



The Masculinity Speeches, Vol 1.

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Preface

It was a strange time. I was a few years past the hard times in my relationship. For those that don't know, I was posted to a remote unit away from the military proper and had an investigation laid on me from out of the blue one day. We had an actual spy, Jeffrey Delisle, who had been caught a year prior, and the military has a habit of overreaction, then slowly drawing it back. I had the honor of being the great story at cocktail parties from an aspiring part time sailor without sea time. Since then, I had found myself through a few Google searches onto a space called the red pill. It was a blessing in disguise. I had seen many other men in their own personal hell and the systems they used to claw themselves out of it. The place was designed for sexual strategy, or men who weren't having sex, but had since expanded once people realized that those same mental models helped them in all areas of life.

I had left the organization and begun to work in the corporate world, starting again as an analyst and clawing my way up. Rollo Tomassi, one of the original thought leaders in the space had invited me to speak at a convention he had decided to work with back in 2017. I thought it would be a great time, talking with people I had only known by their writings up to that point. The question was, I was to have sixty minutes of the audiences' time to speak on any topic I chose. I had to answer the question,

"If people are to spend this kind of money to listen to me speak, what can I say to ensure they got the value for their dollar?"

And for months I stared at a screen, until thirty days out, then I hit the keyboard. This space had a structure, which was called Dread. Dread was the idea of taking a woman's behavior at the end of a relationship, and adapting that system for male sensibilities. Hit the gym, start being social again, slowly pull away and stop from pulling the plug until you were ready to. It was simple, it was elegant, and it solves a lot of a man's problems, without simply kicking the can down the road to re-enact them tomorrow with a new girl. It was something everyone in this space knew about, but few had read, and fewer could articulate. I decided then to tell that story, but simply reading off a list of actions was boring, speeches are storytelling, and the point here is to tell a story so the audience would understand why and what is going on. A lot of what we did in this space is about gaining more confidence in courses of action.

People are trying things that seem counter intuitive, and being able to show some likely consequences of that gives a man confidence when he's doing them. It doesn't need much, I've not seen a man yet who properly implements dread who ends up regretting the results. Sure, it may not end with the same woman he started with, but he is always better off in the end.

I was vacationing in San Torini, Greece at the time. I was practicing the speech a few times a day. I dropped my laptop on a drunken evening and lost the entire thing. I was to head straight home from the trip, pack a bag and head to Florida, and so I had to get to work. A new laptop ordered priority, landed at my house a day prior, and a rewrite of the entire thing. I realized sometimes that a complete rewrite actually improves a thing, it's like going back while knowing the ending of the book you're starting to write. I had practiced it on the plane, but wasn't ready.

One day later, some notes on papers so I could keep track of where I was going, and voila, the first, Married Red Pill speech on Dread in Orlando Florida. I've kept it in the state it was in when I gave it, including the timing markers so I can check cadence. Even then, a speech set for 57 minutes only lasted 52, so it's clear I went a little fast in places I shouldn't have.

Enjoy

Rian

Introduction

Good morning, I want to thank everyone in the audience, to Rollo, and Anthony for asking me to be here today. Today, I'm here to talk about navigating relationships | unfucking yourself.

Relationships, are women's work.

A little about me.

I was a kid from Edmonton, grandfather was a Baptist minister, and dad was a playboy gambler. Parents divorced when I was 5, so I spent most of my life on a small ranch in British Columbia. Went to college, did the standard life script, and joined the Navy at 23. What can I say? Got drunk, was bored, and liked the idea of following a vision.

I spent those years working hard, and playing hard. I was fit, I was fun, I was financially successful, and I fucked. Learned game, had a lot of success, and eventually hit a speed-bump. A few Google searches later, trying to find "what the fuck just happened? I was crushing it! I ended up in The Red Pill, and the Married Red Pill.

A place, a place where a few thousand guys got together, read through a lot of the work built up over decades by a lot of men, much of it you will hear about this week. And a lot of the field reports of other men. They read through it, and started working towards a practical application of what other men have learned.

A disclaimer for you all here tonight. I am not a speech writer, I'm not an academic, and I'm not a thought leader. I don't have a book for you to read, a course for you to take, or a seminar for you to watch. I am here because I enjoy the subject, I enjoy the struggle, I enjoy life, and I prefer to live with life as it is, instead of what I want it to be.

My plan is to give you a very, very brief overview on how we apply these strategies to our lives. On average, guys usually spend a year getting into the books, and doing the work, and there are no shortcuts, or a month for every year they've been in a shit relationship.

We work with the idea, the idea that actions are purposeful. People aren't random, and you, your problems, your women, they aren't unique. None of it is. We are ship builders. Everyone is shown a set of tools, and you can use them to build what ship you want, and pilot the course you set.

We won't tell you why you want your goal, we won't tell you what your ultimate goal is. We talk about the how. How to build your ship.

You can build a Cigarette-boat, something fast, something flashy, something fun.

You can build a houseboat, something stable, something fit for a family, something comfortable.

Fuck, you can build a shitty dhow and float by yourself off the coast, fishing and getting drunk if you really want.

Your life, your decision. Like every captain, when something goes wrong on your ship, it's your fault, your responsibility. Doesn't matter if it's one of the passengers, the sea, or your own incompetence. It's all on you, may as well run it the way you want to.

Sip coffee, pause and reset

The types of men

For relationships on the outs, there is two groups of men, the fallen man, and the backup plan. They start from different places, but the path is the same for each.

There's the fallen man, the Chad. The fallen man was the jock, the playboy, the pick-up artist. You've always been fun to be around, you've had a mission, and eventually, you want to settle down, for whatever reasons.

You're fit, you're fun, you're financially successful and you fuck. It's the 4 r's to a good life.

Chances are, you settled into a relationship naturally, where the girls you were dating all culled themselves from your life with red-flags, and the one you were with just didn't have them. Why not? You're a high value male, the world is fair, you work hard, you play hard, and you enjoy the spoils.

Why wouldn't you believe this? You're fun, your fit, you're financially successful, and you fuck. It's the four R's to a good life.

Then, after a few years in, maybe a decade, maybe during your golden years, something happens. You get sick, something that you don't bounce back from. You get into financial trouble. 2008 crash happened, and you're industry never bounced back. Sometimes, it's just

simple as you've been coasting. Your athletic body is now a dad bod, your confident cocky attitude is worn down to football and beer in the man cave.

And it doesn't help, when men are down, the behaviors that manifest? Not our most attractive qualities.

Pause, switch to soliloquy

I joined the navy at 23, I was bored, kind of direction-less, and me following the advice of 'follow your dreams' didn't really pan out into a fulfilling life. I began to ride life hard, and put it away wet, and it was fun. Settled down with the girl I'm with now. We had been casual since she was 19, and she happened to be in the foreign port I was at the time. I had a stripper flake on me, she had some kid whose dad was the front man in a rock band that she flaked on. For me, she had no red flags, over 12 months, I hadn't seen it before, so we gave it a go, I mean, every relationship I had up to that point was 30 days or less before the chick went fucking crazy, so I just stopped having them.

That was about 8 years ago.

I paid the mortgage, I paid the bills, and why not? It was my place. She had 100% disposable income. She wanted a luxury car? Had some troubles with finances? I would bail her out. Why not? She is part of my tribe; couples help each other right? She would be there for me. Dude in Seattle during New Year's started trying to assault her? Choke slam into a picture frame at a hotel. No one puts kitty in the corner. I had all these 'great boyfriend points, high value relationship acts over the years

And after a time, my chain of command conducted what we call 'administrative violence'.

Long story short, I had gone from someone fit, fun, and fuck-able. I had gone from that, to a guy who drank, a guy on medication for massive anxiety attacks, a nice shit locker to boot. A fallen man. I'm sure a lot of guys have fallen far further than me, we all have our stories.

It's a concept called the light switch effect. The narrative gets rewritten, All of a sudden, none of that stuff I just bragged about doing? None of it mattered. I wasn't that great guy with a solid relationship. I was the anchor weighing her down. You fill that piggy bank over the years, and when you go to look at it? It's like it was never there.

Snap fingers

You aren't that great guy with a solid relationship. You are the anchor weighing her down. A lot of guys come to this fact, and it slaps em in the face hard. Of course, complaining, anger, sulking. All those things guys tend to do when they are down? They make it very easy for a woman to get your social circles to believe. She is a saint, you are an asshole, and she's good to shut the shit-show down.

All of a sudden, that sweet girl, that special unicorn of your life, something switches, things she liked about you are your worst traits. All of a sudden, you've had problems for years. All of a sudden, that sweet girl, at best, gets cold, gets bitchy. At worst, she wants out, divorces, and takes the kids, because you've always been an asshole.

Pause

And then there's the Backup Man, the Guy.

He wasn't the most successful guy with women. I used to be this guy. In high school, I owned fucking real estate in the friend-zone. I was scrawny, kind of looked like Pedro from Napoleon Dynamite. College too. I had a lot of high quality friends, I learned to get in shape. But my attitude held me back. A lot of it was from my family growing up.

I had a step-father, fairly brutish... Very brutish. The guy your mom complains about often. And you're a kid! Of course, this is the most important girl in your life, and if she complains, then you should take it at face value. Take it at face value, and never be that guy. Not with women. You end up becoming the 180 degree opposite of him. This is bad, because with a lot of those characteristics, he is able to attract women, to keep women. A lot of those complaints aren't complaints at all. It's a girl using her mouth to collect her thoughts.

I lost a lot of opportunity growing up, and it wasn't until I threw myself into the navy, I would have probably continued down that path. I hear hundreds of guys' stories that did. They sound similar. You weren't successful with women, so you doubled down on your job. You became a kick ass doctor, a kick ass lawyer, a kick ass, something. All those women you knew,

they thought you were a great catch. They also thought you were there for them when they got attracted to chad, and needed someone to vent their frustrations, kind of like when your mom used bitch about your father...

So you get older, 30 maybe. You finally get 'that girl'. We are aspirational lovers, you still see that tight little 23 year old you first met who wanted to be friends. She's older now, a few barnacles on the hull, some surface damage, and she's a different person now. Sexually, she doesn't do a lot. Doesn't do oral, doesn't do anal. Your sex-life trickles to a crawl, until she wants a baby. Then for a week a month, it's crazy, starfish sex. Of course, afterword's, it's back to nothing. Some of the worst cases we've seen? Guy made celibate for a decade, or more.

One of my favorite articles of the manosphere, and I encourage you all to read it. 'Saving the best' by Rollo Tomassi. This Guy here? He writes about how he finds a sex tape of his wife back in the day, doing shit that she never did with him. The part that gets these guys. They bought into the lie. That she has her fun, and once she gets older and more mature, she will take all that sexual experience and use it on you. The part that crushed the guy wasn't that his wife was a whore, it's that she wasn't his whore.

She wasn't like that anymore, with you.

I hate to break it to you, but you're paying full price for second hand goods.

And maybe you forgive her, maybe you buy her story where it wasn't her fault. Maybe you believe the trickle truth. Well it was only a date, nothing happened. Well, it was a little kissing, but that's it. Well, it was sex, but he had a condom. Well, I know it's your baby.

And, the fact you've put up with so much? She loses the little respect she had for you. It's fucking soul crushing to read them some times. Self-inflicted prisons.

You aren't that great guy with a solid relationship. You are the anchor weighing her down. You bend over backwards to be her little plow horse, you wait patiently for your turn. When you are there? It was never there. All of a sudden, that sweet girl, that special unicorn of your life, something switches.

Slowly, but surely, she becomes mean. You've had problems for years. That sweet girl, was the girl who hasn't fucked you in years, and did everything and anything with that guy at work. He's not as good as you, right? At best, gets cold, gets bitchy, and maybe gets the

tingles elsewhere. At worst, she wants out, divorces, takes the kids, and gets paid handsomely for it. Because you've always been a weak fagot.

The MAP

Both guys, Chad, and Guy. Both guys are in the same place now. A wife who doesn't respect them, a life of quiet desperation, and dry dick. And this is usually when they start looking on line for what the fuck just happened? They find other guys who have eerily similar stories, eerily similar problems. So they get together, start talking, and they start getting a game-plan together.

It's called a MAP, a male action plan. And the first things you need? You need a goal, you need a mission. None of this 'self-improvement' bullshit. You need an end state, or you're just fucking around, LARPING masculinity.

Most men don't have a goal. They've never had to. They coast through life, and latch onto other people's goals. The military gives me a meritocracy. They gave me 'queen and country'. Your wife gives you 'happy wife, happy life'. When was the last time you had a goal for yourself? For most guys, they have no fucking idea how to even approach this.

You can't make your goal 'to fix this relationship' or 'to win her back' like I said earlier, relationships are women's work. If she doesn't want in, nothing you do will change that. So, as a placeholder, the general, short term goal most guys resonate with:

To be a high value man,

A high value man with options.

A high value man with options, self-respect, dignity, and an abundance mentality.

She? This? This is over. But, I have some good news. You have a sparring partner to practice with, so you don't fuck it up with the next one. A walking, talking, bitchy, cold, shit testing woman, don't let it go to waste. Dropping divorce papers, moving on? You're not going to be able to make any hard choices at this point. Pass this off to the high value man.

A man with frame. Let that high value man decide what to do next. This is a problem for tomorrow.

What is frame?

Frame is your 30 second elevator pitch for life. It's your reality. It's not power, though establishing frame can be the use of power. You are always in someone's frame, and if it's not yours, it's someone else's. It's the narrative of your interaction with the world. Internalize, internalize this.

You, you have your mission. You have the goal you want to achieve, if you remember from a minute ago 'your MAP is to be a high value man, with options'. You are the sole judge of your actions, you are the sole point of accountability for the choices you make, and the actions you do. It's your ship, you're building it, and you're driving it the way you want. Anything outside that, is amusing, intriguing, or funny. Everything you do, and everything you say is centered on this framework, this framing of your reality. I can't do it proper justice here, half a dozen books, six months of reading, and a year of living life is what it takes.

STFU

And for the love of fuck, embrace the concept of 'shut the fuck up'. Chances are, you've been validation seeking for a long time. Your woman has become your surrogate mommy, your Madonna, and you want her permission, and you want her to tell you that you're right, and you want her to rub your tummy and tuck you in. A few, real easy wins you can start with. Your cell phone goes on silent. Texting is for logistics. Texting is autistic, it is full of misinterpretation, it's emotionless, and it's a minefield. There's two rules with being attractive:

Be attractive

Don't be unattractive

There is a skill with sexting, and if you're here, you probably don't have it. You have nowhere to go but down, so stop. Pick it up later when you have your shit together. Don't be instantly available, and sure as shit don't emote on your phone to her.

DEER

Deer, it's an acronym for Defending, explaining, excusing, and rationalizing. Women test your fitness. They prod you, to see if you crack. Women test your congruence. You want the reign's big boy? Here you go, you sure you can handle it? It's always there, and they don't

even know they do it. Are you a valuable guy I can rely on, that makes me tingle? They don't really care about what they do, just that it gets under your skin.

The worst way a guy can respond to this, the worst way a guy can respond to any questions, are by DEER. Defend, explain, excuse, and rationalize. Guys do this because they are afraid of consequences, or losing the validation from others. So they minimize the damage.

They are fear based responses. Designed to trick the other person into ignoring the 'badness'.

You have to be your own judge, through all of this. It's your ship, you are building it. You own your decisions, you own your consequences.

Your woman will hate taking responsibility for your life anyways. She will hate it more than anything. She will seek to blame you for anything that goes wrong. We had a common saying in the navy, for the enlisted middle management. Your mistake, my fault.

So it's always going to be your fault, stop looking for permission, validation, or the confidence of the herd before doing things. Understand the consequences, have your shit together, and own it. Like my first day on shit. Advice I got from my boss. Day one, act like you know what you're doing, and people will just believe you.

I had a friend, an engineer on my ship. Was dating this crazy Quebec chick. They used to fight, all the time, and he DEER'ed, every time. We would want to go out, have a drink, golf, didn't matter what we did, it always played out the same:

You mean to tell me Este, you're going to go out with your friends tonight, when you knew that I was having a hard day at work, and I needed you here?

He would defend. He would explain, he would excuse, and he would rationalize.

I never get a chance to play with the boys anymore!

Baby, it's just a few hours of golf!

Oh, come on, it's not that bad, is it?

I mean, I'll call you when we are there so you don't worry.

This is DEERING. She uses a combination of anger, and tears, to get you to do what she wants to. You give her the right to judge you, and try to hide her bad judgment under excuses.

Why does she do this? Who fucking cares...

Don't DEER. You alone decide what you do with your time. You yourself have already balanced your needs, against the needs of everyone else in your circle, and decided on a course of action. End of conversation.

You mean to tell me, you're going to go out with your friends tonight?

Yup, love ya, kiss, ass slap, walk away.

That's it. Now, she still said all that other shit from the first example, but you aren't hearing it, you are doing what you said you would do, end of discussion.

It ties into another concept. You cannot negotiate desire. You need to stop being afraid of her emotions. You need to be your #1 priority.

I hate giving 'don't eat paint' warnings, so I'll give this once.

Once you get in the habit of being your #1 priority, you'll get something here. Congruence testing. You want to be in charge? All right? Go giver! So have your shit together.

If you went golfing, instead of paying bills? If you spend the day golfing instead of seeing your kids birthday? Yeah, not going to lie, you're going to get some shit over that, and that is self-destructive.

This is basic adulating, and if you're at a point where you just suck at running a household, stop now, and learn to be a functioning adult. There's a reason work hard, play hard is in that order. Handle what you got to get done, then go enjoy yourself.

The best way to frame it? What would you do if she died ten minutes ago? Go do that.

Lift 30

Let's take stock. You have a mission, you're shutting the fuck up, and you're not DEERing.

The #1 most important thing you can do is lift. I don't care if you have your mission, or you don't. There is no endeavor as a man, no task, no quality, no purpose. No purpose that isn't improved by building lean muscle. If you were Chad, if you are Chad, this should come easy.

You already know how to lift, you know how to eat clean, and it's such a simple process to get back into it. And if you're Guy? When starting from 0, any action you take, any workout program in existence, and you will experience gains, you have nowhere to go but up.

With game, there's two rules to follow.

1. Be Attractive
2. Don't be unattractive

Right now, you're firmly in number 1. No excuses either. When you get home, go look in the mirror. I mean really look. Get down into your birthday suit, dick flapping in the wind, and fucking look. Would you fuck you, would you? If you saw some guy who looked like this, if you saw a hot chick fucking a guy who looked like this, would you assume a sugar baby? An escort? If not, why in the fuck do you expect that woman in your house to enthusiastically suck your dick? Just because you put a ring on it, just because you put a down payment on a house, just because you pay bills, just because... don't mean shit. You cannot negotiate desire, you can't negotiate attraction. You can't expect her to take the lead, and bring your tribe on its pilgrimage from fat Fuckistan and bow before the temple of Brodin. It's your fucking tribe, it's your fucking ship. Lead from the front.

One of the other guys at MRP, s curve much, said something that really resonated with me. We live in a time that it's easier to eat, than it is to not eat. Think about it. Never in the thousands of years of human history, is it more likely that you will die due to gluttony than starvation. And not just food. Sex, drugs, laziness. Your lack of self-control, your lack of future planning, and your lack of discipline is your only natural predator today.

30:00

When you lift, you're making a contract with the *you of tomorrow*. You are going to give up that 6 pack of Budweiser, and that next day soreness, so that tomorrow you can turn heads when he takes off a shirt.

Note, I didn't say add cycling to your life. I didn't say start running. I didn't say doing push ups in your bedroom. I said lifting, and they aren't the same.

Get your ass up, and start to pray to the Temple of Brodin.

50 bucks? Stay at home for one night of drinking, skip a raptors game. When things are important, you'll find a way.

We all suggest a power-lifting for anyone lifting. You're not starting, you're not restarting in order to be a 220 pound monster. You're getting your hormones in check, and building a foundation to work from. It's almost impossible to fuck up, just so long as you're consistent. You are building a new and improved life. Nowhere I know of, except the gym, do you get 100% of your time to be alone? When you have iron overhead, when you are picking up a bar from the floor, when you are staring at 100 pounds, inches from your face; when you

have a deadly mass, and the only thing in between you and injury is focus, you aren't thinking about the mortgage. You aren't thinking if your wife approves of it or not. You're not thinking of anything but the iron.

If you're like everyone else, you probably have stress. The best way to deal with stress is the iron.

When I deployed, I had to work 12 hour split shifts, 7 days a week. I had an hour of cleaning, an hour of showering, eating, and shaving. Firefighting, running out to a 50 Cal and loading up. Running the Com's when we were preparing to board a suspect. I didn't have time to take a piss, unless I cut into the 4 hours of sleep a day I was getting.

And the only thing that helped me keep it together was the gym. I was in pain every day, but if I missed a day I was a nervous wreck.

Your time is valuable. 36:00

Once you get into these good long term habits. You learn to value your time.

At first, it's the gym. Soon, you're getting hobbies. Maybe you join a Ju-jitsu club. You start building your life, you start building your ship. And you're filling it with all kinds of useful shit you do.

Let's take stock. You have a mission, you're shutting the fuck up, and you don't deer. You're lifting and looking good.

Now, you're going to value your time, you're going to value your presence. With women, you only have 3 tools at your disposal. Only 3 ways you have to assert control over your own life: You have your affection, you have your attention, and you have your commitment. Those tools are only as sharp as the value you have. You're going to start using them.

Picture this scenario, and for some of you, this will hit home closer than others. You want to fuck your wife. I know, crazy, right? She has a headache, she's tired, not right now. She's on her period again, yes, they sometimes happen 3 times a month. The kids need to sleep in our bed, or else some bullshit excuse will happen. There's a reason they are called cock blockers. Maybe she's more comfortable with a wall of pillows between you. Anything a creative person can come up with, anything to avoid the harsh truth:

Get it through your thick head. She don't want to fuck you because she's not attracted to you. That thought hurts? It's supposed to, it's supposed to bring up that caveman DNA.

Instead, what a lot of guys do? They enter this frame. They sit there patiently all afternoon, go to bed when she says to, watches 30 minutes of TV, then makes some half-hearted attempt to fuck. Of course, she has a litany of excuses to fall back on, and what does Guy do? He sits there quietly, sulking. Oh babe, it's OK, we can cuddle instead. You take those table scraps. He quietly waits for her to go to sleep (or pretend to sleep) then sneaks off to the bathroom, jerks off, quietly. So as not to wake her.

These are the guys who argue when you tell them to detach your time and attention. But won't she think I'm butt mad? Won't she think I'm pissed that she won't fuck me? I want to look stoic, like a man, shouldn't I be calm?

Another thing to get through your thick head, she already thinks you're a fuck, fucking own it. You go to the gym at 7PM, every day. Leave your gym bag by the door. Give some light flirting throughout the day. 659 rolls around, make your move. When, not if, when, when you get shot down, get up, say 'k' grab your bad and get your ass to the weights. Leave with a smile, come back with a smile. If she starts prodding you about being mad? Ask her why would you be? Give her a playful smack on the ass, and get to the temple.

She probably did you a favor. A little pent up frustration is the perfect attitude to have when you lift. Again, this goes back to frame. You are going to the gym, because in that hour, it's the most valuable use of your time. The next best thing? A quickie. She can have first crack at your time, she doesn't get to monopolize it. Eventually, you start to apply this in other areas. Going to go on a date? She cops an attitude? Go anyways.

41 During the end of my MAP, I remember we lived in Montreal, and there was this lounge we both wanted to go to. I was lifting, dropped a lot of my shit locker too. I remember saying something like 'I'm heading down there tonight, you're welcome to come' cocky funny? I thought so. But fuck... It went from a flirt, to a full blown meltdown. I don't want to go, you should have showed me you want me to come, and I'm not an afterthought. You get the idea. It was as if I asked her to shoot the dogs.

Fuck it, I went, while she sulked at home. Had a great time, met some people, had some conversation. Afterwards went back to my rooftop, chilled in the hot tub. Met this group of young French chicks. They thought my shitty Anglo accent was great, we are sitting there, having a good old time, practicing my French.

My ol lady came up to give me a blast of shit that night, for ditching her, not placating her emotions. Instead, I'm sitting there surrounded by women, having a great time. Instantly, my attention became valuable, my commitment was valuable. Had I been in the basement, having a pity party, or jerking off in the bathroom, none of it would have mattered. Had I entered her frame, start explaining why I was pissed, or some other pity party bullshit, no one would have cared, and none of this would have mattered. My feelings were mine, my attention, my affection, and my commitment were on auction.

Of course, you can only go so far in a swimsuit. You have to dress like you give a shit.

Dress like you give a shit 43:00

Let's take stock. You have a mission, you're lifting and looking good. You value your time, and give it when others give you value.

I could talk about this all fucking day, but we got guys here like Tanner Guzy, and they can articulate it better than me. I will say this. If you used to be a fat fuck, if you used to be a beanpole, chances are, none of your shitty graphic t shirts fit you anymore, time to upgrade the wardrobe.

The thing about clothing, is its communication. How you dress instantly tells people more about you than you know.

1. What's your socioeconomic status?
2. What are your values?
3. What are your hobbies?
4. Are you a details man?
5. Do you have social skills?

The list goes on. And if you're one of those guys who tells people you don't believe in communicating with your clothes, than you already are. You cannot avoid it, so tell the story you want to tell. Frame is more than how you speak, or how you act. It's how you look too. The military was big on this. Details mattered. Your boots had to be given a high shine, your uniforms were pressed, fitted, and clean. Your beret was worn in a specific way. You had regulations on everything, even your haircut. 6cm length, 4 cm girth max, no unnatural hair colors or styles, no hair touching the collar or ear, taper trim or square back.

Put that all together, the frame of a service member is a professional, detail oriented, team oriented sailor.

If you lost your voice tomorrow, and your clothing was the only way to tell people about yourself, what would that guy look like? Look like that guy.

A few things to keep in mind.

The big stuff is easy, the details are what makes the difference.

Fit trumps price. A 100 dollar suit expertly tailored will always look better than a 1200 dollar suit off the rack.

Having a good tailor is vital

Having said that, the best tailor is the iron.

Another thing to keep in mind. When you walk up to someone for the first time, before you've opened your mouth, before you're even given a handshake, how you look will tell them more about you than you can know. First impressions are killer, don't sabotage yourself before you've even had a chance.

Learn Game 46:00

Let's take stock. You have a mission, you're lifting and looking good. You value your time, and give it when others give you value. You dress like a million bucks

If you remember, we previously laid out the two rules of attraction.

1. be attractive
2. Don't be unattractive

Now we focus on number 2. Learn some game. If you've already learned game, this should be easy. Go be social, work on your weaknesses. If you've got anxiety when approaching strangers, go talk to 100 people a day, just ask for the time. Do that for a week straight. Build it up. Learn to hold a conversation. Roosh V has a book, Day Bang, worth the read. He talks about a concept called old man conversation. You ask questions on something someone has, tell stories about it, and pivot into other questions. Give someone a reason to run their mouth. I guarantee, people in general, women in specific, love this. There isn't a woman alive who doesn't like the idea of talking to someone who takes an interest in listening to what she has to say about a topic.

Take an improv class. This was something that helped me when I was doing pick up in the last 2000s. You learn how to never close communications. Never say no, never give one word answers. Never set the other person up for one word answers. You always want to leave the conversation open. I'll give a few examples.

I like those shoes. Thanks. Boring, and you're left standing there like a moron.

I like your shirt. Uhh. Thanks.

What you reading? A book.

Now some mundane conversation I had at the Star bucks by my work. Some cute enough paralegal, and my bored ass making conversation. Not sexual, just the simple ability to walk up to a human being and start a conversation. Remember those pink diabetes drinks star bucks had for a while there? Yeah.

Instead, hey, excuse me, I keep hearing that that pink frap is like, diabetes sweet, how do you handle it?

Actually, it's not that bad, I get them all the time, since they are only here for a little while.

Yeah, I wanted to get one, but you know what they say about men with pink drinks right?

No, blah blah blah.

One conversation is an interview, with binary questions. The other is a flowing conversation.

As a follow up, you have the walking, talking shit testing sparring partner in your house. Start gaming her. Start at openers, Kino, flirting, the works.

Basically, a new girl won't know you from Adam. The one in your house? She knows your worst qualities, and is primed to not buy any of it. You only get better by playing a better opponent, and it doesn't get much better than someone who you cannot bullshit.

And after a while, you'll either start to see it work, or you'll start to see her double down on being a cunt. In that case, go practice on others. Just like packing your gym bag, you game her, and if she doesn't want it, go somewhere else.

A funny thing begins to happen. You start to carry yourself better, you start to become a social beacon. Other start to acknowledge you as the prize, at the very least, you're more interesting than their smart phones.

Like the hot tub girls, women start to see other women showing interest in you. And since you've been reading up on game, you know pre selection is as powerful an attraction as

there is. Women are like children that way. Kids don't want to play with the box full of toys, they want to play with the toy that other kid is playing with.

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It's at this point, if you'll remember, I said that your MAP involved saving the tough decisions for the high value man. At this point, this is you. Rule of thumb, it'll take a month of work for every year of a relationship you've fucked up, sometimes less, usually more.

Let's take stock.

Let's take stock. You have a mission, you're lifting and looking good. You value your time, and give it when others give you value. You dress like a million bucks. You have game, and you use it on your wife. Your social, and other girls are taking an interest in you. This isn't the guy who STFU and got to work, this is the guy who cannot hide his value anymore.

There's a lag time, the 1000 foot rope. When you're towing someone behind, it takes them time to adjust. Usually, that cold snap of reality, that realization that if she doesn't do something to keep you, someone else will. That understanding that she has a prize, most women aren't stupid. Their tingle generators start spooling back up. She jumps on board, you let her in on your vision... You have built your own by now, haven't you? You let her in on your vision, we call it the 'coming to Jesus' speech you know where you want to be a year from now, 5 years, 10 years.

Of course, some women don't, and that's fine. Some women didn't want the high value man. One of my favorite users, an ex-addict. His wife didn't want a high value, functioning man. She wanted a co Dependant. Some women don't want Chad, they wanted a meek quiet man they could push around. That's fine. And the stubborn ones are just thinking they are calling your bluff. It's not a bluff.

And for some guys, she's just a cunt. It's been over since you started your MAP, it shouldn't really bother you anymore. Pull away, do your thing. Next morning, start again. At this point, you're really planning a clean break anyways. Speak with a lawyer. We have some resources on how to find a good divorce attorney, how to prepare your life. Prepare it for child custody, prepare it for financial separation, but see a professional. Spend the money, do it right. You want to have operation scorched earth locked and loaded. By the time you're ready to pull anchor, by the time you're ready to set sail, you want to make sure you have

enough resources to pull out ahead. You want to make sure that you keep the important stuff close, and the unimportant stuff? Jettisoned.

Once you get to the point where you have your ducks in a row? Fuck me, or fuck you. At this point, it's not an ultimatum, it's not a threat, it's using plain, simple, direct language to say your needs aren't being met, and it's an olive branch. You've already moved on, and you've giving her an offer to win you back. Doesn't matter, either way, the stay plan is the same as the go plan.

Cheating 57:00

Now, with one caveat, some guys make the choice to stay in their kids' lives 100%. They don't want to leave, not till the kids' turn 18. I can see that, lots of horror stories of women weaponizing children, accusing of abuse, berating the dad 24/7 when she has them. Guys estranged from their families. Sometimes, instead of even having this talk, you just go and get your needs met elsewhere. They keep it discreet, they feed plausible deniability. And I'm not going to lie, it's the one topic that gets the most people riled up when it's discussed. Which is funny. Since it's such a forgone step, such a specific occurrence, that almost no guy will ever have to broach the topic, but whatever. It's a tool, it's there, use it, or don't.