her shit.

Be dismissive of undesirable behavior – One piece of advice parents always give is that when your 1-3 year old is throwing a shitstorm of a tantrum, walk away. Don't engage them. Engaging them just reinforces their shitty behavior by rewarding it with the attention they're seeking. Something parents often fail to realize, though, is that this same advice is equally applicable when dealing with adults.

When your woman complains about something that is not an important life or death matter, or tries to pick a fight over something, never argue. Because except for those rare cases of actual significance that are easy to recognize, she's not after the solution to her complaint or a resolution to her conflict. She's after validation. Attention. When you respond to a complaint, you validate it. You took something that was trivial and unimportant and treated it like it was a legitimate talking point.

This advice doesn't just extend to bitchy behavior, though. If your woman is blathering on and on about some annoying girl from work and you don't have the time to listen to this or it's just plain

bothering you, you don't have to. You can cut her off if you'd like. You can answer with grunts while doing something else. You can refrain from validating this behavior by withdrawing your attention. Obviously, you should listen to your woman most of the time, if she's holding up her end of the relationship in other respects. This example is just to illustrate that the act of being dismissive can be applied to *any* undesirable behavior. Not just bitchiness, irrationally denying sex, flirting/chatting with other guys, etc.

Be amused at anger – This is really just a subset of #2, above, but because attempts to argue, complain, and pick fights are most women's first choice of shit test, it warrants its own bullet point. The best possible way to be dismissive is to find something entertaining and amusing. She's trying to shake your frame, get a rise out of you, bring you down to her level, and instead, you derive benefit from her actions, and respond like you would to a child - by responding to the fact that she's communicating and the manner in which she's communicating, rather than addressing the feigned issue she's raising.

If you become angry, defensive, hurt, etc., then the message you've sent to your woman is: "You are more powerful than I am. You have the power to affect my emotional state. I don't decide how I feel. You do. I don't take charge of my life. I just react to shit. I am an unworthy and weak male specimen. Please refrain from having sex with me and find yourself a real man." In fact, if you address the issue at all, you're saying: "You control what is and is not important in our lives. You set my priorities just by talking. You're my boss."

Your woman doesn't want you to get angry. She wants you to remain a solid rock, upon which she can rely. Despite what society will try to tell you, your job is to be the rock that grounds her, not to address her every issue with the whole of your attention and communicate your feelings with one another. Your woman can talk to her girlfriends about that stuff. She needs you to be a man.

The added bonus is that if you're always amused, stoic, and unshakeable, then on the rare occasions when you do raise your voice or become aggravated by something, your woman will know that you are expressing anger intentionally, and with great purpose, because the issue is important. On those rare occasions when you do get angry, they're *special*, and you command her attention.

Communicate less, not more – The whole world's proposed solution to relationship problems is communication. And if that's not working, counseling, where the counselor can have you communicate some more.

But when your woman comes home from her workday (or her non-workday, depending on her situation), and begins to complain about a co-worker or friend of hers, and chatters on and on for 45 minutes straight about this other person you barely know and don't care about, she doesn't want you to offer solutions or advice. She just wants you to sit there and listen. To communicate less. To just say "uh huh" and nod. She wants you to hear her feelings, but she doesn't want you to tell her what you think.

And when you're having a hard time at work and may be getting fired at the end of the week, that's the last thing she wants to hear from you. If you tell her about your worries, she'll just worry, too, and there's nothing she can do about the problem. So by communicating, you've made her sad. She's not dumping you because you won't have a paycheck in 5 days. She's dumping you because you make her sad, especially when you express things to her that make it look like you don't have your shit together.

The biggest shit test of all will be when she comments that you never talk about yourself or express

what you're feeling to her and demands that you tell her about your feelings. But remember, guys, this is a test, and the right answer is: agree and amplify. "Uhh. Let's see. I'm feeling hungry. And horny. Definitely horny. But mostly hungry. If you'd worn a shorter skirt, maybe we could have flipped the two around, but I'm going to go get some food." Her inner self will nod in approval when you say that. "Yup. Still a man," she'll confirm.

--Be selfish. Be dismissive of undesirable behavior. Be amused at anger. Communicate less, not more.

Being controlling is for losers!

958 upvotes | June 17, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Many detractors of The Red Pill find the men who subscribe to this body of information to be “controlling.” Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Red Pill promotes something that’s not immediately obvious at first: the complete abdication of any attempt to control anything, except for the one thing you can actually control. Yourself.

We can’t control women. Women are going to live the lives they want, date the men they want, fuck the men they want, marry the men they want, cheat on the guys they want to cheat on, divorce the guys they want to divorce, and live completely normal and happy lives with guys – or live completely normal and happy lives without guys -- and do exactly as they please, whenever and however they want. And they should. Women have the right to do whatever they want with their lives, and to pursue whatever kind of happiness they want, however they want to go about it.

You can’t control a woman, nor should you try. All you can control is yourself. You can choose to become physically fit, you can choose to become professionally successful, you can choose to become socially apt and well-connected, you can choose to learn useful skills, you can choose to pursue interesting hobbies – you can choose to live a fulfilling life, all on your own, with or without women.

When a man posts something on asktrp, lamenting that “My wife/girlfriend never has sex with me” or “doesn’t respect me” or “flirts with other guys in front of me” or “cheats on me constantly” or “is a total bitch about everything all the time” – Nobody ever responds, “Rape her if she won’t have sex with you. Beat her until she respects you out of fear. Lock her up and keep her in the basement to keep her from the outside world. You should CONTROL HER!” Nope. Never that. In fact, the exact opposite is what’s expressed.

Let it go, they’re told. You can’t control her. Focus on yourself. Become fit, successful, social, skilled, and interesting. Raise your own value and don’t worry about her at all. Live your own fulfilling life independent of her. She’ll either come around, or she won’t. If she does, great. If she doesn’t, any number of other women will want to be with you now that you’ve focused on your own life. Don’t worry about controlling her. Just focus on you.

If the situation is especially egregious, the advice usually given is: “Next.” That’s right. Don’t control her at all. Don’t even try. Let her go. Let her live her own life. Cut her loose and live yours. Being jealous and controlling is “beta.”

Where The Red Pill and modern feminism and other detractors diverge, however, is that the others will tell you that self-improvement is cheating. It’s “manipulation.” If you become muscular and hot, you’re just manipulating women with your good looks. If you excel professionally, you’re manipulating women with your money and status. If you’re awesome socially, you’re just gaming women when you go out and wow them with your social network. And so on.

When you withdraw your attention from a woman that’s behaving undesirably and focus on yourself, that’s dubbed “manipulative.” When you improve yourself such that you’re attractive to your woman (and to other women), that’s manipulative. When you dump a woman who’s not measuring up to your standards, that’s manipulative. Essentially, by not attempting to control the situation (e.g., control the woman), that’s seen as an attempt to manipulate her. Because the very fact that you’re not

being controlling will influence a woman to think or feel a certain way. The very fact that you're working on your own life will influence a woman. And doing things that influence women to think or feel something is evil manipulation.

The solution is simple, of course. Live in your mother's basement and only come out to go to work. Give all of your money to the nearest woman since you're not paying rent. Repeat. Or you could just tell the rest of the world to go fuck themselves and live an awesome life, and let the few women lucky enough to be a part of that life enjoy the ride.

Marriage is expensive -- not just divorce, marriage itself is expensive

147 upvotes | June 20, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We go on and on about how crippling and expensive divorce [rape] can be, and use that as one (of many) bases to encourage men to never get married. So focused are we on divorce and infidelity and the general culture of entitlement among today's generation of special snowflake women that we often don't discuss the most obvious disadvantage of marriage:

Marriage is expensive.

Even if you never, ever get divorced, and hell, even if you don't have kids, unless your wife is a big earner, marriage is expensive. If you do have kids, it's even moreso, not just because you're feeding and clothing children, but because somebody, whether it's you or your wife, needs to take a step back from work to be there to get the kids to and from school, and to take a day off every time a kid is sick. Good luck being a high powered executive when you come late, leave early, and are out 4-6 days a month doing kid shit. So kids don't just cost you money on the back end. They hurt your income, too. But even without kids in the picture (I can't imagine why anyone would get married without intending to have children), marriage is expensive.

When you make 100,000\$, and your wife doesn't work, or if she does, makes less than half of what you do (which is most cases, so for this post, we can disregard the rare cases of very highly paid women and talk about them some other time), picture the scenario: You have a combined income of 100-150k. Your wife wants to buy a house in a nice neighborhood, furnish that house, have cable TV, nice cell phones, go out to eat once a week, go out for drinks with the girls once a month, and when you finally come up for air to do the math, you realize that you're supporting your wife. Even if she works. She's living in a house she couldn't afford on her salary, eating well, and enjoying a high quality of life. If you were to take half the mortgage, half the utilities, and so on for all of your expenses each month, to figure out "her share" of your costs, that's all of her paycheck, AND some of yours. Not to mention that she goes out and buys clothes once a month with your money, pays a personal trainer yet never seems to get in shape, joins a bunch of clubs she never attends, and other stupid shit many wives do with money. You're supporting her. And if she doesn't work at all, that's even more the case.

Just being married is expensive. When you really think about how much money you spend keeping a wife around, you could buy yourself a new car every year. You don't need a new car every year, so you could probably buy one every other year, and in the off-years, take a vacation to Japan or Italy or something. Or if you like nice cars, you could buy a nice one. How many BMWs do you think an average husband spends on his wife over the course of their marriage?

Which leads us to the question of the day: How many BMWs is a wife worth? Does she bring something to the table that is more valuable than all of the new cars, vacations, and other things you could have done with your money? (Or heck, you could just save/invest all of that money over the course of the time you would have been married, and retire early. You could become financially independent. You're giving this up if you get married. If you get married, you'll work like a dog until the day you die to support someone else.)

What does a wife do or provide that makes the extreme cost of marriage worthwhile? Sex? Many

wives don't or barely sex their husbands. And laugh/brag about it to their friends. And even if you consider the few wives that are crazy in bed and fuck their men silly – what's a good whore cost? Is sex, alone, worth that expenditure? Maybe a wife cleans the house and takes care of the kids. Do maids and nannies make BMW money? No. They're shit jobs with shit pay. But you're "paying" your wife BMW money to do that cheap labor. And that's assuming your wife actually does that stuff and doesn't make you spend yet more of your money hiring an actual maid because her life's too hard to clean the house.

Is access to her womb and bearing your children worth that kind of money? What's an egg donor/surrogate cost? They're not cheap, but that's a one-time payment, not a lifelong financial commitment.

And beyond the straight-up financial cost, when you get married, you're at a constant risk of divorce. And you lose a huge degree of freedom. You're accountable to your family. You can't just come and go as you please, do whatever you feel like, spend money on whatever you feel like. While the degree to which you have to restrict your behaviors can vary significantly, and some guys manage to pull off a marriage with relatively few limitations on their lives, you still have to make *some* changes. You have to do some work to maintain the marriage, or you end up divorce-raped.

Is there anything a woman could bring to the table that makes the cost of marriage worthwhile? Is there anything a wife does or provides to you that you couldn't obtain, on your own, at less of a cost? Only one thing. The "status" of being married. You're supposed to consider yourself lucky if you've found a woman willing to let you be her husband. How much would you pay for that?

Treating yourself like a human

342 upvotes | July 1, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The conventional advice given to men for dealing with women is “just treat them like human beings.” This advice is typically offered as a counterpoint to our evil Red Pill ways, with the implication that everything we advocate dehumanizes women. Interestingly, however, this actually is very, very good advice. Treating women like humans is essential to successful sex lives and relationships.

Where most men go wrong is that they misinterpret and misapply this great advice. They interpret “treat them like humans” as “treat them exceptionally well—like princesses.” Think about how most human beings treat other human beings. You step out of people’s way so you don’t bump into them in a crowded street. You say hello back if someone says hello to you. You make polite small talk if someone approaches you. You might even do a modest favor for someone if it’s not too out of your way, expensive, or inconvenient. And this is a generous generalization – a lot of people don’t even do most of these very basic things for other humans. Most people are generally nice and respectful to most other people they meet, but nothing more. Humans don’t treat strangers well – they just treat them generally nicely. The bare minimum to not be socially ostracized. And humans barely treat co-workers or acquaintances much better. They’re nice, they’re respectful, and they make small talk and maybe do modest favors. Many humans don’t treat their friends exceptionally well either. They talk, they go out to eat together, maybe you give a friend a ride if his car breaks down if it’s not too far out of your way. A lot of people don’t even do this much.

Most people treat other people okay, but not exceptionally well. People generally do the right thing and help each other out...as long as it’s not too far out of their way, too expensive, or too inconvenient. They’re nice, but not exceptionally so. Treating a woman exactly like that is key – treat a woman like you would anyone else. Treat her okay. Be nice. But don’t treat her exceptionally well. Don’t go too far out of your way. Don’t do anything too expensive or inconvenient. The world will call you an asshole for it, but that’s actually the advice they unwittingly gave you: Treat her like a human being. Well, that’s how human beings treat each other.

More important than all of the above, however, where men go wrong when they treat women exceptionally well is that they stop treating themselves like humans. They make sacrifices. They give up things they want. He wants to have sex every other day with his girlfriend, but she only wants sex once every two weeks, and he doesn’t push the issue, because that’s not being nice and treating her well. He wants to hit the gym then stay at home on Friday nights, but she wants to go out somewhere fancy and be wine and dine, so he gives up his Friday workouts and spends lots of money on her, because that’s being nice and treating her well. We can type out examples of this all day, but you guys get the idea.

By treating a woman exceptionally well, many men fail to treat themselves like a human. They give up themselves to please another. They don’t treat themselves well. They don’t even treat themselves with a basic level of niceness. They never get what they want. They’re too busy giving someone else everything she wants.

Treating yourself like a human is important. Having boundaries, wants, and the self-respect and honesty to go after the life you want isn’t exceptional. It’s pretty basic. If you can’t even give yourself that, you’re not treating yourself like a human.

Going with the example above: He wants sex every other day, minimum. His girlfriend only wants sex once every two weeks. He tells her, honestly, what he wants, then, having the confidence and self-respect to know that he can find a woman more sexually compatible with him elsewhere, he wishes her luck and heads for the door. Here's where things get "evil." Our guy is good-looking. He works out and has a great body. He's educated and has a good job that he excels at, and makes great money. He leads an interesting life full of cool activities. He's fun. Her friends all think he's awesome and think she's awesome for landing such a man. She gets major social cred for having such a great boyfriend. He's a catch. So his girlfriend stops him! She says she'll have sex with him every other day, just like he wants. Even though on the inside, she doesn't really want to. He never said, "Fuck me more often or I walk." He just respected himself enough to maintain a boundary that's important to him, and respected his girlfriend enough to be honest about it. And she ended up doing what he wanted, even though she didn't want it herself, because she wanted to maintain the relationship. By being so darn desirable and such a great catch, he "manipulated" her into sex that she didn't really want. His willingness to pursue what he wanted was a "threat." By threatening to end the relationship, he bullied her into sex.

He wants to hit the gym on Fridays after work, then come home and cook himself a couple of chicken breasts. If she's around, he'll throw another breast on the grill for her. She wants to go out. She wants fancy restaurants and hot dates, like all of her friends talk about doing with their boyfriends. He doesn't want to waste the time and money on expensive and unhealthy meals, alcohol, driving halfway across town, and dry cleaning his suit every week, just to treat his girlfriend to something fancy. He treats her like a human, not a princess, and she's afraid to make a big issue about this, because he's such a great catch. He'll find someone else who shares his idea of an ideal Friday night if she complains, so she keeps her mouth shut, and even though she wants fancy date nights, she gives up on the type of relationship she wants to maintain the relationship. By being so darn desirable and such a great catch, he "manipulated" her into a relationship where she feels like she's getting very little.

Fast forward to six months later. He doesn't really want to be tied down or committed to one woman, so he tells her so. She's heartbroken. She cries and cries, but he sticks to what he wants, because he respects himself enough to do that, and respects her enough to be honest about what he wants. And things get even more "evil." Even though they're no longer an item and he's having sex with other women, she keeps right on sleeping with him every week or two. She knows she's third on his rotation, and she's just a booty call now, but she desperately hopes that if she just keeps in contact with him, he'll eventually take her back. He's clear with her that he's not looking for a relationship again, but she keeps right on fucking him, whenever he texts.

Fast forward another six months. She's found another guy who's maybe not as good-looking, wealthy, or socially apt as her last boyfriend, but he takes her out on fancy dates, never asks for sex, and treats her like a princess. Finally, she thinks, she's getting the life she deserves. Thinking back, she realizes that her last relationship was "abusive." Her ex-boyfriend never technically forced her to do anything. He just said what he wanted and was confident enough to walk and find what he wanted elsewhere. And she did whatever he wanted just to keep him around. She's so angry. He clearly abused her! He manipulated her! All of that sex she never wanted was practically rape!

That's right. Treating yourself like a self-respecting human being, having boundaries, being honest about what you want – that's abusive. "Real men"™ make sacrifices to make women happy. Because royalty are human beings, too, so that still counts as "treating them like humans," right?

Security comes from giving less

86 upvotes | July 9, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So I was perusing Rollo's newest post at The Rational Male, and one particular point left out at me: men desire security. This was hardly the overriding theme of the post, so read Rollo's material yourself, if you like it. This particular minor point just happened to get me thinking, because it applied to me. It still does.

Just like women, men like to feel secure in their relationships. Men like to feel comfortable that they're not about to be dumped and that they aren't being cheated on. Obviously, you can never know what somebody's doing during the many, many hours they're apart from you, and some people are downright vile when it comes to the opposite sex, so a guy is never 100% certain. But generally, the way a guy makes himself more comfortable about his relationship with a woman is to say and do things that he believes meet her standards, thus minimizing the possibility of rejection, dumping, and infidelity by measuring up to what she wants in a man.

This is true for both masculine, sexually successful, non-loser men, as well as feminized, insecure, needy losers who lucked into their first girlfriend a week ago, at age 32. Both men strongly prefer a woman who remains attracted to them and remains faithful, and strongly prefer to feel secure regarding a woman's intentions and fidelity. Some might argue that an "alpha" man doesn't worry about measuring up to a woman's standards or wants at all, or care what she does or thinks, because he's attractive and has his abundant choice of women, but that's silly. Nobody wants to be dumped or cheated on, and while that experience definitely won't make much of a ripple in an "alpha's" existence the same way it would cripple a loser man who made his woman the center of his universe, it's still a troubling little blip in Mr. Alpha's radar. He failed to maintain the attraction of a woman. Not a huge deal, but in a perfect, ideal world, it's still something he'd prefer not happen.

The biggest difference between our 32-year-old loser above and an attractive, sexually successful, masculine guy isn't necessarily how much or how little they care; it's far more simple. A sexually successful man knows what a woman's standards actually are. He goes to bed every night, comfortable that he's measuring up to his woman's standards, being exactly what she needs in a man, passing all of her shit tests, being her rock in the whirlwind of her life, and fucking her silly in ways she didn't even know could cause orgasms. He puts forth exactly the right amount of time and effort – not too much, like a loser man would, but not too little. He maintains an extreme level of comfort and satisfaction for a very reasonable investment of time and resources. If this woman still leaves him or cheats, he knows he did all he could.

Our unsuccessful loser man lives in a state of concern. He's confused by the way his girlfriend says one thing but always seems to mean another, and figures he'll need to work on his communication, spend more time with her, and get to know her better so he understands her more. He feels at fault for all the times he's dropped the ball trying to please her. He does what she asks of him, quickly and without fail, every single time, and he's constantly present, asking her what else she needs of him, and she's usually very kind and appreciative with her words. This makes him happy. They haven't had sex yet – she's been hurt in the past and wants to take things slowly and make sure everything feels right with him – and that's perfectly okay with him. He'd like to have sex, of course, but he wants her to be comfortable in the fact that he doesn't just want her for sex, and that sex isn't a big deal to him. Every night, he lays awake in bed wondering why she didn't return his latest text, or

what she meant the last time she said something not entirely positive. He's worried she may be thinking of breaking up with him, or worse, maybe even cheating on him, but he's doing everything he can, all the time. It never feels like enough. He's making an insane investment of time, energy, and resources, and even when he's not with her, worries and thoughts about their relationship plague him. And he's not even having sex with her yet.

If it ever feels like you're doing and giving too much, and you're still worried about where you stand with a woman, **give less**. Interacting with a girlfriend should be easy, fun, relaxing, (and sexual). You should be investing a reasonable amount of time, energy, and resources and receiving an equal or greater return – now, immediately. If you're ever investing shitpiles of time and resources today, for the mere hope of something good to come in the future, you've already failed. When you're awake at night, worried about the state of your relationship, one of the things you're worried about (maybe unconsciously) is your investment. What is a relationship, after all, but the sum total of everything you and your significant other have invested in each other? When a conventional investment isn't giving you any meaningful return, you don't necessarily have to sell it at a loss right away, but only a frantic investor with no other alternatives and no money to spare doubles down and buys more stock today, banking on a very slight rise in value that may allow him to almost break even.

Not the best metaphor obviously, but take this to heart: your time and energy are **MORE** valuable than your money. You can make more money, but you'll never get back the days you waste, hoping a woman will come around and appreciate you. If you're investing insane amounts of time and energy, and getting nowhere, the answer is to give less, not more.

Social game is the only game

273 upvotes | July 10, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The Red Pill often espouses that men have been sold a false bill of goods. Taught the wrong behaviors and the wrong way of life when it comes to women. The fact is, women are just the tip of the iceberg. Many men have been sold a false bill of goods regarding life in general. (Women, too, if you really think about it, just for entirely different issues that they can discuss on their own.)

From birth, you're told to do good in school, go to college, get a STEM degree or get on some other career path toward a small list of acceptable jobs: doctor, lawyer, engineer, computer geek, etc. Then find a job out of school, put in your time and work hard for a few years, and eventually, you might make a six-figure salary, which is a lot of money and will help you buy a house, nice furniture and other nice things, and provide for a wife and children. That's all bogus.

I live in an upper middle class, white, yuppie suburb of my city. I'm an attorney who followed the path in the paragraph above. I've been practicing nearly ten years, make a six-figure salary, and honestly, it's not a lot of money. Not when you're paying a white yuppie suburban mortgage, sending a kid to daycare, keeping your car and appliances in good working order, putting away for retirement, and decorating your lives with cell phones, cable TV, pretty furniture, and the other trappings necessary to prove that you're middle class and not poor. Because a 20 dollar soap dispenser from Bed Bath & Beyond that matches the trim around your mirror without clashing with the tile surrounding the tub that you never use because you own a shower is totally better than just using the bottle that liquid soap comes in. My wife thinks so, anyway. I'm glad one of us has priorities.

You'd think that all of my neighbors in this suburb would be highly-educated doctors, lawyers, and engineers, right? Not so. The huge majority of my neighbors are contractors, own landscaping companies, work in sales or insurance, one guy runs an electrician business, another owns an auto shop. Most of them work from home. Most of them spend maybe 2-4 hours a day on the phone with clients and subordinates, take the occasional business trip to meet people, then fiddle away the rest of the day doing carpentry in their garage and mowing their yards. They make double what I do and could pay someone to do their own yard work (like I do since I'm in the office 12+ hours a day), but they don't have any other obligations during the day and enjoy the outdoor time. And if any of these guys ever came upon hard times or lost their jobs, they'd just tap their extensive network of entrepreneurial and successful guy friends and be doing something else just as profitable next week.

Nobody tells you, growing up, that social networking is absolutely everything. That your aim in life shouldn't be an engineering degree so you can work in a cubicle at an engineering firm and eventually get rich enough to marry a girl. That you should aim to work in sales or be a contractor, learn Spanish, and dedicate the majority of your time to making business contacts. That drinking beer and talking with your guy friends about football, forming those bonds, isn't some stupid thing frat boys do – it's important for your future. If you play your cards right, being one of the “cool kids” from age 6 onward is far superior to being a nerdy first grader who gets bullied but makes A's on his math tests.

Social game is where it's at, and women know this. Take a hideously ugly man who says hi to a passing woman in the street. She'll cross to the other side to avoid making eye contact with him, and post on facebook about how she was almost raped by a creepy guy. But take that same ugly guy and make him a supporting actor alongside Brad Pitt in some big movie, and suddenly women will think

this ugly-as-sin man is “kind of cute.” There’s no deception – no mercenary nature involved. Women aren’t thinking to themselves, “Wow. He’s a rich and famous actor. I’d love me some of that money and fame.” They *actually* perceive this ugly man as kind of cute when seeing him under better circumstances.

This doesn’t just apply to movie stars. It applies to regular joes, too. Some average-looking guy sitting alone at a table in the corner of a bar, looking up at a pretty woman as she enters – that’s a creep, and a loser. But put the same guy at a table in the center of the room, being loud and gregarious, with each arm around a girl, and all of the guys at the table laughing at his jokes, and women will think he’s hot. No mercenary tendencies. They’re not deviously hoping to latch on to his social network (not consciously, anyway). Their brains will actually perceive this average-looking man as good-looking.

You can spend all the time at the gym that you want, get a STEM degree, work hard and make good money, but without extremely well-developed social aptitude, you will always, always be a woman’s plan B. Everyone else’s plan B, too. Guys in your apartment complex will only invite you to hang out if nobody cooler is around. Employers won’t hire you over the guy who bullshitted confidently through the entire interview and showed up with a pile of references from his social network. Social game and building that network is the most important thing you can invest yourself into. Knowing valuable people (and being valuable to them) is the only currency that matters.

You know, we should probably get off the internet for a bit and go meet some people. Social game is your best investment toward female attraction. Well, having good, old-fashioned sex actually works best for building attraction, but social game's where it's at for women you're not already fucking.

"Why do I do that?" - reflections on my abusive nature

57 upvotes | July 10, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Over on The Blue Pill, they posted a link to "Why does he do that?" a book about abusive men and what makes them tick inside. I love a good read, so I lapped this book up, always eager to add new tools to my arsenal for controlling my wife. Overall, the book was a little one-sided and failed to mention abusive women at all, except in the context of lesbian relationships, even though women are verbally abusive cunts all the time without repercussion, and incidents of female-on-male violence continue to rise. The book also used the term "abuse" as a blanket statement for any behavior under the sun that makes a woman "feel mistreated or devalued." I'm not taking any liberties here – that's a direct quote. Arrogance, selfishness, saying not-nice things – that's all abuse. Anything that makes your partner "feel" mistreated or "feel" less valuable means you have issues and you need to change.

What was more frightening, however, is how many of the abusive behaviors outlined in the book come straight out of the playbooks of women in relationships, and are considered fucking empowering if a woman does them, but abusive and controlling if a man does them.

The book's not without a silver lining, however. I've extracted some great tips for keeping women in line:

1. Be mysterious. Women do this all the time, and it's cute and empowering. Say one thing, but do another. Tell her you want/like something, but when she remembers and gets it for you, tell her she got the wrong kind or didn't do something the way you like. Be as angry or annoyed about this as you'd like. They do it to us. Once a woman has you figured out, you're boring. Never be boring.
2. Put her down at least twice for every complement you give her. PUA people call this "negging." (When a woman does it, it's called "nagging" and it's her right to speak her mind and it's empowering.) Don't use overt and rude insults. Just subtle remarks about things that don't attract you, made off-hand, like you're just talking about what you had for dinner last night. But remember to complement her every now and then, too. That helps you to be mysterious and reminds her that underneath the aloof asshole exterior she loves so much, you're "really a sweet guy."
3. Any time she becomes angry with you about anything you've ever done or said, act like she's crazy in the head for bringing up such a trivial issue, and make sure she knows that the way she feels is *her* fault. Never admit you're wrong or apologize. Anything you said or did, positive or negative, was in response to something she said or did, so she can either change her behavior or continue to deal with yours.
4. Have a prepared excuse for any of the above. Any time she mentions you doing any of 1-3, casually brush it off with a reason that sounds harmless, even friendly, like you were acting in her best interests or the best interests of the relationship. Now's a good time to drop a complement, like you just love her too damn much. If she really calls you on your bullshit and she seems serious about it, it's time to bring up how you were hurt in the past, previous women cheated on you, your mother was a bitch and hit you, and shit like that. It works for women.
5. Latch on to your girl's social network. Make friends with all of her friends, with her neighbors, with her co-workers, with her family. Get all of them to think you're awesome. Do favors for

them. Sleep with the ones that are willing to sleep with you. You have to grease the wheels often and early, because you want your woman's ears to be full of your praises, and if she starts to complain about you, you want them to defend you. To express doubt at what she's complaining about. And if shit really hits the fan, you want them to all take your side. (Do these "abusive" tactics sound familiar yet?)

I'm only maybe a fourth of the way through the book so far and had to put it down, because it was triggering too many traumatic memories of past relationships. They should put a trigger warning on that thing. But I'll update with more useful information once I've seen my therapist and gotten enough drugs to help me muscle through it.

I just did the hardest job in the world in under three hours!

396 upvotes | July 12, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So my wife has a friend visiting from out of town. A really long-time friend of hers that predates me. She's been really good to us. Gifts, meals, taking care of our daughter when she's sick so both of us can go to work. Just an all-around good person. So I have no problem putting her up in our house for a weekend and letting her and my wife go do things while I hold down the fort and take care of the kid.

Today, I cooked everybody breakfast, washed, folded, and put away every piece of clothing in our house, and every single dish we've used all week, took out the trash, vacuumed the upstairs (the downstairs will have to wait since the kid is napping), made myself and our daughter some lunch, read her like 50 books, and put her down for a nap. I just finished prepping for dinner, so it just has to go in the oven while I make a vegetable. Now I'm bored off of my ass. All of this traditionally woman's work doing "the hardest job in the world" has taken me under three hours.

When the kid wakes up, we're going to finish vacuuming, and I guess go to the neighborhood pool or something, because I have nothing else to do with the day until dinner time.

I'm almost starting to wish I had been born a woman.

Okay, not really.

You only want me for sex!

405 upvotes | July 16, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I'll chat about this point with an anecdote rather than a bunch of dry theory, because stories are way more interesting than lectures, and I'm about the farthest thing from a professor on the planet.

Back in my pre-Red Pill days, about once every month or two, my wife would snidely declare to me that I only want her for sex. This insidious and offensive declaration always coincided with the one time every month or two that I would ask for sex. Because we were having sex about once every 1-2 months. The ritual would go that after my attempts at advances and escalation got nowhere for 59 days, I would finally break down and actually talk about sex (because open communication is the key to a great relationship!) That conversation was immediately met with defensive snarking.

How dare I imply, by the mere act of asking for something, that my wife is imperfect? I am a mirror, after all. And every time my wife asked me to do anything, it was never a request. It was a message, always delivered with a choice of tone and words that said: "Why haven't you done this thing you should have known to do already? Why am I even having to lower myself to ask you to do this at all? You're not worth a shit." My wife never asked me to do anything. She accused me of being a loser, under the guise of a polite request, and when confronted about this would always respond, "What? I was just asking you to X. Why are you getting so defensive? Feeling guilty?"

So naturally, whenever I asked my wife for something, no matter how innocently I meant my request, what she heard was a reflection of her own thoughts: "You're not doing something you should be doing unasked." And because that statement (which the old, beta me never meant) was 100% true, those unsaid words stung her even more. She knew she was supposed to have sex with her husband and wasn't, and my asking for sex shone a light on her failings.

Thus, an innocent question from an innocent beta husband provoked an astounding, almost suspicious amount of defensiveness. "We haven't had sex in two months" was unfailingly met with, "I'm always tired because you never do X, Y and Z and everything you do its always half-assed because you're such a selfish loser, then I have to do everything myself! And I don't feel like having sex with a selfish loser! All you ever talk about is sex! You only want me for sex!"

Even beta-me from years ago was taken aback by that statement. Because beta-me was still a highly educated nerd, and as a nerd, he knew that 1 divided by 60 is less than 2 percent of the time, and that words like "all" and "only" used in that context really didn't apply to something that happened less than 2 percent of the time. Beta-me also understood that going to work every day, making 80% of the family income, cooking every meal, doing the laundry, paying for maid service, and handling a good chunk of the childcare duties made statements such as "I do everything" from his wife seem like a little bit of an exaggeration.

So instead of saying, "No, baby! Don't say that! I love you for [insert validation here] and it's not about sex at all! And by the way, I'm a supplicating loser not worthy of respect or fucking, as evidenced by the fact that I don't even have the balls to stand up to such a blatant falsehood for fear of angering you!" Beta-me said, "Wait a second. I'm pissed off here. Not about you accusing me of wanting sex, because wanting sex is normal. But because you're essentially calling me an idiot. We *never* have sex. Like once in forever. If I only want you for sex, then what you're saying is that I'm so fucking stupid that I don't realize that we never have sex, and that I'm so fucking out of touch that

I think this is normal. Or that I'm such a loser that I think the once in forever that we do have sex is the best I can do. You know what? Forget it. I don't want to have sex after all."

Fifteen minutes later, my wife had cooled down and said, "It's fine. If you want to have sex, we can have sex," in a very resigned tone of voice, making it clear that she was making a great sacrifice to do me this incredible favor. That got me all pissed off again. I told her to fuck off and that I wasn't turned on by the idea of having sex with someone who just called me a loser five minutes ago. Not the most "alpha" of replies, but it got the message across. She stormed out of the room, tears in her eyes, slammed the door, and slept on the couch for three or four days after that, thinking she was teaching me a lesson. It was strange, though. I slept really, really well that night. I don't think I'd ever rejected my wife before. I'd probably never been that honest with her before either. Not really.

While I was typing this bullshit last night, intending to make a more generic point about shit tests, Rollo posted a new article describing the difficulty women experience in separating their worth as a human being from their sexual worth that seemed to at least partially apply here. I say partially because my story illustrates a seeming contradiction. On one hand, rejecting my wife sexually made her feel worthless, not just as a sex object, but as a person. On the other hand, the very thing she accused me of was only valuing her for sex while neglecting her value as a person. However, this contradiction is an illusion if you think about basic Red Pill 101: pay attention to a woman's behavior, never her words.

"You only want me for sex" is a shit test. Men aren't supposed to ask for sex. Ever. They're supposed to just be attractive so that women *want* to have sex with them, without them having to negotiate for it. The sex is supposed to "just happen." When a beta husband asks his wife for sex, however innocent the request, what the woman hears is two things: 1) "I am a loser, unworthy of sex;" and 2) "You are sexually failing me." She responds to both of these statements you unwittingly made in one fell swoop. She doesn't want to have sex with you, because you're a loser, so she attempts to shame you for asking by accusing you of not valuing her as a human, only as a sex object. But at the same time, when you indicate that she's sexually failing you, she experiences this not just as an attack on her value as a sex object, but as an attack on her very value as a person. You indicate that she is failing you sexually, and she responds by defending her *personal* value, not her sexual value.

Today, whenever my wife screeches that I only want her for sex, I calmly respond that I also appreciate her carting our daughter around and keeping the house clean, so "only" is a bad choice of words. But yes, I definitely want her for sex. She storms off in a huff without fail every time. I then set a reminder in my cell phone to beep at me in 48 hours. Every time we're having sex, she stops and asks, "What's that beeping?"

Focus on you first. And second. And third. And...blah blah...Worry about women seventh.

785 upvotes | July 24, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A lot of people (especially new people) show up on The Red Pill wondering “What *specifically* do I do to improve my life?” They’re not looking for academic theory about women and power-talk and discussions about how shitty women are and how alpha and beta various examples of men are. They’re looking for concrete help. Advice they can implement *today* to make their lives better.

First, join a gym, or start going if you already joined but don’t go regularly. Or go back if you used to work out and stopped. Make time for this. Every day. Or maybe 6 days a week. Or every other day if you have shit to do. But minimum 3 times per week and preferably more. Do strength training. Look up stronglifts 5x5 or something comparable, and fucking do it. Cardio in between if you’re going every day. This is your time. Don’t talk to girls. Don’t talk to guys. Don’t waste your gym hour. Just work out. It will suck at first but get easier. Here’s the key: It doesn’t matter if you get stronger or look different after a month. (You will, but it doesn’t matter.) The way you walk, talk, and carry yourself will become better, in a way you won’t notice but others will, if you know that you’ve done all you can to prepare your body to face the day, every day. And it’s just plain good for you to grow some fucking muscle.

Second, eat well and get enough sleep. Staying up until 4:AM drinking beer is fine when you’re 19 and in college studying for an exam, but you’re a real person now, and you wake up at 5:AM to work out. So eat real food (not bars and shakes), cut out soft drinks and energy drinks and other bullshit, limit alcohol to social drinking, learn to cook, and buy actual shit from an actual healthy grocery store. And sleep 8-9 hours per night. You have nothing to prove to anybody by staying up until midnight. You have a job, a workout regimen, and a life to live. Lack of sleep hinders all of that and makes you a less efficient and a less attractive human.

Third, get a job if you don’t have one. Get a good job if you already have a shitty job. Get ahead at your good job if you already have one of those. You can look on indeed.com or monster or any other job site, but be forewarned – every job posting you see on the internet will get a thousand resumes. Do a general search for companies in your industry and just send them letters and a copy of your resume. Follow up within the week. By phone, not e-mail. Talk to everyone you know and get hooked up at places you never would have thought to approach. Networking is the best way to get a job, and having a day job and steady income affects the way you walk and talk. Even if you don’t notice this, others will. Even if you’re in school now, get a part time job doing something cool. It’s a great conversation piece, and when you’re finally out of school, the fact that you did something besides go to school the last 4 years sets you apart from other college graduates first starting to send their resumes to employers.

Fourth, talk to strangers. All the fucking time. Are you in line somewhere? A coffee shop? The student union at your university? Are you on a street or in a building, or at the gym or anywhere else where other people exist and aren’t busy working? Just chat with strangers. You’re not trying to make a new best friend or get a date. You’re just chatting with people, both men and women, 30-60 seconds tops, maybe 10 people a day. Most of this will go nowhere and be super-awkward, but maybe you meet someone you can add to your network and contact later. More importantly, however,

you get over the inherent fear we all have of rejection. You talk to strangers without caring what they'll say or think, it's awkward and stupid, it sucks and you look dumb and have nothing to talk about. But six months from now, you'll realize that you're actually good at talking to people, strangers are as afraid of you as you are of them, and you develop a knack for getting other people to seek your approval, rather than vice versa. This translates into more success meeting women, more confidence at job interviews and business/social functions, and the like.

Fifth, join some professional societies, hobbyist groups, start taking guitar or martial art lessons, or something that interests you, not related to your day job. You need shit to do besides work, cook dinner, and sleep. Otherwise, you're a boring little shit. Be interested in something and look into it. Cooking? Making soap? Making explosives? Going to the shooting range? I don't care. But if you're a man, you've at least passively been interested in lots of things over the years. Pick a few items of the greatest interest to you and actually look into them. You won't live forever.

Sixth, study up on game. It doesn't matter how fit, healthy, successful, social, and interesting you are. Women and talking them into fucking you is something different from all of that. If you don't know how to talk to girls in a sexual way, you'll die a rich, super hawt, very interesting virgin who didn't have game. You have to learn how to treat women like anybody else, be outcome independent, talk subtly sexually, touch in a non-awkward way, and escalate the situation to a sexual encounter. This is a learned skill, not something that "just happens" naturally the way women will tell you it does. For them, it just happens. For you, it's a practiced skill, and making this happen is something that is completely independent from looks/fitness, success, hobbies, and social skills. Having all of that makes game a lot easier (which is why game comes as sixth on this list), but all of that without game won't get you laid, and game without all of that will make your life a lot harder.

Finally, start going out every weekend, and/or maybe one weeknight a week, and approach women. Constantly, the same way you talked to strangers above. Note how this is seventh on my list, and not all that important. Women don't matter if you haven't done 1-6. And you can be *happy* and successful just doing 1-6 and forgetting all about women. That's actually key. If you're not happy, all on your own, just with who you are, what you've done, and what you're capable of, then you'll never land a woman (not a worthwhile one anyway). If you're physically fit or at least confident about your gym routine, healthy and well-rested, professionally successful, socially not awkward, have hobbies and interests, and are at least decently versed in game, you finally have a decent chance of not being blown off by the average woman. As noted above, treat women like talking to strangers. Just chat with them like anybody else, in a non-awkward way, and you're already leagues beyond the normal loser, who doesn't have the courage to walk up and talk (and when he does, he's an awkward loser). Just talking to women and coming across like a non-awkward, non-loser puts you in the top 25% of men. Being subtly sexual and escalating via touch puts you in the top 20%, give or take. Not caring whether you're turned down or not and moving on to the next woman like the one who just pissed on you doesn't count puts you in the top 15. Being fit, successful, socially apt, and interesting, on top of good game, puts you in the top 10.

The top 10 percent gets laid every weekend. Maybe not by every single woman they approach, but by the end of the night, you'll have a fuck buddy lined up. But this comes after a few weeks or months of hard work becoming worth a shit. The key is being *happy without women*. If you're fit, successful, socially apt, and in possession of useful and interesting skills and hobbies, you should be able to have a decent life without women. Women would rather line up to be the gravy on your awesome life than be the main course, featured on the otherwise empty plate of a loser.

Never be satisfied

127 upvotes | July 25, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Despite what you may think, what you may have heard, or what you may be looking for, The Red Pill is not a path to happiness. If anything, it's the opposite.

Something like a year ago, I stumbled across The Red Pill. Before then, I was in a mostly-sexless marriage with an ungrateful bitch of a wife, my job sucked, I barely had any friends and no professional/social network worth mentioning, and had a hard time interacting with people in a non-awkward way. But despite all of that, I loved my wife fiercely, my daughter even more, was still making six figures, commanded enough obligatory respect in the workplace that people had to tolerate my awkwardness, and had been hitting the gym each day for years. Life wasn't perfect (far from it), but if you'd asked me then, I would have told you that life was good. I was happy. You can't have everything all the time, and I considered myself a lucky guy.

Enter The Red Pill. It dawns on me that my marriage sucks ass. That real men have wives that respect them, treat them well, and fuck them more than once every six weeks. That real men tell their young toddler what to do, and she doesn't just laugh at them. That real men are respected at work, successful, and if they don't enjoy what they're doing each day they make changes. That real men know lots of people, help people get places, and have those favors returned by others. That I wasn't a real man. Not because I cook dinner and fold laundry instead of doing carpentry in my garage and discussing college football with my burping guy friends over beers – but because I didn't have my shit together. One bad month, and I'd be out of a job with no contacts to hook me up with my next one. One bad fight and my wife would be out the door with my daughter. I was lonely, stressed, even frightened. All the time. I was terribly unhappy and had been for a long time, but somehow got used to being that unhappy. It became normal to feel like that – so normal that if you'd asked, I'd have told you I was happy and had a good life. My good life was hanging by a thread, and I was willfully blind to it.

Today, after a year of trying to amp-up my Red Pill life, am I more happy? Fuck no. I'm in great shape, but there's so much room for improvement that it's just not funny. I'm not satisfied with my body. I have a good job (about to leave it to start a better one), but I'm still not satisfied. I have a decent professional network at my fingertips, but nowhere near where I want it to be. My marriage is better, but still has a long way to go. I'm better socially, but again, still a long way to go.

And even if I somehow reach this Red Pill ideal of “good enough” in any category, there's not really such a thing. You're never done. “Good enough” is a sickness. You're never content. Never satisfied. Never happy.

Because being “haaaaapy” is for women. Being satisfied and content is for women. Once you've torn the blinders off and see the world for how it is, there's no such thing as happiness. There are momentary pleasures, longer-term pleasures, but throughout everything, life is *work*. You're never done. You're never “good enough,” and you're never finally ready to stop, sit back, enjoy it all, and be “haaaaapy.”

Real men aren't happy. When your grandfather (or great grandfather if you're young) came home from a long day at the factory, he never smiled. He was gruff, abrupt, hard-working. He loved his family, but they were his responsibility to take care of – they were his burden, not his contentment.

He took satisfaction from being employed and hard-working, but his job was a means to an end, not his identity, not his source of contentment. He had friends and contacts, but they were one more thing he worked to maintain, not something playful to help him relax and cut loose. He had hobbies, but they were always constructive ones that broadened his mind and taught him skills, not fuck-ass video games—his hobbies were sometimes harder work than his actual work.

If you want to be happy, stop reading The Red Pill. Go away. Never think about it again. Be ignorant, content, satisfied with “good enough.”

It’s not in your nature, as a man, to be happy and seek contentment. Being “haaaaapy” is for women.

"I would rather be murdered than raped" -- a theory on why sex is special

66 upvotes | July 27, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We put one of my wife's friends up in our guest room this weekend; he was in from out of town for a conference. We're all up late, drinking beers (wine for my wife), and this guy starts to open up a little bit. His situation is kind of interesting. His wife has a lot of problems with her female parts, and after a lot of issues, turned out to be unable to have kids. So the two of them decided to adopt, which is great, but also a real bear. While any drunken, drugged up idiot under the sun can procreate without restriction and abuse the fuck out of their own kids, there are extreme measures in place to stop normal, psychologically average, middle class people who badly want children from adopting and caring for an unwanted kid that's not biologically theirs. This seems pretty darn shocking alongside the state's zeal for making men pay child support for unwanted children that aren't biologically theirs, but whatever. Adoption requires you to pass more fitness and character tests than it takes to get into the FBI. And this guy and his wife are serious masochists. They're so gosh darn goodhearted that they decided they want to adopt an older child (you get a stipend from the state if you adopt a difficult-to-place child), who comes from a bad situation. And being authorized to participate in the foster system, then adopting an abused foster kid is even more of a bear than plain jane adoption.

After leaping through more hoops than a circus monkey, they were finally given permission to adopt the oldest boy from a family of three kids in the foster system. The kid had been beaten, sexually abused, neglected, passed off to a relative who did even worse things, passed off to a foster family who did even worse things, then ended up with my wife's friend.

So you'd think that the bar is pretty low and just about any placement anywhere would be better than the kid's past situations, but the state requires this guy to sit through countless hours of classes on child abuse to make sure he doesn't accidentally fuck up and abuse the kid somehow. So he's telling story after story of all kinds of disgusting sexual abuse from his latest class – with kids as young as 18 months. This shit really turns your stomach. I can't imagine what's going through a fucked-up guy's head when he has to take a baby girl's diaper off to get to her vagina – I'm getting nauseous just typing that.

And so this guy goes on to say that back in college, one of his previous girlfriends was sexually abused. As you can probably imagine from his desire to save an abused kid from the universe, despite how badly the universe seems to want to stop him (and the fact that this kid is going to have some serious and permanent problems and anything but a normal life despite this guy's best efforts), my wife's friend is a bit of a white knight. His college girlfriend story goes about the way you'd expect. This abuse victim he wanted to save and comfort just couldn't seem to get really close to him and form a proper relationship – definitely no sex. Eventually, she dumped him, citing her past abuse as an excuse, and he was happy for her. She went on to fuck a lot of guys in college, but she was working through her issues, so that was fine with him.

He commented that sexual abuse is the worst thing ever, and said that the absolute worst thing that could ever happen to anybody in his family or anybody he knows or cares about would be being raped. He'd rather someone he knows be murdered than raped. His words, not mine.

My wife, sitting next to me, agrees wholeheartedly and says, "Me, too. I'd rather be killed than get

raped. And not just 'cause death is the easy way out. I'd rather be beaten within an inch of my life, no matter how bad it hurts or how disabled I end up, than raped."

Now I'm sitting there, and I agree that rape is pretty shitty, but you'd rather be dead? Nothing else in your life has changed except for the fact that a man stuck his penis inside of you without your permission. It sucks, it's hard, but you still have family, friends, a job, a good life – nothing else changes. You'd rather give all of that up and be dead, never see your husband or daughter again, and have your daughter grow up without a mother, than be violated once by some man?

This conversation got me thinking out loud that night, so I went on to ask, what's the difference, really, between being beaten up and being raped? If I'm stronger than a woman and want to exercise my power and control over her, and I punch her in the face repeatedly until she's uglier than a horse's ass, against her will, while she screams and cries and is helpless to stop me, making her a victim of my evil abuse, what's the difference if I punch her face versus punching her vagina? And taking that a step farther, what's the actual, physical difference if I rape a girl instead of beating her up? They both violate her against her will, they both involve me exercising my power and highlight her weakness and helplessness, they both do lasting harm, they're both seriously illegal, they're both classified as kinds of abuse.

Neither my wife or her friend could really explain it. There's just something special and sacred about sex and our private parts, they say. Probably a cultural/societal thing.

So I proposed my theory: The difference between me punching a woman's face with my fist and shoving my penis into her vagina doesn't lie with her body. It lies with mine. I will achieve orgasm and have sexual gratification using this woman's body if I rape her. Not so if I just beat her.

The difference between rape and a beating is that the rapist has an orgasm. The reason rape is perceived as so much worse than any other kind of violence/abuse is because the perpetrator achieves sexual gratification. At the expense of his victim.

Countless wives in unhappy marriages across the world are disgusted by the thought of having sex with their loser husbands. They'll close their eyes and spread their legs for once-a-month duty sex just to keep the paychecks coming, but they feel dirty afterward. Violated. They didn't really want the sex. But it doesn't take long, doesn't cost them anything, it's not physically difficult or mentally challenging – they just lay there with their legs open. So what's so bad about it? The guy has an orgasm. That's what's so bad about it. A loser man achieving sexual gratification at the expense of a woman is something that unconsciously disgusts women, at the very core of their beings.

They're not hurt to any greater extent by unwanted sex than they are by a beating or a murder, but if you ask any woman on the planet what she'd prefer, she'd rather be beaten or killed than raped. She won't understand why rape is so special or so much worse, but when you think about it, there's only one fundamental difference between raping a woman and beating her: During rape, the guy climaxes. The sexual pleasure he achieved is something women feel that he "took" from his victim. The male orgasm is something women are supposed to dole out to worthy men. They hate whores, shame sluts, think porn is disgusting – that orgasm you have is something you're only supposed to get when a woman finds you worthy. That's the difference between a rape and a beating – not the victim's experience, but the perpetrator's.

If she left tomorrow, would your sex life be better?

264 upvotes | August 8, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

If your wife (or girlfriend) left you tomorrow, would this be a significant setback in your sex life? Or would your sex life actually improve? If you can't answer that second question with a resounding yes, then your marriage (or long-term relationship) is doomed.

I was finishing my workout this morning, getting undressed for my shower, and the gym locker I happened to nab was next to a mirror. I see myself. Damn, I look good with my shirt off. I didn't always. I used to be your average skinny-fat, introverted nerd. If I'd taken my shirt off then, you could count each of my ribs, yet somehow, I had a little pot-belly, too.

I said hi to some of the regulars on my way to the showers. And some strangers, too, just because they were there. Except when I'm in the middle of a set, I talk to damn near everybody. At the gym, waiting in line for coffee, on the street between my office and wherever the heck I'm going, with people from other offices in my building while we ride up the elevator. I didn't used to do this. I was shy, introverted. Frankly, I was afraid. I lived in fear of rejection, constantly imagining what people would think about me and how weird I'd seem if I said something stupid or carried myself stupidly or used an awkward tone of voice, or worried that just the mere fact that me, some lanky-ass weirdo, was talking, might get be burned. I told myself that I was just quiet, took pride in minding my own business and having other people mind theirs, that I didn't mind having only a tiny handful of friends and nothing to do most weekends, but really, I was afraid. And lonely.

I drove to the office along a really scenic freeway, in a city I only recently moved to. It was a good opportunity, a step up in my career, and while I left behind my parents, my friends back home, and my wife really didn't want to relocate and leave behind her social circle, I moved us anyway. Now, she couldn't be happier. She has new friends here, our daughter's thriving and has made more friends than both of us put together. I'm good, too. In charge of people, paid more than I've ever been paid, doing a job I'm good at and don't find too annoying. And I'm leaving this job for an even better one in just a few days. The old me never took risks. The new me has a hard time being comfortable.

It had dawned on me in the locker room, this morning, that if my wife left me, I'd have no problem finding other women. Sure, they wouldn't be my wife, I'd miss my daughter terribly, I'd lose a shit-ton of my assets, and life would suck more, but I wouldn't lack sex. In fact, if my wife left tomorrow, I'd be having *more* sex. And that's the key. That's the statement that needs to be true for your marriage or your long-term relationship to be successful: If she left you, your sex life would increase.

Women are perceptive. They know when they're dating or married to a loser. If you're the kind of guy who's only attractive to his wife, no other woman would have him, and she's his only option for sex, then you're the kind of guy who's going to subsist on a trickle of once-a-month missionary from a woman who isn't that into you. She knows the score. She knows you've got nowhere to go, that you'd do nearly anything to keep her since she's your only option, and worse, she knows, very clearly, that you're not doing all that much for her. Her friends aren't whispering in her ear, constantly, how awesome her husband is. If anything, being married to you is costing her points and she spends the hours she's not with you doing damage control on her reputation due to having a shitty husband. (Depending on the woman, "damage control" might mean badmouthing you to her friends, bragging about denying you sex, bragging about the massive income you provide for her and how little she works for it, and cheating on you with a hot douchebag to prove to her social circle that

she's attractive and not really stuck with you, because they'd oust her if she were actually a loser woman and you were the actual best she could do.)

This is exactly the kind of man who lies to himself. Tells himself that he's proud, noble, and good. That it's okay that no other woman wants him, because he's not supposed to be trying to attract other women anyway. That it's okay that he barely has any life of his own and nothing to do on the weekends, because that's more time he can devote to his wife, which is what he's supposed to do. That he definitely needs to forgive his wife's flaws and past behavior, not because he has no choice, but because he's a good man and it's the right thing to do, right? This is the kind of guy who gets cheated on, and forgives his wife, because, you know, he's such a good guy. Definitely not because deep down inside, he knows he'll never find anyone else and this shitty life, shitty wife is his only shot.

This is the kind of man who is constantly denied sex by his own wife. The kind of man who gets nagged to death. The kind of man who gets cheated on. The kind of man who gets served with divorce papers and is genuinely surprised by this fact, because he's just so darn nice and devoted and that's how you keep a wife happy.

On the other hand, however, women know when they're dating a winner. If you're the kind of guy who's attractive to lots of women, you're extra-attractive to your wife. Not just because you're attractive, in general, but because you chose her, and she benefits socially from having such a badass husband. She's the envy of all of her friends who have loser husbands. Contrary to many Red Pill pessimists, she doesn't fuck your brains out with great frequency in some kind of manipulative effort to keep you. She fucks your brains out because she's genuinely in love with you and wants to please you out of respect and admiration. Hell, if you're awesome enough, you could even cheat on her, and she'd take it in stride and just try harder – not recommended, obviously.

Bear in mind, however, that women love a bargain. They need to date *up*. You need to be able to say, with 100% certainty that if she left you today, you would end up with *more* sex. Not the same sex, not equivalent sex. More sex. Women don't want to date their equal. They need to feel lucky, like they've won the lottery. You need to have options that are *better* than her, but still choose her. If she's your best option and you're hers, you'd think that's ideal, but you'd be in for a world of shit tests. (Maybe you should marry your second best option.)

In summary, the key to a successful marriage (or LTR) is actually pretty simple: Be more awesome and more valuable than your wife (or girlfriend). Perceptibly more valuable.

A woman who thinks she's lucky to have you will *act* like she's lucky to have you. If your woman isn't acting like she's lucky to have you (not just saying so, acting so), then you have some work to do.

Let's do money

106 upvotes | August 27, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Hi, guys. So lately, I've been thinking about money. Because frankly, money is more important than women. You can buy a lot more happiness than you can fuck. Women figured that out a long time ago, hence their dating/marriage strategy, and it's time to catch up.

First off, if you're young, don't have a job, have a shitty job, and so forth, real financial advice isn't for you. The advice you need is obvious: get a job. A good one. A post about what degrees or credentials to pursue, how to get into certain fields, how to network, how to write a resume, how to interview – that's beyond the scope of the bullshit I'm writing today, which is more about what to do with the money you're earning and how to prioritize your financial endeavors.

The very first thing you need to do with your paychecks is to save money. Make a budget and figure out what you're spending each month. As an aside, keep your monthly expenditures low. You need a place to live, a used car that you preferably buy with cash to get you to work, an old non-state-of-the-art computer that connects to the internet, an old non-state-of-the-art cell phone, a cheap gym membership, clothes for work and the gym (depending on your job, work clothes can double as clothes for going out), food and water, and if you really want to splurge, a television. You don't want to go insane, so you can go out from time to time, have hobbies, and so on, but if you're spending a hundred bucks a weekend drinking and trying to pick up girls, you're wasting something valuable for something mostly worthless.

Anyway, figure out how much you spend each month, and save money to build up a reserve. You want to have a minimum of 3 months of your expenses in the bank, preferably 6. Not 3-6 months of paychecks (we're not buying an engagement ring!) - your expenses times 3-6. Your paycheck should far exceed your expenses. If not, you need budgeting advice, not financial advice. Or a less shitty job.

Why do this first? Because the very first step toward financial independence is having some security. Knowing that you could lose your job tomorrow, or even make the conscious choice to quit your job and pursue other avenues, or get sick or injured or something, and continue your life exactly the same – same stuff, same quality of life, same everything – for six months. If you're planning on doing something extra risky or likely to fail, or more long-term, like starting a business, maybe you want to have 9-12 months in reserve. But when you can quit your job tomorrow and go do something else, and still live exactly as you're living right now for six months, that's your first taste of independence.

Once you have six months of living stashed away in the bank (put this in a separate account if you don't have the discipline to not touch it when it's in your general savings account), you have the freedom to be more aggressive with the rest of your money. After all, if you lose it all, then lose your job the very next day, see above. You can go right on living for half a year.

But the saving doesn't stop once you get to six months of costs. From that point on, you should be saving 10% of your gross income, minimum. 12-15% is a better goal. 20% if you can afford it, but that requires some serious quality-of-life sacrifices. In this context, "saving" doesn't mean a bank account. At this point, you should be moving on to investment vehicles, retirement accounts, and so on. You can still keep extra cash, set aside in a separate account for projects you want to save for, like getting a house, building something, buying something, going somewhere. But try to stash at least 10% of your income somewhere it can grow. And start this young. Because time is your most valuable asset. Women figured that out a long time ago, too. That's why they're always after your time.

There was a post that touched on this, actually: That bedroom set you bought your wife? Don't think of it as a \$11,000 check. Think of it as four months you slaved away in the office that you'll never get back. But it's not just those four months you worked. That four months of income you didn't save today will turn into several years of extra working before you can retire. That bedroom set your wife wanted extended your period of slavery for years. And she probably complained about it once you had it anyway, and fucked her boyfriend on the bed instead of you, and got the bedroom set in the divorce even though she hates it, so you had to buy a new bed at your new place and set yourself even farther behind, not to mention the checks you have to write your wife each month. But I digress.

Time is your most valuable asset. A lot of people will write an extra check to their bank every month toward their mortgage, because we're all told that this adds up. You'll pay off your house sooner, and just think what you'll be able to do in 20 years instead of 30 when you have an extra \$2000 a month! You can bank that! But look at it this way: saving 500\$ every month today, in your 20s or 30s, and just paying the minimum to avoid getting foreclosed on, will net you far, far more money than paying off your house, then saving \$2000 a month starting in your 50s. Mortgage interest rates are low today, so you can get away with this and come out ahead.

The same applies to all of your debts. If you have a debt with an interest rate of 8% or higher, pay it off. Maybe pay off your 7% debts, too. It's hard to get a solid 7-8% rate of return on most things today. But anything lower than that and you're better off just making your regular minimum monthly payment and saving the money you're thinking about paying toward a debt. Because when you pay extra money on that debt, your creditor takes that money, invests it, loans it out, gets interest on it, makes money on it – that could be your money. You're better off making that money. You can still pay off your house in 20 years instead of 30 if you want, but do that by making shit tons of money today, then writing a big check in 19 years and 11 months. Not by paying an extra \$500 a month to the bank. Because when that house is finally yours and all of your other debts are paid off, you won't have shit saved away to retire, and you'll already be 50.

Further, when you give money to your mortgagor or another creditor, that's money you can't access. Sure, you feel good about having more equity in your house, but you can't do anything with that equity unless you want to sell your house, incurring closing costs, moving costs, etc. And let's say you sell your house and turn a profit. What do you get with all of that equity you bought? The exact amount of money you put in back again. No growth. You pay your mortgage off, you get your profit,

and you get your equity back. As an aside, you get a federal income tax deduction for paying interest on a home mortgage, so paying extra toward your principal can also make you have more taxable income.

So you should be saving for retirement, right? Better dump all that money in your company's 401(k) plan! Nope. 401(k)s are a scam. You should definitely put money into a 401(k), though. Exactly as much money as your employer matches, then not a penny more. Because that employer matching is free money – an instant 100% rate of return. But after that, pre-tax retirement accounts are a losing affair. Taxes never go down. They go up. When you're in your 60s (assuming the government doesn't keep raising the age when you can access a 401k), do you seriously think taxes are going to be lower than they are today? Or that dollars will be worth more?

Let's say you do some math, and to live comfortably at retirement, you're going to want \$8000 per month. So \$96,000 per year. When you pull that out of a 401k, you have to pay taxes on that money. So you don't get 96k a year. To get that 96k you need, you actually have to pull about 120k out of your account. And that's assuming taxes aren't boatloads higher by then. It's just a bad investment. An inefficient use of your money.

On the flip-side, a Roth IRA (or some companies offer a Roth 401k) can be a great vehicle. Roth accounts are actually such a good vehicle that the government is probably going to shit-can them before I get to retire. If your company doesn't offer a good retirement plan or you're self-employed or a contractor or something, and your income is below the legal cap, you should be saving the maximum in a Roth IRA every year, and putting the money with a good financial guy.

When you finally get around to choosing stocks or mutual funds, pay attention to dividends (look for the word "value" in the title of the mutual fund, or do some research on a company's stock history). Most financial guys focus on growth alone, which is a crap shoot. You buy something today and hope that years from now when you sell it, it's worth more. You diversify what you're buying so that if something tanks, you can offset the loss with gains from other things. Not a horrible strategy, but no growth. If you focus on things that pay dividends, that dividend money can be banked, spent, used to invest in other things, or even automatically reinvested in whatever's generating the dividends (which leads to more dividends next quarter).

Companies that pay dividends have to keep doing it. If they pay their shareholder dividends this quarter, then next quarter decide not to, their shareholders get pissed, a lot of them sell some stock off, the stock price goes down, and all of those fat cat CEOs lose money. Companies will bend over backward, and even borrow money, to make sure they get those dividends out every quarter, because that's how the people in charge keep the stock price from tanking. So dividends are like free money that helps to cushion you somewhat if stock prices go down.

The not-quite-accurate thing financial advisors will tell you, that still serves as a good illustration of how you should be thinking is the 3 20s approach: If you save 20% of your income for 20 years

straight, you can retire in 20 years. That's not really accurate for a lot of reasons, but the overarching premise is a good one: Time is valuable. More valuable than money. So young guys in their 20s and 30s ought to be getting their shit together now, so they can retire in their 40s and 50s instead of slaving away for women until the day they die.

Musings on a friend's 2-year anniversary

135 upvotes | September 3, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Marriages are like a different language. You live in a house with a stranger. So does she. Neither one of you is the person the other dated.

She's so different, you barely recognize her. You still love her. You always have. But you wonder what happened to the woman you fell in love with, and if she's ever coming back. The woman she is today is a pale shadow of that woman. So snide, bitchy, disrespectful. She still has her good side, but for no reason at all, she seems so hell-bent on being self-destructive. On burning your marriage to the ground. What kind of person treats the people who love her most this way? It's insanity. She's insane.

She feels the same way. She loves you, but she's not in love with you, and it's your fault. She loved you so much for so long, but in her eyes, you never loved her back as much as she loved you. Sure, you went to work every day at a job you hate so that she never had to, and when you got home, even though you were exhausted and just wanted to sit on the couch, you helped get dinner ready, played with the kids, washed the dishes, and cleaned up around the house, because you love her. But two weeks ago was your 29-month anniversary, and you got her a card and some flowers even though 29 isn't a multiple of 12 or 6 – in fact it's a prime number – but you didn't take her out and wine and dine her and make her feel special. And then you tried to have sex with her that night. In fact, the only time you ever want to touch her or express any interest in her is when you want sex!

Of course you want to have sex with her! You're a heterosexual man with no physical or chemical abnormalities, and she's your wife. And you're not teenagers. You're not interested in making out then going to bed with blue balls. Kissing just doesn't do it for you. If you start touching your wife, you're going to eventually want that to lead to sex. Sure, she's not quite as hot as she was 29 months ago, but she gained that weight and those stretch-marks carrying your children. Those are war wounds. You love her more, not less, for sacrificing her body to do that for your family. Sure, she ought to lose the weight and try a little harder with her appearance, but she's with the kids for much of the day, and you realize that. But the fact that you want to have sex with her is normal. Husbands are supposed to have sex with their wives, aren't they? And wives are supposed to want to have sex with their husbands, right? If anything, she should be reassured that after all this time, you still desire her sexually. It makes no sense that she's offended at the very notion of having sex with someone who loves her as much as you do, and who does so much for her.

She's so angry all the time. Back when you two were dating, you used to try so hard. She wanted to have sex anyway, but the fact that you were willing to go to such great lengths to win her over made her feel good about herself. Like she meant something to you. Now you don't do any of that. You're so thoughtless. You just go through the motions. You don't love her any more. She has to tell you to do every little thing around the house and practically beg for your help with something. You never take initiative and just do something that needs doing without being asked. It's like a switch turned off the second she married you, and now she's your mother. And she's so tired from doing every single thing, and managing you to make sure you do everything right. She's just so angry, and then you want sex when you're so oblivious to how she feels? How distant you've been?

You feel the same way. It's like a switch turned off the second you married her. Now you're just her meal ticket. She used to dress up for your dates because she wanted to look good for you and wanted

you to want her. She was playful, flirty, she smiled, she made interesting conversation, she wanted you to want her and made the effort. And the night always ended with sex. You could have dated that woman forever. You thought marrying her would be exactly that. You try to show her that you love her, but the last time you invited her to meet you at your office so the two of you could go out for lunch, she showed up in sweats, a T-shirt, and flip-flops, with her hair in a 5-second ponytail, and wasn't even wearing her wedding ring. Your coworkers were too polite to say anything, but she reflected poorly on you. They wonder if your marriage is okay, especially your female co-workers, because they know something you don't: the way your wife dressed that day was your fault. You let your marriage get to that point, and she shows all the signs of a woman who's just not trying any more, and you're blind to it because you're a man.

Now she's confused. Her heart tells her she doesn't love you any more, but her mind tells her to stay in it for the kids. But while you were at work yesterday and the kids were at school, she was sitting down watching *The View*, and what those very wise ladies said made a lot of sense! The kids would want her to be happy. No kid wants to be in a house where mom's unhappy and just going through the motions. She needs to get out. For the kids! And for herself.

Something's different about her. She's smiling, making you dinner every night without complaining like she usually does, she's dressing nicer again, she's been hitting the gym with a vengeance while the kids are at school. She's chatting amicably with you again. Those ladies at the neighborhood book club she's been going to meet every Thursday night must be rubbing off on her. You're starting to see shades of the woman she used to be coming back. Your sex life still sucks, but maybe that's on the way back, too!

Settling, and her unspoken promises

19 upvotes | September 5, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I've been told (actually, preached at) by modern feminists that as a man, I have absolutely no clue what it's like to grow up as a woman in the world today. Women have it hard. And the reason they have it hard is men. Men are pigs. Controlling, abusive, privileged, entitled, oppressive pigs.

They tell us that from the day they're born until the day they die, women are the subject of unwanted male attention – aggression, more like it. They can't take two steps out the door without some guy hitting on them, propositioning them, touching them without their consent. It's so bad that most women live in a constant state of fear. They don't go anywhere alone. They freeze up when a perfectly innocent, perfectly nice, timid guy starts casually chatting with them because they don't trust his intentions. And they're right not to trust that guy, because the huge majority of men that talk to them aren't interested in anything about them except for sex. A polite conversation is just pretense and manipulation. Even a relationship is just a power game – a ploy – by men to get more reliable and more frequent sex that they think they're entitled to by agreeing to the relationship, hence why women are forced (by men) to treat relationships like an adversarial power conflict and use sex to incentivize desired behaviors in their boyfriends.

Is all of this actually true? Probably not – at least not for most women. But for purposes of this post, let's take feminists at their word and assume that it's the gospel truth that every single woman spends her entire life being harassed by men.

We're told that this is just how it is. That this is the female story when you grow up in the world today. It's so normal and so commonplace that a lot of people don't even give it a second thought. Being a girl means that you're going to get hit on and propositioned, a lot. That you're going to get male attention, a lot. And it's annoying and hard sometimes, but that's just what women have to deal with.

That also means, of course, that it's unreasonable to expect to meet a virgin or a sexually inexperienced woman nowadays. Women can't be expected to say no to every single man, all the time. Eventually, a girl's going to get curious, want to explore, want to find herself. It's not like anybody wants to marry a woman who doesn't know what she's doing in bed, right? And not all of the guys who hit on girls are total rejects. Some are pretty cute. Not guys they'd want to marry, but they're okay to date. And once a girl's not a virgin any more, what's she holding on to or saving? She might as well enjoy sex, sleep with a bunch of guys, and learn what works for her.

Eventually, however, our young heroine is going to turn 28 and meet her future husband, John. He's not what she expected or always dreamed about when she pictured marriage as a child, but he's a great guy, and so incredibly nice to her. So refreshing after a lifetime of dating assholes. He's different. Better. She's ready to settle down and start a family, and John's a great choice for that.

"Settle down" is a very apt term for marrying a good guy and starting a family, because that's exactly what she's doing. Settling. And by settling, she's making a lot of promises that at the time, she might not fully understand.

When they scream at us about the hardships of women today, modern feminists inadvertently make a very strong counterpoint: Every woman who marries is settling.

Men are pigs, right? A woman being married doesn't stop a pig from charging toward the trough.

Even after our heroine marries John, she's still going to be the target of constant male attention, because that's what women face today. Piggish, privileged men. Feminists tell us so, and they're women, so they would know. So even though she picked John to be her husband, John is not going to be the last man who ever propositions her for sex.

Now just going with basic statistics here, John is not the most handsome man alive on this planet of over 7 billion people, nor is John the most successful, the smartest, the funniest...you get it. Some of those assholes who proposition our heroine are going to be better looking than her husband, more successful, smarter, funnier, or even all of the above. John was a good choice for a husband, but she knew she wasn't marrying the greatest male specimen on the entire planet. That's an unreasonable expectation. She loves John, but sure, an occasional guy who hits on her is going to stand out as someone she would have dated. She's still going to be kind of attracted to the occasional guy who hits on her. That's just natural.

Then it dawns on her what she really promised when she married John. She promised to settle. She knew he wasn't the greatest human being to ever live, but she promised herself to him anyway. She knew, with certainty, that other men were going to continue offering her sex, because that's what she and every female deals with every minute of their lives, right? And she knew, with certainty, that at least some of those men would be more attractive than her husband.

But she didn't think about that when she got married. She didn't think about the fact that she was promising to remain with her less attractive John anyway, even when a more attractive man makes her an offer, simply because John showed up in her life first.

John starts to look kind of pathetic. The life she always dreamed of is so humdrum. He wakes up, he showers, he goes to work, he comes home, he eats food, he wants sex. There are always bills to pay and chores to be done. This isn't how it's supposed to be.

Was she ready for this? Did John understand what he was doing to her? Did he know? Did he propose to her to lock her down and trap her, and maybe saddle her with a few babies to keep her in check? That's crazy, she thinks, but she can't help seething a little inside. She's not mad at him, really. He's a good guy. She's mad at herself. She's mad that she rushed into marriage when she wasn't ready. She's mad that she got drunk last weekend while out with her girlfriends and slept with someone, confirming her deepest fears – that something is wrong with her relationship with John and she's not supposed to be married to him. Because she wouldn't have done that if her marriage was supposed to be. But maybe if she has a kid, that will normalize things. They'll be a real family, right? And she needs to fuck John a few times anyway, just in case. It's been two months. He'll be thrilled.

Women give us synergy

96 upvotes | September 11, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Detractors of The Red Pill like to conceptually subdivide the subject matter you can find around here into two categories: 1) “Self-Improvement”; and 2) “Women Suck!”

Nobody has any problem with #1. Because it’s just plain good advice to urge men to become physically fit, professionally successful, socially apt, versed in useful skills and interesting hobbies, and confident and unafraid of talking to the opposite sex. It’s such good advice that it’s freaking obvious to anybody. One almost wonders why you even have to tell a guy that women prefer fit bodies over lardasses, or that women prefer a guy with a job, a nice suit, his own place, and actual goals over a gamer that lives in his mom’s basement. You don’t even do this shit for women. You do it because you want to live past 40 and not get winded climbing a flight of stairs, and because you like spending money from your paycheck on shit that’s fun. That part’s not even about women. But apparently, men need reminders about the obvious, because the world’s full of fatass, lazy losers who aren’t getting laid.

People love to cast stones about #2, though. Men are pissed on and laughed at all the time, cast as sex-crazed, insensitive, brainless oafs, who need to just get over it if that offends them. But God forbid guys get together at a dark corner of the Internet and talk shit about women. That’s the worst thing ever. Offensive viewpoints trump murder, violence, bestiality, kiddie porn, and all the other shit you can find on the internet. If you have an offensive viewpoint about women, you should have your dick cut off.

We hear one very logical-sounding point pretty often: “You can find all of that self-improvement advice anywhere. That’s not unique to The Red Pill. If you strip away all of the non-unique, obvious advice you can get anywhere else, all you have left is asshole misogyny. The Red Pill is all about misogyny, and just pretends to be a good place for men!”

That sounds pretty good if you don’t think past the words in front of you, but there’s an unspoken corollary to this point that the mind reaches if you actually think about it for a minute:

You can find bitter asshole misogyny all over the place. That’s hardly unique to The Red Pill. In fact, The Red Pill is pretty tame compared to real women-haters. If you strip away all of the generic misogyny that you can find anywhere, and in fact do find all over the place and just ignore, you end up with a pile of advice, opinions, and locker room stories, shared among men who want more out of life.

One might argue that The Red Pill is all about male betterment, and just pretends to be about women-bashing.

This begs the question, if The Red Pill is just a combination of two non-unique things, what’s the point? Synergy. The Red Pill is like a marriage – or at least what marriage is supposed to be. When a man and a woman join together to face the world, they have the potential to be so much more than the sum of their strengths. If they work together, complement each other, and help each other grow, there’s no end to what an amazing family can survive.

Of course, the opposite is also true. When a man and a woman stand at opposite ends of the house and battle for control, constantly test each other, and negotiate the terms of their love, it’s a drain on both of them. Neither one is as great as he or she would have been alone.

The Red Pill is a marriage between the male story – how to improve yourself and be a better man – and the female story – what women are like and what they're capable of. The female story is told from the male perspective because one spouse needs to be the head of the family for there to be synergy and growth, and in our little corner of the internet, that's daddy, not mommy.

The Red Pill pushes and pulls us between inspiring stories of guys losing hundreds of pounds and getting buff, getting the raise and promotion they've been after for months, starting a business, getting laid by a different girl every week, or finally learning how to change their own oil or shoot a gun, post-divorce, after 30-plus years of being a doormat for an ungrateful bitch – and demoralizing stories of women at their worst, told from the male angle, cautioning us how to avoid the same fate and how to control these situations better. There's synergy here. Without the female story, we're just fitness and business hobbyists. Without the male story, we're just losers who whine about women. Armed with both, we're The Red Pill.

Having female friends is built-in dread

412 upvotes | September 22, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So about three months ago, one of my neighbors (male) was chatting with another of my neighbors (female) at a block party down the street. They looked really friendly, chatty, close. My male neighbor has a pretty hot wife – a stay-at-home mom, two kids, one of them less than a year old. But she still takes the time to work out and dress cute, keep house. Not a bad woman, at least from what I can tell from the outside looking in. He travels a lot for business, but gets to work from home when he's in town. Nice guy. Makes okay money, really likes yardwork, builds shit around the house. Doesn't really dominate the social scene, but not really a loser. Not super-manly-man Rambo or anything, but he holds his own.

I comment to my wife that our neighbor's probably cheating on his wife with that woman he's talking to, and she laughs at me. Do I have a guilty conscience, she asks. Why do I see adultery every time a guy and a girl talk, she asks. I shrug, and tell her, "Men and women can't be friends." That sends her over the edge, so I back-peddle a little bit and try to couch my words in woman-speak, "Look, it's just different when a man and a woman have a friendship. There's always that undercurrent there. Because sex is possible, you think about it, she thinks about it, everybody who sees the two of you together thinks about it."

"You honestly think every man who talks to a woman wants to have sex with her?"

"Pretty much. I mean, there are occasional exceptions, but if I'm a betting man playing statistics, then yes."

"So when you talk to a woman, you want to have sex with her?"

"Duh. But don't let it get to you. I'm a man. If I weren't married and had the time and opportunity, I'd have sex with a full third of the women in the city. I don't waste time talking to the ones I'd never consider sleeping with."

"So you'd sleep with [woman I was just talking to]?"

"Heck yes."

"You're an ass."

That's actually how I turned things around with my wife. I became friends with a female coworker. This was before our men-and-women-can't-be-friends conversation that day. That's how I knew that despite what she said that day at the block party, my wife knew darn well that I was right. Every night I worked late, every time I grabbed a beer with the office after work, my wife knew that she was there, and it scared her shitless. A single, age-appropriate woman, who might be interested in me, who respected me professionally and personally and valued my opinion, and was prettier than my wife, spending time with me. Buying my beers, to boot. Honestly, I don't think my wife was afraid of actually losing me. She just thought that, God forbid, she might have to up her game or something. Anyway, I was right about my neighbor. His wife's two cities over with her parents and the kids. He's trying to make things up to her, I think.

So my wife's been being a bitch lately. She's really been slipping, which means that I've been slipping. New job. Really difficult work, but good money, and a good career move. I'm working my ass off all day supporting the family, so my wife's forgotten that I'm a badass.

Now, if I really wanted a divorce, I guess I could talk to her about her feelings and mine and try to communicate more, but I kind of like having my wife and my daughter around, and living in my house, and owning my assets, so I took an approach that actually works instead. My former coworker's been having a hard time at work, so I invited her over for drinks to vent a bit. Nothing unseemly. My wife's home. Our daughter's home. Honestly, I'd have met her at a bar or something, but the weather was shitty, and I keep good beer in the fridge. We talk innocuously about work the whole time. But she vents, and I listen. So right there, in front of my wife, I'm totally paying attention and being an emotional tampon – for another woman. Nothing inappropriate. I'm being a perfectly polite, nice guy beta. For someone else.

That's a great trick to get to your wife or girlfriend in line, by the way. Take note. If you want to dread a plate who respects you, you have to be a manly-man alpha winner and go game girls in front of her. But if you want to scare a disrespectful wife or girlfriend, give the beta comfort they've been trying to beat out of you to someone else. That makes them feel like a failure. They'd rather you fuck a million other women than be emotionally close with one.

So while my female friend's over, she chats with my wife. She plays with my daughter – that really gets to my wife actually. How good she is with our daughter. My wife sucks with our kid most of the time. Then, she mentions that she and some of her family are going to do something fun the next day at an outdoor venue and invites us. I say sure, then look at my wife and ask to make sure we don't already have anything scheduled. That was her out, but she admits that we don't, so it's on the books.

I wake up the next morning, and my wife asks me how we're going to fit our daughter's nap into our busy day. That's code for, "Text your female friend and tell her we're not coming." I respond, "She can nap after [event]." "But that's too close to dinner." "We'll deal with it. So will she. We're raising her to be an adult. Adults like you and I don't sleep at exactly the same time every day."

I head to the gym. About the time I'm heading to shower, my wife texts that she's not feeling well. I'm not letting her have this one. I text back that maybe she should stay home and rest, and that I'll take our daughter out to give her a break. I then tell the guy with the locker next to me, "Watch this. My phone's going to buzz in 3...2...1..."

Shit test time: "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Sure. I love rolling around in the grass with our kid."

"I mean going without me. You don't want me there."

I figure she needs some reassurance: "It's not a family outing without you, and I'd strongly prefer you there, but not if you're not up to it." I brace for it...

"Family outing my ass! I've been telling you that we should take [daughter] to do blahblahblah one of these weekends for months, and you barely respond, but when [female friend] invites you out, you jump at the chance!"

"[Female friend] actually planned the event. And it's today, not one of these days. All we have to do is show up."

"Sure. Go have fun with your girlfriend."

Now, I don't actually want a divorce, so I didn't actually take her permission to go have fun with another woman literally. "Put your clothes on. If you're not dressed when I get home, I will. You're still not over the fact that a friend of mine happens to have a vagina?"

"You said it yourself. Men and women can't just be friends."

Shit. She actually listens when I talk! Maybe there's hope for her yet. I then ignored the next dozen texts while driving home, because texting while driving is stupid. So is texting your wife when she's being irrational and is supposed to be getting dressed so you're not late.

I get home, and she's dressed, because after text #12 of no response from me, she figured she'd better get her clothes on or I'd actually go without her. We go out, we have a great time, and we go home. She liked the venue so much that she wants to take some of her friends out there next month.

We actually waste words when we say "Men and women can't be friends." All you really have to say is, "Women can't be friends." Women can't be friends with anybody. Not even other women. And they know this. So if you have a female friend, they know what's up. If you're married, women friends are built-in dread.

Respect is earned

877 upvotes | October 1, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There's a post floating around today from 4chan, containing 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 explains that she met someone else, is really attracted to him, and was with him last night. The guy asks, "Did you fuck him?" and she responds, "No, but I'm going to." She explains, essentially, that she didn't want to cheat on him, so she waited to break up with him first.

Honestly, that little factoid doesn't matter. 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's cheating, too. Just as much as fucking the guy would be. If you ask me, she might as well have fucked him.

Our Red Pill brethren predictably flood this thread with comments about how annoying women are. How can she be so callously disrespectful, people ask. I actually find it interesting how much more direct and honest women are toward men that they don't respect. Once she doesn't need you any more, she doesn't need to lie to you any more. I'd give it decent odds that this girl was telling her guy the truth, and she hadn't fucked the other man yet. She's breaking up with him anyway, she 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 to let him down easy. She doesn't benefit from that.

But anyway, TRP predictably complains. Women have no honor, no respect, yada yada. But there's something our fathers told us, or should have, that really applies here. Something society tells us daily, actually: Respect is earned.

Think about what we're asking of this girl, or of women in general, if we expect loyalty. We're asking that if a woman 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**. Essentially, we're asking women to only commit to a relationship with you 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. Because apparently, it's a race and you came along first, so anyone who comes along later must be ignored.

That's not a fair thing to ask of women. It's not her responsibility to stay with you on principle alone. It's your responsibility to be the kind of man who doesn't get dumped or cheated on. It's your responsibility to earn her respect, every minute of every day. If she passes on a better offer just on principle, she'll spend the rest of your soon-to-be-very-short-lived relationship resenting you, finding fault in everything about you, suddenly "realizing" how unhappy she is.

Society's message – "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'd 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, such that when she meets another guy she's attracted to, she

can 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. It's counter-intuitive. By being a selfish ass who puts himself first and does what he wants, even at the expense of others sometimes, the whole world bends at the knee and chases after you, trying to win your validation. Everyone else is so fucking polite and respectful by default, while you're busy respecting yourself instead. That rubs everyone funny, not just women. That makes people try harder around you.

Your job is to be powerful. Important. Successful. You don't have to be a dick if you don't want to, but being nice and doing shit for your girlfriend? That's 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 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. Reward the stupid and lucky. The right-place, right-time guys who just happened to get there first. I'd rather earn respect.

"Dread" is just another word for honesty, a sadly outdated concept

224 upvotes | October 10, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Time and time again, our little group of dark, evil, woman-hating virgins is accused of being vile, immature manipulators. Technically, any time a human being says or does anything, he's trying to manipulate others, however slightly. Just by typing this bullshit now, I'm trying to "manipulate" readers into thinking about something I've been thinking about. Every time we hold in a fart, we're not being ourselves. We're manipulating others into thinking we're less smelly than we really are. What if a woman agrees to have sex with you, but had she known you were a farter, she would never have consented? Isn't holding in your fart kind of like rape? Didn't you manipulate her, unfairly, into sex?

One very popular example of our evil, manipulative ways is dread game. It kind of sounds evil, actually. I wonder why we named it that instead of something more sex-positive, like "treating-women-like-equals game."

I have a decent number of male friends. We buy each other beer, we help each other move heavy shit, we work out together, we network and refer clients and swap job leads when we come across people who might need the services of another of our friends. We generally trust each other. We trust each other in small ways: when I pay for the beers today, I trust that there will be another beer-drinking occasion in the future where somebody will buy mine. We trust in larger ways: every time I refer one of my clients to a friend of mine, I'm putting my own reputation on the line.

When one of my guy friends does something shitty, or takes advantage of me in an unreasonable way, I stop calling him or hanging out with him. I don't like being around shitty people. Sometimes, after it's been a few weeks, a friend of mine might try to make things up to me. We all do stupid shit, myself included, and most of the time, we try to make things right with our friends instead of just moving on to a new group of friends to leech from and be shitty toward. Because the latter would be a shitty way to live.

I also have a wife. And a few female friends who probably wouldn't cry too heavily if my wife divorced me. You might call me a true feminist, actually. Because as a Red Pill advocate, I believe in something no self-proclaimed feminist believes in. I believe in treating the women in my life like equals. Let me explain.

When a woman in my life does something shitty or stupid or takes advantage of me – any woman, even my wife – I don't want to be around her. I distance myself. I communicate less. I go do something else with other people I actually feel like being around. I'm a man. I don't fucking talk about my feelings and get into a four hour discussion about how some minor slight made me feel hurt or less valid. I just go do something else, because I have plenty of shit to do and wasting time talking with shitty people keeps me from getting my shit done.

We have a name for this here at The Red Pill. We call it dread game. When a woman behaves badly, you don't confront her behavior. You don't address it. You don't give it attention. You don't validate it. Because doing any of that rewards bad behavior. Instead, you give the woman a dose of truth. By distancing yourself emotionally, you send her a clear message: You have other shit going on in your life. You can be happy without her. If she continues to act shitty, you *will* be happy without her.

We are lambasted for this, far and wide across the Internet. Why? Because ignoring your wife, girlfriend, or plate when she's being a disrespectful bitch is "abusive." That's why. The implied threat that you would dare think about dumping a girl who's being shitty, or worse, spending time with other people, some of who might even be girls, when she's being unpleasant to be around? Unthinkable evil! You can't do that to a woman. It's abusive. It's coercive. It's manipulative. It's evil!

We make such a big deal about dread game around here, when honestly, it's not even a thing. There's nothing dreadful about it. And it's not a game. "Dread game" is just a really, really stupid term we made up for being honest with other human beings. (As contrasted to being a backward-bending, ass-kissing, doormat.)

How many girlfriends have told you, outright, that if you do X or fail to do X, she will dump you? Probably a few. But how many girlfriends never had to tell you that, because as a species, humans just know, if you do stupid and shitty things to others, they will dump you, cheat on you, and treat you badly? Those equal women are just as smart as we are. If we know better than to act stupid and shitty, then surely those intelligent women know the same.

"Dread game" is just a funny word for truth. If a woman is a selfish, disrespectful, stupid bitch who's no fun to be around, you're going to dump her ass or cheat on her. Or at least, that used to be the case. Now, something as benign as walking away from a disrespectful woman to go hang out with people who are actually decent to you is a form of abuse and manipulation. And if your woman gets the message and realizes that, holy shit, she's dealing with an actual man who's actually going to leave her ass, and she shapes up and fucks your brains out that night, you're a rapist.

The most unattractive trait of all: trying to attract a woman

758 upvotes | October 22, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There's a post today about a very pathetic man. A man who went above and beyond to try to woo a woman. The specifics don't matter, but since the post was strongly upvoted around here and clearly resonated with a few people, I'll expound a little bit: Some jerk-off loser got dumped and created an overwrought romantic website to try to get his ex back. Naturally, the entire female internet community pissed all over him and mocked his efforts.

Surely, some women at least recognized and appreciated his effort, but figured that his ex just wasn't into him, or maybe he just wasn't their type, right? I mean, any man who makes that kind of effort to woo a woman is worth something, to someone, right? Wrong. Women everywhere pissed all over him. They called him a loser.

These facts don't matter. You could replace this idiot with any penis-owner, replace his website with any romantic gesture large or small, and replace his ex girlfriend with any female anywhere in the world, and the response of women-at-large would be the same. Pay attention to this part: if you are attempting to romance a woman, you're a pathetic loser. This isn't just what The Red Pill thinks. It's what women think.

It makes no sense, right? I mean, don't women want romance? Actually, it makes perfect sense. Let's explore the reasons why, viewing the universe through the eyes of women:

If you do something *with the intention of making a woman like you* that's manipulation in their eyes. Note the italics – to make a woman like you. When you're trying to make her like you, you're not really romantic, you're not really nice, you're just creepy. It doesn't matter if you're actually nice, if you're actually genuine, if you're actually romantic, and that you weren't trying to be manipulative at all. If you're doing something that seems like you're trying to make a girl like you, you're a creep. Because trying to win a girl's affections with your behavior is trying to circumvent nature. You're trying to turn something thousands upon thousands of years old, inscribed into our genetic code, into a transaction. You're trying to buy sex or a relationship with romantic gestures and niceness. Women hate that, because if you could influence their emotional state like that, you'd be taking their power away. You don't choose whether she likes you. *She* does. And any attempt to influence her decision is subversive and creepy. You're supposed to "be yourself" and maybe, if you're really lucky, she'll pick you if she finds herself naturally attracted to you. Trying to convince her to pick you automatically takes you out of the running, loser. Because trying to convince a woman to want you is what losers who can't get women the real way do.

The way to make a girl like you is to do the exact opposite. Look like you're not trying to win her over. Do your own shit, and blow her off to do it. Be too busy for her. Be dismissive of her. Do shit that improves you and benefits your own life. Shit that makes you a better man, who's attractive to women, without actually trying to attract women. Because remember: actually trying to attract women is creepy. It's manipulative.

Girls don't even appreciate that you're trying. The very fact that you are making any effort at all to attract a woman instead of just doing your own shit is *controlling*. You are trying to control a woman's emotional state by acting in a manner intended to influence her. They hate that.

That's why gaming women and PUA tactics and becoming a "Red Pill" man work incredibly well in

the real world, but women who read about all of this on the internet hate the hell out of it and call it creepy, rapey, manipulative, and swear that it would never work on a smart woman. Because when they read about game on paper, it's an action you're taking to try to attract women. That's creepy and could never possibly work, because trying to attract women is manipulative and automatically fails. It disgusts them to read about it and they couldn't possibly be less attracted after reading that text. When they experience an evil Red Pill man in the real world, however, he just seems like an attractive guy who's different from all of the other creeps who are trying too hard. A confident man who has things going on and doesn't really care if she fucks him or not. He's totally different from all of those pathetic losers trying to buy sex from her with kindness, complements, and drinks. I guess webpages, too.

Gentlemen: Stop trying to attract women and focus entirely on yourself. I know it seems counter-intuitive. I know some guys around here worry that if they just do their own shit, no woman will ever notice them and they'll never get laid again. If that's the case, you're doing the wrong shit. Quit playing video games and eating Oreos in your mom's basement while jerking off to porn every day, and start working out, eating right, excelling professionally, and learning skills. It's hard work, and far less pleasurable than just screwing around all day, but you get a reward. Not women, a real reward. You get to feel like a badass every single day of your life. You get to wake up excited every day, full of energy. You get to love your life, which is far more rewarding than loving a woman. And by the way, women fuck guys like that without them having to do much more than just walking up and saying hi – your wives and girlfriends are fucking guys like that right now.

Marriage means tending to a woman's perceptions

217 upvotes | November 6, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A lot of Red Pill advice changes slightly when you're married. Once you've married a woman, things are different. When you have children, things change even more. The reason is obvious: when you're married, your wife is metaphorically holding you at knifepoint, forever more. Any time she wants, for any reason or no reason at all, she can leave. Completely putting your love for her and your feelings for her aside, and ignoring how that event would make you feel, if your wife leaves you, the courts are going to award her primary custody of your children. The courts are going to give her the deed to your house. The courts are going to give her at least 50% of everything you have in the bank and the property you own. The courts are going to take away a chunk of every future paycheck you earn, before you ever touch it, and give it to your wife. And she can do this to you any time she wants, even if you're the perfect man and never do anything wrong. Even if she's psycho, even if she cheats, even if she abuses you or the kids. Or if she happens to get bored. Any reason, or no reason at all.

Many of our detractors gloss over this. Most divorces happen for a reason and most wives aren't mercenary about it, so we're all just paranoid woman-haters. Besides, we have an equal system. Men are allowed to file for divorce, too, just like women, so it's fair. Any time a man wants, he's free to leave, give his ex-wife primary custody of the kids, give his ex-wife the house, give his ex-wife half of their property, and give his ex-wife a chunk of his future earnings. He shouldn't care about stupid shit like money, property, and being around his children anyway. If her were a real man, he'd only care about loving his wife and she'd never leave him, right?

So one of my wife's friends is really religious, and this friend's bible study group is reading one of those stupid improve-your-marriage-through-God books. Interspersed with a whole bunch of bible quotes and instructions that families need to pray together hourly and beg God for answers every time they have a minor argument, the book's essentially like any other text marketed to women. The gist is that men and women communicate differently, it's men's fault because they're stupid, and men need to learn how to express themselves better, be less selfish, and respect the women they love. Like all good Christians, my wife's friend can't shut up about her religion, and she loans my wife this book. My wife asks me if I'll read it.

I will always, hands down, without any issues, read a blue pill book. Pay attention to this part, guys: blue pill literature is *more* useful and *more* instructive than all of the stupid red pill bullshit you're going to read on Reddit. That blue pill shit tells you what women want to believe and what they think reality is. If you want to actually understand women, that's far more useful than reading up on game. That blue pill shit is also an instruction manual. You know those lists? 24 things abusive men do, and shit like that? That's a fucking cheat sheet. That's a list of 24 things that work on most women. That's why those things are dubbed abusive. Nobody cares about the shit men do that doesn't work. Shit that doesn't work doesn't make it on the "abusive" list. If somebody tells you that certain behaviors or ways of doing things are abusive, what they're telling you is that it works. You don't have to do those things if you don't want to or if you really think there's something wrong with some of them, but read the blue pill books anyway so you know what those things are, just in case. If you're paying attention, you'll notice that women do all 24 of those things to you already. But nobody writes books about that.

So anyway, rather than blowing my wife off, I get about 15 pages into this book. I thumb through a

few of the other chapters. I try to find something remotely intelligent. It's crap. It's not even useful as a blue pill text. It's just not well written, not interesting, and is completely devoid of information of any kind. It even has typos. Men need to communicate better. God can help. Literally, those eight words are the entire book. A whole bunch of generalities and bible quotes, a little bit of anti-male prose, and those eight words, restated as many ways as the author could come up with. I have work to do, so I stop reading this bullshit.

So a couple nights ago, my wife tells me she thinks this book is really helping our marriage. "Seriously?" I ask. She says yes, and replies that we're both being a lot more respectful of each other. I say: "I have to be honest with you. I stopped reading that thing about 15 pages in. Our three-year-old's a better author." She replies that I clearly got something out of those 15 pages, then, because I'm being less abrupt, less selfish, and more respectful.

I'm a bit taken aback. I haven't changed a thing. If anything, I've been a bigger ass than usual this past week. I'm under the gun at work and don't have time for her usual bullshit, and have been telling her so. Nothing about me is different. The only thing different is my wife's perception of me.

This is the part where being married is different Red Pill advice than the norm. When you're a young single guy lifting weights all day and doing your own shit, you're doing it for you. You're not trying to impress women. You don't care what they think. You've got your life together and shit to do. You're on a mission. And as a side-effect, that's pretty darn attractive.

When you're a married guy and can lose your kids, your house, half your shit, and a bunch of your future earnings, in the few seconds it takes your wife to say, "I'm bored," what that particular woman thinks about you actually matters. Because what she thinks can affect your future happiness. Any time she wants, for any reason or no reason, your future happiness can take a big hit.

Most of the time, the same Red Pill way of life applies whether you're married or not. Because attraction is attraction, and you want your wife to be seriously attracted to you. But when you're married, you need to do some extra blue pill work maintaining your wife's perception of you. And that's different than improving yourself – you're not just doing your own shit. You need to improve how your wife perceives you. This is about her feelings, not reality. This is about what she *feels* is true. If you do all the self-improvement in the world, but she perceives that she's unhappy or your marriage is bad, you're done. If you're the biggest fuckup in the world, but your wife perceives that she's happy, your marriage stays.

Apparently my wife was right about this. We need to work on our marriage. More specifically, *she* needs to work on our marriage. She needs to spend about half of her time working on herself, and the other half working on her perception of me. My job is to let her believe her perception is right when it's flattering toward me, and wrong when it's unflattering.

What I actually do with my life doesn't matter for purposes of maintaining our marriage. Her perception of what I do matters. Marriage is pretty fucked up.

Don't just make her do what you want. Make her want to.

523 upvotes | December 2, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I made a comment last night in the married Red Pill sub that I really think ought to be elaborated on here, because it's something that doesn't always get discussed head on, and sometimes gets lost among other points.

When we talk about interactions with women and all of the things we employ – raising our value (physically, financially, socially), implementing “game,” implementing “dread game,” and so forth – the typical end result is to get a woman to do what we want. Usually sex or some other behavior that demonstrates submission to our leadership. That's a win, right? That's validating. When a woman does what we want due to who we are, what we're like, and how we behaved, we won, right? Honestly, I think that's a little incorrect. Not entirely wrong, mind you. Just kind of like viewing things when the camera lens is out of focus.

The goal is not for women *do* what we want. The goal is for women to **want** what we want.

It's a subtle difference, but a very important one.

If you pay a prostitute for sex, then you got a woman to do what you wanted, didn't you? Not really, because it wasn't sex that you wanted. It wasn't even free sex that you wanted. It was desire. You didn't want sex, itself. At least not only sex. You wanted a woman to *want* to have sex with you. Because that's good sex. That's validating.

The same is true if we swap out legal tender for different kinds of currency. If your girlfriend sucks and you attempt to try out some dread game and, whoops, you don't have a mind for subtleties or critical reading and accidentally blackmail the living fuck out of her, she might be desperately afraid you're going to dump her and kick her out of your apartment and on to the street. She might even fuck you out of fear to avoid that fate. Now you have a woman trying to manipulate you with sex, just like you manipulated her into sex. Neither one of you is happy or satisfied. The sex probably sucks, too.

Likewise, if a woman is nagging the hell out of you and being a generally disrespectful bitch, and you attempt to withdraw emotionally, and whoops, you accidentally become a raging, threatening, pissy asshole, your woman might think, “Shit, I just wanted him to leave the toilet seat down. Why is he acting like this? I don't want to deal with this any more, so I'll just shut up.” She might even fuck you just to calm you down. Once again, you have a woman trying to manipulate you with sex, just like you manipulated her into sex. You're both unhappy and unsatisfied. And the sex sucks.

We don't just want our women to do what we want. We want them to *want* what we want. And that's a lot harder.

A woman will submit to you when you're a man worth submitting to. She will ride you all night long and let you plow her like a caveman if you're a man worth fucking. She will let you father her children, lead her family, plan all of your dates, handle all of your affairs, and trust in your judgment, but only if you're a man worthy of her trust. If you're a man who actually has worthwhile judgment. She's not going to hand the reins of her life to just anybody, and especially not the reins of her children's lives. You have to be worth a shit. But if you're worth a shit, you might have a dozen women lining up to turn their lives over to you, and all you have to do is say yes.

When we proudly declare “AWALT” (All [or at least mostly all] Women Are Like That), this is

usually something we say in anger, when we're talking about a woman's propensity for selfishness, evil, and general disrespectful cunt bitch behavior. But AWALT works the other way, too. If you're a man worth fucking, a man worth following, and a man worth giving your life to, women won't just do what you want – they'll **want** to do what you want. Your happiness will matter to them, and they'll want to please you. [Mostly] All Women Are Like That, too.

Hit on women. All the time.

387 upvotes | December 6, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I had a mild experience yesterday morning that our good friend GayLubeOil's recent post made me remember. Namely, GLO proposed a hilarious activity, dubbed the "Squirrel Chase." As we all know, 99.9 percent of men are rapists, so when a woman sees you at night, she doesn't know that you're among the 0.1 percent of guys who aren't going to rape her. She's going to scurry along quickly to put some distance between you and her and head to a crowded, well-lit place, then pull her phone out and immediately tell all of her Facebook friends that she was almost raped by a creepy guy. They will all commiserate with her near-rape experience and share their own stories trying to one-up each other while pretending to be friends. The winner will be whichever one first tells a story about how this one time, a guy who wasn't hot actually asked to buy her a drink. Everyone knows that talking to a girl who doesn't think you're hot is rape, but actually offering her alcohol to incapacitate her? Egad! Even I feel for that poor woman. Where was I going with this again? Oh yeah.

So yesterday morning, I get to the gym at 5:00 A.M. like I always do, which is really inconsiderate of me. Because when it's 5:00 in the morning, it's still dark outside, and some women like to go to the gym early in the morning because they're independent and have jobs, so it's dark when they get there, too. And you can't just park inside the gym. You might hurt someone with your car. There's this place called a parking lot where you leave your car, then get out and walk, in the dark, where a rapist might get you (even though 5:AM is a peak hour at the gym and someone drives or walks by every 30 seconds or so), to the glass doors of the well-lit structure where everybody inside can see you coming from 100 yards away. Parking lots are scary. A lot of people get raped there.

So I park my car, and two parking places over is a woman in an SUV with her cabin lights on, playing with her cell phone. If she'd just gotten out of her car and gone inside the second she arrived instead of sending text messages for 20 minutes, she'd have avoided this situation entirely—but shit, I can't say that. That's victim-blaming. So I get out of my car as soon as I park, right about the time this woman is finishing up her very important phone session that I am certain was a billion dollar business deal with somebody in Tokyo who was about to go to bed and couldn't wait, because any time I see a woman, I assume she's rich, powerful, and important. She gets out of her car about the same time that I do. And there we are, not even 15 feet apart from one another, alone, in the dark parking lot.

I wasn't sure what to do, because if I don't acknowledge her at all, that might be even creepier than saying something to put her at ease, so I said, "Good morning," and turned to walk toward the gym. This woman turned out to be in a lot better shape than I thought. She didn't say good morning back, which is okay, because I'm not entitled to basic courtesy from a woman and can't expect a common pleasantry for being nice. You can't buy common courtesy with niceness, and I checked my privilege long ago. Instead of returning my polite greeting, she ran, really fast, all the way to the door of the gym, looking over her shoulder at me as she pulled it open.

She probably just didn't hear me, and was so excited about her business deal that had just gone through, and really wanted to get warmed up before she got her workout started, so she got a quick sprint in. That's what I thought anyway. But I get to the gym, go to the front desk to check in, and she's giving me devil eyes. As a Red Pill, I'm pretty socially cued in, and I know the difference

between a girl that's interested in me and a girl that disapproves of me. I mean, I have a wife. I know that look of disapproval very well. And this was definitely a look of disapproval. It dawned on me that maybe this woman might have run away from me due to fear. I thought back to the scene in the parking lot and I realized the mistake I made and why she was so uneasy: I have a penis! How stupid could I have been, bringing my penis with me when I went somewhere dark where women would also be?

But I thought about this a little more. Women see men in parking lots all the time, and most aren't afraid of me, or any man, really. Not seriously so. I mean, nobody actually believes they're going to get raped in a heavily-traversed, public parking lot, in plain sight of a crowded building with glass doors. That's just stupid. I'm a man, and I know that's stupid, and women are smarter than men. Ms. Obama told me so. So what was different about this woman, this time? Oh shit! I told her "Good morning!"

It was so obvious, I almost cut my dick off in shame. I talked to a woman who didn't think I was hot. What the hell was I thinking?

Here's the deal, boys. Women aren't actually afraid you're going to rape them. They're not afraid of rape. That's just the hysterical, radical feminist excuse for society to hate men. But we all know, even women, that hardly anybody is actually going to be raped in a parking lot.

Here's what women are actually afraid of: Being uncomfortable. Women hate, hate, hate those 30 uncomfortable seconds when some tool at a bar or other public place tries to awkwardly small talk about something. They know that when a guy politely says hello (or maybe good morning!), and tries to strike up a conversation, that's really just a prelude to being hit on. And being hit on, then having to turn the guy away, is confrontational. Girls hate confrontation. It's uncomfortable.

But do you know what girls hate even more than being hit on? Creepy-ass, timid little fucks who can't even work up the balls to hit on them. When some creepy loser is talking awkwardly for 30 seconds, or even longer, and can't even work up the courage to make his move, that's physically painful to the girl. Actually physically painful. Because she's on edge, having an adrenaline response, preparing for the confrontation where she has to turn the guy down, and she waits, and waits, on edge the whole fucking time, wondering when the fuck it's going to happen. Then it never comes! That's even worse than getting hit on! She gets all psyched up and uncomfortable and....the loser mutters and walks off, or worse, tries to stick around blabbing some more, and she actually has to use her brain to think up some lame excuse to get away from him.

That woman at the gym was legitimately afraid of me. She was afraid she was going to be conversation-raped. That I might talk to her, and she might have to awkwardly get away from me. And while only a small percentage of men are actual rapists, a very large percentage of men will talk to women. I'd say over 90% of men are potential conversation-rapists.

Now as a Red Piller, I can't in good faith advise you guys to never talk to women, ever again. You'd never get laid that way. But here's a good fallback position: Hit on women. A lot. All the fucking time. Don't creep them out by blah blah blah blabbing while they awkwardly wait for you to make a pass. Just fucking do it. Hitting on women is less creepy than trying to be pleasant, talking to someone, and getting to know them.

Those of you who aren't married (maybe some of you who are, too), make a point of just hitting on ten women a day. Whoever you see. Feeling awkward? Not sure what to say? The woman's looking a little uncomfortable because you brought your penis within 15 feet of her? Confirm her suspicions

and hit on her. That way, she'll feel smart because she knew what was coming and was ready for it. That empowers her. Do your part to empower women and hit on them, all the fucking time.

Women used to be just like you

548 upvotes | December 19, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We often describe that men go through different stages of awareness as they learn about The Red Pill. We start off unaware, possibly even deluded, believing in a reality that really ought to exist – a reality that makes good logical sense – but one that doesn't work out in practice.

Because The Red Pill is a male-centered resource, we don't really devote much time to the perspective of women, other than to acknowledge their role in reality. When you think about that for a minute, we might be missing some information as a result. Women go through similar stages of awareness as they grow and develop. They don't emerge from the womb understanding themselves. Some never do.

Women start out a lot like we do. They've grown up watching the same Disney movies and living in the same society that we have. They start out genuinely believing in true love, that a certain "the one" is out there for them, and that there's someone for everyone. They genuinely believe that they want to meet and end up with a nice guy who treats them well (e.g., like a princess), and that this is the path to their happily ever after. A woman thinks that once she finds the perfect guy, she'll love him forever, he'll love her forever, they'll never get divorced, and they'll be happy, because they're both nice people who are nice to each other.

Why would a woman start out thinking anything different than what most of us started out thinking? Women grow up in the same world that we do and are exposed to the same message. They start out with very little self-awareness, and very little awareness of reality. They've been fed the same nonsense, and early on, they have no reason to believe the world is any other way.

When women start dating, many of them don't get it. They always seem to end up with the wrong sort of guys. It never works out. A guy will seem nice at first, but after awhile, she starts to notice his flaws, and he seems like a real asshole. Or a guy will seem nice at first, but after awhile, her feelings change, and that spark and chemistry in which she believes so strongly just isn't there. It doesn't dawn on women that sexual attraction is an important part of every relationship, because much like your average blue-pill-beta-loser guy, women have grown up being fed a line of bullshit about how sex is this trivial, minor thing, and real relationships are all about feelings. It also doesn't dawn on women that sexual attraction can cause them to fail to notice various things about the guys they date. That those "assholes" were always assholes, but due to her attraction, she never saw it. After all, sex is a minor, trivial thing, so to suggest that a woman's sexual attraction might blind her doesn't make any sense. You'd be calling women animals.

The very concept that a woman may be sexually attracted to someone who isn't a nice guy, and not attracted at all to someone who is, sounds like utter, hateful bullshit to an unaware woman, because it doesn't make sense. If you were to tell a woman something like this, she'd think you were calling her stupid, because who the hell isn't attracted to a nice guy who treats you like a princess? That would be stupid, right? Completely illogical.

But newbie women start out falling for the wrong sorts of guys and feeling nothing for the types of guys they always thought they wanted. This is the crossroads for a woman. Many of them stay stupid. They rationalize that the cocky, confident, assholes they keep falling for aren't actually assholes, or that they were so smitten they were just blind to it, and that while there's nothing wrong with the nice

dudes, there's just no magic spark or chemistry there. But some of them start to get a little self-aware. They start learning girl-game.

Because society keeps trying to teach everybody that sex is a trivial, minor thing that for some reason, shouldn't be a cornerstone of a relationship, that also means that sex outside of a relationship is a trivial, minor thing. So some girls start having sex outside of relationships. And they learn that guys are stupid and will do stupid things for sex. They learn that they can be as choosy as they want, because getting laid is pretty much guaranteed as long as they're decent-looking. They learn that it doesn't matter if the guy's an asshole and to just go with their feelings, since they're not looking for a relationship. They learn that relationships are pretty much guaranteed, too, since they have a stable of loser guys who want to fuck them just waiting in the wings, begging to be their boyfriends.

Some even learn that fucking guy A and having a relationship with guy B aren't mutually exclusive. Men practically beg for that outcome. Guy A doesn't want a relationship, and he's too much of an asshole to date anyway. And guy B wants to show off how nice he is, so he keeps insisting that sex isn't important to him and sits on his hands, never making a move except to buy shit for the girl. Men practically engineer this situation for women.

In a fairly short time, smart women become very self-aware. And self-aware women can be pretty manipulative cunts. After all, what's their incentive to be better? They can have all of the sex and free shit they want, and when that wellspring dries up, they can settle into a life of slightly less sex and all the free shit they want with one of the losers waiting in the wings.

A precious few self-aware women may end up as Red Pill Women, since they recognize that there's going to be a future time when they're not as hot, men don't want them as readily, and they really need to bring more to the table than mere existence if they want to end up with someone they actually like instead of someone they settle for after that wellspring runs dry.

But luckily for us, most women are pretty stupid. Okay, stupid's not the right word. I just threw that in there so the rest of Reddit can quote me as a woman-hater, because I think it's funny. And because most women are stupid cunts. More like...consciously ignorant, maybe? They never become self-aware. They'll hit 30, 40, 50, 60 and even go to their graves believing that things just didn't work out with the 200 guys they dated. Yes, after 200 different partners, not one was worth staying with. Either no chemistry or bad judgment in not realizing the guy was an asshole. They'll marry at 32, and genuinely believe things will work out for the best. Then end up cheating on their husbands, but figuring it's okay because it feels right and they're still searching for that Disney soulmate. Then end up divorcing their husbands because it didn't work out. No chemistry or he's an asshole. --Okay, maybe that's not the path most women take. But most end up settling, unhappily married, saddled with kids, not attracted to their husbands in the slightest, dreading the once a month missionary they have to endure.

They're not happy. Women who end up married to losers, used up by assholes – they're not happy. They'll never admit it, because admitting to mistakes would mean that they'd have to do something hard, like change, and women hate working hard. But lack of Red Pill awareness makes women unhappy, too. Not just men. Women get screwed because they grow up believing the same bullshit we do.

So the next time you're fucking some desperate 28-year-old you just picked up from a bar that you have no intention of ever committing to, remember to smile a little bit inside, because that used-up slut used to be just like you. Now look where you are, and look where she is. You're on top now.

(Unless you like her on top.)

If you don't know, with absolute certainty, that she is girlfriend/wife material, then she isn't

385 upvotes | January 9, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Many penis-owning idiots surface around here with an insanely stupid thought: they think they might have finally found a girl worth spending their lives with. They then ask a very dumb question: “What traits should I look for in a girl to make sure she’s girlfriend/wife material?” Worse than this idiocy, people actually respond seriously! They lay out a bunch of dumb answers: upbringing, religion, hair/clothes/tattoos/whatever, sexual history, relationship history, the friends she keeps – the list is endless.

It’s not that these aren’t useful things to know about any woman you’re fucking. They are. But there is no list of traits you can investigate and discover that’s going to qualify a woman as more than a fuck-toy. Because making her more than a fuck-toy isn’t your job. It’s hers.

Women know the difference between ugly and pretty. Women know the difference between bitchy and pleasant. Women know the difference between slutty party girls and sexually conservative non-sluts. And women aren’t stupid. When a woman is a bad relationship prospect, she knows it, and *she hides it*.

Many ugly women go crazy with clothes, hair, and makeup, and always seem to meet you in dim bars. They’ll get dishonestly creative with (or even outright modify) their online profile pictures. If they can get you to give them a chance, maybe you’ll get used to the ugly, right?

Many bitchy, crazy women seem normal, even nice, when you first start getting to know them. Then three months into the relationship you unwisely agreed to, you’re dealing with a psychopath.

And any slut alive who wants to score commitment from you rather than just a fuck is going to swear up and down that she’s only had sex with 2-5 guys before. That’s not really a lie, of course. Probably just a typo. Because if you take the dash out, the number is more accurate.

Women looking for a relationship, that are bad relationship prospects, hide it. They know they suck, and they’ll do everything in their power to keep you from knowing it. They’ll lie, they’ll be vague, they’ll be aloof and mysterious, they’ll be private, they’ll have areas of their lives that they say are none of your business, you won’t meet their friends or family easily. When a woman is vague with you, that is, hands down, an admission that she is a bad relationship prospect. If you’ve known a woman for a few months, and you still don’t know whether or not she’s a good relationship prospect, it’s because she isn’t, and she’s been deliberately vague with you.

Women who are good relationship prospects know it. They let it slip in their conversations and actions. When they’re trying to get you to commit to a relationship with them, they demonstrate that they’re good relationship material. They talk about it, and they act like it. Their friends and family will talk about it and act like it. A good relationship prospect has nothing to hide. She’s easy to know, forward, pleasant, and an open book. No games, no vagueness, no drama. She doesn’t need to hide her bad traits and be vague about them, because she’s not ugly, bitchy, or a slut. She can be open about being a good girl, because that’s desirable, and she knows it.

This isn’t to say that a shitty woman can’t lie and put on an act. You still have to do your homework. But if you’re ever in a position where you’re wondering whether a woman is girlfriend/wife material, you’ve already answered your own question. She’s not worth a shit. Because if she were, you’d

already know. She'd have made sure of it.

Always hide your effort

622 upvotes | January 19, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Once in a blue moon, some girl will strike up a conversation with me at the gym. I don't wear my wedding ring when I'm at the gym – I'd dent and scratch the hell out of it on the first bar I grabbed, and I grab a lot of bars during my time there. But I don't look very inviting when I'm working out, and I move around a lot and keep very obviously busy, so it's rare when anybody I don't know well tries to talk to me at all. And most girls keep to themselves at the gym anyway. Maybe if a girl's thinks you're cute, she'll try to catch your eye between sets, but she's not going to come over and overtly hit on you. That would risk rejection, and women don't take risks. Taking risks is our job. But once in awhile, some girl will attempt to make casual conversation while trying hard to look uninviting, like she's just small talking, in case I don't want to flirt with her. Because talking to strange men at the gym out of the blue about something other than a basic pleasantry, a request for equipment, or a question about his workout is definitely not fishing.

So I started playing with this over the past few months. Seeing what I was doing when and where, how the conversations went. I'm not looking to cheat on my wife with some random chick at the gym. I mean, if I were going to cheat, it wouldn't be with someone at my gym anyway. I have to go back there six days a week, and if you're a guy who's got a reputation for hitting on lots of women at the gym, you're going to get your membership revoked eventually. And I have shit to do and a limited amount of time to work out. I don't have the minutes to spare talking about restaurants and football with strangers.

I'll do an occasional class at the gym once or twice a week, because a man can only do so many squats, and getting some core work, cardio, and functional training in is good to mix things up. But even though classes at gyms are geared toward the lowest common denominator, I still try to make a workout out of it. I run hard, I lift a lot, I push myself. You'd think that being the strongest guy in the room would get more women talking to you after class than a normal workout, right? Not so.

I figured this out accidentally, actually, when some really big dudes were in a class, too. Apparently, lots of women talk to the second or third strongest guy in the room, but kind of make fun of the strongest one. Because when you sprint fast and finish first in every sprint, when you lift a heavier bar than anybody else in the room and do more reps with better form than anyone there, you look like you're trying hard. Even if you're not and the workout isn't that tough for you, you still look like you're trying hard. And trying hard is unattractive.

First off, if you're the strongest guy in the room and you're pushing yourself hard, it looks like you're showing off. Like you care what others think about you. Because if a woman were doing what you were doing, that would be her motivation. And it's impossible for a woman to imagine that you might be different than she is, because women completely lack empathy or the ability to place themselves in another's shoes. So if you're the strongest guy in the room and you're pushing hard, women think you're trying to draw attention to yourself. That's loser behavior.

Secondly, if you're the strongest guy in the room and you're pushing yourself hard, you look weaker. Like you're trying your hardest, breathing hard, going to exhaustion, instead of smoothly going through the motions like it's nothing. A guy who's effortlessly strong is hot. A guy who has to work hard to be strong is a try-hard loser.

Don't hit on women at the gym – you have shit to do there that's actually worth your time. But this translates to all areas of your life. It's not really a novel idea, and it's been rehashed around here before:

Part of being attractive is always looking like everything is effortless to you. Behind the scenes, you work hard – you work like a fucking fanatic. You tear your body apart at the gym, you eat clean like your body's the holiest temple on Earth, you schedule sleep hours like you're a baby, you pour your blood, sweat, and tears into your professional success and your networking, you hone your social game through months and months of embarrassment, you're always reading, always learning, always growing, always mastering something new. And you *never* let anybody see you work. Never talk about it, never allude to it. Because if people knew how hard you worked, they'd know that you're really a loser, trying hard to hide it. Instead, you accomplish the greatest feats you've ever accomplished, and when somebody says something to you, you shrug, and act like it's nothing. Like you do this shit all the time.

Because only losers work. Winning comes naturally to winners.

The number one mistake of married women: marrying a guy to whom they're not attracted

334 upvotes | January 26, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We discuss the shortcomings of women and the shortcomings of marriage quite a bit around here, for obvious reasons: Marriage is a one-sided, ass-raping, ball-busting, shitty affair. But the funny thing is, as much as we piss all over women for profiting from the labors of men, whether through marriage or divorce, the huge majority of women don't do this intentionally. For women, social status is everything. They're not getting married with the intent of profiting financially (at least not most of them). They're getting married because the status of being married bolsters them socially. Getting divorced is like publicly admitting that they screwed up and spent years fucking a loser. Few things hurt a woman socially more than fucking a loser. This is part of the reason why society has worked so hard to normalize divorce and glorify women who do it. Because recognizing that women make mistakes is sexist.

But there's a deeper and far more basic problem behind a woman's motivations to marry. A lot of women – especially your average, run-of-the-mill, middle class, educated women – make a critical mistake when it comes to marriage. They don't mean to do it. They're not being selfish or self-serving when they do. There's just something they don't get or understand:

Time and time again, women marry men that they're not attracted to.

A woman will marry a man that she feels *affection* toward. But not necessarily attraction. A man that is sweet, kind, thoughtful, funny, intelligent, responsible, has a good job, a good head on his shoulders, a good sense of priorities – a guy she really gets along with and likes. A guy who's great on paper. But when you get down to it, she's not attracted to this guy. For all of his good points, her vagina doesn't become involuntarily moist and tingly at the thought of eagerly and hungrily having sex with him. She likes him, but she's not attracted to him.

As a woman, she doesn't know that this matters, because opportunities for sex have always come easily for her. Good sex, bad sex, average sex. Whatever. Sex was always available if she wanted it. She has no idea how important sex is for maintaining a marriage.

In fact, women and men are both taught the opposite. That sex isn't that big of a deal. That an intellectual and emotional connection is key. That communication is what maintains a relationship and getting along as friends is far more important and rewarding. That focusing on sex is shallow and stupid and nobody should even care about it at all. Nobody seems to understand that you can watch TV and be friends with anybody. Hell, you can have emotional intimacy with anybody. Even other men. But the only person you're allowed to have sex with is your wife. Sex is the thing that separates your marriage from any other relationship. Not staying up watching TV.

But women buy into the idea that sex isn't important or special and marry men that they're not attracted to. They figure maybe the sexual chemistry will come with time. That sex will get more fun, more comfortable, easier. It never does, of course, because once a man actually ties his life to her, he becomes even less attractive. Sex is a chore for her, done infrequently and solely to please her husband. She feels violated and can't quite explain why, since she's married to the man. Her husband's such a great guy, but she's just not into him in that way. Maybe something's wrong with her. Maybe something's wrong with him. Maybe something's wrong with their marriage.

This is a bad place to be for a woman. She lives with a man who loves her. He does so much for her, every day, out of love. And she knows it. But she doesn't feel the way she's supposed to feel about him. She starts to feel really bad about this. Guilty. She hates feeling that way. But he keeps right on doing things for her out of love. She hates the way he makes her feel by doing this. She starts to get bitchy, angry, to lash out. That just makes him try harder.

She doesn't feel the way she should about her husband, and he continues to try harder and harder. She starts to feel like she owes him. This makes her feel resentment. Like she's a prostitute. Finally, she gets her wish. After enough resentful lashing out, minimizing everything he is and everything he does, he stops doing so much for her and starts withdrawing. Now, she feels righteous in her resentment since he's not doing anything for her any more. She still lashes out angrily, but this time with good reason. So now she feels better about herself, which is all that matters.

Her marriage is in the shitter, and then she meets someone else. And for the first time in a long time (maybe even the first time ever), she feels bona fide sexual attraction. Her vagina damn near throbs with anticipation, her heart rate gets faster, she's giddy and nervous. Sex with the other man is so good and so natural – completely unlike how it is with her husband. These feelings are so intense that she attaches extreme emotional significance to them, not recognizing that they're really just lust. Lust that she felt instantly for this guy. Lust that she was supposed to feel for her husband *before marrying him*.

Average women don't set out to fuck up marriage. They've just been sold a false bill of goods. They've been told that sex isn't important, and to marry their friend. To marry a nice guy who's good on paper. So time and time again, women marry men that they're not attracted to. And that's the beginning of marital disaster. A marriage doomed before it starts.

The Red Pill may well be the salvation of marriage in the future, because we know something the rest of the world consciously ignores: Attraction is not magic. It's not some random spark you either feel or don't. Attraction can be generated. You can make women want to fuck you.

Women and the Art of Lying

427 upvotes | January 28, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Another reddit user recently pointed out something frightening I'd like to explore that I hadn't thought about for awhile: Women, as a whole, are generally very, very good at lying. Seriously talented at lying. Scarily good at it.

A woman has the uncanny ability to tell you an outright, bald-faced lie – a complete 180 degree rotation from the truth – and do so with a straight face, slow and deliberate speech with no unusual inflections, good eye contact, and slow and steady breathing. Absolutely no indications of her poor relationship with the truth. She could probably even pass a lie detector test. This could be a generally good, honest girl, normal in every way, who can spit out a complete and utter falsehood, and look and sound like she actually believes it.

In fact, some of us around here have postulated that she really does believe her own lie. That somehow, her mind has rewritten history so that she really didn't cheat on you, or she really has only slept with two other guys, or that she's definitely on the pill and takes it religiously at the same time every day, or whatever the fuck else she wants to lie about. That in her brain, it's not even a lie any more, so she has no problem looking honest as she spits it out, because she's convinced herself that her fabricated version of reality is true.

I don't think women are *that* stupid. Women can be pretty fucking dumb sometimes, but they still know the difference between fact and fiction. "I didn't have sex with that other guy" is obviously a lie when she had his penis inside of her for 45 minutes. She knows that. She's not that stupid.

It's not lying that women are good at. It's justification.

A woman will convince herself that it was right, okay, and that she had a good reason to do whatever it is that she's lying about. A woman will also convince herself that it is right, okay, and that she has a good reason to lie to you about it. A woman will feel justified when she lies to you. She won't believe what she's saying, specifically, but she'll believe that she's *right* to be saying it. So it won't *feel* like a lie to her. She'll believe in herself and her own righteousness, and as long as she believes she's doing the right thing, she'll have no problem making eye contact, speaking with normal inflections, breathing normally – even though she's telling you a flat-out lie. The truth doesn't matter to her. Facts don't matter to her. How she feels about herself affects whether she can convey herself in a manner that looks honest. If she doesn't feel bad or feel guilty, and in fact feels righteous, she can sell used cars and bridges over swamps the same way you might describe what you ate for dinner last night.

In fact, women are so skilled at the act of justification, that catching them in the act of lying is, itself, wicked. They are righteous to lie. If you thwart their lie, you are the enemy of righteousness.

When your girl tells you something, and you remark that you spoke with her friend, and you know that's not true, she'll confront you: "Why don't you trust me? Why are you checking up on me with my friends? Do you seriously believe her over me?"

When you respond that you also logged into her phone, e-mail, facebook, whatever, and found concrete evidence that she's a lying bitch, her response isn't I'm sorry. It's how dare you invade her privacy like that. How dare you snoop on her. How dare you not trust her. She was righteous to lie, and you thwarted her lie. She's the victim here.

Remember this when you're screening your women. Her words don't always tell you what she believes is true. They just tell you how she feels about what she's saying.

Hate is the new love

593 upvotes | February 2, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The Red Pill is often chided for the fact that its advocates “hate women,” and devote their lives to unsavory methods of manipulating these creatures that they despise, and see as nothing more than a set of moist holes, into sex. We’re often quick to defend ourselves, making the distinction that attempting to understand women and live life in the manner that benefits us the most is a far cry from hate, but I think we might be a little too quick to distance ourselves from that. Hate is one of the essential steps. Hate is how we get to awesome. If you’ve never hated women, you skipped a step. I’ll explain below.

Let’s take an average guy, Mr. Joe Redpiller. Joe looks okay, has a decent but not great job, has had maybe a few average girlfriends in the past but generally sucks with the ladies, and nowadays can’t get a date to save his life and gets laughed at, shooed away, and even sometimes called a creep when he tries. He’s generally nice, pleasant, doesn’t make waves, has a few friends he’d consider close, and lives kind of a quiet, average life. The large majority of men are like Joe.

Joe isn’t happy. He’s okay. He’s fine. He gets by. But he isn’t happy.

If Joe stays the course over the years, he will probably get a few promotions at work and be able to afford a middle class lifestyle comfortably, find a girlfriend late in life who he eventually marries, face a 50% chance of getting divorced, and even if he doesn’t end up divorced, will probably spend the rest of his days wondering why the hell nobody, not even his wife, respects him when he works so hard and is nice to everyone.

Deep down inside, Joe probably knows that’s his future if he stays on this course. Deep down inside, Joe knows that’s why he isn’t happy. He’s okay. But he’s not happy.

Joe wants to be more than okay. He wants what all men want: he wants women to adore him and men to want to be him. He’s realistic. He knows he’s not the world’s greatest human being, but surely, he thinks to himself, he can do better. Surely, he can at least get a few dates, get laid, have some fun – I mean, if meat-heads from the gym, drug dealers, and frat boys can get laid, why not Joe? He’s a decent looking guy, he treats others well, and he has a good job. He’s a decent prospect, right? But women laugh at Joe. Even the less hot ones. Hell, one time a fat chick poured her drink on him and high fived her friends over it. Women think Joe’s a creep, and he’s not even being aggressive at all. He’s just walking up and trying to talk to women, for cripes sake. The farthest he ever gets is maybe buying a girl a few drinks. She flakes when he asks for her number.

Joe knows he must be doing something wrong, so one day, on a lark, he goes to the internet, and he stumbles across The Red Pill. This is not what Joe was looking for. He wanted a magic trick. Something he could try out that might help break the ice with girls. Instead, he’s reading a story – lots of stories, actually – that sound eerily like his entire life. Everything The Red Pill says men ought to do to be successful with women sounds wrong, stupid, certain to get Joe into heaps of trouble. Yet all of that crazy shit is explained in a way that goes along with everything Joe’s ever experienced.

Joe is cautioned by the entire internet: don’t bother with that red pill crap. It’s just a bunch of made up junk for losers who can’t get laid and hate women. None of it works, and it’s just misogyny disguised as a male support group.

Yes, he’s warned, that Red Pill shit doesn’t work. Not on real women. Not on the good ones worth

dating. Joe's told that if he "becomes an asshole," like The Red Pill advocates, he'll just alienate women and ruin himself. He'll have no chance at a real relationship.

Are there exceptional women out there that The Red Pill won't "work" on? Sure, maybe. But the people who tell Joe this don't understand. Joe has nothing to lose. Because these "good ones worth dating" -- these "real women" -- they weren't dating Joe before. They were laughing at him and calling him a creep, right alongside the rest of women. It's not like Joe is giving anything up if he alienates these "women worth dating" that are "too smart for The Red Pill." It's not like he had a chance at these girls before and now he's blowing it. He never had a shot to begin with.

Undaunted, Joe tries some of this red pill stuff, and lo and behold, our detractors are right. It doesn't work. People keep right on laughing at Joe. He's still a creepy loser, just like before. Only now he's a creepy loser who spends a lot of time at the gym, goes out every weekend and hits on just about anything that moves, and acts like an asshole. And people call him on it.

Joe's furious. At himself, at men, at women, at the universe. Mostly at women, because any person worth breathing ought to be able to see that he's a decent guy. Joe crosses the threshold. He really, really hates women.

Joe goes out for drinks now, not hoping to meet a girl, but just because he feels like a drink. Women are there, and he doesn't care. In fact, he's kind of rude to them. He says and does whatever he feels like -- whatever comes to mind. He pretty much just uses the women there for entertainment. Saying shit and doing shit, treating them like stimuli that just exist to amuse him. Touching a few -- almost daring them to blow him off with his aggressiveness. And these stupid chicks keep bothering him when he's just trying to have a few drinks, maybe with a guy friend or two, or watch whatever's on the bar TV. He doesn't care about them in the slightest. He's just shooting his mouth off and being a general ass. And suddenly one of them is grinding on his cock, smiling at him.

Joe gets laid that night. Easily. Joe gets laid twenty more times. Because hating women enables Joe to really not giving a flying fuck what they think. He just fucks their brains out, gets his rocks off, only bothers keeping the phone numbers of the hottest or kinkiest ones, and spends a few months doing what the old Joe would have classified as mistreating women. And they can't get enough of him.

Once the novelty wears off, Joe starts to see the pattern, he starts to understand, and he cools off a little bit. He doesn't really hate women any more, because he's figured out that they're really not that important. If he wants to get laid, he goes out and gets laid. If not, he does something else. He understands how women work, how the game is played, and he's moved on. But hating them was a crucial step to reach this point.

I suppose if we really want to split hairs, "hate" is kind of a strong word. A guy really just needs to be indifferent about women and stop caring. But in the modern sense, that's really what "hate" is. I mean, you're not going to go out and murder people. Fucking around with them in public, being rude, not caring about them in the slightest, having sex with them and never calling them again -- that's today's version of hate.

The next time someone accuses of you of "hating women," own it. Because they exist for your pleasure. The more you screw around with them, heedless of their feelings, the more they line up to fuck you. Are there special flower women out there who are exceptions to this? Doesn't matter. You have all the sex you can handle. And those special flowers weren't fucking the old you anyway.

Special Snowflakes

420 upvotes | February 3, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Our little internet subculture is renowned (actually kind of demonized) for taking the position that “All Women Are Like That,” (AWALT) with regard to the majority of behaviors we note among women. The counter-position most of the world takes is that every human being is unique, so it’s ludicrous to think that any one thing would ever apply to “all” of any segment of the population. Therefore, you must treat every encounter with a woman on a case-by-case basis and make no assumptions about anything, because every woman is a unique creature.

Are we right? Are our detractors right? Are we both right? Are we both wrong? I’m going to answer this as definitively as possible. Okay, not as definitely as possible. As definitively as necessary. So pay attention.

Do all women share certain commonalities, or are some women “special snowflakes” that are an exception to the Red Pill’s teachings? The answer:

--It doesn’t fucking matter.

Many of The Red Pill’s detractors insist that red pill behaviors only “work” on stupid women, young women, naive women, women with mental health or self-esteem issues, and so forth. That The Red Pill is powerless against real women, smart women, strong women, or what have you. Is this the case? Are there some women out there who are exceptions to the Red Pill AWALT stance? Sure, maybe. But it doesn’t fucking matter.

Hell, are these women who are immune to or completely unattracted to anything red pill related the majority of women? Are most women above The Red Pill? I guess it’s possible. But it doesn’t fucking matter.

Proclaiming that The Red Pill fails in the presence of “real women” makes two very bad assumptions. First, this proclamation assumes that a red pill advocate was getting fucked by real women in the first place.

“Real women” are smart, strong, and capable, right? That’s what separates them from stupid girls who fall for red pill behaviors, right? So it’s a given that real women don’t fuck timid, under-confident, fatass (or scrawny) losers. That means that before The Red Pill, these real women weren’t fucking too many of us. So it’s not like you blew your chance at a real woman by deciding to improve your life and fuck a few sluts. The pre-red-pill you never had a shot with these real women anyway.

Second, however, is a much more offensive and insidious assumption.

The implication that The Red Pill only works on a certain caliber of woman assumes that the women who are exceptions to The Red Pill’s teachings are somehow inherently better or superior to other women. They’re calling those other women stupid. Let’s ignore for a moment the fact that the people who offend all of the other, lesser women in the world with this assumption are also the same people who praise equality and the unique beauty of every individual woman and ask a better question.

Why is a woman who doesn’t respond favorably to red pill behaviors a better or superior woman? Why would I want this “smart” woman over a woman that responds positively to masculine behaviors, strong leadership, and confidence? A woman that gets turned on by confidence,

masculinity, and leadership, and wants to submit to a man with those traits – that’s an actual feminine woman. That’s hot. That’s a far superior woman.

A strong, independent ball-buster of a woman who’s constantly challenging you, thinks she’s too smart for you, and pisses all over anything masculine? That’s an annoying bitch, not a superior woman.

Are there women who are exceptions to The Red Pill? Special, unique flowers on which the magical red pill will not “work?” I fucking hope so. Because that makes it so much easier to weed out inferior bitches.

Fuck the good ones. Let the bitches who are too “strong” and too “smart” to be feminine be as special and unique as they want to be. They don’t fucking matter.

Don't forget to have fun

466 upvotes | February 5, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A few months ago, my wife and I had one of our periodic talks (e.g., shit tests), where my wife comments that I've changed so much that she barely knows me, that I'm always so (insert negative quality) now when I used to be so (insert positive quality). This, of course, flies in the face of how she actually treated the old, supposedly better me and how little he got laid. But that's women for you. A conversation like this about once a month is pretty par for the course if you're one of those guys who got married when you were an ass-kissing loser that spent the first part of his marriage tiptoeing on eggshells, afraid of pissing his wife off.

A wife gets comfortable with you being an obedient, eager-to-please loser who works all day to support her style of living and always sacrifices everything he wants to please her, only to get bitched at anyway. I think the modern term for that is an equal partnership. As soon as you start living your own life, that's seen as a power grab. You'll be tested every five minutes to see how serious you really are about this -- everything from making fun of you to pretending it's not working to denying sex to threatening divorce. If you've been a loser for an extended period of time, you'll have quite a long hurricane to ride out. But remember: This isn't a failing of your wife. You're the failure. After years and years of living your life as a timid loser, she doesn't trust you to lead your family, nor should she.

This particular encounter, however, my wife was actually right. She said I'm no fun. I'm always so serious now. Every day, I wake up at the crack of dawn and throw myself into a workout, I'm serious about what I eat and what I feed my family, I'm serious about my job, I'm serious about getting shit around the house done, I'm even serious about the books I read in what little spare time I have. Everything's so damn serious.

When my wife tosses a bitchy shit test at me, I almost respond mechanically. Even when I agree and amplify, I'm doing it like a robot. She almost always circles around again to bitch some more, until I give her a hard and serious no. Our exchanges hadn't been fun. They'd been serious.

In this huge Red Pill journey, it's easy to forget Women 101. We get so caught up in improving our lives and being exactly a certain way to maximize our results with women. We hang out on the internet talking about it seriously, finding ways to do it better, finding ways to be more effective at life, finding ways to get more serious about serious stuff. We forget something important. We forget to have fun.

That douchebag all of the women at the club keep grinding against? He's not thinking about his workout tomorrow morning. He's not counting the calories in his vodka. His mind's not consumed about work on Monday. And when a woman gives him some shit, he doesn't give her a serious look and make his intolerance for her disrespect clear. He just parties, drinks, dances, has a good time, and shoots his mouth off. He's having fun. And if he's having fun, the women around him are having fun. Your plates, girlfriends, wives, future women – they want to be with a guy that's fun. You still have to do the work and get shit done, but you need to learn to *enjoy* the work. If you're not having fun living your life as a Red Pill man or a Red Pill man in the making, you're doing it wrong. So get out there and kick some ass, but don't forget to have fun doing it.

You can be the gatekeeper of both sex and commit... Or she can

208 upvotes | February 9, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

One of the core principles of The Red Pill is that women are the gatekeepers of sex, while men are the gatekeepers of commitment. This is a bit of an oversimplification, of course. In an ideal world, both men and women would benefit from both sex and commitment. But we do not live in an ideal world. Men, as a whole, have lower standards when it comes to willingness to fuck a woman, so it's pretty darn easy for a woman to find a man willing to fuck her. So women can be choosy about sex. They have no shortage of offers.

The converse is only partly true, but it's true in the way that matters. Needy, desperate, loser beta males far outnumber the awesome badasses in the world, and any one of those needy, desperate, loser men would leap at the chance to commit to a girl. So it's not exactly hard for a woman to obtain commitment from a man. But it's hard for a woman to obtain commitment from a man that she actually wants. Since the men she doesn't actually want are pretty much invisible to her, her ability to secure commitment from a desirable man is the only fact that matters.

This leads the sexes to treat relationships as a transaction. A man grants a desirable woman his commitment, and the woman grants a desirable man sexual access. By committing to the woman, the man agrees to have sex only with her, and with nobody else. That means that if the woman doesn't have sex with him tonight, he doesn't have sex tonight. If she doesn't have sex with him for a week, he doesn't have sex for a week. If she strings him along only having sex once every two months, he only has sex once every two months. Commitment gives her control of his sex life, with the understanding that if either one of them withdraws his or her part of the transaction, the other can withdraw as well.

This is only part of the story, though.

Yes, a man's commitment is the most valuable thing he can give to a woman, and a woman's sex is the most valuable thing she can give to a man ("valuable" in both cases being from a SMV standpoint), but those aren't the only things being exchanged. The man is also giving his sex to the woman, and the woman is giving her commitment to the man.

Women are not asexual. If a woman is attracted to a man, she wants to fuck him. If he doesn't fuck her, she feels hurt and undesired. In fact, women have a very hard time separating their personal worth from their sexual worth. If you don't fuck a woman who wants you, that's perceived as a personal attack on her value as a human being. Not just an absence of sex. In fact, a good, hard, proficient fucking is one of the best ways to keep a woman attracted to you. All of the game and shit test destruction and badass behaviors are fine and good, and even necessary, but an awesome fuck makes that girl love the hell out of you and want even more. If a woman is strongly attracted to you and you don't fuck her, even if you're completely committed to her, she'll leave or cheat. Your sex has value, too. Not just your commitment.

Also, women are not just giving you sex. They're giving you their commitment as well. And that's not completely valueless. A hot 20-something girl can go out and get fucked by a different guy every hour. If she commits to you, she's giving that up to be fucked only by you. This is part of the reason that marrying a self-aware young woman at the peak of fertility is a wiser choice than marrying a used up 34-year-old. That 34-year-old usually isn't swimming in sexual opportunity any more, so by

committing to you, she's not giving up anything of value. But if a hot 20-something wants to commit to you, her commitment has some worth to it. By committing and giving up other opportunities, she's indicating that you're worth something to her.

What's the take-away?

If you want very badly to secure continual sexual access to a desirable woman, she's the gatekeeper of both sex and commitment, and you're yet another needy loser among the ranks.

But if a woman wants, very badly, to fuck you, and you're an awesome guy with options elsewhere, then you are the gatekeeper of both sex and commitment. You can give her one of those, both of those, or none of those. The power is yours.

Don't be a slave

1007 upvotes | February 16, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Society and civilization, for all the good they provide, slap us squarely across the face and rape us up the ass with one singularly painful drawback: to be a man in society is to be a slave.

Society's path for you - for all of us - is clear. To placate us with pornography, sports, alcohol, video games, creature comforts, the illusion of a path to success, the illusion of remuneration for our labors, while extracting maximum productivity from us until the day we die. We trade something priceless, that we will never recover – time – in exchange for something governments around the world have made up – money. We then spend that money on pornography, alcohol, overpriced food, creature comforts, a nice apartment or big suburban home, a fancy car, fancy clothes, cable television, cellular telephones, fake wooden furniture, fifty trips to Bed Bath & Beyond for clutter our wives think is cute, and then we need to get paid again. The endless cycle of sacrificing our very life essence for more of this worthless stuff continues.

The true beneficiaries of our labors? The women and children we support. Feeding yourself is cheap and easy. Feeding a family actually isn't that hard either. But supporting a wife, one or more children, and all of the stupid shit they think they need? Shit you would never buy if society hadn't convinced your mentally pliable family that everyone ought to have it? Painful. That diamond engagement ring you got your wife? Four months' salary – 640 hours of sitting at a desk somewhere if you're white-collar, or doing something backbreaking if you're blue-collar. That suburban home? 40-80 hours a month to pay the bank, 95% of that payment being interest on a six-digit loan. You'll be done paying that off in 30 years. That's about 60,000 hours of work, give or take. Paying for your kid to be in little league? That's a few extra hours a month at the office. A bigger chunk if you have to buy some equipment this month. That queen-sized bedroom set with matching dresser, nightstands, and an awesome memory foam mattress your wife loves? There goes an entire month at work, plus all the overtime you put in before Christmas, plus your Christmas bonus. Every trip to Pottery Barn, every time your wife logs into Amazon, 20 bucks here, 50 bucks there – don't think of that as dollars. Think of that as your time, your sweat, your blood, your very life essence. Every time your wife logs into Amazon, she's spending **dozens of the limited hours of your life** in about ten minutes buying birthday presents for her friends' kids and baby shower gifts for her cousins. You're working like a slave so that she can win social points within her circle of friends.

And when she's out with them spending your money on ten-dollar cocktails, she's badmouthing you. Why does society care about you supporting your family? Because if you didn't, society would have to foot the bill. And for many people, society does. Your government takes 20-40 percent of that worthless money you sacrifice your life to earn and spends it supporting people who aren't you. Once a year, they make you do a bunch of paperwork, and if you figure out that you've actually given them too much money over the course of the year in the form of an interest-free loan, they give you a chunk of that money back, without interest. You feel like you've won the lottery! What a great government!

From the day we're born, we're raised by weak-willed, self-important, narcissistic, feminized parents – each generation worse than the last. We're placed in schools that indoctrinate us into a culture of rules and socialized behaviors, that teach toward standardized tests and focus the entirety of their resources on bringing the dumbasses of the world up to just slightly below average. The slaves-in-

training that rattle their chains are diagnosed with disorders that just a few short decades ago didn't even exist, and are force-fed mind-altering drugs to curb their disruptive masculine impulses. Not that long ago, disliking school, homework, studying, and sitting still for 8 hours at a time was pretty common for an eight-year-old boy. Now it's a psychological disorder. Being a boy is a psychological disorder.

By the time we hit puberty, we've been taught that sexual impulses are evil, and our only shot at a decent life is to do exactly what we're told, buckle down, finish school, then spend massive amounts of money (or accrue incredible debt) going to more school, where in the pursuit of a degree, we take a few required courses to learn that nine tenths of us are apparently rapists and that for generations, we have oppressed and enslaved women. Thank God all of us are in that other ten percent. When all that's said and done, it takes us forever to finally find gainful employment, despite all of our education, and we don't earn that much more than we would have without it. But we're happy to have any job so we can finally start buying all of the shit we've been told we need, to demonstrate what great providers we'll make for a family one day.

Because that's what we're told our goal in life needs to be. We've done it all to prepare ourselves to one day meet a good woman, marry her, have kids, and support a family. If you're not married and taking care of a family – good care, not just passable care (meaning lots of money, not just adequate money! Only losers have a savings account or save for retirement.) – then you're not a real man. You're just a child. What's that? You don't make the required minimum salary of \$5,000 times your age? Don't worry. Nowadays, you don't have to save money until you can afford to buy cars and furniture and televisions. You can just get them now for 29.99 a month here, 59.99 a month there, 74.99 a month there, and pay them off in 5, 10, 20 years. Whatever. You can start saving for retirement a little later, and have that big-screen TV now, right? I mean, surely you won't be working until the day you die to buy shit for your wife, right?

Meeting the right woman is pretty hard nowadays. Women are waiting a lot longer before getting married, even though they sure do seem to spend a lot of time at bars and clubs and house parties and girls' nights looking for the right man. And they sure do seem to have a hard time figuring out who's a good provider versus who's just good-looking. A lesser man might think they're just putting off marriage and fucking hot guys until they're too old and the hot guys don't want them any more. But that's an evil line of thinking.

If you expect a woman to like you, spend time with you, maybe even have sex with you, simply because you're a great guy who treats her well, that's sexist. You are to approach a woman with your head bowed, and beg for the privilege of picking her up in your fancy car so that she can judge your wealth, then taking her out to eat and to participate in entertaining activities. Only if she finds you sufficiently interesting does she deign to spend further time with you, at your expense. You are to ask for nothing of her and to expect nothing of her. You're essentially buying her time with no guarantee of sex, kind of like an escort. Deep down, you wonder if that muscular guy from the club she used to date before you had to do all this before he got any.

Eventually, most guys who really want to get married will find someone to support. And even though 50% of marriages don't last, we all think we'll be different since we're serious about marriage. We're going to take good care of our families. We're not going to cheat. We're going to work hard. We're going to treat our wives and kids like queens and princesses and princes and give them the best life we can, even if it means sacrificing ourselves in the process.

And even though our wives piss all over us and minimize everything we do for them and badmouth us when we're not around, we're okay with that. That's just playful banter. It's funny. TV sitcoms tell us it's funny. And if we ever stop raising the bar and stop doing more and more for them, we're greeted with anger, seething hatred, blazing disrespect, and threats of divorce, so we promise to do better.

And then we're surprised when we learn that a lower libido in marriage is not, in fact, normal, and that our wives' libido is quite healthy. At least it is when she's fucking some loser from her part time job. And that it doesn't matter how much we gave or how much we loved or everything we sacrificed, or which party cheated on who. She gets the kids, the house, the majority of your assets, and if the court-ordered check you send her every month is a single penny short, you go to jail. So even after your wife leaves you and takes your children, you're still supporting your family from afar. But don't worry. You just didn't meet the right girl. That one didn't work out. Don't be bitter. Marry another one and support her, too. Love's more important than money anyway, right?

The facets of AWALT

332 upvotes | February 23, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We get a lot of flack over our popular acronym “AWALT” – All Women Are Like That. It’s a great reminder, every time we’re surprised by how slutty a girl is, every time a woman lies, manipulates, and cheats, every time a woman leaves a man at his worst, and every time a woman leaves a man who gave her the world.

It’s an offensive phrase. Because it brazenly proclaims that all women (not some, not a few skanks, not even most, but all – every single one of them) are “like that.” We could argue semantics by pointing out that “like that” doesn’t necessarily mean “is that,” but instead means, “approximates that” or “trends in that direction.” But come on. We mean she’s really like that. All women, given the right circumstances, will slut, lie, cheat, and/or leave. And what constitutes the “right circumstances” is pretty much the same for every woman: Being a loser. Women hate losers. Everyone hates losers. The big difference between one woman and the next isn’t whether she’s like that, or what makes her act like that. It’s her threshold. Different women will tolerate different amounts of loser for different amounts of time before they break.

Some will have tolerance and patience that exceed the tolerance and patience of other women. But every woman has her threshold. Cross that, and she’ll be “like that.” It can manifest differently. Some will never cheat on you – they’ll just leave. Some will never leave – they’ll just cheat on you. Some won’t do either, at least at first, but they’ll start to resent you and treat you poorly. There are different colors of “like that.” But all women do it. All women are like that.

Really, we overcomplicate this thing. What does “All Women Are Like That” really mean? It means that if you don’t measure up, a woman will lose her respect for you. All women, all the time, will lose respect for you if you’re a loser. That’s not so offensive. It’s downright logical.

And a woman who loses her respect for you will treat you poorly, dump you, cheat on you, or any combination of the above. Not all women do all of those at exactly the same threshold of loser-dom. But all women have the potential to do any of those, in any order, depending on what their threshold is. All women will lose respect for you if you suck. And no woman, anywhere, is going to say, “Well, my boyfriend suddenly started sucking and became a total loser, but because we’re already in a committed relationship, I’m going to stay with him forever, never cheat, never leave, and continue to treat him with the utmost respect, no matter how big of a loser he becomes or how long this goes on.” Because there are no exceptions. All women are like that.

The far more offensive part of AWALT, however, doesn’t come up in discussion nearly as often: Women are malleable sheep. A woman’s threshold for loser-dom, and what constitutes the right circumstances to make her “like that,” are completely fluid.

You can be a little bit of a loser, and your girl might be okay with that for a long time. You might have a great relationship until something changes – something that’s not you. Your girl’s social circle might start badmouthing you. Or your girl might get a shot at another man.

Suddenly, her threshold changes, and what does and doesn’t constitute a loser in her eyes changes. Maybe your hobbies and your appearance and clothes and the way you act was fine by her until her friends started making fun of her for dating you. Maybe your devotion and love of cuddling was cute and charming until she met a hawt d-bag last night who tried to take her home.

Suddenly, she realizes she's not happy and you're a loser. You didn't change. Her perception did. She moved the goalposts on you. On herself. A woman's threshold changes based on her circumstances. If she has other options, her tolerance for anything less than the ideal from you is far less.

Some might see that as opportunism, but really, it's not that conscious. She really was happy five minutes ago. She didn't know there was anything to be unhappy about until she realized she was losing social status and that you were holding her back from getting fucked by a better man. Before then, she was great.

AWALT isn't just a reminder or warning. It's like a battle cry, reminding you to always be on the upward trend. To always be the best. And to always become better. Because if you're anything less, you'll lose respect.

AWALT is also our comfort. There's always someone better, and always just the right circumstances. Maybe your woman will surprise you by demonstrating a greater tolerance than you thought she had, but if she doesn't, and you know you did your best, and were the best version of yourself possible – AWALT. Shit happens. She's not yours. It's just your turn. Or if things were beyond your control – you lost your job, you got sick, you were injured, you experienced a death of a loved one, and your woman left the weak man you became – AWALT. Shit happens.

AWALT is exactly what our detractors want. AWALT should be a feminist cornerstone. Don't expect things from women. Don't hold them to standards. They're going to do whatever they want. Accept it. It's their right to do what they want, and if you expect them to do certain things for you in exchange for things you do, that's entitled male privilege. You need to check that privilege and remember AWALT.

Girls just want to have fun

844 upvotes | February 26, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The Red Pill is a relatively new phenomenon, but the need for the Red Pill is as old (or older) than many of us. In 1983, I was a toddler. I'm older than a lot of you, younger than some. That year, Cyndi Lauper recorded the iconic song "Girls Just Want to Have Fun." The lyrics playfully talk about a girl coming home after being out all night (presumably getting fucked), guys calling for her at all hours, and her parents disapprove, but they don't understand, because girls just want to have fun. Some boys want to hide a beautiful girl away, but she wants to bask in the sun flaunting herself to the boys. When the working day is done, girls just want to have fun.

Fun fact – the original lyrics to this iconic hit from the 80s were written by a guy named Robert Hazard, and the song was originally about a player cad cruising about, crushing vag. He'd come home late at night, presumably after fucking girls, get scolded by his parents, and exclaim that the girls just want to have fun. That's all they want. Lauper found the original lyrics to this song to be misogynistic, so she rewrote them to the ones summarized in the first paragraph, intending them to be an anthem for young women. Oddly, they're even more misogynistic her way.

Housewives galore, my mother included, did aerobics classes in psychedelically colored leotards to this song, while reminiscing and gossiping about all the guys they fucked in the 60s and 70s during their hippie days in high school and college. And badmouthing their clean-cut, hardworking husbands who put on conservative dark suits and white dress shirts every day to go sit in an office and pray that the recession didn't cost them the jobs that were supporting their wives and kids and paying for their tenuous middle class lifestyle. Even as early as the 60s, hard-working, responsible men who provided for their families were boring. A laughingstock when women were alone together. A necessary evil.

This didn't stop women who'd fucked their way through college (after earlier women fought for their right to be there) from settling down and marrying a stable guy. Sure beats working. Work sucks, and girls just want to have fun.

Hazard knew what was up, or at least the character in his song did. The original message in those lyrics was meant for guys, not girls. Girls already knew they wanted to have fun. They'd been having fun for awhile. It was men in the 70s and 80s who needed to get a clue. The song didn't go, "Girls just want to fuck a guy with a middle class job." You couldn't say fuck on the radio.

The 70s and 80s were burdened with feminism. First-wave feminism was awesome. Women needed to be able to vote and own property and not be second-class citizens. Second-wave feminism was better than the shit we have today, but was considerably more retarded than first-wave feminism. Apparently, keeping house while the husband works wasn't the standard because it makes logical sense for the person who doesn't get pregnant to be the one relied upon for income. It was the standard due to systemic sexism. The world definitely had to do away with that. The line's a little blurry where second-wave feminism ends and third-wave feminism begins, but the third wave is essentially just planting a victory flag as far up the ass of society as possible, because they already won equality decades ago, so now it's time to normalize being a slut. Girls just want to have fun.

Mark my words, if we don't have a war or something else significant to shock the world in the interim, in another decade or two, one-sided poly marriages will be a somewhat common thing. Sexless men who are just happy to have a wife, marrying women who are free to go fuck whoever

they want. Because trying to use marriage to own and control women is a patriarchal relic from the past. If men want to commit to women, that's fine, but they'd better check their privilege and not think that marrying someone means they own that vagina. It's her vagina, to fuck whoever she wants. Not her husband's. He should be thrilled when she comes home ready to bear kids for him to help raise. That's why he married her. For a family, right? Be a real man. Marry a woman and support her family for her.

The old regime died decades ago. Women get free birth control through their insurance. They have jobs and support themselves, scholarships designated just for them, sexist programs designed to put more of them into various fields independent of qualifications, and other ways to make life a bit easier for them. If they don't have jobs or don't make enough with the jobs they have, they get free insurance and free money from the government. And if a woman slips up and gets pregnant, she can get an abortion at will, no questions asked. Or if she knows who the father is, she can have the kid if she wants it, and the government will take a portion of his paycheck and send it to her. That portion isn't based on her expenses. It's based on how much money he makes. So she can spend a little time keeping track of his promotions and raises and get that amount increased periodically. If he's ever a dime short, he goes to jail.

Women don't need hard-working, responsible guys who support them any more. They didn't need that in the 60s, they didn't need it in the 80s, they don't need it now. Girls just want to have fun.

Don't go crazy now. You still have to be hard-working and responsible. For you, not them. Your job is to support yourself awesomely and be a badass, because being a badass is fun. Hey, guys want to have fun, too. Sucking and having a shit life is not fun.

But for them, your job isn't to be hard-working and responsible. They want to have fun. They don't need you to support them or save them or love them or cherish them. The world's given them a safety net. You don't need to be their soft place to land. They have that already. They won it fair and square. Society failed the shit test and gave women the farm. And now women don't respect society any more. They piss all over society daily and still call it unfair and sexist, after all it's done for them. Now they're angling for two farms and a private island, and society will probably give it to them. Your only purpose to women now is entertainment. Hard work? Responsibility? Support? Boring. Girls hate boring. Your job is to be fun. Girls want to have fun. If you're not fun and interesting, they'll fuck someone else. There are plenty of someone elses.

You young guys out there need to work harder than ever, for you. Get your awesome life in gear, for you, so when this bubble bursts, you're on top. But on your down time, ride this third wave of slutty feminism as far as it can take you. Look hot, smile, be fun, and abdicate all appearances of work, responsibility, or love. Entertain them. Perform like a monkey. Stick your dick in them. Laugh at them inside your head. Then go home and keep working on that awesome life you're building. It'll be our secret.

Understand your women

864 upvotes | March 3, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

My wife is hitting the PMS portion of her cycle, which means it's comfort test time. For those of you Red Pill hellions who are married or in committed relationships (sorry...), you've probably learned this already, but you absolutely, positively, cannot treat a comfort test in the same manner as a shit test, even though the two look pretty much identical. While there are exceptions to every rule, if it happens while she's ovulating, it's most likely a shit test. If it happens during her non-fertile times, it's probably a comfort test. Like I said, this isn't an absolute, but it's a really great starting point.

I'll be honest. My wife is running out of material. She's been recycling old stuff for the past few months. This time around, we get the tried and true, "Why don't you love me any more?"

The obvious response she's looking for is, "I do love you," which she will promptly piss all over since she so intelligently preempted that response with her phrasing, get extremely angry, then begin lambasting me for all of the things I do and all of the things I don't do, hoping I'll apologize profusely and get back in line as the loser slave I was a year ago, because if you really loved a woman, you'd willingly be her sexless source of money and validation. This shit where you live your own life and do things you enjoy while still magically taking care of business around the house because you possess basic time management skills and good work ethic isn't what you're supposed to do. You're supposed to be a boot-licking slave.

But it's comfort test time, not shit test time, so I figure I'd better say something. I don't answer her immediately. I pour myself some scotch. She knows by now that if I were going to blow her off, I'd have done it already, so she waits quietly. I smile inside at this while remaining impassive on the outside.

"Look up 'begging the question' on Wikipedia."

"Huh?"

"You're baiting me. Ask a better question and I'll answer it. But first, look up begging the question, like I said."

"I know what begging the question is."

"Then..." "But all day you've been..." "HEY! I was talking. Let's try this again. Did you want to ask me something?" She looked like she was about to cry because I cut her off so sharply. I probably shouldn't have been quite so abrasive.

"...Do you love me?"

"I love you the way a man loves a woman. Your problem is that you want me to love you the way a woman loves a man."

"What?"

"Every day, you do all kinds of things for me. I probably only notice a third of them. Because they're not the kinds of things I would do for you, or even think about doing. But I'm thankful for them."

"Well, you don't show it!"

"Sure I do. But I show my love in my way. Do you ever consider the dozens, or even hundreds of things I do to take care of you and [daughter], that barely register with you? Your life's better for it."

But because they're not the kinds of things you do for me, you hardly notice."

"Well..."

"Look, we play to our strengths, all right? If you want to marry a woman, you'll need to move to another state, and I know you like our house."

Bam. Comfort test done.

We piss all over women around here, but for what it's worth, women are pretty smart. They understand social interactions extremely well, but generally only through the lens of being a woman. Women suck at empathy. They really, really can't put themselves in another person's shoes or imagine any viewpoint except their own.

This makes women experts at girl things. They can look across the room at a couple and tell you whether that girl's really into that guy in three seconds, with 99 percent accuracy. Because women notice and understand what women do for men.

But women suck at being men. Everything men do for women is pretty much invisible to them, because it's not something women do for people they love, or even something women think about.

Men and women love each other differently, and one of the reasons relationships are such a dismal failure is that men bend over backwards doing shit for women, and the women don't recognize that any acts of love ever occurred. Meanwhile, the women do all kinds of shit for men, then get all pissed off that the men don't fall over thanking them.

Women [think that they] want a man who loves them the way a woman loves a man. They don't express it that way, but when they complain about how a man who loves them to death and does all kinds of shit for them doesn't do anything for them, that's what they're complaining about. They [think that they] want that man to do shit for them that they would do for a man they were in love with.

But that's not what women actually want. It's just what they think they want. The more a man cooks, cleans, does laundry, bathes the kids, gives backrubs and footrubs, and supports his wife's career, the less his wife wants his dick inside of her. Because straight women don't want to fuck women. They want men. They just don't understand men.

The TV sitcom trope of the century is about how confusing women are. How tough they are to understand. How they're a mystery, and men can't ever hope to really understand their women. But the media markets to women, not men. The truth is that it's women who suck at empathy. Women don't understand men. We confuse them. We do all kinds of shit out of love, and they piss all over us, like we're stupid, because they don't understand. They missed it.

Meanwhile, we have the capacity to get it. With the Red Pill, we have the capacity to understand women. We know what they really want and what they really need – as opposed to what they say or think they might want.

The Red Pill is your empathy. It's how you tell whether your woman needs comfort or boundaries. Whether she needs to be tossed on the bed and fucked like a cavewoman or held while she cries. The best way to beat women isn't to punish them for all that awkward shit we experienced when we were stupid losers. It's to understand them.

Women don't just give "alpha" guys their best sex. They give them their best emotional intimacy, too.

619 upvotes | March 12, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

One of the cores of “Red Pill theory,” if you can really call our awesome 100,000 member locker room talk a “theory,” is the dualistic mating strategy of women. Essentially “alpha fucks, beta bucks.” It’s not really a sinister thing. Women aren’t deliberately trying to game the system. We just live in an age where being a major slut is accepted rather than shameful, so women are free to act (in fact, encouraged to act) on their sexual impulses and their emotions instead of worrying about their long-term future or what sort of life looks good on paper.

This isn’t that sinister. Women will be sexually attracted to a particular type of guy, but that particular type of guy isn’t usually the kind of guy who’s quick to be emotionally available, quick to commit, generous with his time and resources, and eager to provide for a woman. This isn’t because women are foolish. It’s because most guys that are attractive to a large number of women have options. They don’t need to be emotionally available, to commit, or to dedicate significant time and resources to any particular woman. If some woman won’t fuck him for a minimal investment of time and resources, he’ll just go fuck another of his options. Women fuck guys like that without pushing for a more serious investment because they don’t have a choice. It’s either fuck him and hope he “falls in love” or be sexless. And nowadays, a woman who chooses to be sexless is an oppressed victim of the patriarchy. It’s pretty much required to be a slut.

Women don’t even necessarily *like* the guys they’re sexually attracted to. They’re not stupid. They know that the asshole douchebags who treat them badly and only return their texts when they want sex aren’t any good for them. They know it’s dumb and dangerous to date a tattooed-up, drug-dealing thug. But women know something a lot of men need a little more education to figure out: Sexual attraction is completely separate from whether or not you like someone. In fact, sex outside of a committed monogamous relationship is a lot easier for a woman to justify when she doesn’t like someone.

But no sane woman is going to marry a guy who’s no good for her, treats her badly, and isn’t emotionally invested in her. Even if she could get this dream alpha man of hers to agree to it. A relationship built solely on sexual attraction isn’t going to fulfill her. It will suck and fail.

A woman is going to eventually marry a guy that she likes. Somebody who’s actually emotionally invested in her, generous with his time and resources, and willing and eager to commit his life to her. The thing is, guys who are eager to commit themselves to one woman – especially a slutty woman – generally aren’t the kind of guys most women are sexually attracted to. Part of the reason they’re so willing to enter into a committed relationship is the fact that they lack options with women.

Sex is so easy for most women to come by that they don’t realize how important it is. They’re getting offers from boys starting in elementary school nowadays. After a lifetime of slutting it up, sex is common and cheap to most women, and has become something entirely unimportant. In fact, if you’re her chump beta boyfriend and you’re heavily interested in sex with her, she’s going to accuse you of being shallow and hurtful, because the emotional connection is what’s really important, not the sex, right?

They don’t understand that sexual attraction is one of the cornerstones of every successful

relationship. A relationship without frequent, passionate sex, that is strongly desired by both parties, is every bit as shallow and empty as a relationship without an emotional connection.

But our example woman who ends up married to a guy she likes doesn't realize this. She's stuck with a guy she likes, who does things for her, but she doesn't want to fuck him. She assumes it's because he sucks and doesn't do enough for her, but she's forgotten: she used to fuck assholes who never did shit for her. Her sexual attraction was, and still is, completely separate from what a guy does for her and how emotionally invested he is. An emotional connection is great. It's essential for a successful relationship and a successful marriage. But sexual attraction is a completely separate pillar of the relationship. If she's not sexually attracted to her man, no amount of doing the dishes and laundry and rubbing her feet is going to make her vagina throb with anticipation.

We often express that women will fuck an "alpha" man while using a "beta" to fulfill her emotional needs, but this isn't entirely accurate. Women lie to their chump husbands. They hide their past. They cheat. They barely have two words for him when he walks in the door after a hard day at work. They can't stand to put their cell phones down for three seconds when he's talking. They'd rather sit in front of the TV with their men than actually talk to them, and when they do talk, it's usually a one-sided affair where the man listens while she complains.

But back when she was fucking hot douchebags, she was honest and emotionally open. She'd tell the men she fucked about her past, her kinks, her hopes and dreams, and share all of her thoughts honestly. Maybe she just felt comfortable since she knew that wasn't a "real relationship." Maybe she was hoping something she said would win that douchebag over. Whatever. The point is, she didn't just give those sex-only partners from her past her best sex. She also gave them her best emotional intimacy. She was her most honest, her most open, her most uninhibited, and her most generous and giving with them.

Her loving husband receives her nagging, her lies, her disrespect, and the top of her head when she won't look up from her cell phone. But at least she actually likes him.

Do it all for yourself

845 upvotes | March 26, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The large majority of information on The Red Pill focuses on behaviors, activities, traits, and ways to develop those traits, that do one very significant thing: Make you more attractive. If you read enough material without really delving into the details, that seems to be the primary focus of The Red Pill. Being attractive. Becoming more attractive. Attracting others. Staying attractive – more attractive than others. Passively keeping others aware of your attractiveness. Attractive this. Attractive that. Attraction.

But if you look just beneath the surface, The Red Pill is about something more. The Red Pill is about being happy. It's really a collection of thoughts, essays, and theories about how to be happy as a man. Actually happy. Happy. Not just content, like a fat video game addict jerking off to porn and drinking beer. Not just not sad, like a henpecked married guy going through the motions. Happy. Successful, proud of your life, eager to wake up in the morning, confident about the future, happy.

Why all this focus on attraction, then? Because we don't live alone on a private island. We interact with other people. Other people can help us be happier, or they can stand in our way. And the one thing all humans share is their love of things that are attractive. People treat attractive people better than they treat average or unattractive people. People help attractive people. People want to see attractive people succeed. People want to be friends with attractive people, latch on to them, enjoy the ride that is their life. People like attractive people.

Thinking about The Red Pill as a path toward becoming more attractive is a bit of a disservice. Because it makes The Red Pill sound like a song and dance. A show. Like something we're doing to get noticed. And in many cases, especially for guys new to The Red Pill, that's exactly the case.

A man will read a pile of material, and it will click. He'll think to himself, "Holy shit! That's the reason my marriage/LTR/dating life sucks. I'm barely a man. I need to lift weights, stop taking shit from people, start doing constructive and interesting hobbies, get an awesome job, and start doing manly shit around the house." And he'll start doing some of this, which is awesome!

But our example man misses a critical point. Women still shun him and his friends think he's annoying. Because he struts around all day talking about how hard he's working out, how healthy he's eating, and makes sure everyone knows that he just built a deck himself and is currently rebuilding his transmission. After all, people are supposed to be attracted to masculine men who do this shit, right? But it doesn't "work." Everybody's annoyed at him and thinks he's an ass, and they still treat him like a loser.

A newcomer to The Red Pill is excited. He's learning so much, doing so much, feeling so much better. He wants to talk about it. It's interesting to him. Exciting. It's hard to just shut up and do shit.

I started out this way. Every time I did something manly around the house, I'd tell my wife about it, because I wanted her to notice how I was changing, improving, and taking care of shit. It annoyed her. She laughed, minimized my efforts, never really thought much of it. Because I still wasn't a man. I was a boy playing the role of a man. Every time I did something right, I'd run to my wife and tell her, eagerly seeking her approval and validation. She was still my mother, not my wife. But I had to, right? Because otherwise, she'd never even know about 99.9 percent of the things I did around the house! How the hell is she supposed to start respecting me when she doesn't even know that I've

become respectable? She won't notice any of the awesome things I'm doing if I don't tell her! I'll just be doing manly shit, and she'll keep being the same disrespectful bitch because she doesn't know!

And there's the problem. A man who's doing that shit for others, hoping to impress them, is a slave. A monkey. A clown. An entertainer trying to dance and put on a show, hoping for the support and validation of his audience. Nobody has sex with clowns. Nobody hires and promotes clowns. Nobody wants to see a clown succeed.

The huge majority of your awesome life is going to be completely invisible to everyone. Nobody will notice 99 percent of what you do. You can have your ducks in a row, your shit in gear, and your life can be awesome, and nobody will know about 99 percent of that except for you.

So if doing awesome shit isn't going to impress anybody, why do it? Stupid question. You do it because being awesome its own reward. Being awesome changes you. It changes your walk, your talk, and how you perceive the world. It changes what's important to you. Being awesome won't make everybody love you. 99.9 percent of the world won't even know you're awesome. But being awesome will make you confident enough to not care, because you know you have your shit together. You're happy with your life, eager to get up in the morning, and confident about the future.

That girl across the bar? She doesn't know you're awesome. But you do. You know you can walk over to her, talk to her, and spark her interest, and if she's a bitch, then you talk to that other girl four seats over instead. You know they're just women, and sex is just sex, and you have a great life with or without them. And when you talk to them, it won't be about how awesome you are. You won't tell them shit about your life. That would be unattractive anyway. You just use them for your entertainment, shoot your mouth off, and take charge of your own happiness. It's not your job to entertain them or make them happy. It's your job to entertain and please yourself. And their job to do the same for themselves.

You're never truly free until you abdicate all responsibility for anybody else's happiness, and stop doing anything for anybody else. Nobody else cares if you're happy. If you don't take responsibility for your own happiness, nobody will. All of this lifting and self-improvement, and becoming more powerful, successful, manly, and what-not – that's not something you do for girls. That's something you do for you.

Never sacrifice a thing. Make her sacrifice for you.

706 upvotes | April 6, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Disney, popular culture, and modern feminism foster a viewpoint that having a woman in your life is a great reward. The modern story goes that a regular guy is supposed to pursue a fairly average girl, she probably rejects him a few times at first, but he keeps himself present in her life, is a great guy, does things for her, and demonstrates how much he can benefit her and how in love he is and willing to sacrifice for her, and she eventually agrees to be his girlfriend. The fact that she agreed to be a part of his life is his reward. He had to jump through hoops to earn it, and he needs to go out of his way and do everything he can to keep her happy so she stays with him, because having her in his life is his reward. A man should be grateful to have a girlfriend at all, because if you don't have a girlfriend, you're a loser.

A girlfriend's not really required to do anything. You're not supposed to make her buy you things, clean your apartment, cook your meals, or insist that she have sex with you. You're not entitled to any of that just because she's your girlfriend. She does those things if and when she wants to. Your reward is that she's willing to be your girlfriend. Not any of those things you'd think a girlfriend might do for you. Just having her in your life is the reward. A woman spending time in your presence is the greatest thing ever. Forget that spending time in your presence usually involves giving you one-word responses to anything you ask while not looking up from her cell phone, because she's too busy doing something on Facebook. That's more than those losers who don't have girlfriends at all are getting.

Meanwhile, to keep your girlfriend, you have to keep her happy, entertained, and feeling special. That's a girlfriend's biggest complaint by the way: he never makes me feel special. You have to plan and execute an entertaining date at least once a week, buy her gifts, be smart and funny and at the top of your game, complement her often, and if you successfully make it through enough of her hoops, she might let you hold her hand for a little bit, or even give you a goodnight kiss. Keep up this great behavior long enough and maybe, just maybe, you guys can take it to the next level and she'll reward you with sex! But even if you never get there, it's a great reward just to have a girlfriend at all. Guys who don't have girlfriends are losers.

And that's how the others would prefer the game is played. Jump through hoops, do what you're supposed to do, be entertaining for girls, sacrifice left and right giving them whatever they want in a desperate attempt to make them happy, as the bare minimum just to get a woman to spend time with you. Forget sex. Just having a woman in your life is considered a great prize for which you must sacrifice heavily. A man should be lucky he had a woman agree to this! A woman who will put up with him? That's a rare find! He'd better work hard to keep her happy.

We know how this story ends. A man who spends his life searching for a woman he can sacrifice for ends up getting his wish. He sacrifices everything and becomes an empty shell, all for the joy of having a woman grudgingly spend time with him, hoping that maybe, just maybe, if he sacrifices a little bit more and works a little bit harder, she might even let him touch her. Oh, sure, that guy is still screening women somewhat. He won't date just anybody. But his perspective is that of the supplicant. He's searching the world for a woman he wants to work for. A woman worthy of his hard work and sacrifice, so that he may give it to her, impress her with it, and maybe one day get to hold her hand.

That's the true measure of love. How much you're willing to sacrifice for someone. And men across the world leap at the chance to demonstrate their love for their women by sacrificing.

But wait...If the true measure of love is how much someone is willing to sacrifice for someone else, what's up with all of these women who aren't doing a damn thing, except spending time with their men? Surely, a woman's love is measured differently then, right? We don't ask a woman to sacrifice. It's her willingness to accept a man's sacrifice that demonstrates her love, right?

Wrong. Women show their love the same damn way. When a woman loves a man, she sacrifices for him. She does things for him. She buys him things. She begs to fuck him.

If your woman is not sacrificing for you, eagerly, in an attempt to please you, impress you, and keep you happy, guess who doesn't love you?

The Red Pill is a shift in our perspective. Cast off the old system. The goal is not to find a woman worth sacrificing for. That's the old you. The loser you. The goal is to find a woman who will sacrifice for you. And to do this, you become the kind of man women will want to sacrifice for. You're not searching for the right woman. You're searching for the right you.

If you build the right you, women will be bending over backward trying to please you, just for the pleasure of your time, and maybe, just maybe, you can reward the best few whose sacrifices please you the most with a good, hard fucking.

Order your wife around

46 upvotes | April 11, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So my mother-in-law is a bit of a pack-rat. We're talking VHS tapes of shows that haven't been on the air since the 80s, newspapers and magazines from the 90s, and so forth. I have a lot of theories why she does this crap, but that's not the point of this post. Instead, I'm starting with something more important than women: pooping. I'm sitting on the pot, taking a shit, and my book and my cell phone are still in my suitcase, so I grab a magazine from a basket near the toilet. We're in luck. It's one of the newer items in her hoard. A Redbook from 2009, or was it 2007. I forget. 200X is close enough. I flip through and find an article about women lamenting their shitty husbands.

I know, I know. That could have been any Redbook, any article. But this one talks about the super-wife. The woman who "does everything around here," often while working, too, and resents her husband for it. This article goes on and on about loser men who prefer a life where all they do is work, maybe take out the trash once in awhile, and sleep, while their wives do all the thinking and run the house. That's actually a pretty popular and common modern trope. The queen rules the roost, or something like that.

These women hate their husbands. They don't consider these men their husbands. They consider them another child. But the bottom line wasn't surprising: You don't desire someone you resent. These women had unsatisfying sex lives with their husbands. Many were cheating, many wanted to, many were thinking about divorce. But whatever their end-goals, sex was less frequent and less satisfying for the women who felt like they were in charge of their households.

So obviously, you think a woman who feels like she's unfairly burdened and like her husband "doesn't do anything around here" would do what all blue pill people recommend for any failing relationship: communicate. Tell her husband how she feels and ask him to do more instead of being a passive aggressive bitch while he wonders why she's such a cunt and why he ever married her. But these women never do something so obvious or direct, for a variety of reasons.

First, however much a super-wife may hate her husband, women *like* feeling validated and important. Knowing that the home just plain can't function without you and you're absolutely indispensable is validating. Some of these women feel powerful. Telling your husband you feel unfairly burdened and want him to do more would be showing weakness, and since these women are the men of the house, and unlike most men, women actually get Red Pill ideas, they know that as the leaders of their households, they can't show weakness.

Second, a loser man you browbeat into showing an occasional winner quality is not a winner. He's just a bigger loser. Most women feel like if they have to actually ask their man to be less of a loser, and while in the course of obeying their orders, he does something non-loser-ish, that's even *worse* than just being a natural-born loser. Parroting Rollo's words, women want a man who "just gets it." If you have to be told how to be a man, especially by your woman, you're not a man. You're just another child she has to take care of.

Third, and kind of in line with the above, women don't trust a loser to lead their families. He'll just screw it up. Giving a man some control over your household means relinquishing that control yourself. Worse, even if a man is competent at a task, he might not do it the way she would have done it, and women can't stand it when someone else thinks or feels differently than they do and is

still somehow successful in life. If you're going to do something she could have or would have done for the family, she's going to try to insist that you do it her way, because it's a slap in her face if you do it your way and, worse, if things actually work out as well or better your way. And while it's 100% true that women don't want to be the CEO of the family organization, the one thing women would hate even more is to be an employee. A woman's preferred role is the business owner. The guy who sits back and collects checks while other people run the place. And run it her way.

A lot of women out there really, really hate their husbands. So many of them hate their husbands so much that you can print an article about hating your husband in Redbook. But you can manage a woman's expectations like you would any other employee in your organization.

First, women need to feel validated and important. Even indispensable. But this needs to be because *you* carved them a niche in your universe. Not because they took over your household on account of you sucking. Ask your wife to do things for you. All the time. Little things. Big things. Have a few things around the house that are "her things." Things you specifically assign to her (even though you could do them yourself faster, easier, and better), because if she's doing those things, that frees up your time to do other things. Let her feel powerful and important, but as an essential cog in your machine.

Second, take initiative. *You* run your household. Pay attention. You can't drink beer and cuddle in front of the TV. And think your wife's happy. That's the path of the loser. Your job is to see something that needs to be done. Then just do it or if you need another set of hands or if she's capable of doing it while you do something else, have your wife help or take care of it. But you need to be the one who notices a thing needs doing, you need to be the one to plan the solution, and you need to be the one who either takes care of it or utilizes your wife to take care of it. In woman-world, it's the person who notices the problem first and complains the loudest about it who gets all the credit when it's fixed. Not the person who does the work and solves the problem. So notice problems and fix them. When your wife brings you a problem that's not on her list, tell her it's not on your list today because you're doing X today instead (X being the next thing you noticed needs doing), but ask her to get started on her thing. Pretend like it was your idea and another thing on your list and order her around.

Third, trust your woman to take care of some shit while you're gone. At least twice a month, go out with guy friends or go to a professional networking event or take a class or something. Be gone. But tell her to try to get X, Y, and Z done or at least started. Make sure X, Y, and Z are trivial tasks that are easily within her abilities, because women have self-esteem issues and hate doing things they're not already good at.

The modern sitcom trope is a wife who rules the roost ordering her bumbling husband around as he fails at everything he touches and she angrily declares that he's never having sex again, but at the end of the episode, everything is all right, she reassures him, he feels comforted that she loves him despite his faults, and she makes everything better. As with all things marketed to women, this is just telling us what they want. Women want a man who rules the roost and orders them about, is invested enough to care whether they succeed or fail, but at the end of the day, loves them no matter what. Women want a father.

The Red Pill doesn't advertise. What's your screening strategy?

32 upvotes | April 12, 2015 | /r/PurplePillDebate | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Detractors of The Red Pill have a fairly negative image of “Twerpers” in the real world. They read a bunch of angry, woman-hating rants on the internet. Then, out in the real world, they spot a group of loser guys sitting in the corner of a bar, bad-mouthing women. One of them lumbers over, sits a little too close, scoots his bar stool awkwardly, and speaks a little too quickly and uncertainly as he makes a pass. Is he kidding? You politely turn him down, but he gets all butt-hurt, starts giving you a hard time, calls you a slut to your face, slinks back to his group of loser friends, and they all start talking about you. You make a mental note to post something to r/thebluepill later about how you encountered a Twerper in the wild.

Meanwhile, you end up talking to and going home with a really awesome guy. He was cute, confident but not overbearing and aggressive, fun and a little cocky but not in an asshole way, pushed all your buttons and made you feel really comfortable with him, like he wasn't judging you. You never talked to him again after that night, but you consider the one-night-stand you had with this guy to be a very positive experience. That guy was fun. He didn't need any Red Pill shit to get laid....wait a second. Fit body, good hair and fashion, direct and confident about his wants but in a fun and playful way, teased you a little bit and treated you “like a person” but not in a rude or insulting way, acted accepting and sex-positive and definitely interested in you and made you feel really comfortable with him but at the same time seemed like he was just out to have a good night and could have walked away from you at any time...that's exactly what that asshole Archwinger from The Red Pill says that Red Pillers act like in public. Not that this is exactly ground-shaking advice that you'd need The Red Pill to learn.

I doubt that many “blue pillers” believe that the type of person described above (e.g., what The Red Pill says “works” on women) can't get laid. I think the blue pill disconnect comes from their belief that a Red Pill advocate simply can't be that guy. Blue pillers can't possibly believe that a woman-hating asshole who posts angry rants on the internet can possibly hide that, act cool and fun in public (just like The Red Pill tells him), and “trick” a woman into having sex with him, all while laughing at her on the inside and thinking about what a dumb slut she is. They want to believe that it's impossible for somebody that angry, that bitter, that toxic, and that misogynistic to hide it. They want to believe that it's impossible for them to be so easily tricked and manipulated.

It's uncomfortable to think that a Red Pill might be out there, and undetectable. They want to think that they're smart enough to never accidentally fuck one of them, so they tell themselves that every Red Pill is like those angry losers at the bar, sitting in public, getting butt-hurt over a rejection and loudly calling women sluts. Yet three quarters of women claim to have an “asshole abusive ex” that they somehow never realized was an abusive asshole until after they'd fucked him a few dozen times. Not so smart.

Now I doubt that every single guy out there that a woman has a one-night stand with is an actual subscriber to r/theredpill. But a lot of guys out there employ various pick-up or red pill strategies (whether innately or by learning them). A lot of guys out there are just going out to pick up and fuck sluts, and they're doing exactly what The Red Pill would have told them – looking hot, acting fun, pretending not to think negatively about the slut he's talking to, etc. It's probably not all that different of an experience for the girl whether a guy who's out to meet and fuck sluts is a real innate asshole or

a learned asshole who reads The Red Pill.

Any Red Piller with half a brain isn't going to advertise, and any Red Piller with about half a year of practice picking up women isn't going to come across as artificial or awkward. If you're an empowered, sex-positive woman who hates The Red Pill and all that it stands for, what's your screening strategy? How do you avoid accidentally fucking a guy like this?

Never show weakness. She is not on your side.

1029 upvotes | April 24, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There's a myth floating around the manosphere about the "good alpha." A guy who's hot, charming, successful, interesting, smart, funny, and most important of all, a great leader. Not a fake Red Pill alpha, but a real alpha. A guy who isn't just out for himself, but a guy who genuinely cares about others, brings others up, and makes others feel good. A perfect-ten human.

These real alphas, who were most often born and raised that way and never needed a creepy internet cult like us to learn how to be men, are admirably human, and the complete opposite of everything we evil Red Pillers teach. They're not aloof and indifferent – they're engaging, compassionate, and concerned! They don't stonewall and tease – they earnestly communicate! They're not stoic and emotionless – they're open and honest and their emotions captivate you and make you like them even more! And they're not perfect – they're human, but they own their flaws and mistakes and admit them readily, because that's being a real man.

I've actually never met a man like this, but I hear about them all the time. Mostly from women. So many women think they're dating awesome guys. Six months later, I'm usually told that these guys turn into assholes. Nobody ever seems to say, "I was wrong. I misjudged him. I was stupid and horny and just pretending to see what I wanted to see." No, it's always the guy who changed somehow, or who manipulated and tricked that poor girl. She wasn't wrong, he was. But don't worry, because she's already met another guy who's ten times better than the last one, and he's a real man, per my paragraph above this one. I'm crossing my fingers for her.

Somehow, the myth of the good alpha has leaked into the manosphere from that flat planet at the center-of-the-universe where women live as all the stars rotate about them. Men, and boys slowly becoming men, right here among us, are advocating the path of righteousness. Being an upstanding mensch, a leader-among-men, a guy who's honest and in touch with his feelings but still a man, a guy who owns his mistakes and admits his weaknesses, and a man who loves women earnestly and cares about them and isn't afraid to take a risk on love as long as he has a few standards and isn't just falling all over any girl who doesn't slap him. A guy who's goal is to be a perfect combination of attractive manly characteristics (e.g., alpha), and supportive comfort-building characteristics (e.g., beta), destined for marriage one day when he finds the right woman and can be everything she needs.

Here at The Red Pill, we're already aware of that guy. We even have a name for him: blue pill.

Here's the deal: Women are not your enemy. They are not the other team. They are not against you. They are not trying to exploit you or manipulate you. They're just out for themselves, same as you. Sometimes, being out for themselves is going to run contrary to what you want for yourself. Sometimes, your goals will align, at least a little bit, and it almost feels like you have a teammate. But you don't. Because you want what you want and she wants what she wants. And if one of you sacrifices what you want that's not going to make the other person necessarily do the same.

While women aren't your enemy, they're definitely not on your side either. They're not your friends, they're not your confidants, they're not your safe havens, they're not your respite. Not even your wife or girlfriend. She's not on your side either.

Do you know why women watch Jerry Springer, reality TV, Judge Judy, and whatever the fuck else is out there airing the dregs of humanity, while reading tabloids explaining in graphic detail how

celebrities and the royal family are every bit as fucked up and human as we are? Because people like seeing weakness in others. It makes them feel better about themselves without having to make any effort to actually be better.

When your woman is feeling low, she'll try to access your "human" side, whether that's trying to make you angry, trying to make you sad, trying to make you horny, trying to make you apologize or admit something – she wants you to reveal a chink in your armor, because she feels bad about herself and needs you to look more human so she knows she's still good enough for you. That chink in your armor means she still has some control over you.

It's a difficult and misleading situation, because she likes to feel that way. It makes her feel good, even happy for a bit. And you care about her, so you want her to feel good and happy for a bit. And you want to open up a little bit for her and let your guard down a bit, because it feels good to be accepted and validated.

But The Red Pill figured out something that you don't want to accept--The hardest part of this whole thing for you to swallow: Affection is not the same thing as attraction. Women don't want to fuck weak men, even if they like them. They say they do – hell, just look around Reddit. Reddit is apparently the single largest bastion of special snowflakes in the world. If you take women at their word, Reddit's chock-full of women with exceptionally high libidos who soak through their panties every five minutes thinking about their skinny, laid back, underachieving, nerdy, overemotional boyfriends that can barely keep up with them sexually.

I've never met a woman like this, but I hear about them all the time. Mostly from women. Scroll up to the third paragraph of this post to see what I might think about that.

If you want a friend, make a friend. A guy friend. But if you want a girlfriend who's eager to please you and wants to fuck your brains out, don't treat her like a friend, or that's all she'll be.

If you want to communicate about real issues, discuss ideas, discuss improving yourself, and talk about how you feel, find a guy friend that you admire and want to learn from.

If you need to cry, lock the door. If you're injured, disabled, have cancer or a mental illness – that's between you and your doctor. Hell, join a support group and meet guys.

But when you're sitting next to a woman you care about, never show weakness. It's a trap. You'll make her like you, but you'll make her fuck me.

The source of your power stems from the ability to walk away

611 upvotes | April 29, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There was a post – on Purple Pill Debate of all places – that really touched on a key element of The Red Pill: A man's power lies in his ability to walk away. I guess to appease the blue pill universe, it's more accurate to say that a human's power lies in its ability to walk away. The person who is the most willing to walk has 100% of the power in any relationship, romantic or otherwise. For a lot of losers in shitty relationships, that person who's prepared to walk to her next cock at any time is the woman. Which is why one of the key teachings of The Red Pill is to always, always, always be willing and prepared to walk away.

“Negging” a woman? Implementing “dread game?” “Agreeing and amplifying” the shit-test issues she brings to you? The “IDGAF” attitude? These are all behaviors that give the impression of a man that could walk away at any moment. A genuinely valuable, badass of a man does most of this naturally, because he really could walk away at any moment. He has other shit to do and other people to see, so the very fact that he's talking to you for a few minutes, gauging your worth, is a gift. A less valuable loser of a man who read The Red Pill for the first time last week might be faking it, trying these behaviors out to appear like he's willing and able to walk. Honestly, as long as he's not too obvious with his machinations, he'll probably have some success with it.

Your power in any relationship, even non-romantic ones, comes from two sources:

1- Being worth a shit, or at least looking and acting in a manner that gives the appearance that you're worth a shit. If you're not worth a shit, nobody cares if you stay or go or what happens to you. You could be run over by a bus, and nobody would cry. Your girlfriend would post about your death on Facebook to get attention then start fucking her backup boyfriend next week.

How do you become worth a shit? Work out, eat well, dress well, and groom – become good looking. Get a degree and a good job, then excel at it – become professionally successful. Explore the world – take a little time off from the beer, porn, and video games and see what else might interest you, and develop some hobbies and skills that are useful and add value to your life. Talk to people and meet people everywhere you go – you don't become socially apt and well-connected unless you actually practice and get past the embarrassing socially awkward stage where you suck and people think you're weird, and you never meet anybody interesting, fun, or valuable if you never make the effort.

2 – Being willing to walk away. Prepare to walk away. Have an exit strategy ready for every relationship in your life. Every single person in your life should be deathly afraid that this time will be the last time they ever see you if they fuck up this encounter with you. When you've clearly demonstrated that you don't give a fuck, you have options in life, and you blow-off and don't tolerate shit tests and disrespect, people quit dishing out disrespect in your direction and start bending over backward to make sure you're pleased with them.

Women should be *afraid* of losing you. If the sex stops, if they bitch at you, if they push for commitment, if they try to manipulate you, you're gone. This isn't a manipulation tactic. It's a fact. You don't have time for women who make your life harder or less happy. You have options with other women who don't. Even if you don't have any other options with any other women, it is **much better** to have no women at all than a woman who consumes more value from your life than she adds. No woman is worth that.

I guess to appease the blue pill universe, I should say that you don't have time for any people, men or women, who make your life harder or less happy. If some male person is consuming more value from your life than he's adding, cut him out of the picture, too. It's better to have no friends than shitty friends. There. Now we're all politically correct. Because being politically correct is really important!

Some people will tell you that this is some kind of evil manipulation we're teaching here, but this used to be dating 101: If you suck and don't make me happy, I will leave. Somehow, people forgot this and now when a woman makes us unhappy, we're supposed to communicate, get counseling, go for months without sex, give backrubs, fold laundry, and forgive her when she fucks another guy who doesn't put up with shit like that.

That's really the core of The Red Pill when you think about it. Be worth a shit, recognize people who aren't, and treat the people who aren't appropriately. Unfortunately, in 2015, many, many women aren't worth a shit. (Most men aren't either, but you guys aren't sexually attracted to men, so it doesn't matter.) So I guess your #3 source of power is the ability to recognize shitty people, accept that most people (e.g., women) are shitty, and roll with it (e.g., fuck until the sex stops or she annoys you, then shrug, walk away, and fuck someone else.)

Now astute readers among you might say, "Well Archwinger, by being like this, aren't I being a shitty friend and a guy who takes more value than he adds? Aren't I being the kind of person other people should walk away from if they took your advice?"

For some of you, yes, you are. But you're lucky. Most people in the world are losers. They won't walk away from you for the same reasons that the pre-Red Pill you never walked away from shitty people. And if some of them do walk, you've got other options. There's a whole world of people out there. Most are too insecure, stupid, or worthless to walk away.

But those of you who are actually worth a shit recognize that the best way to add value to the lives of others is to be worth a shit. So many blue pill beta loser chump guys don't get this. They remain losers who aren't worth a shit, but become really, really thoughtful, attentive, helpful, eager-to-please losers. **That's even worse!** It doesn't matter how large of a pile of shit you're handing out. It will never be worth the tiniest gold nugget. When people don't respect or value the shit you're handing out, the solution isn't to offer a larger pile of it.

How do you really add value to someone else's life? Be valuable. Be worth a shit. People want to hang out with, be seen with, and interact with people that are good-looking, successful, interesting, fun, skilled, and socially apt. The time you provide to those people is valuable. But it comes at a price: People work to keep your time. People add value to your life. Otherwise, you walk.

Your power comes from the willingness to walk away. Have an exit strategy for every relationship in your life, and use those exit strategies liberally when needed. If you make time for shitty people, it's only a matter of time before you smell like shit.

Don't blame women. Blame yourself.

630 upvotes | May 14, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A man could dedicate a lifetime to combing the world for stories of women treating men poorly. Cheating on them, getting bored and leaving them, taking them for granted, pissing on and minimizing everything they work so hard to do, even the occasional physical abuse. If you take even a small fraction of those stories and read them back to back, you start to find yourself thinking that women are really shitty. How could anybody do anything like any of that to somebody who cares about them? It's the epitome of evil. Even if they aren't into someone and want out of a relationship, do they really have to be like *that*? You start to get angry. You start to mistrust women. You start to expect that from every woman you meet, even the ones who don't intend anything like that.

After all, very few women actually intend to be like that. They just sort of get swept up in life, react to what's happening to them, and "it just happens." Whether "it" is cheating, divorce-raping, or being a selfish mega-bitch. That's one of our tenets, right? All Women Are Like That. That doesn't necessarily mean that all women are intending exactly that for you, right this very minute. Just that all women, given the right circumstances to react to, are capable of that.

Women react to their circumstances. They don't mean to be evil. They just go to bed and wake up every day for two years and suddenly find themselves being a bitch to a man who loves them and takes good care of them. They react to their circumstances. *You* are one of the circumstances in your woman's life. In fact, you control many of the circumstances in her life. You might say that it's your job to control those circumstances.

She doesn't know it's your job to control the circumstances of her life and would probably be offended if she knew you thought it was, but deep down inside, she expects you to. If she's bored, if she's too comfortable, if she starts to wonder if she sold herself short, if she starts to get curious about another guy, if she starts to piss on you and take you for granted, if she stops wanting to fuck you eagerly – that's because you've paved the way for her to do that. You failed at your job. You did not control the circumstances of her life in a manner that fosters a successful relationship.

Men act. They don't react. Reacting is the woman's role.

When your woman tells you to do something or fix something or handle something that, honestly, you really should have already done, fixed, or handled on your own, you are now the woman. You should have proactively noticed something that needed doing and taken care of it, simply because you keep your life in order and run a tight ship. If she notices the problem first and tells you about it, you are now female. You are reacting to something she has proactively acted to solve. Because in woman-world, it's not the person who actually fixes the problem who gets credit. It's the person who notices it and complains about it first. She noticed the problem and she fixed it by utilizing one of her resources – you – to get the job done. In her mind, she was the man who acted to fix the problem. You were the woman who reacted to her leadership and direction. You were a little bitch.

When you don't escalate toward sex, you are now a woman. She might be horny tonight, she might not be, she might not be but still ride your cock because she loves pleasing you. But she's going to sit there and play with her cell phone. She's not going to tell you anything. If you let her dick around on Facebook all night instead of fucking around with your dick, you were her little bitch. You spent all day doing shit and keeping her ship running, and instead of insisting on getting yours that night, you

let that little queen sit and feel pampered. You relegated yourself to the role of servant rather than king.

When your woman decides to shit test you by being a stupid bitch or trying to pick a fight, the only response – the **ONLY** response – is to not play her game. Even if your response is the best, most witty comeback on the planet and you feel awesome because you're so Red Pill manly man alpha and you blew through that shit test of hers, guess what? You're a woman. She acted, you reacted. She did something, you responded. She led, you followed. A woman's shit tests aren't something you stop and respond to. They're a child throwing spitballs at a train. The train doesn't even slow up. It has somewhere to be and something far more important to do than stop and clean the shit off of its roof.

When you're out somewhere with your woman, and you sit quietly and react to others, you lose. You're a woman. Your job is to strut around and engage people. Be the actor, not the responder. Even if you suck at it and everyone thinks you're a boisterous asshole, that's far, far better than being a timid loser who looks like he doesn't have any friends or anything interesting to say.

It's your job to make women feel entertained. It's your job to make women feel safe. It's even your job to make women fuck you. You control the circumstances of her life. If she wakes up one morning, kind of bored, comfortable, and not really into sucking your dick, it's not because she's an AWALT bitch. It's because you're one of those AMALT men. Most men are reactionary losers. But you can do better.

Power: the ability to choose who to fuck

385 upvotes | May 27, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A human being's power in society is primarily defined by one ability: the ability to exclude others. The boss chooses who to hire. The cool kids choose who to befriend. The hot girls chose who to fuck and who to reject. That means our sexual power is defined by the ability to exclude others from having sex with us. Phrased a little more "sex-positively," the power of men and women stems from their ability to choose who to have sex with. If you have that choice, you are powerful. If you lack that choice, you are weak.

An attractive man, good looking in both face and body, well dressed and groomed exuding wealth and professional success, with a great smile, commanding voice, charming personality, smarts to spare, and lots of interesting things to talk about – that guy is powerful. Why? He has his choice of women. He doesn't need to consider fucking a woman that's not pretty, not interesting, not kind and respectful, not smart, or that's difficult to deal with, sexually or otherwise. And the women who want him know that, so they'll bend over backward and make whatever compromises are needed to fuck him, on his terms, because the alternative would be to not fuck him at all and to have to settle for a less attractive man.

A less attractive man, average looking, average success, pleasant chump personality – that guy isn't very powerful. Why? He doesn't have his choice of women. He still has some sex, but it's basically the few women willing to put out for him over his lifetime. It doesn't matter if they're pretty, respectful, sexually generous, or difficult bitches. They're his only opportunities. He has the limited choice to fuck them, because they're what's available to him, or to fuck nobody. When he fucks them, it's on their terms. When they want, how they want, and after jumping through whatever hoops and making whatever compromises they insist on. Because they're his only chance and they know it.

An even less attractive man, who doesn't make any effort at all, is completely powerless. Why? He has no options at all. Not even a yes/no choice. Women don't just walk up to a man with nothing and offer themselves. A man who makes no effort doesn't have sex at all. Women choose not to fuck him. They're the ones with the power of choice.

A powerful man will therefore be a man who fucks a lot of women, or if he doesn't for whatever reason, a man with the opportunity to fuck a lot of women. A man many women want to fuck.

Any woman who's not completely ugly has power. Because unlike men, any woman – even the ones who make no effort – can still have at least some sexual opportunities. Most women have multiple sexual opportunities and revel in the ability to choose who to fuck and who to exclude. Unlike men, women can simply go to the club in a dress, sit down, and wait for fuck applicants to approach them, buy them drinks, and attempt to entertain them. At the end of the night, a woman goes home with her best offer, normally choosing from among multiple applicants. If she's not feeling it, she may even choose none, because she knows she'll have plenty of opportunities next weekend.

A powerful woman will therefore be a woman who rejects a lot of men. Her power lies in the ability to choose who to fuck.

Sexual freedom is the highest priority of women's advocates in the world. Everything they've fought for has had the end goal of female power – the female ability to choose who to fuck. This is partly why rape is considered such a heinous crime, probably worse than murder. Rape is far more than just

unwanted physical contact. If you beat the hell out of a woman, that's bad, but raping her is a whole different level, because rape is sexual, not just physical. If you rape a woman, you've robbed her of her greatest power – the power to choose who to fuck. She didn't choose you, but you stole her choice. Rape is about power, just ask feminists.

Abortion? Easy access to contraception? The healthcare landscape? Same deal. Pregnancy hinders a woman's ability to choose who to fuck, so these are cornerstones of every woman's advocate. Your wife's pregnant but doesn't want a second child? It's her body. She can terminate as many of your pregnancies as she wants and you'd never know. Your wife's been cheating, gets pregnant, has the baby, and after a running some tests, her doctor notices that the baby can't possibly be yours? He can't legally tell you. He and your wife speak privately about the baby's medical care and test results and collude to keep everything hidden from you, put your name on the birth certificate, and have you raise that child as your own for two decades. Because...uh...it's her body? She gets to choose who to have sex with and whether or not to cheat. Violating her privacy would hinder that choice.

The modern marriage? More of the same. A married woman has no obligation to fuck her husband. He's not allowed to cheat. He's not allowed to rape her. He's not allowed to complain or pressure her into sex – that's coercion. She unilaterally controls his sex life. He's supposed to sit quietly and hope she chooses to have sex with him. The power is hers. She chooses, he hopes to be chosen. She's his only option and she knows it. He does have an out: he can choose to pay her off. File for divorce, give her the house, half his assets, and write her a check every month for the foreseeable future. What's that? He doesn't want to lose his kids because he loves them? That's silly. Men don't care about shit like that, right? Women are the better parents who bond with children. They told me so. Men just care about sex and money.

Women's advocates will proudly tell men that if they have a problem with this system, don't worry – they're fighting for the solution: economic parity. If you marry a wealthy professional woman, you don't have to pay her as much to divorce her. And financially independent women are a great thing, because that's more sexual freedom. They can choose to fuck more attractive men instead of whoring themselves out once a month to keep the paychecks coming from a loser husband.

The world is fighting hard for female power, and female power isn't going away. Women will always have the power to choose who to fuck, and they will have to put in next to no work to have that power. It's their birthright.

The Red Pill is one symptom of the male world's reaction to this. Only a small minority of men get to taste that same power – the ability to choose which women to fuck – the ability to be more powerful than women while the women work (albeit often ineptly) for the attentions of worthy men. The male response to female power is pretty simple: grow stronger. Be that minority of men. The only other option is to quit.

They'll never say it out loud, but women love the Red Pill. Not the anti-woman rants and shit talking we do around here. Not the idea that a guy might fake looking like he's worth a shit and trick a woman into sex (robbing her of her power through deception). They love the end result – men who are actually powerful. Women want to be fucked silly by a man who's more powerful than they are. But an unforeseen side effect of women's advocacy has made that difficult. So many men have quit the game or have assumed their assigned role as a pleasant chump hoping to be chosen as a resource provider in exchange for an occasional fuck. Women got what they thought they wanted, and it sucks. What they really want is to be fucked silly by a man that's worth a shit, which have become a

commodity that's in much shorter supply.

My friends, just by recognizing this, you are already a cut above the loser chumps of the world. Just walking up to a girl and being direct about your intentions, risking rejection, sets you apart from ninety percent of the universe. The time is so ripe for all of you. You can be one tenth of a badass and look better than every single man in the room, because men have forgotten how to be badass. You can bathe in pussy if you just do the work. Don't do laundry, don't do backrubs, don't do gifts, don't do feelings, just do the fucking work. Women don't want to fuck money. They don't want to fuck labor. They want to fuck men. They'll occasionally whore themselves out for money and labor, but yearn for men. Don't be money and labor. Be men.

We're here for the unhappy losers

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Something we often brush aside here 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, “beta”, loser guys get the occasional lay, have the occasional girlfriend, end up married, have a little sex, have a couple of kids, then die. It’s disingenuous of us to proclaim that only Red Pill men have sex, while all loser beta bluepill pansies are all celibate laughingstocks. Loser men still have some sex.

Instead of focusing on the sex, it’s important to focus on the real issue: happiness. We don’t prioritize ourselves, improve ourselves, educate ourselves on the new, modern rules for how male-female interactions work, and 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 chump doesn’t have a lot of success with girls growing up. He might have the occasional girlfriend, might get lucky sexually, but by the time he’s in his 20s or 30s and is thinking about marriage, he’ll marry the first girl who agrees to date him (probably just 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. Hard to come by. Better not pass one up, or he might actually be alone forever. This loser man has never really been happy before, so he has no metric by which to determine whether marriage to a particular girl will make him happy or not.

This isn’t the girl’s fault. Let’s be honest about women. While it’s getting much, much worse, most women (at least women my age), average about 5 sexual partners before marriage, not the 10-20 (or more) we preach. (That number’s going up with each generation, though.) Still, 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, 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”), but it’s not some massive attempt to game the system. They really want kids and a successful marriage, 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’re a woman (e.g., someone for who opportunities for sex come easily, 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. And unfortunately for the girls, guys that they actually want to fuck who are also great, faithful, long-term partners interested in marriage are hard to find. Because 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. Which leads them to see nothing wrong with benefitting

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 lifecycles, 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 benefitting unfairly from him. Sure, that's not "fair," but what do we care if a woman's benefitting 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, 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 sit-coms. Most men end up unhappily married to women who would rather read a book or watch TV than fuck them. They work all day supporting households, come home and do at least 50 percent (or more) of the house work (because if you don't, you're a misogynist), 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 backrub (or maybe just pretends to sleep to get out of sex), and her loving husband goes to bed disappointed again, but thinks 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 or boyfriend, or 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 in a sense. 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, 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, has a loving wife, a couple of kids, a decent job, a house he can barely afford but it makes his wife happy. His wife nags the fuck out of him and

keeps the marriage going with a trickle of duty sex once every 4-8 weeks, but 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.

It's not about your next trip to a bar

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There was a time in my life, not that long ago, when you might have thought I was obsessed with food. No, I wasn't fat, nor was I a professional chef. But my life seemed to consist of either going out to eat or planning what to cook. Going out to lunch with coworkers, going out to dinner with friends, having people over for dinner, maybe even going out for beers on weekends – these were the main events in my life. Food, food, drink, food, food. No sooner than I'd finished having lunch with someone, I'd be planning what I wanted to do for dinner.

In between that, I also seemed like something of a workaholic. I was moving from project to project at work, my life immersed in the task I was working on currently, then changing gears as I moved on to a new one. That was my life. Eat, work, eat, work, eat, sleep, maybe go out for beers on the weekend. Repeat. My life was defined by meals, drinks, and working. There's some truth to that song "Everybody's Working for the Weekend." But even on the weekend, what did I do? Eat, drink, eat, maybe watch some fuckass TV, sleep. I didn't just need a weekend from work. I needed a weekend from life.

If the biggest event you have going on in your life is your next meal, your next task at work, or even grabbing a beer with your friends this weekend, I have news for you: YOU ARE BORING!

This goes beyond girls, this goes beyond The Red Pill. If you're in a rut where all you do is work, eat, sleep, and maybe go out on the weekend if you have time or can afford it, you might be missing something from your life. When you do have spare time, and the only things you can think up to do is go out to eat or go out for drinks or go out for coffee – food, food, drink, food, food – or maybe see a movie or get ahead at work...you're missing out on everything.

How's does it go? You're not your job. You're not the brand of beer you drink. You're not your fucking khakis? Something like that.

Every day, or goddammit, at least once a week, do something. Fucking do something. Break out of your shell. Go crazy. Learn something new. Try something out. Not a new fucking restaurant or bar. Try something actually interesting. Be interesting. I don't know, become a Yoga instructor, install a ceiling fan, take a guitar lesson, learn a foreign language, drive to a city you've never been, I can't tell you what to do, but do something. Then tomorrow, do something different. Because if you're just living meal to meal avoiding predators, you're an animal. You're missing out on the human experience. We showed up here, at The Red Pill, because we realized something is wrong with our lives. Something is missing. But the answer might not be in the latest front page rant about women. It might be on the banks of a river, the peak of a mountain, the skyline of a city you've never seen before, or even a car engine.

It's easy to be a drone. Hang our heads, work our asses off doing nothing important, get paid not nearly enough for those precious hours of our limited lifespan, spend that cash on rent, food, drink, pleasure, repeat. But if you don't have what you're looking for today, right now, and you're not on a clear path to get there, quit doing more of the same and do something different. Something new. Something better. Maybe some of those new things you try will be worse, not better, but at least you're living life. Have a goal, do it. Then make a new goal. Become mission-oriented, not task oriented. Be going somewhere, be doing something, be busy. Always be busy. You can sleep in and

sit on your ass when you're dead.

Embracing Difficulty

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It's become somewhat fashionable for women (feminist or otherwise), male feminists, and *even men's rights advocates* to eschew the usual pro-woman, pro-man, or pro-equality fight, and instead fight against a common enemy that all of these people hate: masculinity. It's pretty obvious why women (and male feminists) don't like masculinity (or at least claim to dislike masculinity). But the sheer amount of literature out there from men – allegedly men interested in men's rights and pro-male issues – fighting against real masculinity was pretty appalling. Which got me thinking “Why?”

Why would women hate the behaviors that attract them? And why would men hate the behaviors that attract women? (Actually, this first got me thinking “What the fuck?” But I bummed around the internet a little bit and things started to get a little more clear.)

Women and feminists will tell you that they hate masculinity because it makes them “uncomfortable.” When a man is muscular, a woman will tell you that his obvious and visible strength makes her afraid he's going to overpower and rape her. She'll then go home and fuck an even bigger guy. Feminists will tell you that this is just because women are conditioned by the evil patriarchy to think they like men like this.

When a man is professionally successful, a real go-getter, and an all-around badass, women will tell you that being like this isn't important, and is actually a little bit of a turn-off. Aggression and confidence? That makes women afraid you're going to rape them. Women will then go home with even cockier assholes. Feminists will tell you that this just because women are conditioned by the evil patriarchy to think they like men like this. Oh and it's wrong to slut shame them for having random sex with evil men like that anyway.

When a man is interesting, socially networked, full of unique skills and hobbies and shit to talk about, knows everyone in the building on a first name basis, and is having a blast, women say they don't like that because they feel intimidated. They'd rather have a subdued guy who devotes all of his attention to them, right? They then date a popular guy, non-exclusively, for six months, and the more he blows them off to do his own shit, the more they cook his meals and clean his apartment for him. Feminists will, of course, tell you that this just because women are conditioned by the evil patriarchy to think they like men like this. And that guys like this are “abusive” and women trapped in abusive relationships like that are powerless to get out because they don't know how to stop texting a guy begging to suck his dick, coming over with no underwear on, blowing him, going grocery shopping, coming back and cooking him breakfast, and washing the dishes. Some people might think that going to all that trouble for someone else is hard. But no, apparently, staying at home, turning on the TV, and not doing all of that stuff for an asshole who doesn't love you is hard.

Women insist that old-school, traditional masculinity is “toxic” because it's a mentality of hating women, relegating them to second class citizens, and abusing them. Guys who work out, look good, excel professionally, have ambition and goals, and enforce boundaries and don't take shit from stupid girls who try to put them through the paces? Those are all “toxic” male figures who are envenoming the world with their poisonous version of manliness, spreading evil patriarchal notions far and wide, setting back female equality for generations to come. They must be stopped. How? Apparently by fucking their brains out.

But women and the feminist movement are not alone in their hatred of “toxic” masculinity. Many men’s advocates also can’t stand real men. Why? They think it’s wrong for society to impose some kind of unrealistic expectation on them to look a certain way, act a certain way, and fit a certain model. That’s “toxic” because young boys and men feel ashamed when they can’t all be Rambo or John Wayne. Some guys don’t want to work out at the gym all the time or eat healthy. They want rest of the world to understand that the world *needs* cubicle jockeys and that they’re no worse or less important than anyone else just because they’re not as wealthy or professionally successful. Some guys aren’t very social, and that’s supposed to be okay! We should love them the way they are!

Yes, many men are quick to proclaim that society is holding them to unfair standards by expecting them to be masculine, and that this “toxic” standard of masculinity is harming men psychologically. Yet today, more men than ever before are being raised by single mothers, educated by female teachers, put on Ritalin at age 8 if they don’t like sitting still for eight hours a day in a classroom, and groomed to go to college, get engineering degrees, get jobs in cubicles, marry the first woman willing to boss them around, and have a few kids. That path is right there, available for any man, any time. Some of us have been on that path. We know exactly where it leads.

But nonetheless, that’s the path endorsed by society. That path right there -- the non-masculine, non-toxic one -- is precisely what’s expected of men. Women don’t fuck you for walking on that path, even though everyone tells you that you’ll meet the right girl along it. Society doesn’t reward you for that path, even though you’ve been led to believe you’ll get a great job and a lot of wealth and happiness if you keep at it. People don’t like you or respect you when you walk that path, even though you’ve been told that it’s a respectable path and they’re supposed to. But the path is there. And that’s the path we’re all led to and encouraged to take.

Nobody is telling anybody to get buff, act manly, start a business, take risks, climb mountains, and be more like Rambo or John Wayne. Nobody’s actively encouraging “toxic” masculinity. But men are slowly coming to realize that society rewards this “toxic” model, even though we’ve been led our whole lives to follow the other path. And some so-called men out there are trying to reject this. They’re supposedly advocates for men, but instead of embracing masculinity, they’re fighting it and declaring that it’s wrong and stupid to reward masculinity in men. That, much like feminists, they want to fight against these unfair and toxic expectations forced upon them.

But nobody’s forcing these expectations on anybody – these expectations aren’t really expectations. They’re the secret story behind the scenes. Everybody pretends that we live in a modern, equal, feminist world where we’re all supposed to be kind, generous, equal, respectful, go to college, get good jobs, and eventually support a wife and kids. But behind the scenes, we’re still living like cavemen. Women are fucking the buff guys, the risk takers, the socially connected – the badass men. While society pretends that it’s all supposed to be about that college degree, good job, house, and meeting the right girl and falling in love. Men who wake up and say, “Holy shit – this is so toxic” were never actually encouraged to be men. They just suddenly realized that the whole time they were busy being modern men, the old-school model never actually went away.

Why do people hate “toxic” masculinity? Do buff guys and confident guys really rape women and loathe them as inferior beings? (I’d argue the less “manly” men are the bitter rapists.) Is it really an unrealistic and damaging standard to hold men to? To be physically fit, professionally successful, confident, socially connected, and interesting? Of course not.

The real reason people hate “toxic” masculinity is actually pretty silly: it’s hard. Being men is hard.

And when somebody else succeeds at something hard that you're unwilling or unable to do, you bet your ass you feel bad about it.

Being a badass man is difficult. To wake up at 5:AM every day and hit the gym while other people are sleeping in? To cook your own meat and vegetables while the masses stuff their fat faces with pop tarts or stop at Starbucks for 550 calories of coffee-flavored cream and corn syrup? To risk financial ruin at a real job while the rest of the world toils away at something repetitive and easy and safe? To talk to strangers and colleagues everywhere you go, and to seek out opportunities to meet people daily instead of just going home, getting on the computer, and surfing the web or playing video games? To learn new shit all the time, just because it interests you? To be such a badass that when you meet women, you don't have time for them and will walk when they're not interesting or useful?

This used to be how most men were. Because most men didn't have the internet on their smartphones, an endless supply of games and porn, a television in every room of their house, inexpensive shit food they could heat in 30 seconds, and so on. They grew up working and learning shit on Saturdays instead of watching cartoons.

But now men are soft, and we have actual, real live men fighting for the right to be soft. To lower the bar. To change the standards. Because they feel bad. They feel sad. They're psychologically damaged. Because it's so unfair that we're holding them to such "toxic" standards of masculinity that not-so-long ago, used to just be what being born with a penis meant.

A lot of us came here to The Red Pill as soft men. We didn't learn how to change a tire with our fathers. We watched Saturday morning cartoons, played video games, got that engineering degree and cubicle job, gained weight drinking beer on the weekends, ended up with the wrong girls, the wrong lives. We followed the wrong path. Do we cry because it's not fair that we have to pay for these choices? Fuck no.

Toxic? I'll take two. I'll eat the poison until I puke. They call it "toxic" because it's hard. It's hard to be a man. But not that long ago, men used to embrace difficulty. The day you start running from something hard is the day you can cash in your man card.

Every unhappy wife is a rape victim

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There's been a good bit of debate over what should and shouldn't constitute rape, and what should and shouldn't constitute consent. For example, modern "enthusiastic consent" laws require a woman to not only verbally agree to sex, but to be damn near visibly 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 "sex I regretted," but that's not entirely accurate. A more accurate ideal definition of rape to most pro-woman advocates would be: "sex I may have agreed to but didn't really want and kind of felt coerced into."

Many pro-woman advocates will tell you that rape is about power, and that's not entirely false. For women, sex is a source of power. If you take away their ability to choose who to have sex with and who to reject, 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, and taken against their will. The physical act is bad, sure, but that feeling of complete powerlessness – one minute you're strong, independent, thinking about what you need to get done at work tomorrow and that silly thing your boyfriend said, and the next minute, some guy much stronger than you are is showing you that everything you are, everything you think, everything you feel – none of that matters. You're 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.

Changing the subject for a minute: a staggering number of marriages and long-term relationships are unhappy. We'd all be old and dead if we took the time to count and review all of the unsatisfying marriages in the world, where nagging, overweight shrews emasculate their timid, underachieving, out-of-shape husbands on an hourly basis, while grudgingly agreeing to missionary sex once every six weeks just to keep the marriage going 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.

One of my good friends from the town where I used to live is in that kind of marriage. We still talk via text and e-mail, and he told me how recently, things came to a head in his marriage. He's been married seven years now, and has been having once-a-month duty sex the whole time, and true to his blue-blood-beta roots, he finally came unhinged, gave his wife an ultimatum, and thinks he won. Now he's getting more frequent sex.

So I'm visiting a couple weekends ago, we're having drinks, and he's acting all mighty, alluding to sex, smirking, and generally being an awkward ass about things. Later that night, I'm chatting with his wife while he's out making a beer run, and she says something kind of odd. "It's hard being more sexual with [husband's name.]"

I know what she means, but I decide to see if she knows, so 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. Because that's exactly what she meant. She gets it. When she says it's 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. I am viscerally repulsed by the thought of being sexual with him on a level I don't fully comprehend. I don't want to. I don't want to so badly, that it takes all of my emotional strength to push through that and force myself to do 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 don't want to have sex with their husbands. They pretend to be asleep. They pretend they're on their period. They feign illness. They go as long as they can, doling out as little sex as they can. Not because they're evil hags who delight in denying their husbands enjoyment. They really and truly don't want to have sex with their husbands. They figure it's normal for a marriage to cool off like that and eventually turn non-sexual, and about once a month, give or take, they finally give in to their husband's badgering just to shut him up. And it's hard for them each time.

I couldn't find any studies on this, but I'd be willing to bet that women in unhappy marriages that have sex with their husbands, again and again over a long period of time, begin to exhibit the same psychological traumas and damages as rape victims. Because in a sense, these women are being raped. Not legally, obviously. And not really. But it's not hard to imagine that their psyche may perceive these sexual encounters and process them in the same manner as a rape.

Take my friend. His wife doesn't want to have sex with him. But there is an implied threat there, even if it's not overt and at knifepoint, that her marriage may be in jeopardy if she doesn't have sex. She might lose her financial stability and 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. He might as well be holding the kids at knifepoint and forcing her to fuck him. When a woman feels like she has to have sex with a man, even though she doesn't want to, due to some kind of perceived threat, her mind processes that like a rape.

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

Often real rape victims will act out sexually. They'll go on a fucking spree, ride a bunch of random cocks. Therapists call this "reclaiming their 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're in control of their sexuality once again.

We see this same behavior in unhappy wives. For years, they've been trapped, forced into having sex they don't want, their sexuality and their power taken from them under threat of losing their marriages and financial stability. So they go out on girls' night and fuck a random cock to reclaim some of that lost power. To feel in control for one night.

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

of her enthusiasm when she consents 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, and 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 doesn't 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 didn't really want, because she felt coerced. Then Chad doesn't return any of her texts. Her psyche processes this encounter like a rape. She literally feels raped. Obviously, she wasn't actually raped, but she *feels* raped, and in girl world, feelings rule.

If you aren't 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 badass that women beg for your dick. Because in a few more years anything less than that will get you 5-10 years in prison, rapist.

Cuddles and yapping are tools of dogs, not men

276 upvotes | August 20, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We are a small minority of men, living in a blue pill world. A feminized world, really. Girl world. And girl world loves the topic of relationships, and when it comes to relationships, girl world is absolutely in love with two things that never work: communication and counseling. Any time you have a relationship problem, such as a woman who disrespects the hell out of you and never fucks you, the universal blue pill solution is to communicate about that, and if your communication doesn't work, see a counselor who will tell you to communicate more. When a man and a woman sit in front of a counselor, their conversation usually goes something like this:

"My wife/girlfriend doesn't have sex with me any more, and the few times she does, it's reluctant. No matter what I do, she just doesn't get into it. To top it off, she's started nagging me to death and getting on my case about everything. Nothing I do is ever good enough. She minimizes me."

"My husband/boyfriend doesn't make me feel special any more. He used to take initiative and do things. Now, he doesn't appreciate me and all he does is work at his job. I have to tell him to do anything that needs doing. I feel like his mother. And all he ever seems to want is sex."

The counselor's response is pretty standard, no matter what the man and woman say: They need to communicate more. Work on building emotional intimacy. And the man needs to start doing more for the woman again to help build that emotional intimacy, because his wife won't desire him sexually unless she feels emotionally close to him again.

So for a few weeks, this unhappy couple talks and talks about their unhappiness, fixating on how unhappy they are. The man tries to do some things for the woman, maybe the woman does a few things for the man, but all of this is seen through the lens of communication and counseling – doing shit to get sex and/or just because they're supposed to. By communicating too damn much, they've prevented anything from actually working. By focusing on their unhappiness and making it a central talking point, they've pretty much affixed it as a permanent feature of their relationship.

This shitty blue pill relationship advice doesn't come from an evil place. Just a misguided one. Most people out there in girl world believe in true love. They don't recognize that sex, respect, and emotional intimacy are all separate pillars of a successful relationship. They think that all three of those things are just natural extensions of one big pillar: love. That if love is present, all of these other things just grow naturally from it.

We know the opposite to be true: love is just another name we give to a relationship when all three of those pillars are present and strong. Without one (or more) of those things, there's no love. All three of those pillars are equally important to the success of the relationship. A relationship without sex is every bit as big of a failure as a relationship with no emotional intimacy.

So in girl world, sex isn't its own pillar of a relationship. Sex comes as this theoretical natural extension of emotional intimacy. You're close with a person, you love each other, then sex happens. That's a real relationship. That's real love. So building emotional intimacy is the answer to all relationship ills, because if you want sex, there needs to be an emotional connection first. It's unreasonable to even think that a woman would have sex with a man in the absence of an emotional connection...

But wait! Out the other side of its mouth, our modern blue pill world praises the sexual freedom of

women. For the first time ever, women have the ability to go out, on birth control paid for by their employer's insurance, and have casual sex with all kinds of men to figure themselves out. It's practically a rite of passage. No normal woman gets married in her 20s to the first man she had sex with. That's oppression – practically slavery.

So on one hand, it's unreasonable to expect a woman to have sex with a husband or boyfriend that she doesn't feel emotionally close to. On the other hand, it's completely reasonable to expect women to have unemotional, casual sex with a few guys (or even a few dozen) before settling down.

This may seem like a contradiction, but in the minds of crazy people, this actually makes sense. For women, there are two kinds of sex: love-sex and sex-sex. To cut to the chase, let's just call them by their accurate names: transactional sex and recreational sex. In our red pill minds, we recognize that there's really just one kind of sex, and that it's all transactional to an extent. After all, if a woman wants you terribly and she enjoys the sex tremendously, her dividends from that transaction are the enjoyment. If she didn't enjoy it and wasn't getting anything else out of it, she wouldn't do it. Same goes for the man. Thus, a transaction.

In girl world, insisting upon emotional intimacy before sex is part of the transaction. It is essentially saying, "In exchange for sex, I require that you provide services that cause me to feel a certain way." Counseling advising you to do so is essentially saying, "I suggest you pay her. That's the best price you're going to get." The best part is that this is an open-ended transaction, facilitated by all of that communication. "I did X. Can we have sex now?" "Well...I do feel a little better, but I don't quite feel that certain way yet. Keep working!"

Any time you approach a woman with sex on your mind, remember, sex is not some natural extension of communication. You can't talk a woman into sex, but you can sure as hell talk a woman out of sex. Sex is its own fundamental pillar of every relationship, completely separate from emotions, or even respect. Women have sex with random hot guys all the time, with no emotional attachment, no respect. In fact, the second you become her monogamous guy and start feeding her that emotional validation and respect, it becomes harder, not easier, for her to work up the emotional strength to fuck you.

Couples that have frequent sex tend to fight less and love each other more. One might argue that love is the natural extension of sex, rather than the other way around.

So communicate less, not more, and solve your relationship problems with sex, not yapping and cuddles. Yapping and cuddles are what dogs do, and despite how much she would prefer it, you are not her dog.

Is “going red pill” unfair to a spouse/LTR?

9 upvotes | September 30, 2015 | /r/PurplePillDebate | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Red Pill and Blue Pill advocates both tend to agree that two consenting adults can have whatever kind of relationship they want to have – as long as both adults consent to it. In the case of The Red Pill, that would mean that if a man and a woman both believe in “traditional gender roles,” whatever that might mean to various people, and that’s the kind of relationship the two of them willingly establish together, neither Red Pill or Blue Pill people have a problem with that.

Question 1 – Is the above actually true for all (or nearly all) of Blue Pill advocates? Or do some Blue Pill people believe that The Red Pill is inherently wrong, abusive, immoral, etc., by its very nature, and that even if both parties consent to the relationship, it is not an appropriate relationship to have under any circumstance?

Except in extremely rare cases where the stars align just right, a relationship does not normally involve two people who are absolutely equal in every way. Somebody in the relationship is going to have slightly more power than the other person, whether that’s the person who cares less, the person who has more options for other relationships, the person who owns the house/apartment, the person with more money – whatever. Even when two people try to be as fair and equal as they can with each other, there’s always going to be at least a slight power disparity.

In the case of a Red Pill relationship, the power balance weighs heavily toward the man. The man usually makes more money, expects reasonably frequent sex, sets and enforces boundaries, and blows off, stonewalls, or leaves if he receives bullshit, disrespect, or if his boundaries are pushed. A “Red Pill man” is encouraged to maintain himself so that he will have an easier time finding other options, and to cut loose people who don’t add value to his life. This creates a situation where a woman often can’t negotiate for more power in the relationship. It’s either the way the man wants, or she can leave, often facing hardship if the man has financial power or owns the living accommodations.

Question 2 – Does a clear power disparity, if present, change whether a Red Pill relationship is appropriate? Does it shed doubt on a woman’s genuine consent to the style/boundaries of the relationship?

Many Red Pillers are men that were unhappy with their current relationship and decided to make changes. These changes not only involved improving themselves physically and mentally, but also changing their behaviors and the way they interact with their significant others. Essentially, men who felt powerless or undervalued in their relationships used The Red Pill to improve their value and take back some (or even most/all) of the power in their relationships, at the expense of their SO’s power in the relationship. In these cases, obviously, the women did not consent to establishing a Red Pill relationship at the beginning. However, the option remains for a woman in this position to leave if she’s unhappy with the changes the man is making. Or to remain and try things his way.

Question 3 – Does the man’s choice to unilaterally make changes based on his own wants/happiness affect the answers to questions 1 and 2 above? Has he pulled an unfair bait-and-switch? If a woman chooses to remain in the relationship anyway, would her actual consent to the new style/boundaries of the relationship the man is pursuing be in doubt?

Most Red Pillers are not open about the fact that they frequent an internet forum filled with woman-bashing and tactics that seem to make at least some women out there more inclined to have sex with

them. Many are secret misogynists, pick-up artists, or just regular joes who don't respect women outside of the value those women provide to their lives.

Question 4 – Does a man's secrecy about The Red Pill affect the answers to any of questions 1 through 3 above? More specifically, if the woman in question knew about The Red Pill, and she would never have gotten involved with the man if she knew, but she otherwise genuinely loves the man, how he looks, how he acts -- everything else about him -- is her consent to the relationship invalid due to the man's enormous secret?

Relationships are restaurants, not banks.

487 upvotes | October 5, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

One of the greatest sources of aggravation and failure for many men, when it comes to marriage and long-term relationships, is our tendency to believe in relationship equity. Most men believe that if they invest their time, energy, and resources into a relationship, then in the future, when they are in need, the other party will be there for them with time, energy, and resources. Essentially, they see relationships like a bank. They invest their money, deposit it in an account, and they later count on being able to withdraw that money.

However, relationships are not banks. They are banquets. You are not investing money for a future return. You are spending money on dinner. That money is gone, and you receive a meal. If you want to eat tomorrow, you spend more money. If the meal sucks or if you're running out of money, you find other places to eat that offer you more food or better food for less money. If you show up tomorrow with no money, you don't eat. Even if you've been a loyal customer for years.

Women understand this. Most men do not. Men will lament when a woman behaves badly. They will question how she can do this to them. They have been so loyal and invested so much over such a long period of time. How can everything they've done over all this time mean so little to her?

All of the time, energy, and resources you invest into women are not money in the bank. They are food you bought for her. Food she has already eaten. Food she has already shit out. Shit she has already flushed down the toilet.

When deciding how to treat you, whether to fuck you tonight, whether to leave you, whether to cheat with a potentially better man, women are not thinking to themselves, "What has he done for me in the past?" They're not even thinking, "What has he done for me lately?" They're thinking, "What is he doing for me right now", or possibly "What is he going to do for me in the future?" She's already eaten the food you bought yesterday. The only value that meal or any previous meal has to her today is what it indicates about the food you will give her today, and in the future.

To be successful when we interact with women, it is important to speak their language, rather than becoming mired in our own. When you speak to a woman – banter, hint, flirt, and engage – she is looking for what she stands to gain in the future. Not what you've done for her already. She doesn't want to feel like she's indebted to you for past favors and that she needs to stick with you to pay you back. She wants to feel like she's getting a great deal by staying with you and that more great things are to come. You need to appear like you're going places, and like bringing her along would be nearly effortless. Like all she needs to do is convince you to take her hand and pull her.

If you are a valuable man, and you hint to a woman that she has a chance with you, she will be the one spending time, attention, and resources on you, hoping eagerly to convince you to take her where you're going and share your value with her.

Since a Red Pill post wouldn't be complete without comparing women to dogs, let's think about what dogs learn from us as we invest in our relationship with them. Every day, at 6:00, you pour food into the dog's bowl. The dog shows up and wolfs down the food, then looks at you. You do the same thing, every day, at 6:00. You have invested the time, effort, and the cost of the dog food into this relationship with the dog. And what have you gotten? The dog doesn't bring you the newspaper out of gratitude. It hasn't even stopped shitting on the carpet. Instead, all the dog does is walk over to the

dog dish at 6:00, look at you, and wait to be fed. This is what the dog has learned from your investment into the relationship.

However, if you train the dog by giving it food and treats and petting it when it brings you the newspaper, and swatting its ass with that newspaper when it shits on your carpet, the dog begins to bring you the newspaper spontaneously, hoping for treats. And it stops shitting on the floor.

If you only give the dog treats some of the times it brings you the newspaper, the dog begins to wonder exactly what aspects of the newspaper fetching work to produce the treats. It tries to bring you the newspaper faster and more frequently. It works hard to prove that it's good enough to get treats from you.

You want your woman to know you have treats. You want her to know that she can earn them – your value is totally within her reach. But you want her to work for your value. And if she starts getting uppity and reminds you about the blowjob she gave you yesterday, speak her language. That's old news. What's on the menu tonight?

The ABC stages of independence – Make her wonder if you care

426 upvotes | October 19, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Like most of us, before I started this wild ride, I was what we shorthand as “beta” around here. There’s nothing inherently wrong with being that kind of person. Most betas are decent guys. You’re not really a loser or an idiot. Being beta makes a lot of logical sense. You try to please others, avoid conflict, help others be happy, and assume other people will like you, like being around you, be nice to you, and do nice things for you. That makes sense. You’re not even doing this as some kind of entitled nice-guy™ covert contract thing. You’re just being nice to people to avoid making waves or hurting others, and because you like it when other people are happy. And it makes sense to assume that most other people are pretty much like you -- generally nice folks that would do the same for you, right?

The end goal of most “beta” guys who come here is power over women. Independence. Success. Most of us go through a series of stages, outlined below. Some of you might see yourself in me, some of you might have done things a little differently.

Appeasing: As a “beta” guy, when I dealt with my wife, I dealt with her from the position of a people-pleaser. She would say something, usually a complaint, and I would assume that her complaint was legitimate, serious, and warranted addressing. Essentially, I assumed that she was saying what she meant, which is not really an idiot assumption. Most people say what they mean, right? So I would verbally respond to her complaint at face value, that response usually being an apology or some form of defending myself if the complaint was about me. My specific response depended on whether I agreed with her complaint or not. Being “beta” doesn’t mean you’re necessarily a total pushover and concede to every remark a woman makes, just that you elevate each of her remarks to something worthy of serious consideration and response. If the complaint wasn’t about me, I’d usually respond with some form of proposed solution, advice, or an offer or promise to help address the source of the complaint. Because if she said something, then it was worthy of my consideration and response. She wanted me to consider it and respond. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have said it.

I don’t need to tell any of you guys how those years went. Constantly in the dog house. Infrequent sex. Publicly and privately disrespected, shamed, emasculated. Never good enough. Always wondering what the hell was wrong with me, with her, with our marriage. How I could do so much all the time, yet all that I did went completely unnoticed, or wasn’t appreciated, or was actively minimized and brushed off as trivial and unimportant during the bitching and emasculation sessions. Why somebody I loved, who supposedly loved me, who I did so much for, could treat me that way, and not see how she treated me.

Bargaining: Continuing with the “beta” assumption that most people are nice and most people appreciate others who are nice to them, it was obvious that the way my wife was making me feel must have been completely unintentional. So all I had to do was tell her how I saw things, and we could have a discussion about that. Good communication is the key to every marriage, right? She needed to know how she was making me feel.

I don’t need to tell any of you guys how those months went. Each time we spoke, she did a good job

of not laughing at me, but took great care to explain, quite loudly, why everything she said and did was justified due to some action, behavior, or character trait of mine. And how she definitely wasn't feeling very attracted or in the mood for sex when she had to deal with a husband who was like that. I would promise to improve in some way if she would work on the way she interacted with me.

Compromise is the heart of marriage, right? And she explained, quite loudly, why the way she was acting was my fault and was based solely on what I did to cause it, so of course if I wasn't such a loser/idiot/slob/selfish/etc, her responsive behavior wouldn't have ever happened and wouldn't be an issue.

Being "beta" doesn't mean you're stupid. I knew damn well that when somebody does something you dislike, there are respectful ways and disrespectful ways to address that person about it. I'd been doing the first for quite some time. I knew it was perfectly possible to respectfully address issues with people, and my wife had a master's degree and was able to hold a steady job working with idiots, maintain friendships, and speak respectfully to a lot of people – I'd seen her do it. No, she was deliberately choosing to be a disrespectful bitch to me when it was fully in her power not to. But I figured there was no sense pressing the issue. She'd heard what I had to say and would probably be a little nicer in the future, because no wife wants or deliberately tries to make her husband feel that way.

Confronting: So I stumble upon this Red Pill thing, read about 15 minutes worth of material, and realize that I'm not supposed to tolerate disrespect. Of course bargaining and negotiation didn't work – the Red Pill said so. And I got mad. Decided I wouldn't put up with her disrespect any more. I started calling her out every time she was passive-aggressive, just plain aggressive, or downright mean. I yelled, fumed, said mean things back, argued that her response was disproportional to whatever she was unhappy about. I even got pissy and angry in front of her friends, who tended to get uncomfortable and leave, further pissing my wife off.

I don't need to tell any of you guys how that went. Even if you're shooting down a woman's shit and getting into screaming matches with her, you are still elevating every word she says into something worthy of the full force of your response. Arguing, defending yourself, yelling, getting angry, saying mean shit back – that's just as "beta" as being a people-pleaser. You're still making what she says the focus of your existence and responding to it. You've just changed the words you use to respond.

Dodging: So I keep reading this Red Pill thing for another 15 minutes or so, and realize that I'm not supposed to pay attention to stupid shit women say, so I start ignoring her when she's a bitch. I walk away. I blow her off with 1-2 word responses and go do something else. But come on. When you walk away from a woman every time she does something mean to go hide in another room, it's not like that isn't obvious. You're a butt-hurt little baby. And my wife called me on it. Stomping off, giving her the silent treatment – that was just a different kind of whining. That's just as "beta" as yelling at her. I've just changed the color of my response. But I'm still responding to her. Making her words the focus of my life.

Enlightenment: I get a new job and we change cities. I started work at a small office. The boss is old, a lot of younger kids work there, and the only people kind of close to my age and my place in life are these two 30-something single moms. I'm a 30-something married dad, so it makes sense that we kind of hang out, have things to talk about, grab lunch together, get drinks after work. And when I come home and talk about my day, these are the people I talk about.

I don't need to tell you guys how that went. My wife starts bitching me out about spending too much

time with these women and how I'm always talking about one of them. She accuses me of cheating. I'd been reading *The Red Pill* for awhile now, so instead of profusely denying it, I simply responded that if she really thought I was cheating, we wouldn't be talking about it. She'd be handing me divorce papers. I chuckled that she was just trying to get a rise out of me and that it was cute, but I needed my voice tomorrow, so no yelling for me.

Then I did what any logical married man who doesn't care what his wife thinks would do. I set up a play-date with my daughter and both of my co-workers' kids. At the pool. Because unlike my wife, these 30-something single moms are actually skinny and look awesome in bikinis. And I'd been working out like a fiend and my chest looked badass. And we sat around looking hot and drinking beers and talking about work and inside jokes and shit that didn't involve my wife and playing with each other's kids, and these moms, for all of the crazy drama in their lives, are good at mothering and my daughter loved them. My wife cares about her social appearance, so even though she had next to nothing to contribute to the gathering, didn't want to be there, and especially didn't want me to be there, she was polite as could be.

That not caring part is key. Every bit as important as the other women in bikinis part. When your woman is *seriously* out of line and has been for a long time, she needs to wonder if you love her.

Fucking: So my wife is acting all quiet and brooding and pissy that evening, and I'd usually have taken some kind of action when she's being passive-aggressive like that, but I just have another beer and keep playing with our kid, give her a bath, read books, put her to bed. I get back to the bedroom, and my wife asks, "Did you have fun today?" fully intending to start an argument. I push her ass on to the bed and we have sex.

Gaslighting: Afterward, she asks if I'll stop being an ass now. I ask what the heck she's talking about. She asks if I'll please spend less time with my co-workers. I act like that's a silly request and remind her about my 12-hour work days, but assure her that they don't wear swimsuits to the office. She calls me an asshole. I pretend not to notice and remark on the short dress one of them wore last Thursday. Instead of crying or getting pissy, she giggles.

From that point on, a good three quarters of the time, when she complains about something, I act like she didn't even talk and just continue with whatever it is we were discussing, or whatever other thing is on my mind. And she acts like I didn't just ignore her. The other quarter of the time, it's straight up agreement and amplification.

This shit's long. I'd better write a conclusion or something:

We all go through Red Pill stages. We start off beta, we try to negotiate, we try to argue, we try to ignore. Only when you reach the point of true uncaring does anything work. In fact, once you reach the point of true uncaring, *everything* works.

The key is not caring. Being aloof. Saying and doing things you'd never do if you were worried how a woman might respond. Because the very act of doing those things indicates that you don't care how (or if) she responds. You want a woman to wonder if you care about her. If she knows that you do, or knows that you don't, there's no point in her remaining invested in a situation. You want her investment? Make her wonder if you care.

Be a social dynamo so she doesn't have to be

362 upvotes | November 30, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A significant focus here at The Red Pill is the transactional nature of relationships. Men exchange time, resources, attention, and commitment for sex, primarily. Women exchange sex, and if they're actually feminine, charming, and worth a shit, their company, for male time, resources, attention, and commitment. The shorthand metric for this exchange is the SMV – the “Social Market Value” – of each person. A person's looks, fitness, professional success, social aptitude, personality, and even skills and interests all play a role in determining their worth to other people. We sometimes call SMV the “sexual market value” of a person, but the S is actually for social, not sexual. Social cred is, hands down, the primary currency that matters with women.

The SMV concept actually extends well beyond sex and relationships. Valuable people (e.g., hot, high social aptitude, interesting) also tend to have more friends (and better quality/more useful friends), better professional connections and more success at work, and so on. Your social value is what makes or breaks you in the world. Very few ugly, socially awkward people go far just because they're smart or hard-working. Very few hot, socially apt people go far without working at least a little bit or having at least a little smarts (though they'll often go farther than smart, hard-working social rejects). You can compensate for one or two categories by excelling in others, but you can't be a dead zero in any category or you lose at life. The most successful people in the world rank highly in every category. Because life's not fair and humans aren't equal. Some people are just plain better than other people, in every way. And some people just plain suck.

As we all know, women don't date down. Or laterally (which they consider down). Women date up. Before you have a serious shot at a girl, she needs to perceive your SMV as outranking hers, by at least a little bit. Are women simply greedy? What does a woman get from a valuable man that she doesn't get from a less valuable one? Sure, fucking is more fun if the other person is super-hot, and a rich person buys you shit, but you can't fuck a person's social aptitude. In fact, even if a man commits to a woman, his social aptitude, his skills and interests – all of that is going to cause him to spend less time, less attention, and less resources on his woman. Nonetheless, if you're a social retard and you suck with people, that is the single greatest dealbreaker for a girl. Even if you're cute and make six figures.

Men are more inclined (or at least more expected) to be risk-takers when compared to women. Men are the ones who walk up and risk rejection, while women just sit there and accept fuck applicants, passing judgment all night, getting annoyed with the less qualified ones, and imagining that their position is a tedious and difficult one. Men are more often the ones who start businesses, climb corporate ladders, request raises and promotions, and put themselves out there to get established. This carries forward into other aspects of a man's life, such as making friends, seeking out hobbies, and so on.

It's a social risk to sign up for some group activity where you don't know anybody, travel across town to be there at a certain time, arrive at an unfamiliar location full of strangers, and just start talking to people there, trying to make friends. Hell, it's a social risk at a party or some other friendly gathering to just walk up to a stranger – even a same-sex stranger – and strike up a conversation, trying to make friends. Making friends, developing hobbies and social networks – establishing yourself socially -- is every bit as much of a rejection risk as picking up a girl.

Most women suck at risk. Women are petrified of rejection. Women don't hit on cute guys – they let guys come to them. That way, they already know the guy is interested. Women don't drive across town to attend some event with a group of strangers. They'll only go if their friends are going. Women don't make new friends. They just do everything with their current circle of friends. If they do make a new friend, it's through other people they know. Women don't seek out friends or walk up to strangers. They just end up being friends with whoever they work with or go to school with or wherever else their circumstances put them. Women absolutely, positively, will not, do not, can not bear social rejection. So women do not take the risk.

Women seek out men who are social dynamos because these men take the risk for them. These men have friends, a social network, hobbies, and interests. A woman can cling to his arm as he goes around being social, and she can strike up conversations with his social connections, risk-free, because he's already taken the risk for her. He did the leg work, took the risk, made the friends, made the connections, and established himself. And now she gets to be a part of all of that, risk free. No fear of rejection. That's why women will pretend to be annoyed at all the time you spend with your guy friends, but are secretly happy that you're socially established, since having those guy friends means getting invited to gatherings for her, having an immediate in for conversations with your guy friends' women, and so on.

Women are social creatures. They need a socially established man because without social validation, they wither and die. But women are so dependent upon the social world that they just can't bear a social rejection. They just can't make themselves take a social risk. Their man, and his social status, are what gives them opportunities beyond their immediate circles of friends and coworkers. Their man faces the world for them, takes the risks, does the work, while they follow in his wake, reaping the benefits of his labor, risk free.

Your most valuable currency is being social. The kind of guy who can chat with strangers and walk away with a new friend or professional contact. The kind of guy who knows somebody everywhere, knows people in all areas who can get shit done. The kind of guy people like. None of this I'm an introvert, but I'll just work harder in school and at my job and at the gym bullshit. If you're a social retard, it's going to hold you back in all areas. Awkwardly meeting strangers and risking embarrassment and rejection is scary, but smashing that fear is part of growing from a boy into a man.

Women are as shitty as you let them be

876 upvotes | December 10, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit 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.

Women value a task based on its perceived importance, not its difficulty

188 upvotes | December 14, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

One of the reasons The Red Pill is at odds with the rest of society is that modern society has decided to declare war on the old-school society that came before it. (Despite the fact that the society that came before was so fabulously successful that it made modern society, with all of its radical notions and lavish extravagances, possible.) The notions set forth in The Red Pill run contrary to just about everything modern society would like to establish, but are actually quite in line with the old-school society that came before – with the main difference being that The Red Pill actually says this shit aloud, whereas back in the “good ol’ days”, nobody had to because that was just how things were understood to be. So I guess there’s an argument to be made that by actually putting words to these ideas that weren’t usually verbalized in the past, we’re somehow more radical than what came before. Modern society believes that there is no such thing as gender. That we’re all just equal humans full of equal potential, equal opportunity, equal value, and if there’s any justice in the universe, equal achievements and outcomes. Part of this war on gender involves a societal push to eradicate gender roles. The Red Pill is really just a set of lessons in gender roles. How to be more stereotypically masculine in a world that pretends to piss all over masculinity (while secretly rewarding it behind the scenes), and how to recognize and pursue stereotypical femininity in a world that’s, sadly, done a pretty good job of stamping femininity out.

When I first married my wife, long ago, we didn’t stick to traditional gender roles in our marriage. I did the bulk of the traditional “woman’s work”. After working my ass off at the office all day, I came home and cooked dinner, washed the dishes, did the laundry, spearheaded our grocery trips on the weekend. We hired a service to clean – it took too long to clean the big-ass house I was paying for, and I suck at cleaning. My wife didn’t do nothing, mind you. We were playing toward our skills. She has a real mind for organization, so after I made her a kickass spreadsheet to keep track of everything, she would catalog receipts, keep track of our budget, and pay bills each month for us. She’d also keep track of our various service providers and when they were coming to fix or build or clean or maintain something, and after we had a kid, she’d plan kid events, find kid activities, plan our weekends, and set all of that up.

Everything worked really smoothly, yet our marriage was terrible. We fought constantly, we had sex less than once a month, my wife openly disrespected me in front of others and in front of our child, pissed on and minimized everything I did for our family. We’d make up afterward (in a non-sexual way, of course), usually involving a series of back-handed apologies from my wife. The usual woman way of apologizing: “You’re a good husband, but” followed by a politely-phrased criticism that justifies why she behaved the way she did.

I could never figure out why she was so angry when she had it so easy. I did the bulk of the housework, made a shit-ton of money, took good care of her and of our child, and she didn’t have to do all that much. Yet the few things she did have to do, she complained about constantly, like she didn’t feel she should have to do even that small handful of things. Like I had unfairly burdened her. The fact is, she was right. I was just missing the message. My wife was not complaining about the quantities of work we were doing, nor the difficulty of the work involved. She was complaining

because I had handed off all of the man-work to her, while hiding behind woman-work to look busy. Honestly, going grocery shopping, planning, prepping, and cooking meals, doing laundry and folding clothes – a lot of that work is physically more tedious and more difficult than sitting at the computer paying bills and doing our family budget. Calling up service providers and getting shit fixed around the house? Using the internet to find an activity for the family this weekend? That shit is easy to do. Much easier than the woman-work. I thought I was doing my wife a favor by taking care of all of this tedious stuff, and all she had to do was make a few administrative decisions and keep track of things for us.

Yes, in many ways, the man-work involved in leading the family is physically easier than the woman-work that maintains the house (excepting the obvious grueling man-work like building and repairing shit and moving heavy stuff around). Handling your family budget, planning family activities, coordinating what's going on in the house and when – that shit isn't hard to do. But it's *important*. The *responsibility* involved in that man-work is huge compared to the woman-work. If the laundry doesn't get done for a couple of weeks, it's not the end of the world. If dinner burns, your order pizza. But if the bills don't get paid, the lights get turned off and shit accrues interest and costs the family a lot of money. It's far more catastrophic.

Even though my wife's tasks around the house were technically easier to complete, she felt burdened by the responsibility. Responsibility she felt that she was forced to undertake while I busied myself with "easier" (e.g., less significant) work like dinner and laundry.

Women run from responsibility. You can barely get a woman to decide what restaurant to go to for dinner – she wants you to decide, because she doesn't want it to be her fault if dinner sucks. She wants you to lead. She wants you to make decisions. She wants you to shoulder the burden, so that if anything catastrophic happens, or fuck, if she just doesn't enjoy something, it's your fault instead of hers. If she has to choose which plumber to call and it's more expensive than the one your neighbor hired, or if she has to decide which of your creditors to pay off in which order, or if she has to decide where to take the kid this weekend and doesn't have fun – she is crushed under the weight of the responsibility. She can't blame you when shit goes wrong. But she *can* blame you for making her responsible.

Women love drama. They would much rather you lead, and have shit go wrong left and right, and have something to complain about to their friends, to yell at you about, to excite them – than to have you hide from your responsibility and make them do your job.

Sources of Value

111 upvotes | February 9, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

When evaluating the value of women and men, The Red Pill primarily focuses on the Social/Sexual Market Value (SMV) of individuals. To a lesser extent, we often discuss additional sources of value that men and women bring to the table that make them worth more investment than just sex, which we've dubbed Relationship Market Value (RMV).

Blue Pill cunts also insist that we need to recognize the third source of value that people possess, even though it has little to no bearing on sex or relationships, so I'll give a quick shout out to plain old human worth and accomplishment (HWA). Blue Pill cunts also insist that there's a fourth source of value that people possess simply for existing and being a unique and special human with inalienable human rights, so let's also give a quick shout out to special snowflake-ness (SS) – and then never mention it again.

The factors that contribute to these types of value overlap somewhat, though the factors that apply to each type of value and where the overlap occurs vary for men and women.

A woman's SMV is determined nearly entirely by her looks and her sexual availability. Is she sexually attractive? Is she good in bed? Does she offer sex (to you, not necessary to everyone) freely and easily, without requiring unreasonable investment? These factors are the primary determinants of her SMV. To a lesser extent, a woman's SMV may also be determined by her personality. Is she respectful, polite, interesting, and fun to be around? Is she thoughtful? Does she do other things (besides sex) for you? While these factors don't, directly, give you an erection, they make the investment you provide to this woman much more palatable. Maybe even enjoyable.

A woman's RMV is determined roughly equally by her skills, personality, behavior, and looks/sexual availability. If a woman is not good-looking enough to induce arousal and is not sexually generous or any good in bed, her RMV is automatically zero, independent of other factors. A non-sexual relationship or a relationship where the sex is infrequent, bad, or otherwise deficient is not a relationship. You might as well just be friends, and women make shitty friends.

However, assuming that a woman meets the minimum SMV hurdle to be considered for a relationship, her RMV is determined by her femininity and charm, her skills, and her behavior. Is she polite, respectful, kind, and submissive? Eager to defer to your leadership? Is she thoughtful? Does she do things for you that show her investment in you? Is she good at things that make her a good partner, and maybe even a good future life partner, such as skills that keep a good house, nourish a family, and make her a good mother? Does she refrain from excessive drinking and from using drugs? Does she refrain from pursuing male validation? Is she sexually conservative, with a low partner count, and not slutty in the slightest? Is her past free from damaging trauma? Does she come from a good, stable home with strong, traditional parental influences? Education and intelligence may also come into play, as can hobbies, to the extent that a woman who can hold an interesting conversation and actually knows some things is a better relationship partner than a dimwit.

A woman's SMV determines whether you're willing to fuck her. A woman's RMV determines whether you're willing to date her. As most men are concerned, **a woman has no other value.**

However, let's not unfairly piss on women over this. Just because a woman is not useful to you as a sexual partner or a relationship partner does not mean that the woman is completely useless. If a

woman wants to get a PhD and become a ball-busting scientist that performs groundbreaking cancer research, that's absolutely great. The fact that you don't want to fuck her and/or date her doesn't mean that she has no worth as a human being. She can be a great asset to the world. She can still have value – just not the kind of value that makes her a desirable partner.

A woman with double PhDs in biochemistry and biomedical engineering involved in cutting-edge research is not sexier because of it. Nor is she a better relationship partner. If anything, a woman in that position is going to devote significant time and attention to her education and career – time and attention that she will not be able to devote to sex, a relationship, keeping a house, caring for children, and so forth. Many women in this position are also prideful, with a chip on their shoulder and something to prove, who can't shut up about how great and important they are, which further harms their attractiveness.

In many cases, a woman's HWA is, in fact, an antagonist to her SMV and/or RMV. Why? Because most men are not attracted to a woman due to her status and accomplishments in the way that women are attracted to men with these qualities. Men are expected to make their own status in the world, not gain their status by marrying somebody who has it. The world looks down on men who amount to little and ride their wife's coattails. And men don't get an erection thinking about their girlfriend's PhDs. **Status does not contribute to a woman's SMV or RMV, or at best, contributes only negligibly.** This is often a point of great ire for many Blue Pilled cunts, who believe it is unfair and misogynistic that women do not attain value for the same feats that men do.

In direct contrast, one of the primary factors for both SMV and RMV of a man is his status. Possibly the only factor. What has a man accomplished, and what is he likely to accomplish in the future? Because that pole-vaults him socially. A man who has done great things or who has the potential to do great things is also typically hard-working and disciplined, well-paid, socially connected, confident, creative, intelligent, and so forth. The opposite is true of a man who is a nobody that's accomplished nothing.

A man's SMV and RMV are also affected by his looks and behavior/personality. Why? Because these traits are indicators of potential status. Good looking, strong, confident men who act the part are men who are perceived as having potential. But hey, just looking hawt even if you're a loser is a major contributor to your SMV. In some cases, being a loser might actually help your SMV, because women are more prone to casually fuck guys that they don't want to date seriously. If they get it in their heads that they want to date you, they might start backpedaling and pretending they're not sluts to trick you into mis-appraising their RMV and seriously considering them.

The key here is respect. For women, respect, love, and attraction are all the same thing. If she respects a man – really and truly respects him, then she loves him and wants to fuck him and goes out of her way to be thoughtful for him and do things for him. She defers to him. If a man is respected, he's valuable.

The same is actually true of women as well. If a woman is respected, she's valuable. But women and men are respected for completely different reasons. Men are respected for being physically fit, professionally successful, socially apt, skilled, interesting, confident, powerful, and great leaders. Women are respected for being pretty, submissive, nurturing, etc.

If a woman tries to become respected in the same way that a man is respected, she's definitely worthy of respect – I hope someone cures cancer soon, man or woman. But that's man-respect, not woman-respect. I don't want to fuck somebody that I respect the same way I respect a man – even if it's a

woman.

So don't fall into modern-day, blue-pilled, feminized world trap of seeking out women who act like men, unless you, yourself, are a woman.

Appeal to her body, not her brain

332 upvotes | March 4, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I'm going to start with something a little basic but very wise that I'm stealing from Athol Kay's Married Men Sex Life Primer: "You are not your brain." Humans are animals, not all that much greater than lizards or dogs or jellyfish. Some animals have hard exoskeletons. Some have poisonous stingers. Some have sharp claws and teeth. We have brains. Brains are our tool that we use to overcome problems and defeat other animals.

Our brains are our body's tool. Our brains don't use our bodies to accomplish things. It's the other way around. Our body wants things, whether it's food, water, protection from shitty weather, or sex, and it uses its best tool, the brain, to figure out how to get these things.

This means that when you want a woman to fuck you, you don't try to appeal to her brain. That's a loser's route. If you try to appeal to her brain when her body doesn't want you, you'll be eating palm, pepper spray, or a cosmopolitan martini, depending on whatever she happens to have on-hand. Instead, you appeal to her body. You make her body want you. Her brain will then come up with a series of rationalizations to make your dick inside of her seem like a great idea, and do its utmost to try to convince you to put it there.

If you want to get laid, the single most important thing you can do with your life – greater than all other things – is BE GOOD LOOKING. Now I understand that many of us are born short, an undesirable race for wherever we live, have ugly faces, receding hairlines, or various other blemishes and imperfections. That's fine. Very few people can be a perfect ten. But you don't need to be perfect-looking, just good looking. That's enough to get laid.

If you take nothing else with you from your exposure to the Red Pill – nothing at all except for this – you will be a million times better than when you came: Lift weights. It's that simple. Get your ass into a gym 4-6 times a week, no excuses, and lift heavy shit to exhaustion. Do the research, eat a caloric surplus, look up a muscle-building routine that focuses on your primary lifts, and just keep doing it. Do not compromise on this.

It doesn't matter if you're a shitty-morph, a loser-morph, or whatever other excuses you have for not getting muscular. If you do the work, you will get stronger and better looking. You don't have to go ape-shit-crazy and start taking steroids or getting testosterone or growth hormones or eating five pounds of whey protein a day or end up looking like a circus strongman to get laid. You just need to get muscular. If you do the work, you can't help getting muscular. If you really like what you see and want to take those extra steps to become super-jacked, go for it, but for the general purpose of getting laid, just being a regular weightlifter 4-6 times a week who eats right and looks good will get you there.

Once you've gotten to the point where your body isn't changing rapidly in size any more and is growing slowly at best, buy clothes. Clothes that fit and show off your physique. There's more than enough literature out there on what's fashionable, and that will vary a lot depending on where you live, your social scene, and what you look like, so this is mostly a fun research project for you. When you look badass and have places to go and women to fuck, clothes shopping is fun, not a chore.

Groom, too, obviously. Get a stylish haircut. One that looks good from the sides and back, too, not just in the mirror. If you're balding, shave your head. And wear a modest cologne – not just

deodorant. Most men smell a little musty as they age, and can't smell themselves. You know that you wouldn't give a woman who smelled slightly sweaty or yeasty a second thought, so if you have any hint of odor, you're done.

It is that simple.

I won't even get into "game" or personality or any social or professional aspects of your life at this point. I heartily believe that if you look the absolute best you can, within whatever limitations you were born with, that alone will increase your ability to get laid tenfold.

Why? Because women are animals. When they see a physically attractive man, their body instinctively wants to fuck that man. At that point, their body begins to utilize its best tool, their brain, to overcome the problem of how to fuck that man. With their brain feeding them constant rationalizations for why fucking you is such a great idea, you can pretty much say or do whatever you want. They'll laugh and think you're funny. They'll hint at their interest. They'll let you touch them. Their barriers will be down. Somehow, even though you just met her, she'll feel like she's known you forever. That's her brain, rationalizing whatever it needs to in order to further her body's desire to fuck you.

If you are good looking – sexually attractive – then everything you do is seen in the best light possible. You can be the biggest asshole on the planet, and women will laugh and think you're funny and charming. If someone tells them you're an asshole, they'll defend you and say you're really sweet and just misunderstood. You can treat a woman like dirt, and she'll keep her mouth shut for fear of ruining her chances with you, then thank you for the opportunity to suck your dick that night. She will feel satisfied – fulfilled – when she gets you off, because it validates her knowing that she was able to please such an attractive man. You can be fucking her weekly in a rotation of ten other women, and she'll still consider herself lucky to have you.

If you are not good looking – sexually unattractive – then every single thing you do is seen in the worst light possible. The sound of your voice is annoying. Everything you talk about is boring. It's creepy and off-putting when you touch her – she feels violated. No matter how many nice things you do or say, she doesn't notice, or takes them for granted, or minimizes them, or pisses all over them. She might think that because you are acting a certain way, she's not attracted to you, but it's actually the opposite. Because she's not attracted to you, everything about the way you act sucks, and there's nothing you can do that will be perceived better. If she found you sexually attractive, she'd love everything about you no matter what you did.

Appeal to her body, not her brain. You do that by building an awesome body at the gym, not by finding common interests and emotional connections like some loser.

For those of you using TRP's new platform (which you should definitely check out), here's a [link](#) to the content there.

Be the owner; Don't be property

386 upvotes | March 10, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Women are social creatures. Herd animals, really. Without attention and validation, they die (or at least become really messed up in the head). To a woman, if you don't have an active social life, you pretty much don't exist. And for a woman, if something doesn't have an immediate social benefit or effect, she might as well not bother doing it. She thinks it's a waste of time. Everything she does or refrains from doing is based on the social benefit or detriment to her – what the herd will think and how it will react.

This is why one of the most important traits a man can possess when it comes to attracting women, second only to being hot, is social aptitude. If you don't have a social life, you're not a real person to her. It doesn't matter how hard you work, how much money you make, how much nice stuff you do for her, or even how much of an aloof asshole you pretend to be hoping to trick her into thinking you're awesome. If you are not socially connected, you don't exist. Just breathing the same air as you costs her points with the herd unless she can spin things properly.

If you're not socially connected, then your girlfriend (or just the girl you're pining after) is your primary social outlet. You're not a real person to her because in her world, you're an extension of her. She's the real person with the real social life, while you are an accessory in her life. She will use you as a tool to accomplish tasks (e.g., help her move, pick her up from her "abusive ex's" house for the third time this week). She will use you to garner attention from more valuable people (e.g., cuddle with you in front of hot guys to make them jealous then complain to her girlfriends about how you're creepy and can't take a hint). Because you are an accessory, not a real person, she will make you useful to her, sometimes using you up, casting you aside, or wrecking your life in the process. What happens to you doesn't matter to her, because you're not human.

Essentially, like children, women lack object permanence. You are socially vacant, therefore you have no effect on her life. You're not there. When she's not staring at you, you do not exist. You begin existing again when she picks up her phone to text you. And, as with children, the fact that you are an actual human – every bit as complete and complex as she is – never crosses her mind. You are simply a stimulus that exists in her life.

Fucking a man like that would be like fucking her poodle or her favorite pair of shoes. She doesn't see you as a person. She sees you as an accessory. Sex hasn't crossed her mind, because the fact that you're an actual human being hasn't even occurred to her. You are mostly invisible – part of the background in her life.

However, if you are socially apt, then you have an effect on others. People know you, like you, want to help you out, want to fuck you. You go on existing, even when a woman stops paying attention to you. When you walk into a room and people know you, or when you simply strike up a conversation with people who aren't her and it becomes clear that your attention has value to others, you become real.

In fact, if you're busy mingling about a crowded venue, while a girl follows at your heels, she becomes your accessory. The difference here is that when the situation is reversed, she loves being an accessory to a successful, socially apt man. She gains status, as a woman, by being attached to a winner. She hopes the whole world sees her, following at the heels of a great man.

The more you become a socially apt winner, the more pleasant and more effective of an accessory she will become for you. Well-developed social aptitude is critical for having your own life, independent from her – turning her into an accessory in your great life. Without it, she's the owner, and you're merely an object in her purse.

If you haven't checked out The Red Pill's off-Reddit platform, it's definitely not to be missed. Here's a [link](#) to this content over there.

60 Days of Dread Week 8: Social Life

58 upvotes | March 12, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I'm leaving town tomorrow, so I figured I'd post week 8 a day early: Your social life.

The most important trait a married man can cultivate – even more important than appearance, wealth, or status – is social aptitude. Why? Because a man who is socially apt is a man who has the skills to become (and remain) successful and attain status – and a wife attached to that success and status benefits. Socially apt men are liked, admired, hired, promoted, and laid. And your wife knows it, or at least her subconscious knows it. The absolute worst situation you can be in as a married man is to have no friends and/or professional connections (or worse, to be socially awkward and have your joint social circle dislike you or think you're strange) and for your wife to know it.

Many married men nearly entirely lack social lives, apart from their wives and children. This is completely understandable. They spend all day working, all of their free time being fathers to their child(ren), and any last remaining moments trying to steal a few minutes of time with their wives. Any time spent out with guy friends or out learning a new skill or partaking in a hobby is time away from their families, and for most men, time their wives are going to bitch at them about, to the point where for many men, maintaining an active social life outside of the home just isn't worth the hassle and the bitching. Because when your happiness is tied to your wife's happiness and she's being a bitch about something you're doing for yourself, it's hard to have fun and enjoy that thing.

However, if you find that you live in a universe where your happiness is tied to your wife's, you're in a bad place. She is the most important person in your universe. Your life revolves around speaking and acting a manner designed to make her happy, and in doing so, you are happy, too. If this is how you feel valuable, then you *depend* on your wife for value. You are her dependent. Like a child. She validates you by acting happy when you behave a certain way. Like a mommy does to reward a child. You think you're being an excellent husband by doting on her and doing things to cause her to act happy, yet as the days pass, she fucks you less and berates you more, and grows more annoyed with you for no apparent reason, until it finally blows up as a divorce, affair, or just a big-ass fight. Because you're too damn needy and it's suffocating her. You need to get a life! That same life she bitched and nagged you into giving up in the first place.

Men in this position often try harder to do more for their wives. They work hard at their jobs and make a lot of money. At that point, they've elevated themselves from a mere dependent to a dependent and an ATM. Many men throw themselves into the role of being an active father, ever-present in their children's lives. So now they're a dependent and a nanny. Many will do the housework, cooking, cleaning, and laundry to help ease their wives' burdens. So they're a dependent and a maid. Many will grunt with pride as they do the repair work around the house. So now they're a dependent and a handyman.

By doubling down and doing more for your wife, you're just tied to her even more tightly. You're not just your wife's dependent. You're also her tool. An accessory in her life. Something she can use to get various types of tasks done more easily. You think you're being an excellent husband by doing all of this, yet as the days pass, she rejects your advances every night, finds fault in everything you do, belittles you, minimizes your efforts, and takes you for granted. She even complains about how hard she has it and how unfair her life is because she does too much around here and you do too little.

A dependent, tool of a man who tries to sprinkle a little Red Pill on top of his shitty life just becomes a dependent tool that lifts weights and dresses better. In your wife's eyes, now you're not only a child and a tool, but also a narcissistic ass who's obsessed with his appearance and going through a midlife crisis. A scoop of frozen shit with Red Pill sprinkles on top doesn't taste like chocolate.

A strong social life is key. When you leave the home and develop a social life of your own, you meet people and come to know them, and they come to know you, like you, and value you. When other people like you, want to hang out with you, possibly want to fuck you if female, and think good things about you, and you actually have an effect in the world around you, only then, in your wife's eyes, do you actually become a real person. Before that point, you're just an accessory in her life. She's the real person, and you're a tool she wields or a child she cares for – an extension of her. But when you have a social life outside of her, that means you go on existing even if she vanishes. You're real.

Women are social creatures, so having a social life of your own is what makes you independently valuable in her eyes. Before then, you're just one more thing she needs to care for, maintain, and keep track of. You're mooching off of her value. This is where that feminist "emotional labor" bullshit comes into play. Making a man who doesn't have a well-developed social life feel like he's worth a shit is hard work for a woman – because in her eyes, he's not worth a shit. She's essentially coddling a child's self-esteem when she acts pleasant toward a loser man like that.

1- Baseline

First off, a lot of you guys probably aren't socially extroverted guys by nature. You spend your spare time on Reddit, reading and posting on a forum about relationships. That's not the hobby of a social dynamo. You're probably smart and educated and kind of nerdy with a nerdy, introverted job. Not all of you, I know, but enough of you that I should start with #1 here. If you want to have a social life, you need to get comfortable talking to people and realize how little it matters if you end up looking awkward or stupid. So drive to a Starbucks across town or something, or maybe walk around various stores in the mall in some other part of the city, and just chat with people. Strangers. It doesn't matter, because you're not going to see any of them again. You're not trying to make friends. Just spend 10-30 seconds per person randomly trying to talk to people. Maybe it goes stupidly, but you'll never see them again. Eventually, you find your rhythm, get used to the task, and realize how little it matters if something goes awkwardly. Get comfortable in your skin and learn to be social through trial and error.

2- Professional

It's very common for guys to begin their social lives at work. You're there 8+ hours a day, with the same people. This is actually a mistake. Rarely do you want to mix your social life with your professional life. And everyone, your wife included, knows that work friends aren't "real" friends. If the only friends you have are the people you work with, nobody considers that a real social life. You don't get much social credit for hanging out with your officemates in your spare time. That doesn't mean you shouldn't grab the occasional beer with your coworkers after work and make small talk by the water cooler – that's practically obligatory to keep things running smoothly in an office setting. But rather than dedicating significant time toward trying to forge friendships and spend outside-the-office time with your coworkers, focus on relationships with other groups of people. You already have relationships with your coworkers forced upon you 8+ hours a day, so getting to know and developing relationships with a new group of people is a better use of your other time.

Exception: Professional networking functions are a great way to meet people that you have things in common with -- from other workplaces, not your own. If you hit it off with some guys or girls at a professional function, keep in touch. Just don't be overly friendly/social or try to become a personal friend if it's clear that the other person is primarily interested in just a professional contact.

Exception #2: Once you leave a place of work and take a new job, you definitely want to keep in touch with any former coworker that can be useful to you (or that you can help out) in the future. That's just good networking. And now that you and your former coworkers aren't together 8 hours a day by requirement, you can become actual friends if you like any of them. And be sure to give as much as you take -- help other people move up, but do so honestly. Don't recommend a friend for a position just because he's your friend if you don't think he can cut it. It reflects badly on you in your professional circles when you stick your neck out and the person you recommend doesn't measure up. But be the guy who knows people and can recommend and introduce people to each other. You want your bros to owe you favors and you want to be the guy people contact for advice, help, or positive introductions/recommendations.

3- Homefront

One of the most important places you need to be social is your neighborhood. Your wife's friends are going to be there. Your kids' friends are going to be there. You're going to see a lot of the same people at the neighborhood pool and at every school function, all the little girls are going to do dance and gymnastics at the same little dance schools, all the little boys are going to play T-ball and soccer and football in the same leagues on the same fields, neighbors will throw block parties and Christmas parties and Halloween parties, etc. If you show up at the PTA talent show, or opening day at T-ball, or a Christmas party down the block, and nobody says hi to you and you don't talk to anybody and you barely know anybody there, your wife will think you're a piece of shit loser. Conversely, if you show up and people greet you, you know everybody, you introduce her to 20 people and she hits it off with their wives and starts scheduling playdates for your kid(s), while watching out of the corner of her eye as the slightly hotter housewife from two streets over is giggling at whatever she's talking about with you -- you're getting laid once the child(ren) are in bed.

Becoming "the man" in your neighborhood doesn't happen on its own. You have to take initiative rather than hoping to get invited to random shit. Invitations come after you've established yourself. Start small -- invite your next door neighbors on both sides over for beers and football or a UFC fight, or whatever's going on, and just chat, eat chili, or whatever you do. Start a guys' poker night every other week -- poker night is such a quintessential guy thing that ABC's *Desperate Housewives* had to steal it and make it into a girl thing, because girls can totally be friends, too, right? Odds are that your neighbors already do the poker thing, but they just never thought to invite you and might if you bring it up. Or maybe they don't have a neighborhood poker group and are dying for something to do, so start your own. Get yourself on the neighborhood radar.

Any time you have to move shit or assemble shit (usually big-ass backyard children shit) or build something around the house or do a major project like staining your deck or putting shelving up in your garage, you look like a badass when you can call some guy friends, drink beers in the back yard, small talk, and get your shit done in half the time. Plus, at least one of the guys you know will know how to do something better than you. How often have you had the occasion to assemble a playscape, swingset, or trampoline? Probably not often. Those are strange, very situational tasks. But one of your neighbors probably built the same thing for his kid just last month and would be a great help building yours. Next time around, you can be that knowledgeable neighbor for someone else. A guy

who summons his bros, drinks beers, talks football, and gets his kid's swingset built in a day with his friends looks like a badass to his wife. A guy who has to hire a handyman or call his dad or father-in-law to help looks like a loser.

Parties don't need to be super-planned. If the weather's nice and you're out on your driveway, kids are running around into and out of each other's yards and garages, and other neighbors come out to watch their kids, don't be a stranger. A cooler of beer and a portable speaker later, and you have an impromptu block party.

Ultimately, you do you when making friends. Are you good at grilling and own a big yard with enough shade? Have barbeques. Good at regular cooking? Have people over for dinner. A gym buff? Start a running group or a kettle bell morning workout if you can get some neighbors to show up. Volunteer to coach your kid's soccer or T-ball team, show up at all of your neighborhood community events, and just meet people. And actually remember them – nothing pisses people off more than you meeting them for the first time, again, a month later, when they remember you. If you have something in common or a reason to follow up with them later, get their number and actually keep in touch – schedule a poker night, a playdate with your kids, a trip to that local restaurant with a playscape, send them your trainer friend's number, whatever.

4- *Hobbies*

Besides work and home, the only other place a married guy is going to have time to meet people and forge a social life is those extracurricular hobbies we constantly urge men to make time for. It is *absolutely critical* that you have hobbies that take you outside of the house. Obviously, you need to be home enough to get your shit done, spend time with your family, and lead your household, but TV with the wife every night? Fuck that noise. Your activities are every bit as real and important as your kid's shit. Why the hell is a kid's softball practice more important than your grown-up meeting? Your wife will try to get you to skip these things and nag you about them. Do not fight, rationalize, or explain yourself to her. Simply say, "Thursday nights are [judo/beer making/bible study/drag racing/cooking/whatever the fuck you do]." Nothing more. The conversation is over after saying that. Sometimes, your wife will follow up with, "So you'd rather [X] than be with your family?". You simply repeat yourself, "Thursday nights are [X]."

These outings are a great place to meet people with common interests, add their numbers to your phone, and have people to hang with in your spare time, but more important than any of that is the fact that you're gone. Your wife isn't there, she doesn't know exactly what you're doing or who you're with. You just leave and come back later. Her subconscious will do the work for you. You don't have to say anything, nor should you. She'll ask, "So how was [X]?" or "What did you do at [X]?" to which you reply "Fine" or "Uh...we did [X]", then proceed to escalate toward sex.

5- *Extra Credit*

It doesn't hurt to be social at the gym, too, or when you're out running errands, or when you're out at functions with your kid, but that's not really social time, so keep it to a minimum. That's supposed to be workout time or family time or getting shit done time. You dread the living fuck out of your wife when you go to your kid's softball game, and you *already* know people there and the women all make chit chat with you of their own accord. It's a lot more artificial if you're there, with your wife, trying to meet and get to know new people in front of her instead of paying attention to her or watching your kid play – that's essentially ignoring your family to go talk to strangers. It's okay to show off your social aptitude a little bit when you're out, but being so socially successful that you

don't have to sacrifice family time because you already have all the friends you need is a much better route.

6- *Her Friends*

One final point that bears mentioning: It's totally cool to be joint-friends with other couples or with people in your neighborhood who like both you and your wife. You definitely want those people to like you as much or more than they like your wife (because your wife's friends constantly talking you up = sex). But that's extra credit. You need to have a social life *independent* of your wife's social life. Otherwise, she'll feel like you're just mooching off of her friends and have none of your own. Your wife considers your joint couple-friends to be her friends, not yours. Even though she's going to mooch of yours and get in good with their wives and think nothing of it.

In summary, a social life, independent from your wife, is absolutely critical. If you don't have a social life, you're not a real person in her eyes. You're just an extension of her – a dependent she cares for and validates, or a tool she uses to get things done. She's the real person, and you're her accessory. Conversely, if you're the social dynamo and she hangs on your arm, she becomes your accessory. And loves it.

Plausible Deniability - Let her have her story

328 upvotes | March 17, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Back when Japan was cool, sex and relationships were respected. Almost revered. Husbands and wives, who loved each other fiercely, rarely touched in public. That intimacy was something for them alone. Dancing was considered a perverted hobby. Dates were formal, not casual.

People didn't typically go through the dance of "How are you – I'm fine." Asking somebody how they were feeling was a legitimate expression of concern, not small-talk. You would ask that if somebody actually looked unwell. Instead, to make small-talk, you'd ask, "The weather is nice, isn't it?" Independent of the actual state of the weather, the respondent would reply, "Yes, it is", or indicate that he or she found the weather to be unpleasant. Whether or not someone found the weather to be pleasant was an indication of that person's mood. Nobody had to say, "My day sucks." Instead, they said, "It's a little hot for my taste", and everyone knew that person was having a shitty day. Nobody had to complain or put up with someone else's complaining.

After a date, a man might ask a woman, "Do you like coffee in the morning?" The woman's stance on coffee really didn't matter. If she wanted to spend the night in his apartment, she would indicate that she does like coffee. If she didn't, she would state that she did not prefer coffee. Asking her, "Wanna come up and fuck?" would not be treating sex with the proper reverence. Questions about coffee gave both parties plausible deniability. She was just agreeing to coffee, not sex. Or she was just turning down coffee, rather than painfully rejecting the guy.

We're not so different today, even in the golden age of the slut, where grinding and making out with strangers in clubs is par for the course. Even though women are now sexually liberated and riding random cocks left and right, we still perform a song and dance to distance ourselves from this uncomfortable reality.

You have to be fun. Nobody likes a complainer. So performing small-talk about stupid shit instead of real-talk about what's going on in your life turns out to be a pretty important aspect of your game. Unlike the Japanese, we can do a little better than talking about the weather in passing, but no woman wants to have a real conversation with you. They just want to see a hot guy, exchange social graces, get a good feel for yours, and if you demonstrate social aptitude, fuck you. Only creepy beta losers in fedoras think that talking about "real, deep" stuff is "interesting" to girls. If you complain about shit or try to have a real conversation, you're done. The skill they're looking for is your ability to have a fake conversation, but drop in very small tidbits of real shit about yourself to keep them hooked and searching for more.

Never complain. Don't have a real conversation. Don't look for connections. Keep her guessing about your real self, your real thoughts, and your real feelings, but drop in the occasional juicy morsel to excite her. That's the fun of the game – for you and for her. Be fun.

One of the other big mistakes you can make is causing a girl to feel like a slut. You know that you want to take her home and have casual sex with her. She wants to go with you and have casual sex. You know she's a slut. She knows she's a slut. But if the two of you agree to have casual sex, she is now openly admitting to being a slut. So instead, we say things like "Netflix and chill."

Netflix and chill is really the perfect expression for casual sex. It gives girls all of the resources they need for deniability. She's not coming over for casual sex. She's coming over to watch movies, and

hey, if the two of you hit it off and there's chemistry there, then sex "just happened". You're the one who came on to her, so it was your idea – she just came over to watch movies. But she felt the spark and went with it since you seemed so nice – it "just happened".

Netflix and chill also gives girls an out. If your game sucks and you make her feel awkward, she can exercise her deniability: "What are you doing? You got the wrong idea. I just came over to watch Netflix." That way, she doesn't have to reject you, just explain that the two of you had a misunderstanding. Her expression of that misunderstanding is code for "Your game sucks and you blew your chance", but she doesn't have to be confrontational about it. This also spares the guy's feelings. She's not outright rejecting him, just rejecting the idea that she came over for casual sex.

Women need to feel comfortable to fuck you. You can't just be an attractive asshole and expect women to jump on your dick. Actually, you can. It happens sometimes, but you'll be far more successful if you also master the ability to make women comfortable about fucking you. And one of the ways women feel comfortable, for some stupid reason, is running their mouth about nothing. The longer they talk to you about nothing, and the emptier the conversation is, the more they feel like they've known you forever and what a strong connection you have.

The very second that shit gets real, women have an immediate spike of discomfort. If you start talking about real stuff instead of fun stuff, things get awkward. If you start acting like you care about her, same deal. If you start being overt about sex and the fact that she's a slut, even just a little bit, you guessed it – awkward.

This is also where the infamous PUA concept of "last minute resistance" comes into play. A woman can be way into you, having fun, kissing, touching, flirting, agreeing to come back to your apartment and help you feed your fish fully knowing she's about to get fucked ... then there's this moment when the pants start coming off and shit gets real for her. Once it's real, it's awkward and uncomfortable.

But if you played your game right, then by that point, she should already be very comfortable about the fact that: 1) You're awesome and well worth fucking; 2) If she shits around you won't care and will probably bail like it's no big deal; 3) You're discreet; and 4) You don't judge her.

Now a lot of people might think that #2 above is some kind of evil manipulation, but that's actually part of being fun, discreet, and comfortable. If you get all butt-hurt and angry when she starts throwing up some anti-slut, last-minute attempts to get out of sex, that makes shit real. That makes shit awkward and uncomfortable. But if you shrug it off like it's nothing, then she begins to think that maybe it's not a big deal that she's about to fuck you, like it's not all that real -- she can get comfortable again.

We're playing a game of plausible deniability. It doesn't matter who you are, what you're like, what you think, or what you feel. You're weaving an experience for her – like a dream that just sweeps her away. Fun, comfortable, discreet, non-judgmental. An almost transient experience where "it just happens", like magic.

If you haven't checked out The Red Pill's off-Reddit platform yet, you can find this and loads of other content there. Here's a [link](#).

Reduce your misogyny by being manly

472 upvotes | March 22, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There's a little boy who used to attend my daughter's previous pre-school, though he just got kicked out. This is the second or third school where he's gotten the boot. He's four, just about to turn five, and you'd think he already has a criminal record the way the neighborhood women gossip about him. You know after about thirty seconds in this kid's presence that he's destined for a life of Ritalin, getting scolded by teachers, and scraping by via the skin of his teeth. He's a nice kid – friendly, social – but very, very high energy. Passionate about everything, no matter how unimportant, to the point where he throws things and hits people. He's not emotionally disturbed, or actually trying to hurt anybody. He doesn't need psychiatric help for emotional disorders or meds to numb him or anything like that. He's just a victim of shitty parenting, no boundaries, and teachers who don't want to deal with him and pass him off, so he doesn't know what to do with his abundance of energy or how to cope with things when he gets frustrated.

I'm not saying he'd be a model of excellence under other circumstances. He probably actually has ADHD or is slightly on the Asperger edge of the spectrum. He'd probably benefit from medical intervention, at least until he learns socially acceptable coping skills. But the thing that would give him the greatest benefit is a system that actually deals with him and improves him instead of a system designed to make life as easy for the system as possible. That and better parenting.

In the last two schools he was asked to leave, the triggering event that earned him the boot was hitting girls. He scuffles with boys, too, but the boys generally fight back, there's discipline involved for both parties, and nobody's kicked out. But girls at that age tend to react in shock when physically confronted. They're not used to it. They just buckle down and scream and cry.

Hitting boys is still a big deal, but hitting girls is treated as an unforgivable slice of awful.

So my wife was chatting with another girl's mother whose child still attends the latest pre-school, and the gossip is that this young boy "doesn't like girls." As the conversation goes on, it comes up that his father is "a man's man" and "that's probably where he gets it." Because as we all know, muscular and professionally successful men who do manly work in their garages and back yards and toss the football with their kids take a lot of extra time to teach their sons misogyny, mostly through example by mistreating their hot wives who clearly only stay with these men due to the extreme low self-esteem and lack of confidence that plagues all super-hot women with designer clothes and purses.

It was a very funny thing to think about, because if you look at this without the emotions in play, a kid who hits everybody that frustrates him – guy or girl – is definitely a messed up kid, but he's the least sexist kid at the school. The ones who don't hit girls, because they're girls, are actually sexist, because they're treating girls differently and more gently on account of their sex. Already, at age 4, they've been indoctrinated with the mentality that girls are weaker, lesser – inferior – and that you don't hit them because they can't take it the way you can. Because you'll get into extra trouble if you hit a girl.

It was also kind of funny thinking about his dad and the idea that "a man's man" is so likely to be a misogynist. Buff, socially apt, confident guys who play sports all through high school, fuck cheerleaders, join a cool frat in college, fuck sorority sisters, and go on to get a cush job through their social connections tend to be the least sexist guys out there. These guys actually like and appreciate

women. They've been around women all their lives and interact with them like normal human beings. It's the scrawny/fat, socially awkward, under-confident guys who suck at sports, suck at social situations, and never got a date all through high school or college that are bitter and hate women. Yet none of the women in the neighborhood accuse the fat, stand-offish, socially awkward engineer with the domineering Type-A wife who lives at the end of our road of being sexist. But you should hear the crap he spouts on poker night after a few beers. His daughter has issues so extreme that her mom pulled her out of public school to home-school her. Of course, none of the women in the neighborhood really acknowledge his existence at all. Not even his wife, most of the time. He's kind of invisible, never invited to social functions, only around when his wife brings him. He has an awesome computer in his office, though. He might even be reading this right now.

Manly men like and appreciate women. They treat women like people. It's the white knights and the womanized losers that make up the large majority of misogynists.

Be sure to check out this and other quality content on The Red Pill's off-Reddit site, found [here](#).

Treating women badly -- because they deserve it

504 upvotes | March 30, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Every so often, I read a Red Pill post that goes something like: “I’ve been a total asshole toward women and treated them like utter shit for the past six months, and like magic, they can’t seem to stop fucking me. But I feel really bad about treating them this way, and empty about all the meaningless sex without more of a connection. How do you guys get over this feeling?”

The peanut gallery then launches into the typical party line explanations: It’s okay to do this because men have an inborn drive – an obligation really – to maximize their sexual outcome, and there’s nothing wrong with doing what works. And besides, this is what women are inherently attracted to, for strong evolutionary/biological reasons, so we’re just giving women what they want. Society’s just taught you wrong. So it’s okay to treat women this way and act this way and have all of this sex for lots of good reasons. Blah blah blah reasons.

We’re so quick to explain, rationalize, and spit out all of these great reasons, yet too timid to state the best reason of all: It’s okay to treat women this way because they deserve it.

When you’re camping in the woods and a wild animal enters your campsite, you shoot the animal, or at least run it off. You don’t wait to see if the animal causes any harm.

If your dog bites one of the kids in the neighborhood, you have it put down. It doesn’t matter how good of a dog or how stalwart of a companion it’s been over the years.

If a man murders someone, you execute him if your state allows it, or lock him up for ages if it doesn’t.

If a man rapes someone, you throw him in jail. You then protest and educate society and spread propaganda against all men everywhere for having the potential to be rapists. You demonize and shame masculinity and male behaviors because any man might rape you. You create a society where men can’t sit next to children on airplanes because men might molest them. You create an ad hoc system where a rape accusation is a more effective tool to ruin lives than an actual rape conviction. You engineer a culture of distrust and shame and relegate men to second-class citizens who are constantly called upon to check and censor themselves – then call them privileged.

But when treating women like an asshole, for some reason, we feel compelled to explain and justify ourselves with all of these stupid logical and quasi-science based “reasons”, when really, there’s nothing to explain. Treat women badly because they deserve it.

Women have fought long and hard for the right to no longer be honored and privileged. To have to work jobs like everybody else. To stigmatize homemaking and motherhood. To shame feminine behaviors. To normalize a level of sluttiness that would make the trashiest whores of fifty years ago blush, and make promiscuity not just an option but practically an obligation. To engineer a society where bored wives can cash out of marriages with minimum fuss and maximum gain, and cheating sluts can point a finger and ruin the lives of promising young men with just a word.

If a poisonous snake enters your campsite, you cut its fucking head off for being a snake. You don’t judge that snake on its individual merits. Women are more dangerous animals than snakes. You treat snakes like snakes. You treat women like women.

You don’t need an excuse to treat them badly, think badly of them, or fuck them and leave them. You don’t need to feel bad about this, just because they’re human like you. We treat human men badly

without a second thought and rarely take the time to judge every individual man on his merits. Why give a second thought to women? Treat them the way they deserve to be treated. They'll fuck you for it while laughing at all of the stupid losers who treat them better.

Be sure to check out this and other content at TRP's off-reddit site. Here's a [link](#).

Don't make her happy; Make her invested

334 upvotes | April 4, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

It's 5:AM, and you pull yourself out of bed to hit the gym. Your wife, girlfriend, plate, or just some chick you've been fucking is next to you. You fucked her good last night. She didn't really want to – at least not initially – but she knows, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that if the sex tapers off, you'll divorce, dump her, or stop calling, and that there are other women to take her place. And she doesn't want that.

So she gave in to keep you interested, and that actually felt good. Powerful. Something about how she wouldn't have fucked you, but the fact that you have power over her persuaded her, makes the sex that much better. Because until this Red Pill crap, you'd been the one on the losing end of the power stick. You'd been judged, emasculated, strung along, disrespected, spending all of your time jumping through hoops, desperate for the faintest whiff of sex. And now that you have the power, it feels good. Righteous. Just. Even when she doesn't really want it, the fact that she submits anyway is almost as good of a rush as the times when she's enthusiastic about it.

You wonder if it's right to feel this way.

But you're happy. You're well-fucked. You're in the best physical shape of your life. You make more money than you ever have. You're actually interested in some of the other shit you have going on in your life outside of work and women – maybe for the first time in a long time. You're excited to wake up each day, enthusiastic about the stuff you're going to do. Happy.

You're pretty sure that the woman (or women) you're fucking might not be happy. The old you used to care about that, but the new you doesn't have time to care. Sure, if she's happy with you based on what you were going to do anyway, that's great. But if she's not, it's no biggie. She's still fucking you, and if she stops, there are others.

That's the secret. Unhooking your happiness from hers. It's not your job to make women happy. You're responsible for your own happiness. Women are responsible for theirs.

When you're out at some random bar running your mouth, you say whatever comes to mind. Whatever amuses you. You make fun of women. You ask silly questions. You give silly answers. You deflect and play games. You give a few surprising answers. You touch them, they touch you. The fact that you do what you want and don't give a fuck about trying to please them is refreshing. Women are sick to death of men bending over backward trying to please them. It's boring. It's creepy. It's annoying. Women don't want to be happy. Because when you make them happy, they feel like they owe you, and when they feel like they owe you, they resent the way you're making them feel. Then they're even less happy than when you started.

Do what you want. Do what's good for you. Don't try to make her happy. You'll only make things worse. The only person who can make her happy is her. If she wants to keep fucking you to keep your interest, shrug and take your happiness. But don't get invested. Let her figure her own happiness out for herself.

On the flip side, this is something you can use to your advantage. You don't just want women to do what you want – you want them want what you want. You want the women you're fucking to care whether you're happy or not. You want them to want you to be pleased. You want them to associate your pleasure and happiness with their own. You want them to feel the exact opposite of the way that

you feel about them right now.

Essentially, you want them to be the way you used to be, before The Red Pill.

Think about what women did back then to keep you interested and behaving a certain way for their benefit. What they said, what they hinted at, and what they actually did for you and how often. It was slow work, and it was very subtle, but over time, they were training you. Like a fucking dog.

Conditioning you to do tricks for a pat on the head and an occasional treat ... sometimes, but not all the time, leaving you guessing exactly what aspects of your performance to work on next time so you'd get that treat for sure. You were a fucking dog.

When you figure out what makes a woman happy, reward her with it, when she earns it. But not all the time. Once in awhile, when she does a good thing for you, piss on her anyway. Tell her that she did it wrong. Minimize her effort. Keep her guessing. Keep her trying harder. Make the act of making you happy difficult, but attainable – so that she feels like she's accomplished something by pleasing you. Make her invest herself in the act. The more she invests herself in you, the less likely she'll bail. On the contrary, the more she invests, the more she's likely to invest more just to try to prove to herself that she's right to be with you.

Don't try to make her happy. Make her invested instead. The more invested she is, the less you'll have to work to keep her, and the more time you'll have to make yourself happy. If she really wants to be happy, it's on her to figure that out. You do you.

If you haven't checked out The Red Pill's off-Reddit site, it's worth a visit to see this and lots of other content. Here's a [link](#).

Make her feel special. (In other words, lie.)

240 upvotes | April 13, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Women will often whine, ad nauseam, about how men only want sex, men only appreciate them for their looks, and men never appreciate them for their inner beauty. However, nine times out of ten, the women who complain about the lack of appreciation for their inner beauty are women who have none.

There was a time when many women weren't sluts. They would save sex for men that they were truly interested in marrying, without having fun little casual flings between those guys. They would marry a good man at a young age, even though they were still pretty and could have played the field a little longer, had some fun, and met some other guys. They would spend these young, pretty years – the best years of their life – with the man they chose to marry. They would have his children, care for them excellently, and spend their days being incredible mothers, lovers, friends, and housemates. These women were beautiful on the inside.

Most women today just don't have that special something any more.

Modern women praise promiscuity like it's a religion. They leap between short-term relationships every few months, maybe with a few casual encounters between each one. They boldly declare that "experienced" women who "know what they want" are superior women, while the good girls of days past are oppressed prudes. They drink and party their youth away, marrying later in life once partying isn't as fun as it used to be – which is usually the case due to a drop in popularity that coincides with a drop in appearance.

They bitch endlessly about how it's oppressive and sexist that they're expected to have regular sex with their husbands. They think that cooking a meal for another human being is beneath them – they actually brag about not being able to cook. They complain: why should they be the ones who stay home with the kids while men get to have all the fun working jobs? The ones that do stay home complain: so what if their husband has a job? Everyone does. If he doesn't handle his share (or more) of the housework and child care the moment his ass gets home, he's a loser. The ones that work complain about their jobs endlessly, while spending the bulk of their money on daycare, maids, and restaurants since nobody's cooking, cleaning, or taking care of the kids. Then, after spending all of their money funding their job, they complain that their husband doesn't make enough money.

To a modern woman, the very notion of doing something that doesn't benefit her, solely to make another person happy, is ludicrous. Who could possibly be stupid and entitled enough to expect that of her? Of course, her husband, who works all day to pay the mortgage and buy food when he'd definitely rather drink beer and play video games, needs to make her feel beautiful (even though she's put on 40 pounds), make her feel special (even though she's not), and treat her to a slew of flowers and backrubs and date nights just for a slim chance at grudging missionary sex, that she rolls her eyes about when he suggests it, as though she's doing him a huge favor. Unmarried women expect similar treatment from their boyfriends and prospective fuck-applicants.

Yes, these same women, who drank and partied and fucked their way through their early 20s, can barely boil water for pasta while the maid cleans the house, think sex with men who actually love them is a chore, and believe that making other people happy is demeaning (unless it benefits them somehow) – these are the women that complain that nobody appreciates their inner beauty.

They don't have any inner beauty.

But try to put yourselves in their mindset for a second. Modern women have spent their entire lives getting praise just for showing up. Being special just for existing. Believing – truly believing with all of their heart – that who they are and what they are like (e.g., the mere fact that they are human and have a personality) makes them special and valuable.

You can use this. Women are dying for an awesome, confident, powerful man with an awesome body to lie to them. To pretend they're special. To pretend they have inner beauty. To pretend to appreciate them. To touch them. To make them feel sexy and wanted. The very fact that an awesome man is interested in fucking them and is willing to go through the motions of game and conversation means the world to them.

They need this validation like you need air. They're sick of under-confident, scrawny losers giving them meaningless complements in an effort to buy sex with niceness. Validation is only valuable if it comes from a confident dude with muscles. A guy who doesn't have to be nice to get what he wants.

Deep down inside, they know you're lying. They know they suck. They hate themselves. That's why they respond so well when you treat them the way they actually deserve. But if you mix that with just the right amount of feeding their sense of entitlement, you can differentiate yourself from the rest of the assholes out there. Because if she's going to cheat on her boyfriend or husband tonight, the most likely dude will be somebody who "makes me feel special".

Check out this and other content on The Red Pill's off-Reddit site. Here's a [link](#).

On sluts: Be sexual first. Be a person second.

141 upvotes | April 15, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We live in a sexually liberated age. Hardly anybody abstains from sex until marriage. The few that do are usually psycho-religious nutjobs. The majority of people, both men and women, have had one or more casual sexual encounters, outside of any sort of committed relationship or the intention of starting one. Birth control is highly effective and widely available, abortions are legal, and society has pretty much accepted players and sluts as acceptable life choices that don't really warrant shame or consequences. If anything, it's the sexually conservative prudes, and the virgin incels who can't get any, that are considered weird and get laughed at. You're abnormal if you're *not* a slut.

Sex has been taken off of its former pedestal. It's not important any more. It used to be a very important act done to make babies. It used to be a very intimate act between emotionally-close partners, done as a powerful expression of love. Nowadays, sex is pretty much recreational, like playing a video game. People go out, find a partner who's hot enough, and have some fun because it feels good. The super-sluts of the world swear up and down that sex is contextual – sometimes, it can just be something fun done to blow off a little steam, but in other cases, it can still be a deeply emotional experience with someone you love. Essentially, how you feel about sex this minute determines what the sex means, if anything. I guess sometimes, I can play video games with my bros, but when I play them with my wife it means something more? She kind of sucks at video games, doesn't like them that much, and really only plays because I want to – maybe sex really is like video games!

After turning sex into pretty much the most unimportant, purely recreational act ever, our hyper-sexual society then stood on its head, proclaiming that sexual choice is just about the most important issue ever. Anything that constrains female sexual choice is the devil, no means maybe, yes means maybe, and maybe means maybe – the girl decides a few days later whether she really wanted to have sex.

And supposedly, we live in a rape culture, where the large majority of women are continuously coerced into sex that they don't want to have. Yes, that's right. After fighting tooth and nail to normalize being a slut and avoid any shame or consequence for having large quantities of casual sex, apparently, all of these sluts are constantly having sex they don't want to have.

Women will be the first to tell you that sex is better with a committed partner, and that the huge majority of the time, they don't orgasm from casual sex. So apparently, the fight to normalize female promiscuity was a fight to allow women to do favors for men? To better serve them?

If you ask most female circles, the huge majority of women have been quasi-raped. Essentially, they “unwillingly consented” to sexual acts with a man because that was easier than the hassle of saying no. They didn't really want to do the sex act, but they also didn't want to risk a confrontation or make waves. Sometimes, after the fact, they'll backward-rationalize this by saying that they didn't “feel safe” saying no, as though they were in danger from the big strong man, even though the man made no threat or gave any indication that he'd harm or rape the girl if she declined, and 99 percent of men wouldn't.

That's actually a puzzling situation, because in our modern, sexually liberated, pro-female girl-power culture, women have no problems going after what they want, sometimes brutally. Women attend

college in greater numbers than men, obtain high powered careers if they want them, and go out and get laid to celebrate any time they're up for it. Women generally have zero problems turning down men. They practically make a vicious sport of it in most bars and clubs. Some even enjoy the position of power, sitting and allowing fuck-applicants to approach, as they blow off lesser men, then complain (e.g., brag) on social media about how annoying it is when creeps hit on them.

The empowered women of today have no problems telling a man "hell no" and maybe slapping him or kneeling him in the groin for good measure, then high-fiving their girlfriends. Women today know what they want and go for it.

But they've been desensitized to sex. After years of having recreational sex, sex has become completely unimportant to them. So unimportant that it's just easier for a woman to shrug and fuck a guy she doesn't want to fuck than it is to say no and risk a confrontation. Dealing with people is hard. Sex is easy.

So how does this apply to us? What's the lesson to take from this dark state of society? Hit on women. All the fucking time. Be forward.

Sluts don't want to say no. Saying no is hard. If you're forward, confident, and aggressive, even if your game's a little off or you're not that hot, half the time, you might get laid anyway. Women have become so desensitized to casual sex with random dudes that they'd practically rather be raped than have an uncomfortable conversation.

That's the second lesson, actually: Never have awkward, uncomfortable conversations with women. Hit on them. Touch them. Be confident. Don't sit around blabbing, trying to get to know a girl and forge an emotional connection, being all awkward and invested. An awkward conversation with a guy is her greatest fear – even bigger than rape. Just follow the standard steps: Generate attraction, escalate, isolate her, escalate more, get her comfortable enough to fuck you, then go for it. Do the dance, go through the motions. Eliminate awkward chats from your arsenal.

Slutty women don't want to deal with you as a person. People are hard. Sex is easy. Make it easy on her.

If you haven't checked out The Red Pill's off-Reddit site, you can find this and lots of other content. Here's a [link](#).

Stop trying to be someone women need; Be someone they want

725 upvotes | April 19, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Today, let's take an honest look at what's happened in the world, and how that led to this whole Red Pill thing.

Before the female empowerment movement came along in its current form, women were dependent on men, pretty much by requirement. We talk a lot about the "good ol' days" where women were sexually conservative, married young, stayed faithful to decent guys who were good providers, had children, and lived generally happy, old-timey lives. Many clueless men today still follow these old rules, thinking that if they work hard to become educated, high-earning, good providers who are nice, decent guys, this will attract women by demonstrating what great husband material they are. Too bad for those guys – the rules have changed.

Here's an uncomfortable reality. Back in the "good ol' days", a lot of women weren't happy. Women didn't avoid promiscuity, marry at a young age to good-provider nice-guys, and stay in that situation for the rest of their lives because it was their greatest fantasy and their deepest want, due to their innate female natures. They did this because they didn't have any other choice. Women were financially dependent upon men, and if they wanted to avoid social ostracization, starvation, and failure, they'd pair off with a good provider and stick with him.

Women did not become good wives because they wanted to, or because it's where they gravitate toward due to feminine nature, or because it made them happy. They became good wives because society practically forced them to do so. Many women learned to be happy in that role, but absent social forces pushing women in that direction, it's not where most women would have ended up.

Women are not sexually conservative, faithful, good wives, or attracted to decent, good-provider men by nature. If the constraints that force women in this direction are removed, women are pretty much the opposite of all of that, by nature.

It's a woman's true nature to be slutty, unfaithful, a shitty marriage prospect, and attracted to cads. Unless the consequences for that behavior outweigh the fun. Remove the consequences, and we see their true nature.

If a woman chooses to be a non-slut, faithful, cultivate good marriage traits, or date decent guys, this isn't a biological drive. We like to call those good behaviors "feminine" traits, but they're actually the opposite of female nature. They're a conscious choice to go against a woman's nature for personal gain. A woman like that has done some logic, weighed the pros and cons, and decided that she stands to gain more from certain social behaviors than the fun she could have if she gave in to her nature.

In modern days, women vote, drive cars, hold jobs, and own property. Legally, they have all of the rights and capabilities granted to men. Sure, they're a lot worse at some things, and a lot better at other things – they're not actually equal to men in a biological sense, but they're equal in a legal, societal sense.

In modern days, birth control is plentiful and pretty darn effective. And abortion is legal. So a truly unwanted child is a pretty rare thing. And in the event that a child is conceived and not aborted, the legal system will garnish the father's paycheck and give a chunk of money to the mother to help with the childcare expenses. That's not really a profit-center for mom unless the father happens to be wealthy, but it's still free money.

So today, women who want to become self-sufficient can do so. Women can get a job and rent an apartment or buy a house and buy food and live, completely independent of a man. They don't need a provider. If they fuck up or suck at life or end up a single mother who's restricted employment-wise as a result, there's even government assistance. And child support from the father if there are kids.

This means that when a woman is considering who she wants to date or marry, she doesn't need to consider his provider traits. At least not as strongly as women did historically. It's great if a guy is super-rich, but a normal dude with a normal middle-class salary isn't that impressive. She already has that kind of job herself. So do her friends. That guy's providership won't improve her quality of life significantly.

Once we remove financial dependency from women, take a look at the kinds of guys women fuck: Hot guys and fun guys. Muscles and cocky behavior and social aptitude. That's what women fuck. Not nice guys, not respectful guys, not deep intellectual conversation guys. All of those traits of husbands women married in the "good ol' days" weren't actually traits women liked. They were just using those men for money and social status. If the women didn't need that money and social standing and could have done whatever they wanted, they'd have fucked good-looking, confident, socially apt guys.

The only reason the "good ol' days" of good wives and sexually conservative behavior existed is because women were forced to behave themselves. They didn't want to. Real "feminine nature" isn't good behavior, it's very bad behavior. I guess "bad" is something of a subjective moral term. A better description might be that feminine nature is very self-interested, pleasure-seeking, live-for-today behavior.

It's 2016. Women have jobs now. They get health insurance and birth control through those jobs. Abortion is legal and entirely up to them in every way. They don't need men any more, so it's time to cast off any notion of the old rules: Stop trying to be someone she needs. She doesn't care about your fucking engineering degree, your salary, and how much housework you're willing to do to make her life more effortless, because you're just so damn nice.

Stop being nice. Stop being a generous, good provider. Stop being well-behaved, respectful, reserved, and frankly, boring as fuck. Women aren't impressed by money unless it's obscene amounts of fuck-you, hog-wild money. And women definitely aren't impressed by you doting on them and showing off how fucking kind and respectful you are.

Definitely keep working your ass off and making bank, but save that money. Spend it on shit you like. Maybe retire early. Don't let the girls know you're doing well financially. I won't tell.

Start being someone she wants. Start being muscular, cocky, fun, and socially apt. Spend your spare time on you, at the gym, at the shooting range, at the basketball court, at a martial arts class, or whatever the fuck you like. Brew beer, grill steaks, rebuild car engines, or hell, do girly hobbies if you have them. But don't waste a single second sacrificing something you like to do for a woman. That doesn't impress her. It's a turn-off.

It's time to start honoring women's real nature. Real women are slutty, shallow, fun-loving lunatics with shitty judgment. And they don't want men to save them from that any more. They fought long and hard to remove men from that role and in most cases, replace men with the government. So pay your taxes and let the government do its job. And start giving women what they want, not what they need.

Grow some muscles, drop the nice act, and start fucking them like the sluts they've fought so hard to

become. And quit reminiscing about the good old days. Women weren't any better then. We just chained them up and pretended they were.

If you haven't checked out The Red Pill's off-Reddit site, it's worth a visit. Find this and other content [there](#).

How important is sex, really? And why?

5 upvotes | April 21, 2016 | /r/PurplePillDebate | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

It's a common blue pill position that sex really isn't as huge of an issue as The Red Pill makes it out to be.

Blue pill advocates are very strongly in favor of female sexuality and often argue that women do not "lose" anything or "give up" anything by having sex. They reject the Red Pill notion that a woman can be sexually "used up", because sex is an unlimited resource. She can have as much sex as she wants, and her vagina is still there, able to have more sex.

Therefore, it shouldn't matter if a woman had 350 sexual partners before you. She has not lost anything or given up anything. She is not used up. She has simply had a lot of positive experiences in the past. But she is still capable of having plenty of sex with you today. Her vagina was not damaged or used up by previous sex. Her past sex does not affect you or harm you in any way. Nor does it affect her or harm her in any way.

Along those same lines, blue pill advocates argue that there's nothing wrong with women having casual sex. Because sex is an unlimited resource, that can be had without losing, giving up, or using up anything, it's perfectly okay to have sex for fun. As a purely recreational activity. Like playing a video game. Sex isn't that important. It's just something people do for fun.

So let's assume that everything stated above is true. Sex is not important, sex is primarily recreational, women can have an unlimited amount of sex, and they have not lost, used, or given up anything by having sex.

Why is rape a serious crime?

If all of the above is true, rape should be something equal to sneaking into a woman's house at night, going to her living room, and playing on her PS4 for a few hours.

She didn't lose anything or give up anything. Nothing was used up. You left her Playstation and all of her games right there, undamaged. She can still play as much as she wants in the future, and let other people play as much as she wants.

And you didn't do anything serious. You just played some video games. Just some fun recreation. You didn't mess with anything important.

Yes, you trespassed. And you handled her property without her permission. You should probably get a ticket, pay a fine, and maybe compensate her for the electricity you used, and a little bit for the wear and tear on her couch and game controller. But nothing was lost or used up, and nothing important was committed.

Why are women so selective about their sexual partners to begin with?

If all of the above is true, women should be having sex with a different loser every day, for money where it's legal, or for meals, drinks, services, or whatever. It's not important, just fun. And she's not losing, giving up, or using up anything. Why lead on that bald fat guy and make him buy her dinner half a dozen times? Why not just have sex with him? It's not important and doesn't lose or use up anything.

Why is sexual exclusivity even a thing?

If all of the above is true, why do any women or any men care if their partner is doing something

completely recreational and unimportant with someone else, that doesn't lose or use up anything?

If your boyfriend or girlfriend has sex with a bunch of other people, they're still able to have sex with you. Nothing was lost or used up. And they were just doing something recreational. Why is your boyfriend having sex with another girl any different than playing a game of tennis with her? Or playing a game of Wii tennis with her if she likes video games?

How important is sex, really? If sex is more important than video games, why is that? What makes sex special?

The Stranger Test -- Be more like a stranger to her

880 upvotes | May 17, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

When you marry a woman, cohabit with her, or enter into an exclusive relationship and remain exclusive for an extended period of time, she becomes comfortable with you. Comfortable that you are invested in her. Comfortable that you're not going to leave her. Comfort, time, and familiarity breed contempt.

After spending a mere 30 seconds on the internet, you can find a massive list of stories about men complaining that their wives and girlfriends are mean, ungrateful, judgmental, bitchy, crazy, and so on. It's become something of a societal trope. Something we laugh at. Women who proudly wear T-shirts proclaiming that they're a bitch. "I'm a great girl. I just get a little crazy sometimes! LOL!" If you can't handle her at her worst, you don't deserve her at her best, right? Real men ought to be able to handle a strong, independent woman who isn't afraid to express herself, right?

Things didn't start this way for these men. These women used to be great girls. Fun, pleasant to be around, sexually generous. Their eyes lit up when they saw their men. They smiled. They gave him that look. They would spontaneously touch him. They would do things for him. They cared what their men thought. They cared whether their men were happy. They did things to make their men happy and felt pride in doing so. But comfort, time, and familiarity breed contempt. These men let their women get too comfortable and too familiar. They invested too much time.

The common Red Pill response to a bitchy woman is to laugh. Agree and amplify her shit tests. Apply dread game and put the fear of loss back into her. Maybe even soft next her, demote her to plate, and put the actual realization of loss back into her, not just the fear of it. Or even hard next her if she's being especially unruly.

After all, if you're "alpha" enough and pass enough of her shit tests, she'll magically behave herself, right? Well, maybe for a few days. Then you're back at it again. But if you're a good leader and teach her and train her well, she'll become a good girlfriend, right? Nope.

Because women fucking know better. They don't need to be "led". They already fucking know better. Women know that men don't like sexless bitches. You don't have to tell them that. If you find yourself having to talk to a woman about her poor behavior – something she already damn well knows – then she's already proven herself not to be wife or girlfriend material. She knows better but is choosing to be an ungrateful, mean, sexless bitch out of contempt for you. She thinks you'll put up with it, because you're a loser who can't drop her for somebody better. Maybe you ought to prove her wrong.

But all women are mean, bitchy, crazy, and ungrateful some of the time. All women shit test. If you're looking for a woman who doesn't, you're actually looking for a pet dog. A well-treated dog is always grateful and never mean.

So if you intend to interact with women, then you need to expect shit tests, bitchy behavior, meanness, craziness, and a complete and utter lack of gratitude for everything. You can't just drop every girl who's ever a bitch, or you'll never get laid. But you need to have limits. Enforce boundaries. If you let a woman walk all over you and shit test you at will, you're going to be a very unhappy, very sexless, very invested loser who lives with a nagging, cheating, bitchy shrew.

One way to gauge the status of your relationship is the stranger test. Watch how your wife or

girlfriend treats strangers.

If your wife or girlfriend is a bitch to everybody, she's crazy and unstable and you need to dump her right away, change your phone number, and move. Unless you have a good system for hiding bodies. Don't waste your time with sociopaths and the mentally ill.

But if she's not (which is most women), then the problem isn't her, it's you. Don't focus on how she treats you. Watch how she treats others. Everyone. Grocery sackers, waiters at restaurants, her friends, her family, strange guys who hit on her. Everyone. That will help you put things in perspective.

When your wife or girlfriend is being a mean and ungrateful bitch and pissing on you, remember, she's not a bitch. She's just a bitch to you. She's perfectly respectful and pleasant to her friends, to her co-workers, and even to strangers she meets on the street. She wouldn't dream of being a bitch to others, because she knows that being a bitch will get her de-friended, fired, and blow any chance of a good impression on a stranger. But she's a constant bitch to you because she thinks you're a loser who can't do anything about it. If you dropped her for another girl without making any changes to yourself, that other girl would be just as bitchy to you a few months in.

Does your wife or girlfriend do things to you, refuse to do things for you, and say terrible things to you that she would never, in a million years, say to a friend, to a co-worker, or to a complete stranger she met at Starbucks?

Then she respects you less than she respects a total stranger. She is treating you, the man she supposedly loves, worse than she treats bystanders at a coffee shop. You get her at her worst, while some random guy in line at the bank gets her best behavior. Her most pleasant, attractive, respectful self that she only showed to you back when you were dating and she thought she might lose you if she misbehaved.

Do you want that woman back? Do you want to be treated at least as well as she treats her office-mates and strangers she meets while running errands? You know, with basic human decency and respect instead of utter contempt, meanness, and a serious lack of gratitude?

Fuck that. Did you just think "yes" to yourself? Fuck that, and fuck you.

If you chose this woman to be your girlfriend or wife, she should be treating you **better** than her friends, co-workers, and random strangers she meets. Other people aren't doing shit for her, you are, and you're expecting the same respect that she gives to a stranger? You're giving away your time and investment for free, as though you're worthless? No wonder she pisses on you.

Do you know why she's nice to that stranger, but a bitch to you? Because that stranger's opinion of her is still in flux. That stranger can walk away right now.

Be more like a stranger to her. Do your own shit, live your own life, and let her wonder who you are, who you've become, and why, all of the sudden, she feels like she doesn't know you any more. Make her audition and re-audition for the role of your wife/girlfriend every day. Make her feel as though your opinion of her is constantly in flux, like she could fail at any time. Like tomorrow, she could lose you. Like her status is hanging by a thread.

Because you are not a stranger. You have power over her. Whether she likes sex, your money, your time, the status of being next to a cool, good-looking guy like you, or whatever else you bring to the table. She wants something. Be forever willing to take that something away. Even give it to someone else. You worked hard to earn your shit. Make her work twice as hard to earn it from you so you can

turn a little profit on that shit of yours.

Check out this and other content on The Red Pill's off-Reddit site. Here's a [link](#).

The Personality Trap

725 upvotes | May 24, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The modern blue-pill world wants men to judge women using the same standards by which they judge other men. In short, disregard a woman's age or appearance, unless she is unusually beautiful or grotesque. Act as though appearance is absolutely no factor for the middle 80% of women. Then, focus entirely on her intellect, her personality, and her accomplishments.

Except for her past sexual "accomplishments" which don't count, and should not be considered at all. I guess people realize that a history of sluttiness doesn't really count as an accomplishment for women. Though, they'll phrase that a little differently by telling you something about equality and sex-positive debauchery being important. But the truth is that fucking guys is pretty damn easy for most girls. So easy, that women take great pains not to bore you by talking about their sexual history. You know, because it's so boring and unimportant. Out of consideration for you, they don't mention it. Wouldn't want to bore you to death with a horrendously boring topic like sex. Are men even interested in that?

Essentially, the modern rules state that men are supposed to disregard the three most important factors of all when gauging whether a woman is relationship material: age, beauty, and sexual history. It's not that other characteristics are completely unimportant. They make a woman better. But you can't make lemonade when you have pristine sugar, fresh spring water, and all of your lemons are bloated, wrinkled, rotten, and covered with semen.

But men are supposed to hold their nose and drink the rotten sperm lemonade anyway, then comment how lucky they are to have Evian water in their lemonade instead of the store brand. Because Evian is really classy and spent a summer in France... but she was considerate enough not to bore us with stories about all of the boring stuff she did there.

Is a woman with a kick-ass, pleasant, fun personality better than a bitchy or boring woman? Hell yes. Is a smart woman who can ace college calculus better than a woman who has to move her lips when reading 50 Shades of Gray? You bet. Is a woman who cures cancer better than a woman who can't cure her own yeast infection? Definitely.

But let me let you guys in on an unpopular secret: Women aren't actually stupid. In fact, they're pretty smart, at least as far as their self-interest is concerned.

Women are very, very skilled actresses, and exceptionally accomplished liars. Women know the score. They know what matters to men and what doesn't. They know what to say and what to do based on what kind of man they're dealing with. And they know what to say and what to do to figure out what kind of man they're dealing with.

In fact, the paragraph just above this sentence is pretty much why The Red Pill exists.

Women want men to judge them based on their personality – whether there's a "spark" or a sense of "chemistry" there – because this is precisely how women hide the ball. A woman's personality is not who she is. In fact, it's the opposite. A woman's personality is her greatest tool for hiding who she really is. And she is very, very good at it.

I think every guy knew at least one: the cute, virginal, nerdy, girl-next-door that you were friends with back in the day. Maybe you liked her for something more that didn't pan out, maybe you thought she was out of your league, maybe you didn't want to ruin her because she didn't seem like

she was into guys or dating or sex. Whatever. But fast forward a few months, maybe a year, and you find out that she's made her rounds. That she's "dated" (e.g., blown) half the football team, or that she has a soft spot (e.g., her vagina) for guys who play guitar in local bands, or that she casually fucks most of the guys in her friend circle – all while maintaining the carefully constructed, cute, virginal, nerdy, good-girl persona she presents to the world.

You can't trust the way a woman seems, because women know the score, and they know what you want to hear. Women aren't people. They're person-like. They're a collection of masks, costumes, songs, dances, and roles. Is there a real person inside of there, somewhere? Maybe. But is that real person actually who she is when she's around you? Maybe not. She casts off that role so easily as soon as she's around somebody different.

A woman's age will tell you whether she was able to lock down and keep a man, and whether she's the type of woman who had the discipline and inclination to do so.

A woman's looks will tell you whether she has the discipline to eat right, work out, groom, and maintain herself.

A woman's sexual history tells you all about her impulse control, and how she regards men, love, sex, and relationships.

So you're supposed to be a good boy and ignore all of that. You're suppose to focus entirely on a woman's personality. Because that's how she hides who she really is.

Whether you feel chemistry, she majored in chemistry, or she won the Nobel prize in chemistry, the real issue is whether she's hot and how big of a slut-past she must be hiding by babbling on and on about her accomplishments.

Don't fall into the personality trap. Trap her instead. You want her to be on her best behavior with you, putting on her best mask and her prettiest costume, singing and dancing exactly the song and dance you want to hear, pretending everything you want her to pretend. All while you dangle the carrot just out of her reach, because you know who she really is. Let her think she's fooling you. Let her think she's just about to win. Let her think she's tricked you into believing she's not a lying slut...while you use her like the slut she is.

Be sure to check out TRP's off-Reddit site for this and other content. Here's a [link](#).

Don't communicate; leave -- Communication is validation-seeking behavior

680 upvotes | June 15, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We often see questions that go something like, “My girlfriend did [insert shitty behavior]. How do I get her to stop?”

The misogynistic blue pill answer is, of course, to communicate with her. Tell her how you feel about her shitty behavior and why, and ask her to stop. Use your feelings to try to guilt and manipulate and coerce her into changing what she wants to do for your sake. Blue pill men are such manipulative cunts. Fucking misogynists.

However, the answer most shitty Red Pill advocates will give is even stupider. Communicate with her. Tell her that you don't like her shitty behavior, and demand that she stop. Be an asshole about it. Threaten to dump her. Then post something stupid on the internet about how you were “alpha” for enforcing boundaries. Fucking morons.

“Communication” doesn't work. Whether you're asking or telling, you're still communicating, and it doesn't work. It's still a negotiation. And you don't negotiate with children or terrorists. (Women are an interesting mix of both.) I guess if you're a pussy and need some toned down language: You don't negotiate with disrespectful people who are handing you shitty behavior.

Women are not stupid. Women know the difference between good behavior and bad behavior. Women know that there are some things that good women don't do, because it's disrespectful to their men. If a woman is exhibiting shitty behavior, it's not because she's stupid and doesn't know better. It's not because you never told her not to. She doesn't need to be told. She already knows she's being a shitty cunt.

If a woman is giving you shitty behavior, she is doing it because she doesn't respect you and either thinks you're a pussy who's going to let her get away with it, or just doesn't care if you leave because she doesn't want you any more.

Communication is not the solution in that case. No matter how big of an asshole you are about it, how much you demand changes instead of asking politely, or how much you bluster and threaten. By communicating at all, you are whining. You are confirming that she is right to disrespect you. She already knows she's being a shitty cunt. Verbally confronting her about it is an admission that you can't control this situation any other way. That you're powerless and have to resort to asking her to grant you better behavior as a personal favor. Asking her impolitely instead of politely so you can call yourself a manly “Red Pill” man is irrelevant. You're still begging a woman to do what you want.

Communication is validation-seeking behavior. By telling a girl to do something or to stop doing something, you are asking her to validate that she cares about your feelings by complying with your request. There are some circumstances under which seeking validation from a woman in this way is acceptable, such as commanding her to do something in the bedroom. But in day-to-day interactions, if you have to tell a woman to stop a shitty behavior (that she already damn well knows is shitty), you're a pussy. You are communicating that you have no other options, so you have to resort to trying to salvage this shitty behavior instead of just leaving.

When a woman respects you, she behaves herself. Because she doesn't want to risk screwing things

up with a guy she respects. In fact, women who respect you are constantly going out of their way doing shit for you to demonstrate their qualities. You don't have to tell a woman who respects you to behave herself or treat you better. She's already doing it. Because women know how to be good partners, when they want to be.

When a woman is being shitty, just leave. No pussy is worth putting up with bullshit. You are better off with no female prospects whatsoever than with a shitty girlfriend. Having a shitty girlfriend is like having cancer. Most days, you feel okay and live your life, but in the back of your mind you know that something is slowly eating you alive. You invest a lot of your energy and resources to keep the shitty parts of your life at bay and enjoy the good ones, but as time goes on, it takes more and more out of you. You slowly get used to more and more shit until your life is actually kind of unpleasant. Having that shitty girlfriend tumor invading your organs becomes part of your identity. Your life.

When The Red Pill advises that men should not tolerate shitty behavior from women, it is not advocating that you should confront women and complain about their behavior, as you bluster and threaten and demand your way into looking like an even bigger pussy than you did when you were a blue pill guy. In response to shitty behavior, leave. Cut the cancer out of your life before it kills you. Check out this and other content on The Red Pill's off-Reddit site. Here's a [link](#).

If you want to get laid, be a toxic man

541 upvotes | June 24, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

One of the big talking points of anti-male movements is the idea of “toxic masculinity”. Essentially, this concept is an argument against gender-roles. Specifically, masculine gender roles. The idea goes that society fosters this outdated, useless, ineffective, and impossible standard of manhood – something kind of like Rambo or John Wayne – which damages both men and women.

It damages women because men who are trying to be muscular, macho, aggressive, angry, manly men are, of course, all evil misogynists that treat women badly, beat women, and rape women, because nothing says, “I’m not a loser who can’t get laid” like having to resort to rape to get laid.

It damages men because 99.9999 percent of men aren’t perfect, will never look like Greek gods, will never get laid by every single girl every single time, and so on. And for some reason, this depresses men because men are told that if they aren’t eating 5,000 pounds of steroids and getting laid six times a day, they’re worthless losers. So a bunch of men are killing themselves, suffering from mental illness, and failing at life, and the reason is because they’re being held to standards that shouldn’t exist. They need to be absolved from any kind of standard and just be allowed to be!

I mean, I know that when a man isn’t getting laid, the only reason he feels bad about that is because society tells him that “real men” get laid. If nobody told him that men are supposed to want to have sex, he probably wouldn’t even miss it, right? He could easily replace that pesky desire to get laid if it were more acceptable to physically cuddle other men. That’s what men are really missing. Emotional connections and casual non-sexual touch with dudes!

I shit you not. This is something liberal crackpots actually think.

They call it the progressive movement, but honestly, we live in the age of regressive, backward-thinking. Many men are sexless and unhappy. Society has changed such that the ways to get laid that worked in the past don’t work now. The forward thinking solution would be, “We need to teach men how to get laid.” The backward thinking solution is, “Men are told that they are only ‘real men’ if they are getting laid. We need to tell them that they are still ‘real men’ in the absence of getting laid.” – essentially, regress. Tell men who are living under the old rulebook, to their detriment, to keep doing so, even though the world has moved on without them. Don’t fix the problem. Change the definition of “man” so that there is no problem.

Shit on the sidewalk, draw a circle around your turds, and label the circle “toilet”. If someone steps in your shit, tell them that you’re offended because that sidewalk identifies as a toilet. Changing definitions rules. That’s way easier than changing yourself.

Another big talking point out there is sex-positivity. That’s code for “slut-acceptance”. Also, despite its name, sex-positivity is actually a very negative mentality about sex. Sex used to be something very special, done by committed partners to create babies and as one of the ultimate expressions of love. Sex was so special that people who did sex outside of these circumstances were shamed because they were cheapening sex, cheapening love, dishonoring their partners, and so on.

But as we all know, women refraining from having sex with as many hot guys as they can is oppressive, patriarchal slavery. So society needed a “sex-positive” solution to this problem. The “sex-positive” solution was to turn sex from something important into something very trivial and unimportant. Essentially, to reduce sex from something special and intimate into something purely

recreational. That way, if people have a lot of slutty sex, it's not like they did anything important. They were just having fun. It was "just sex". Yup. "Just sex" sounds very sex-positive to me. Now, women fuck for just about every single reason imaginable. Except love.

We live in the age of feminism, and part of feminism means that women now have free choice and agency regarding sex. Women also now have jobs and don't need men to support them. When those historical constraints were removed from women, women began to exercise that sexual choice, and the results were unsurprising. Women want to fuck good-looking, muscular, fun guys, and don't care that much about commitment (until their opportunities start to dry up). Interestingly, the kinds of men these strong and independent women are fucking tend to be the "toxic" kinds of men that are so discouraged.

The former preferred female gender role espoused the idea that "real women" (e.g., women that men want to marry) don't slut around. This, of course, couldn't stand, because, as described above, holding any gender to any kind of standard is "toxic".

So women are slutting around, and despite all of the fun they're having, they feel kind of bad about themselves and have shitty self-esteem. The forward-thinking solution would be, "We need to teach women to stop being sluts and to derive self-esteem from other areas of life." But we don't live in a forward thinking society. We live in the backward-thinking progressive society, so we need a regressive solution: "We need to teach society to stop shaming evolved, intelligent women with higher reasoning ability for giving into their instincts and acting like animals whose sole purpose is to breed by telling everybody that turning yourself into a fuck-object is empowering!" Change the female gender role so that fuck-animals who give into their hedonistic instincts are the enlightened ones while conservative girls who honor their bodies are dim-witted, oppressed slaves.

Then, tell men to stop being the kind of men these women are fucking, because it's "toxic" for men to want sex and to behave in a manner that causes women to have sex with them. But it's also "toxic" to shame women for fucking these very men.

It's not just women that are shit-testing you. It's all of Western society. Your one goal in life should be to become as "toxic" as possible. Whatever your liberal friends tell you is sexist, outdated, and damaging – do precisely that. Grow big-ass muscles. Be a badass at work and get rich as hell. Fuck, be greedy. Walk up to strangers and be social – to hell with worrying about boundaries and offending people. Touch women until they stop you. If they don't stop you, fuck them. Then don't call the next day because you're busy doing man shit. Everything they tell you doesn't apply to a "real man" any more – do exactly that. Become a toxic man.

Find this and other content on The Red Pill's off-Reddit site. Here's a [link](#).

Never confront her -- Betas don't get to set boundaries

603 upvotes | July 4, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

From time to time, we come across the writing of a passive, loser, “beta” man, in the process of attempting to reclaim his manhood and his power in a relationship (or possibly attempting to claim this for the first time ever). His story usually goes something like, “My girlfriend is doing [insert shitty behavior here] but I finally put my foot down and told her to stop this or I’m gone. She apologized. It felt good confronting her and setting a boundary like that. You guys should follow my alpha manly man red pill example!”

On one hand, we want to encourage the guy. He’s made great progress. He recognizes shitty behavior in his woman. He knows that this behavior is a sign that she doesn’t respect him or the relationship and that he has no power in the relationship. He knows that he shouldn’t have to tolerate this bad behavior and that continuing to put up with it is costing him additional power and respect. He knows he needs to stop tolerating this. I don’t want to minimize these steps. They’re important steps. Men who have taken these steps are leaps and bounds ahead of most loser men.

But then guys like this go and fuck things up. They confront their women and attempt to set a boundary. Because they read somewhere on The Red Pill that setting boundaries is an alpha manly man Red Pill thing to do.

The problem is that betas don’t set boundaries. Women ignore the boundaries of a beta. They laugh at them inside. They think it’s amusing when a little beta loser tries to tell them to do or refrain from doing something. A beta loser man has not earned the right to act like an alpha winner man and speak to her that way – to presume to command her submission like that.

When a loser tells his woman to do or refrain from doing something, the woman will do one of three things: 1) Dump his ass because she doesn’t care about him; 2) Ignore his request (and maybe even tell him she’s ignoring it), which is a shit-test she is using to demonstrate that she has the power in the relationship, not him; 3) Manipulate him – apologize, pretend she cares about the relationship so she can keep benefiting from it, then just do a better job of hiding her bad behavior from him in the future.

The one thing a woman doesn’t do when a beta loser man asks her to do something is submit. Whining that you want your woman to do or refrain from doing something and threatening to leave if she doesn’t obey does not make her suddenly recognize that you’re a real manly man that she’s afraid to lose, hence her apparent capitulation and obedience. If things get to the point where you have to deliver ultimatums, and your woman appears to submit to your ultimatum, you didn’t win. All you did is tell her where she needs to improve her skills and do a better job of lying and hiding her bad behavior.

If you’re a Red Pill newbie, or even a guy who’s been reading this shit for years but still doesn’t have complete control over his relationship, be honest. You know who you are. It’s not shameful – you’re still leaps and bounds ahead of the huge majority of men. In fact, acknowledging where you’re lacking and need to improve is a sign of strength, not weakness.

But now that you know where you’re lacking, don’t try to command your woman like some kind of boundary-enforcing alpha manly man when you haven’t earned that right. It doesn’t work. Before your woman demonstrates her respect for you by submitting to your boundaries, you need to actually

be respectable.

If your woman is doing shitty behavior, don't talk to her about it. She'll either dump you, ignore you, or pretend to care while hiding her ongoing shitty behavior. Instead, you have two options:

1- Ignore her and work on yourself. Become emotionally less available to her. Still escalate and go for sex frequently, but pull away if you don't get laid and go do something else. Hit the gym. Get buff. Excel at work. Get rich. Throw yourself into learning new skills and interesting hobbies. Get out there and make friends and do fun shit. Build an awesome life without her. You only bring her along for the ride if that escalation starts leading to getting laid like a champ. Otherwise, she stays home and you have a fun life without her tagging along.

2- Leave her. Having no woman is better than having a shitty woman. And it shows that you respect yourself far more than she respects you. After doing this, do #1 and find a better girl. But leave that other girl, too, the moment she's shitty.

When you become a respectable man with an awesome life, you'll find that women tend to behave themselves without you having to confront them and set boundaries. And on the rare occasions when you need to tell them to get in line, they're quick to do so for fear of losing you to one of the ten other women waiting in line to fuck you.

Just remember: If you're a work in progress, you don't get to overtly set boundaries. That's not a tool in your toolbox. Confrontation is a tool of women, not men, and if you have to use a woman's tool against a woman, all you're telling her is what buttons she can press in the future to really upset you, or what she needs to do a better job of hiding. Why would you arm a woman with that kind of weapon?

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Guy friends are for social and emotional support. Women are for fucking.

567 upvotes | July 6, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

One of the more common traits among loser guys that can't get laid is social awkwardness. Social awkwardness is one of the greatest turn-offs to women, second only to being ugly. However, while being ugly is technically a larger handicap with the ladies, a lack of social skills is an even more crippling deficit overall, due to the fact that poor social skills affect every single other aspect of your life in a much more pronounced way.

We all know one or two ugly dudes who somehow bang girls. But social retards that are getting laid are a much rarer find. Social retards are the ones that end up snapping and raping people or shooting up universities. And when a socially awkward guy gets lucky and ends up in a relationship, things nearly always go terribly.

The reason is actually pretty simple: Social retards have trouble making friends. Their body language and posture and facial expressions are weird. They talk about strange things and use unusual language to do so. Their vocal inflections are off. Sometimes, they say inappropriate things. They don't emote when they should. Or they do emote, but not appropriately based on the interaction. When other people are talking about normal stuff in a normal way, they just kind of stand there and don't have anything to contribute, or they over-contribute in tangential ways and try too hard. They've been rejected their entire lives, so they're shy and don't walk up and engage people at a gathering. When they do, they get clingy and follow the first person who will talk to them around all night instead of working the room properly.

They're just off-putting. It's unattractive behavior. People don't like them. People don't invite them to things. People are less inclined to hire them, promote them, patronize their business, refer clients to them, and so on.

As socially awkward losers age, they learn coping skills. I guess you could say that they grow out of their awkwardness, at least a little bit, and find their groove in life. They have a few close friends – often friends from childhood that they've kept over the years. They have a few less close friends – usually co-workers, neighbors, or other people they've met and clung to purely based on proximity. A lucky few even manage to land a girlfriend, though things usually end or turn unhappy pretty quickly.

Socially awkward men suffocate their women. They're clingy, needy, and off-putting. At first, it's kind of endearing how the guy is around all the time and dotes on her, but this rapidly wears thin. Because socially awkward losers don't have many friends, they don't have anywhere else to go or anybody else to hang out with. They're always around. Always calling, always texting, they want to go out every single weekend. They don't have anyone or anything else going on in their lives. From the moment this girl agreed to the first date, she's been the central focus of his life.

This is reflected in his behavior. He's always so polite, respectful, nice, but he does this mostly because he's afraid of offending her, driving her off, screwing things up. He's always paying for shit and doing nice "thoughtful" things, for the same reasons. He's trying so hard to hide who he really is that he's actually kind of boring. He doesn't really escalate toward sex because he's more interested in maintaining the relationship than fucking, which is actually a big turn-off.

Toward the twilight of the relationship, she starts to pull away, and he alternates between clinging tighter and lashing out. She's worn out from his neediness, because unlike she initially expected when dating a man, he hasn't been using her primarily for sex. He's been using her for everything. Friendship, emotional support, validation, entertainment. He doesn't have any friends, so in addition to being his girlfriend, he's been trying to make her his best friend, his primary source of emotional support, his primary social outlet, his primary source of intellectual stimulation.

It's too much. She just wanted to date a cute guy, have some fun, have some sex, and see where things went, and this loser is simply too emotionally needy. Due to his social awkwardness, he doesn't have any other sources of emotional support in his life, and he's stuck relying on one woman for all of that. And we know how reliable women are when it comes to supporting men in need.

The toxic blue pill world tells us that we're supposed to date and eventually marry our best friend. That relationships aren't about sex – they're about intimacy. That we should focus on personality, common interests, intelligent things to talk about – essentially that we should spend all of this time trying to be friends with women we want to fuck.

That's not fair to women. You can't do that to a person. It's not right. You can't expect one person to be your emotional support network and your love interest at the same time. That's a huge burden, and women don't want to carry it when there's a guy just as cute as you, or cuter, who's willing to give her a no-strings-attached deep fucking, then go back to his own friends and social network instead of suffocating her.

If you don't have friends – guy friends – then you need to get out and meet people. Make friends. Grow a social network. Get yourself some things to do, places to be, people to see, and guys you can talk to. Stop relying on women for friendship and emotional support. They're not up to the task. Women are for fucking. They prefer it that way.

Escape the blue pill mentality of trying to be emotionally intimate with your sex partners and just fuck them. It's okay to rely on different people for sex and emotional support. Women have been doing it for years.

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Take ownership of your women

446 upvotes | July 15, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

If you want to have sex with women, you have to make sex appealing to them. Because women have a lot of choices and only so much time and energy they can give to you.

Like all humans, every woman you encounter only has 24 hours in the day to spend, and only a certain amount of physical and emotional energy to devote to any particular task. For example, you wouldn't expect a high-powered career woman to have much time to be a good mother, keep a good house, fuck her husband six times a day, or even be emotionally available to her husband for more than a few token minutes each night. You wouldn't expect a single mother, whose first obligation is to her child(ren), to have nearly as much time and energy to devote to being a good partner as a woman who isn't similarly burdened.

We all have our jobs, our families, our friends, our obligations, our hobbies – shit to do. And the more shit we have to do, the less time and energy we have for other shit.

This means that if you want a woman who is one hundred percent devoted to the satisfaction of your dick, you need a woman who doesn't have any other shit to do. Obviously, this theoretical ideal doesn't exist in the real world, but the general principle applies: The more you lean on your woman in other capacities (and the more you let her run amuck inventing other work for herself), the worse job she will do at being your woman.

If you try to be friends with your woman, that's just less time she'll have to be a good woman. Many married men and guys in committed relationships start to spend all of their time with their women. They lose touch with their friends. Often, their women actually insist on this, and the guys buckle, give up their friends, give up their hobbies, give up their outings, give up their alone time, and start spending every waking moment doting on their women. This is a huge mistake. Having guy friends and independent shit to do is critically important. I know that men are often touted as stoic, emotionless, angry assholes who never get lonely, but that's bullshit. Humans are social creatures, and if you don't have any friends, you're going to start talking to your wife or girlfriend about what's going on in your life and how you feel about those things. It's only natural.

If you don't have friends and independent interests, you're going to start using your woman as a friend and primary social outlet, and that's emotionally draining for her. The more you lean on her as a friend, the less time and emotional energy she's going to have to be your woman. Your woman's job is to be a repository for your dick, not your words and feelings. Women don't want to be the dumping ground where you moan about your day, your troubles, and your worries. That's what your friends are for. Or your dog. The more you use her as your friend, the less you can use her for fucking.

Many men are shitty leaders. They don't take ownership of their shit and get their lives, and the lives of their women (and children if applicable), in order. They often use their women as secretaries and social planners. Once a relationship is in place, guys get lazy, and the women start planning the events and outings, deciding who to hang out with, what needs to be taken care of around the house or apartment, and so on. It's become a bit of a trope for women to assign their men a honey do list, because their men are lazy, disorganized chumps who don't take care of anything unless nagged into it. Most guys just don't have any pride or initiative any more.

When your woman is your secretary, your social planner, your employee, or maybe even your boss, she's too busy managing shit and keeping track of shit and taking care of shit to do a good job being your woman. If you take care of that shit instead, your woman can focus on being your woman and taking care of your dick. Women are limited. They can't handle the stress of two roles in a day.

If you're constantly gushing your feelings and pouring your heart out to your woman, you're making yourself a very unfair burden. It's your job to attend to your feelings and your happiness, not hers. Making yourself happy is your own job. If she has to tend to your feelings and make you feel better when you're down, like a little child, then she's your mommy. And there just isn't enough time and energy in the world for her to be both your mommy and your woman. Her job is to tend to your dick, not your feelings.

The more you try to use women for anything other than sex, the less sex you're going to have, and the shittier the sex will be. A woman can only relax and become truly passionate when she feels safe. Yes, that's something a feminist would say. I know. But to an extent, it's true. However, we at The Red Pill know what actually makes a girl feel safe, and it's not flowers, expensive restaurants, and obtaining written permission before pecking her on the cheek. A woman feels safe when she feels owned. Led. Like she doesn't have to worry about anything because her man has all of life's shit under control, and the tools to handle any unexpected shit that comes his way.

She doesn't have to be his friend – he has plenty. She doesn't have to tend to his feelings – he knows what he wants and makes himself happy, and even brings her along sometimes. She doesn't have to manage his life – he manages hers. A woman feels safe when she's well-led.

It's important to note that leadership goes beyond basic self-improvement and being a badass. You have to actually lead her. If you have the greatest and happiest life imaginable and don't need her for anything but sex, yet you don't lead her, she's just going to invent a bunch of bullshit to keep herself busy, and convince herself that it's important. That's how badass guys somehow end up with stupid bitches who can't put their cell phones down for two seconds, own ugly dogs that they treat like people, get drunk with their slutty friends every weekend, and work suspiciously late hours at their part time office jobs. If you don't control your woman, she runs around doing stupid shit to feel important.

When dealing with shitty men, women are bitchy. They set boundaries and impose rules and requirements prior to sex. They find other things to do with their lives and prioritize those other things over their men.

When dealing with awesome men, women practically beg to be owned like property. They just use whatever modern egalitarian words correspond to that concept, and pretend it's just a sexual kink, because actually admitting that you prefer being a slave to an awesome man is sacrilege in the modern world.

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Don't do trades -- Never settle for transactional sex

382 upvotes | August 1, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Sexual attraction is binary. A woman is either sexually attracted to you, or she isn't. There's a little bit of a sliding scale. For example, some men are sexier than others, and if a woman has a choice between two attractive guys and all other things are equal, she'll usually fuck the sexier guy. But for practical purposes, you're either attractive, or you're not. She either wants to have sex with you, based on her genuine desire, or she doesn't.

Getting laid is also binary. You either have sex or you don't. It doesn't matter how good your conversation was or how deep your emotional connection was or how well you think you did at "almost" getting laid. You either had sex or you didn't.

This means that there are four kinds of sexual encounters:

1- A woman is sexually attracted to you and has sex with you because she wants to. This is awesome. This can happen whether or not a woman actually likes you as a person. If you guys are emotionally close, madly in love, or whatever, that's great. But women also feel sexual attraction for strangers at bars and go home with them sometimes, in the complete absence of emotional intimacy. Or have sex with their husbands/boyfriends, even though they're fighting about something and don't feel very close. Sexual attraction is completely independent from emotional intimacy. It's great if both things are there, but they're separate things. Despite what women will try to sell you, sex doesn't depend on an emotional connection. A woman can be sexually attracted without emotional intimacy, and vice versa.

2- A woman is sexually attracted to you, but chooses not to have sex with you. This might happen because she thinks you're an asshole, because she wants you to commit, because you've been fucking other women, because she's not feeling emotionally close to you and wants you to perform in some manner for her, because she wants to "punish" you for something you did or didn't do, or any number of other reasons. Women aren't total slaves to their attraction – a woman can be attracted to you but still choose to refrain from sex. It's not like women lack sexual opportunity and by giving up sex with you, they'll never fuck again.

3- A woman is not sexually attracted to you, but chooses to have sex with you anyway. This is classic transactional sex. You've been a good boyfriend or husband, so she is having the requisite maintenance sex with you once every 4-6 weeks because she's supposed to. Or you're a nice guy who's good to her and you make a lot of money, and she wants you to stick around, so even though she's not that passionate about you, she'll muster up the will to fuck you. Generally, a woman can be emotionally intimate with somebody, appreciate that closeness, and make herself have sex with him, even though she doesn't really want to. Or it's been awhile since you've had sex and she's just sick of hearing you complain, so she puts out this time because it's less annoying than fighting about it again. As with #2, women aren't total slaves to their attraction – a woman can make herself have sex even if she's not genuinely attracted.

4- A woman is not sexually attracted to you and turns you down because of this. This isn't exactly awesome, but at least it's honest, and it shows you that you have some work to do.

Obviously, while #1 is the ideal outcome for an encounter with a woman, a man following a Red Pill lifestyle should be perfectly okay with #2. If you're generating sexual attraction in women, you're

going to have opportunities, even if not every woman fucks you every time. It is far, far better to be the attractive asshole who didn't get laid this time than the unattractive chump who won't get laid ever. That's really the core of an abundance mentality. You don't need to sweat it about any particular woman, because you are 100% confident that there will be others.

Besides, not every single woman on earth is a super-slut. Women have countless sexual opportunities. So some women are perfectly okay not having sex every single time they're attracted, because they're holding out for a guy with whom they also have emotional intimacy. Good for them. However, don't confuse this (as they often do) with the idea that women need to feel emotional intimacy before they're sexually attracted to someone. A woman's sexual attraction is independent of her emotional intimacy. She just might choose to withhold sex (even though she's attracted and kind of wants to fuck) until she's comfortable with a guy, which is totally okay. Don't fault women for this. Instead, learn game and how to build comfort, or at least the illusion of comfort.

A Red Pill man can even be okay with #4. It doesn't matter what you look like or how you act. Not every woman is going to be sexually attracted to you. Obviously, more gym time, better clothes, a more interesting life, and better social skills will make you attractive to a larger portion of the women you meet, but it's not realistic to expect 100% of women to want you.

And if you don't look good yet, and your social skills still kind of suck, and your life isn't in gear yet, you know who you are. And you know exactly what you can do to be more successful, more often, with more women. If you're not happy with your current level of success, that just means you need to do more work. There is no substitute for real world experiences when it comes to telling you where you actually stand. Be thankful for this, not angry.

The area that no man should settle for, where men get fucked over the most, is category #3. Negotiating with a woman for transactional sex. Trading good behavior (e.g., dates, chores, and gifts), paychecks, emotional investment, and the like for the occasional reward of sex. Essentially, allowing yourself to be trained via intermittent reinforcement, like a dog. Trying to "earn" sex from a woman who doesn't want to have sex with you, but tells you if only she felt more emotionally close to you (via good behavior, paychecks, and emotional investment), maybe she'd be more open to the idea of sex.

Remember, if a woman ever imposes rules or conditions on sex, makes you wait for sex, or makes you perform or behave a certain way (e.g., an unofficial payment or trade) for the sex, the sex is never worth what you're going through.

Sticking with a woman in category #3 is essentially giving up. Committing yourself to the path of the loser who thinks he can't do any better. Deciding that you will never be able to attract a woman who actually wants you, so instead, you're going to double down and be a good little dog – the best little dog you can be – and subsist on the occasional, intermittent scraps of sex you're given in exchange for pouring your life into a woman who is secretly repulsed by you doing so.

You are better off not having sex in category #2 or #4 than working yourself to the bone for reluctant transactional sex. Having no sex is better than having shitty transactional sex that you're over-paying to get.

If you are in box #3 right now, you are operating at a net loss, and the longer you stay, the more bad money you throw after good. Cut your losses, sail away, and find a woman who actually wants you. There are over three billion of them out there. And if you're not finding any you like, do the work. Hit the gym, excel professionally, up your social skills, develop an interesting life, and learn and

practice game. Never settle.

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Embrace rejection. They're just women.

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Guys get rejected by women. All the time. Even really cool, really masculine, super-duper-alpha-manly-men get rejected sometimes. Rejection is no big deal.

But a lot of guys are paralyzed by the fear of rejection. The fear of embarrassment. If a woman blows you off or turns you down, that's embarrassing and means you're not good enough, right? Actually, not always. But even if it did, so what? They're just women.

When you walk up to a girl and she's a rude little cunt bitch and blows you off, you feel hurt. Embarrassed. Angry. You might even want to give this bitch a piece of your mind. She didn't even give you a chance. She didn't even give you the common courtesy of exchanging a few polite words. She didn't treat you like a human.

The fact is, this bitch did you a favor. She wasn't going to fuck you. She didn't want to. She wasn't interested. It doesn't matter why. Maybe she thought you were ugly, maybe she has a boyfriend or husband, maybe she's a super-ultra-mega-lesbian, or maybe she has a raunchy cunt and is waiting to finish her course of antibiotics. It doesn't matter. She did you a favor. In fact, by letting you know she's an unpleasant bitch, she saved you the headache of dealing with her. Now you're not going to waste your time thinking you're getting somewhere with this girl only to get turned down later. She saved you all of that energy. Be thankful for that. Embrace the rejection and move on.

However, some girls that aren't going to fuck you won't give you the courtesy of blowing you off immediately. Maybe she's afraid you're going to be a douchebag and make a big scene if she's bitchy. It's a legitimate concern – some loser guys do that. Maybe she enjoys the attention. Maybe she's manipulating you for free drinks. This isn't something to get mad about. Basking in the free attention and validation you're handing out is just what women do. If you're giving out attention and not getting laid, that's on you.

Your job is to control your encounters with women. To make your intentions clear from the start. To flirt. To escalate. Touch. Keep things moving forward at a steady, comfortable pace until you get a hard no. Don't sit around paralyzed by the fear of rejection and embarrassment, chatting with some girl like you're one of her girlfriends. Like you just want to be her friend or something. If you make your intentions clear from the start, touch, escalate, and flirt – if your intentions are so clear that she can't pretend not to know why you're talking to her – she will be forced to either reject you or respond positively to your advances. Controlling these encounters is up to you. If you sit around chatting and not making moves, hoping she'll give you a signal, you're letting her be the man, which is about as sexy as a yeast infection.

Time and time again, we see questions from Red Pill guys that go something like, "Here's what I said and did with this chick at a bar, but at the end, she flaked! What did I do wrong?" And a bunch of idiots go through his conversation and try to pick out the one or two lines of speech where he blew it. Like this girl was some kind of puzzle he could have solved if only he'd said and done the right things.

While some guys do blow it, in most cases, what a guy does wrong is far simpler: He didn't force her to either reject him or respond positively, early in the interaction. He didn't escalate in a clear manner that could not possibly be ignored. He didn't control the encounter.

Some women just aren't fuckable. At least not by you and not tonight. There's nothing you're going to be able to say or do that's going to magically unlock her panties and get you in bed with her. You didn't say or do anything "wrong" at the bar. She wasn't going to fuck you, no matter what. Your mistake wasn't what you said during your conversation. It was your failure to figure out whether this girl was fuckable at all, early in the encounter, before investing half your night paying attention to her. It was your failure to embrace the possibility of rejection and be thankful for it. To escalate and risk that rejection.

Even the most super-hot, manly, badass dudes get rejected sometimes. It's nothing to be ashamed about. Sure, sometimes it's entirely your fault. You're not hot, you're not dressed well, you're socially awkward or acting funny or your game sucks ass. You have a lot of work to do. That's fine. Own that. But recognize that tonight, at this time, that particular girl was not fuckable by you. No matter what you say or do. She might go home with somebody better. That shit happens. But your job isn't to fuck every girl every time. It's to control these encounters. To figure out, early on, whether a girl is fuckable, and not waste your time with the ones that aren't.

Rejection happens. Don't go home and seal yourself off in "monk mode" for ten years as you bench press and read pick-up literature, or get on line and start posting rants for 8 hours a day about how none of this shit works unless you're naturally seven feet tall with a perfectly symmetrical face. Just do a better job of controlling your encounters and getting to that rejection sooner, so you make better use of your time and energy. Because some girls are fuckable, tonight, by you, right now. You just have to embrace the possibility of rejection, and be thankful for the girls that refrain from wasting your time by rejecting you, so you can move on and maximize your return.

Remember, they're just women. And women are for fucking. One of many hobbies you enjoy. Quit taking them so seriously. Just try to fuck one, and if it doesn't work, go try to fuck another. Repeat as needed. Never let yourself get hung up on this one girl you thought you were maybe going to fuck. Just embrace the rejection and move on.

Obviously, still learn from your mistakes when you make them and they cause you get rejected. But don't make the biggest mistake of all by trying to avoid the risk of rejection entirely. It's just a woman. It's not even a real risk. You're not jumping out of a plane or putting all of your money into cryptocurrency. It's just a dumb slut that might giggle at you. Does being judged by a woman really keep you up at night?

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Avoid misogyny: Keep women in the sex-only box

314 upvotes | September 8, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There's an internet meme about marriage out there that makes the point that every time somebody is murdered, the very first person the police suspect and investigate, every single time, is the spouse. And that, my friends, is all you need to know about marriage.

While internet memes are an unconventional source of wisdom, about a third of murdered women in the U.S. are killed by their husbands or boyfriends. On paper, this doesn't make a lot of sense. Surely, somebody who loves you and committed themselves to you would be the least likely person on the planet to murder you. Surely, the number of armed robberies or drug deals gone wrong, or even random drive-bys, would outnumber the times a guy who loves a girl loses his shit and kills her.

Not so. A lot of women get murdered by their husbands and boyfriends. If you pick a guy off the street at random, during his lifetime, that guy is more likely to kill his wife than to kill a stranger.

Along those same lines, the huge majority of violence against women is committed by a domestic partner. Not a stranger. Most of the time, the guys who beat women are their lovers, family, and friends. Not random armed robbers.

Another point feminists love to shout from the rooftops is that "stranger-rape" is pretty rare. Random guys in dark alleys jumping random women and raping them doesn't happen that often. Setting aside the lengthy debate about what does and doesn't constitute rape and consent, the majority of women who get raped are raped by guys that they know. Friends, family, even their husbands or boyfriends. The feminist position is that men who are close to women tend to push and push and don't respect their boundaries, then try to pass off their evil rapes as misunderstandings.

Women will complain endlessly about how men are pigs. Men objectify them. Men use them for sex. Men don't take the time to get to know them and recognize how smart and special and unique they are and how great their personalities are and treat them appropriately based on what special people they are. How by failing to get to know them, men don't respect them.

Frankly, that's just plain not true. Just look at the statistics. It's the men who know women the best that respect them the least. Women are far more likely to be murdered, beaten, or raped by a husband or boyfriend than by a stranger who hasn't taken the time to get to know them.

The fact is, the more a guy gets to know a girl, the less he respects her. Because women aren't respectable.

When men and woman are strangers, most men treat most women decently, because a woman who is a stranger still has the potential to be good. But as time goes on and a man gets to know a woman better, he gets sick of her shit and genuinely wants to beat the hell out of her. If she were respectable, he'd have respected her, but instead, he's going to be the number-one suspect if this woman overdoses at a party across town and turns up missing. And society doesn't bat an eye at that. We think to ourselves, "Of course you investigate the husband or boyfriend first! He's the most likely one to have done it! Men are so violent and controlling."

We'd never sully ourselves by thinking that most women are shitstorms, unworthy of respect. Hell, a few of them might actually benefit from a good beating now and then. We expect shit from women, and we expect men to deal with their shit. If a man can't deal with a woman's shit, it's the man's fault for being weak. Not the woman's fault for being shitty.

Once a man's met a thousand women or so, he starts to lower his expectations, and wonders if any of them are respectable. Maybe a few are, but the odds of bumping into one aren't very likely.

So save yourself the trouble and aggravation. Don't get to know women. Don't delve into them. You'll respect them more by knowing them less. They'll be happier, you'll be happier. Use them for sex, but have them keep those unique personalities they love so much to themselves. The deeper you delve, the more you'll find things that aren't respectable. And the less you'll respect them.

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Be the patriarch

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We live in a feminist-centered society, filled with double-speak. It's a well-intended society that wants everyone to be happy, but it's a clueless society that has no idea what people really want.

On one hand, our feminist-centered society wants "equality", in that it wants to free everyone, man and woman, from gender roles. Society doesn't want anybody to be held to any standard of behavior based on their sex. It wants a world where there are no such things as girl things or boy things, just things that human beings choose to do or refrain from doing, based on their personal preferences. A hedonistic world where everybody does whatever he or she likes, and nobody judges them for it or has any kind of gendered expectation about what sort of people should do what sort of things.

This pursuit of "equality" has required our feminist-centered society to make a few assumptions, some of them right, some of them dead wrong.

To abolish female gender norms, society needs to assume that female gender norms are wrong and unnatural. That women don't choose to adopt certain "feminine" traits or behaviors by their own free will, but have been conditioned by our formerly patriarchal society to do certain things solely because they are supposed to. To abolish female gender norms, it's necessary to assume that female gender norms are an artificial mask – a construct – and that women aren't really like that. That women only turn out feminine because society forces them to do so.

Frankly, they were right about that. Women aren't naturally "feminine". They're not naturally sexually conservative, demure, submissive creatures that revel in satisfaction when they cook and clean things and perform menial tasks. Society constructed this ideal notion of what a woman should be, and women have been trying to adhere to that ideal for centuries in order to gain social points. Not that long ago, being that kind of woman is what made a girl marriage material, and without a husband, she'd have a very difficult life. Conforming to these artificial ideals of female behavior was necessary for survival.

Today, society has removed most of the restrictions and consequences from female behavior of any sort. There are very few artificial barriers constraining women or forcing them to wear masks. And with these barriers gone, women aren't naturally tending toward traditionally "feminine" behaviors. In the absence of restrictions and consequences, most women are slutty, lazy, manipulative bitches. Women aren't sexually conservative by nature – they're promiscuous as hell if you'll let them be. Women don't like cooking and cleaning shit – women prefer to do absolutely nothing while men who want to fuck them do and buy shit for them. And women aren't shy about leading men on with (sometimes false) promises of love and sex to get what they want.

Unconstrained by social constructs, women aren't "feminine" at all. Because traditional female gender norms are an artificial constraint that society placed on women. The natural state of females isn't traditional femininity. It's hedonism.

For society to combat male gender norms, it's necessary to assume that male gender norms are wrong and unnatural. That when men hit the gym, aggressively pursue professional success, aggressively pursue sex with hot women, and act with strength, confidence, virility, competitiveness, machismo – traditionally "masculine" behaviors – that men aren't really like that. That masculinity is just a mask. Something a bunch of insecure men are pretending to be when really, deep down inside, they're just

like women, but are afraid of being judged as unmanly, gay, not fuckable, etc. And that if society were to free men from these shackles of artificial male gender norms, men would pretty much be just like women.

They were dead wrong about this. Men are naturally masculine. Men are aggressive, competitive, and violent. In fact, out the other side of its mouth, in an impressive feat of double-speak, our society says exactly that! They argue that if we were to remove all consequences from men, men would be inclined to be violent rapists and murderers, and it's only societal constraints and the fear of punishment that keeps man's naturally violent, sexually aggressive impulses in check. That's why we need to "teach men" to be better! Because men are naturally masculine. It's not a mask.

When society opted to begin to teach men to be more feminine and to cast off the shackles of conventional, "toxic" masculine behaviors, this wasn't done to free men and help them cast off the artificial mask of masculinity that they all felt forced to wear. This was done to constrain their unmasked male natures and force them into a mask. The mask of modern masculinity. Under the guise of "freeing" men from gender roles, society has actively sought to put men in chains by reinventing an artificial, constrained, safer, less "toxic", female-centered version of masculinity and telling men that to be a real man, you need to be like that. That it's those conventionally masculine men that are the fakers, who are wearing masks and acting out artificial roles.

Not so. Unconstrained by social constructs, men are very definitely "masculine", in the conventional sense. The natural state of males is aggression.

The root of all of this societal pursuit of change is very simple: Men are stronger than women. Physically stronger. Period. And women live in constant fear of this.

The only reason women have any power at all is because men play along. Men allow them to have the illusion of power. They only reason a woman can safely travel from point A to point B without being raped or murdered by a stronger man is because men are playing along. And any given man at any given time could just say fuck it and quit playing along. Women live in constant fear of that.

For females to have any sense of equality, society needs to neuter man's superior strength. It needs to retrain and reeducate men and redefine masculinity. Women can't beat men physically, so they need to reengineer society so that society keeps men weak for them.

Society's goal is to keep you out of the gym, temper your aggression and competitive nature, hobble your confidence, and placate you with porn, beer, video games, and other creature comforts. Turn you into an emotional hedonist. Just like a woman. Because women are afraid of men.

Remember, when you bulk up at the gym, when you confidently approach a woman, when she sees you coming, when other women see you walking past – they get uncomfortable. They're afraid of you. You're stronger than they are in every way. You have the power to rape or kill any of them. They're weak. And even though you have no intention of doing anything of the sort, some part of their unconscious mind is afraid you might.

Women naturally submit to powerful, aggressive men out of fear. They're afraid of you. And that fear – that adrenaline – translates into excitement. It turns them on. When their unconscious mind feels powerless next to you, like their only choice is to submit, their bodies respond by becoming aroused. And this scares women shitless.

You don't have any allies in society. Society isn't just anti-red pill. Society is anti-masculinity. Society doesn't want you to be a strong, successful, confident badass. Society wants you to be a

woman, because if you act like a man, women are afraid of you.

So fuck society. Hit the gym, be an aggressive, masculine badass, and bully the hell out of women. You're stronger. They fear you, and the only reason they have any power whatsoever is because we, as men, let them. In the way you walk and the way you carry yourself, never hesitate to implicitly remind them of that fact. Every time they speak and act, every time walk from point A to point B safely, it's because you choose to let them. You are their benevolent patriarch.

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Life is transactional

167 upvotes | October 13, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Men seeking to have sex with women, that fail at this task, are often shamed. Reviled. How dare he, an unattractive man, attempt to assert his wants, uninvited, on an innocent woman who did not want or welcome his attempt? Doesn't he know how uncomfortable he made her?

Even worse, this man didn't just walk up and grab her by the pussy, Trump-style, but actually tried to introduce himself, talk to her, learn a little bit about her, and maybe even buy her a few drinks. And only then, after evilly getting her guard down by acting friendly and making her think she was about to make a new, unattractive man-friend, does he start to touch her and act interested in sex or romance. What an ass!

And then, after being very sternly rebuked, which he deserves for being such a misleading shit, he just leaves and doesn't even try to salvage the friendship or make his insolence up to her! He never wanted to be friends or chat amicably with her in the first place. He wasn't really interested in how her night was going, or that story she told about her friend Jenna, or what she does for a living. That whole friendly conversation was him angling for sex! The horror!

She was enjoying a friendly conversation with a stranger, but there was a hidden cost. He wanted something.

Life is transactional. Nothing is free. Everybody wants something.

Think about all of the times you've asked people how they're doing or how their day is going. How many times did you actually care about how this person's day was going when you asked that very vague, non-specific question? Especially if you weren't speaking to a close friend but were meeting a new person. How many new people have you met in your life that you weren't sure you were ever going to see again? In fact, you've probably met a lot of people you knew for a fact you weren't going to see again, barring anything unexpected. Do you really care how a stranger is feeling today or what he or she does for a living or whether he or she has any siblings? Of course not. Not unless you want or need something from that stranger.

When people make small talk, the huge majority of the time, they don't really care about the other person. They want something. Yes, given the choice, people generally prefer a world where complete strangers are happier versus one where they're sad, but nobody is really and truly invested in how some stranger's night is going or what she does for a living.

When people interact, they want something. Sometimes, they want something very basic. Maybe they're busybodies that enjoy running their mouth and just want someone to listen to them for a bit. Maybe they're curious, nosy types that love meeting people and asking them shit, just for fun. Maybe they're in a group social setting and have to demonstrate proper social norms by engaging in proper conversational topics with those present, even though they don't really care and aren't really interested in what the other person wants to say. Or maybe, in a very, very dark and evil world, the person they're talking to is physically attractive, and they're making small talk to warm that person up for a bid for sex or romance. (The horror!)

Gentlemen, when you talk to a girl – especially a girl you don't know well, though this also applies to girls you know – there is always an undercurrent of suspicion. She is uneasy. She is wondering why the hell you're talking to her and what you want. She is bracing herself, with catlike readiness,

suspicious that you're going to touch her or ask her out or ask for her number or say something sexual. She is ready and waiting with that rejection. Because you have a penis and you're talking to her, and she knows that you don't really give a shit about her dog and she doesn't really give a shit about your aquarium and all of this is just some long prelude until you make your move.

Don't disrespect a girl by keeping her waiting like that. Don't give her rejection blue balls. Don't babble on and on about stupid shit if your intention is to fuck her. I'm not saying grab her by the pussy, but make your move. Early and often. Chat just enough to see if she's interested, make your move, and if she rejects you, bail and move on. Talking for an hour about stupid shit doesn't raise your chances or warm her up to the idea of fucking you. In fact, every minute that passes lowers your chances.

You need to get that girl attracted and interested in you early. Then, and only then, do you spend time making her comfortable with you by letting her run her mouth long enough to feel like she knows you. If you don't have that interest in the first five minutes, ten tops, move on.

More important than any of this, however, is the corollary. When somebody is interacting with you, he or she wants something. Nobody gives a shit how your night is going, what you do for a living, or what your parents were like. If you're talking about yourself and somebody is listening and asking questions, that person wants something. Because that person's life is completely unaffected by the story you're telling about the time you went bike riding. That shit doesn't matter to the person you're talking to at all. That person is not invested in your bike riding hobby.

If somebody is talking to you, that somebody wants something, even if it's just something small like using you to alleviate boredom. If that somebody is a girl, and she's asking shit about your life, she's either interested in you, or she's interested in using you. A woman doesn't ask about your dog because she cares about your dog. She's asking about your dog because she either wants to fuck, wants to date, wants to get you to buy her a few drinks, or maybe wants to get you to buy her a few meals under the guise of dating. Or she's just bored or doesn't want to be seen standing alone not talking to anybody in a social setting.

When you're in a social setting, pay attention. Peel back the small-talk layer and try to notice what people actually want. If somebody wants to get to know you, that somebody wants something. If you can guess what somebody wants, you can appeal to them a lot more easily than just blindly playing the small-talk game. And if you can recognize interest and move along quickly when it's absent, you'll get a much bigger return on your time.

And quit pissing women off by not hitting on them. They're waiting to reject you. They know what's up when you walk over. Don't insult them by blabbing on and on about stupid shit and denying them the opportunity. Be aggressive. Flirt. Touch them. Don't make friends. Make them feel smart for having that suspicion by validating it. Women love feeling smart.

Check out this and other content on The Red Pill's off-Reddit site. Here's a [link](#).

The place for "relationships" in your toolbox

178 upvotes | November 28, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A recent submission to The Red Pill subreddit sparked some interesting discussion regarding the concept of engaging in long-term relationships (LTRs) with women.

A common position taken by many Red Pill advocates is that committing to one woman, exclusively, is a strategy for “beta” losers and “blue pill” people. The idea is that if you are truly awesome and “alpha” enough, you don’t have to commit to any one woman. A large number of women will be willing to have sex with you, outside of a committed relationship, simply because you’re awesome. And if some women won’t, that’s not a big deal, because you have an abundance of other women who will. And that abundance of options with other women gives you all of the power to engage with women on your own terms. Because then, no particular woman is unique or special simply because she’s willing to touch your dick. If one woman won’t fuck you, another will.

This recent post took a different stance on the concept of LTRs, arguing that the common Red Pill position that relegates LTRs to a loser, blue pill, beta strategy is just a bunch of ignorant shaming by bitter and butt-hurt men who aren’t awesome and alpha enough to keep a woman’s interest in a relationship. The idea is that constantly chasing new girls is hard work for diminishing returns, while having one particular girl in a Red-Pill-style LTR who respects the hell out of you and fucks you on demand is far more rewarding. The quality of girls who allow themselves to be non-exclusively plated by guys is lower than that of girls who insist on a relationship, so the argument is that engaging in LTRs nets you higher quality girls. And that “mature” men eventually realize that banging a bunch of meaningless girls is an empty pursuit and want something more.

The idea is that if you work hard to become and remain a high value man, you dominate your relationships with women, and you are truly awesome, valuable, and alpha enough, you can engage in committed relationships with women and they won’t cheat, leave, or misbehave.

Stop here. Read the paragraph above one more time, kind of slowly, before continuing.

Now, let me rephrase that paragraph in more general terms:

If you behave a certain way, and avoid certain other behaviors, women will stay committed to you, have lots of sex with you, treat you with respect, and never cheat on you or leave you.

It wasn’t that long ago that most of us believed exactly that. However, the behaviors we engaged in to try to reach that goal involved paying for dates, backrubs, foot rubs, sitting on our hands and not being sexually assertive, and generally being nice as hell, generous, and respectful. We believed that if we behaved in certain ways with women, we would end up with a permanent, faithful, high sex relationship with a woman who treats us well. And we know how that went.

Many men who stumble across The Red Pill fall into the trap of remaining beta, blue pill, loser men, who simply substitute one set of behaviors for another. They believe that if they are aloof, narcissistic assholes with muscles, money, social aptitude, lots of options with women, and a push-pull, reward-punishment, dominant dynamic with a woman, that this will net them a permanent, faithful, high sex relationship with a woman who treats them well.

There is no such thing. If you are singing and dancing for a woman, even if your song and dance is a Red-Pill-style song and dance, you are still trapped in a blue pill mentality.

Women do not engage in monogamy. They engage in serial monogamy. They are always on the

market. Even if they have a boyfriend or a husband. They are always open to the possibility of trading up. If you lose your job, become seriously ill or injured, get fat, start acting needy, or become a big enough loser in some other way, or if a man who's more awesome than you on every front makes a move on your woman, or if both of these things happen, your girlfriend is not going to stay with you forever and ignore all other opportunities simply because you happened to come along first and you're kinda sorta good enough.

You cannot earn a woman's true and undying love by being alpha enough. All that alpha behaviors do is generate sexual attraction. No more, no less.

However, there is a place for LTRs in your toolbox, as one of many tools you may use in the pursuit of sex. You simply have to engage in LTRs in the same way that women do. Say the words if a woman won't fuck you without you saying them first. Hell, even stay with her as long as the sex keeps coming with minimal demands on your time and resources. But leave as soon as that situation changes. She'd leave you the second she's not getting what she wants, so why the hell would you stay if you're not?

And if you come across a better opportunity, cheat. Or dump her ass. She's still on the market, cultivating other prospects. You should be as well.

LTRs are a valid tool in your sexual strategy arsenal, but should be used appropriately. If you are engaging women in exclusive relationships with the illusion that some combination of the right behaviors with the right kind of woman will get you a permanent, faithful, high sex relationship with a woman who will treat you well, you're making the same mistake that you did before you found The Red Pill. Just with the addition that you're also being an asshole.

You definitely need something more in your life besides banging girls. But that something more is not a relationship. Relationships are a tool, not a goal.

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The pre-fuck conversation is one big autism screening test

1077 upvotes | December 15, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The path to getting laid is actually pretty simple when you break it down into its fundamental parts.

1- Look hot. Get yourself some muscles, dress well, have awesome hair. That way, you don't get shooed away two seconds after walking up.

2- Escalate. Actually say flirtatious things and touch her and gauge her response instead of sitting there chatting like one of her girlfriends.

3- Don't say loser shit. Loser shit includes being socially awkward, investing in her too much or too early, not having anything interesting to say, and so on.

That's it. That is how you get laid. Be hot, escalate, don't be socially awkward.

1 is easy. Well, actually it's hard work, but there is a very clear and very well-defined path to success for #1. If you eat right, work out, groom, and wear clothes that fit, it's pretty much impossible to not be good-looking enough to get laid. Unless you're a grotesque burn victim, 4'6" tall, obviously handicapped in some way, or the like. There is no mystery about how to be better looking. None. Just do the work.

2 is harder, but still easy. You just have to have balls. You have to say and do things that the old you would have been afraid to say and do out of fear of rejection. You have to actually look women in the eye, say things that guys who fuck women say, and touch her, then see what she does. Maybe she rejects you, but that's why there are 3,499,999,999 more women out there. The first time is hard, but once you just start doing this, it gets easy.

3 is the tough one. A lot of men out there are socially retarded. They say stupid shit to women and think it's the right shit to say. The reason for this is actually very fundamental: Most men do not understand the purpose of the pre-fuck conversation with a woman.

So many guys approach girls with the best of intentions, then start talking and talking, trying to find some kind of common ground with the woman. Something to talk about. To make a friendly connection. To try to establish some kind of emotional intimacy. To actually chat with her, like you might with your friends. They think that this makes a woman comfortable with them, makes her like them, and makes her more willing to go home and fuck them. And that seems pretty logical, because we've spent our whole lives thinking women are supposed to want emotional intimacy before having sex, and women have spent their whole lives convincing themselves that emotional intimacy precedes sex. And it sure would make sense if emotional intimacy preceded sex.

But the huge majority of the time, this type of approach leads to the man thinking he's hit it off with a girl, but the girl just wanting to be friends. Maybe she gives him her number, but then never responds to his follow-up text or flakes on their next date.

The man failed the test because he didn't understand the purpose of the test. The pre-fuck conversation is not an attempt to make friends with the woman or establish emotional intimacy. That comes after you've been fucking her for awhile. Sex is a prerequisite to love, not the other way around.

The entire point of the pre-fuck conversation is to screen for autism, mental illness, under-confidence, and other sources of poor social skills. The pre-fuck conversation is your chance to flex your social

muscles and demonstrate your social fitness. This is exactly the same way that your actual muscles demonstrate your physical fitness. A woman does not want to fuck a socially weak man, so she needs to screen men that pass the appearance test for social fitness. The last thing her subconscious wants is for her to go home with a hot guy, then find out that he's weird and socially awkward and she might be pregnant with autistic loser genes.

Don't treat the pre-fuck conversation as a friendly chat, because it isn't. The pre-fuck conversation is how you present your social fitness, just like your gym body and clothes present your physical fitness. Most game aficionados will tell you that a pre-fuck interaction with a girl is night-and-day different than a normal conversation, because you're not having a conversation. You're exchanging demonstrations of social aptitude.

It is deceptive and offensive to women when you chat with them and try to make a friendly connection, then surprise! You actually wanted to fuck. Don't talk with women like one of their girlfriends unless you actually want to be friends. It's disrespectful. Respect women enough to actually try to fuck them.

Check out this and other content at The Red Pill's off-Reddit site. Here's a [link](#).

Feminine society hates chemistry

251 upvotes | December 28, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I was inspired today by our resident Superstar Gaylubeoil and decided that the new year is as good a time as any to try to make the world a better place.

In the womb, we're all women for about 60 days. Boys are technically male on account of having a Y chromosome in the fertilizing sperm, but all babies follow the same developmental steps, regardless of sex, for the first two months. Male fetuses only begin developing male sex organs around the time that they're exposed to a significant blast of testosterone.

Testosterone changes a whole lot of things for both sexes. It's responsible for sex drive, developing muscle, growing hair, and hundreds of other bodily processes. The quantity of testosterone and other hormones in your body, versus the quantities of similar hormones in women, is arguably what makes you male.

Why are men physically stronger than women? Testosterone.

Why are men naturally more aggressive risk-takers? Testosterone.

Why are men more horny than women? Testosterone.

Even weak-ass loser men at the bottom of society who can't get laid to save their lives are men, in their own way. They'll throw themselves into college calculus, their cubicle IT and engineering jobs, their gaming, and their internet rants with more fire, aggression, passion, and risk than any woman.

Why? Testosterone.

Why are men masculine? Why do men exhibit a collection of traits that have come to be known as "masculinity"? Testosterone.

When our modern feminine society goes to war against "toxic masculinity", what society is really warring against isn't bro culture. Society is at war against science. Chemistry. Society would prefer that men stop acting the way that their hormones drive them to act, and start acting the way that women act. Society wants to end the evil toxic patriarchal influence that chemistry has exerted on these poor, unfortunate men. Down with chemistry!

It will be another twenty years or so before young boys are force-fed drugs to curb their testosterone production to prevent them from becoming masculine men, all in the name of preventing rape, preventing violence, and improving their performance at school. Mark my words – that day is coming. But until then, the war is primarily ideological. It's actually a bit of a religious war.

Society would have you believe, on faith, that science is a myth and chemistry doesn't exist. That the only reason men and women are different is their upbringing. That the only reason masculinity even exists is because we live in an evil patriarchal society that teaches men to take risks, seek out sex, and involve themselves passionately in their hobbies and interests. To pursue power and success. That if we didn't teach men these lessons (while simultaneously teaching girls to not do any of this), men and women would be completely identical.

That's right. Men wouldn't even miss sex or lament when they're not having it, except for the fact that the evil patriarchy taught them that real men get laid. Men would openly be weak, timid, flee from risk like little children, and afraid of their own penis if only we would let them. The only reason any man, anywhere, acts even the slightest bit masculine is because our evil patriarchal society forces

him to pretend to be something he's not.

Society would have you believe that we're all actually just like women inside, but we're pretending we're not because we're afraid of being called gay. That masculinity is one big pretense. Society isn't just warring against masculinity by telling you it's wrong. Society advocates that masculinity doesn't even exist. That it's all one big game of make-believe men are playing so that other men don't make fun of us. That we're not really like this. That we're really all just like women, who just happen to have a penis.

The current fashionable religion promoted by most of society is that science is the boss of everything. There is no God. We're all animals. Everybody can and should be free to do anything he or she wants to do as long as we're not hurting anybody, and nobody should ever judge anybody for anything. Society currently promotes the religion of hedonism and individuality. Do whatever makes you happy.

Except for sex. Then, down with science! Sex needs to be strictly regulated...for men. Women should be free to do whatever feels good. Whatever makes them happy. No judgment. No shame. They are beautiful and sexually desirable no matter how they look or act. There is no wrong way to be a woman. Women need to be encouraged to be happy however they want to live, whatever they choose.

But men need to be taught to control their sexual impulses (which, of course, are only present because of their upbringing and not evil, patriarchal chemistry). Taught not to rape. Taught about consent. Men need to learn to sit on their hands and wait to be chosen by women. Any woman, because they're all valid women regardless of age, looks, or behavior. And the men who are never chosen need to be okay with that. Men need to be taught to be happy however women want to live, whatever women choose.

Is it any wonder that so many men channel their masculine energy into the internet? Video games? Fantasy sports?

Without masculinity, men are lost. They're not men. They're just boys. They're flooded with testosterone, then told to be women. So they curb their risk-taking behavior and follow the more accepted, safe path to a stable future. They don't compete. They don't work out. They channel their sexual impulses toward porn and masturbation. They don't chase women. They're passive. They don't hang out with bros from the gym or the frat and act traditionally manly. They hang out with other guys just like them and channel their aggression into gaming and watching sports.

Men aren't really just like women, but we're getting there. Society has successfully redirected male competitiveness and leadership from group-oriented roles to individual pursuits. Turned men from society's leaders, innovators, and hardest workers into a bunch of video gamers and internet ranters.

And in twenty years, this won't be an issue. Your eight-year-old sons will be given medication to reduce their testosterone to governmentally-approved levels that will limit their muscularity, curb their sexual impulses, and diminish their aggression and competitiveness. Because modern research will indicate that all of this testosterone in the bodies of losers who can't get laid or amount to anything is making men unhappy. That more testosterone = more mental health issues, more rape, more violence, and worse performance in school. To help young boys out, society will, literally, turn them into women.

This coming year, make a resolution. Teach at least one other man how to be a man. A real one. Show him the real path to happiness. Embrace these evil, evil gender roles that society hates so much.

And pass them on. It's not about changing the world. It's about spreading happiness and love. Teaching lost boys how to really be happy instead of allowing them to follow the teachings of a shitty society that's at war with chemistry.

Find this and other content at The Red Pill's off-Reddit site. Here's a [link](#).

Obsessing over a slutty past is an indirect pedestal; Assume she's a slut, but don't obsess

913 upvotes | February 10, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There was recently a man lamenting on the Married Red Pill subreddit about his wife's sexual history. He was a virgin when he met her, and to date, she is the only person he has ever had sex with. When asked, she told him she had 2-4 previous partners. I'm not quite sure why she answered him with a numerical range, especially when there are only three integers included in that range, all three of which are a small enough quantity to clearly remember the accurate number, and none of which are socially embarrassing. It's almost like she didn't want to tell him, or was lying. But whatever.

Like most lost boys, this man didn't understand his problem. He said he felt like he was missing out, which is true. He did feel that way. But he thought that the reason he was missing out was because he had only had sex with his wife, while she had some previous sex before him. This was eating at him terribly, and he was wondering if it would be best if he divorced his otherwise satisfactory wife to have sex with other women.

Obviously, the "right" answer is to forget her sexual history. He's married, has two kids, and at least by his report, his wife is a good wife and mother. I don't think he'd be able to take it if he dumped her and she started fucking other guys, introducing his kids to them, and playing family with someone else. Plus, her sexual history isn't the issue he should have been looking at. The right questions are whether or not she's fucking him on the regular, whether or not she treats him with respect and deference, and whether or not she stands by his side and supports him as he leads their family forward. The fact that she fucked other guys previously, while he was too much of a loser to get any, doesn't really matter if she's a decent mother to his kids and treats him well today, both personally and sexually.

But this guy's issue was interesting, because he thought his problem was lack of sexual experience, or even just an aversion to his wife's potentially slutty past (assuming her professed sexual history was under-reported, which seems very possible given that she answered "2-4" instead of replying with an integer). Neither of these were his issue at all, however. This man's problem was much simpler: He had oneitis for his wife.

He was not obsessing over all the women he didn't fuck when he was younger. He was obsessing over all of the men his wife did fuck. He had given her all of himself, while he was only getting what was left of her after she had given herself to others.

He didn't feel like he was missing out on other women. He felt like he was missing out on his wife.

Instead of getting everything she used to be, he got what was left, after her past. And he was consumed with the idea – the fantasy – of his wife, the virgin, and how he should have gotten all of her, not just the remainder.

While it's not discussed heavily, this is really part of the reason why men are so repulsed by sluts. When we invest in a woman, we want all of her. Not just the parts she has left after giving herself to numerous previous men. We don't want to pay full price and give all of ourselves for half of a woman.

The thing is, this is classic oneitis. In the case of our example man, he had placed the idea of his wife,

the virgin, on a pedestal. He failed to realize that even before she met him, and even before she'd ever had sex, his wife, the virgin, was still just a woman. She wasn't any more special, unique, or perfect than she is today. She was just another woman. Easily replaceable, and just as likely as any other woman to lie, cheat, leave, make shitty decisions, and so on, responsive to the right stimulus (the right stimulus most often including loser behavior from her man).

Ironically, in an indirect way, fucking lots of women before marrying his wife would have helped this guy out, but not for the reasons he thought. It wasn't fucking other women he had missed out on, nor was it evening the score before meeting his wife. What he was missing were the lessons best learned through experience: that sex isn't anything special, and women aren't anything special. If this guy had fucked his way through a few dozen women, the fact that one particular woman he was currently fucking had a sexual history wouldn't bother him. Because he'd understand that sex isn't special, and this woman isn't special. He wouldn't idealize what this woman used to be, pre-sex, because he would understand that even then, she was just a woman like any other.

Worrying about whether one particular woman is or isn't a slut is, at its core, a form of oneitis. Unless you're a child and just starting to notice girls or travel in some extremely religious circles, all women you meet have some kind of sexual history, and on a broader scale, all women have some kind of life history. When we obsess over a woman's past, sexual or otherwise, what we're really experiencing is a fear of loss, a fear of missing out, or possibly a fear of buyer's remorse. We worry that if we invest in a particular woman, we won't be getting all of her, just what's left after her past. These aren't socially popular thoughts, however, so the blue pill world has spun a narrative to twist things a little bit, in the form of modern sex-positive ideology. In the blue pill world, sexual experience is natural, healthy, expected, and even encouraged. It's practically regarded as an essential rite of passage for every girl to have a wild, slutty, casual sex phase, to "experience life", "figure out what she likes", and "get it out of her system while she's young", and people today laud this as a good thing. Since every human is the sum of his or her experiences, it stands to reason in the blue pill universe that a sexually experienced woman will know a lot of great sexual techniques, will be confident in bed, know what she likes and doesn't like, and so on. All of that slutty casual sex is regarded as a very positive experience that has enriched a woman and turned her into the great, sexually liberated person she is today.

The less extreme corners of the blue pill world are less sex-positive, but still fairly sex-neutral. Since the vagina isn't physically used up by having sex, the sex-neutral thing to do is to ignore a woman's sexual history. She still has a working vagina, nothing is used up, and therefore sex has not negatively affected her as a sex or relationship prospect, so we're not supposed to ask or care about her sexual history.

In contrast, the Red Pill's fixation on sexual promiscuity is a fairly sex-negative ideology. The notion that sex diminishes a woman, and if you invest in a slut, you're investing in a used-up, less valuable fraction of a woman that gave parts of herself to others before you, is a pretty classic sex-negative mindset. Not that there's anything inherently wrong with this mindset over the other two. Because in many cases, previous sex is very negative.

The fact is, we're all the sum of our life experiences, but not all life experience is positive. If one of your life's experiences involved having all of your limbs blown off, that experience has diminished you, not enriched you. If you're a heavily-traumatized rape victim and plagued by that baggage despite years of therapy, that experience has not improved your life. It's crippled it. Not all life

experience is positive and enriching. And the same applies to sex.

The next time the blue pill universe tries to tell you that a sexually experienced woman is better than a less promiscuous woman, ask whether a rape victim is better off than a virgin. Nobody seriously believes that a bar slut who goes home with a different dick every weekend, desperately searching for validation from the touch of men, is actually a strong, empowered, liberated woman. Nobody thinks that's healthy behavior. Not all sex is positive.

But not all sex is negative either. A wife who has a very healthy sexual relationship with her husband is having exactly that: healthy sex. If her husband gets run over by a truck and she starts to date again, do the years upon years of sex she had with her husband diminish her or detract from her life? Of course not. If anything, her ability to build that kind of sexual relationship with her past husband reflects well on her. Likewise, if a girl you're currently dating fucked her previous boyfriend, but they were together for three years and had a very healthy relationship, does the fact that she has the ability to form a sexual relationship with a long-term boyfriend really ruin her? Of course not. I'd be more wary of a girl who was with her boyfriend for several years and didn't fuck him.

Now, am I saying that sexual history isn't important when judging a woman? Fuck no. I'm actually saying the opposite. Sexual history is vitally important. Detailed sexual history. Not just a woman's body count, but who she fucked, how, under what circumstances.

But society dictates that nobody is to share this information, and nobody is to ask about it, and if you ever ask, that immediately brands you as "insecure" and an unworthy prospect, which makes it okay to lie to you. The downfall of modern women isn't that they're slutty. Or I guess, it isn't just that they're slutty. It's that they lie. You will never, ever, obtain an accurate recounting of a woman's sexual past, because women know what sells, and they will lie through their teeth to get you to buy it.

In short, there's no point in obsessing over whether a girl you're currently eyeing is a slut. You'll never know for sure, because she'll lie and take great pains to hide it. Additionally, obsessing over the parts of her she already gave away, as though this woman, before she became a slut, was somehow special is a form of oneitis. It's putting the idea of what this woman might have been previously on a very, very undeserved pedestal. The woman she used to be became a slut when exposed to the right circumstances, so it's not like the woman she used to be was that great.

So for every woman you meet, you need to do two things. First, assume she's a slut. Anything she says or does that seems non-slutty is probably an act, because women hide their slut-pasts. If she's actually a non-slut, great, but the burden is on her to prove she's an exceptional woman, not on you to assume she's great until she slips up and gets caught in a lie. Second, pretend to be sex-positive. Act like you think sluts are cool and fun and funny and smart and that their stories, especially the sexual ones, are oh so interesting. Be open and non-judgmental on the outside, while secretly laughing at them on the inside. Make them feel comfortable as they fuck you while you seemingly don't judge them for their past and silently place them in the fuck-only box.

The burden is on a woman to prove to you she's more than just a fuck object. Not on you to seek out her favorable traits or to assume she's awesome until she gets caught.

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The only question that matters: Is she fucking you, or not?

413 upvotes | March 6, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Many guys approach The Red Pill with a question that goes something like, “My girlfriend (or some girl I’m dating, fucking, or just interested in) said X after I did Y, so I responded Z. How did I do? What did she mean by this? What is she trying to do?”

It’s normal, as a human being with functioning ears, to listen to things we hear and react to them. This is how we avoid potential dangers. This is also how we obtain new knowledge, such as by receiving information and thoughts from other humans. Listening to what people say is half of the process, while talking is the other half, right? Wrong.

It is estimated that about 7% of communication is verbal. The remaining 93% is some combination of body language, tonality, and all kinds of other details and signals, right down to what socks you wore when you showed up to meet somebody. The fact that you didn’t make a point of wearing your newest pair of socks may well bother your girlfriend far more than anything you say to her the entire night, but she won’t say a word to you about it. Instead, she will answer everything you say with short, one to three word statements, make no effort to initiate any conversational topics of her own, shrink away every time you try to touch her, and pretend to be on her period to get out of sex. You unintentionally communicated to her that you don’t care about her or your relationship because you couldn’t be bothered to wear the right socks. So she intentionally tried to communicate to you that she’s not going to make any effort regarding you or the relationship. Unmistakably clear communication, right?

So naturally, during the night, you might ask her, “Is something bothering you?”, responsive to which she will answer that everything is fine. As a normal human being with functioning ears, you may hear her respond that everything is fine, assume that everything is fine, and try to have normal conversation with her for the rest of the night. But she tried to communicate to you that everything is not fine by answering you with a curt statement using a bland tone of voice. You ignored what she tried to communicate and just kept trying to act like everything was fine, further confirming that you don’t care about her, her feelings, or the relationship. Combined with the sock incident, this was completely unacceptable, so she spent the rest of dinner texting one of her male co-workers to set up a lunch date tomorrow.

When somebody asks the question “Some girl said X. What did she mean?” he is making a very critical error: He is listening to shit women say.

Never listen to shit women say. When a guy asks about something some girl said to him, the first question you ask this guy should be: “Is she fucking you?”

That’s it. That’s all you need to know. If she’s fucking him, she’s into him. If she’s not fucking him, she is not into him. The sounds she happens to make with her mouth don’t matter at all, only her actions. Is she fucking him, or not?

However, most guys fall into a gray area. She fucks him sometimes, but doesn’t fuck him other times. And most of what she says and does seems to be attempts to try to get him to say or do certain things, responsive to which she acts happy and sometimes fucks him, but sometimes doesn’t, seemingly at random. One might think that whether or not she fucks him is completely disconnected from what she says with her words. To an extent, this is true, but most of the time, her words are a shit test.

A shit test is essentially a power struggle. A test of who is dominant in the relationship. You want to have sex. She knows you want to have sex. She wants to have sex, too. But instead of having sex, she says something completely unrelated to sex. The normal instinct of a man having functioning ears would be to respond to what she said, and if what she said is a problem, to try to resolve it. But after he complies with whatever it was she said, she proceeds to not have sex with him! If he then attempts to initiate sex, she acts aghast! “What? After I had to tell you to do X instead of you doing it yourself, now you want sex? You didn’t care enough to have done X before I said something. I’m not feeling very close to you right now!” Or sometimes, she might say, “What? You only did X for me because you thought it would lead to sex? That’s manipulative! I am hurt. You must now make this up to me for many weeks before we have sex again.”

Never listen to shit women say. What she’s saying to you is secondary. The only question you need to concern yourself with is whether or not she’s fucking you.

If a woman is into you, she will fuck you without reservation and without imposing conditions on you. You can be the biggest asshole on the planet who’s never done shit for her, and she will beg you to fuck her. Sex with you is its own reward for her. She feels like it’s something she works to earn, rather than something you work to earn from her.

If a woman is not into you, she will make you jump through hoops with the vague notion that this may lead to sex sometime in the future, maybe, if she feels like it and you maintain your good behavior. Sex with you is a grudging chore she tries to avoid. She feels like it’s something you have to earn, and it’s annoying to have to put out every so often to keep you from whining too much.

The specific words a woman says aren’t that important. Wracking your brain trying to figure out what she meant or how you should respond is a waste of time. She’s either fucking you or she’s not.

Every time you say something to a woman, it should not be a direct response to her previous statement. It should be a stepping stone toward your objective: Sex. You should have a plan to lead her toward sex. Maybe you’re going to go to this first location and do a first activity, then leave at a certain time to go to a second location if necessary, then to your apartment, where you will do another activity and end up having sex. Everything you say to her should be taking charge of the interaction and leading it according to your plan.

She will try to throw monkey wrenches into your plan. She will try to get you to stop leading the interaction and start responding, line by line, to things she says. She will try to become the leader of the interaction, while you react to her words. Then, at the end of the interaction, she will feel like everything was disorganized. There was no plan. The two of you just spun your wheels, and she didn’t have a good time.

Don’t waste any more time listening to a woman’s words. That’s not how they communicate. Look only to her actions. She is either fucking you, or fucking with you.

Be sure to check out The Red Pill's off-Reddit site, where you can find this and other content. Here's a [link](#).

Women are petrified of failure. Use that.

465 upvotes | May 5, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We live in a society where women are denied a very important right that cripples them: Women are denied the right to fail.

Women are predisposed to avoid risk. This biological advantage dates back to ancient times, because women get pregnant and have babies. So women dying in large numbers meant bad things for large populations of humans. This is why ancient women cowered in the herd, learned how to forage in groups, how to fit in, and how to start fucking the conquering men if any of them ran in and killed all of the current men in the tribe. Women survived by avoiding risk.

Women today are much the same as women were back in ancient times. Most women try very hard to fit in with a herd, to work with groups, and to avoid conflict and confrontation with men. Women today avoid risk.

This leads to women applying for sub-par jobs, being afraid to negotiate for salaries or ask for raises or promotions, and being petrified of admitting that the reason they don't succeed is their fear and not the evil patriarchy making them worry about being seen as bitchy.

This leads to women selecting college majors based on what comes easily to them rather than where the money and jobs are. Because women genuinely believe that if they are not predisposed to naturally do well at something, then they weren't meant to do it. The idea of sucking terribly at something, working very hard to improve, investing time and energy into improvement, and quite possibly still sucking at it and failing is completely alien to women. Because investing your time and energy into learning and improving at something when there is no guarantee of a good outcome is risky. You can fail. And women are not allowed to fail.

This also leads to women sucking at work, because when you ask a female employee to start doing something new in addition to her current duties, and she doesn't know how to do that new thing and isn't good at that type of activity, she's going to bitch. She's going to complain that this isn't her job and that she shouldn't have to do this thing. She will accuse you of singling her out, being mean, being sexist, and sue the company, all to avoid failing at this activity she's not good at doing.

Women are afraid to fail, and society encourages this and coddles them and never holds them accountable or puts their feet to the fire, so that they never have to fail. Society denies women the gift of failure, which is just about the most anti-female, anti-feminist, woman-hating act possible.

This shit starts young and goes on throughout a woman's life. My daughter is only five, and she's already afraid to fail. And my wife is in her 30s, and she's even more afraid to fail. And my mom is in her 60s, and she's petrified of failure.

We make our daughter do all kinds of activities, even if she sucks at them, and unlike most of the other upper middle class suburbanite parents, we don't let our kid quit activities just because they're hard and she keeps losing competitions. We just make her practice more, and she still loses. Which is fine. She's five. Five year olds are supposed to have problems scoring soccer goals from large distances, swimming across an Olympic sized pool, beating a bigger, older kid at a martial art, and playing a piano sonata.

But the more we push our girl to try things and fail, the more she comes up with defense mechanisms to avoid failure. Her latest gimmick is as acting very obviously silly when she attempts something, so

that nobody thinks that she's actually trying her hardest. That way, when she fails, she was just being silly, not actually failing. I'm not sure if it's possible to train a woman to be okay with failure, but we're trying.

My wife simply stonewalls and won't do anything if she thinks it will be hard. When she won't go to the gym or for a jog or rock-climbing with me, I just shrug and invite a group of our yoga pants soccer mom neighbors. So far, getting hot and sweaty with pretty, fit women hasn't been enough to make my wife actually start jogging, but it's been great for getting me yelled at for about ten minutes, ignored for about two hours, then fucked for about an hour after that. I usually use the last part of the two-hour ignoring period to shower and shave so I'm nice and clean for sex.

My mom, who is ever-the-narcissist, lies. Whatever you try to get her to do, she swears up and down that she already knows all about it, used to do that activity religiously in her youth, and has practically invented the way that activity works today. And if I'm good at it, she probably taught me how when I was younger and I just forgot. But it's been so long since she's done anything like that, so she's not willing to try today. But she insists that she definitely knows all about whatever the topic is, which should definitely impress you, so please validate her.

Women are born with an innate fear of failure. A woman will only undertake a task if she expects to be able to do it well, and will make all kinds of excuses to avoid doing a task where failure is possible. This is true in all circles. The nerdy girl hanging out with gamers won't play a video game she isn't good at in front of the guys. She'll just watch. The girl who isn't already in shape won't go to the gym alone. The girl who can't sing won't do karaoke unless a whole group of people goes on stage with her, or unless she has a group of friends egging her on, at which point she'll act like my five-year-old by pretending she's just being silly and not actually failing.

This is something you can use.

Assign tasks to your women. Ask them to do things, but always make sure that the things you are asking are well within their abilities. When a woman can complete a task for you easily, she's less likely to give you push-back when you ask, and she feels good about herself for being capable of something. And she grows accustomed to following your instructions.

Neg your women by asking them to do things you know they can't do well, but that they ought to be able to do. When your woman can't cook and you hand her a knife to chop potatoes for dinner, you can tease the ever living fuck out of her when she refuses and gives you some kind of crazy excuse about how she worked so hard doing this other thing for you today and why she shouldn't have to help with dinner. When your woman can't catch a Frisbee and all of your friends are playing while she just watches and pretends she doesn't want to play and doesn't like Frisbee, throw it at her anyway.

Use a woman's fear of failure to make her feel inadequate, like she needs to prove herself to you. Get her accustomed to making excuses to you when she won't try something. This gets her used to feeling like she needs to justify herself to you.

On the other side of the coin, you, as a man, need to embrace failure. Try things, fail, improve, and grow. But remember: Women hate failure and have a complete inability to imagine that anybody else in the world could possibly live or think differently than they do. So don't talk about your failures and shortcomings with women you're trying to fuck. Save your self-improvement activities for your bros. Women need to think that you're innately and naturally good at things, because that's the only way they believe it's possible to be good at something. Because in their coddled and child-like world,

failure doesn't exist.

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Why women are so entranced by "The Handmaid's Tale"

199 upvotes | May 29, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

"The Handmaid's Tale" is a novel, written in the mid-1980s by a female Canadian author of moderate renown. It's a popular book in hardcore womens' studies programs, but not too well-known elsewhere. It is a dystopian work that paints a dark picture of America's future. The Radical Right launches a terrorist attack and assassinates the United States' leaders, takes the country over, and rules tyrannically. Women are stripped of all rights. Everything goes to hell, and due to all of the pollution, most people become infertile. The last few fertile women that are left get stolen away by the wealthy elite governmental officials and become "handmaids", who have forced sex every month at the right point in their ovulatory cycle, so that the wealthy elite can have kids. There's no love, no respect – they're barely people – and they exist solely for procreation and sexual release. Monthly rape by the men who have power over them.

Like most works of literature, this book and its author were pretty much completely unknown to most Western women, who don't give a flying fuck about books or literary concepts unless they see them on a screen, until earlier this year, when a TV series based on this book premiered. As we all know, nobody in the TV or movie business actually generates creative content any more. Everything that comes out nowadays is a sequel, prequel, remake, based on a book, based on a true story, and so on. And somebody decided to cash in on this book, so here we are.

So this year, the literary concepts presented in a dystopian book written in 1985 have suddenly entered the consciousness of American women, as though these old and tired topics explored in countless books (dystopia was especially popular in the 80s) are somehow fresh and new. And for many of these women, who have never read or thought beyond their cellular telephones, these thoughts are indeed new.

Many women viewing this TV show are completely immersed, enraptured in the tale. They feel so connected to the story of a sub-human sex toy, as though it speaks to them directly. Most women glibly pass this feeling off as modern social commentary on Donald Trump. After all, he's an asshole and a misogynist and the country elected him, and this cool TV series is clearly what Donald Trump wants to do to all women everywhere, so that must be why they're feeling this way about this TV show, right?

I submit, however, that the feelings these women are having have nothing to do with being oppressed by the evil Donald Trump. Women don't feel this strong of a connection to television show over the fact that the government is run by rich assholes (which has definitely never happened before). No, this connection comes from the feelings they have about the people that are close to them. Not the president. These women feel this way because deep down inside, they feel oppressed by their husbands, their boyfriends past and present, and by the men in their lives that they know, closely and personally.

We constantly explore the plight of men, here at The Red Pill, while often completely overlooking the plight of women. It's easy to forget that when the large majority of men suck, the large majority of women are unhappy. If you think it's tough being a shitty loser man in a low-sex marriage, imagine being his wife and having to fuck him every month. Having to muster up the willpower to, essentially, let a man that you don't want to fuck – that every fiber in your body is screaming at you

to run away from – rape you, because you don't want to break apart your family or lose your stability. Many wives and girlfriends, simply put, do not want to fuck their loser men. But the alternative is worse. Breaking families apart, losing financial stability and all of the labor their men provide, turning their lives upside down – these women essentially feel like their lives are being held at gunpoint. They don't want to have sex, but the men in their lives have power over them, and because these men have power over them, they allow these men to rape them. They don't love their men – at least not in a sexual way – and are simply allowing themselves to be used for sexual release by someone who has power over them.

Women who are married to or involved with loser men feel like handmaids, from the TV show. No respect, no love, just monthly rapes because the alternative is worse. And this is why *The Handmaid's Tale* speaks to so many women.

Like most fictional novels, *The Handmaid's Tale* caters to its audience. Not too long into the book, the evil oppressor man who owns the female protagonist starts to become interested in her for more than just her handmaid duties. And, of course, there's another man that she eagerly wants to fuck in between forced fuckings, who loves her back because, as we all know from *Twilight*, *50 Shades of Grey*, and other such books, men always fall left and right an average woman for absolutely no reason whatsoever simply because there's something so darn indescribably special about her. The book quickly turns from its dystopian commentary about America's dark future into a tale of this woman's hopes, dreams, and attempts to escape to a better life with a better man – directly speaking to its target audience of unhappy wives.

Remember, the majority of men are losers. Well, not really. They're average guys. But in the eyes of women, that makes them losers. Most women are not happy with most men. They're just whoring themselves out for money, labor, and stability. Meanwhile, they dream of an escape to a better life with a better man. And over time, these feelings take a toll. *The Handmaid's Tale* speaks to modern women because modern women literally feel oppressed by their men. On some level, deep down inside, they feel powerless, used, and raped by the men who love them. It's seriously messed up.

You are their salvation. No woman has ever met a man like you. You can make a woman feel special. Alive. Sexy. You can be the hero in her story, simply by not being a loser. By engaging her emotions. By making her feel.

Don't try to be her stability. She doesn't need another loving, stable man to whore herself to while feeling unfairly oppressed by all the good things he provides. She needs a man who can help her escape. Who can make her feel like just for a few hours, she can forget it all with you.

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Own your shit to avoid her negative emotional intimacy

140 upvotes | June 27, 2017 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I have long touted the position that sexual attraction and emotional intimacy are completely separate pillars of a relationship. This flies in the face of popular modern thinking. Women, marriage counselors, and modern society as a whole insist that for women, emotional intimacy is an absolute prerequisite to sex. That if she's not in love with you, her legs are crossed.

Of course, female behavior flies in the face of this assertion. You need look no farther than your nearest bar to see women going home and having sex with guys they barely know. The sexual attraction is there, but emotional intimacy is not. Many married couples find angry sex, when the two of them are fighting, and even the subsequent make-up sex, to be some of the best sex they've ever had. At that particular time, sexual attraction is there, but emotional intimacy is not.

On the flip side, one need only look as far as the internet, any marriage counselor's office, or even a modern sitcom, to see the opposite situation. People who love each other and are emotionally close, but the sexual attraction isn't there, so sex is absent, infrequent, a chore, a fight. Emotionally intimacy is there, but sexual attraction is not.

Sexual attraction and emotional intimacy are two separate pillars of a relationship. While society tends to prioritize "love" and insist that a focus on sex is shallow and trivial, a relationship that lacks sexual attraction is every bit as much of a failure as a relationship that lacks emotional intimacy.

However, while these two pillars are separate, they are not unrelated. If a woman does not think you are sexually attractive, this often manifests in her behavior. A wife trapped in a marriage to a husband she doesn't want to fuck tends to be disrespectful, bitchy, and downright mean. He may be the nicest and most thoughtful husband in the world, but if he's an unattractive chump in her eyes, nothing he ever does will be good enough. Conversely, if a wife is married to a husband she, and every single one of her friends and neighbors, wants to fuck more than anything, she'll respect the hell out of that man, even if he barely lifts a finger to do things for her. Most guys are somewhere between these two extremes.

If you're a random guy at a bar, picking up random women, you don't need to worry about emotional intimacy. You can just be attractive. But if you're a husband, the relationship between sexual attraction and emotional intimacy is a factor you need to consider in your dealings with your wife.

The core of the issue is that women contextualize sex. A woman will have a random threesome in college, just to see what it's like, with people she doesn't even like. She will have six one-night stands with strangers from the bar, one of which included her only experience with anal, all of which included blowjobs. She will consider all of this to be positive, enriching experiences. She will be raped one night in the bar parking lot and consider that to be the worst experience of her life. She will date her husband-to-be and make him wait six months before having sex for the first time, marry him after two years, and have once a month, missionary-only sex, no blowjobs. And all of these different sexual standards for different experiences will all make sense to her based on the roles each of these guys played for her.

Women will hold different guys to different standards, based on the role that guy is currently filling in her life. When a woman goes to the bar looking for a random dick to have some fun with, it doesn't matter if the guy is a bit of an asshole. He's hot, he's confident, so he's good for a fuck. The

lack of emotional intimacy doesn't matter, because she's not holding him to any standard of emotional intimacy.

Conversely, when a woman is with her husband, she's holding him to a different standard. Her husband is expected to fill the role of husband, not the role of random dick from the bar. If her husband isn't measuring up and fulfilling his role for her and for the family, she is going to feel resentment, anger, even hate. Essentially, negative emotional intimacy.

While emotional intimacy isn't a prerequisite for sex, if your wife feels a whole lot of negative emotional intimacy – anger, resentment, hate, etc. – then this negative emotional intimacy may serve as a barrier to sex, even if she's attracted to you sexually. Even when, had you been a random guy at the bar instead of her husband, she'd have fucked you.

Your wife holds you to a higher standard than she holds other men, and if she feels resentment regarding your failure to meet that standard, this will keep her from fucking you even if the attraction is there. When you married her, you promised to fill the role of husband, not the role of random dick from the bar, and if your shit isn't handled and you aren't filling that role properly, the hate she feels for you for breaking your promise – that negative emotional intimacy – will cock block you worse than any nosy toddler. And all of the muscles in the world and all of the flirting with your neighbors imaginable won't fix this.

What's worse is that the next random dick at a bar she sees on girls' night, who isn't being held to the same standard as you, will seem a lot more emotionally close to her than he actually is, simply because all of that negative emotional intimacy isn't there. The absence of resentment and hate will feel like love to her.

The normal advice of "be attractive, don't be unattractive" works just fine for random guys at a bar, but once you're married, you have the added burden of owning your shit. Getting your shit handled. Keeping your wife comfortable that the shit is taken care of and that she doesn't need to worry her pretty little head about the shit.

Married life is harder than single life primarily because you've agreed to additional responsibilities, for the same sex you could have had while single, usually because you're planning on making some babies. Essentially, the transaction is that you promise to be better than a random guy from the bar and she promises to have your kids. If you're cheating your wife out of what she thought she bargained for by not owning your shit, more muscles won't help.

Unmarried guys can disregard emotional intimacy in a way that husbands can't. Although trying to trade good behavior for sex is a huge error, handling your shit like an awesome husband so that your wife doesn't hate your guts is critical to getting laid, and every bit as important as lifting weights.