

Why men should choose reality over feelings, and other musings on my hiatus.

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2020 has been the shittiest year so far in my life (visual representation above), and it's probably been yours too. So, let's skip over the shittiness and get back to the name of the game...which is game.

A quick point before we get to my rather random, but hopefully useful observations: it has never been so clear to me that we have become a feminine society that values feelings over reality—and I don't just mean women or liberals, because if we're honest, a hell of a lot of conservatives and men share the EXACT same sense of false victimization—an aggrievement that is entirely artificial, amplified by emotion.

People today don't accept the truth for what it is: they choose the truth they want to accept. And then for good measure they jack it up to level nine through their news and social media echo chambers. I mean, if it isn't clear by now that the "news" isn't about news, but about keeping your attention as long as they possibly can, I don't know what to tell you. Same is true of social media. And the best way to control your attention is to make you angry and emotional.

But this isn't without consequence. I mean, as everyone reading this blog should know—[anyone who's taken the red pill anyway](#)—believing the blue pill fantasy is great...

Until it's not, and you find yourself eating fast food alone on a couch in you mid-thirties, crumbs from a breakfast sandwich dropping from your shitty, ill-fitting polo shirt onto the floor as you stare at the divorce papers lying on a hand-me-down coffee table, about to get zeroed out and lose most of the time you have with your kids while still having to pay for them.

Now, that doesn't mean the path of TRP is easy, but if someone could go back and tell a younger RPD about how women actually work and what really matters when it comes to getting ahead in life when I

was 16, I'd have gotten laid a lot more than I did and have a lot more money than I do now. This blog is a mostly a catalog of my attempt to make up for lost time.

So yeah, in the choice between harsh reality and "the feelz", I'll choose the former all damn day. And if you're any kind of a man, you should too.

But that means doing the work, rather than relying on hope and dreams and vague platitudes like the ones you'll find on Twitter from supposed gurus, who by the way, are often just flat out wrong about a lot of shit. Like, you probably shouldn't take medical or life advice from guys who spend all day drawing green lines on pictures of famous people or who talk endlessly about mystical fucking energy fields and conspiracy theories.

I mean, you do you bros—but just know that if all you do is listen to people who tell you what you want to hear, at some point reality is going to blindsides the shit out of you, and if you keep it up, it's going to keep happening.

Women will mostly do what you want if you hold frame.

One thing that led me to this realization was my semi-LTR relationship with [Booty Girl](#), who's exceptionally emotional and as a consequence, irrational to a degree that at times is maddening.

Maybe that sounds obvious; after all, she's a woman. But we'll come to that point later.

Anyway, I initially gamed her early last fall, then things fell away, and then out of the blue she came back and we've been hanging out once or twice a week now for the past couple months. One of the things I've noticed as we've become closer (which is just bound to happen when you spend excess time with anyone), however, is that if you hold frame, chicks really don't give a fuck about almost anything.

Like, if you think it's fine, then it's fine.

A few examples come to mind: the first is when I told her about my teaching of game and cold approach. Obviously, I didn't want her to overhear my teaching calls, both for my students' privacy as well as my own, but if you're with a chick and you have to leave for an hour to make phone calls on a semi-regular basis, she's going to require some kind of explanation at some point.

The first time I just told her I needed to make a call and told her it was none of her business. But the next time I said, "yeah, so I learned pick-up...it sounds worse than it is: really it's just learning how to meet chicks in real life instead of on Tinder."

She says, "is that how you got me?"

"Yep."

Then she kisses me, and I continue: "so yeah, I learned to do it and now I help other guys learn."

And then she's like: "oh, OK. Well go make your call then." Easy peasy. What's more: after this point, she accepted it like she would accept me going to work—almost seemed proud of me. Which in retrospect, makes sense—one of the things Mystery talks about as a pillar of attraction: being a leader of men.

Another case was my going to the gym.

BG is super freaked out about COVID—irrationally so, like so many people around the Western World, especially women—so she won't go to the gym (more on that in a second), eat inside a restaurant, use a public restroom, etc. Needless to say, she wasn't very happy when I told her, before I was set to go over to her house, that I had just gotten done working out, saying something to the effect of, OMG you're gonna get me sick.

To which I replied: no, it's fine. Everyone wears a mask, they clean the place every two hours, and it's a

massive building with good ventilation...but if you don't want me to come over, I won't.

And wouldn't you know it, she immediately folded and I fucked her as soon as I got over to her house.

On a personal note, however, I've decided to let my relationship with BG lapse. When we met a year ago, she was a mid to high 7—and I'd even say she was a high 6/low 7 when we first got back together this fall, but since then she's gotten visibly fatter. **AND SHE WON'T WORK OUT OR GO TO THE GYM FFS!** I've tried to encourage her, but I refuse to be with someone who won't take care of their health. She just turned 28 I think? My guess is she probably has mostly gotten away with bad habits so far by virtue of being young, but it's catching up now and if she's not willing to work on it, I'm out.

NAWALT—women aren't the same in a lot of ways.

Another thing that's become quite apparent during this time is that as much as we like to throw around AWALT (all women are like this/that), when it comes to personality and temperament, women can be vastly different creatures.

For instance, BG is about as basic as it gets: posts shit constantly to her IG (to the point where I don't even follow her because it will just piss me off), does most things in life for the sake of appearance, engages in group think, and is highly irrational—and yet all the same, pleasant enough to be around and fun to fuck...she'll make someone a good wife someday if she can figure out how to stay in shape and the guy can hold frame.

But I recently met another lass, let's call her Dr. Girl, because she is one-training now in residency. What's funny is I actually only found this out recently, because she's such a private person.

We met at a restaurant near my house: I was working on some stuff and struck up a conversation with her as she was doing the same. In better times I should point out, this is how I meet a lot of women: through one-off approaches just going about my day to day shit.

Anyway, I gamed her carefully over the course of about an hour, flirting, then going back to my work, then flirting more and more, gradually ratcheting up the temperature; initially I thought I might get the SDL, but it wasn't in the cards—however, I got her number and then was able to get her over to my apartment for the lay the following Saturday.

Since then I've seen her maybe three times? It's been so strung out it's a bit weird, but she is truly a fuck buddy. She's using me for the occasional sex and company and seems to want nothing more—and she couldn't be fucked to respond to me if she doesn't want to. In fact, as I write this, I haven't heard from her in like four days, and it's entirely possible I'll never hear from her again, although I think I've fucked her well enough she'll probably come back unless she's met someone she's more serious about.

In any case, she's the opposite of most chicks: doesn't want a relationship, is anti-clingy, has zero social media, and shock-horror—actually reads books. In this way she's quite lovely, but unfortunately a bit on the cold side; too cold probably, to consider for an LTR, and in any case rarely available. And, if I'm honest, she'd probably prefer a beta provider type in the long run as opposed to the bohemian player I've become anyway.

However, I bring this up because we too often get stuck into thinking all chicks are the same, and the truth is that they come in all styles and varieties. Yes: to some extent they will all engage in the dual mating strategy, they're all capable of being very slutty, and a woman doesn't have a choice when it comes to interpreting her world—her emotions always come first, the only difference is that some women control them better than others.

But in many other ways, women can be quite different. And if you think it's tragic that Gen Z's greatest apparent contribution to human progress is going to be a bunch of quickly forgotten videos of good-

looking rich, white girls in crop tops dancing to thirty second clips of bad rap or hip-hop, know that there are plenty of chicks out there like Dr. Girl who feel exactly the same. Believe it or not, the sky is not falling—there are still lots of lovely, feminine girls out there of all varieties and personality types—despite what the chicken littles of the manosphere might tell you on Twitter.

Also: chicks like this love to get fucking dominated—Dr. Girl likes the anal-plug and getting tied up (I have restraints that hook in under the bed, but I need to get some actual rope at some point)...but for some reason won't let me fuck her in the ass? Alas...

Don't underestimate how fucked up you are from 2020.

So I went into work the other day to pick some shit up. I was only there for three hours, and I only saw like two other people, but it was amazing how much that changed my mood.

The fact is, we're not meant to do this. Humans are the most social of creatures, and a year of not going into work, not interacting with people IRL, not going to sporting events or concerts, has had a far more detrimental impact on us than most people realize. I know it has for me. Just going into work made me realize how much I missed seeing other people, bullshitting at lunch, even going to meetings in some office or auditorium, which prior, I thought were awful.

But seriously, think about it: we've replaced everything good about going to work or school, like meeting new people, going places, in person discussions, and replaced it with the worst possible shit—virtual meetings and staring at screens endlessly, sometimes going days without needing to leave our house or apartment.

I've made a point to get out at least once a day for a walk, but I've spent WAY too much time in my apartment this year, as have most of us—either a lot of time alone, or far more time with our partner and/or kids than is good for anyone involved. And unfortunately, given the fact the virus has been spiking once again in both Europe and here in the states, we've got probably at least until March or April before things get significantly better.

Now, I'm not an epidemiologist or a politician—and I try not to play them on Twitter—so I'll leave that shit to them, but what I will say is that COVID presents a very tricky problem, in that it's real, it's bad, and it's highly contagious.

But at the same time, it's not THAT bad. Truth is, the vast majority of people who get it will be totally fine after a few days, and yet if you listen to the hysterical voices or read the NY Times, you'd think it was the fucking plague. However, it does kill a lot more people than the flu, especially people over 60, so what do you do?

Again, I'll leave that to the politicians and epidemiologists, but here's the deal:

1. It's not a hoax. It's a real thing, and if you say otherwise, you're a fuck.
2. It's not a death sentence, and for most people, it's not a very serious illness at all...and if you say otherwise, you're a fuck.

So, like much of what's going on today, we need to dial the temperature down on this thing, while acknowledging the reality that it is a problem we need to deal with somehow.

But the point here is that you're probably kind of fucked up as a consequence of the lock downs, social distancing, etc. And it's been a shitty year for a lot of other reasons too. So here's my advice: in whatever way you can, try to get back to normal, slowly but surely. Here are some things to try...

- If they let you, go into work once or twice a week. I cannot tell you how much just going in for one

day made me feel better and more whole. Strange, I know—but true.

- Take long walks, say hi to everyone you see, try to engage them in conversation. We need to stretch our social muscles and this is the best way you can do it right now.
- Make an effort to get off the phone. Delete your social media apps and games, or at the very least, turn off notifications. You can decide if you want to check an app on your own—you don't need to get a bunch of buzzes and beeps and banners from the goddamn phone. Remember, that shit only exists to gamify your attention.
- Go on vacation if you can afford it. I was able to get away recently with some friends, and actually have another quick trip planned next weekend, and these provide a much needed respite. If nothing else, a change of scenery is awesome, and if you're working remotely as many of us are, rent an AirBnB—you can still work, but in your spare time, you can explore a bit.
- Find someone to fuck. Seriously, one of the things that's kept me sane is having these two plates over the past couple months. And if you can't find someone to fuck, find someone you can hug or spend time with. Kids are great for this, and even if you don't have them, find a way to spend time with children. They are beautiful and a constant reminder of why life is good and worthwhile—there's not much better in life than reading a book with a kid in your lap. As for the people who don't like kids: avoid. The rule about people who don't like dogs, kids, or old people is a good one—something is deeply wrong with those types.
- [Change your mind](#). . . more on this in a future post. But if you haven't considered psychedelics, something to think about (note: I'm not advising you to do anything illegal, and even if you go somewhere they are legal or disregard my advice, be very, very intentional and careful, as these are truly mind altering substances and should not be taken lightly).
- [Get your fitness together](#). I've gotten a bit flabby lately (never stopped lifting or working out, but haven't been great about my diet—still in good shape, but less than ideal), but it hasn't mattered a ton because I'm not actively running game. However, my guess is Spring/Summer of 2021 will be pretty good for game, and if you're in top shape, getting chicks is just way easier. Plus you'll feel better. . .

Last point: if you haven't already, figure out what your mission is and do that. Make it your number one priority and give it as much time and energy as you can. I finally had an epiphany last night on what my next project will be, and it feels fucking great. Yes, the red pill novel will come one of these days, but what I've found is that you can't force it, and for writing fiction, it's near impossible for me if I'm not around other people, as that's kinda my muse.

OK, think that's it for today—it's been awhile. Feels good to be back. And remember, if you want to learn cold approach, game, seduction, red pill, I'll be your teacher. Shoot me an email (redpilldadpua@gmail.com) or [DM me on Twitter](#) and we'll figure it out.

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