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## The truth an uncomfortable book about relationships review

© 1996-2014, Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliate The Game is a manual pick-up that has told nerds how to manipulate unsafe women into having sex with them since 2005. Written by Neil Strauss, this perpetrator's charter teaches tricks such as going to the neck, where men actively escalate physical contact, and negging, where a backhanded compliment is used to chip away at women's self-esteem (Nice pants – are they pyjamas? is one such line tried on me recently). If that alone doesn't make you think Strauss should be crowned King Creep, consider a quote on the cover of the track game: Neil Strauss's writing turns me from a desperate wallflower into a wallflower who can talk women into sex. That's from Russell Brand. Strauss has now moved on, though: he married Mexican model Ingrid De La O in 2013. The truth told how he went from wanting the hurly-burly of orgy to accepting the peace of (standard residential) double beds. It starts with a warning to Ingrid: If you're reading this, please stop now. Despite being as happy as he used to be in a relationship, Strauss cheated on her, fuck[ing] one of her friends in the parking lot of a church. To save the relationship, he went to an addiction clinic but fought against everything he said. He defended his behavior as hormonal decision: Am I even a sex addict? I'm a man... Put a beautiful woman in a tight dress in a bar ... and it's like throwing raw meat into a wolf den. Predictably it was his parents - especially his suffocating mother - who received blame for his auspices for committing. Strauss eventually made some breakthroughs and left, assuming he was cured, only to break up with Ingrid wanting his freedom. He then explored alternatives to one-sexism in a series of non-sensual stories that the Church should circulate them to promote marital loyalty. There is a drug-fueled orgy where Strauss falls asleep and ends up spitting chocolate into his day's hands; an attempt to build a logistics where the women regressed to childhood, jealously quarreling about who gets the front seat in the car; and had sex with a woman while her husband watched and made a running comment. There's something man-boy about Strauss. Not only in his obsession with commitment - one of the scariest and obscene words in the English language - but in his insecurity, it's clear both in his frequent name-drop and his need to sleep around. It is also in its attitude to women. Ingrid is another world angel, while almost every woman described in a sexualized way. Finally, at least, he realizes his own agility: It turns out that relationships do not require sacrifice. They just grow up. Fortunately Strauss is a good writer, because otherwise The Truth will be It's self-indulgent, full of psychobabble and he's prone to assumptions every man is like him (ultimately men are more attracted to sexual willingness than to beautify one of many generalisations). In Strauss's eyes, almost all women look like supermodels and want to shag him - if the later is true, then I should lower my opinion of my gender. There are some interesting observations here: Partners are actually treated more like assets [in open relationships] than in one-wife mode, passed down as a form of male union. But it takes Strauss 350 pages to come to good times, duh that most of us have figured out as teenagers: Sex is easy to find... Love is rare. And with all the terrible alternatives he poses, the one-wife mode really doesn't sound so bad. Learn more about: | Neil Strauss | Books | My author has a lot of thoughts on this book. So much, Im really not sure I'll have the patience and emotional stamina to go into all of them. But ill try because it is important. This is a riveting read for me. So rids at times when it is uncomfortable - in a very difficult way, and therefore very good. Some topics and paragraphs really stressed me out, rattled me, made me very emotional. I had to speed up audio reading to allow myself to digest, to reflect, to understand why this affected me so I have a lot to think about this book. So many people, I'm really not sure I'll have the patience and emotional stamina to go into all of them. But I will try because it is important. This is a riveting read for me. So rids at times when it is uncomfortable - in a very difficult way, and therefore very good. Some topics and paragraphs really stressed me out, rattled me, made me very emotional. I had to speed up audio reading to allow myself to digest, to reflect, to understand why this affected me so much. I went into this unsuasive expectation, ever so the American story of the redemption of male sexual sins, with moral undertones, a distinct lack of complex emotional undercurrents, no shades of grey and even less psychological sophistication. Well, overall, I was wrong, let me say that up front. It is, in essence, something I have been looking for forever – a painfully honest, quite visceral and very, very specific analysis of the question of if, and why, and how a avoidant attachment style might have something to do with the alternatives , open or polyamorous relationship patterns and sexual subcultures. How to get there! Because these are such loaded questions. And this is a topic I have struggled with all my life. And it is difficult to find the book humble, intelligent and in-minded about this. There are tons of books that openly or secretly pathologize people engaged in unique relationships-style and sexual behavior – and yes, I spent years educating myself to be to fight those, at least in my head, in a sophisticated and intellectually honest way. It is a necessary survival strategy, especially when a woman grew up in a religious family of religions and then, as an adult, navigates these sub-cultures. But this fight has been fought, and mostly won, for me personally - allowing other issues to appear. The older and more experience I get, the more other, more complex, hidden, more intimate issues require attention. I felt increasingly divorcing from a multi-missionary crowd, that kink-evangelistic, again overt and secretive, refusal to engage in important and honest discussions of apparent abuse, disempowering development and undercurrents – and more personally, about how our biography and psychological dysfunction can shape our relationship style and hidden agenda both in empowering and harmful ways. I feel honest involvement with disillusionment and pain in all of this is absolutely necessary - and completely inevitable. However, the resistance in the community seems to be enormous. Now, I must say that Neil Strauss is not in any way a edi academy of polyamory. But it is precisely observing his bias and distorted perception of the subcultures that are very valuable. What he did, basically, was a staging of his adult phantasies, narcissistic under the camouflage of a seemingly equal, relationship-building consciousness. In fact, most annoyingly, most cringe-inducing segments of this book are part of his exploration of relationship style replacements in the third part. I'm not sure that he was grasping, adequately, just how abusive, how coercive this relationship was on his side. I have found that quite often in polyamorous communities: Men (and women) who just add a toxic layer to their emotional abuse by asking from

their partners to not only accept unacceptable behavior but also, on top, to handle it with them in excruciating negotiations and take responsibility for their (entirely appropriate) emotional responses. I like to call it advanced gaslighting. In my opinion multi, kink-and sexually positive, but especially the new era/tantra-community tends to act as a treasure-trove for men and women with this kind of narcissistic dysfunction and deeply rooted in complex inferiority. He is called out eventually on an up, one down dynamic, he has a imperative to set up and the fact that he manipulates and uses his partner as toy, as his therapist puts it, in his own self-involved mentality – and it's a painful epiphany that he doesn't hide from Read. In the brilliant fourth part of the book Anhedonia, which actually provides the most depth and insight, he admits that .... in puja and in the active sexual community, I found countless women who sexual liberation and openness, and requires only one thing - that they are empowered and in control of the context, because that's how they feel safe enough to actually let go. And I'm not comfortable with that. [...] I have never really pursued sexual freedom. I'm pursuing control, power and values myself. He rips off class after class self-deception, without mercy, until we can finally look, along with him, at what is really the driver behind his manic, obsessive philandering, intensity and sexual fixity and secret misogyny – the narcissistic abuse in his primary parental relationship and deep emotional traumatic outcomes. And that sounds cheap, and predictable, doesn't it? But it is not, because the way he recounts his painful, painful path to this insight is really riveting. That led me to the main point of this review: What exactly about this book is so enchanting - and so painful? In my my right, authentic narrative style. There are many, many parts of this book where Neil is so unflinchingly honest, so raw, so brave in his self-exposure that I was completely immersed. Then other paragraphs bothered me because of their lack of depth. At other times, I questionEd Neil's commitment to honest gritty and unflinching self-reflection – I wasn't sure, sometimes, if he was smoothing out some edges, lining up events to fit the overarching story loop, effectively sacrificing emotional honesty for an agenda. But these sections are always followed, again, by painful self-revelation – and after a while, I want to say after about 50% of the book I started trusting the author. I began to understand that his circle between painful emotional honesty - intellectual justification - maniacal rebellion - self-centered disillusionment - back to the gritty painful honesty - was an honest reflection of his inner journey, exactly the never-ending, dysfunctional thought process he went through , self-destructive complexity. So throughout the entire book, he did his best to keep the description of his journey as immediate, authentic as possible, by allowing us to be part of his delusions, the inevitable break of his delusions, depression , the next clutch at straws - until, at the end, this dynamic proved to be unsustainable anymore and everything began to disintegrate. Genuine, tired, honest, painful and ultimately deeply cathartic. That is, I am very sorry to say, except for a specific passage of the final stage of his healing bow. Overall, the final chapters are too neat, too hasty, too forced, too ideal. But yes The last paragraph, one, because of a lack of a better word, disney-fied recounted his tired path that almost undid the whole book to me. (see spoiler) I told Ingrid about poly people, and learned four adjustments and concepts relationships based on intention. I told her about swingers, and learned that my sexual fan fan fantasy could add to a relationship if I included my partner in them rather than trying to protect her from them. I told her about the house of the consal, and knew that love was not a scary monster that made unreasonable demands on my life, but a beautiful friend made the occasional request that I had the option to accept or refuse. I told her about open relationships, and learned not only to let go of jealousy and control, but to explore my painful feelings rather than avoid them as an addict. [...] I never thought I would say this, she sighed[...]. But perhaps all the things you did were not a relapse after all, but part of healing. (hidden spoiler)] Well, really? Here are the lessons? This is what all this was about? Don't you just spend the entire book masterfully enlightening us with deeper, far more iussive, far more insightful? It seems like he, in the end, just can't resist simplifying typical American self-help - and, looking at the goods behind this book, the typical proselytizing alike. That led me to an overall impression, which crept up in my head and was strengthened over time: This is a very American perspective. Not only is The Game, Neil's most famous book, the incarnation of a certain popular male culture and the perception of women that, at some point, feels very alien to me, but also his entire journey through sex addiction thes, the sub-positive sexual culture , her thoughts on the needs of men and (especially) women in relationships – everything is thoroughly colored by this very special brand of American sex discrimination and sexual misogyny. That is not to say that the subject and especially his deeper insights are not universal. So I don't mean to offend this in any way. His analysis reached deep enough to make sense for every man and woman who had ever been touched by the combination of dysfunctional parenting and Judeo-Christian parenting. The shame is so profound he is brilliant, strongly captured, feels utterly profound and human to me, but there is a particular tinge to Neil's personal coping mechanisms with this shame that is deeply rooted in American culture. This is a highly recommended reading. It is bound to make you think, if any of these topics affect your life. ... More... More

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