

# The Red Pill: Take Daily, As Directed

The Red Pill Room | 27 August, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood

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I was having a discussion with a co-worker about the Red Pill the other day, and this came up:

***"Why can't a husband and wife be equals most of the time, and then just have him get dominant in the bedroom where it counts?"***



Well, that's an *interesting* idea. Wouldn't that, indeed, be the best of both worlds? A feminist-friendly co-leadership dynamic emphasizing consensus for household business and routine matters, and then a powerfully dominant male when it was time for sex would seem to be the perfect mix of the Red Pill and the Blue Pill.



The problem is, **it doesn't work**. You can't be Beta for six and a half days a week and then expect your wife to suddenly take you seriously as an Alpha on Saturday night and bone you rotten.

That's what I tried to explain to my co-worker, who was a bit scandalized by the idea of men being full-time dominant. Declaring yourself a dominant partner at all, in any capacity, will raise an eyebrow or two these days if you're a man. But it's actually women who have clued us in to this.

When women say "*foreplay starts when your feet hit the floor in the morning!*" (one of Mrs. Ironwood's favorite sayings), and "*women need more time to 'warm up' to sex than men*", and [women generally have responsive desire, not spontaneous desire](#), what they are *actually* saying is "**You have to be Alpha enough to engage my sexual interest *long before* sexy time, or I am going to be dismissive and unenthusiastic with your sudden chest-beating and display of genitalia as inauthentic.**"



That's why the Red Pill is more than a PUA "trick". It's more than a scheme or a scam or a technique. You have to swallow the Red Pill every day, even when you don't want to. Because if you backslide and start with the "I dunno, whatdoyouwannado?" even a *little . . . her panties will know it*.

Consider the matter thusly: if you want to have sex with your wife more than once or twice a week, then you *have* to engage her sexual interest *long* before you whip out Mr. Happy and want to play doctor. And you don't do that with Beta, you do that with *Alpha*. That isn't to say you don't need to *display* Beta...but Beta don't get you laid. Alpha does.

All of my readers who are wavering about taking the Red Pill need to understand that **Game isn't a game: it's serious business. You can't half-ass it and then expect it to work.** You must be compliant to the program (the MAP, for newbies), you must exercise your manly discipline, you must maintain what you've accomplished and constantly push for more or you're just fooling around.

BE Captain. Don't PLAY Captain. Because she -- and her panties -- will know the difference.



That means being the leader every day.

That means being decisive in your leadership every day.

That means soliciting her opinions before you make a decision about something important, every day.

That means ensuring the health, safety, and welfare for your family every day.

That means household maintenance every day.

That means working out in some way, every day.

That means making at least three good DHV Alpha moves every day.

That means intriguing her sense of curiosity or wonder every day.

That means making her come to you, not the other way around, every day.

That means holding her to account every day.

That means plenty of kisses and a couple good hugs every day.

That means doing a little better for yourself every day.

That means keeping yourself solidly grounded to be her anchor every day.

That means having a plan, working the plan, and amending the plan as necessary every day.

That means making your nest a little better every day.

That means being proactive, not reactive, every day.

That means giving her direction as needed every day.

That means not succumbing to her shit tests every day.



That means communicating effectively what you expect and what you desire every day.

That means screwing her hard every time (every day is probably too much to ask at first...but when you do get there, *go Caveman on her*).

That means being involved and interested in her life and her day every day.

That means a thousand other little things that you have to master before you can stand up and say "Yes, I am the Captain of this family" without guilt or blushing, un-apologetically and without your wife's permission.

Sure, the "every day" thing gets to be hard after a while -- it's awfully tempting to slip back into the passive-aggressive volunteer celibacy of Betaworld when things get rough or even just boring. There is comfort in standing around, looking dumb and waiting for your wife to tell you how to fix things to her satisfaction. That's probably what you've been doing most of your life with her.

But you can't. Not without severe side-effects. The Red Pill must be taken as directed, starting when your alarm goes off every morning. That means overcoming your natural inertia and getting the fuck up

when the alarm rings the first time, then jumping into action to begin your day. You think Captain Picard would grab his pillow and whine for "five more minutes"? That means getting your wife up if she's not already and proceeding with the day's business with determined leadership.



If all of this seems overwhelming, you might be one of those folks for whom a more gradual titration of the Red Pill is in order. Start small, with one thing, and do that thing all week. Say, kiss your wife for ten seconds. Then the second week, add making the bed to your list -- not because you want to, but because grown up responsible adults make their beds when they rise, and you are setting the stage for later sex. And feel free to tell your wife that when she asks. The third week resolve to add standing up straight to your list, and the fourth week start tracking your wife's menstrual cycle if you don't already.

Each week it's just one extra thing, that way, and some women are so clueless as to not even observe the change in your behavior at first. That's a good thing. Subtlety is an important part of the Red Pill too, and making a few changes and "getting away with it" can lead you to making far bolder choices in the future on the strength of your small successes.

But you have to be disciplined about it. If something fails and needs to be studied before re-implementation, then do so -- don't just give up and go back to the Blue Pill. Having discipline means doing something even when it is inconvenient or difficult, because you know that the long-term effect of your actions is more desirable than the alternative. Not just getting up and going to work, but making an active choice every day to improve yourself and your situation through the steady, methodic application of consistent effort.



As Americans, we often shun discipline as being a "rut" we don't want to fall into. I've heard women say, *"I was working out three times a week for a while, but then it just got to be a rut and I'm too freespirted for that!"* as a rationalization as to why they've paid nine months of gym membership fees but haven't gone. Working out takes discipline. And discipline is, by definition, a "rut" to which you return because you know it's the **right thing to do**.

Discipline is hard. We can always find excuses why we can't do something we don't really want to.

Breaking bad habits is hard. When you've spent the last ten years deferring to your wife, standing up for yourself and taking yourself seriously as a leader is hard. But you can't expect her to take you seriously if you don't take yourself seriously. Establishing new habits is hard. We dislike changes to our routine even as we crave novelty. New habits which create friction -- and sometimes that Red Pill goes down hard -- are even harder to establish. When you've spent the last ten years passively accepting what came into your life instead of actively surging ahead, that's a hard, sharp turn to make. You're going to make mistakes, you're going to learn from them, and you're going to move on. The reward is hours and hours of decent quality pussy. That's the Red Pill Payoff: getting laid the way you want, as often as you want, with a willing and eager wife.



**But you have to take it every day if you want it to work.** You *can't* backslide. You *can't* be noncompliant with the program *you yourself wrote* and then complain that it doesn't work. The day you phone it in is the day she decides that maybe she was mistaken about the new feelings you've inspired in her. The day you whine about your life instead of bragging about your

accomplishments can kill weeks of careful work building yourself up. The day you break down and emotionally abase yourself to your wife, instead of holding your shit together and steering a steady course, you lose months of painstaking work.

But the payoff is exquisite. Six months of the Red Pill (if your relationship survives) taken as directed yields *substantial* rewards. Presenting Alpha instead of Beta can't help but make your wife sit up and take notice. Speaking commandingly, with authority, is sure to have a better effect than asking hesitantly and apologetically. Having a plan moistens panties, displaying competency and value makes nipples hard, standing up to her shit tests makes her breathe hard.



You've got to get up every morning with a renewed sense of purpose and commitment to improving yourself and your marriage, or you're just trying the social equivalent of a fad diet. You cannot, in other words, be Beta six days a week and expect to come up Alpha on Saturday night. That's like a weight-conscious woman dieting one day a week and eating what she likes the other six days. .

It just doesn't *work* that way. Not if you want to get laid and inspire the mad horniness. You cannot be Beta six days a week and try to spring Alpha on her FTW. Not if you want it to work.

Take the Red Pill . . . *daily*, as directed.