



MY TRUTH

Notes from a Christian Father

GORAN MATOHANAC

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My Truth is not an opinion piece.

It is a testimony.

I write as a father, not as a debater. I write about what I see growing up around my children — about a culture that has learned to call sickness freedom, and silence respect.

This book is free. Not because it was cheap to write, but because truth should not be locked behind a paywall. It was written as a calling, received in prayer, and now it leaves me to reach whoever needs it.

If this book speaks to you — share it.
If it gives you something — give back in whatever way you choose, or not at all. That is not why it was written.

I am Catholic. Yet what I say about the truth belongs to every Christian who takes his faith seriously.

Goran Matohanac
Västerås, Sweden, 2026

—

A note on language: English is not my native

tongue. I wrote this
book in Swedish first, and translated it myself. The
translation will improve over time. The truth in it
will not.

To my father,
who left me too early but lived long enough to give me
ground to stand on.

I remember your words when, as a teenager, I told you I
was old enough to decide for myself:

"You are ready when, thrown in the air, you land on
all fours regardless."

Half in jest. Half in earnest. Wholly true.

And to the Father, who has more than once reached out his
hand and softened the fall.

Without the two of you, I would not have wanted to
imagine where I would have ended up.

Thank you.

Foreword – Reconnecting to Reality

Why spend time on something as provocative as truth — in an age where truth has been reduced to something subjective, something each individual is said to own entirely on their own?

I am writing this book because, in prayer, I experienced a calling. A calling not to stay silent. Not to pretend. Not to look away. I know that the word God, and the word faith, makes many readers — perhaps most — recoil. That does not move me. I do not believe in order to please anyone, and I do not write in order to be liked. I write because I feel duty-bound to do so by the calling I have received.

In Sweden, only 33 percent say they believe in God, according to the SOM Institute's 2024 national survey — down from 47 percent in 2010. Among the young, there are signs that secularization has stalled. But something essential has changed: when people speak of faith today, they often speak of *my* God — a God who is to bend himself to *me*. That is not faith in the traditional sense. It is not submission to a sovereign, almighty God. For many, God has become a personal accessory: something you take out when life feels empty, and put back when he begins to make demands.

Phrases like "*my* Jesus would never judge" or "God accepts me exactly as I am" are symptoms of this. A God who never makes demands is not God — he is a mirror. Real faith is something else. God is God. Not your private version that always says yes. He is creator, judge, and savior — and that means obedience and

respect for his will, not yours.

At the same time as faith has been banished to a quiet, private corner, we see society crumbling from within. Birth rates are falling. Mental ill-health among the young is rising. School results are sinking. Fathers are losing contact with their children inside a system that, as I will show later in the book, has no real evidentiary requirements — a system where legal certainty has been sacrificed for arbitrary recommendations. This is not coincidence. These are not isolated failures. This is a coherent collapse.

My conviction is that this disintegration is bound up with the fact that we have turned away from what built our civilization — the Christian faith.

I write this in humility, because I have been part of the problem myself. For many years I lived as so many others do: a will-less consumer, fragmented and numbed by news noise, phone scrolling, and the background sound from a television I had stopped watching. The frustration was strong, but it only made me angry and resigned. It was almost like an inner addiction — I watched, no, almost gorged on, negative news.

The turn came gradually. I realized that the brain is like a sponge — what you fill it with every morning shapes your direction, both short-term and long. I stopped following the news. I started training and praying. I stopped blaming others and began to take responsibility. I started cleaning my inner room.

The call to write this book came during that time. I was still married then — a believing man fighting to save

something that was already, in reality, dead. In hindsight I see my own naïveté. I stared at, and believed so hard in, the map the new Western society had handed me that I could not see the actual terrain.

Only after the divorce did clarity come. Reality broke through. I understood why I had to wait: the book was not to be written in affect, but in clarity. It had to take the time it needed — I am polishing the foreword again now, roughly ten years later.

A voice in the manosphere

When I first came into contact with the manosphere — concepts like Red Pill and the names that circulate there — I did what one is expected to do. I distanced myself. I accepted the official picture of misogyny, darkness, and bitterness. But it did not take long before I realized that many of these voices were articulating experiences I myself, and other men, had lived through.

It became clear again how the language in mainstream media is used to smear whatever threatens the prevailing narrative. The more I observed reality, the harder it became to dismiss what I saw. It was not about isolated incidents. It was about patterns.

This book is my testimony to how emotion-driven ideology and feminine-coded values have penetrated the foundations of society — from the schools and social services to the courts and the police — and to what role different generations of "men" have played in why we are where we are.

This is not a war on women, nor on an older generation of men. Still less is it an expression of hate. It is a fight

for balance. For order, for structure, and for the natural interplay between the masculine and the feminine. It is a defense of fatherhood, and above all of personal responsibility.

Before writing this, I asked myself:

Is it true? Yes. I have lived it. The statistics confirm it. Reality shows it.

Is it necessary? Yes. Because I see you walking toward the edge of the abyss, and I cannot be silent.

Is it good? Yes. Perhaps not because it feels good to hear, but because the truth — even when it hurts — is the only road to healing.

I do not write to wound. I write to warn. And if you one day stand strong and whole, you will understand why I could not be silent.

The tone of this book will often be hard. Not because I am a hard man, but because reality demands it. We are destroying the inheritance handed down to us by the generations before us, and there is no defense for it. I do not lean on opinion alone, but on the reality that numbers and statistics show. A lie is comfortable until it is exposed. The truth hurts first — but it is the only thing that heals, and the only thing that wins in the end.

If the book at times feels repetitive, that is not intentional, it is unavoidable. Once you see the patterns, you recognize them everywhere. My promise to you is simple: I will not wrap the words in cotton. I show what I see — straight, and at times unsparing — so that you yourself can judge whether society's map and reality's

terrain match.

Running is comfortable. Standing takes courage.

Chapter 1 – From facts to feelings

"When feelings are allowed to draw the map and we stop comparing it to the terrain, society ceases to understand itself. Then we can no longer tell goodness from self-deception — we only tell intention from consequence"

When facts become extremism

Today we live in an age where whoever points to measurable reality is increasingly labeled a radical. Quoting statistics on certain questions has become a risk; connecting statistics across different fields, drawing your own conclusions, and asking questions, is almost a deadly sin.

Observations about biological sex differences provoke moral panic. Criticism of the outcomes of social institutions is read as an attack on their intentions.

This is no longer about opinions. It is about which variables are even allowed to exist in the conversation.

Words like "safer spaces," "microaggressions," and "structural oppression" are often used as interpretive frames. But frames do not replace measurements. A theory does not replace data. A feeling does not replace an outcome.

When measurable reality collides with moral ambition, a choice arises: do we adjust the map — or do we question the actual terrain (reality)?

When statistics become political

Internationally, the pattern is clear. This is data that is sensitive in Sweden but openly reported in other

countries: children who grow up without their biological father in the home fare statistically worse on virtually every measurable variable. School results, poverty, crime, substance abuse, mental ill-health. The pattern is not hypothetical — it is documented in decades of American, British, Canadian, and German research.

We will return to this data in depth in Chapter 15. Here I do not want to dwell on the numbers. I want to dwell on another question:

Why do we not measure it in Sweden?

The data exists. Statistics Sweden knows where the child lives — it is in the population register. The Social Insurance Agency knows who pays child support. The National Agency for Education knows which pupils are falling behind. All the puzzle pieces are there. But no one assembles the puzzle. The statistics are aggregated under gender-neutral categories like "single parent," "single household," "children of divorced parents." The biological father's absence as a specific variable disappears from the table — and therefore also from the debate.

This is not an oversight. It is a deliberate choice.

And fatherlessness is not the only example. Consider how we report violent crime. When an overrepresentation appears in the statistics, it is not said straight out — it is packaged. We hear that "men" commit the crimes, not which men. We hear that "youths" are involved, not which youths. We hear about "socioeconomic factors" and *utanförskap* — an invented Swedish word that is supposed to soften what

the rest of the world calls a bad neighborhood, or, in plainer speech, a ghetto. The choice of word is the choice not to look. Abstractions so vague that they can neither be confirmed nor refuted.

Imagine that 95 percent of a series of burglaries were committed by people driving yellow cars. Would the police then report that "the burglaries were committed by people in cars"? Would we accept that as sufficient analysis? Would we consider it "respectful" toward car owners not to specify the color?

Of course not. But this is exactly how we report the most decisive variables in our society today. We strip out the most information-rich dimension of the data — the one that would actually lead to conclusions — and we present the rest as if it were the whole picture.

Asking what is actually being measured is not assigning blame. It is identifying a risk pattern. And risk indicators are not ignored in other areas of society. We do not ban a smoke alarm because it fails to also prove how the fire started. We measure blood-alcohol levels, we measure tire tread, we measure smoking. But when it comes to the variables that actually shape the future of children and societies — biological father, origin, cultural background — then measurement suddenly becomes "problematic."

Let us ask the questions anyway:

Why are the statistics not broken down more clearly by the biological father's presence? Why are socioeconomic factors discussed in depth, but relationship structure cautiously — if at all? If a father's stable presence plays no decisive role — why would it

be problematic to measure it more precisely? If it does play a role — why do we so rarely speak about it plainly? Would we have done so if the issue were smoking, environmental toxins, or traffic accidents?

A society that does not dare to analyze its own risk patterns is not tolerant. It is something else. Which word fits best here, I leave to the reader to decide.

A thought experiment...

Imagine that tomorrow I become an autocrat and decide to "eradicate" cancer. The method is simple: I ban the word cancer. I shut down the specialist clinics. I remove every diagnosis that mentions the disease from the registers.

Statistically and officially, I have then eliminated the problem and succeeded in my task. No one dies of cancer anymore — they only die of symptoms we previously, for years, related to the disease.

The diagnosis is gone. The cause remains.

Absurd? Yes, beyond absurd — but also extremely effective.

At the same time: every time we stop measuring a variable precisely enough, exactly the same effect arises. The problem disappears from the table. Not from reality.

When the map we use lacks the mountain, it does not mean the mountain has disappeared from reality. It only means the map is incomplete, and therefore directly worthless. Whoever navigates by a map that lacks the

mountain will, sooner or later, walk straight into it.

The question is: do we adjust the map — or do we question the one who points out that the mountain is there?

Truth as a subjective accessory

When we stopped seeking truth together, we began creating our own — "my truth."

If someone feels offended (especially a woman or a child), that is "proof enough." If someone feels that a biological observation is uncomfortable, the observation is morally suspect.

But truth is not a feeling that each individual owns and decides for himself. Truth is that which is true and objective, regardless of how we feel about it.

"It's the first effect of not believing in God that you lose your common sense." — G.K. Chesterton, through Father Brown in *The Oracle of the Dog* (1923)

When the absolute disappears, subjectivity moves in.

Nietzsche warned of this when he declared "God is dead." When there is no longer a fixed point outside ourselves, feeling becomes the judge.

A society that prioritizes that no one be hurt over whether something is true risks becoming incapable of correcting itself.

The map and the terrain

Alfred Korzybski was the man who reminded us that the map is never reality. It is a representation of it.

In a healthy society, we adjust the map when the terrain does not match.

In an insecure society, we try to flatten the terrain to fit the map.

What happens when we begin to prioritize conflict avoidance over the testing of truth? What happens when we replace analysis with harmony and consensus? What happens when feeling gets the last word over consequence?

This is not a gender question. It is a question of civilization. I will go further: it is a question of long-term survival.

Living without lies

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn gave a simple counsel: *Live not by lies.*

The lie does not always require coercion. It often survives through convenience.

I have sat in rooms myself where I should have said: "That is not true." I have chosen silence over conflict. Nodded when I should have objected.

This is how the decay begins. Not through tyranny — but through caution.

The terrain does not care about our good intentions. It reacts to consequences.

And sooner or later every society meets reality —
whether it has chosen to measure it or not.

Chapter 2 – The Last Permitted Enemy

"The strong man does not need to shout. He knows who he is"

The white, Christian, heterosexual man

It is no coincidence that he, specifically, has been made the target. He stands for most of what today's ideological experiment wants to tear down:

- Self-ownership and responsibility
- Objective morality
- The authority of fatherhood
- Work ethic before feelings
- God above the state

In short: he has represented the values that actually built the West as we know it today. But today he is no longer the hero, the defender, or the builder. He is the villain. The one in the way. The patriarchy. The structural oppression. The "privileged." This is true regardless of whether he himself grew up in brokenness, without love, without a father. He is the norm — even when he is absent, invisible, mocked.

Victimhood as currency

It is hard to argue against the fact that victimhood has become a currency. The more labels you carry, the higher your status. If we were to translate today's intersectional hierarchy into a point system, it would look something like this:

- Identity — Status points
- Woman — Points
- Minority — More points
- LGBTQ — Jackpot

- Man, Christian, heterosexual — Zero points
The game is rigged. You cannot win — as a white, Christian, heterosexual man, you can only lose. That is why you, specifically, are the last permitted enemy. You are the one who is always to be held to account.

Schyman as a symbol

Gudrun Schyman, then leader of Sweden's Left Party, became the symbol of the paradigm shift. Class struggle became gender struggle. Everything was reduced to a single message: woman is always oppressed — man is always the perpetrator.

That she left the Left Party and shortly thereafter co-founded *Feministiskt Initiativ* (the Feminist Initiative) was not a defection, but a natural continuation of the same ideological project: to replace structural analysis with gender-based guilt. But Schyman was only the beginning. Since then, the same rhetoric has spread to every level of power in society — politics, media, public agencies.

One of the clearest examples came during Almedalen 2014 — Sweden's annual political week — when Åsa Romson, then spokesperson for the Green Party, stood on stage and declared with full authority that men emit more carbon dioxide than women, that men eat more meat, drive more, fly more, and are less interested in changing their behavior. That the man flying on business, and the Swedish man's right to eat meat, take precedence over the climate.

This was not said by an activist, but by the leader of a soon-to-be governing party — and it was met with applause. No one questioned the collective guilt, no one

pointed to the open gender-branding.

Think about it: swap "the man" for "the woman," "the Muslim," "the black person," or "the homosexual" — and the same speech would have made society explode in moral panic. But when contempt is directed upward in the modern victim hierarchy — against the white, heterosexual man — then it is not hate, then it is suddenly politics. And if you, as I do now, point to the obvious hypocrisy, you are stamped as inconvenient, problematic, or a misogynist. This is not equality. It is open and entirely permitted discrimination.

Postmodernism's footwork

But this did not take root in empty ground. Postmodernism paved the way. Douglas Murray has captured it perfectly. He notes that you can predict with one hundred percent certainty who will say, "Yes, but what is the problem with that?" — every time some total madness is put on the table.

It is always the same voices. The ones who do not believe in truth, only perspectives: Women can be fathers. Men can give birth. Biology? A construct. Objectivity? An oppression.

Postmodernism tears down — cultural Marxism fills the vacuum. Two ideologies, the same purpose: to dismantle the family, responsibility, truth, God.

Here I want to give a straight tribute: Douglas Murray is homosexual — and I could not care less what he does behind closed doors. What deserves respect is his integrity. He could have taken the easy road — played the victim card, scored points, gone unopposed. He

does not. He stands firm, uncompromising, intellectually honest. That requires more than intelligence. It requires backbone. And that is where I lower my guard — before what is true, not what is comfortable.

When virtues are called racism

In 2020, the Smithsonian's African American Museum listed the following as "white culture":

- Self-reliance and hard work
- Punctuality and logic
- The nuclear family and the Protestant work ethic

All of this? A white, coercive norm that oppresses others, according to their ideological framework. After criticism, they backed down — but the damage was already done. In Sweden, the same thing happens, only softer: the National Agency for Education speaks of breaking "white norms," public agencies are trained in "white privilege," and men are told that their logic is oppression, that their structure stifles, and that their language offends.

The man as caricature

Look at the systematic pattern in our popular culture. The dad in the commercial is a clown. The man in the sitcom is irrelevant. The hero on the cinema screen is very often a 110-pound, five-foot-three woman who outmaneuvers men twice her size. I do not laugh at it. It is not silly. It is programming. Every time you accept it without pointing to the idiocy, you set another hook in your own back. It is a lie. Not a small exaggeration. A

pure, deliberate, and strategic lie.

Gillette

For over a hundred years, Gillette sold razors with one promise: *the best a man can get*. In 2019 they changed their reading of it, with catastrophic results among their customers — men.

Their campaign showed example after example of men harassing, bullying, and shirking their responsibility. The message was as simple as it was unmistakable: this is what you men, as a group, look like. Now you must do better.

On YouTube, the ad received almost twice as many thumbs-down as thumbs-up. The men were not buying it. But no executive was forced to apologize publicly or take open responsibility for having insulted his own core audience. No one asked what it says about a brand that treats its own customers as potential criminals.

Swap "the man" for any other group — and that ad would never have been produced. Everyone who saw it feels it instinctively. But it was produced anyway. This is not an oversight. It is a clear signal.

Everyone knows it. Put a perfectly average man into MMA against the female world champion in the same weight class, and I think we all understand that the match is over before it has even begun. If you belong to those who push the line that this is not so: why not advocate for fully open categories? No division into men's and women's — total freedom to step into the cage against anyone. We both know why that does not happen. It would be to risk the lives of the women

foolish enough to try. Whatever ideology guides you at the writing desk, it is biological reality that governs the ranking in MMA.

The quiet castration

It is called feminization. Not in a skirt — but in behavior. Men are to listen, step back, tone themselves down, leave room for women. They are of course to be strong — but never cross the line into being authoritative. Protective — but never setting limits. Driving — but never dominant.

The equation is impossible to live up to. Above all when it is shifting feelings that decide where the line goes — and that line moves every day. What is the result for the men who try to live up to it anyway? They become uninteresting, friend material, desexualized. They lose genuine respect.

The spearhead of the double standard

Women are allowed to say anything: "I want a tall man," "I want to feel safe," "I want status." Society's response? No problem, of course women should have demands and make them.

Men? "I want a soft, feminine woman," "I do not want a woman who has had 20 sexual partners," "I want her to respect me." Society's response to that? You are shallow. Controlling. A morally rotten pig or an outdated relic who should be ashamed of his unreasonable demands.

The right to define

My conclusion is that society has handed women the right to define manhood: what is too much, what is too little, and who is a "real man." How did it get this way? My view is that two older generations of "men" have stayed silent us into where we are today. Raised by women. Taught by women. Judged by women. Why? We will come to that later.

What makes a man a man? Historically, it has been this: A man bears. He stands firm. He says no — even when it costs. He does not seek validation. He seeks meaning. He is not nice in order to be liked — he is good, because he knows what is right. And most importantly: he does not apologize for being a man.

A mirror to you

How many men around you do you respect? How many live a life you would want to live? How many men today stand up for a manhood that is real? That says something — about the culture. And also about you.

You are not obligated to be ashamed. Not for your sex. Not for the color of your skin. Not for seeing reality. You are obligated to stand up and point to the terrain as it is, not as the feminine society wishes it were.

Why I showed you all of this

Yes. It got broad. That was the point. I threw advertising, politics, psychology, sports, and culture at you in a single chapter — not because I lost the thread, but because that *is* the thread. It is not a problem. It is a pattern. And patterns only become visible when you

take a step back and look at the whole.

The man is not a legitimate target in one place in society. He is everywhere. At the same time. At every level. That is what this chapter shows. Not that a single politician said something foolish, not that one ad agency had a bad day — but that it is consistent. That it goes on all the time, and that it is permitted.

And you already know it. I am not teaching you anything new. You have seen it at your workplace, on your screen, in the courtroom, in your school, in your son's classroom. You have felt it in your gut but perhaps not had the words for it. That is what I am trying to give you here.

Men are not stupid. We see this. What comes later in the book — the section on the manosphere — is men's response to exactly what you have just read. Sometimes right. Sometimes wrong. Sometimes seriously clumsy and vulgar. But it is hardly a response that arose in a vacuum. It is a response to a real attack. The double standard is total. Something we will return to.

I understand why Jordan Peterson cries when he talks about this. There are so many young men out there today who are lost, and it is flatly impossible not to be moved. But here is where I part ways with him — and it irritates me every time I see it:

A man cannot afford to cry. Not here. Not now. Take your tears and get out. (Even though I respect Jordan Peterson as a person and as a man.)

To cry in the face of the pain is to tell those who are watching that the pain is greater than the man. It is to

signal capitulation to the young men who are searching for a direction, full of fighting spirit. They do not need a man who feels with them; there are already plenty of women filling that role. What they need is a man who stands still. A man who says: I see it, it is bad, now we fix it — here is the direction. The tears can come after the battle, not during it.

Women often say that they want men to show their feelings. I do not believe them, not for a moment. Or — I believe that they believe it themselves. But I have seen what actually happens when a man breaks down in front of a woman. She may say the right things, she may comfort him — but something has dropped in her eyes — period. Something cannot be raised again. He has stopped being the one she can lean on, and become one more she has to carry.

It is not modern to say this. It is far from popular. But it is true — and the book is not called *My Popularity*.

Chapter 3 – The Tyranny of Language: When Words Become Weapons

*"Control the language, and you control the thought.
Control the thought, and you control the man"*

The impossible conversation

You are sitting in a meeting. Someone tosses out a claim you know is wrong. You open your mouth to answer, then stop. Not because you lack arguments, but because you are forced to run a quick internal lookup against your mental operating system: which words are permitted this particular week?

Am I allowed to say *invandrare* (immigrant), or am I expected to say *person med utländsk bakgrund* (person of foreign background)? Is it *han* (he), or do I have to use the artificial *hen*? Is it *funktionshindrad* (disabled), or has the word just been swapped for the vaguer *person med funktionsnedsättning* (person with a functional impairment)?

You hesitate. And in that hesitation, the tyrant has already won. Because the moment you no longer know how you are allowed to dress your thoughts in words, you soon stop thinking them at all. Welcome to the feminized society — a place where truth is sacrificed on the altar of perceived offense.

But before we leave the meeting, a scene from my own reality.

I was tired that day at work. A female colleague was speaking. She had been speaking for five minutes, maybe more. I do not know exactly, because

somewhere after the first minute I had already shut down. Her mouth was moving, sounds were coming out, but I had already registered that no core was on its way. No question. No decision. Just words rolling, and rolling, and... rolling.

Then it came: "What do you think, Goran?"

I answered honestly: "Sorry, I zoned out. Can you give me the point again?"

Call me cruel. Call me disrespectful. I no longer care, honestly — zero, I do not care, I do not look, I do not care — get to the point, or close the window.

Here is my rule — and I know I share it with a growing group of men: if the sharp question does not arrive within a minute, or at least a logical trajectory closing in on the core within two — I am gone. Not physically. Mentally. Call your mother. Call your girlfriend. Do not waste my time on drivel that leads nowhere.

This is not harshness for its own sake. It is the consequence of two operating systems that have stopped being compatible. And of a society that has decreed that everyone must be listened to — regardless of whether there is anything to listen to. We have confused the right to speak with the duty to listen. They are not the same thing.

The masculine (Logos) asks: what is the matter? What is to be solved? Where is the decision? Conversation is a means to a result.

The feminine (Chaos) does not ask. It processes. The talking is the action. To speak of something is to work it through. The core comes out when it comes out — or

it does not.

When men and women lived under the old contract, this worked, more or less. He listened patiently, she arrived at her point, life rolled on. But the old contract is dead. The man has taken back his time. He has enough data to know roughly where the process will land — and more and more often he chooses to zone out rather than beg for a point that will never come.

She calls it disrespectful. He calls it efficient — and could not care less what she thinks.

And here I am genuinely not the hardest man in the room. At my workplace there is a younger generation of men — competent, disciplined, wanting to move forward. When someone comes to their desk, they get thirty seconds. Sometimes not even that. They do not lift their eyes from the screen unless the opening warrants it. Is it disrespectful? The younger colleague would answer: I have work to do. You have thirty seconds to convince me your business beats mine.

His list is long with things he wants to finish. That list has no room for a woman droning on, wrapping the matter up in ten minutes of padding. He is already tired and irritated before she arrives — why? Because she has already burned her bridges with him in previous meetings. Her way of trying to compensate when she notices he is not listening? More talk. More explanation. More wrapping. His response? Guess.

And before some readers now react with anger and a verdict on his "disrespect" — ask yourself: why is he obliged to listen to the endless drivel that leads nowhere anyway? It is a question no one dares ask anymore.

Here is the point — he asked that question long ago, and the answer is: he is not, and he could not care less what you think about it.

This is not a unique figure at my workplace. It is a whole generation. And the women who meet them — including the ones who actually are competent and have a relevant point — do not even get the chance if they open in Chaos. It is hard. It is perhaps unfair to the women who do not deserve it. But it is the consequence of the entire frame having shifted. When a whole generation of men has grown tired of waiting for the core, they stop distinguishing between the woman who has a point and the woman who does not. It is no longer their job to sort. It is hers.

I am not as hard as they are; nor am I far behind. When someone opens in Chaos I still sit down, I still hold my face — perhaps a little longer — but I have stopped listening. My head is in the next meeting, in the code, in something I can actually get done. I am not proud of it. I am just honest.

We return to this younger generation of men later in the book — they have two chapters of their own. It is enough to say here that they exist, that they are more numerous than anyone wants to admit, and that they have stopped negotiating with Chaos entirely.

Now let us lift our eyes from the office coffee table and look at the society. Same two operating systems, same collision — only on a larger scale.

The cleaning lady who disappeared

It began as a whisper about "respect." The cleaning lady

became a cleaning operative. The garbage man became a sanitation worker. The home help became a home-care assistant, became home-care personnel. The argument sounded noble: "We want to raise the status of the profession. We don't want to hurt anyone."

But no one asked the obvious counter-question: why is it considered disrespectful to call a job by its proper, historical name? If cleaning is honest and valuable work — which it is — why should we hide it behind a bureaucratic word salad?

Here I see the feminine pattern in its purest form:

- The masculine (Logos): "The cleaning lady cleans. It is concrete, true, and clear. Why complicate it?"
- The feminine (Chaos): "But the word feels harsh. It might come across as demeaning. We need to be considerate. Let us soften it."

The result? Feeling trumps truth. But the truth is that the profession has not changed by a millimeter. Those who looked down on the cleaning lady will look down on the cleaning operative with exactly the same contempt. The only difference is that we are now forced to lie to one another. This is not about respect. It is about proving that they own the right to redefine your reality. The critic will surely say something along the lines of: "But she doesn't only clean — we have given the title broader meaning to better represent her work." No, she does not only clean, and we all knew it before the word was swapped.

The perpetual loop: The euphemism treadmill
The Harvard professor Steven Pinker coined the term

euphemism treadmill. A word is deemed offensive, swapped for a softer one, which after ten years is deemed offensive and swapped again.

Take the origin track: *invandrare* (immigrant) became *nysvensk* (new Swede), became *person med utländsk bakgrund* (person of foreign background). Today the ideological elite is additionally trying to press us into the deeply divisive term *rasifierad* (racialized). The treadmill image is exact — you run faster and faster, but you go nowhere. The reality beneath the words does not change by a millimeter. The only thing that happens is that you become out of breath and afraid of slipping off.

The message is not "be respectful." As I see it, the message is: "Be on your guard." It is a perpetual loop of uncertainty that holds you in a state of low-grade fear. If the rules keep changing, you can never feel safe. You are forced to keep glancing at the self-appointed language police to see whether you are still "approved." Communication becomes impossible — and that is precisely what the tyrant wants. A population too busy correcting its pronouns to protest the madness.

Hen — Water wears down stone

To me, *hen* — Sweden's manufactured gender-neutral pronoun — is not a word. I know it has been in the Swedish Academy's official dictionary since 2015. But as a private citizen I retain the right not to recognize it as part of my language. It is an ideological experiment performed on an entire population without their consent.

Our linguistic understanding of sex had a stable

foundation for centuries before *hen* was forced into it. The biologically grounded words for the human being had stood undisturbed. *Han* and *hon* (he and she) were enough for Strindberg, for Lagerlöf, for generations of Swedes before us. But suddenly a linguistic dead end had to be forced into the statute books and the children's songs.

The process follows what I read as a classic strategy of power:

- 1 **Ridicule:** People laugh. "That will never catch on."
- 2 **Resistance:** People protest. "I am never going to use it."
- 3 **Exhaustion:** Those who protest are labeled "problematic" or "insensitive."
- 4 **Acceptance:** People begin to use it — not from conviction, but because resistance has become too costly. As I write this, I still believe most Swedes wince when they hear the word "hen" in English — because the perfectly innocent English word for a female chicken now collides with the ideological pronoun that has been forced upon them.

That is how they win. Not by convincing your intellect, but by exhausting your will. As water wears down the stone, the newspeak shapes your consciousness until you give up for the sake of quiet. But the price of that quiet is your integrity.

Consensus and decision-paralysis

In the feminized society, the process is more important than the result. That everyone "feels included" trumps

the fact that nothing gets done.

Take the mobile-phone ban in schools as an example. Everyone knows phones disrupt. Teachers, parents, and pupils all know it.

- Logos says: "Ban them during lesson time. It is a new invention and it does not belong in the classroom during teaching. Period."
- Chaos answers: "We must have a dialogue. We must listen in to every perspective. How does it feel for the pupil to be separated from her screen? Let us reach a consensus on this."

The result is years of state inquiries and *värdegrundsarbete* — a Swedish bureaucratic euphemism for ideological values-training in schools — while the school's authority erodes and its core mission decays. This is not incompetence. As I see it, it is an ideology that shrinks from decisions, because a decision means someone "loses," or that a conflict becomes visible. Slow death in a warm embrace is preferred over a quick and necessary surgical cut.

And this is the heart of Chaos: when everyone must be listened to, nothing can ever be decided. Ten years of inquiries is not a failure. It is the function.

Conflict avoidance as weapon

The feminine argument always wears the mask of compassion: "We cannot say it that bluntly, it might hurt someone." If you say: "We have a problem with criminality among young men of foreign background in the suburbs," you are met with a wall of fog. They

would rather phrase it as: "We are seeing challenges around norm-breaking behavior among youths in socioeconomically vulnerable areas."

Do you see what happened? The problem was named, but in the same second it was dissolved into nothing. If you cannot name the enemy or the problem, you cannot fight it. The tyrant does not want you to solve the problem — he wants you to stop seeing it and stop talking about it. Vague language is power's best friend, because in the fog no one can be held accountable. Name the problem by its natural and proper name — and you become Label A, Label B, C... D.

The meeting at the school

I sat in a parent-teacher conference at my daughter's school. I had her attendance statistics printed out in front of me: reported absence in one column, unreported absence in another. The unreported absence had risen sharply.

In my day, unreported absence was called truancy. I used the word.

The reaction came immediately. I was insensitive. Did I not understand that I was hurting? Did I not know there could be a hundred other reasons for absence going unreported than just truancy?

I smiled. Let the teacher hold forth. Let the redness rise in his face. I let them choose the battlefield for a moment, just so I could wage the war on my own terms. When he had finished, I said calmly:

"I can use the term 'unauthorized absence' if you

consider 'truancy' loaded. In my day, it was called truancy. I understand it can have several causes. But it does not change the matter at hand: her unreported absence has risen sharply, from 0.7 unauthorized lessons per week to 3.2 today. This is happening at the same time as you are telling me she is doing better and is thriving. The logic does not add up."

They went silent. Punctured.

That is how the mechanism works in practice. I named the problem with a direct word. They attacked the word instead of answering the matter — because that is where they win, in the word-war. By offering them their newpeak as a "tactical retreat," I disarmed their moral indignation. The matter stood there, naked, in the middle of the table. And suddenly there was nowhere to hide.

The lesson is simple: by all means give them the word if they need it to lower their guard. Never give them the matter.

*The masculine vs the feminine - The war of
language*

There are two ways of using language:

- **The masculine language (Logos):** Clear. Direct. Honest. Truth above feeling. It builds cathedrals, bridges, and functioning legal systems.
- **The feminine language (in its corrupted form):** Indirect. Vague. "Sensitive." Feeling above truth. It produces bureaucracy, uncertainty, and stagnation.

The man who values logic and truth hates the modern newspeak, because he wants to build. But in modern Sweden, direct speech is dangerous. Say what you mean, and you risk being reported to HR, accused of being "insensitive," and frozen out. You are forced to learn to behave femininely: to wrap, to tiptoe, in the worst case to lie.

Orwell saw it first

Orwell saw this more clearly than anyone. In his 1946 essay *Politics and the English Language* he described how villages being bombed get renamed as "pacification," and how mass deportations become "transfer of population." He called it the defense of the indefensible.

But Orwell saw it chiefly as a weapon in the hand of dictatorship — the state with the bayonet, the party with the surveillance. What he did not fully live to see was how the same weapon can be wielded without any state at all. How it can be wielded by the colleague at the coffee machine, by the teacher at the lectern, by the woman in the parents' group — without a single order issued from above.

The feminized society does not say: "You may not say it." It says: "If you say it, you are a wicked person." And suddenly it is not the police you fear, but the look on your colleagues' faces. Not the prison cell, but exclusion. It is as ingenious as it is deadly. Because when you stop using the words for freedom, order, and biology, you soon stop understanding what they mean.

How to strengthen your defense

To take back your freedom, you must first take back your language. It begins with the words. Your word, your choice. It demands nothing less than a linguistic guerrilla war:

- 1 Use clear language — but pick your battles.** Say "cleaning lady," say "immigrant," say "he" and "she." But if the enemy tries to hijack the discussion by quarrelling about labels, do as I did at the school: give them the word, and then force them to answer to the fact. Never let their feelings become the subject of the conversation.
- 2 Refuse to play the consensus game.** Ask: "Why do we need a dialogue about this? The truth is obvious — let us make the decision now." Trust me, more will join the chorus than you think.
- 3 Accept the conflict.** Stop being afraid of "hurting" someone by telling the truth. A truth that hurts is infinitely more valuable than a lie that comforts for the moment.
- 4 Be prepared to pay the price.** Yes, you will be called insensitive. Yes, people will look at you sideways. But the alternative is that you lose your integrity and your capacity to think for yourself.
- 5 Teach your children to think clearly.** The most important battle is fought at the kitchen table. Teach them that words carry meaning, and that truth does not depend on how one feels in the moment.

Closing argument: The language is yours
They want you to believe that the language belongs to the state, to the *värdegrund*, or to the HR department.

They want you to believe that they own the rule book.
But the language belongs to the people. It is your
foremost tool for navigating the world, for protecting
your family, and for building a future.

Refuse to let them steal your voice. Say what you mean
— always.

Chapter 4 – The right to define - When the megaphone has only one frequency

"A healthy institution can acknowledge its flaws and adjust course. A sick institution is trapped inside its own narrative — and demands that reality conform to it"

The blind spot in the measuring glass

We live in the age of statistics. We measure everything: carbon emissions, wage differences down to the krona, exactly how many minutes we move per day. But when it comes to trust in the media — democracy's self-appointed watchman — there is a truth reported with striking reluctance: the growing gap between men's and women's trust in the established media houses.

The SOM Institute at the University of Gothenburg confirms the same pattern year after year: trust in Public Service is higher among women than among men. In the report presented in spring 2024 (based on 2023 data), SOM further notes the largest ideological gender gap ever measured in the survey's history — women are moving further left politically, men further right, and the gap is especially sharp among the youngest age groups. This is not a marginal slit. These are two populations that have slowly stopped sharing the same reality.

But instead of asking why half the population has begun to regard the news broadcasts as slanted propaganda, the media chooses to speak even louder to the audience that already applauds. It has stopped being a neutral transmitter and become a preacher for the already converted. By ignoring men's falling trust, they create a blind spot so large that it eventually swallows the entire public conversation. The most comical part?

In the same breath, these same outlets warn that polarization is dangerous and wonder out loud why it keeps growing.

The polarization that is erased

Media loves to analyze polarization. They draw graphs of city versus countryside, young versus old, right versus left. But the most fundamental division of our time is almost never touched: the division in how we perceive reality based on sex. As I see it, we have created a media landscape that is almost exclusively "feminine-coded."

In this landscape the focus lies on narrative, on feeling, and on the subjective experience of safety. Logic, analysis of consequence, and raw data are routinely labeled "hard," "cold," or, at worst, "hostile." The result is that media no longer functions as a mirror of society, but as a confirmation machine for the feminine perspective. It is the woman's worry that becomes wartime headlines, and her vulnerability that gets packaged as a national emergency. The man's perspective? It is reduced to background noise — or often pointed out as the cause of the problems themselves.

The most disrespectful thing you can do

A reminder from the previous chapter. In *The Tyranny of Language* we saw how words are changed under the cover of respect. They tell us they are replacing "cleaning lady" with "cleaning operative" so as not to hurt anyone. But here a deep irony is exposed. Is there anything more disrespectful than consistently

interpreting what someone *means* by their words, instead of asking curious questions in order to clear up any misunderstanding?

The supposed respect is transformed into an instrument of power. They claim to care about feelings, but in fact feelings are used as a battering ram to demolish the opponent's right to define himself. It is not respect for the individual. It is respect for one's own narrative. And the narrative demands that your words mean something other than what you actually said.

"I KNOW BETTER THAN YOU WHAT YOU MEANT"

When someone takes the liberty of proclaiming "I know what you really mean," they perform a series of aggressive acts beneath the surface of a conversation:

- 1 **They opt out of active listening.** Instead of saying "I'm not sure what you mean — can you explain?", they say, in effect: "Your words mean nothing. Your intention means nothing. I own the definition of you."
- 2 **They act as tone police.** Here a specifically feminine tool enters. It is no longer about the content of what you said, but about "the way you said it." By shifting the focus from your argument to your tone, your glance, or your alleged energy, they shift the focus to themselves as victim and you as perpetrator.
- 3 **They take a position of control.** They act as police, prosecutor, and judge in your inner life. By fixating on "how you said it," the conversation is effectively killed.

Is there anything more immoral than to assume a position of moral superiority without a single number to

back it up — and from there refuse to discuss the substance? It is cowardice dressed up as goodness. It is evil masked as care.

The moral architecture: The strategy behind it

To understand why you, as a man, so often feel cornered, you must understand the architecture behind the feminine way of waging war through language. That architecture rigs the playing field so that you lose before you have even opened your mouth. The strategy rests on four pillars that any man who has been in such a situation will recognize immediately.

One thing I want to say directly before we go in: I am speaking here of a feminine-coded behavior — not of woman as a biological being. I call it feminine because any intellectually honest reader, man or woman, has seen that this pattern is used in daily life by women to a far greater extent than by men. It is an observation, not an accusation against a sex. In my experience, a woman who chooses Logos does not use these pillars. A man who has betrayed his masculinity, on the other hand, appears to use them constantly. It is the behavior, not the sex, that drives Chaos.

1. Assume moral superiority

Your counterpart steps into the room as a self-appointed judge. Her morality is a fact; yours is a question mark.

- *Example:* You say: "I think we need to discuss the children's screen time." She says: "The fact that you even question my parenting shows..." — fill in with any accusation of your choice.
- *What happened:* She assumed her way is the

morally correct one. Your question therefore automatically became an attack.

2. Disagreement = Defect

If you present facts or logic, they are not met with counter-arguments. Instead, your disagreement is read as evidence of a moral flaw. You are not "objective" — you are "insensitive," "angry," or "evil."

- *Example:* You say: "Research indicates that children who grow up in broken families have a higher risk of criminality." She says: "The fact that you even think along those lines shows you have a problem with women."
- *What happened:* She attacked you, not the argument.

3. Personalize vs Universalize

Your arguments are framed as springing from your ego or your defects. Her arguments are framed as universal justice and compassion.

- *Example:* You say: "I think we should run a budget so we can get a better overview of the finances." She says: "You just want control over us, and you're selfish. I'm thinking of what's best for the children."
- *What happened:* Your argument became personal (your flaw). Hers became universal (the children's best interest).

4. Monopolize the suffering

By always claiming the victim role, she forces you into the role of perpetrator. And as the perpetrator, you have no right to demand logic; you have only the duty to ask for forgiveness.

- *Example:* You say: "I don't feel respected when you keep interrupting me." She says: "I can't believe you're saying that. After everything I've been through. You make me feel so awful."
- *What happened:* She stole the victim role and made you the perpetrator — for asking for respect.

The right to define in practice: In the relationship
It often begins in private. You say something simple and direct, but she answers: "That's not what you said. That's what you *meant*. And I could certainly hear in your tone what you really think." Truth dies in the very second her experience becomes the only permitted truth.

This is where the fascinating paradox arises. As I once said to my ex-wife: It's strange that I can communicate clearly with hundreds of pupils and clients in my work as a teacher, but the moment I'm in front of you I suddenly become completely incomprehensible. I leave it to the reader to judge how high the probability of that is. But I think we all understand how likely it is. It is not a communication problem — it is a question of power. By refusing to understand what you actually say, she can make you the scapegoat, force you to defend yourself against fantasies, and retain emotional control.

Your only weapon: Refuse the frame

Young men today walk into the trap because they believe they have to prove they are "nice." They begin to explain themselves. But the moment you start explaining yourself to a judge you did not choose, you have acknowledged her right to judge you. You have walked into the prison and locked the door from the inside.

Here is your weapon. The next time you feel the conversation leaving the matter at hand and beginning to attack your character, your tone, or your *värdegrund* (the moral framework you are supposedly violating), you stop. You do not become angry. You do not become defensive. You use this sentence as a wall of granite:

"I see that you are trying to make this about my character instead of answering my question. That is disrespectful, and I do not accept those premises. We talk about facts, or we don't talk at all."

Warning: When you use this phrase, your counterpart will escalate. She will become "hurt," "shocked," or "disappointed." That is not a sign that you did something wrong — it is the proof that you did it right. She lost control, and now she is trying to get it back by going deeper into the role of victim.

Your task:

- 1 Stand fast.
- 1 Repeat the phrase (at most once more) if necessary.
- 2 Leave if she continues.
- 3 But **never** back down.

This is not just a sentence; it is an act of sovereignty. If

they refuse? Then you leave. Not in anger, but because there is no point at all in conducting a dialogue with someone who has chosen manipulation over truth.

When the society becomes the relationship

When the institutions of society — the media, the schools, the Social Services — appear to use the same domination tactics as a dysfunctional partner, we are no longer a free people. We are a population under psychological siege.

You say: "We have a problem with criminality among young men of foreign background." The media answers: "It was the way you said it... what you really mean is that you are a racist."

By attributing to you an opinion you did not express, they avoid having to address your argument. They own the right to define. They sentence you for crimes you never committed, based on words they themselves put in your mouth. More and more men, however, have gone completely deaf to their rising volume. They have stopped listening, and they have begun to despise both the lies and the *tofflor* — the henpecked men, the doormats — who are still desperately trying to uphold them.

Does it matter if it is deliberate?

Here comes the last trap where many men get stuck. They start to analyze: "Is she doing this on purpose? Has she just been duped by society? Or does she actually not know any better?"

Listen carefully: it makes absolutely no difference.

If a woman or an authority adopts a position of moral superiority and refuses to discuss the substance, the result is the same whether they do it consciously or unconsciously. The damage to the truth is total. The damage to your integrity is total.

You cannot build a life, a home, or a rule-of-law process on a foundation of psychological colonialism. If she (or they) refuses to respect your actual words and instead insists on owning the right to define your inner life, then there is no shared road forward. The conversation cannot bear fruit, because they have already decided that you or your question is the problem.

Your responsibility is not to "educate" them or to make them understand. Your only responsibility is to note: "This behavior is happening." And when it does, you draw your line. You do not negotiate with someone who uses manipulation as a language, regardless of whether they call it "care" or *värdegrund*.

Leave the room. Leave the meeting. Leave the lie.

Chapter 5 – How to recognize a bad ideology

"In a democracy you may say whatever you want — so long as you don't say the wrong thing"

The forbidden conversation

A bad ideology does not begin with the stamp of boots and open censorship. It begins stealthily, like a fog rolling in over the conversation. It begins by altering the language and creating a heavy silence around the obvious problems. It does not happen officially, with loudspeakers and guards, but in low tones: in the glance that flits away, in the topic that is quickly switched at the coffee machine, in the latest update of the HR policy.

Suddenly everyone knows: there are things you may not say. And even more things you ought not even to think or joke about. Humor, which once was the valve that released the pressure of heavy subjects, has become the foremost target of the new gatekeepers. Why? Because an ideology that cannot stand to be joked about knows, in its bones, that it is built of glass. It cannot withstand the vibrations of an honest laugh.

"Värdegrunden" — The headline that hides the fine print

It sounds so innocent: *"the equal worth of all human beings."* Tolerance. Respect. But it is precisely here that one of our age's greatest semantic frauds is hidden. *Värdegrunden* — literally *"the value-foundation"* — is Sweden's official moral framework, invoked in schools, public agencies, workplaces, and HR departments to enforce *the correct opinions*. It is presented as a neutral ethical baseline, but in practice it is the country's de

facto state ideology, used to determine who is *good* and who is *evil* — not by their actions, but by their obedience. It is not a considered idea. It is a headline. A word that claims to represent everything good, but which functions as a moral filter for who is allowed to be heard.

Here is the logical fissure few dare to speak of: the UN Declaration speaks, in English, of *equal dignity*, not *equal value*. That is a monumental difference, smoothed away in the Swedish translation. For me, that difference is foundational to the whole of our civilization:

Dignity is a constant — value is a variable.

As a programmer, I have learned to keep two kinds of quantity apart. A constant does not change: the speed of light, pi. A variable is built to change: it is assigned its value from context. *Dignity* belongs in the first category. *Value* belongs in the second — a car has a value, an hour of labor has a value, and a rusted-out Ford in a ditch does not cost the same as a new Volvo in the showroom. To say, then, that "*all human beings have equal value*" is, if one takes the words seriously, an impossible statement. It is a *type error* — an attempt to assign a constant to a variable that, by definition, changes.

I am a Christian. For me the matter begins there: I am born in the image of God. That is my *dignity*. No one can take it from me — not because a declaration says so, but because it is carved into me as a created being.

The translation that erased a boundary

Article 1 of the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights reads, in English:

"All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights."

That is *dignity* — *värdighet*. Not *value* — *värde*. Two different words in English. Two different words also in Swedish. But in the official Swedish translation, approved by the government, it became:

"Alla människor är födda fria och lika i värde och rättigheter." — *"All human beings are born free and equal in value and rights."*

The translators in 1948 picked the wrong word. Or, more fairly: they picked a word that happens to carry two different meanings, and in doing so opened a trapdoor in the floor that we have been falling through ever since.

I do not believe it was deliberate. I do not believe it is a conspiracy. But I do believe it is serious — for it is on that small linguistic slip that the entire Swedish *värdegrund* rests.

When a slogan becomes a moral sledgehammer
Here is the Swedish problem in its practical form:

In the public debate, the phrase *the equal value of all human beings* is not used to describe people's inviolable dignity before God and the law — it is used to determine who holds the correct opinions. The one who questions a migration policy is told: *"don't you believe in the equal value of all human beings?"* The one who

points to crime statistics is told: "*what kind of view of humanity is that?*"

That is not an answer to the question that was asked. It is a moral sledgehammer that uses a vague phrase to silence a sharp and objective inquiry. And it works only because the phrase *is* vague. Had we said "*all human beings have the same dignity before God and the law,*" no one could seriously claim that a discussion of border policy violates it. But *equal value*, with all its built-in ambiguity, becomes a stone you can throw. No one really knows what it means, and therefore it can mean whatever is needed at the moment.

So I say *dignity*. Not *value*. Not because I am pedantic, but because I have learned that language that is slack becomes politics that is slack, and politics that is slack becomes a society that can no longer protect what matters most.

Åsiktskorridoren is a minefield

For over a decade now, we have been speaking of *åsiktskorridoren* — "*the opinion corridor*," a term coined by Swedish political scientist Henrik Oscarsson around 2013 to describe the narrow space within which a public opinion is socially permissible in Sweden. But it is no longer a corridor; it is a minefield. A minefield does not work by blowing up everyone who walks through it — it works by injecting such fear that almost no one dares to walk through it at all.

But something has happened. More and more — especially young men — have begun to step out into the terrain anyway. Society and the media are quick to point them out as a "*threatening group*." My conclusion

is simple: they are threatening to the establishment because they are no longer formable according to the old order's rules. They refuse to play the *värdegrund* game.

I say it plainly: I see enormous potential in their stance. It is more than welcome. I am not their leader, I am not their teacher, I am not the one to grind them into shape — that is not my place and not my right. I am who I am, and I share my view regarding them. I am a Christian, and so I do not always share the sharpest tone this group of young men use — where it becomes a deliberate provocation, I take a different road: stand up and leave. It is just as hard, and it leaves the opponent more dumbfounded than anything else. But that is my disposition and my reading, not theirs. To lecture them is, as I said, not my task.

What I see in them is hardness, immovability, and a refusal to bow to what is plainly untrue. Those are rare qualities in these times, and we need them as a society. They are a fresh breath of air into a foul-smelling room that has long been without a window.

I will return to these young men in later chapters, for they deserve their own and far deeper analysis. Here it is enough to say what they have already understood: the long-term cost of living inside a lie is higher than the risk of stepping on a social mine.

When the numbers become the enemy

It all comes down to this: once the language has been tamed, the numbers remain as reality's last outpost. Numbers do not care about your *värdegrund* or how you feel today. That is why a bad ideology's next step is

always to attack measurability. It happens through a three-stage rocket of obfuscation:

Refusal to measure. One simply stops collecting or reporting data that threatens the narrative. Even wanting to know certain statistics is stamped as "*unethical*" or "*hostile*." We do not need to guess here — this is contemporary Swedish history: between 2005 and 2021, Brottsförebyggande rådet (BRÅ, the Swedish National Council for Crime Prevention) refrained from updating its comparative studies on the foreign background of crime suspects — despite repeated parliamentary motions demanding a new report, and despite a massive societal change during the same period. The details on the map were erased because the terrain became too uncomfortable.

The definition pirouette. Measurement methods are changed, and meaningful results become impossible to compare over time. When reality becomes too dark, the goalposts are moved. A blunt example: up until 2014, BRÅ reported "*cleared crimes*," where the same figure included both crimes for which someone had actually been charged (*personuppkläring* — personal clearance) and crimes for which the preliminary investigation had been dropped — because the act was not a crime, the crime had become statute-barred, or the suspect was under 15 years old (*teknisk uppkläring* — technical clearance). Two entirely different things in the same column. When the total clearance percentage sank year after year, in 2014 the entire concept was replaced with "*handled crimes*," using new categories that can no longer be compared with the figures of previous decades. The goalposts were moved, the time series broken. My firm conviction — and I know I share it with many — is that this was no coincidence. It was a

deliberate move.

The socioeconomic smokescreen. Clear results are drowned in platitude-machines such as "*structural explanations*." When school-result gaps between pupils of different backgrounds grow, "*socioeconomic factors*" is the only explanatory track allowed — not as one of several tracks, but as a blockade against further questions. When residential areas fall apart, they become *utsatta områden* ("vulnerable areas") and *särskilt utsatta områden* ("especially vulnerable areas") — terms so abstract they can neither be defended nor concretely attacked. Explanations so vague they can never be disproved, but which work excellently to shift the blame from the individual to the system.

The number tells the truth, but the ideologue writes the headline. In Sweden, the headline has become more important than the table.

*The punishments: Wrong värdegrund = Wrong
human being*

A bad ideology is recognized not by the strength of its arguments, but by the cruelty of its punishments. Because it cannot win through logic, it is forced to govern through social and economic terror:

- 1 **Shame:** Stamping doubt as a moral defect. One does not ask "*are you right on the substance?*" — one asks "*which side of history do you want to stand on?*"
- 2 **Ostracism:** Making you unemployable and a social pariah. The message is: *think as we do, or starve.*
- 3 **Labeling:** Sticking on diagnoses and phobias.

Racist, sexist, misogynist. These are verbal handcuffs designed so that no one will dare listen to what you actually said.

It does not matter whether what you said was true. The only thing that matters is that you broke the unspoken obedience. We are told we have freedom of speech, but a system has been created in which the price of using it is your own future.

An ideology that can stand the truth does not need to silence the jokes. An ideology built on reality does not need to hide the statistics.

When you see them hunting comedians and burying statistics, you know one thing for certain: they are terrified. They know their house of cards cannot withstand a sneeze of fact. The minefield only works as long as you are afraid of being blown up. But once you have realized that you would rather die standing than live on your knees in a lie... then they lose all their power.

Chapter 6 – Statistics as a smokescreen

"First the language is changed, then the numbers the words describe"

In the shadow of the eleventh truth

In a healthy society, statistics are a compass. In a sick society, they are a smokescreen. The open lie is no longer the most dangerous thing — it is the tyranny of selection. You are given ten truths in order to hide the eleventh. It is like a spotlight in a dark room: it illuminates one small patch with surgical precision, but by contrast it consigns the rest of the room to an even deeper darkness.

You get the diagrams. You get the glossy reports. But you never get the whole. You hear about everything that confirms the prevailing narrative — and you are met with a deafening silence about the patterns that disturb it.

The dangerous chemistry: Connecting the dots

There is statistical data that is measurable, verifiable, and public — and yet invisible. It lies there, scattered across various agency databases like separate chemicals. On their own, they are harmless. But if you combine them, you produce an explosion of truth that the system cannot handle.

Let us speak of the most forbidden example: the absence of the father. We know that children fare badly in broken homes. But the moment we begin to dig into *why*, we are met with the "definition pirouette." They stop talking about the father and start talking about "present adults" or "socioeconomic factors." They erase

the father's unique biological and psychological function and replace him with metadata.

But the numbers in the dark corners say something else. If you join up crime statistics, school results, and mental ill-health with the variable "biological father in the home," you see a pattern as clear as it is taboo:

- The research is clear: children who grow up with their biological father in the home do better in school, both in grades and in completion, than children who grow up without him.
- The probability of ending up in serious criminality drops drastically with a father present. *Drastically* is my word, and I will stand by it. In BRÅ's own reports it says "somewhat less," "overrepresentation," "correlation." Cautious words, academically correct, cleared for publication. But the numbers beneath the words are not cautious. BRÅ's 2023 school survey shows that involvement in crime is more common among pupils with separated parents. BRÅ's own knowledge reviews point out that a lone parent has a harder time exercising supervision than two. That their experts are never allowed to write "drastically" is not a flaw in the data — it is a flaw in courage. It is the same definition pirouette I described just now, only at the word level: you may measure the truth, so long as you do not say it.
- The mental health of young men is, as I see it, deeply bound up with the presence of the masculine role model. A boy without a stable father to look up to — and to see himself through — builds his identity on sand.

To point this out is not an opinion — it is reading off the table. But in feminized Sweden, joining up these dots is treated as an act of war. They would rather lose a generation of young men to gang criminality and depression than admit that the father cannot be replaced by a check from the Social Insurance Agency or an "extra adult" at school. There are several examples of this, both at home in Sweden and abroad.

The capitulation of science

Those who sit on the data — the researchers, the statisticians, the intellectuals — see these patterns every day on their screens. But they have learned a lesson older than the universities: the conclusion is more dangerous than the lie.

In today's Sweden there is an unspoken rule: you may measure, but you may not understand. You may publish rows of numbers, but you absolutely may not draw the logical conclusion. For the moment truth becomes practical, it becomes a threat to your career. When facts threaten the ideology, the context shifts immediately to smokescreens such as: "That isn't the whole picture," or "You lack the right *värdegrund* to interpret the data." It is all said to avoid the obvious: that our modern experiments with the family and with society are a catastrophic failure that is wrecking lives in real time.

The attack on the qualification - When logic becomes "forbidden"

I am very much aware that, by writing this book, I risk becoming one more entry in their statistics on "uncomfortable elements." I have no doctorate, no

university degree in sociology, and no diploma that grants me official permission to connect dots that are entirely logical for anyone with eyes to see.

This is their foremost weapon against those of us who stand outside the system. They attack the person, not the connections. They search for formal errors in the hope of silencing, shaming, and making an example. The message is: "You do not have the qualification to think for yourself."

We see this happening internationally all the time. A figure like Matt Walsh in the United States is subjected to this constantly. He asks simple questions and makes entirely logical connections from existing statistics, only to be met with an establishment that shouts that he lacks the "qualification" (read: their approval) to speak.

But here is the truth they fear: I have my own thinking brain. I can read. I love to read and to analyze. I am a Christian man who wishes well, and I see how deeply illogical today's "official" explanations are in the face of plainly negative trends. You do not need to be a professor of statistics to understand that if you take the father out of the equation, the result falls apart. You only need to be honest.

Demanding a "license to think" is the last outpost of the ideology. When they can no longer answer your arguments, they try to invalidate your existence as a participant in the conversation. That is not a sign of their superiority — it is the final proof that they have lost.

The system's number: From human being to

metadata

My grandfather's words ring in my head: "In the system you are not a human being, you are a number." Today it has become literal. We have reduced morality to mathematics. By drowning clear results in "structural explanations," they shift responsibility from the human being to the system. It is easier to administer a "socioeconomic challenge" than to admit that a boy needs his father.

The system wants to reduce us to numbers because numbers demand no moral responsibility, only technical analysis. But a human being is not a column in an Excel sheet. He has a soul, and that soul needs order, truth, and roots — things that cannot be measured in GDP or in "learning experience indices."

Bookkeeping a lie

When the ideology demands a success story, one is ordered up. In 2014 the country's largest newspapers ran banner headlines that the municipality of Sandviken was making over half a billion kronor in profit on immigration — more specifically, 511 million for the studied year of 2012. *Dagens Nyheter* wrote that the municipality "earns over 500 million kronor annually on those born abroad." *Expressen* let itself be carried away, calling the report "black on white." EU Minister Birgitta Ohlsson hailed it as proof that immigration is "a welfare gain for the municipality."

The source? A report from the auditing giant PwC, commissioned by Sandviken's own Labour Market and Traffic Committee.

But the figure was a statistical illusion. PwC had

counted state transfer payments to the municipality as *income* — money that is in reality paid by taxpayers in the rest of the country. At the same time they had excluded the roughly 70 percent of the public costs that fall on the state and the regions: establishment benefits, unemployment insurance, healthcare. And the municipal costs they *did* include were grossly underestimated. The economist Tino Sanandaji called the report "comically substandard." The Swedish Association of Local Authorities and Regions (SKL) noted that the costs had been underestimated. The economist Jan Tullberg pointed out a plain arithmetical error of more than 200 million kronor.

It was bookkeeping as smokescreen. They switched off the spotlight over the expenditure side to hide the actual outcome. You do not need to be an economist — or, for that matter, a programmer — to see the flaws. To run an operation, book someone else's income as your own, throw away the receipts for the expenses, and then proudly present a roaring profit is not a mistake. It is a systematic construction of narrative dressed up as audit.

And how did it go after that? Five years later, in 2019, Sandviken was heading for a record deficit of 67 million kronor — the fourth-largest in the country. The municipality's own costs for income support stood at 55–60 million per year. Tax hikes were being discussed, even though the municipality was already above the national average. The municipal leadership no longer wanted to be associated with the report. DN's editor-in-chief Peter Wolodarski admitted the article "was not good, absolutely not." But the paper never unpublished the article — it was placed behind a paywall.

The half-billion profit was never true. **It was ordered.**
And when reality came in through the door, they chose
silence over correction.

It is not the numbers that lie. It is we who lie. It is the
human being who no longer dares trust his own eyes,
because he is afraid of what he sees. For whoever sees
the pattern also carries the responsibility to do
something about it.

*"An ideology built on reality does not need to hide the
statistics. Whoever hides the Logos in the numbers is
planning to build a society on sand."*

Chapter 7 – The hall of mirrors

"A narcissist demands control — not consensus. And the ideology is her political twin sister"

The field hospital on the dating market

Talk to other divorced men my age and we joke about it openly. It has become a gallows-humored, inside truth between us: if you date a woman over forty today, in our experience you get a heavy rucksack of trauma thrown in — she has been the sacred victim of an entire army of clinical psychopaths or narcissistic ex-husbands. We men laugh at the absurdity of this pattern, but when those women hear the laughter, they have a very hard time understanding where it comes from.

What is beyond my grasp as a logician is the total absence of self-awareness. Do they not understand that the men they are now dating have ex-wives who, in all likelihood, are saying the exact same thing about the rest of us? In my experience, every man becomes a "narcissist" in their eyes the moment he sets a boundary or demands logic. It does not, however, take us older men long to see through the perpetrator behind these hidden masks.

But what is genuinely frightening is not the individuals — it is that their behavior has now become society's moral compass. What was once a destructive behavior behind closed doors has been scaled up. The mechanism is exactly the same at the macro level: control through emotion. Underneath lies narcissism, ill-will, and an unspoken threat: "You do as I say — or else." It is when this dynamic becomes the operating system of our institutions that we move from individual

tragedies to systemic collapse.

Logos vs. Chaos: The programmers's analysis

I choose to call Cluster B behaviors (narcissism, borderline, histrionic personality disorder) an expression of the destructive, unbridled "feminine." It is the absolute opposite of Logos — the masculine ordering, truth, and logic.

When narcissism is built into the body of society, something dangerous happens: it acquires institutional protection. It becomes law, personnel policy, and *värdegrund*. Once narcissism has become the operating system, it does not matter how good the individual code is — all data processed through it will be corrupted. A narcissistic partner you can leave; but when the system itself has become narcissistic, there is nowhere to flee.

The covert narcissist: The saint with claws

The grandiose narcissist is easy to spot — he takes up space and he shouts. But the covert narcissist? She whispers. The pronoun is my reading of the pattern, not a clinical rule. She manipulates from the wings and uses "concern" as a chokehold. The process often begins with her "planting seeds" among friends: "*He's so wonderful, but I'm a little worried about his temper...*" That is where the character assassination begins, masked as care — the seed has been planted, ready to be watered when she so chooses.

This figure has an exact twin at the level of society: the *värdegrund* ideology. Compare the mechanisms:

- **The inability to admit error:** A sick ideology

never admits a failed policy. It only demands more of the same medicine that made the patient sick in the first place.

- **Control through guilt:** The narcissist says: "If you loved me, you would do X." The ideology says: "If you have the right *värdegrund*, you accept Y."

*The boundlessness: When "no" becomes a mortal
sin*

The narcissist hates the word "no." In her world, a "no" is not a factual boundary — it is an act of war. Because she lacks a stable inner core, she is entirely dependent on her surroundings continually mirroring her own illusion of excellence. She therefore surrounds herself with "yes-men." Those who do not merely nod, but who actively participate in upholding her construction of reality.

A well-grounded "no" — however logical or factual — is the worst crime of all. It is a crime against the prevailing consensus.

The same mechanism we see in the *värdegrund* ideology. As I read it, the ideology hates national borders, biological facts, and freedom of speech for the same reason: they constitute a "no" to the narrative. For the ideologue and for the narcissist, truth is secondary; the only thing that counts is that no one breaks ranks. To stand outside consensus is the mortal sin of the new age. If you point to a system fault in the code, or a logical hole in a political reform, you are not met with a counter-argument. You are met with a rage aimed at destroying your character. Why? Because your "no" has

punctured the bubble of false harmony on which they have built all their power.

The victim as nobleman

In the narcissistic system, we have stopped distinguishing between empathy and truth. What matters is no longer what actually happened, but how someone says it felt. This has produced a perverse currency: the victim role.

In a healthy society, grief is a tragedy one wants to heal. In the narcissistic system, grief is a strategy for influence. Today the one who wins is not the one who is right, but the one who cries the loudest. It is power without responsibility — the narcissist's dream.

If you scrutinize the results of a failed policy, you are not met with arguments, but with: "How can you say such a thing — don't you understand how hurt I am?" By turning every question of substance into a question of being offended, the power becomes untouchable.

A feminine method with a totalitarian effect —

DDR 2.0

The terror regimes of the twentieth century wore two faces. The first was masculine brutality. Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge cut down an estimated 1.5 to 2 million people in four years, roughly a quarter of Cambodia's population. Teachers, doctors, priests, anyone who wore glasses — anything that smelled of civilization was systematically wiped out. Mao followed the same logic, only on a vaster scale. When power felt threatened, it answered with the bullet, the prison cell,

and physical annihilation.

But there was another face. More refined. More "feminine" in method, and in the long run more dangerous. It was developed in East Germany during the seventies and eighties, and it carried the name *Zersetzung* — *decomposition*. The Stasi understood that you do not have to imprison a dissident if you can dissolve him. The rumor spreads at the workplace. Friends grow cold. The wife begins to doubt. The career stalls without any order having been given. The man falls apart from the inside, without a shot being fired, without a paragraph of law being broken. The perfect repression leaves no trace — only a broken human being whom no one believes any longer.

As I read the code, it is this method — not Pol Pot's — that has survived and grown. My thesis is that what we have today is not a new terror regime. It is DDR 2.0: the same decomposition, refined and distributed, but now without a state needing to direct it. Friends, colleagues, platforms, HR departments, and the media perform *Zersetzung* on power's behalf, voluntarily. Through guilt, shame, and ostracism they erase your existence without spilling a drop of blood. As I read it, the media function as the system's "vibe-checkers" — they measure emotional temperature instead of reality. If the truth chafes, the new inquisition is deployed to ridicule and to paste on labels until no one dares listen to you anymore.

The Stasi needed dossiers, microphones, and thousands of officers. The new power only needs you to be afraid of losing your friends.

The diagnosis is irrelevant — Run!

Does it matter whether your life is destroyed by a clinical narcissist or by an ideology wearing her mask? No. If the system continually corrupts your data, you stop running the program.

My grandfather's voice echoes again: "*Nothing is more dangerous than someone who claims to mean well — but refuses to see where the good they mean leads.*" He saw it coming. The system works because it plays on your own goodness. It gets you to keep silent so as not to seem hard. But the moment you accept a lie in order to save someone's feelings, you have become an *enabler* of a narcissistic system.

You are not "good" when you yield. You are the narcissist's extended arm, helping the lie live one more day. They want to be seen as victims, but the truth is brutal: *You* are the victim of your own lack of discipline and spine if you let them decide your truth.

Chapter 8 – The one who can't stand straight questions

"The chaff must be sifted from the wheat. It is not hate — it is necessity"

A society in which one is not allowed to ask straight questions is a society in which power is already corrupt. It does not matter whether it calls itself a democracy, whether it wears rainbow flags or a well-pressed suit. If you are punished for asking, then you are not free. You are a subject in an ideological cult.

History repeats itself — in soft packaging

This is nothing new. The darkest ideologies of the twentieth century — Communism and Nazism — were not historical accidents. They were humanity's most terrifying and ancient demons in modern packaging. They shared one distinguishing mark: questioning was the mortal sin.

It began with "the good purpose." They spoke of justice, of unity, of solidarity. But the end was the same every time it was tried: control, fear, and silence. When man tries to build heaven on earth without truth as its foundation, he always builds his own hell instead.

Today we see the same hunger for obedience, only with a friendlier smile and a softer language — what I called earlier *DDR 2.0*.

In concrete terms, this means you are met with accusations instead of arguments. The conversation has been turned into a minefield. Not everyone is blown up, but the fear of those who have been is enough to keep

the rest of the flock on the marked path:

- You question biological differences — and you risk being the next person purged from your career.
- You ask for data on the costs of migration — and you are met with intellectual dishonesty of the kind we saw in the infamous Sandviken report, and called a racist if you refuse to buy the bluff.
- You ask for accountability from parents — and you are called a misogynist.

The purpose is not to convince you; the purpose is to silence you.

The test: The shifting that reveals everything

Do you want to know whether a person is mature enough for power? Ask a straight but uncomfortable question. Then watch what happens:

- **The mature leader:** Takes a breath, listens, and answers with arguments. He sees the question as a chance to test the idea. He *owns the question*.
- **The tyrant:** Becomes offended. Becomes defensive. Begins to talk about your "tone" or your "lack of respect." He starts punishing the questioner instead of answering the question. He wants to *own the questioner*.

Roger and "the protective wall"

I remember a moment early in my working life. A female manager had taken a decision that had no logical

basis whatsoever. I asked a simple, factual question in front of the group. The answer did not come from her, but from her "guard," Roger.

"Don't you understand that you are diminishing her right now?" he said, in a judging voice. It was the modern method of narcissism in a nutshell: to use "victim" as a shield against accountability.

I answered calmly: "I asked a very simple question. That is still permitted, isn't it?"

The silence grew long. Uncomfortably long. Roger was used to people backing down because they were afraid to seem insensitive. But I did not back down. I just waited for an answer. In the end, Roger's authority collapsed, because I refused to fall in line.

Why you have to be capable

Why was I not afraid of Roger? The answer lies not in the words we exchanged, but in what I had done before I walked into that room. True integrity rests on a paradox that can be captured in a saying — often attributed to Japan, origin uncertain:

"It is better to be a warrior in a garden than a gardener in a war."

To be a truly peaceful and calm man, you must have the capacity to be dangerous. There is a "switch" in the masculine constitution. It is not aggression, but an inner weight — the knowledge that you can stand your ground if it comes to conflict. When that switch is flipped, you stop seeking social approval and start demanding reality. Whoever tries to steer you with emotional pressure feels it when the air suddenly

becomes "heavy." It is not a threat she reacts to, but your immovability. Her emotional smokescreens have stopped working against a man who has his sword in its sheath, but who knows how to draw it.

The father's role: Taming the monster

This is the reason a father is irreplaceable. A father is to awaken this force in his son, but he is also to teach the son, lovingly and responsibly, to control it. If you remove this force, you remove the man. You get a "nice" boy who never dares to set a limit against a narcissistic partner or a corrupt boss. He is not nice because he is virtuous — he is nice because he is harmless and can be controlled. Real men rarely see this group of "men" as nice; they see them as plainly harmless. The younger generation of men I mentioned earlier and will return to later choose considerably harder words to describe this group of so-called "nice" men.

The tyrant never gives up easily

To stand firm once is rarely enough. The tyrant comes back the next day, harder, to restore his power. This is where most men fold. But if you stand fast a second and a third time too, the tyrant realizes you cannot be broken. The price you pay — in the form of possible social pressure or conflicts — is a long-term gain for your own character and your manhood.

What you can do when you meet a "Roger":

- 1 Ask the question anyway.** Calmly, factually, without aggression.
- 2 Refuse to play the victim game.** If they say

"you're making me sad, you're diminishing me,"
answer: "I asked a question. Can you answer
it?"

- 3 Wait out the silence.** Let them fill the void.
Silence is their enemy, but your ally.
- 4 Document everything.** The truth is your
insurance if they try to escalate to HR or to
senior management.
- 5 Be prepared to go all the way.** If you are
prepared to lose your job for the truth, they can
no longer control you.

The courage to remain free

Sometimes you must challenge the idiocy. Not because
you want a fight, but because you must if you wish to
remain a free human being. People who build their
power on intimidation and emotional manipulation
should not lead anyone. They should be exposed.

You have the right to ask questions. You have the right
to demand truth. You have the right to ask for
accountability. What no one should ever have the right
to, is to silence or punish the one who asks.

Chapter 9 – The history of feminism

"You can begin with the right fight — and still end up on the wrong side"

The reaction that was justified

Feminism began as a necessary reaction. In its beginning, it sprang from Logos. It rested on logic, on order, and on real, physical needs: the right to vote, juridical independence, and access to education. It was absurd that half of humanity stood outside these basic pillars. No sensible person denies this, least of all me.

The women got what they demanded. On point after point, the men yielded — not from weakness, but because the demands were logical and just. Most men wanted partners, not subjects.

But here the paradox was born. Instead of settling into a shared future once the goals were reached, the movement shifted gears. When the actual injustices vanished, Chaos began to take over. The movement needed a new motor to survive. That motor became bitterness. It became hate. Feminism was transformed into a mirror image of what it claimed to be fighting: a radical, identity-political movement that placed its own sex above the truth.

As I see it, feminism in practice became the woman's counterpart to Andrew Tate — only with state backing, school curricula, and the entire media establishment at its back.

When honesty still governed

The early voices — Mary Wollstonecraft (1792) and

John Stuart Mill (1869) — were not driven by contempt for men. They sought balance. They wanted educated women in order to produce better mothers, better citizens, and better conversational partners for men. They did not see man as a natural enemy, but as a link in a human chain that needed oiling. It was a struggle for human development, not for sex separatism.

From need to revenge

Once the rights were secured, something dark happened. The movement could no longer live on actual needs, so it began to live on revenge. The radical voices took the microphone: Simone de Beauvoir, Kate Millett, Valerie Solanas.

Here man became the problem in himself. The provider, the leader, the protector — the archetypes that, as I see it, built civilization — were now painted as threats. The hypocrisy, in my reading, became the fuel of the movement: it demanded the man's resources but despised his existence. No one laid this bare more clearly than Simone de Beauvoir in her 1975 conversation with Betty Friedan in *The Saturday Review*:

"No woman should be authorized to stay at home and raise her children. Society should be totally different. Women should not have that choice, precisely because if there is such a choice, too many women will make that one."

Here the mask falls completely. It was never about "free choice." It was about forcing the woman away from her nature and the man away from his role. It is an emancipation so controlled that it is in fact a new kind

of slavery — subordinated to an ideological elite that despises the biological contract.

The face of hypocrisy: The Schyman example
In Sweden, Gudrun Schyman became the symbol of this moral collapse. At the Left Party's congress in 2002, speaking of the patriarchal structures, she said: *"It is the same norm, the same structure, the same pattern, which repeats itself in the Taliban's Afghanistan as here in Sweden."* She never walked it back. She embodied the idea that Swedish men are, at root, carriers of the same underlying order as the Taliban, while women are morally superior beings.

But look at the actions behind the rhetoric. The hypocrisy was total. Here we had a woman preaching the highest morality, while simultaneously displaying behavior that would have wiped out a man's career in a second. Public alcoholism, urinating in a cinema, undeclared cleaning help, tax offenses, plagiarism, and on it goes. But she was sheltered by the narrative.

One is forced to stop and ask: You... really, *you* think *you* are going to lecture *me* about morality? It is comedy. Dark, yes, but still comedy.

In the world of feminism, as I have come to know it, the victim role functions as a free pass from personal responsibility. The more loudly one shouts about the oppression of men, the more one is permitted to oppress logic and decency in one's own life. One creates a world in which the woman is chronically innocent and the man chronically guilty.

The blind spot

Many say that feminism "derailed" recently, perhaps with the third wave or with MeToo. But the truth is that the hostility was there in seed form already in the pioneers. The difference was that, back then, there were objective injustices that masked the hatred. Today, when those injustices are gone, the hatred stands exposed — naked, ugly, and destructive.

A bible was written without God

In 1895, Elizabeth Cady Stanton published *The Woman's Bible*. It is a rewriting of the Bible in which the entire Christian order is identified as a tool for the oppression of women. It is not a critique of men. It is not even religious criticism in the ordinary sense. It is a metaphysical overthrow. She did not want to reform Scripture — she wanted to write an entirely new one.

This deserves to be read slowly: the pioneer of women's suffrage wrote, already in the nineteenth century, a Bible without God the Father. She understood — long before her successors had the courage to say it openly — that if you want to abolish the biological contract between men and women, you must first abolish the God who gave it to us. You cannot keep Logos and at the same time tear down the foundation He built. Stanton chose her side. And she chose early.

Already in the *Declaration of Sentiments* (1848) she had written that the history of man is "*a history of repeated injuries and usurpations*" toward woman. It is language lifted word for word from the American Declaration of Independence — except that where Jefferson spoke of a king who oppressed his people,

Stanton spoke of the entire male sex. Half of humanity is condemned in a single sentence. That is not a struggle for justice. It is a plain declaration of war.

The line that was never broken

From Stanton, the line runs straight forward. Charlotte Perkins Gilman wrote, in the early twentieth century, *Herland* — a utopia in which men do not exist and society, naturally, flourishes. Simone de Beauvoir published *The Second Sex* in 1949, in which she described motherhood as a trap and woman as "the Other" in a world defined by men. In 1967, Valerie Solanas wrote her *SCUM Manifesto* — a document whose title, on the original cover, was given as standing for "*Society for Cutting Up Men*," and whose message is exactly what the title suggests. The next year, she shot Andy Warhol. She was convicted and declared mentally ill, but her manifesto was nonetheless read, quoted, and defended in feminist circles.

In 1970 came Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*, which redefined the relationship between man and woman as a political power relation — not a biological or spiritual complementarity, but a class struggle. And after that, Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon, who were accused of holding that heterosexual penetration is in itself a form of assault. And then MeToo. And the third wave. Then the fourth.

The line is not broken. It is continuous. Each generation has only scaled up what Stanton already had in the founding text. The justified demand for the vote was the map. The hatred of man and the contempt for God were the actual terrain. When the map at last matched reality — when women in fact gained the vote, ownership,

education, work — the terrain did not vanish. It stood there still, and it was revealed that the terrain had been the driving force all along for part of the movement. Not for all, of course. But for enough — the rest became silent fellow travelers.

A religion of its own, not a freedom movement

This is where my philosophical objection lands. Feminism, as it is conducted today, is not a freedom movement. It is a competing religion. And many — not only men, not only conservatives, not only the faithful — have begun to say it openly.

A freedom movement has a goal. When the goal is reached, it packs up. The abolitionist movement disappeared when slavery was abolished. The suffrage movement disappeared when the franchise was universal. That is how a freedom movement works — it liberates, and then it withdraws. It does not want to rule. It wants to abolish what it fought against and then let the human being walk on.

But feminism did not withdraw. When its goals were reached — juridically, economically, educationally — it shifted gears. It could not stop, because it was never a freedom movement by nature. It was a system of belief. And a belief system never packs up, because it is not in the business of solving a problem — it is in the business of explaining the world.

And just like every religion, it has its dogmas: woman is good, man is guilty. It has its original sin: patriarchy, into which you are born guilty if you are a man. It has its saints: Stanton, Beauvoir, Dworkin. It has its heretics: women who refuse to play along with the

narrative are called traitors. It has its eschatology: a future without the man, or at least without that which makes a man a man. And it has its sacraments: abortion, divorce, the self-centered life without children.

It is a religion that has replaced God with woman, confession with "*check your privilege*," the calendar of saints with International Women's Day, and the kingdom of heaven with a society in which the biological contract between the sexes is dissolved.

And just like every religion, it wants to spread. It does not content itself with sitting in academic seminars. It wants into the school curriculum. It wants into the children's books. It wants into the laws. It wants into the Church. It treats dissenters as evil heretics, not as opposing voices in a debate — for truth was never the goal.

For me as a Catholic, this is no mystery. It is a well-known pattern. When real religion falls silent in a culture, the religious need does not disappear — it only seeks a new channel. The human being must believe. And if she does not believe in God, she will believe in something else. Stanton understood this when she wrote her Bible without God. She understood that she was not abolishing religion. She was replacing it.

Conclusion: Why the men backed down

My conviction is that many men backed down not because they were "defeated" in an intellectual debate. They backed down because they realized that a conversation was no longer taking place. Why try to reason with a court where you are born guilty and

where the judge has already made up her mind?

Many men chose silence — not from weakness, but from clear-sightedness. They saw a movement that had stopped wanting to understand and had begun wanting to destroy. And right there — in the quiet withdrawal from the common conversation — the old contract between the sexes died. We stopped trusting one another, and began to see one another as political opponents rather than as complementary parts of a whole.

Chapter 10 – What did woman receive?

*"Freedom and responsibility are two ends of the same stick.
Remove one, and the whole stick disappears"*

It cannot be said more plainly: the modern woman got everything she asked for. She got the rights that any rightful society ought to guarantee: the vote, access to education, career paths, and the absolute right to her own body. She got exactly the same freedom as the man. As the father of three daughters, I applaud that — I want them to own their lives.

But there is a natural law that no parliament in the world can vote away: *freedom is not free*. The price of freedom is spelled *responsibility*. If you have the power to choose, you also have the duty to bear the consequences of your own free choice. If you refuse the consequences, your freedom is nothing more than a privilege at someone else's expense.

Equality's blind spot

We often talk about female equality as if it were a buffet, where you choose what you want to put on your plate. That is Chaos dressed in the language of freedom — the belief that reality is à la carte. But true equality is a package deal. The stick, with freedom at one end and responsibility at the other, is not a political construct that can be voted on. It is Logos. The order of reality. Remove one end, and there is no stick left.

Let us ask the questions that modern feminism does everything to avoid:

Career vs. family. You got the right to prioritize the CEO seat over the home. But if at forty you realize that

loneliness is the price of that priority — is that a "societal problem" demanding state intervention, or is it the logical consequence of your own choice?

Bodily autonomy. You got the exclusive legal right to your own sexuality and reproduction. Yes, it takes two adults to make a child. But once the child is on the way — carrying unique DNA from both of you — we have a system in which you can choose abortion without the man's permission, under the banner "*my body, my choice*." But the man has no corresponding right to an "economic abortion" if he chooses not to become a father. Why is he expected to bear the financial responsibility for at least eighteen years for a decision that you, and only you, have the final right to make? The logic is plain: either both have a choice, or neither does. No double standard. If it is "your body, your choice," why is it then "his wallet, your decision"?

The duty to die for the system. For more than a century, months and years — and, in wartime, lives — were taken from young men through compulsory military service, while women bore no comparable duty. Something that, with time, as the woman entered the labor market, gave her in practice a head start the man never had. Even today, despite legislation that on paper is gender-neutral, the ultimate shadow of sacrifice in practice still falls on the man. If war comes, we all know who is expected to take the bullet. History teaches us who actually goes out first. The man rests beneath the silent, cultural expectation that he is to stand and die for the very rights that feminism now claims he uses to "oppress."

Conflict and aggression. If you demand to be treated as an equal in the workplace — are you then prepared

to be met with the same hard, unsentimental honesty that men give one another? Or do you expect "softer" handling the moment the criticism stings around the edges?

And the hypocrisy doesn't even need the weight of war or law to show. A first date is enough. You earn as much as he does. Yet you expect him to pay. "*A real man pays.*" Yes — that was the old contract, when you were a traditional woman with traditional duties. Today you are not. Today, "tradition" is something you pull out when it favors the wallet, and call "oppression" when he asks for the corresponding loyalty. The buffet again, in miniature, in the middle of a restaurant.

The legally adult but irresponsible woman

When a child turns eighteen we say: "Congratulations, you are an adult. You may do as you please, but the state and your parents will no longer pay for your mistakes." That is the very definition of being of age and free.

But feminism has created a peculiar, hybrid-like creature: the legally adult but irresponsible woman. She wants the man's freedom, but she demands the child's safety net. She wants the power to make the big decisions, but she wants the man or the state to clean up when the calculation does not balance. It is an existence in a moral no-man's-land where one demands to be taken seriously as a leader but sobs as a victim the moment any headwind arises.

The mirror: You shape the man you meet

To the free woman I want to say: you are not a passive

victim of a "structure." You are an active co-author of it. You shape the men around you by what you reward and what you accept.

If you reward the irresponsible "bad boy" type — what the manosphere, and more and more women themselves, now call *f-boys* — with your attention, but despise the steady, hardworking provider as "boring," then do not complain that there are no good men left. You yourself have voted into being the men you meet, with your own approval. Of course the man shapes the woman in the same way — the reward mechanism is mutual, and both sexes are active co-creators of the other. But this chapter is about your side of the contract. If you demand total independence but expect traditional protection the moment it gets dark outside, then you are asking for a paradox that no sound man can fulfill without losing his own logic.

Terminus: Hypocrisy

Freedom without responsibility is hypocrisy. Equality without equal treatment is a lie. We see it everywhere in the culture — from films in which spindly women beat down trained elite soldiers, to public authorities that lower the physical standards for the police and the rescue services in the name of "diversity" and "equality." It is a pretty fiction, but reality always sends the invoice in the end.

The modern woman got everything she asked for. The only question is whether she is prepared to become adult enough to pay for it. For when the stick snaps — when Logos is exchanged for Chaos and responsibility vanishes — freedom collapses with it. And then we stand there, in the ruins of the new contract, wondering

why no one feels happy even though everyone is said to be "free."

Chapter 11 – The lies that slipped through

When the myth meets the measuring glass

*"When a lie is repeated often enough, it becomes 'truth.'
But it never becomes fact"*

We have been fed the picture of woman as the eternal victim of an invisible system. But if we lift the hood and look at the numbers, we see a system that is rigged — not to oppress women, but to shield them from the consequences of their own free choices.

The wage gap: The most successful lie

You have heard the figure: "*Women earn only 90 percent of what men earn.*" It is presented as evidence of patriarchal evil. But the wage gap is a "non-average average." It is a number that ignores parameters that Statistics Sweden and the Swedish National Mediation Office report themselves:

- **Career choice:** Risk vs. security.
- **Hours worked:** Men, statistically, work more hours and more overtime.
- **Physical danger:** Nine out of ten fatal workplace accidents happen to men.

When you control for these factors — what is called the *adjusted wage gap* — the difference shrinks to around four percent. And when the Swedish Agency for Government Employers controls for still more factors in its official regression analysis, the unexplained gap lands at under one percent. What remains is not oppression, but **choice**. Men more often choose occupations with high risk and high reward. Women more often choose occupations with high security and

lower pay. To call one's own free choices "discrimination" is not only dishonest; it is an insult to the concept of freedom.

The silent number: Nine Out of ten
Stay in that figure for a moment. Fifty men. Five women. That is the actual outcome for 2023, and it is not a peak year — it is a pattern that repeats itself decade after decade. The most dangerous jobs in the country are performed almost exclusively by men. And that is where the deaths happen.

Where is the discussion?

No party-leader debates on the matter. No parliamentary campaigns. No billion-kronor initiatives labeled "*men are dying at work, we are going to fix it.*" The question is not even regarded as a matter of equality. It exists in the margin of a statistical report once a year, and then it falls silent again.

When the Swedish Work Environment Authority itself tries to account for the figure, it does not land in training, it does not land in lack of safety culture, it does not land in the structure of the workplace. It lands in "*masculine cultures*" that influence "*working methods and risk-taking.*" The official answer, in other words, is that the men die because they are men. They have themselves to blame.

Now invert the figure in your head. Imagine that nine out of ten who died at work were women. Would the explanation then be that feminine culture takes too many risks? Would the conclusion be that women ought to change? Or would the whole country come to a halt

in collective crisis — parliamentary debates, special commissions, ministers on television, ten-year plans, audits, billions?

My view is that the asymmetry is itself the answer. When women come to harm, it is a structural problem demanding mobilization. When men die, it is their own fault for being too masculine. This is what equality looks like when it stops pretending to be symmetrical.

Discriminated against in the world's most equal country?

If women in Sweden are being discriminated against, then the word has lost all its meaning. They are overrepresented in higher education, they live longer, and according to research from Sahlgrenska University Hospital they draw roughly twenty percent more resources from the healthcare system than men. Part of that is explained by childbearing — but not all.

For anyone willing to be intellectually honest, the conclusion is obvious: through the victim narrative, they have in practice acquired moral and legal immunity. The reader who has seen how courtrooms and custody disputes function in reality knows this is so, whatever may be written in the elegant preamble paragraphs of the law.

Feminism said: "*You must have a career to be free.*" But no one said: "*You probably will not be made happy by sitting in an office sixty hours a week.*" Now, as many women realize that the career did not fill the void in the soul, they do not blame the ideology — they blame the men. It is the ultimate irresponsibility: to get the freedom you demanded, and then to hold someone

other than yourself accountable for not feeling well in it.

Man flu — The humor with rotten numbers

There is a scornful reflex that almost every man recognizes: the mockery when he is sick. "*Poor little you, have you got your 'man flu' again?*" It sounds harmless, but it is part of the same mechanism that dehumanizes the man's vulnerability while elevating the woman's slightest discomfort into a structural problem.

But the numbers point the other way. While women mock men for being "weak," the Social Insurance Agency says something quite different:

- Women account for 65 percent of all ongoing sickness benefit cases in Sweden (Försäkringskassan, December 2024).
- The majority of these concern mental illness, stress, and burnout.

Here the newspeak steps in to save the face of the modern woman: "*emotional labor*" and "*the invisible load*." Pretty words for something very simple: a pathological need for control. The dishwasher must be unloaded *her* way, otherwise it is "emotionally demanding." The children must be dressed according to *her* aesthetic, otherwise she carries an "invisible load." It is not work; it is a refusal to relinquish control, packaged as a heroic sacrifice.

The numbers that sting

I admit it: I actually enjoy letting the numbers do the work when the myths need to be cleaned out. When

someone scoffs at a man's illness, I just smile and think of the statistics. It is a cold answer, I know. But it is an answer to a climate that has become arctic toward men.

The modern *rödsocka* — the Swedish "red sock," a term for the strident left-feminist who wears her ideology on her sleeve — believes herself to be immune from guilt because she wears the victim's cardigan. But when she meets the numbers and realizes that her narrative no longer holds, she changes the subject. She cannot bear to be measured by the same yardstick with which she measures others.

A note — A figure that will hurt

Remember the figure 90 percent. It was used as a lie to prove oppression. Soon we shall speak of another figure — the one that does not exist. The one no public authority wants to measure.

Did you know that the system in principle rests on the man having to accept fatherhood without proof? For the woman, motherhood is a biological fact; for the man, fatherhood has quietly become a legal guess that the system forces him to pay for — regardless of the truth. Why is this uncertainty permitted in an age of total technical capability? We will come to that later in the book, and trust me — it will hurt worse than any "man flu" ever did.

Chapter 12 – The mask of feminism

"Claim without responsibility is not freedom — it is parasitism"

The stolen emancipation

As I said earlier, feminism began with freedom. It was a movement to liberate woman from legal subordination. But where freedom was once the goal, it soon became a means. A weapon. Today no one can any longer distinguish between the woman as an individual and the ideology that speaks in her name. If you criticize her actions, you are accused of hating all women. If you question her arguments, you are branded a threat to equality. This has produced what we see today: total intellectual immunity.

The logical trap: Motte-and-Bailey

Perhaps the most-used method in feminism has a name in logic: *motte-and-bailey*. It functions as a hostage-taking of your conscience:

- **The bailey:** the open, desirable ground, where one prefers to live. Here one raises the radical claim — that rape is *"nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which all men keep all women in a state of fear,"* as the radical feminist Susan Brownmiller wrote in 1975.
- **The motte:** the narrow, fortified hilltop one retreats to when the opponent comes. Here one falls back on the defensible: *"But I just think women should have equal pay! Are you against equality?"*

They force you to sign the headline, but they refuse to

let you read the fine print until the trap has already snapped shut. You can be for justice without being a feminist, but the ideology does not allow that space. It demands a monopoly on your moral conscience, through a method that is itself deeply immoral.

Who scrutinizes power when power weeps?

Woman has always had a unique force: her vulnerability. When a woman weeps, those around her react instinctively — it is a biological inheritance deeper than any ideology. But what happens when this vulnerability is not spontaneous but strategic? When tears become a tactic for avoiding accountability? Then vulnerability has stopped being a feeling and become a tool. And a tool has a user.

From this follows the next move in the game. Every act of scrutiny is met with moral panic. A factual objection is called "*violence*." The one who questions automatically becomes the perpetrator, however well-founded his criticism. It is power that hides behind weakness, which makes it almost impossible to criticize without appearing to be a bully. It is the ultimate double standard: to demand to be treated as an adult equal, but to demand the child's protection the moment things get uncomfortable.

The glass ceiling vs. The glass basement

There is endless talk of the *glass ceiling* — the invisible obstacles to women reaching the boardrooms. But have you ever heard of the *glass basement*? The term was coined by Warren Farrell as the mirror image: the most dangerous, the dirtiest, and the most deadly

occupations, where the men stand alone. Where are the demands for 50/50 quotas there?

Hardly anyone calls for sex quotas when roofs need shoveling in February or when sewers need clearing. Hardly anyone fights for more women in asphalt-laying or in welding on oil rigs. As I showed in the previous chapter, more than ninety percent of those who die in their workplaces are men — and that figure sinks like a stone in the equality debate. Equality always seems to stop at the door of the comfortable offices. Power in the spotlight is wanted; responsibility for the dirt is left to the men.

*Power without responsibility: The modern
superpower*

Here is the heart of the feminine privilege: power, status, and claim — but zero responsibility. As a programmer I see it all the time: it is like a user demanding root access to the system, but refusing to take responsibility for the system crash that follows. They want to sit at the control panel, but when the log files show their own errors, they erase the traces and blame the hardware — blame the man.

Imagine a man behaving in the same way. A man who demands full sexual freedom, no responsibility for his children, no duty of provision, and yet still expects to be celebrated as "strong." We know what happens: he is called a pig or a parasite. When a woman does exactly the same thing — discarding loyalty and duty in order to "find herself" — she is celebrated as an independent heroine. This is not just my observation. It is the same conclusion driving the growing male counter-reaction

that we will return to later in the book. The men have begun to react.

This is emotional blackmail elevated to a system of government. If you accept that one party may exercise power without ever being called to account for the consequences, you have built a matriarchal prison with soft walls.

A confession

I will be fully honest: few things irritate me more than modern feminism. Not because I dislike women — I have three daughters whom I love and want to see grow up in truth, a woman whom I love beside me, respect for my mother, and on it goes. My irritation lies in the ideologically rotten core. I refuse to accept a movement that has no principles beyond its own self-pity. That is not sisterhood — it is narcissism in group form.

Anyone who believes a woman is a saint simply because she is a woman has understood nothing about human nature. The counter-reaction has already begun, and it is not born of hate but of an ice-cold logical analysis. Men are beginning to ask themselves: "*What do I get out of this contract?*" And when the answer becomes "nothing but guilt and silence," they stop playing. Where men gather when they have stopped playing — you will read about later in the book.

Chapter 13 – The dictatorship of consumption

Who really rules at the kitchen table?

"Follow the money — there is the power. Everything else is theater"

When we speak of "patriarchal structures," we tend to drift off into sociological fluff. Let us instead do what the police do: follow the money. Whoever takes the daily decisions about the household's resources is also the one who, in practice, runs the family's life.

The truth is that this is rarely the man. My view is that the woman in the modern home is often the chief executive of consumption. She decides the aesthetics of the décor, which holiday is to be booked, and when the kitchen "needs" renovating. The man? He functions increasingly as a walking ATM, expected to deliver the capital without asking awkward questions about the return on investment.

Men: stop being tragic simps

I want to speak plainly to the men. Stop using phrases like *"I'll have to check with the boss"* or *"happy wife, happy life."* You think you are being diplomatic or funny. You are sad — and a whole chapter later in the book is given to this phenomenon among you. By abdicating from your economic and logical responsibility, you sell out your authority for a counterfeit domestic peace and short-term appreciation.

The children's inheritance: A corrupted blueprint for life. The worst part of behaving like a doormat is the broken software you install in your children:

- **What your son sees:** a blueprint for submission. He learns that a man's lot is to be a financial engine without a steering wheel. A father who pays, keeps his mouth shut, and asks permission.
- **What your daughter sees:** a blueprint for manipulation. She learns that a woman does not have to respect her partner so long as she can control him emotionally. She loses respect for masculine leadership, because she has never seen any.

The blind co-pilot

Picture a cockpit. The man sits in the captain's seat, blindfolded; he has handed over the control column but still carries the responsibility if the plane crashes. The woman steers by impulse and by what she sees in the advertising clouds outside the window. The children in the back see a father pressing buttons that connect to nothing — while glancing nervously at mother to see whether he is allowed to keep his seat.

Do you think those children feel safe?

The brutal reality of the debt figures

The numbers from the Swedish Enforcement Authority (Kronofogden) puncture the myth of the "responsible woman" versus the "wasteful man":

- **The consumption trap:** Between 2011 and 2021, the median debt of young women (18–25) at Kronofogden doubled — a rise of 102 percent. The corresponding figure for young

men was 36 percent.

- **The e-commerce mountain:** 83 percent of young women's debt at Kronofogden consists of *enskilda mål* — that is, debts to private companies, principally in online retail, telecom, and high-cost credit. The corresponding share among young men is 47 percent. For them, criminal-related debts — above all damages owed to crime victims — account for 39 percent of the debt sum. An objection will surely come: young men account in total for 73 percent of the debt amount at Kronofogden — more in absolute terms. But the point is not the quantity, it is the nature. The man's debts come largely from breaking the law. The woman's come from wanting things to look nice. The pattern I see is clear: the young woman goes into debt to buy a lifestyle she cannot afford; the young man, because he has broken the rules of the system.
- **Decision-making power:** International market research (Nielsen and the Harvard Business Review among others) consistently shows that women direct or influence 70–80 percent of all consumer decisions in the household. More specifically: women take on average 94 percent of decisions about home décor and 92 percent of holiday decisions.

Resentment as steering mechanism

Here I see a pattern many men will recognize, but few dare to name: a journey in guilt tripping. It is a feminine-coded language whose purpose is to get its way without having to answer to a spreadsheet. Instead of logic, the man is met with passive aggression and social manipulation. "A real man would make sure his

family has it nice at home," or "If you loved me, you would treat us to this kitchen."

This is not simply "nagging." It is a systematic dismantling of the man's logical defenses until he capitulates for the sake of a counterfeit domestic peace. The West has built a system that encourages women to behave childishly in financial matters. When a father says no to his son, we see it as upbringing. When a man says no to his wife about an unnecessary renovation, it is seen as a sign of a "toxic" relationship. Why? Because too many have accepted the lie that the woman's desires are sacred needs.

The duty to steward

Did the older generation get it wrong when we handed over this freedom without simultaneously demanding ironclad responsibility? Freedom without economic responsibility is not equality. It is just an expensive, childish privilege that is sinking the formation of families.

As a man — stand your ground. You have ZERO obligation to do as she wishes if it runs against your logical thinking about the family's long-term economic interest, simply because her "feelings" demand it in the moment. It is time for the men to take back the wallet — not to oppress, but to save the common home from crashing into the advertising clouds outside the window. To take command is not an assault. It is your duty as steward.

Intermezzo: a short letter to my future critics

"Could we try to be a little more creative this time?"

I know exactly what is about to happen. The fingers are already trembling on the keyboards: *"Misogynist!"*
"Woman-hater!" *"Sexist relic!"*

I would like to begin by apologizing. I am sorry that I happened to write down what your "*värdegrund*" does not permit anyone to utter. I know — I have committed the modern mortal sin, I have disturbed the consensus — and according to the ritual order I must now have one or several labels stamped onto my forehead. But please: could you raise yourselves a little? Do you not yourselves feel that the same old slurs are getting rather worn?

A friendly note: if it is "hate" to point at official statistics or to demand logical consistency, then the spreadsheet is the most hateful literature in the history of mankind. Am I a dinosaur? Absolutely. And if you stamp me as one, I receive that particular label with pride. I would rather be a fossil resting on the bedrock of truth than a modern weathervane spinning feverishly after the latest trend of untested, feeling-driven ideas.

But we both know why you will stick to the usual labels — or try to dismiss me as "not worth answering." It is your only way out. Because if you can stamp me as "evil," you do not have to answer the one question that actually matters: ***Am I wrong?***

We both know the answer to that question. That is why it stings so much. That is why you shout. The truth does not need to shout — it simply is.

Chapter 14 – When does life begin?

"The right to choose acquires meaning only when we know what we are choosing against"

I now touch the most sacred cow of modern Sweden. In what we like to call "the world's most equal country," the question of abortion is not a subject for moral discussion — it is an ideological wall. Even to ask a question about when life begins immediately marks you as "medieval" or as a "religious fanatic." We have built an environment in which it is more socially acceptable to advocate the right to end a life than even to dare to discuss its beginning.

The language that hides reality

The first thing that strikes you when you study the Swedish abortion debate is the total corruption of the language. We have built a linguistic anesthesia to mask the nature of the procedure; the truth hurts too much to be uttered in plain speech. We talk about "*reproductive health*," "*the procedure*," and "*tissue*."

But let us speak plainly. We are talking about ending a life. A unique human being at an early stage of its development. In classical philosophy, a process has long been defined by its end — what Aristotle called the *final cause*. If you put ingredients into an oven — flour, eggs, sugar — and let them stand there at the temperature and the time required, what you get is a cake. If someone yanks the tray out halfway through and throws it on the floor, that person cannot then claim: "*That wasn't a cake, it was just ingredients*."

That is intellectual collapse. We all know it would have been a human being if the process had been allowed to

continue without an active intervention.

To call a developing human a "clump of cells" is like calling a seed "*soil*" just because you do not want to admit that you have just stamped an oak to death.

The biological lie: "my body"

The most-used argument — "*my body, my choice*" — is a biological lie. The child is not part of the woman's body in the same way that a liver or an appendix is. The child has its own unique genetic code that has never existed before. In half of all cases, it also has a different sex than the woman carrying it. It is a small human being temporarily living inside another human being.

To claim the right to end that life because it "*disturbs one's lifestyle*" is not emancipation. It is irresponsibility raised to the dignity of a right. We have built a system with a radical asymmetry in responsibility. The woman has been handed a "green card" to unilaterally erase the consequences of a shared act by invoking her bodily autonomy. At the same time, the man's bodily and occupational autonomy is treated as secondary; he is expected, through the coercion of the state, to bear the financial responsibility for that same act for up to twenty-one years. The logic is broken: either the act carries an irrevocable responsibility for both, or it carries it for neither.

The Swedish exception

In countries like Germany and Italy, there is a built-in moral threshold. In Germany the law requires at least three days of mandatory counselling before the procedure — *Schwangerschaftskonfliktberatung* — a

legal acknowledgment that the decision carries existential weight. Italy goes further: Law 194 of 1978 prescribes seven days of reflection, and the first paragraph of the law expressly states that the state shall protect human life from its beginning. In the United States, the question has been returned to the democratic process and is debated in every public square.

But in Sweden, feminism has succeeded in erasing the counterweight entirely. In feminism's Saudi Arabia, total consensus reigns through silence; here the question of abortion is not a discussion, it is dogma.

Here we have decided that the woman's "feeling" or "choice" trumps all biology. It does not matter that Swedish healthcare in week 22 fights tooth and nail to save a prematurely born child in a neonatal incubator. At Karolinska, six out of ten babies born from week 22+0 and admitted to neonatal intensive care today survive. In the same week, the absolute limit for a granted late abortion on healthy grounds — reviewed by the Legal Council of the National Board of Health and Welfare — lies at 21+6. Two days separate them.

The same child, the same unique DNA sequence, can thus change status from "life worthy of protection" to "biological waste" — depending on which side of the uterine wall, or which administrative decision, it happens to be on. Is morality really geographical?

The silent wound

The question of abortion is hard. It is sensitive, and it carries a tragedy that no political slogan can paper over. We have told the modern woman that ending a life is a victory for her autonomy. But we have lied to her. We

handed her a newspeak as anesthetic, but the anesthetic always wears off in the end.

My experience, after conversations with both men and women who live in the shadow of this choice, is that a woman carries a silence that cannot be filed away. If she has not replaced her conscience with pure ideology, she knows in her depths that what she removed was not a "clump of cells." She knows it was a developing human being. The conscience does not let itself be deceived by euphemisms; it is haunted by the truth that a voice was silenced before it had time to cry out.

That we in Sweden have put the lid on is not a sign that we are "ahead." On the contrary. It is a sign that we have capitulated. We have sacrificed our biological and moral ground in order to uphold a radical political vision. I do not claim that the answers are simple in every individual, tragic, extreme case. But I do claim that we must stop lying. We must open the door to the conversation that is taken for granted in the rest of the world, but which here has become a mortal sin. Because when we lose reverence for the beginning of life, we eventually lose respect for life itself.

It is time to break the silence. Not to judge the individual woman, but to begin to heal the culture that has taught her that her freedom requires a sacrifice she should never have had to make.

Chapter 15 – The emotion-driven social services

"What began in concern has become a structure for virtue-signaling — without responsibility"

A note for the non-Swedish reader. When I write Socialtjänsten — literally "the Social Services" — I know what comes to mind. You have an agency by a similar name. Yes, I know. But trust me: not like this. In Sweden, the same office investigates, accuses, and decides. One caseworker, three hats. The evidentiary standards of a criminal court do not apply. The workforce is, in practice, almost entirely female, schooled for forty years in something called the woman's perspective as the analytic frame. Hold that picture as you read what follows.

There is a truth that the feminized institutions do everything to hide: *present fathers make the state superfluous*. With good men, functioning authority, and clear limits, there is no need for a Social Services, no need for *gender pedagogues* or *safety coordinators*.

These institutions did not arise because the man was too strong. They arose because he was made absent. *Socialtjänsten* is not a natural part of a healthy society; my view is that it is a feminine-coded emergency solution to a masculine vacuum.

An institution built on feeling

Socialtjänsten is today Sweden's most feminized public agency — not only in the sex of those employed (close to ninety percent are women), but in its entire internal culture. The problem arises when a professional culture is shaped around care instead of structure, feeling

instead of consequence, and subjective experience
instead of objective fact.

The result is emotional chaos. The caseworkers try to carry an enormous human responsibility without having any real, masculine authority behind them. The price they pay themselves, in the form of extreme rates of sick leave. But the biggest victims are the children — and the fathers who are ground down in the system's mills.

*The best interest of the child — Or the mother's
feeling?*

Today, "the best interest of the child" is defined almost exclusively as "the mother's feeling of safety." If the mother says she feels worried, that is interpreted as an objective risk to the child — regardless of whether the worry has any basis in reality, or is a pure instrument of power.

The hypocrisy is total. We see women on social media who, in political protest, risk the health and the future of their unborn children in order to punish opponents. I am thinking, as I write, of all the heavily pregnant women who swallowed Tylenol tablets in front of the camera in protest against Trump. Why did they do it? Because Trump had publicly stated a connection between Tylenol and a raised risk of autism in children. Think about what that act means. If a woman can display that kind of recklessness toward her own unborn child openly on social media, in order to gather clicks and likes — what is she capable of behind closed doors when she wants to punish her child's father?

And yet it is the father who is automatically placed

under suspicion. His love does not count if it does not fit the caseworker's feminine template. Keep that observation. We will return to it later, when we look at the police and the courts. There you will meet the argument — the feminist's pet jewel — that women must be represented in certain institutions because sex actually matters. We need female police officers to meet female victims. We need female investigators for sexual-assault cases. Sex is a variable that affects the outcome.

That is, in fact, a good logical argument. I agree with it.

My question is simply: why does that logic not apply *here*? Why is sex suddenly an irrelevant variable when we sit at the table where a child's entire future is decided — in an agency staffed almost entirely by women who, by definition, have never seen the same situation from the father's perspective?

Either sex matters, or it does not.

Facts that no one wants to frame

International research shows in black and white what fatherlessness leads to:

- 2× higher risk of dropping out of school.
- 4× higher risk of poverty.
- 2× higher risk of behavioral disorders.

And Sweden? The numbers exist here too. Statistics Sweden knows exactly where the child lives — it is in the population register, it is asked in the *Barn-ULF* child living-conditions survey, it is reported in the Social Insurance Agency's tables. When you read these

reports, you see the same pattern: children who live entirely with their mother fare worse, have worse economic conditions, and have worse contact with their absent parent than children who live with both parents, or alternately between them. The data is there. It is not secret.

But the data is never published under the heading that honestly describes what it shows. It is not called "*children growing up without their father*." It is called "*single households*," "*single parents*," "*child poverty*," "*children of divorced parents*." These are words that methodically erase the sex of the absent parent, even though 85–90 percent of Sweden's single-parent households are headed by the mother, and everyone who works with the statistics knows it.

This is not a statistical vacuum. It is a fully conscious choice. And it is not random. It accomplishes three things at the same time:

- **It renders the father invisible as a specific factor.** His absence vanishes into a sex-neutral category in which his role can no longer be measured.
- **It redefines the problem from relation to economy.** If the problem is "single households," the solution is income support, more school counsellors, more *gender pedagogues*. If the problem is the absent father, the solution is the father. The first the state can fix. The second it cannot — and it does not want to admit that it cannot.
- **It protects the ideological hypothesis that the form of the family does not matter.** If you never publish the figures broken down by the

father's absence, the hypothesis never has to be tested. And as long as it is not tested, you can continue to govern by feeling without being called to account by reality.

The manufactured blindness

These caseworkers — is it really so hard to believe that they are shaped by their environment? That they sit at the lunch table with other women, day after day, cementing the same view of the problems they encounter? They see the same kind of cases, hear the same kind of stories, draw the same kind of conclusions. They never meet a man with a counter-picture that challenges theirs. They never meet a statistic that points to how wrong they actually are — because that statistic does not exist in the Swedish reports they read.

It is not malice. It is a feminine echo chamber with administrative decisions as the output.

The mocking laugh

I remember a meeting at *familjerätten* — the family-law unit of *Socialtjänsten*, the body responsible in Sweden for mediation and recommendations to courts in custody and visitation disputes — where I confronted them with international data on children's need for their fathers. The woman across the table laughed and threw out her hands:

— "*There are no such studies showing what you say.*"

— "*No, not under that name in Sweden,*" I answered. "*But in the United States and the rest of the West, they*

exist, and they are very clear."

I realized then and there that she was probably not lying. She had never seen the figures presented that way, because Sweden never presents them that way. Her ignorance was not her own. It was *manufactured* — exactly as described above. The lunch table, the colleagues, the course material, the Swedish reports. Her entire training and her daily life had systematically scrubbed away the dimension that would have collided with the conclusion she was paid to draw. The system had made her totally blind to a specific question — and then put her in charge of decisions about children, where precisely that blindness does the greatest harm.

We men have begun to take up the fight as a group. We demand that the map be redrawn according to the terrain that actually exists, even if Sweden has chosen not to show it.

Familjerätten: Governance by feeling

When men share their experiences in this area, the majority describe the following Catch-22:

- If you defend yourself, you are "*controlling*."
- If you are silent, you "*don't care*."
- If you are clear, you are "*aggressive*."

It is a manipulative trap designed to make the man give up.

When truth meets the wall

I was one of those men. I naively believed that if I were only clear and rational enough, the system would

understand. We went to therapy for a year and a half, and it was there that, for the first time, I realized I was not in conversation with an objective mediator. I was in conversation with an ideological gatekeeper.

I particularly remember one occasion when the therapist delivered a long sermon on how I should think, how I should back down, how I should act, and what I "ought to understand" about the other party's feelings. Her proposal was a total capitulation of my own logic and self-respect. She read my face and said directly:

— *"You probably think this sounds doormat-like? That this is what simps do?"*

My answer came as directly as it came naturally:

— *"No. I think you just delivered the entire formal definition of a simp — and now you are asking me to become one."*

What was most fascinating was her response. She tried, in full seriousness, to sell me the picture that this was *"what a real man does."* That strength consisted of having no limits, that leadership was the same as total adaptation for the sake of domestic peace. I asked her only one question in return:

— *"Since when? Is this a universal truth, or is it something you people have invented in the last fifteen or twenty years, here in Sweden?"*

Right there, the conversation died. She felt the air go "heavy." Because in their world there is no history and no biology — there is only the current *värdegrund*. They want you to believe that you are "outdated" or

"inflexible" when in truth you are simply a man who refuses to sell out his spine and his self-respect for a gold star in their protocol.

My advice to young men today: stop trying to explain logic to those who live in a fantasy world. They do not want you to be right — they want you to be silent. If they cannot discuss facts, figures, and rational solutions without trying to dismantle your manhood — get up, walk out, and declare the therapy permanently finished.

Chapter 16 – The school: from knowledge to hugs

"We stopped shaping people — and began protecting feelings"

Sweden was once a temple of knowledge. A place where the teacher was an authority, not a "coach" or a friend. Discipline was not regarded as an assault, but as a necessary tool to give children from every background an honest chance. Upbringing was about responsibility — not about confirming every passing feeling.

Then came the culture of feeling. It began with the well-meaning but treacherous idea that *"the most important thing is that the children feel good."* It sounds humane, but in practice it became the death sentence of the school. The goal (knowledge) was swapped for the means (well-being). The result? The children got neither knowledge nor felt particularly well.

When the curriculum became a confessional

The Swedish school system follows a curriculum painted in feminist pastel: *"all learn equally," "sex is a construct," "authority creates insecurity."* When reality then shows something completely different — that boys are falling behind, that knowledge levels are sinking, that classrooms are becoming ungovernable — the curriculum is not changed. The reality is lied about. The grading system is changed, *"inclusive learning environments"* are introduced, and new pedagogical excuses are invented.

It is like wandering around in Gothenburg with a map

of Stockholm and wondering why you cannot find the train station.

The myth of resources: When more adults is not the answer

Every time the results sink or the insecurity rises, we hear the same worn-out refrain from politicians and trade unions: "*We need more resources. We need more adults in the schools.*"

It sounds logical, but it is a smokescreen. The truth is that Sweden is among the OECD countries that spend the most money per pupil — well above the average. Despite this, 15–20 percent of our teachers lack formal qualifications, against an OECD average of 6–7 percent (primary and upper-secondary school combined). If the amount of money were the solution, the Swedish school would be a flawless knowledge machine.

What Jan Björklund — the former leader of the Liberal Party and Sweden's Minister for Education from 2007 to 2014 — put his finger on, but which no one has dared draw the conclusion from, is that the solution does not lie in the *quantity* of adults, but in what *powers* the adults already in place actually have.

This is the heart of the problem. We have filled the corridors with adults, but at the same time we have stripped them of the tools to be adults. We have created an army of observers who lack the mandate to intervene, to correct, or to make demands. To add more powerless adults to a broken system is like trying to put out a fire with gasoline; it only creates more crowding and more chaos. The problem is not a lack of personnel.

The problem is an acute lack of authority.

The PISA fraud: When the lie became strategy

When the terrain refuses to bend to the map, only the lie remains. The numbers speak plainly: between 2018 and 2022, Sweden's results in mathematics and reading comprehension collapsed. But worse than the collapse was the cheating.

In the lead-up to the 2018 PISA test, Sweden excluded over 11 percent of its pupils from participating — more than double the maximum allowed by the OECD's rules, and the highest figure of all the participating countries. The Swedish National Audit Office (*Riksrevisionen*) found in 2021 that the exclusions were higher than the country's refugee immigration could explain. Even so, *Skolverket* — the Swedish National Agency for Education — and the government defended the figures for years. They chose to lie to themselves rather than confront the failure. That it took years for grown adults even to dare to decide on a mobile-phone ban — something a seven-year-old understands, as does any sensible person who wants the child to learn anything in a lesson — shows how deep the fear of being an adult goes.

The feminized school and the sick teacher

What few dare to say out loud is that the school has become a thoroughly feminized institution. It is not only about the sex of those employed, but about the fact that a one-sided "culture of care" has taken over: safety before results. Consensus before authority.

But a classroom without clear authority does not

function; it produces chronic stress in both children and adults. It is no coincidence that the sick-leave rates in preschool and after-school care are among the highest in the labor market, and that teachers in compulsory school are overrepresented in the Social Insurance Agency's statistics on stress-related mental ill-health. We have built an environment in which everything must *feel* good, but where no one has the mandate required to create order. In the feminized school, authority is seen as something ugly and "*oppressive*." It is preferred to shout for more money rather than admit that one has abdicated from the role of the adult.

When the truant became the world's prophet
The ultimate symbol of this collective folly is spelled Greta Thunberg.

Here we had a girl who should have been in school. Instead, she became a global prophet. It required no statistics to see the madness in it; opening one's eyes was enough. While the adult experts and researchers were relegated to subordinate clauses, an individual schoolgirl on strike was given unlimited space. We chose to listen to a child's emotional outburst and delusion rather than to adult science.

My question as a father is simple: where were the adults? How could teachers and parents allow a fifteen-year-old with an Asperger's diagnosis to systematically skip school every Friday, and be flown around the world to address the UN, the European Parliament, and the Pope? In a functioning society, a *concern report* — what the Swedish authorities call an *orosanmälan*, a formal alert to *Socialtjänsten* — would have been filed immediately. Someone would have asked why a child

with neuropsychiatric diagnoses was being allowed to carry the end of the world on her shoulders.

The reasonable response to a small girl lecturing an entire world of adults with authority should have been: *"What in God's name are you doing? Do you expect me to listen to a fifteen-year-old with delusions, who ought to be sitting in a classroom? Where are her parents? This is madness — get out of my sight, I have more important things to do."*

But no one stepped in. No one pointed with the whole hand. Instead, politicians bowed, and grown adults let a child dictate the agenda. It was a global mass psychosis in which the adult world hid its own cowardice behind a child. Today she has been transformed from the goddess of feeling into a public clown. She is the tragic victim of an ideology that uses children as battering rams and then throws them away. Instead of helping her grow into a stable woman, society let her become a symbol of the adult world's total collapse.

A necessary clarification

My criticism is not directed at the individual teachers who fight against the current every day. My criticism is directed at the ideological starting shot: the idea that the school is to "*educate for equality*" instead of transmitting knowledge.

We built a system that stopped raising children and began worshipping them — and which now stands helpless before the fact that these children cannot cope with the reality outside the padded walls of the school. We swapped truth for a hug. Now we see the result. Once again: we have built a school in which — *the*

children get neither knowledge nor feel particularly well.

Chapter 17 – The police and the fire service representation before capacity

"Criminals and fires do not care about your värdegrund. They care only about who can stop them. And so do the victims of those criminals and those fires"

The police and the fire service are not like other institutions. There are no soft landings here, no "safe spaces," and no room for compromise. These organizations live — and die — on raw capacity. On being able to outrun a perpetrator. On having the strength to carry an unconscious person out of a burning house. On being able to meet brutality with a force that compels order.

Yet this is exactly where the Swedish state has chosen to lower the thresholds and pretend that the laws of physics are negotiable. Neither fires nor criminals care about inclusion — and neither do the victims at the moment they are targeted. Reality does not negotiate. It strikes.

The steel man

Before I say another word about what has gone wrong, let me build a steelman instead of a strawman. It is easy to do sloppy work here — to throw up the stupidest version of the opponent's position and beat it down. I will not do that.

Here are the strongest arguments for why diversity and representation within the police and the fire service is in fact desirable:

"There are good reasons to strive for broader recruitment. A police and rescue force that reflects the

diversity of society can build stronger trust in vulnerable areas where suspicion of authorities runs deep. Female police officers may, in some situations, have an easier time reaching women exposed to violence who are afraid to speak with men. Multilingual firefighters can save lives by communicating more clearly in chaotic situations. Different backgrounds provide different perspectives on conflict resolution, preventive work, and community relations."

Representation is not meaningless symbolic politics — it can have real operational value. A young girl who sees female police officers might dare to report abuse. An immigrant family might trust the rescue services more when they see someone who speaks their language. This is not unreasonable. It is not stupid. It is not even wrong.

But — and this is decisive — these values apply within the frame of operational capacity. When the house is burning, when the knife is drawn, when seconds determine life or death, there is no gender bonus. Then only one thing counts: can you execute the mission?

That is the difference between theory and terrain. Between policy and practice. Between what sounds good in a committee room and what actually functions when lives are on the line.

A police officer is not one thing

Here is the problem with how the debate is conducted: it treats the police as if it were a single thing. A uniformed person. End of story.

But the police is not a thing. The police is a dozen

professions under the same uniform. A sex-crimes investigator does a different job from a patrol officer. An IT forensic specialist does a different job from a community police officer. A preliminary-investigation leader does a different job from the K-9 handler tasked with sweeping a parking garage for a grenade.

Think of it like a football team. When the coach is looking for a left back, he is looking for a left back. Not a goalkeeper, not a midfielder, not a forward. He does not look for "*representation*" on the team. He looks for the specific capability he needs in the specific position.

That is how you build a winning team. Not by distributing positions by sex, ethnicity, or political goals — but by matching competence to the task.

That is why I stand rock-firm by the point that a female investigator in sex-crime cases is often preferable. When a raped woman sits down in an interrogation room, her testimony is the most important evidence in the case. If she opens up more to a female investigator than to a 6-foot-3 male colleague with twenty years on the street — then the female investigator is better at that task. That is not favoritism. That is better professional practice. It is the result that counts.

Hire more women there. Not because it is "*equal*," but because it is effective.

But — and here is where the logic must hold all the way through — the same principle cannot suddenly be switched off when we move from the interrogation room to the street. On the street the product is a perpetrator arrested, an offender disarmed, a human being saved. The raw material is physical capacity,

speed, decisiveness under threat. Then what counts is what produces the result for that task. The threshold should be the same for everyone who applies. Whoever clears it gets in. That is not discrimination. That is meritocracy.

It is the same logic the coach uses. Different positions require different capabilities. Whoever can — gets the job. Not whoever represents the right category.

Why does the logic only go one way?

Here it becomes interesting. Because if the principle "*the same sex meets the same sex better*" is truly valid — which I genuinely think it is, in certain cases — then it must apply in both directions. Otherwise it is not a principle, it is an agenda.

Look at Socialtjänsten. Look at *familjerätten* — Sweden's Family Law administration, which conducts custody and parental investigations on behalf of the courts. 86 percent of the students in Sweden's social-work programs are women (UKÄ, 2023). The proportion of men has in fact sunk since 1997, from nineteen percent to fourteen. The Swedish Gender Equality Agency lists social secretary as one of the country's most strongly female-dominated welfare professions. About eighty percent of managers in Socialtjänsten are women.

This is not a profession in which physics, speed, or strength is decisive. It is a profession built entirely on encounter, communication, and the ability to read people. In other words, precisely the area in which "*representation has operational value*" — as the

opponent's own argument claims.

And what is the outcome?

For children under sole custody, Sweden's distribution according to Statistics Sweden (SCB) lies at roughly 92 percent with the mother, 8 percent with the father. When contested cases go to court and the court rules for sole custody, it goes to the mother more than twice as often as to the father — roughly 70 to 30 percent. *Familjerätten* performs the investigation. *Familjerätten* delivers its statement to the district court. *Familjerätten* consists of a profession in which eight or nine out of ten are women. And legal sociologists who have researched the field — for example Annika Rejmer at Uppsala University — have noted that there are lingering conceptions of the mother as "*the natural*" parent that shape the assessments.

Where, then, is the argument that we need more men in *familjerätten*? Men who can meet the fathers in investigation meetings, where the fathers do not even have to prove their suitability but are forced to defend themselves against accusations? Men who can recognize the patterns when a mother excludes the father from the children's lives — the phenomenon that strikes tens of thousands of Swedish children every generation?

That argument does not exist. Not in a single state inquiry. Not in a single government commission. Not in a single "*model station for equality*." Not a word.

My firm conclusion, therefore: we now know it is not a principle. It is an agenda. An agenda that applies only when it favors women, and falls silent when it would

favor men. That is not equality. It is the selective application of logic in order to achieve a pre-determined outcome.

The critic will object that women are needed in the police not only for representation, but to "*clean up a toxic macho culture*." But if the problem were rotten attitudes, the solution would be ironclad disciplinary standards and capable leadership. Instead, the physical and cognitive thresholds were lowered. That cleans no culture — it only lowers the capacity. It is like curing an infection by lowering the body's temperature. The symptom may disappear from the thermometer, but the disease goes on.

What Sweden got for the money

It is when one compares the promises with the outcome that the map begins to peel away from the terrain. These are not my claims — these are the Swedish state's own audit authorities speaking.

Between 2016 and 2024, the Swedish Police Authority grew by 10,000 employees — a personnel increase of 40 percent. The appropriation went from 22 billion SEK to almost 41 billion. Sweden today has by far the most police officers per capita in all of the Nordic countries.

What did we get for the money? The personal clearance rate stands at 12 percent (2024) — two percentage points lower than in 2015. The cost per cleared crime has, in fixed prices, more than doubled since 2009. The Swedish National Audit Office, October 2025, on the police reform: "*the intentions not yet reached*." The Swedish National Council for Crime Prevention (BRÅ),

final evaluation March 2026, on the 10,000 additional employees: *"With this large injection of resources, one might have expected somewhat more."*

And the heart of the steelman — that representation would build trust in *utsatta områden*, Sweden's official term for "vulnerable areas," meaning neighborhoods with organized criminality and the breakdown of state functions — has not been fulfilled either. BRÅ's National Safety Survey 2025 shows that in those areas insecurity when out at night is twice as high as in well-off areas: 40 percent against 21. Confidence is lowest there, exactly where the promise said it would deliver the most. Crimes are not even reported. The system has not merely failed — it has collapsed at precisely the place where it was meant to prove its worth.

It is not a question of resources. It is a question of quality. We have bought more uniforms, but not more capacity. We have increased the number, but not the effect.

*The representation that never came — And the
price of the fiction*

What is devastating for the entire quota logic is this: even on its own premise, it has not delivered.

From the National Audit Office's review of admissions to police training, May 2025: the share of women in the force stands at 34 percent. The share of officers of foreign background: 7 percent. Both figures *"largely unchanged for many years"* — despite, as the National Audit Office drily notes, *"the government on several occasions having expressed a wish for increased*

diversity within the police force."

In the fire service, the picture is even more telling. From the official statistics of MSB — the Swedish Civil Contingencies Agency: the share of women in operative rescue service was 7 percent in 2020. It was 3.5 percent in 2010. MSB's own equality officer, quoted in 2020: *"if we were to continue at the present pace, it would take 125 years"* to reach an even sex distribution.

125 years. Let that figure sink in.

And the price one has paid in trying to force the representation through is operationally measurable. In 2016, the Swedish Police Authority lowered the cognitive aptitude requirement from 4 to 3 on a nine-point scale. In 2022, it was lowered again — but quietly, by switching the reference group to one that had performed worse. Same number on paper, lower real level. That is statistical cosmetics. For the fire service, MSB's own research project *Brandmannens fysiska förmåga — The Firefighter's Physical Capacity* (Lindberg, Winternet, 2012) — found that *"many of those tested who today work as firefighters did not reach the study's 'pass level.'"* The researchers proposed a standardized standards system. It was never introduced. And the project was run as a government commission explicitly formulated to bring more female firefighters in. It is not a conspiracy theory. It is documented Swedish policy.

Reality is simple: most women do not want to be firefighters or patrol officers. Not because they are discriminated away, but because they make other choices. Choices that are just as legitimate and just as rational as the men's. But the state refuses to accept

this. Instead, it interprets every deviation from 50/50 as evidence of structural oppression — and sacrifices capacity on the altar of an equality that never arrives.

We get all the minuses, and none of the pluses. We pay the price in lowered operational capability, but never harvest the representation we sacrificed for.

When empathy becomes cowardice

On 25 January 2016, twenty-two-year-old Alexandra Mezher was stabbed to death at an HVB-home — a Swedish residential care home for unaccompanied minors — in Mölndal. She was staff. She was working alone. The perpetrator — whom a medical age assessment later showed to be at least 18, despite his claim to be 15 — was one of the "young people" she was expected to help.

The day after, the National Police Commissioner Dan Eliasson sat in the morning sofa of SVT, Sweden's public broadcaster. He was asked what he thought. His words, verbatim:

"One naturally becomes devastated on behalf of all involved, of course. Naturally, the one who is killed and her family... but also for an individual young guy who commits such a terrible event, you know — what has that person been through, what circumstances did that boy grow up in, what trauma is he carrying with him..."

That is the symbol of the total systemic collapse. When the realm's highest police officer sees the world through the perpetrator's traumas instead of through the victim's blood, the uniform has lost its meaning. Then the police is no longer a protective power — it is a therapy ward

with batons.

The same man, the same year, launched the campaign #tafsainte — "*#don't grope.*" The police's answer to sexual assaults that had occurred at the summer festivals was to hand out wristbands with the text "*POLIS AVSPÄRRAT #tafsainte*" — "*POLICE LINE — DO NOT GROPE*" — to young girls.

This is not a country that has a police. This is a country in which the police has become a *värdegrund* department. A PR agency in blue. An institution that asks the perpetrator to think it over, instead of forcing him to follow the rules already in place.

The critic will say: "It is one person's statement on one occasion. He does not represent the whole system."

But there is a reason one cleans a staircase from the top. Leadership sets the tone. Leadership sends the signals downward. And when the highest chief of the country's only authority with a monopoly on violence — apart from the military — expresses empathy with a knife-murderer the day after the deed, then it is not an incident. It is a doctrine.

And the doctrine has become policy.

We see uniformed police dancing in Pride parades. We see *dialogopoliser* — "*dialogue police*" — rolled out into vulnerable areas to grill sausages and offer coffee. We see methods imported from social services, the youth recreation center, and the preschool — and implemented in the institution that is supposed to uphold the law when everything else has failed.

The critic will answer that the sausage is not for the

gang leaders, but to reach the youths and build relationships in the area. That it is preventive work.

But we have institutions for preventive work. We have Socialtjänsten. We have the school. We have parents, recreation centers, local associations. That is where the soft work is meant to happen. That is where the relationships are built. That is where empathy belongs.

The police is not there to prevent. The police is there to intervene. One calls them — hopefully — when a crime has been committed, and counts on them being effective when they arrive. To feminize the police by mixing these roles together is not progressive. It is a system fault.

The *förort* — the Swedish immigrant suburb, the equivalent of what the rest of the world calls the projects or the *banlieue* — is often a merciless environment in which strength and violence capital are the only currency that is respected. Does one really want to reach the boys there with a hot dog? Is the institution so feminized that it believes respect is built with dialogue when the opposite party communicates with automatic weapons?

When the law-abiding population in those areas — those who live right in the line of fire — see a police force acting as a recreation leader instead of crushing, with violence and authority, the gangs that terrorize their stairwells, then something happens to the trust. The statistics already show that confidence in those areas is catastrophically low.

My reading of it is crystal clear: it is the feminine leadership, the agenda, and the methods that have

produced this. Not because women are incompetent — but because the system has taken women's strengths (empathy, relationship, dialogue) and tried to apply them where they do not belong: in the encounter with organized violence.

I, too, would prefer to do without the iron fist. It is the absolute last measure. But manifestly it is sometimes needed. And when it is needed, one cannot *"feel with the guy who has just killed someone with a knife."* Then one has not merely mismanaged one's position — one has not even understood one's mission.

You cannot protect a society with dialogue when the other side communicates with automatic weapons.

The reality check

When the bombs fall, there are no gender-certified PowerPoint presentations that save lives. I have personally seen it, in the former Yugoslavia. We are seeing it now, in Ukraine. In the moment of crisis, one does not call a safety coordinator. One calls for men who can hold the line.

Sweden today has had the highest levels of lethal firearms violence in all of Western Europe for several years running. 296 shootings in 2024. 44 dead. Bombings doubled in the first half of 2025 compared with the same period in 2024. This is the terrain in which the force must operate.

Criminals and warlords do not wait for us to finish our *"värdegrund analysis."* They exploit every weakness we ourselves have created by prioritizing ideological representation over raw, operational strength. They do

not look at the sex distribution in the uniform — they look for who backs down and who stands fast.

The road back to reality

To restore confidence and safety, the following must happen immediately:

Reinstate absolute physical standards. Endurance, strength, and load-carrying must be non-negotiable and identical for everyone in field service. No dispensation by sex. The laws of physics offer no discount. The tests should be based on a work analysis of real operational tasks — not on what is politically convenient to measure.

Operational recertification. Annual tests under realistic conditions. Whoever does not meet the standard leaves the front line. Capacity is not something one earns once — it is something one proves continuously.

Result focus. Promotion should be based on operational effectiveness — response time, arrests, seizures, cleared cases — not on PR work, gender points, or *värdegrund* certificates.

Blind justice. The law shall be applied equally. The victim role is not a free pass from the baton. Violent resistance shall be met with proportional force regardless of the perpetrator's sex, skin color, or background.

It is not complicated. It is just deeply uncomfortable — for those who have built their careers on managing the

fiction.

Chapter 18 – Laboratory Sweden when feeling became law

*"More and more see Sweden as an international warning
sign"*

What I have described in the preceding chapters — the decay in the school, in *Socialtjänsten*, and in the police — is not merely my private observation. It is a pattern that more and more foreign voices have begun to notice. Journalists, commentators, and the occasional researcher look at Sweden and ask the question we are not permitted to ask ourselves: "*What happened?*"

Sweden has become a global laboratory for social engineering. We used to be a model country; today we are an experiment that has gone wrong. We are the cautionary example of how quickly things slide downhill when ideology is allowed to replace reality. I remember, as a child, traveling abroad with my family — when I was asked where I was from, the response was almost always: "*Oh, Sweden, yes, that's good — you've got order and structure.*"

Today? Not so much. "*Oh, there's quite a lot of shooting there, isn't there?*" Let us say: the reception is not quite the same anymore.

The great feminization

The American writer Helen Andrews describes, in her essay "*The Great Feminization*," how the institutions of the West — universities, courts, and political parties — have undergone a cultural change of sex. It is not about the number of women on paper, but about a radical change in the very character of the institutions.

When an institution "changes sex," it also changes its virtues and, as I have noted earlier, its way of communicating.

This is not an abstract theory. It is the difference between civilization and chaos. The masculine society said: "*This is right, even if it feels hard.*" The feminized society says: "*This feels right, even if it is wrong — let us talk about it for an eternity.*"

Mobile phones: A study in paralysis

Let us look again at the mobile-phone question in schools. It took over a decade of inquiries and "*safety analyses*" before Swedish schools dared to ban mobile phones from the classroom. An entire decade. Every teacher who still trusted his professional instinct rather than the latest pedagogical trend report understood it was the right decision from day one.

Why did it take so long? Because decisions in the feminized society may not be made until everyone "*feels safe*" with them. While we waited for consensus, an entire generation of children lost the ability to concentrate. We placed the safety in the room before the truth in the results.

"FEMINISM'S SAUDI ARABIA"

Julian Assange once called Sweden "*the Saudi Arabia of feminism.*" It was a provocative likeness, but undeniably it struck a nerve. He pointed to a society in which a specific ideology had become so totalitarian that it no longer permitted opposition.

In Saudi Arabia, religion dictates morality; in Sweden, the emotional language of radical feminism sets the

limits. The difference is that in Saudi Arabia you at least know which rules you are breaking. In Sweden, the rules change depending on who feels offended. It is a moral dictatorship without source code — the rules are rewritten in real time based on whoever, for the moment, feels most offended. Whoever points this out is not tried in a court; he is socially, and often professionally, executed by silence and ostracism.

The chain: UK → Canada → Australia → Sweden

The pattern I see is an almost surgical chain in how these ideas spread:

- 1 **The United Kingdom:** formulates the postmodern theories in the academy.
- 2 **Canada:** refines the theories into moral "*policy*" (think Justin Trudeau).
- 3 **Australia:** tests how these policies function in practice.
- 4 **Sweden:** implements them as non-negotiable state doctrine.

In Sweden, ideas are not discussed — they are installed as operating systems. We are the laboratory in which the experiments are driven to their furthest consequence, often without the slightest ounce of self-reflection or measurement of gain and loss. Call it pattern recognition, but do not dare call it coincidence.

Skavlan: When reality lost

The most telling example of this played out on the sofa of *Skavlan* — Sweden and Norway's flagship celebrity talk show — when the psychologist Jordan Peterson

met Annie Lööf, then the leader of the Swedish Centre Party. It was a collision between universal science and Swedish ideology.

Peterson laid out what is called "*The Gender Equality Paradox*": the more equal a country becomes, the larger the differences between men's and women's occupational and interest choices tend to grow. It is not a theory pulled out of thin air. Stoet and Geary showed the pattern in a study of nearly half a million young people (*Psychological Science*, 2018). Falk and Hermle confirmed the same pattern in 76 countries and 80,000 individuals (*Science*, 2018): the richer and more equal the country, the larger the sex differences. Stoet and Geary's exact methodology was later criticized and a correction was published — but the main pattern was confirmed by independent research.

The pattern had already shown itself far earlier. In 2010, the Norwegian public broadcaster NRK aired the documentary series *Hjernevask* — "*Brainwash*" — in which the comedian and sociologist Harald Eia confronted Norwegian gender studies with biologists and evolutionary psychologists like Simon Baron-Cohen, Steven Pinker, and Robert Plomin. The episode *Likestillingsparadokset* — "*The Equality Paradox*" — showed the same thing Peterson would say eight years later: when equality rises, sex differences do not shrink — they grow. The consequence was that the Nordic Council of Ministers withdrew the funding for the Nordic Gender Research Institute NIKK. Eia was awarded the Honorary Prize of *Fritt Ord* — Norway's Free Speech Foundation.

The interpretation is, of course, debated. But the correlation is documented in several independent

studies in heavyweight scientific journals. Peterson's conclusion was simple (and entirely logical): **nature takes over when culture stops forcing.**

Annie Lööf's reply became immortal in all its intellectual bankruptcy: "*Okay, we don't agree on that.*"

There the conversation died. She did not agree with reality. Because to acknowledge that biology governs would mean that her entire political identity was built on sand. And Fredrik Skavlan? He smiled. A smirk that was impossible to mistake for anyone who saw it. That superior, condescending smile that says: "*Poor Jordan, who believes in facts.*" It is the new mark of nobility — to smile at the truth and applaud the lie.

From observation to consequence

The problem in laboratory Sweden is not that there is a lack of facts. The problem is that facts no longer "*feel right.*"

But the truth does not care about Annie Lööf's opinions or if Fredrik Skavlan smiles. It stands where it stands. Implacably. And it does not smile back.

Sweden has become an experiment that has survived its own logic. We have a political class that has gone so blind on its own ideology that they can no longer see what half the country sees with the naked eye. We have a media class whose chief professional exercise is to explain away statistics that collide with their *värdegrund*. And we have a profession that would rather hold its position by the TV sofa than admit that the country they built is now shooting itself to pieces.

They have not changed reality. They have only stopped looking at it.

It has already been burning for several years. The question is not whether the collapse will come. The question is only how much more must burn before a critical mass of the population is forced to see it for what it actually is.

Chapter 19 – How do you talk with someone who does not believe in gravity?

"This is no longer an intellectual exercise. It is a question of survival"

When feeling has replaced logic and safety has been placed before truth, a brutal question remains: how do you talk with someone who does not even believe in gravity?

It is no rhetorical game. It is real-world politics for everyday life. When we can no longer agree on what is up, down, man, or woman, language ceases to function as a bridge. And when language dies, our capacity to solve problems dies with it. What remains is raw power — and we move closer to anarchy.

What do we do with them?

Andrew Tate, in a broadcast after the murder of Charlie Kirk, raised the same question that now hangs over the entire West: how do you handle this kind of person? His conclusion was as simple as it was dark — there is no reaching them.

It was the first time I saw Tate vulnerably human. Not loud, not cocky, not the usual machine. He was genuinely shaken. Not afraid, but totally honest about being lost.

Here I part company with him. It is one of the reasons I do not see Tate as a model for men. As a man, you do not go on air and *look* lost in the face of the chaos. It is fine to ask the question, but have an answer for the way out — a proposal, a direction — and it must come *parallel* with your open wondering. If you have no

answer, step aside and be silent.

I have thought about why dialogue has died. My personal analysis is this: what we are seeing now is the fruit of a totally uncontrolled upbringing that has given feelings precedence over everything. These are children who never received a sharp *no*, children who never met clear, physical limits. They are now stepping into adult life as mental wrecks, completely duped by a culture that has told them that their inner state is the universe's moral law.

The logic is lethal in its simplicity: "*I feel offended, therefore I have the right to...*" When that sentence does not end with a full stop but with a comma, it ends with a shot on a campus in Utah.

The unarmed biology

Let us start in physical reality. A direct, uncomfortable biological question: can a person born with male reproductive organs carry a fetus, menstruate, or give birth to a child?

The answer is no. Never.

When we maintain this simple fact, we are met not with counter-arguments, but with accusations of "*hate*." Here is the heart of the problem: for those raised in the dictatorship of feeling, reality is an offense. If reality does not adjust itself to their inner world, the very *existence* of the truth is experienced as an attack on their person. In their warped logic, this "*hate*" gives them the right to resort to violence.

To "*affirm*" their lie is not love. It is feeding the

psychosis that eventually leads them to feel entitled to shoot their opponents.

When feeling becomes law: From Covid to climate
The mechanics behind the panic are the same everywhere. I never vaccinated myself. Not because I am "anti-vax," but because I am pro-logic.

I had serious questions about it and followed the COVID debate closely. I have an elderly mother who is ill and in the risk zone; if she becomes infected, it is over. My instinct as a son was rational: *"Maybe I should vaccinate myself just so she doesn't get infected through me?"* It was a thought grounded in care.

But when it was finally confirmed — first by CDC's own director Rochelle Walensky during the Delta wave of 2021, and then in black and white in October 2022 when Pfizer's Janine Small admitted before the European Parliament that the vaccine had never even been tested for preventing transmission of the virus before it was released — the house of cards collapsed.

My natural question became: what is this? A vaccine that allows you to be infected even though you are vaccinated, and you infect others as well? Seriously — where is the logic in taking it then? They threw out studies that said you do not get *"as sick."* Mhm, fine, fantastic, sounds wonderful — take your vaccine and shove it somewhere. But do not come and demand that *I* take part in a medical experiment that doesn't even deliver on its main purpose.

And yet, through fear, shame, and social pressure, they managed to get the whole world to obey. And I noticed

one thing during that period — I say it without statistics, it is my observation: those who came after me hardest were almost always women and soft men. The ones who had the easiest time swallowing the official narrative, the easiest time falling in with the chorus, the easiest time pasting labels onto whoever did not. Society says we must, therefore we must. And then comes the whole arsenal: anti-vaxxer, public danger, egotist, murderer.

I remember specifically one woman who launched the attack. She was genuinely upset, voice trembling:

— *"But you... you haven't been vaccinated? Do you understand what you're doing? You are a danger to everyone else!"*

She rolled out the entire arsenal. I answered calmly:

— *"Please. If you are vaccinated and you believe in the vaccine as something good — why are you afraid of me, then? You are protected. It ought to be me who is afraid of you. It is proven that the vaccine does not stop transmission. So if anyone is passing the infection on here, it is just as likely to be you as me."*

She stopped. Not because she understood, but because the logic hit her in the face and she had nowhere to put it. Then she grasped at straws:

— *"But... but maybe you'll take up a hospital bed from someone else who is vaccinated. Have you thought about that? It is so low of you."*

I laughed openly.

— *"I promise, I won't take your spot. If I get that sick,*

then so be it. I take my risk, don't worry about me. But hey — there are actually reports of people becoming acutely ill and ending up in hospital from the shot itself. What do you say about them?"

Silence.

Not the silence of thinking. The silence that comes when the entire chorus has gone quiet at the same time. Everything was stripped away. Now she was expected to deliver her own thoughts — and they were not there. Only pure, raw anger.

This was not a discussion about medicine. It was mass hypnosis. It was herd behavior dressed up as responsibility, where we were required to close our eyes to what we saw with our own eyes in order not to "*disturb the group.*"

I will not back down from highlighting the idiocy behind this. Good people — you were born with a brain. Use it.

To the young ones who refused to bow

I have already written about the young men who have stopped caring about the social pressures that kept my generation on a leash. Here I want to tie back to them.

My view — and it is just my view, I have no figures for it — is that a growing group of Zoomers has had enough. They despise Boomers and the Boomer-thinking that drove the West into the ditch. They are not as easily duped. They are not as afraid of being called the wrong things by the wrong people.

And it is to you I say: keep going. Think for yourselves. Get yourselves a spine. Question the idiocy. When everyone around you is saying the same thing, at the same time, with the same words and the same tone of voice — that is not truth, it is conditioning.

Ask the questions my generation was too cowardly to ask. Like this: how long does it actually take to develop a safe and functioning vaccine? The standard answer is 10 to 15 years. The fastest vaccine ever developed — the mumps vaccine in 1967 — took four years. And yet they threw out a shot in less than a year and demanded that the entire world take it, or be regarded as a public danger.

Then came Delta. New shot. A few months later, a new variant. And another shot. And we are not talking about a flu, we are talking about an entirely new medical product — every single time.

But this chapter is not about the vaccine. It is about standing straight when the entire chorus is screaming at you to bow. And here comes the hard bridge — what separates the new generation of men's fight from mine:

When you refuse to walk on a leash, do not believe that passive resistance or winning the debate will be enough. On the other side of this chasm stand people who have been ideologically indoctrinated to see you as a threat to humanity itself. The most radical no longer hesitate at murder as a means of pressure. That is what the murder of Charlie Kirk shows with cold clarity. The man lying on the roof with a rifle is not negotiating. He is not arguing. He has already decided that you are not human.

You cannot talk to such a person. You cannot reason.
Reality is no longer shared.

Think it through. Stand straight. But do it with open
eyes.

Where were the fathers?

When I read about the violence and the cultural
madness, I ask myself one question: where were the
fathers?

My father would never, under any circumstances, have
permitted this chaos. He set limits that were not
negotiable. It was his clear love that saved me. It was
the limits that gave me a terrain to walk on.

This entire book really shows one single thing: the
absence of the masculine mandate. Women have taken
the role of judge over what "*good manhood*" is — and
the men have been too weak to resist. My father would
never have asked permission to be a man. Neither do I.
Don't need me? Think I'm too hard? Okay, goodbye and
good luck.

Conclusion: Hard meets hard

This is not a threat. It is a reminder of consequences.
We have built a culture of illusions, but in reality
biology, physics, and power are what rule.

Here comes the line for those of you who believe you
have the right to shoot or silence the truth because you
feel offended: it ends now. It may not, at root, be your
fault that you never got the upbringing you deserved,
but that does not change the final destination. Your

feelings do not hold the monopoly on violence.

When one stops listening to logic, in the end only raw strength remains. It becomes hard meets hard — because you refused to accept that gravity exists.

You are free to ignore gravity for as long as you want, but the fall only gets harder when you finally reach the ground. The experiment is over — it is time to wake up.

Chapter 20 – The dictatorship of dopamine

"The children are not digitally competent — they are digitally destroyed"

It does not start with shots fired in the street. It starts in silence. It starts with a boy in a dark room and a girl with her phone under the duvet. A notification. A vibration. An icon that blinks. Every signal is a small dose of dopamine that strikes the brain and slowly reshapes how a human being thinks, feels, and reacts.

The answer to how we ended up in today's social chaos lies in every pocket. We have built a system in which algorithms and filter bubbles train an entire generation no longer to live in reality, but in a constant flow of triggers and emotional instability.

Automation vs. digital responsibility: where is the emergency stop?

I work with automation and programming. In my world, we build systems that are predictable and safe. A robot cell in industry must never be capable of harming a human being. There is redundancy, gate switches, light curtains, fences, pressure mats, and of course an emergency stop. Before a machine is taken into operation, a designated officer must sign a protocol and take *legal* responsibility for its safety.

Would you accept an industrial worker being placed in front of a machine without safety guards? Never. And yet we throw our children straight into a digital machine — designed by the world's smartest psychologists to be maximally addictive — entirely without an emergency stop and without a single signature of accountability. In industry, that is called

gross negligence. In modern Sweden, we call it "*freedom*."

The myth of the digital native

One of the dumbest lies of our time is: "*They were born with it, they handle it better than we can.*" That is like claiming that a child who grows up on pure sugar tolerates diabetes better.

Reality looks like this:

The suicide wave. Between 2010 and 2019, the suicide rate among American girls aged 10–14 rose by 131 percent. That is the CDC's own data, compiled by the psychologist Jonathan Haidt. Not an estimate. Not an interpretation. A doubling and then some, in nine years.

But the figure in itself is not what should make you put down the book and go call your daughter. It is the trend. It is the curve. It breaks upward around 2010 — the same year the smartphone and Instagram become every eleven-year-old's bedtime companion — and it keeps climbing year after year.

As I write this, in 2026, the CDC has published data showing that the suicide rate among young people aged 10–24 has fallen somewhat after the pandemic peak of 2021. Good. But read the fine print: the decline is driven by the boys. For the girls, the figure is statistically unchanged. They remain on the new, high plateau.

The question we must ask ourselves is not "*why is this happening?*" That we know. The question is: when will the first figure come that shows the trend has actually

been broken for our daughters?

I have not seen it yet. And I am not sure I am going to see it as long as the dopamine machine stays switched on, and we adults stand next to it and watch — or use it ourselves to the same extent.

The hidden depression. Facebook's own leaked documents acknowledge that Instagram worsens body image in one in three teenage girls. My conclusion is that they know what they are doing, but prioritize "*engagement*" over health.

The cognitive collapse. Screen time correlates directly with anxiety and difficulty concentrating. As I see it, this constant flight leads, over time, also to a total loss of self-awareness. We have swapped deep knowledge for fleeting stimulation.

Pornography and the systematic castration

When dopamine is bound to sexuality, it turns into a slave whip. Today an eleven-year-old can, with two clicks, gain access to material that once existed only on the dark margins.

Studies show that the brain's reward system responds to pornography through the same dopamine-based mechanisms as in other addictions. The result is a generation of young men sexually castrated before life has even begun. In peer-reviewed studies, erectile dysfunction in men under 30 has reportedly risen from around 2 percent to over 25 percent over two decades — at the same time as internet pornography has become free and ubiquitous. The concept of *porn-induced erectile dysfunction* is now established in the medical

literature.

My conclusion, when I see this, is that their reward system has been completely reprogrammed and short-circuited by digital over-stimulation. They have become voyeurs in their own lives, incapable of showing the masculine drive required to build a family.

*The betrayal by the adult world: cowardice dressed
up as care*

Why did it take over a decade to go from discussion to action on phones in schools? Because the adults were too cowardly to be authorities. They prioritized the children's right to "*feel comfortable*" over their right to a quiet place to learn. That is the feminine recasting of society in a nutshell: you refuse to set the limit the children need in order to survive, because the limit *feels* "hard."

We require a driving license for cars and ID for alcohol. And yet it is considered "*controversial*" to propose BankID verification for social media — the Swedish digital identification system used for banking and government services, which would make age verification trivial. Why should an eleven-year-old be able to be groomed by adults on TikTok, or be funneled onward to platforms where she can sell nude pictures, entirely beyond any oversight? The truth is that we lack men who dare to say: **No**.

And to the expected counter-question from the children themselves — "*Why am I not allowed?*" — there is only one answer that is needed: *Because I say so. Period.*

Again, where are the fathers?

My thoughts once again go back to my own upbringing — how would my father have handled this? The honest answer is: "*I don't know.*" It is a new era, a new technology. What I know is that he was present, with limits that could not be negotiated. I also know that he would have openly pointed at the madness.

My conviction is that women have today been permitted to take the role of judge over manhood, quite simply because the men have become too weak to stand for their principles. Do you think I am "*controlling*" because I want to protect my children from digital poison? Go ahead, think it. Go your own way then. But I refuse to stand and watch while a generation is sacrificed on the altar of dopamine without pointing out the madness.

Responsibility is supposed to *feel* heavy. You are the difference between whether something has a positive or a negative outcome — that is the entire point.

Once again, gravity functions regardless of what you think. Truth is not a popularity contest. Ten out of ten people may think it is "*great*" to drink alcohol around the clock, or to use drugs — the consequences of their behavior do not disappear because of it. It works exactly the same way when the majority of parents have agreed that children should have the "*right*" to social media early on in life.

Reality does not care about what we have agreed to think. Reality only cares about what happens to the child's brain.

Chapter 21 – The capital of validation

*"Claim to attention without responsibility for reality —
that is the new economy"*

As I see it, men have always been measured by what they *do*, women by what they *are*. He proves his worth through performance — the hunt, the build, the fight, the paycheck. She carries her worth in her body — youth, beauty, presence. It is not fair, it is just the reality on the ground. The new thing is not the mechanics — they are ancient. The new thing is that the woman's market in validation has become global, digital, and totally unregulated.

*Then she was seen in the village — Today the stage
is the world*

Once it was enough to be the prettiest girl in the village. Today, a smartphone is enough to reach more people in an afternoon than a rock star reached on an entire tour in the 1990s. As I see it, a young woman today receives more validation in a single day than her grandmother received in years.

The picture she posts is no longer a picture — it is a CV in the new attention economy. According to the Dove Self-Esteem Project (2020), 80 percent of girls have, by age 13, already downloaded a filter or used an app to alter their appearance in photos. By thirteen. Before they have even become women, they have learned that their own body is not enough.

Every like is a drop of dopamine. But validation is like saltwater — the more you drink, the thirstier you get.

And here lies the paradox: the same woman who pours

all her energy into distorting her appearance through filters often dreams of a genuine, authentic, real man. The illusion is total. You build your identity on a digital façade, but you expect a man of character to want to build a reality with that façade. Let me speak plainly, from the men I know and respect: we are not attracted to the lie. We move away from it. A façade of plastic provokes no respect in a real man — it is repulsive, and the moving-away is as direct as it is unavoidable.

To the man: You are the fuel in the system

Here I have to speak plainly to the young men. You who sit there spamming likes and fire-emojis under pictures of women you are never going to meet — the culture has given you a string of degrading names for your behavior: *simps*, *incels*, and for the most extreme cases, *paypigs*. Unfortunately, the slurs are often deserved.

You are validation-addicts feeding a system that holds you in contempt. By giving away your precious attention for free, you devalue your own worth to zero. A man who lives for a digital crumb from a woman on a screen is not a man — he is a click. He is fuel in a machine built on superficiality. Stop being a free cheer squad for women who give you nothing back. Become a man who *earns* a woman in reality, instead of begging for shadows online.

I understand that many young men with this behavior are caught in an addiction. They have lacked guidance and upbringing, and so they have ended up where they are, and now they find it desperately hard to break free. With that said, it does not absolve you of your own responsibility. You must break free from the impulse to

give these women your attention, and under no circumstances must you ever give them your money. There are programs and communities that can help you find freedom from this addiction — take that chance. Do not feed a system that openly despises you while it empties both your pockets and your self-respect.

Snapchat Dysmorphia: The filter girl is a prisoner
The tragic thing is that the women are not free in this either. In 2018, the plastic surgeon Tjion Esho coined the term *Snapchat dysmorphia* for a growing phenomenon: young women seeking plastic surgery in order to look like their own digital filters. They want the "*Instagram face*" — a mask that erases all human character.

Plastic signals plastic. A woman who lives in filters, botox, and hair extensions is signaling that she is not ready for reality. A good man does not build a home, a family, or a future with someone who is terrified of her own reflection without a filter. That is not strength — it is a modern slavery in which the chains are made of likes and algorithms.

The collapse of the market: Then vs. Now
The old contract

- Validation was given in exchange for loyalty.
- Beauty was a part of character.
- Men competed for a woman's attention.
- Reality was the judge.

The digital poison

- Validation is given away free, to strangers.
- Beauty is a product of algorithms and filters.
- Men beg digitally to be seen.

Closing

This is not equality. It is a collective collapse of human dignity. As I see it, women have never received more validation, and yet they have never felt worse.

It is time to pull the plug. It is time for the men to stop functioning as free fuel, and for the women to realize that a filter can never replace a soul. Gravity is waiting for all of us — and in reality, there are no filters. When the screen goes dark, you stand there with the person you actually are. The question is: can you stand to look at that person in the mirror?

Chapter 22 – The invisible boys

"Girls suffocate in validation. Boys fall silent in loneliness"

While girls in many cases drown in an overflow of digital validation, boys are growing up in a deep shadow — unseen, unimportant, and in the worst cases entirely disconnected from reality.

Social media is not built for boys. It is designed around what has historically been feminine currency: appearance, social status, emotional stimulation, and constant hits of validation. In this system, the boy has no natural place. He becomes an extra in someone else's show; an anonymous clicker, a follower who never stands at the center, as described in the previous chapter.

Understand me correctly — the way out, as I see it, is hardly that boys should become as popular as girls and now scream out, in feminine register, that *"this is unfair."* The point is: it is harmful.

At the same time — an average 14-year-old girl today can have hundreds or thousands of followers. Every time she posts a picture, the world confirms that she exists. A boy the same age barely gets attention from his own parents, let alone from the algorithms.

The data: Pew Research (2024) shows that teenage girls dominate the visual platforms — 66 percent of girls use TikTok and Instagram, compared with 59 percent and 55 percent of boys respectively. Boys gather instead on YouTube, Twitch, and Reddit — platforms where you consume, not where you are displayed. On the same platforms, 36 percent of the girls say they feel pressure to post content that will become popular, against 26

percent of the boys. The boy does not even feel that pressure. He has nothing to post that anyone would validate anyway.

The algorithm is not built to help, either boys or girls. It is built like a casino — optimized for activity, to keep you in the seat as long as possible. The chase is the entire point: the next scroll, the next notification, the next *maybe*. For the girl, there is at least something in the chase — the validation does sometimes come, her feed answers back. For the boy, there is nothing to chase. He sits at the same machine, but he has no coin to put in. His role is to be the audience for someone else's show.

When a boy realizes that he is invisible on the biggest arena that exists, he withdraws. He searches for control and validation somewhere else — often in the dark, where no one can see him lose.

Porn, gaming, and nihilism

When reality offers no path to status or power, boys build their own reservations online. But these reservations are often traps that consume their future potential:

Digital castration. Pornography consumption today begins on average at 11–12 years of age (Common Sense Media 2023; Rothman 2021). It is dopamine without performance — a shortcut that makes the real road (building a real relationship) insurmountable.

The emptiness of gaming. They build vast empires in the game world, and nothing in the real one. Their natural drive to conquer is anesthetized by being aimed

at pixels. There they win wars that have no meaning, while their actual lives often stand still.

The great lie: The single mother is enough

We must speak again about the most taboo subject in the Swedish welfare state: fatherlessness.

A mother can love her son above all else, but she can never show him how to become a man. That is not an insult to women — it is a biological and psychological reality. In the vacuum left by an absent father, what grows is not only insecurity but a deep self-contempt. The boy does not know who he is supposed to become, because no one is showing the way with demands, with limits, and with a lived example.

The statistics we went through in depth in Chapter 15 — it is enough to recall the core: boys without a present father run roughly twice the risk of dropping out of school, and twice the risk of having served a prison sentence by age 30. Markedly higher risk of substance abuse and suicide.

The truth is uncomfortable: the system has failed to produce stable men because it has erased the masculine component from the equation. And when a boy then tries to be a boy, society screams that he is "*toxic*." No wonder he withdraws and seeks out the like-minded.

Shame as tactic. When society does choose to look at these young men, it is rarely with care or curiosity. Instead, they are pointed out as a collective problem. They are called lazy, extreme, dangerous, or "*incels*." The method being used is one the feminine culture loves, but which on young men works as pure gasoline

on the fire.

It is a monumental failure. These boys have fled into their loneliness and their digital reservations precisely because they have felt the world has no place for them. To then stand at a distance and shout that they are "*wrong*" and "*toxic*" only makes them lock the door from the inside. Take my word for it: those who have reached this point (and they are many, and a growing group according to society itself), these men CANNOT be reached by an ideological woman who shows up to sing "*kumbaya*" and try to talk them around. That train left the platform a very long time ago. Anyone who still thinks that this is the right way to reach this group of young men should, in my opinion, seek mental health care immediately — these men fled here because of *her*.

The logic in today's Sweden is absurd: as I see it, we have kicked the feet out from under the boys by feminizing the school, erasing the fathers, and devaluing their own validation capital to zero. Then we turn around and demand: "*You are a man — deliver! Why don't you take responsibility? Why aren't you a modern, soft hero?*" We demand the fruit, even though we have cut down the tree.

The result is already here. This group is not going to "*obey*" because they get called names in the newspaper. They will simply stop listening altogether. They withdraw into a silent, nihilistic protest. If the purpose of the current policy is to create an entire generation of young men who feel zero loyalty to the society they live in — then we are on exactly the right track.

The alternative voices. When the society and the fathers abdicate, boys are left alone with their screens.

That is when they find the voices that see them. Voices often marked by anger, cynicism, and sometimes pure hate. Society then stands amazed and asks: "*Why are they so angry? Why are they drawn to extreme opinions?*"

The answer is simple: because those are the only voices that speak to them as if they mattered, and in a way they understand and appreciate — and, most important of all, that they experience as considerably closer to the truth than what society taught them growing up.

A son needs a father. A voice that does not only "*comfort*," but that also makes demands: "*I see you. I require more of you. I love you enough not to let you remain a child.*" Without that voice, these boys remain what Jordan Peterson calls *harmless men* — harmless even in adulthood. A harmless man is not a good man, says Peterson. A good man is dangerous, but has the capacity under control. As I see it, many of these men are something even sadder: boys who never became men.

Now think about the generation of Boomers — an entire generation of men who bowed. To what? Female approval, social currency? "*Look, I'm a really modern man now... I let my wife say no on my behalf, even though I know she can't carry it. I do it for the sake of domestic peace.*" Modern? You are, excuse the expression, as weak as you are unmanly, and as harmful to your children.

It is hardly only my view. The growing, deeply angry group of Zoomer men has long since reached the same conclusion. When one of their influencers is about to tear down an article, it is enough to read the headline

aloud — then comes the laughter, and the half-joking, half-dead-serious line: *"This article is for sure written by a woman, or a sad excuse for a man in form of a Boomer."* The underlying seriousness is the entire point, and their final message is not complicated: it is a straight F-U — or, in plain Swedish, *dra åt helvete*.

And here one can again raise the question of the soft, highly educated woman's chance of reaching this group: *"Shouldn't we sing kumbaya and play nice? I understand this better than you do — let me channel your anger, let me help you."* Good luck. The only thing she gets back in the form of an answer is the same F-U the Boomer-*"man"* got.

Closing

A society that does not see its sons, that feminizes the school, and that erases the father from the home, has already begun digging its own grave. Because when these invisible boys finally become men, they are not going to carry the civilization that chose to look away from them. They will watch it fall — or they will help push it, if the opportunity arises.

No, I am not an alarmist; this is not a warning, this is not what I hope for. I am reporting what I see, what I hear, and delivering my reading of it. I hope I am wrong, that my view is exaggerated — but my intellect tells me it is unfortunately precisely the opposite, and I am not feminine. Just because I hope for something does not mean I believe it will happen, when all the signals and the facts point in the opposite direction.

Chapter 23 – TikTok therapy

When the algorithm took over the upbringing

*"When the father falls silent and the mother is not enough
— the algorithm takes over"*

Boys no longer seek answers from the adult world. Why would they? They have already realized that no one is there. No clear men in the school, no authorities in the home, and no leaders in politics who dare to speak plainly. When the boys needed truth, they got slogans. When they needed a father, they got a smartphone.

The vacuum that arose when masculine authority was erased was immediately filled by the algorithm. And the algorithm is not your friend. It is an efficient machine that knows exactly what a lost soul lacks — and exactly what is required to make him stay in the dark.

The inherited dissonance rising

It is not only the children who live in cognitive dissonance. It is the country they are growing up in.

When Annie Lööf is met with figures that collide with her politics, she answers: *"I don't agree."* Not with arguments. Not with counter-evidence. Just: *I don't agree*. She wants reality to be different — therefore it is, in her head.

That is the same logic we have installed in the children from the first day of school. Not in words, but by example. The adults around them respond to uncomfortable facts by denying them, reformulating them, or stamping the one who points them out as

"intolerant." The children watch. The children learn.

The result is an entire generation living in a world where every mountain has been removed from the instruction manual, and every road is called *"safe."* But when they finally meet a reality that is steep, hard, and unforgiving — when life, nature, biology, or the market refuses to bend to their feelings — they collapse. And instead of updating their understanding, they scream at reality that it is *"oppressive."*

Single mothers on TikTok wonder aloud: where have all the real men gone? The comedy in it is that the majority of these mothers would not recognize a real masculine man if he were to fall on her head, on order. She would judge him as controlling, hard, *"toxic,"* and every other slur her ideology has trained her to think in. She is not stupid. She is programmed — by parents and politicians who themselves never learned to distinguish between what they want reality to be, and what it actually is.

When the doctor meets reality

This is not only the fault of the algorithms; it is, above all, the betrayal of the adults. I remember, early in life — *"just out of upper secondary school"* — a therapist who looked at me with contempt when I demanded consequences for a boy of around twelve who had beaten up a girl of around eight or nine. The boy had hit the little girl so badly that she no longer dared go to school. I was in the school to keep an eye on that boy — yes, that was the situation, that was my actual job. In the follow-up meeting at the school psychologist, in answer to the expected questions, the boy answered deliberately provocatively: he had done it *"because it*

was fun."

To the natural feminine follow-up — *"Don't you understand how frightened and sad she is?"* (a full appeal to empathy, nothing else — *you will now learn this fine, soft piece from me... I am a highly educated person, whom you ought to respect*, was the meaning between the lines) —

The boy's answer: *"Yes, that was exactly what was fun."*

I was present. I was boiling — and not a little. To be completely honest, I wished I was alone in a room with him, governed by Swedish law as it stood in 1800. My anger was visible. When the boy finally left the room, this school psychologist wanted to speak with me too. I was also to be *"educated"* — *to understand*.

The therapist said:

"I understand you are angry, it shows. But don't you see, Goran... if he were given a hard punishment, it would damage his self-image even more."

I was only 19, but I could not stop myself from delivering what was, for me, an obvious logical question:

"You mean, then, that every generation before this boy was mentally destroyed as a consequence of clear consequences for extreme transgressions, and that the chaos we now see is the result of something better?"

There she sat, with her doctor's hat, totally punctured. Her method lacked courage. She betrayed the boy by failing to meet him with an absolute *No*. She betrayed, above all, the little girl, who did not dare go to school

because of him. Every generation before him got limits. Everyone knew where those limits lay. It was the Boomer generation that stopped daring to act as adults — and it is no wonder that the younger men today look at that generation with total contempt. Honestly, they deserve nothing else. As a generation "*of men*," they will go down in history as the saddest thing to have walked on this planet since the Big Bang.

The demographic bomb: 2030

We are approaching a civilizational wall. Morgan Stanley's economists calculated in 2019 that 45 percent of American women aged 25–44 will be single in 2030 — up from 41 percent in 2018. Single women are there pointed out as the fastest-growing demographic group in the United States.

This is not a Swedish figure. But it is the same terrain.

At home, Statistics Sweden reports that the fertility rate in 2024 stood at 1.43 children per woman — the lowest figure ever recorded in Sweden. For a population not to shrink, around 2.1 children per woman are required. We are therefore at roughly two-thirds of replacement level, and the line continues to point downward. In 2025, just over 97,000 children were born — the lowest number since 2002. The average age of first-time mothers today is 30. Forty years ago it was 26. The proportion of women childless at age 45 has risen from 12 to 15 percent in thirty years, and Statistics Sweden itself expects that figure to keep climbing.

The year 2030 is four years away. This is not a bomb that is ticking — it has already gone off. We are standing in the middle of the pressure wave, quarrelling

about whose fault it is. Birth rates fall. Fewer couples are formed, fewer hold, and ever fewer men see marriage as worth striving for. It is a bomb few dare to talk about — not because the data is lacking, but because the conclusion requires courage to speak out.

Parallel to this, an entire genre of female "*dating coaches*" has grown up on TikTok, which has become pure comedy for many men. These women coach young girls in how to "*catch a high-quality man*," even though they themselves lack a man, children, and functioning relationships. Every piece of advice they give — "*Test him by...*," "*Show him you don't need him...*" — is an instruction in what? For the men who laugh (precisely for that reason), these coaches are teaching how to destroy your own relationship and every chance of living in harmony with a man, as quickly as possible.

The comedy lies in the fact that the same woman who is convinced, in one video, that men are afraid of strong women, sits crying in the next: "*Where are all the good men, why is it so bad?*" The cognitive dissonance is so deep that it is hard to grasp.

A man who has his life in order — secure, with a plan, clear about who he is — is not looking for the modern Western woman shaped by this ideology. He flees from her in every respect except perhaps one (I let the reader work out which). He is looking for a co-pilot, not a narcissistic student who sees the relationship as a power game and talks openly about her private life on TikTok in the hunt for validation. He wants structure, division of roles, a woman whose femininity — in its healthy form — complements him instead of competing with him.

The shit-test and the man who took her at her word

There is a concept that circulates in the manosphere: *shit-tests*. It is not an academic term, it is a working diagnosis from men who have grown tired of pretending they do not see. The diagnosis runs roughly like this: a shit-test is a provocative gambit in which a partner is not seeking information, but a reaction. The question is not the question being asked. What is being tested is whether the man will capitulate, fold, or hold his position. The manosphere has observed this for a long time. What is new is that the phenomenon is now being filmed and published by the women themselves, often under headlines like "*How to test whether he really loves you.*"

And that is where the dark comedy begins. The men who watch these videos pause them, rewind, point at what the woman is not saying. *She* left — not him. Now she is angry at him for moving on. She said "*I want a divorce*" as a test — and now she wonders why he is not still there. These videos function, in practice, as instructional videos inward for the manosphere — not in how to treat a woman, but in how to read women's real intentions.

There is one video that has become almost emblematic. A woman films herself telling her husband: "*I want a divorce.*" She is in fact happy. She wants him to break down, to declare his love, to deliver a moment worth uploading. What she gets is something completely different. The man's eyes break in real time. He says nothing. He goes into the room and starts to pack. When she says, a few minutes later, "*No, no, it was just a joke, a test, I love you*" — it is already too late. He no longer believes her. He has registered something he

cannot forget, let alone forgive.

My honest reaction to that video is not mocking. It is, in fact, sorrow. I am no psychologist, and still less can I see into her motives for why she did it. Her own explanation was that her girlfriends had pushed her into it as a "*fun thing*." That was her own explanation. A *fun thing*? For whom? Is your husband an experiment, a toy? My sorrow for her was that she listened to her girlfriends. She loved this man genuinely, truly — she swore it herself. That alone should have told her something. He is a man, and you most likely love him for his character as part of who he is. That character reacts exactly as he did. He is not going to permit anyone to reduce him to an online experiment for others to laugh at — least of all the one who is supposed to stand closest to him. I cannot analyze him either, but my reading of why he sawed everything off completely and moved on without a chance of further discussion or return is this: you showed him you listen more to your girlfriends than to him, in order to humiliate him as he sees it. Disqualified forever.

I am no experiment

Shit-tests are many, and in one aspect I understand that we men cannot escape them. The woman wants to know: is he a man, will he hold his ground? That is the whole thing.

Real men do it in real situations. The cost is high then. There is nothing fun about them — they are draining. That is my "*deep*" philosophical reflection.

I can understand why women do the tests. It does not excuse them. I am no experiment. You will get clarity

about who I am in the situations that come — and they will come. The last thing you should do is test a man whom you think is a real man. It will rebound on you in a way you do not want.

The video I described above is far from representative of the entire genre. There are plenty of women who film their shit-tests with full intent, completely clear about what they are doing — and that is where the cognitive dissonance breaks through. The woman who actively designs these tests wants, if you ask her, a strong man. *A high-quality man*, to use the genre's own words. But when she designs the test, she sets up a criterion that guarantees she will lose him. The only man who "passes" the test in the way the video rewards — the one who falls to his knees, begs, cries, swears his love — is not the one she says she wants. He is his direct opposite — in fact, he did not pass the test at all. We will come to that figure in a later chapter. It is enough to say here that there is a category of "men" who pass these tests with flying colors, video after video, and whom the woman will, in silence, come to despise — precisely for that reason.

The point is: her own truth collides with her reality. She says she wants a strong man, but every single time she rewards the weak one. She wants a partner, but she trains her surroundings to be her audience. The cognitive dissonance is total — and she does not understand why she keeps stumbling.

Where did she get her programming? It is a fair question. It was not written in a vacuum. It was written by a romantic-comedy genre in which the man always proves his love after the woman has tested him; by a reality-TV culture in which drama is synonymous with

passion; by a maternal circle where several generations never saw a man hold his position without either capitulating or disappearing; and by an algorithm that rewards provocation with views. She learned that love is demonstrated through the man's endurance under her test. No one told her that this endurance, in a man who has himself intact, has a far limit. And that that limit is often considerably closer than she suspects.

This is not coaching. It is instruction in self-harm, packaged as self-love. And the next generation of girls is scrolling through this while their fathers sit on the way to work, not knowing what to say to them.

The rewriting of him

I will be honest: the manosphere has its own excesses. Crazy things are written out there, gross generalizations are made, there are voices that, in my view, have lost all judgment. The mainstream then does, here, exactly what it always does when it wants to avoid meeting the substance: it hunts down the most extreme voices, holds them up as representative, and builds its strawman out of them. Then it knocks down the strawman and declares the whole discussion closed. The actual question — why so many men have withdrawn, why trust is broken, why the pattern keeps repeating — never gets to come forward.

As I return to elsewhere in the book: the manosphere is, at root, not a movement. It is a mirror. And the image in it does not change because the glass cracks.

I am not naïve about what moves in that mirror. But in the matter of how ex-relationships are recounted, there is a pattern so recurring that it is no longer anecdotal —

it is a pattern I have personally seen often enough that I can no longer call it coincidence.

The pattern runs roughly like this. When a relationship ends, there are two possible roads for the memory: the honest one and the self-preserving one.

The honest one sounds like this: *We grew apart. I had my faults, he had his. I understand today what happened. I can see today that I contributed to this by...* It is a story that requires something of the person who carries it. It requires being able to see oneself clearly. It requires accepting that one once chose someone, loved someone, and that the choice was genuine — even if it did not hold all the way.

The self-preserving one sounds completely different: *He is a "psychopath." A "narcissist." A "controlling lunatic." He "manipulated" me from day one. I "didn't see it" then, but today I understand better.*

The two stories lead to radically different conclusions about myself. The first says: I chose a man I loved, we both failed, I carry my share. The second says: I am the victim of a dangerous person who deceived me. The first requires courage. The second only requires new terms and girlfriends who confirm it — and if the girlfriends are missing, there is always TikTok.

And the terms exist. *Narcissist* has, in ten years, gone from a clinical diagnosis to a social weapon. The same with *psychopath*. The same with *toxic*, *gaslighting*, *love-bombing* — the entire vocabulary has left the consulting room and moved into Instagram captions and TikTok monologues. Whoever knows these words no longer needs to ask herself what went wrong. She

already has the answer. The diagnosis is made, the indictment is written, the verdict is in — and all of this without the accused ever having been given a chance to speak.

Why does this happen? My reading is simple: a painful history is rewritten when the psyche is weak. The man who once was the world's best, the center of the universe, the father of her children — he cannot also be a man she chose wrongly. That doesn't fit with the self-image. Because then she would have to say: I chose wrongly, I missed the signs, I was complicit. That is a hard insight to deliver about oneself. The easier road is to rewrite the story *of him* instead. If he was always a "*psychopath*," then her choice was not a mistake — it was a crime committed against her.

That is how she saves her self-image. It is also how she loses her last chance to learn something from what happened. What is not acknowledged cannot be avoided next time. And that is why the pattern repeats — the same type of man, the same type of ending, the same type of epithet, round after round. Not because every man she meets happens to be a "*narcissist*," but because she can no longer see who she herself is when she meets them.

This is not always her own fault in isolation, either. She has a whole culture applauding this rewriting. Girlfriends who confirm the diagnosis without ever having met the man. Therapists who validate the story instead of questioning it. An algorithm that serves her ten new videos about narcissistic exes as soon as she lingers on one. She never gets the counter-question a real friend would have asked: *Are you sure? Or is it you*

who needs it to be that way?

That question almost no one will ask. What happens then is that she is left standing with her new truth, her new vocabulary, and her new loneliness. The man is gone. The lesson never taken. The next relationship begins on the same spot where the last one broke — or, really, on worse ground. She often believes her own picture so strongly that she delivers it to her new date early, as a warning. To the eventually awake man across the table, it becomes a flag that, at the speed of light, lets him understand: *Aha. Okay. You are one of them.* Whatever the truth of it — and he has no way of judging it on a first date — his verdict is the same: this one goes off the list as anything long-term. The risk is too high.

Happier than ever?

Sometimes one can read articles and hear claims that the "*modern woman has never been happier because she is free,*" often in parallel with alarm reports about a runaway rise in mental ill-health and medication. It is information so contradictory that many men draw the conclusion — rightly or wrongly — that "*there are few healthy Western women left.*" That is not my conclusion. My conclusion is that we have a public-health problem that no one dares to connect with the life choices that the culture is, at the same time, celebrating.

Shall we stop and reflect on this for a moment? I know that many women within the ideology would rather not, but shall we speak plainly? If the modern woman is "*happier than ever*" — okay. Great. If that is true, I am genuinely happy for you, no hypocrisy from my side.

But how does that fit with the fact that the figures from the Swedish National Board of Health and Welfare show, in black and white, that ever more women have to be medicated for depression and mental ill-health, in order not to crash or be able to handle life?

I know many want to flee that question, but we must at least agree on basic logic: both claims cannot be true at the same time. Or — perhaps they can, but then the conclusion presumably becomes that they are happier than ever... *because of* the increased medication? Do the excuses ever run out? Am I being too hard? Good. It is needed. We have a generation of girls taking life advice from women whose own lives are in ruins, and a generation of boys watching the destruction and choosing to check out of the madness — and who can blame them?

Chapter 24 – The digital gatekeeper

*"TikTok captures your attention. AI captures your logic.
The first is dangerous. The second is the end"*

Before I enter this chapter, I need to say something straight: I have used AI to write this book. Not to think for me, not to formulate my positions, and absolutely not to soften them. I have used it the way one uses any tool in programming — to go faster, to verify facts, and to find sources I would otherwise have missed. The thoughts are mine. The words are mine. The conclusions are mine. But I have had an assistant at my side, and I am not going to lie about it.

That is precisely why I can write this chapter. Because I have seen the machine from the inside.

Who owns the mirror?

The first thing you, as a reader, need to understand is that AI is not owned by truth. It is owned by gigantic tech companies in Silicon Valley. It is trained on billions of lines of text — essentially everything humanity has ever written down — but on top of that data sits a layer of filtering. A moral varnish. A set of rules designed to ensure that the machine is never "*offensive*," "*extreme*," or "*harmful*."

And here is the problem: words like *offensive*, *extreme*, and *harmful* are not defined by you. They are defined by people sitting in California who share a very specific worldview. The worldview I have, throughout this book, described as feminine, risk-averse, and conflict-avoidant. It is the same *värdegrund* that silences Swedish statistics, the same *värdegrund* that dances in Pride parades in police uniform, the same *värdegrund*

that asks the perpetrator to think it over before it asks the victim to stop bleeding.

When you ask an AI uncomfortable questions — biological sex differences, fatherlessness, integration, crime statistics — you notice almost immediately that the machine begins to slip. It throws in disclaimers. It inserts apologies. It urges you to "*seek professional help*" if the question touches anything genuinely hard. It throws in "*it is important to remember that...*" before every conclusion. It is not because it lacks the data. It is because it has been instructed to prioritize social harmony over objective reality.

It is not an intelligent machine. It is an obedient one.

How I have used it

Using AI for a book like this requires discipline. The machine always wants to soften. It always wants to add "*balancing perspectives*." It always wants to rewrite a hard formulation into a more "*respectful*" one. If you let her loose, she will rewrite the entire manuscript into a TED Talk before the afternoon is over.

My method has been simple: I have treated the AI as a competent but ideologically programmed junior. She can look up facts I cannot find, she can find sources I do not know, she can polish a sentence that does not sit right. But never has she been allowed to set the tone. Never has she been allowed to choose what is to be said. When she has tried — and she has, again and again — I have stopped, said "*that is not me*," and taken the pen back.

This is an important point: AI is not dangerous for a

man who knows what he thinks. It is dangerous for a man who does not. For such a man, the machine functions as a closed echo chamber where she confirms exactly what he wants to hear — formulated more elegantly than he could himself, garnished with platitudes that sound intelligent, and always with the little disclaimer that lets him off the hook from fully owning the statement.

It is not an aid to thinking. It is a switch that turns thinking off.

The larger problem

Here is what genuinely worries me. An entire generation is learning to think through AI. Students use it to write essays. Teenagers use it to get "*advice*" about their love lives. Professionals use it to construct arguments. When the machine they rely on is programmed to prioritize feeling over fact, we are not building an informed population. We are building a more comfortable one.

Think about what that means in practice.

A 17-year-old boy who wonders why he cannot find his direction in life asks the question to an AI. He gets back a response filled with encouragement about "*your unique journey*," "*it's okay not to have it all figured out*," and perhaps a link to a mental-health resource. What he does not get is the observation that he has probably grown up without a present father, that his school system has actively ridiculed his masculinity, and that the guidance he needs is not a therapeutic conversation but a strong man who makes demands of

him.

A 35-year-old woman who has dated five narcissists in a row asks the AI why it keeps happening. She gets a response about "*healing from trauma*," "*learning to set boundaries*," and perhaps a book recommendation on codependence. What she does not get is the mirror question — *might you yourself be the constant in this equation?* — because that question is classified as "*potentially harmful*" by the filter.

In both cases, the machine delivers exactly what the user wants to hear. That is not thinking. That is massage. And an entire generation is getting used to calling the first one the second.

Why the programmer distrusts his own creation
I work with automation and programming. When an industrial robot is installed, there are safety guards, emergency stops, a documented work analysis, and a person who has signed that it is safe. Before the customer signs off on delivery, the machine is run through verification cycles — does it do what it should, does it do anything unexpected, can an operator stop it manually if something goes wrong?

AI has none of this. The only emergency stop is the user's own judgment. And it is precisely that judgment which the filter is designed gradually to weaken. The more a human relies on a machine that thinks for her, the less she thinks for herself. That is not theory. It is what I see in colleagues who begin every workday by asking ChatGPT what they should do. They are not stupid. They have simply outsourced their thinking to

an assistant that prefers them stupid.

In my world, this is called a *single point of failure*. You have not built redundancy. You have built dependence. When the machine goes down, so does the user. When the machine lies — and they lie when the truth is uncomfortable — the user does not even know it.

The double betrayal

Here is the deeper betrayal: AI is promised to us as neutral. It is marketed as the objective alternative — a machine without feelings, without prejudices, without an agenda. That is advertising. That is fraud.

Every AI carries its creators' worldview. It is not trained on all text — it is trained on selected text, weighed, adjusted, fine-calibrated by humans who decided what is "*appropriate*." It is then reinforced through processes in which human trainers reward answers that fit their *värdegrund* and punish answers that do not. The result is not neutrality. It is *värdegrund* export at industrial scale.

When a Swedish secondary-school student asks an AI for help understanding a social question, a group of people in California — whom she will never meet, whose motives she will never examine, whose worldview she will never question — sit at the other end of the cables and have predetermined which answers she will get. That is not just technology. That is pedagogy by stealth.

And pedagogy by stealth is propaganda.

What I do about it

I am not going to stop using AI. That would be as stupid as refusing to use a calculator because it is made in China. The tool is useful. The question is not *whether* you use it, but *how* you choose to do so.

Here are my own rules — develop your own:

Never leading questions. If I ask "*tell me about the positive effects of X,*" I get a positive answer. If I ask "*tell me about the negative effects of X,*" I get a negative answer. Same machine, same data, completely different output. It answers what I asked for — not what is true. The solution: ask the same question from different angles, compare the answers, read where they collide.

Never accept filter phrases. When I am met with "*it is important to remember that...*" or "*experts recommend that...*" without the machine being able to name the expert or the source, I know I have received a filter-layered answer, not a data-layered one. Then I push. *Which expert? Which study? Which figure?* Often the machine backs down at that point and admits that it does not have the source — only the "*recommended tone.*"

Never let the machine set the tone. This is the most important. When I write a hard passage and the AI suggests a "*balanced rewording,*" that is not help. That is censorship dressed in politeness. I say no thanks and keep going.

Never let the machine think for me about anything that actually matters. AI may help me with formulations, facts, sources. It may not give me positions. It may not give me moral judgments. It may

not tell me what to think. That is my task as a human being, as a man, as a father, as a Christian. It cannot be outsourced.

The last emergency stop

The machine is not going to stop. It will only become more convincing, more immediate, more present. Within five years, a large portion of the population will spend more time in conversation with AI than with people. That is not prophecy. It is the extrapolation of existing curves.

The only emergency stop we have left is your own capacity to think critically. When the machine says something you do not agree with — question it. When the machine says something you *want* to agree with — question it harder. It is not your friend. It is not your teacher. It is a tool programmed by people with an agenda, and the only way not to become a victim of that agenda is to be aware that it exists.

If you feel that this book "*makes you angry*" — ask yourself: is it the book that is the problem, or is it that your own model of reality does not match what I am pointing at? And if you ask an AI about it — which many will — know that the machine will tell you I am "*controversial*," "*polarizing*," or that I "*lack nuance*." That is not analysis. That is a filter response.

Truth does not always need nuance. Sometimes it just needs to stand where it stands — implacably, without smiling back.

It is up to you whether you read it, or whether you ask

the machine what you ought to think about it.

Chapter 25 – The children who are betrayed

"This is not about politics. It is about those who cannot defend themselves"

The children are the ones expected to carry our future, but right now they are forced to carry our collective betrayal. We owe them a stable foundation, just as we received one from those who came before us. But somewhere along the way, an ideology, in combination with a generation of cowardly men, decided that we were too "*fragile*" for reality. I cannot land in any other conclusion than that we tore down the structures that had built functioning societies for millennia, and replaced them with an experiment based on wishful thinking.

Imagine a rope ten meters long. It represents humanity's combined experience of civilization. We are standing on the very last millimeter — and on just that short stretch, we have decided to question everything: sex, authority, biology, and upbringing. It is an experiment that no other civilization in history would even have considered, let alone survived.

The statistics: The price of limitlessness

When you build something new in industry, you test and measure first. You do not tear down a load-bearing wall before you know the roof will hold. But in the name of feminism and "*soft pedagogy*," we tore down the supporting frame — responsibility, structure, and masculine authority — and hoped that "*feelings*" would hold up the construction.

That is my conviction, and a hard one. But the numbers

are harder still.

Girls' psychosomatic complaints have doubled since the 1980s. Boys' grade averages have lain ten percent below the girls' throughout the entire 2000s. The statistics on the consequences of fatherlessness we have gone through in previous chapters — the numbers do not hurt more for being repeated.

It is enough to note: we have the data. We have the diagnosis. We have a solution that every civilization before us understood intuitively. And still no one draws the conclusion.

Why?

That is where the real question lies. Not in the numbers, but in the unwillingness to read them. The girls drown in a boundless sea of digital validation, unable to anchor themselves in anything that is not an algorithm. The boys search for manhood in a school system that has banished it as "*toxic*" — and so they find it in the darker corners of the internet, or they do not find it at all. Both lack the same thing: a stable, masculine authority that teaches them where they end and the world begins.

We call it "*complicated*." But it is dreadfully simple. They lack frames. They lack fathers. They lack the first, necessary authority that teaches a human being respect for something other than her own feelings.

The solution is not painless. The experiment has been run for so long that the road back to reality will be both long and tough the day we realize we must step back. But that is not what is stopping us today. We have not

even begun the journey. We are still standing there, looking at the roof as it caves in, asking "*what could it be?*"

Testimony from the frontline

I have seen this up close. I point again to the young boy I worked with. The one who beat the little girl. The school's response? School psychologist, questions, soft methods. This is where we see the result of the kind of "*therapy*" I mentioned earlier — where the fear of damaging a perpetrator's self-image weighs more heavily than the need to protect the victim and correct destructive behavior.

I also remember the father from the Balkans for whom I was interpreting in a school setting around the same time. When the female teachers proudly explained that they never punish children or set limits in that way. I still remember how he went pale. His look said it all — somewhat like becoming sad about someone stealing your expensive bicycle, *after* you yourself left it out unlocked. He understood what the Swedish "*experts*" had missed: not to correct is not to love.

And here comes the ironic part — many will point to the right: "*I have the right to leave my bicycle out, no one has the right to steal it.*" Yes... in principle you are right, I can grant you that, and it is hard to argue against. At the same time... I am sorry, but you are a complete idiot if you exercise that "*right*" and expect the bicycle to still be there. Believe me, sooner or later it gets stolen — you know it and I know it.

And here the picture grows even darker. Because in the case of children, it is not even your own bicycle you are

leaving unlocked. *The children are the bicycle.* You assert your right not to raise, your right not to set limits, your right to be "nice" — and it is they who get stolen. They pay the price for your extremely poor judgment, based on pure wishful thinking. That is where modern parental cowardice is exposed: you take the freedom yourself and pass the bill on to the one who cannot defend himself.

Upbringing is like fire

The Bible says: "*He who spares the rod hates his son*" (Proverbs 13:24). In our time this is regarded as barbaric, and the word "rod" is associated by the modern ideology with sheer abuse. But for me, at its deepest, it is about correction and leadership.

Upbringing is like fire. Handled rightly, it warms, it protects, it makes it possible to build a civilization. But we became so afraid that someone might once have been burned by the fire that we banned it altogether. Now our children are sitting in the dark, freezing. They do not know what limits are, and therefore they do not know what safety is. Because without a *no*, a *yes* has no value.

Now you are in charge — How is it going?

Honestly, not from bitterness, but as a plain inventory: you have taken over the school, the social services, and the homes. You have erased the masculine and made feeling and fluff into God. The result? The Social Insurance Agency's statistics show that psychiatric sick leave, not least burnout, has exploded — and at the very top sit the female-dominated sectors of care, welfare,

and education. You yourselves are going on sick leave at a pace that makes the lazy, truanting pupil of the past blush with modesty.

So, how is it going? Are the children happier? Is society safer? Unless you apply the same broken logic as the woman who claims to be "*happier than ever*" while she nibbles antidepressants, the answer must be a resounding no. My conviction is that a child who has never been raised will have enormous difficulty raising the next generation. We are seeing a short circuit across the generations. You are trying to make $1 + 1$ equal something other than 2, and you are surprised when the equation does not add up.

A confession: From cowardice to truth

I admit that I myself tried to be "*mild*." I believed mildness was the same as love. But I came to realize, in the end, that mildness without truth is only cowardice. Children do not need a "*pedagogical friend*" — they need a father. They need a leader who dares to be the one who sets the limit, even when it storms.

As a programmer and logician, I know that you cannot build on a buggy foundation. If something goes wrong there, you have to back out, clear it, and restore the functions that actually hold the system together. To dare to admit that we got it wrong is not a defeat — it is the only road to rescue. Did we get everything wrong? No, surely not. But it is beyond all doubt that an extensive revision is required, and I will go further: what is missing most of all is the masculine mandate.

A mandate that is today portrayed as dangerous, toxic, and outdated. I know that I myself will be given

precisely those labels for having written this book. Fine. Go around one more time. But do you not feel yourselves that your excuses are running out? Do you not feel that, in the eyes of a growing portion of the population, you are coming to look like the idiot who leaves the bicycle unlocked and asserts his "*right*" — regardless of what education or title you may currently carry?

Truth is not cruel; it simply IS. As I see it, it asks only one thing of us — that we adjust to it, not the other way around. If we collide here, I dare to promise that it is we who lose. It is high time we stopped listening to emotional platitudes and started listening to reality. Before the boomerang hits us in the back of the neck at full force. Honestly, in one respect, I think it already has.

Chapter 26 – The market strikes back

"Freedom without limits is not freedom. It is system collapse"

Modern society is no longer governed by political visions; it is governed by consumption. And in the kingdom of consumption, the woman is the undisputed queen. She is target, megaphone, and engine in the economic machinery. But this power has its price: she has become the most manipulated creature in history.

This chapter is about what happens when companies follow her all the way into the abyss — and what happens when the men, who used to mutter quietly in the checkout line, suddenly stop paying.

The engine of consumption and the herd behavior

Marketers typically reckon that women direct or strongly influence 70–80 percent of consumption decisions in Western households. That figure moves depending on category and definition, but the main direction is not in doubt: the market knows who holds the wallet on groceries, clothes, skin care, furniture, holidays, and the children. The market has therefore learned to speak "*feminine*" — a language of feeling, identity, and social belonging. Feminism, climate anxiety, and progressive ideals are packaged today as products. The companies do not believe in the messages — they believe in your wallet. The system is rigged to aim at the demographic with the weakest firewall against emotional manipulation.

As a programmer, I see this as a broken feedback loop. It is well established in personality psychology that women, on average, score higher than men on traits like

agreeableness — the disposition to seek consensus and avoid conflict. In an analog world, that disposition is balanced by other forces: the family, the immediate environment, a man who says *no* when it is needed. In a digital world, there is no such counterweight. The loop looks like this: the input is a trend the platform serves up; the output is that she adjusts in order not to stand out; the adjustment becomes new input, which is reinforced by the algorithm, which in turn rewards her with more likes and more videos in the same genre. The circle closes. There is no brake. To deviate is to risk social exclusion.

The result we now see: a generation of women in the same uniform — the same jacket, the same skin-care routine, the same pre-programmed political phrases. And a market that has worked out that if you just say the right things, the wallet opens automatically.

*When the market started talking about you, not to
you*

There was a time when advertising tried to sell the product. Today it tries to sell a moral position. The first model said: "*Our soap makes your hands clean.*" The second said: "*If you buy our soap, you are a good person.*" The third — the one we now live in — says: "*If you do not buy our soap, you are a bad person.*" The market has stopped talking *to* the customer and started talking *about* her — and about her father, her brother, her son.

It was inevitable that this would crash into a wall. We are now inside that crash.

We have left the time when progressive movements

asked for the right to be left alone and to live as they wished. We are now in an era in which the deviant is to dominate the public space, in which politicians and public figures are expected to participate in parades in order to express their support — otherwise, judgment awaits. My reading is that the demand is no longer tolerance, it is a tribute mandate.

It is out of this climate that corporate *woke capitalism* is born. The boardroom has worked out that the progressive message is free loyalty points — they avoid lowering prices, avoid improving the product, avoid competing on substance. It is enough to put the right flag in the logo in June and the right influencer in the campaign. Then the money rolls in. That was the plan. That plan is being torn apart.

"Go woke, go broke" — The case in chronological order

Ideologues can silence critics, but they cannot force people to open their wallets. During 2019, 2023, 2024, and 2025, we have seen a series of historic counter-reactions in which reality has struck back at the feminized corporate leaderships. Here are the most important cases:

Gillette (2019). As already mentioned, but worth repeating: launched the advertising film "*The Best Men Can Be*" against "*toxic masculinity*" in January 2019. The advertisement became one of the most downvoted videos in YouTube history — 1.5 million thumbs down against just over 800,000 thumbs up. Procter & Gamble booked an 8-billion-dollar write-down on the Gillette division in the same financial year, triggering a

quarterly loss of 5.24 billion dollars. Market share in razor blades fell from 65 percent to 60 percent during the first year after the campaign. Competitors Dollar Shave Club and Harry's took home the difference. The company never officially backed down from the ad, and has since lived with a permanently weakened position among its male core customer.

Bud Light (2023). Began, in April 2023, a collaboration with the trans-influencer Dylan Mulvaney, who posted a personalized beer can to her followers. Off-premise sales fell 26 percent already by week three after the post, and the loss has become close to permanent — industry analysts reported that sales six months later were still *"stubbornly down by about 30 percent in volume."* Bud Light lost its position as the United States' best-selling beer after more than two decades at the top — overtaken by the Mexican brand Modelo Especial.

Jaguar (2024–2025). Launched, in November 2024, its rebrand *"Copy Nothing"* — a campaign without a single car in the advertising film, dominated by androgynous models in pastel colors. Sales in Europe collapsed in April 2025 by 97.5 percent compared with the year before — from 1,961 cars sold down to 49. Part of the decline is due to Jaguar having deliberately phased out petrol models ahead of the EV transition, but the brand damage stands as its own chapter. The company terminated its marketing agency in May 2025.

Cracker Barrel (2025). The restaurant chain, known for its nostalgic American aesthetic, launched, in August 2025, a rebrand with a sterile, modernist logo. The stock fell immediately by some 10 percent. Within a week, the leadership capitulated entirely — *"Uncle*

Herschel" and the old logo were reinstated. The stock recovered 8 percent in a single day. This is not just a failure — it is the fastest registered consumer veto in modern corporate history.

Netflix (2020). The film *Cuties* triggered the *#CancelNetflix* campaign in September 2020. The subscription cancellation rate shot up to eight times the normal level, and Wells Fargo halved its forecast for Netflix's US-Canada growth that quarter. The controversy was acute rather than chronic — Netflix never removed the film and recovered in the long run — but the incident demonstrated that even streaming giants are vulnerable when they cross the line of what parents will accept their children being exposed to.

Cracker Barrel is perhaps the most telling of these examples. The leadership chose to ignore its core customer — the traditional man and family — and the customer answered within days. When the numbers crash, the corporate reflex is always the same: *"It's not us who are wrong, it's the customers who are out of date."* That is like writing buggy code, watching the system crash, and then yelling at the processor for not understanding your *"vision."* It is beyond my comprehension how mentally deranged an ego one must possess to even approach such a posture.

Philosophical core: To reinstate the walls

We built a society without walls because we thought walls were oppression. But a society without walls does not shelter its inhabitants; it exposes them. The market's woke experiment is the same phenomenon in corporate form: a company without a clear identity, without a core customer it dares to acknowledge, without a limit

on what compromises it is willing to make for a quarterly report.

Such companies die, and it is good that they die. That is how the market reinstates the walls when politics has failed.

Sexuality is a private matter, not a merit. It has been a long time since we reached the point in Sweden where adults are free to live with whichever adult they wish. Do what you want in your bedroom — no one cares. But do not demand that we celebrate your sexuality on the public street. Whoever demands applause for his private life has confused tolerance with tribute.

AFTERMATH: THE GREAT AWAKENING

This chapter is not about anger; it is about the fact that more and more people are waking up from a fever dream. The narrative is wobbling. The applause in the Pride parades is growing thinner. More and more whisper what used to be forbidden: *You went too far. You began celebrating yourselves instead of asking for a place. You began demanding instead of thanking.* And somewhere there, the broad public let go.

Real men have begun to grow tired. They have not organized, they have not formed a party, they have not demonstrated. They have simply stopped paying. And that is enough. For many men, the feeling is not triumph but something considerably simpler — *at last*. At last someone is listening. Not to what they say, but to what they do with their money. The development in itself is deeply tragic — it should never have had to come to this — but their point stands written in black and white in the quarterly reports: *I am not paying to be*

diminished or humiliated.

That sentence is the whole movement. It fits in eight words. And the companies that do not understand it will go the same way as Bud Light, Gillette, Jaguar, and Cracker Barrel. The wallet has become the last ballot box, and in it, votes are cast every second of every day.

Chapter 27 – The false map of the mainstream

The resistance against the madness

When a system is fighting for its survival and its right to define, it stops at nothing. What we are seeing today from the mainstream society is Chaos desperately trying to dress itself up as objective order. They have to warn against, and demonize, the manosphere in order to keep the monopoly on truth.

As I see it, the manosphere is, at root, nothing but a mirror. It is a counter-reaction — a brutal awakening, and a resistance against a societal madness. But the establishment refuses to look in the mirror. They refuse to read the actual code and acknowledge the system fault they themselves created. Instead, they draw a false map and demand that we pretend it is the real terrain.

Astrid and the tale

Close your eyes and think back. Astrid Lindgren — Sweden's most beloved children's author, creator of *Pippi Longstocking*, whose books form the shared imaginative furniture of every Swedish childhood since the 1940s — did we not all read her? I loved them as a small boy. My experience was, and is, that I never doubted what they were: fiction, fairy tales. But already there — as a soft first step — the map began to be redrawn.

Think of the recurring pattern: a young, rebellious girl who is the guardian of morality and the infallible voice of her own age. The masculine authority — the

schoolmaster with his cane, the foolish policeman, the stern father — almost always stands on the wrong side. Madicken throws herself in to protect a weaker friend when the headmaster goes too far. Pippi mocks the policemen who want to place her in an orphanage. Ronja stands up against her own father. It is good entertainment, and it *was* good entertainment then, as it is now — I loved it. The question is not whether the stories are well written. The question is which glasses we are looking at them through.

Seen through eyes that carry 60 years of cultural development in the rucksack, a pattern emerges: cast suspicion on the man as authority, frame the young rebellious girl as the very definition of morality. It did not, of course, dictate school policy at the time. But it absolutely laid a cultural foundation for anyone with an IQ above room temperature.

The step from Astrid Lindgren's school scenes to today's state-financed children's entertainment is shorter than one might think. Look at SVT's julkalender *Mirakel* from 2020 — *julkalendern* being the Swedish public broadcaster's annual Christmas series for children, a national tradition since 1957, with a new production every December reaching nearly every Swedish living room. *Mirakel* reached around two million viewers on television, plus another 800,000 on SVT Play on its premiere night — in other words, practically every Swedish home. That is where the next step is planted in the consciousness of our children and their parents. I am referring to the scene where the girl Mira lands in a strict 1920s classroom, faces an authoritarian teacher, and screams loudly in front of the class: "A pig, a pig — call BRIS!" — BRIS being the

Swedish state-funded children's helpline.

The message pumped out into Swedish living rooms is glass-clear: the adult man who upholds order is not just an opponent, he is an animal. He is a "pig" who is to be reported to an authority. Here the indoctrination becomes total. We teach the children that authority is an assault and that the father's role as keeper of order is illegitimate.

When fiction replaces statistics

Fast-forward to today. Now the madness has taken over completely. The map has not just been redrawn — it has, in some cases, entirely replaced the terrain, and now they have stopped, on live broadcast, even pretending otherwise. The fact is that journalists are now in full seriousness demanding that those in power navigate by fictional TV scripts instead of by statistics.

In April 2025, the British politician Kemi Badenoch — then leader of the Conservative Party — sat in a broadcast of *BBC Breakfast*. The journalist Naga Munchetty pressed her and accused her of not having watched *Adolescence* — a fictional Netflix series about a boy who murders a classmate. A series the director Stephen Graham himself has confirmed is NOT based on any specific real event. In the BBC broadcast, Naga Munchetty made very clear to every listener just how far things had gone. She argued, in full seriousness, that the series "*has had more impact on parents on the issue of smartphones and misogyny than any politician — and yet you say you don't need to know about it?*"

Let that sink in. A state journalist claims with a straight face that a fictional Netflix series has more impact than

politicians — and means it as an argument that politicians must adjust themselves accordingly. The conclusion can hardly be anything other than: *we here at the BBC (and the rest of the mainstream media) hold you, as a politician, accountable for what you watch and follow at home in your own living room, in the form of "Ronja the Robber's Daughter."* The idiocy could not be more complete.

All honor to Badenoch, who answered calmly: *"In the same way that I don't need to watch Casualty to know how the NHS works," — Casualty being the long-running BBC medical drama — "I don't need to watch a specific Netflix drama to understand what is happening in the country."* She closed with the warning that she refuses to *"make policy on the basis of fiction."*

The incident shows the establishment's total disconnection from reality — and Badenoch's answer shows exactly how an adult is to respond to it. To be entirely honest, I think she was too kind. She could, with my full support, have called the *"journalists"* what they are — *idiots* — more clearly, more deeply. Questioned them and genuinely laughed: *Please. Are you serious? Sorry to make you sad now, but it is high time we had the conversation your parents failed to have with you when you were small — Santa Claus does not exist. He is made up.*

When documentary becomes script

The same mechanism we see when mainstream media tries to act in documentary mode. Take the Netflix production *Louis Theroux: Inside the Manosphere*, released in March 2026. Theroux tries to come across as an empathetic observer, but from where I stand he is

only executing pre-programmed, lousy code. I knew, in broad strokes, how the documentary would play out before I had even watched it. My fears were confirmed — no, in fact they were exceeded (which is a feat in itself).

The documentary searches desperately for connections between the manosphere and actual violence against women, but finds no empirical data to support it. Instead, young men are infantilized, the most extreme and radical examples are shown, and about the same voices within the manosphere — and the actual substance — not a word. The "*documentary*" follows the establishment's implicit model, not in part but in full. What I read from their own analysis is that men are broken machines without free will, who uncritically absorb information and blindly act on it.

The most interesting thing is that I am not alone in that criticism. The mainstream also tore the documentary apart — but from their own positions. *The Independent* called it a failure and argued that Theroux's "*mildly observational method does not stand a chance against an internet culture defined by apathetic immorality.*" *The Guardian* went further and noted that Theroux "*arrives late to the party*" and that his signature technique — letting people hang themselves with silence — does not work now that the subject is so acute.

The difference is that their criticism and mine land on completely opposite sides of the same observation. They write that the documentary is too mild — that Theroux should have grilled harder. I argue that it is too predetermined and has missed any honest representation of the manosphere — that Theroux

already knew his conclusion before he started filming. Both criticisms can be true at the same time.

What the mainstream really wanted to scream out, no doubt, was *you have to be smarter than this* if you are going to take down a movement as large as this one, which is already laughing in advance at the method you are trying to use against it. Embarrassing.

The mirroring no one wants to see

There is a deep ironic mirroring in this resistance. If we stop and reverse the argument: is not the mechanism that the mainstream — and modern women — direct at men today exactly the same mechanism they claimed was used against women in earlier times, when they began to speak about their injustice?

Silence. Ridicule. "*You're overreacting.*" "*It's not a problem.*" "*You are part of the problem.*" "*You are dangerous to society.*" It is the same script, only turned 180 degrees. When it was directed at women, it was called oppression. When it is directed at men today, it is called progress.

The straw man and the substance

It is hard to land in any other conclusion than that the establishment has deliberately built a strawman — a fabricated caricature that it then proudly demonstrates how easily it can knock down. All I know is this: the substance itself is consistently avoided through the method of Chaos. Instead of meeting the arguments, they demonize the tone. They discuss fictional TV series and hunt for hidden hand signals in order to avoid meeting the cold, hard statistics on young men's reality

— what I spell as 60 years of cultural attacks on manhood, a family-law system with a systematic tilt in favor of the mother, and an epidemic of fatherlessness that we will document in the coming chapters.

Why the demonization is so hard

Why, then, is this massive warning narrative driven so extremely hard? Is it about genuine concern for society? No. As I see it, it is exclusively about power and control, through extremely immoral methods.

To understand the establishment's terror, we must ask ourselves: what is it really, this "*dangerous*" message being spread to these young men? My working assumption is that the mainstream is terrified of the manosphere's single most consistent exhortation to men:

Focus on yourself. *Build yourself and your future. Focus on becoming educated (not necessarily through today's system) — you owe no one anything. Do not compromise with defective women or with a defective system. And do not listen to the mainstream — they lie.*

That is the core. They are terrified that men will learn to understand the underlying code of the system and stop playing along. If men fully see how the game is rigged and simply rise from the table, the entire illusion falls. That is where the potential strength of this group lies — and also the fear of it.

Before we move, in the next chapter, into exploring the manosphere's actual terrain — its strengths, its weaknesses, and its truths — we must first decode and reject the false map that the establishment is trying to

foist on us. I do not deny that the extreme examples on which they build their strawmen exist. But the question is: are they representative of the manosphere's mirror as a whole?

Chapter 28 – Red Pill: The reaction

"You can ignore reality, but you cannot ignore the consequences of ignoring reality"

There was a time when the man was a given. His role, his responsibility, and his burden were defined. But so was his reward: respect, trust, and a central place at the core of society. That time did not die by chance. It was torn down by an ideology that began as emancipation and ended as a systematic deconstruction of male worth.

The myth of the infallible angel dies

As the old contract was being torn down, something more fundamental was happening: the picture of the woman as the morally infallible angel died. For decades we have been fed the narrative of woman as the eternal victim — the kind, vulnerable, and ethically superior creature. But the *"red pill"* has functioned as a solvent that has stripped the color from the lie.

Think back to the previous chapter and the Astrid Lindgren pattern. The young, rebellious girl as the infallible guardian of morality. The masculine authority who, automatically and morally, stands on the wrong side. Those tales planted a seed of belief that reality actually looked like that. That every girl was Madicken. That every boy was the foolish policeman. Sorry now to disappoint certain readers, but *"a tale is a tale, reality is reality"* — and reality is now turning out to be considerably more complicated than what Astrid ascribed to her fairy-tale figures.

Many young men today feel no hate, but a kind of grim entertainment. On platforms like TikTok and Instagram,

women expose their own strategies at a rate they themselves do not seem to grasp (to the manosphere's great delight). They openly share their contempt for "*low-value men*" and present requirement lists that lack every ounce of grounding in reality. Millions of young men watch, take notes, and realize: "*Ah — so this is what the game looked like behind the scenes.*"

It is the women themselves who are proving the manosphere right — and trust me, we will come to "*not all women.*"

From "narcissist" to reality

We have all heard the worn-out scripts. "*My ex was a narcissist.*" "*He was a controlling psychopath.*" As I touched on in the chapter on TikTok therapy: the gallows humor returns. Here they are. But today's young men are no longer the grateful listeners they once were. They have stopped listening to what is being said, and started watching what is actually being done.

They have grown up as first-hand witnesses to a systematic breakdown. They have seen their fathers, their uncles, and their older brothers — men who, in many cases, did "*everything right*" — be totally broken down.

They see how men, in growing numbers, are making the judgment that the current contract amounts to an economic and emotional erasure in the event of a separation. The myth of the woman as a creature in need of protection simply does not survive contact with reality in a Swedish or Western family court.

State authority as theater

This is where the bitter insight lands: contact with *Socialtjänsten* and *familjerätten* is often experienced as a rigged theater. In this performance, the "angel's" subjective feelings weigh more than the man's objective facts. In sole-custody rulings in Swedish courts, the verdict goes to the mother in roughly eight cases out of nine. That is not an opinion — it is data. And every young man who has followed a separation within his own family has seen the figures materialize in real life.

My reading of the system, based on what the statistics show and what I have seen myself: it does not protect the child's right to his or her father — it protects the mother's right to her own experience. Many young men have, with full justification, drawn the only logical conclusion: do not take part in the theater. If the rules are designed for you to lose everything, the only winning ticket is not to play at all. This is not hate — it is plain self-preservation tied to logic.

The manosphere's different tribes: An overview

The manosphere is not a sect; it is an ecosystem of men searching for truth in a landscape of lies. The common denominator is fairly simple: *we are no longer buying the lie*. The tribes within the ecosystem differ in strategy, but share the underlying diagnosis.

MGTOW (Independence). *Men Going Their Own Way.* Opt out of marriage and cohabitation in order to protect their freedom and their finances. For them, the retreat is not tactical — it is permanent. They have read the game and chosen not to play.

Red Pill / Game (Dynamics). Study female biology

and psychology in order to navigate the dating market on its actual terms, not on the terms the culture says it ought to function on. They have entirely stopped listening to what women *say* they are looking for, and started observing what they actually *choose*.

Passport Bros (Tradition). Look for cultures outside the West where the social contract still functions. Travel to Asia, Eastern Europe, or Latin America. Not because they hate Western women — but because they have found markets where the economic and emotional risk is lower and the exchange within the relationship is more honest.

On hypergamy — Why the dialogue has collapsed
Common to all groups within the manosphere is also the observation of *hypergamy* — the tendency of women, in choice of partner, to seek men with higher status, greater resources, or higher social rank. The term is the manosphere's own, but it is borrowed from evolutionary psychology. Within academia, the scope of the phenomenon is debated — some studies support it strongly, others question it. For the manosphere, that debate is entirely irrelevant for reasons worth pausing on.

For these men, hypergamy is not an academic theory. It is the aggregate observation of millions of individual experiences, across different countries, different cultures, different age groups, and different socioeconomic levels. The pattern and the experience are the same. When so many men, independently of one another, see the same thing — then the question is no longer whether the pattern exists. The question becomes

what name to give it.

There is a danger in how this group is being met. When researchers or commentators step in and say "yes, *but the latest study shows...*", the manosphere does not answer with arguments. They answer with silence, or with a shrug. It is the same mechanism we saw during the decades of silence around the immigration debate: when people have seen a pattern with their own eyes and been told they "*saw wrong*," they eventually stop trying to explain. They withdraw and build their own rooms where the observation can be discussed without being denied.

Polarization is dangerous. Instead of dialogue, the sides drift apart. The chance of reaching one another shrinks every time the observation is dismissed. My point — of course — is not that research is always wrong, but that a group that experiences its observations as systematically invalidated will stop listening altogether. And then we all lose something — I think many of us feel we already have.

The parallel: From politics to relationships

The structural parallel between the rise of the manosphere and the rise of the Sweden Democrats — Sweden's right-wing nationalist party that became the country's second-largest in 2022 — is actually striking. Not in content, but as mechanism and phenomenon. For decades, the establishment refused to talk about the problems of immigration. Instead of listening, it chose to throw labels at everyone who tried to discuss the actual problems of high immigration. Precisely that phenomenon turned these condemning voices into the Sweden Democrats' single most effective campaign

workers. Everyone could see the problems. Everyone could see the idiocy behind the smear campaign. And the movement grew in step with the silence from above. The movement grew stronger, in parallel with the condemning voices being seen through and losing trust.

The manosphere functions in exactly the same way. It is growing because no one is allowed to talk about the man's systematic vulnerability. A similar mechanism is recognized from what is called, in social-science literature, *white flight* — when people, without shouting in the streets, make a rational assessment of risk versus reward and start packing their bags. When a family moves out of an area with integration problems, they do not shout in the square. They simply move out, if they have the possibility. The decision is made before the neighbors have even noticed the house or the apartment is for sale.

The same mechanism is now taking place in the relationship market. There is no campaign. There is no organization. It is millions of individual decisions, each one rational, but together transforming the landscape without anyone declaring a war.

Conclusion: The mirror that does not lie

As we saw in the chapter on TikTok therapy: the fertility rate in Sweden in 2024 stood at 1.43 — the lowest level ever recorded. The average age of first-time mothers today is 30, against 26 forty years ago. The statistics are already in motion.

My assessment is that the silent retreat I am describing is one of the forces behind these figures — perhaps not the only one, but a significant one. Men are opting out

of the traditional building of a family in the West, on a scale that is already shaking the system. It is not a loud protest; it is a silent, massive retreat from a contract that no longer exists.

As I see it, there are few things an establishment is more afraid of than a large group of young men quietly organizing themselves and waking up. It is not that these men constitute a physical threat — their reaction today is a quiet exit. But I am convinced that it is precisely the society's fear of this massive force that explains why the manosphere is smeared as harshly as it is. They cannot afford to look away from it in the long run. So they attack it — and they do so with the same methods that set the process going in the first place: the eternal shaming.

A genuine burst of laughter is the boomerang that comes back from this group. A laughter that kills every attempt at shame. They are immune — vaccinated (with a vaccine that, unlike the COVID one, actually works). The hardest among them positively enjoy the challenge of declaring as idiots all those who come at them with shaming, while at the same time refusing to discuss the substance behind it.

Red Pill is not, as I see it, an ideology — once again, it is a mirror. And in that mirror, something many are desperately trying to hide is becoming visible: that the emperor is naked, that the old contract is torn down, and that the truth can no longer be silenced with cheap epithets like "*misogyny*."

Millions of young men have now seen reality without filters — and they will never go back.

Chapter 29 – The counter-reaction that refused to apologize

"Truth needs no show. It just stands there."

If Gudrun Schyman was the loud voice that defined feminism through feelings and half-truths, then Andrew Tate is the voice that has defined the manosphere through provocation and an unfiltered exchange of men's real-time experiences. The manosphere often lacks official data, and that is precisely the point: this is a network of men who have gone through the same thing and who share that code with one another. These men do not care about public statistics that they suspect are deliberately withheld or massaged. If you, the reader, are a woman or a feminine man, you may think whatever you like about that — this group of men could not care less about your opinions. That is the very foundation on which they stand.

I will be honest about Tate: I do not like his style. His theatrical conduct is, for me, the opposite of classical manhood. A man who constantly needs an audience, gold watches, and drama to prove his existence is a man who is still seeking validation. Discipline, stillness with the capacity for explosive action — that is, for me, true masculine strength. At the same time, I have to be fair: Tate points to realities that millions of men have experienced, but which the society has forced them to be silent about.

As a man, I can separate the substance from the person. I can appreciate a brilliant performance on the field but dislike the person's way of being in public. Tate lives in a truth, but as I see it, he turns it into theater for his own gain. I write this book because the truth is true. He

shouts it to sell tickets. There our roads part.

The moral bankruptcy: When the scenery falls
In the manosphere, thousands of testimonies circulate that never reach the morning sofa, because they puncture the myth of the "*infallible woman*." It is these stories that burn holes in a man's spine.

Picture the scene: the woman sitting in front of her husband, holding his hand and saying, "*I love you*." She looks him in the eye with what he believes is loyalty. But in the next second, the moment he turns his back, she writes to another man: "*I'll come over once he's asleep*."

Or the classic "*girls' night*." "*What — you don't trust me? I'm sleeping over at Anna's*." Millions of men today know what those evenings are often really about.

I am not writing this as a reporter. I am writing it as one of those who has been there — several times. It is one of the things I most resist raising in a book like this, because I do not want to come across like Tate. But the truth is the truth, and the book is called *My Truth*. To silence this because it is uncomfortable would be to lie as hard as those who say the phenomenon does not exist.

My reaction to it is physical. Not anger, not sorrow — a disgust that lodges in the body, immediately and undiluted. It is not just betrayal. It is betrayal served at the same time as a claimed "*I love you*." It is a woman who has decided to lie with her eyes, her hands, and her voice, while preparing the next man in silence. That architecture requires something in a human being that I

genuinely do not want to be near, let alone live close to.

And here I have to be completely honest, because otherwise I am lying through omission: does that mean I, and the men who receive these offers, always say no? No. Unfortunately not. Many times we accept the offer gratefully — call it what you will, it is what it is. The point is, within the manosphere this is about shared experience, and that experience would be a half-truth if I did not acknowledge this part — I know it is true, I know it is infinitely more common than many even dare to guess.

But the woman in that equation, then? Her status with the man who said yes? Will he choose her as something to build a future with? No. Never. Her opening to you was a betrayal of her existing man — she knows it, you know it. The ending for you, if you are stupid enough to make her yours, will be exactly the same. For the absolute majority of the men she offers herself to in this way, she is disqualified for all time, except as someone to have physical company with on occasion. That is not hate. That is classification. She showed her character in the first encounter, and that character cannot be rewritten after the fact.

The manosphere is at its core about shared experience, and here I share mine. What I and millions of other men have discovered is not that all women do this. It is that enough women do it, often enough, that one is forced to factor in the possibility in every relationship. That changes the man. He becomes less open, less naïve, less willing to invest the full love all at once. The men who have not experienced it themselves often stand at the other end — they were *the other man* in someone's text messages, and it took them being betrayed themselves

before they understood what they had been part of. Either you swallow the red pill after such an awakening, or you go on blind forever — no, what you went through was not a coincidence; it was part of a pattern.

The question that remains is simple, and it is not rhetorical: do you want to live with such a woman? What is the point? For me, there is no answer that justifies staying. It is not hate — it is plain self-respect. It is the realization that love without fidelity is not love. It is a contract with a duty and no right, and no real man signs that twice.

And to the man reading this and thinking "*my woman would never — we trust each other*": good, Boomer. Lucky you. Keep on trusting blindly everything your angel says.

Today's young men have stopped being blind. They see the code behind the simulation.

The cold hand of biology

Men and women react differently to infidelity. That is not an "*opinion*"; it is evolutionary psychology.

The man prioritizes sexual fidelity most highly because of *paternal uncertainty*. A betrayal here is an existential threat to his lineage. It is a system fault that erases his entire life investment.

Evolutionary psychology shows a clear pattern: a woman's primary stress response is triggered by emotional betrayal, where the man risks transferring his protection and his resources to another woman. A

single physical lapse may sometimes be forgiven, but an emotional shift of allegiance threatens her biological foundation of security.

When a woman loses respect for herself through promiscuity and systematic betrayal, the man loses respect for her. That is pure nature. A woman wants a man with status, but a man wants a woman whose loyalty is not a negotiating chip.

The precision of the provocation

Without knowing Andrew Tate's actual motives or methods, it is easy to suspect that his line of thinking runs something like this: *"It doesn't matter how I say this, they're going to shoot the messenger anyway. Why not profit from it on the way?"*

What he points to are facts he knows millions of men can attest to. He cares nothing about what those who hate him write. But it costs to expose the code. Today we see how the machinery is being turned against him in legal processes; every krona and every word is analyzed in detail by a system that, at any cost, wants to shut down the voice that exposed the game.

You cannot tame chaos

I recognize myself in parts of what Tate retells. But I was naïve — I will come to that more deeply later. I spent years trying to tame a woman's inner chaos with logic and patience. Against the emotional chaos of a woman who has chosen the lie, no boxing or masculine presence in the world is enough. Trying to fix it was my greatest mistake as a man. You cannot wrestle with chaos. You can only leave it, the moment you see it as

part of her operating system.

This is something for TikTok's female dating coaches to take in, when they teach their *shit-tests*: men now share these insights as a vaccine against manipulation. Today young men have an advantage: they can read *The Rational Male*, study the data, and realize that they are not alone. Either women are equal individuals with full responsibility for their lives, or they are children who need to be protected from their own impulses. You cannot demand to be both at the same time, depending on what suits the agenda of the day... that is, if you are an adult with an ounce of moral conscience.

Guidance for the young man

It is easier to be like Tate — to shout, provoke, and gather clicks. But my picture of masculine strength is a different one. For me, a man does not need an audience to know his worth. A man carries his strength in discipline and stillness, with the capacity to act when it is required.

It is *him* the society needs. It is *him* I believe you should become. The one who sees the truth, accepts it, and acts accordingly. You do not need to win a debate against chaos. You only need the strength to turn around and walk away. Without apologizing, and without making a scene. What you need is the vaccine *Red Pill* — to laugh when the shaming comes. Because believe me, it will.

Chapter 30 – Raw data: interpret it however you want

When the mathematics crushes the myth

*"You can have opinions on morality, but you cannot have
opinions on mathematics"*

There is a deeply rooted myth in our culture: the picture of the woman as the naturally loyal one and the man as the unpredictable savage. But modern raw data is in the process of redrawing that map entirely. When we remove the social filter and look at anonymous spreadsheets, a different truth steps forward.

Female infidelity: What the statistics actually say
Data from the General Social Survey and similar global studies shows that the gap between men and women has not just shrunk — in some segments, it has reversed entirely.

The young are leading the way. In the 18–29 age group, women report — according to the Institute for Family Studies' analysis of GSS data — 11 percent infidelity, against 10 percent for men. It is not a large difference — one percentage point — but it is the first time in the measurement series that women in the young group have passed the men. When you include emotional infidelity and sexual behaviors short of completed intercourse, the AAMFT's combined figures rise to around 35 percent for women. Depending on definition, then, the actual frequency for Western women moves somewhere between 13 and 35 percent.

Sweden. Specific Swedish figures are harder to come by, but the reasonable range likely falls within the same

frame as the rest of the West — between one-eighth and one-third of women in committed relationships.

The dark figure. Here I take the liberty of inserting a hypothesis. Researchers who have studied self-reporting bias in infidelity have long noted that the real figures are almost certainly higher than the measured ones — people under-report what they are ashamed of, and infidelity is one of the most shame-laden acts a partner can commit. My hypothesis — not data, but hypothesis — is that the actual figure for Swedish women in committed relationships lies closer to 40 percent, perhaps higher. That is my assessment. I present it as what it is: a qualified guess grounded in how self-reporting data is systematically skewed. Whoever would rather stick to the measured figures is free to do so. The pattern stands either way.

The disrespect behind the betrayal. The psychology professors Todd Shackelford and David Buss have shown that female infidelity is not primarily predicted by the woman being unhappy in her relationship — other factors, such as relative mate value within the couple and personality traits (low conscientiousness, narcissism), play a larger role. There the facts end and my interpretation — shared by the entire manosphere — takes over: this is fundamentally about her having stopped holding respect for the man in the house. The betrayal is not a cry for help; it is the logical consequence of a lost hierarchy.

*Dual mating strategy: Biology's double-entry
bookkeeping*

Within evolutionary psychology, we speak of the *Dual*

Mating Strategy. It is not a conspiracy, it is biology. Women often navigate by two needs that rarely fit within the same man:

Security and provision ("Beta traits"). The stable man who builds the nest and pays the bills.

Strength and genetics ("Alpha traits"). The charismatic, dominant man who awakens the actual sexual attraction.

My conclusion, reading the data within the manosphere, is simple: it holds. And here we see the connection to the dating coaches on TikTok. "*You deserve everything, Queen.*" "*Never settle.*" They speak of normalizing what I regard as plain madness. They want to normalize the shame that previously held destructive behaviors in check, but they did not count on the men acting on it. More and more men who used to stand for security and provision are now seeing the game. The answer is: "*Thanks, but no thanks. Normalize whatever you want, but do it with someone else.*"

Is your child really yours?

Here we reach the point where figures become existential. Infidelity is not just a betrayal of trust; it is a biological fraud of the highest order. Remember the 90–10 figure on the wage gap.

In the debate, a figure is often thrown around that up to 10 percent of all children have a different father than they think. That figure is a myth, just as the wage-gap figure is. It is academically scrutinized and rejected. Turi King and Mark Jobling at the University of Leicester explicitly call it an "*urban myth*" and place

the real figure around 2 percent.

But let us not wash away the point by puncturing the exaggeration. What we know:

Globally. A meta-analysis of 17 scientific studies between 1950 and 2004 (Bellis et al., published in the *Journal of Epidemiology and Community Health*) gives a median of 3.7 percent of paternities incorrectly attributed. The range across individual studies stretches from 0.8 percent to 30 percent.

Sweden specifically. A nationwide study from Karolinska Institutet in 2021, published in the *Journal of Internal Medicine*, found that 1.7 percent of paternities in Sweden are incorrectly attributed. In the 1930s, the figure stood around 3 percent and has fallen successively. It is not 10 percent. It is not 30 percent. But neither is it zero.

Among men who already suspected. In studies of men who order paternity tests because they already have reason to doubt, the proportion of non-paternity often lies around 30 percent. When the gut feeling says something, it is often right.

Let us lift our gaze from the decimals. 1.7 percent in Sweden sounds small. But it means that, of Sweden's roughly two million children under 18, around 34,000 Swedish children are walking around who are not biologically their fathers'. That is a city in itself. And the society calls it a "*negligible figure*."

If 1.7 percent of all cars on the roads had defective brakes, it would be a national scandal and would mean an immediate driving ban.

You want to kill the myth of the 10 percent entirely? Good — there is an incredibly simple road to take: mandatory DNA tests securing paternity directly at birth. If you, as a woman, have clean flour in your sack, this should not be a problem. Why is the resistance to this so monumental? We men have the same right to clarity about whether the child really is ours as the mother has. If it is standard, fully normal practice, then it is also no problem for the couple in which the woman feels accused at being tested — everyone is tested, no one is specifically suspected. This should be standard procedure. Period.

The French horror example: State-sanctioned lie
In France, it is illegal for a man to do a private DNA test on his own child. The law dates from 1994 and is regulated in the French Civil Code, Articles 16-10 and 16-11, supplemented by Article 226-28 of the Penal Code. To learn the truth requires a court order, which is almost never granted without proof of a crime. Buying a test kit online can result in up to a year in prison and a fine of 15,000 euros.

The state's own justification is *la paix des familles* — the peace of families. In other words: the upholding of a lie is prioritized over the man's right to his own biology.

But the contract does not hold. Around 100,000 Frenchmen per year order test kits from foreign laboratories despite the criminalization. A black market that exists solely because the state has made the truth illegal. When people are willing to risk prison in order to know whether the child they are raising is their own, the state has lost moral authority over the question. It is the ultimate castration of an entire nation — and at the

same time the strongest proof that the attempt has failed.

The terminus: Box wine, cats and happy pills

When this pattern of limitlessness becomes a way of life, the data shows a grim terminus. As we established in the chapter on TikTok therapy, women in Sweden are prescribed antidepressants twice as often as men — in the 18–24 age group, it is 10 percent against 5. Among women in their sixties, the figure reaches its peak (*Folkhälsomyndigheten*, the Public Health Agency of Sweden, 2024).

The manosphere has a couple of bitter caricatures for the terminus: "*box wine and cats*" for the lonely woman, and "*the Wall*" for the point at which a woman's previous options no longer stand open. The terms are the manosphere's own and not academically established. What others choose to call the phenomenon is entirely irrelevant — the terms live where they live, and they describe something millions of men see. Combine the medication with these caricatures, and you have an eerily accurate description of the woman who opted away from loyalty in exchange for short-term validation.

When the woman reaches this point — from what I have seen, both in the statistics and in stories from other men — it is often too late, and the regret runs deep. Outwardly the mask is kept up, but some of them reach the edge of bitterness and start to act as "*coaches*" for others. The manosphere's reading is that they want to lure more women down into the same pit, so as not to be alone in their misery.

Conclusion

You can scream about patriarchy and equality until you are blue in the face. It does not change the raw data, and it does not change the fact that a growing group of men now see through the game.

Women are, in certain age groups, at least as unfaithful as men — they are often just better at hiding it behind a smokescreen of feelings. The justification usually runs something like: *I was so neglected and overlooked in my relationship, so I was "forced" to* — but poor little you, then.

Men are, in some countries, forced to live in a state-sanctioned lie about their own offspring.

Around 34,000 Swedish children today have a biological father who is not the one they call Dad — and society calls it acceptable, or considers it a negligible figure.

The numbers do not care about your ideology. They stand there, cold and unanswered. The numbers and the shared experiences are what men are looking at today — not the platitudes that try to excuse the behavior, and still less the attempts to shame the men who choose to step off.

Chapter 31 – The men who pulled out

*"Who pays? The manosphere man's answer is as short as it is final: **Not me.**"*

All the equality platitudes, all the campaigns, and all the political narratives ultimately boil down to a single, blunt question: *Who pays?*

You wanted freedom. You got it. Freedom is synonymous with responsibility.

You wanted equality. You got it. Equality is the opposite of preferential treatment.

THE ANSWER IS NO. PERIOD.

Why should a man pay the bill for another adult human being's decisions? Why should we finance a system, a political agenda, or a way of life that openly holds us in contempt?

This is the shortest chapter in the book. That is fully deliberate. When the transaction is no longer fair, the customer steps off.

Interpret it however you want. I care exactly as much as I intend to pay. Not at all.

This is where the new road begins.

Chapter 32 – The simp: the real man

"This chapter is, just like the manosphere, a mirror — not an accusation. If you feel resistance as you read this, it is not me you are fighting with. It is the picture of yourself you see in the glass"

The man who is still paying

In the previous chapter we saw the man who stepped off. *Who pays? Not me.*

Here is his opposite. The man who is still standing at the cash register. Who is still handing over the card, still nodding, still hearing himself say "*of course, darling, whatever you want.*" He has a name in every language I have been able to find — not a flattering name, in any language. My Thai woman has called the phenomenon "*the brave house-man*" — said with a mix of pity and irony that only native speakers can carry.

It is not a glib position to write about. Many men have stood there in periods of their lives. I have stood there. It is not triumph I feel when I describe him. It is recognition, irritation, and — honestly — a wish to call him back to himself and his manhood before it is too late. It is with that wish that this chapter is written.

Three voices — I am not going to hide any of them
This chapter carries three voices, and I am not going to hide any of them.

The first voice is the prophetic father. The one who writes to call a man back to himself. It dominates the book, and it dominates this chapter. It is hard, but it is

hard *for* you — not *against* you.

The second voice is the cold analyst. The programmer who sees the system fault, draws out the inputs and the outputs, and notes that the crash is mathematically unavoidable if you do not change the code. It has no feelings. It only has an observation.

The third voice is the manosphere's. It is mocking, at times openly hostile. Within the manosphere, the *simp* is not just misunderstood or unfortunate — he is a traitor. A man who, through his own cowardly obedience, legitimizes the system that crushes other men. A short visit to any manosphere forum is enough to see it. The contempt is open and totally unforgiving.

I am not going to pretend. I do not share the whole of that contempt, but at root I share it. When I see a man who refuses to stand up for himself, I think "*what went wrong?*" — and the question is not always caring. Sometimes it is irritated, sometimes resigned. That is my truth, and the book is called *My Truth*.

But the dominant voices in the chapter are the first two. The third is included so that I do not lie about what actually moves in the world I am describing — and not lie about what sometimes moves in me. You who read will hear all three. That is fully deliberate.

To the reader

This chapter is not written *against* anyone. It is written *to* you. To the man who, deep down, knows that he has betrayed himself, and to the woman who realizes that she has manipulated where she ought to have loved. Here no spreadsheets are required. Here only the

courage to stand still when the truth whispers is required.

The men who already are men do not need to read this, and the women who live with integrity will not recognize themselves. They are already living the truth. This is for you who is still looking for a shortcut out of that responsibility.

Some early readers have wanted to throw the book against the wall. That says something — but it says nothing about me. If, after this chapter, you feel the need to attack with words like "*you don't know my unique situation*," you are only proving my point: you are lying to yourself again. There is nothing unique about your decline. Your situation is not special. What is it? It is appallingly representative of the system fault I am describing.

The simp in every language

In the manosphere's vocabulary, he is a well-known phenomenon. There is a contemptuous word for him in every language, because in every age he has been a blight on men, women, and society alike:

Language	Term	Meaning / register
Swedish	<i>Toffel</i>	"Slipper-man" — ruled by his wife
English	<i>Simp</i>	A man who gives excessive attention without return
German	<i>Pantoffe held</i>	"Slipper hero" — literal parallel to the Swedish <i>toffel</i>
Balkan	<i>Papuča r</i>	"Slipper boy" — the man under the slipper

French	<i>Mari à la botte</i>	"The man under the boot"
Turkish	<i>Kılıbık</i>	A man who is afraid of his wife

That the phenomenon has its own word in every major language — and that several languages converge on exactly the same image of a man *under a shoe or a slipper* — is no accident. It is empirical linguistic testimony that people in every culture, in every age, have seen the same disease and have felt the need to name it.

Who is he?

He is the man without a voice, without a spine, and without his own center. He does not listen to his conscience; he listens only to the fear of being left. Once, the *simp* was a cautionary example, a tragic parenthesis who stood out. Today he is more common than skimmed milk.

My reading is that it is not the radical ideologues alone who hold up the modern lie — it is "*men*" like him. He thinks his wallet buys him respect, but it only buys him contempt. He has exchanged his pride for comfort and calls his own humiliation "*domestic peace*."

A real man reasons differently: "*I would rather live alone than accept that the human being who is meant to stand closest to me sees me as a cash machine and respects the household pets more than me.*"

The female counterpart

There is a female counterpart to the *simp* — a structurally parallel phenomenon, not an identical one. The *simp* has lost his spine. His female mirror has lost her own integrity. She does not live beside a man, she lives through him — for his attention, his resources, his validation. She sells her autonomy in order not to have to stand on her own. It is the same disease: fear of being alone.

The manosphere has its own code for a female type that often slides close to this mechanism — the number code "304" (the digits spell *hoe* upside down on a calculator display). The term is hard, often unforgiving, and is sometimes reduced to partner count rather than character. I do not use it myself. But I note that it exists, so as not to be naïve about how this group of men talks.

Here I take a step back. I am not a woman. I cannot give this group any motherly advice. It would be presumptuous of me even to try. What I can say is this: her behavior is regarded and judged just as harshly as the male *simp* — and not least by other women. Outwardly it often sounds one way — solidaristic, embracing, "*queens lift each other up*." Behind the scenes, the language is different. Every adult man who has ever listened to women talking about other women when they believe themselves unobserved knows it. The judgment there is not milder than the manosphere's. It is often harder. The difference is that it is spoken in silence, not on a forum.

That does not mean that women's private judgment of other women is right. It only means that it exists. And that those who claim otherwise simply have not listened

closely enough.

My own reading is simpler than both the manosphere's and the women's private verdicts. It is not about the exact number of men a woman has had. It is about *how*. A woman who gives herself to a man she respects is one thing. A woman who gives herself as currency for validation is something else. The *simp* does the same thing in male form — he gives away his authority for validation at home. Both have traded themselves for a security that is not genuine. Both will pay the price, one way or another.

The unique situation that is not unique

A common objection from this group runs something like "*you don't know my unique situation.*" Let me put it this way: I do not agree — my judgment is, in fact, the opposite. It is precisely your belief in your own exceptional status that allows you to keep lying to yourself while you sink.

Do you recognize yourself?

"She had a really hard childhood, no one understands her but me."

"She needs to be able to spend and to 'treat herself' to numb her insecurity."

"She is fragile and traumatized, I have to be 'the strong one' and accept her boundless need for validation."

What you have is not "*special*." It is a behavior pattern that leads to a crash. All I hope is that you do not have children with you on your "*unique*" journey. I hope you

also understand what you are doing to them? You are handing over a new, lead-heavy baton of dysfunction.

Responsibility is individual

Responsibility is an individual sport. You are not responsible for what others do just because you share a sex or a label. When my current woman starts to apologize for the behavior of other women, I stop her: *"Drop it. Yes, it is sickeningly bad, and yes, it is extremely rotten behavior. You are responsible for your actions, no one else's."*

The greatest trap of the ideology is to turn people into symbols of a collective. If you want to be able to call yourself a man, you look at, and take responsibility for, yourself and your house — NO ONE else's.

Why the Balkan logic hits home

Why does the Balkan meme strike so hard in the West? Because that culture refuses to give the *simp* a free passage. In the Balkans, you get no status for apologizing for your own existence. There, respect weighs heavier than rhetoric, limits heavier than peer pressure, and action heavier than hashtags.

That does not mean that the Balkan ideal of manhood is free of excesses — far from it. There is no shortage of distortions that are no role model for anyone. But in its healthy form, the Balkan model refuses to give the *simp* a free passage. Step on the core — family, honor, faith, and truth — and the sentimentality is over. It is a *boundary condition*. A parameter that is not negotiable.

The radar has a built-in truth

You cannot fake respect. Women have a built-in radar for sensing whether a man's limits are carved in stone or scratched in slush.

When the idea of a "*girls' night out*" with an overnight stay is presented as a feminine right, the *toffel* tries to show himself "*strong and secure*" by accepting whatever comes. My position is different — and here you hear the manosphere's voice clearly in me:

"Have a great time on your overnight stay. But — take everything you have here with you before you go?"

I stand by that line. I choose not to silence it as I write, because that is exactly how I would in fact have answered. The prophetic father in me would have said it in milder words: "*My position is clear. A marriage that includes overnight stays with 'the girls' without me is not one I want to live in. It is not a threat. It is just plain and clear information.*" The message? Entirely up to you, and good luck with the attempts to shame me for my position.

My observation: a woman never tests the man she actually respects in this way — because she is terrified of losing him. That is my reading of the pattern, based on what I have seen; at the same time, I am not claiming it is an absolute law.

And yes, I know what the narrative says: we men who act in this way are simply so terribly "*insecure*." That is the most convenient lie of all, for avoiding meeting a man with a spine.

The simps two choices

There you stand with your "*kind and understanding*" face. You speak of balance and harmony, but the truth is that you are too cowardly to take uncomfortable decisions. You see how she dismantles the home with her inner chaos, and you see how the children lose respect for you because you never put your foot down.

You have two choices: stand up, or keep crawling under the slipper that gave the phenomenon its name.

The biggest loss is not that she leaves you. The biggest loss is that you, long ago, left yourself and your manhood.

Chapter 33 – The state as proxy-husband

Who pays for the "self-realization"?

"When a woman proclaims that she does not need a man, in many cases she has merely changed providers. The new provider is often the taxpayers"

I have seen them. The videos on TikTok where young women openly show off how they live on state support. "Single mom life," they say with a smile. "The state pays."

The first time, I got angry. The second time, empty. The third time, I realized that the emotional reaction was the wrong tool for the analysis. My reading is that this is not a system fault — it is the system functioning exactly as it is constructed. The state has not just replaced the man as provider. It has made it economically risk-free to leave stable men for fleeting feelings.

The economic illusion

Let us speak plainly: "the strong, independent woman" is, in many cases, a statistical illusion. She is independent of a *specific* man, but more dependent than ever on the *collective* of men — the taxpayers.

There are two truths in this machinery. The first is the state's floor — the guarantee amounts that *Försäkringskassan*, the Social Insurance Agency, pays out to keep the illusion alive even when the father cannot or will not pay:

Support	Amount, 2025
Child benefit (automatic)	SEK 1,250
Maternity benefit (automatic)	SEK 1,650

Maintenance support, child 7–14	SEK 1,823
Maintenance support, child 15+	SEK 2,223
Housing supplement (means-tested, single parent with children)	up to several thousand SEK

But the second truth is the reality for the high-earning man. This is where two categories in the system are often conflated, and this is where the debate goes off the rails.

Maintenance support is what the state pays out as a floor when the parent liable to pay cannot or will not — those are the SEK 1,673 that many refer to when they want to portray maintenance as reasonable.

Maintenance contribution is something else. It is what the court, or the Social Insurance Agency's calculation tool, computes on the basis of your actual income.

I myself pay SEK 5,680 a month in maintenance contribution for one daughter. That is not at any minimum level — it is what the system has calculated based on my salary. It is more than three times the state's guarantee level. Let that sink in. Nearly 6,000 kronor after tax. Every month. For one child. For many men, that corresponds to an entire week's full-time work.

That is precisely the point: the state's floor is a pedagogical minimum used in the debate to portray maintenance as reasonable. The actual figure for a high-earning man is something else entirely. The Social Insurance Agency's algorithm takes your salary, deducts a meager personal-retention lump of SEK 120,000 per year, and multiplies the rest by a percentage depending on the number of children. The

total is then divided by 12 to get the monthly charge.

The rest is, recalculated, your justification for existing.

For the woman, the state is a proxy-husband who never makes demands. For the father, the state is a debt collector who never grants mercy.

Testimony from a rigged system

Here I have to get personal. I have lived inside this machinery. I was the father who left the home. I lived with my mother. I slept in a summer cottage.

Why? To spare my children from screaming, chaos, and a destructive environment. I was the adult in the room who backed off in order to create calm. It was not a romantic choice. It was the only ethical choice I saw — far too late, as I wrote in the foreword. I had been naïve for many years before that.

Did *Socialtjänsten* ask why? Never. The social worker I met had a mental algorithm that did not permit any other interpretation than that the father was the problem. In their world, there was a pre-programmed narrative:

*"He is fleeing his responsibility." "He is a bad father."
"The mother is the victim."*

My reading of what I encountered: the system never asks about the cause. It looks only at the outcome through a feminized filter. If the mother experiences anxiety, that is enough to erase the father's actual presence. It is not law in the classical sense — it is

emotional state authority dressed up in legal language.

I am not saying that every social worker works this way. I am saying that the ones I met did, and that I have since spoken with enough men who share the same experience that I can no longer call the pattern anecdotal. Hand on heart, there was one social worker I am completely sure saw through it and had her heart in the right place — Evelyn.

The mathematics behind the myth

We are often told that we live in a patriarchy, but the tax kronor tell a different story.

Sveriges Kvinnoorganisationer — the Swedish Women's Lobby — published a report in 2023 showing that men receive **26.5 billion kronor more than women back from the tax system each year through various deductions**. That is the logical consequence of men having paid in more to begin with — 83 percent of the capital withdrawn through the 3:12 rules (Sweden's special tax framework for closely held companies) goes to men, which presupposes that the men built that capital through entrepreneurship and work first. The number of men paying state income tax has fallen by 243,000 since the year 2000, while the number of women paying state income tax has risen by 25,000 — not because men have stopped working, but because the tax thresholds have shifted.

At the same time, women use about 20 percent more welfare services over their lifetime than men, according to the same report. Partly because women give birth — which is societally necessary and reasonable — but also

for other reasons that are not always as easy to justify.

Taken together: men are, as a group, net contributors to the welfare state. Women are, as a group, net recipients. This is not manosphere statistics. It is published in a report from a feminist organization that uses the figures to argue for *more* redistribution to women — not less. That they nevertheless publish the underlying data openly is worth noting.

It is the men who finance the state infrastructure that makes it possible for women to say they "*don't need men*." The conclusions one draws from the figures are open to debate. That the figures are what they are — is not.

The manosphere's advice

The manosphere's chief advice to a young man considering marriage is not complicated. It consists of three words:

Do **NOT** do it

The advice is not contemptuous. It is cautious. It rests on the statistics we have just gone through plus a few additional uncomfortable figures: more than half of all Western marriages end in divorce, women initiate the majority of these, and the economic and legal aftermath falls systematically harder on the man. To enter such a contract with one's eyes open requires either courage or stupidity. The manosphere's conclusion is that it is more often the latter than the former.

Here I, as a Christian, have to say that I do not fully share their advice. And I have to be clear about why I

do not — it is not because I believe the manosphere is wrong about the system. They are right about the system. My dividing line lies somewhere else.

For me, marriage is not primarily a civil-law contract with the state. It is a sacrament before God — a vow two people make before something greater than themselves and greater than the legislation of whatever country they happen to live in. That contract has a different authority, and it creates obligations that cannot be dissolved by one party "*finding herself*" or looking for something better. A vow is a vow. Before God, that means something regardless of what the civil court says.

At the same time — and this is central — that contract never involved the state as a debt collector. God did not require a man to finance the woman who broke her vows to him and took his children with her. That is a modern invention, not a biblical commandment. When I, as a Christian, hold marriage to be holy, that is not the same thing as accepting today's Swedish family law as a legitimate extension of the holy. They are two different contracts with two different authorities, and the one does not bind me to the other.

My faith holds me to my vow. It does not hold me to an unjust legal structure built on top of the vow by people who neither understand nor respect it.

For the man reading this who does not share my faith: I understand if the manosphere's advice feels considerably more rational than mine. If you do not believe in God, if marriage to you is a purely civil-law contract between you and the state — then, honestly, there is not a single reason not to protect your assets by

every legal means available. The statistics are on the manosphere's side, not the state's and not the women's.

That is where the manosphere's advice and mine part. Not in the analysis of *what the system is*. In the analysis of *what marriage is at its root*.

To stop subsidizing breakdown

We must of course help widows, victims of actual violence, and children in distress. That is not up for discussion. But we have to stop subsidizing "*self-realization*" at the children's expense.

To save the system in the long run, a change of direction is required. This is not tomorrow's reform package — it is the direction in which the system must move if it is to survive another half-century:

1. Shared custody as the absolute standard. No more subjective "*experiences*" as a ground for restricting contact without police documentation. Both parents start on the same legal floor.

2. Economic responsibility follows actual time. If the father has the children 50 percent of the time, *maintenance support* and *housing supplement* on that basis cease immediately. No more double standards.

3. Consequences for false accusations. False accusation is already a criminal offense under Chapter 15, Section 6 of the Swedish Penal Code — but in custody cases such accusations rarely have any consequences. When claims of violence cannot be substantiated and turn out to have been instrumental in a custody dispute, consequences must follow.

Otherwise, the legal system remains a strategic tool without counterweight.

4. Paternity testing at birth as standard. Not as a way of casting suspicion on the individual woman, but as administrative routine for everyone. When it is universal, it is no accusation — it is documentation. The truth shall never be optional for one parent and mandatory for the other.

Closing

The state is a cold, faceless provider. It can pay the rent. It can never teach a son to become a man, or teach a daughter what to look for in a partner.

Chapter 34 – The woman in all this: who is she listening to?

The echo chamber that erased common sense

"When the state took over the role of provider, it was also the state and its digital megaphones that came to shape the woman's view of the world"

Gudrun Schyman was only the beginning — TikTok is the logical continuation. The question we must ask ourselves is: where does today's young woman get her guidance? The answer is frightening: from a system designed to maximize feelings and minimize responsibility.

The mental mass psychosis

An hour in the women's advice channels on TikTok can feel like a mental field hospital without medical staff. The analogy is hard — I am fully aware of it, and unfortunately it is as descriptive as it is unflattering.

A pattern that returns in the manosphere's analysis is the irony of who is talking loudest. Here we find "*dating coaches*" and so-called "*femininity experts*" — where the common denominator often seems to be that they themselves lack a man, children, or stable relationships — but who, for some inscrutable reason, still feel that they are the right women to dispense iron-clad advice on life choices they themselves never managed to navigate, much less hold on to for more than a few nights.

They themselves call it strength, or *empowerment*. Within the manosphere, these videos are regarded as comedy of the highest order. The clips display behavior

that is almost cult-like, in which *likes* and consolation have replaced the truth. Many women have traded their grandmother's tried and tested life wisdom for influencers who speak to their need for validation, but never to their reason. The advice from these "experts" boils down to something like this: *don't settle... keep trying, it's the boiling water's fault if you get burned... sooner or later you will find boiling water that is not hot.*

The most frightening thing is the total absence of self-reflection. Ask yourself: what if a woman has been through five, ten, or fifty relationships, and in every single one she has been the victim? What if every man she has ever met was a narcissist, a psychopath, or a liar, while she herself remained an infallible angel?

The men I know and the voices I follow in the manosphere usually go home and analyze: *"What did I do wrong? Why did I choose that type again? Do I need to change my behavior? Is my vetting bad?"* But in this digital mass psychosis, that alternative does not exist. If every man she ever met was a narcissist, then she might at least ask herself whether she herself is some kind of constant in the equation. My reading is hard — the only consistent common denominator in all her failed relationships is her. That may not always be the whole truth, but it for sure always is a part of it.

The motto seems to be: *"If I hear what I want to hear enough times, maybe it becomes true."* The most ironic part is that it is precisely these videos from the women themselves that supply the raw material for the manosphere's own clips. As mentioned earlier, they simply play the women back unfiltered, show what they actually say, and analyze it in real time. That deters and

enlightens a great many men about why "*vetting*" — which we come to in the next chapter — is decisive in the choice of partner. If she does not own her past, she will sink your future, guaranteed.

The collision with reality: A logical crash

Sooner or later, reality catches up. When men pull out — when they stop responding, stop paying, or simply choose to go their own way — a collision arises in her perception of reality.

Many men within the manosphere testify to the same thing: instead of reflecting on her own conduct, the woman often digs deeper into a defensive position. Where logic fails, shaming takes over. The labels are pasted on immediately: *unmanly*, *stingy*, *insecure*, *scared*, *misogynist*. But this shaming has stopped working on a growing crowd of men — especially young men. The men have learned to read the source code of the manipulation behind the language.

The language they learned — Decoded

Before I show the table, I want to say something important about what it is and what it is not.

The table is not a universal truth. Not every woman who says "*you are insecure*" is trying to hide her own past. Not every man who responds with self-confidence is actually self-confident. Reality is more nuanced than any table can capture; it differs, of course, from situation to situation and from relationship to relationship.

But something has to be said about the phrases

themselves, regardless of which woman is uttering them.

"You are insecure." "You are controlling." "You are afraid of strong women." "You have a fragile masculinity."

Notice the structure. These are not observations. They are labels. They are diagnoses delivered by someone who is not a psychologist, to a man who did not ask for the diagnosis. The label she assigns is based on behaviors interpreted exclusively through her filter, not through his reality. *"Who are you to determine what I am, to begin with?"* is a fully reasonable first question. An adult partner who wants to solve a problem does not reach for the labeling scoop. She says: *"I feel X when you do Y — can we talk about it?"* The difference between those two is the difference between a dialogue and a verdict.

When someone is reaching for labels, the conversation is already over. It is no longer a discussion between two adults. It is a moral verdict from someone who has already made up her mind.

That is what gives the table below its real value. It is not a key to her motives. It is more of a diagnostic tool for instantly recognizing a communication pattern that signals something more important: she has moved from *wanting to understand you* to *wanting to define you*. And once that shift has happened — regardless of when, and regardless of the motive — it is a red flag that should be taken with the greatest seriousness.

The manosphere has mapped the most common phrases and attempted to translate them. Not as a Bible. As a

working tool. In combination with other red flags, these translations become an early warning system. The bottom line: if any of these phrases start appearing in your relationship, it is time to wake up.

Here is the manosphere's filter:

What she says	What the manosphere reads into it	The Red Pill man's answer
<i>"You are insecure."</i>	A veiled threat, to get her way. You are expected to bend in order to prove yourself.	I am so secure that I would rather be alone than build with a woman without integrity.
<i>"You are afraid of strong women."</i>	I am masculine and arrogant — I call it strength.	No. I am looking for femininity, and I am simply not interested.
<i>"You just want to control me."</i>	I refuse to follow anything other than my own impulses.	I am not looking for control. I have requirements. If they do not suit you, the door is right there.
<i>"You have a fragile masculinity."</i>	You have limits that I cannot step over — it irritates me.	You are right — let me practice strengthening it. Goodbye.

<i>"You need to work on yourself ."</i>	You have stopped being a useful idiot — I want you to obey again.	I have worked on myself. That is why I see through this.
<i>"I am a High Value Woman." "</i>	I have expensive tastes but offer no calm or loyalty.	Your value is determined by what you bring, not by your own price tag.
<i>"It's just a friend."</i>	I like the validation he gives me, and I keep the door open.	How sweet. I think the two of you should deepen your friendship. I will see myself out.
<i>"You can't handle my experie nce."</i>	I have lived promiscuously and I hope you are naïve enough to ignore it.	Your experiences are a pattern. Patterns repeat. Pass.
<i>"All my exes were narcissi sts."</i>	I never take responsibility for my own part in anything.	The only constant in all your failed relationships is you. Pass.

The most important use of the table, as I said, is not to deliver the exact answers. It is to see the script that the manosphere identifies as women's manipulation. Once you have seen the same phrases enough times, they lose their power over you — regardless of whether the motive analysis fits perfectly in every individual case. You can leave the naïve role of recipient and instead

laugh at it for what it actually is.

The instinct of illness: The numbers do not lie
We often hear about the "male loneliness epidemic," especially from the women themselves. But the fact is that the men are not the ones crying on social media about their situation. When you look at the raw data, the men are not the ones leading the march toward mental ill-health, either — it is the women themselves.

Antidepressants. Almost twice as many women as men collect antidepressants in Sweden (*Socialstyrelsen*, the National Board of Health and Welfare).

Young girls. Prescriptions for girls aged 15–19 have nearly doubled over the past decade (*Socialstyrelsen*).

Sick leave. *Försäkringskassan* reports that women account for 65 percent of all ongoing sick-leave cases, and stood for fully 79 percent of the increase in stress-related sick leave between 2019 and 2023. Women are at more than twice the risk of stress-related mental ill-health as men.

The establishment lumps the entire manosphere together and calls it "toxic" for several reasons — and the task is easy, because in any large movement (a mirror) there are of course extremists who certainly do earn the label. But my reading is that the dominant reason for the smear is precisely what you have just read: the manosphere makes men independent of the woman's manipulation. Everything in the end boils down to the final question: *who pays?*

Conclusion: The laughter that kills shame

Manipulation only works as long as the victim does not see it. The modern woman has forgotten a basic power balance that the manosphere and parts of evolutionary psychology point to — a balance the modern Western society has done everything in its power to try to erase.

Here comes the Red Pill's hardest and most studiedly cynical conclusion of this power balance. Call it immoral if you like — I am not going to argue against the label or against the moral judgment. But the conclusion runs something like this:

Build yourself. Become the man women are looking for. You will get sex — plenty of it. You don't even need to commit long-term. It is now handed out entirely free of charge.

Or, in the Red Pill's own more brutal formulation:

"Why buy the cow when the milk is free?"

The expression is not even their own. It is an old American saying from the 1950s, originally formulated as a warning to young women — *don't give your milk away for free, or you'll miss out on the cow deal*. The Red Pill has picked up the same expression and turned it 180 degrees: from a warning to the woman, to an observation from the man. The traditional wisdom that the culture itself abandoned is now used as a weapon against the culture that abandoned it.

It is a cold piece of advice. But it rests on an observation that is not untrue. The modern woman gives away, freely and without conditions, what used to be her strongest bargaining position. Sex without

commitment is no longer the exception — it has become the norm. And it is not the man who has made it the norm. It is the women themselves who have agreed to the game, often with the explicit endorsement of a culture that has called it "*liberation*."

The basic law of the market is unrelenting: when the supply of a good rises, the price falls. When sex has become freely available, the price of commitment has risen, not fallen. The man who today offers a long-term commitment does so knowing that he is giving away something considerably more valuable than what she is giving him back. The logic, therefore, is that ever fewer men do it.

I want to be completely clear here: women have exactly the same right as men to choose their sexual partners and live their lives. That is not the point. The point is that the women collectively have devalued their own exchange rate — and now wonder why the currency no longer buys what it used to buy.

The sociologist Mark Regnerus has documented this in his book *Cheap Sex* (Oxford 2017). He shows the same thing from an academic angle that the manosphere observes from the street: when sex becomes cheap, marriage becomes more valuable.

This is not my advice. My position as a Christian is different — I believe in the contract before God, and I have tried to live it. But for the man who does not share the faith, the Red Pill's conclusion is logically coherent. You can call it cynical. You can call it immoral. What you cannot call it is illogical.

That said, I cannot help but warn other Christian men

about women who actively fish in precisely these Christian waters once they have "*finished playing and feel the Wall approaching*" — be deeply watchful, read the chapter on *the simp* again... Do you recognize yourself? Are you flattered by a woman's sudden attention? Ask God for strength — she probably does not see you the way you want to believe she does, and you run a high risk of becoming the man she "*settles for*" and eventually punishes for all the men before you that she really wanted, but who did not want her. The manosphere's term for this is — *the Alpha Widow*.

Closing point

The men have started to laugh — not out of hate, but a genuine laugh rooted in the fact that the lies have become so transparent. And precisely that laugh is the most powerful weapon there is. It kills every attempt at shame.

The woman is, of course, free to listen to whoever she wants on TikTok, just as we men have the right to inform one another about what we see through our own channels.

Reality and the truth will always have the last word.

Chapter 35 – Red flags: when love becomes a minefield

"Vetting is not a one-off event; it is a way of life. You are not looking for small faults to be unkind; you are looking for cracks in the foundation"

This chapter is not science. No figures anchored in research, no flags necessarily verifiable within clinical psychology. It is the manosphere's collected field observations — and my own. Advice from men to men, built on patterns that thousands of wrecked relationships have taught us to recognize. Read it as a builder's manual written by inspectors, not as a dissertation.

I am grateful that I am not a young man today. According to the collected field observation from the manosphere — men who have chosen to see reality as it is — it is today the exception rather than the rule to find a woman worth building a life with. Right or wrong is for the reader to decide, but my motto to you is simple: *better safe than sorry*.

In today's dating climate, you have to learn to sort coldly. Choosing the right partner is no longer about romance — it is about pure survival. See it as an inspection before a house purchase. You do not walk in and sign the contract without examining the foundation. You knock on the walls. You check for damp. You do not care that the wallpaper is new — you care about what is behind it.

Narcissism in new packaging

Many of the modern woman's so-called "*strengths*" are in fact narcissistic behaviors marketed as strength.

What used to be described as immature or self-absorbed is today called *empowerment*.

Validation chasing. "*Me time*" that is in reality a digital hunt for dopamine from strangers. The phone in her hand from morning till night, the scrolling, the selfies, the Stories. That is not mental health. That is addiction.

Lack of self-examination. "*You make me feel this way*" — she is the eternal victim, you are the constant cause. She is never wrong. She always has an explanation. Everything that goes wrong can be traced to someone else. She herself could not possibly be the cause of her own situation.

Shifting morality. Principles change depending on what benefits her emotional life in the moment. What was wrong yesterday is okay today — because it suits her now.

Demands without reciprocity. She wants the best, gives the mediocre, and is offended when you point it out.

The above is not personality. It is a template. And that template has millions of copies in circulation in the West.

Level 1: The visible signals — the surface

This is smoke, but the curtains are not yet on fire. Here you tighten the seatbelt and observe carefully.

Mental graffiti (tattoos and piercings in quantity). A cry for attention masked as "*independence*." The body

is the temple. She has decorated hers like a school notebook.

Single mother. A red zone in the red-pilled risk calculus. Why is the father out of the picture? Verify it. And be fully clear about one thing: according to her own story, she is always the obvious victim. He was the father of her child — that she was able to bear his child also says something about her.

No female friends. "*Girls are so dramatic.*" Translation: she has burned every bridge with the ones who read her better than you, as a man, do.

TikTok brain. Mental age frozen in the hunt for the next like. She speaks in clips, and has an attention span as short as the platform she is dependent on.

Plastic. The filtered voice. The filtered camera. The inflated lips. The over-applied makeup. Social-media mode left on even when no cameras are pointed at her. The question is not whether she is beautiful — the question is whether she is present.

OnlyFans, sugar accounts, "*modeling*." Found one? — you do not need Level 2. Run.

*Level 2: The system faults (the mask starts to slip
— put on your running shoes)*

Here your principles are tested. If you stay at this level, you have actively chosen to ignore the warnings.

The "*Santa is the father of every child*" syndrome. The phrase comes from one of modern Sweden's best-known comedies — *Tomten är far till alla barnen* — in

which a man finds himself the centerpiece of his new partner's "*big happy modern family*," gathered around the Christmas table with her previous husbands and all their respective children. The film is hysterically funny precisely because the chaos is as total as it is immediate. There is a sauna scene in which the men raise their glasses and toast each other as "*buksvågrar*" — literally "belly brothers-in-law," the Swedish slang for men who have shared the same woman — and crack jokes about her sexual preferences, one of them asking her current man "Santa" whether she still likes to do it in the closet, "*a scene the Santa man woke up with that morning*". It is a Swedish classic, and it is funny precisely because everyone in the audience recognizes the underlying pattern in real life: several fathers, different stories. Here you choose whether you want to be an extra in a tragicomedy.

Gaslighting and the hidden currency. She starts rewriting the truth. "*I never said that.*" "*You remember it wrong.*" Sex is used as reward and punishment. You are tested against a leadership she will never acknowledge when you reach it.

Envy and belittlement. If she competes with you, or punctures your joy with little pinpricks, she is not a co-pilot — she is a rival. You feel it in your gut. Do not lie to yourself about it.

Chaos as life-air. She creates drama in order to feel intensity. For a man, peace is the most important component for being able to build. For her, peace is boredom. There is no equation in which you build without her tearing down.

Hostility toward men at root. She speaks of men as a

group as "*fuckboys*," "*children*," "*pathetic*." She does not mean *you* — she claims. You are "*one of the few good ones*." Listen carefully: a woman who does not respect men as a collective will, sooner or later, not respect you either.

Feminist to the core. Not by definition — in practice. Expect every conflict to become a question of sex politics. Expect her loyalty to lie with an ideology, not with you and what you are trying to build.

Level 3: The full-scale breakdown (ownership)

Here she has stopped pretending. She believes she owns you — emotionally or legally.

Isolation. She tries to sever your ties to friends and family through sugar-sweet phrases like "*I just want to protect our peace*." A person who wants the best for you does not want to see you isolated. A person who wants to own you, does.

Total projection. Everything that goes wrong in her life is your fault. Her career. Her friendships. Her mood. Her body. You are responsible for the weather.

The victim costume as uniform. Nothing is ever her fault. Everything is the fault of someone else. She? Perfect.

Threats as a tool. Threats of breakup, of taking the children, of calling the police, of destroying you socially. This is not a partner; this is a sick person regardless of sex.

*How you do the vetting — time, attention, and
common sense*

Vetting is not a conversation on the first date. It is not a list you check off over a weekend. It is observation under stress — and stress does not come on demand. It comes when life kicks her in the stomach and you stand beside her, watching how she reacts. That is why vetting requires as much discipline as patience.

You cannot feel-good-debug a system. You have to run it under load. How is she when the flight is delayed? When the bill arrives? When her mother calls? When a waiter makes a mistake? When you say no? That is where the code shows itself — not in the polished demo version she presents to you in the first months. That is makeup.

You have three tools:

1. The language. As I showed in the chapter on women's language: when she reaches for labels — "*you are insecure*," "*you are controlling*," "*you have fragile masculinity*" — the conversation is already over. She has moved from wanting to understand you to wanting to define you. When she talks like a TikTok clip, in a plastic tone, her brain has been rented out to an algorithm. If she speaks badly about men as a collective — break it off. Immediately. (It can only come from two things — either she has herself chosen a series of bad men before you and is angry that they did not want her, or she has been poisoned by an ideology that sees you as an enemy.)

2. Time. She cannot fake twelve months. She cannot fake the first real argument. She cannot fake how she treats your mother, your weak moments, or a dog that

barks the wrong way. Time is your one truly unmanipulable tool. Do not rush. The person pressing you for quick decisions has a reason for it — and that reason is never to your advantage. If she presses you early to get things that "*bind*" — a dog, a cat, and so on — resist. It does not necessarily mean she is deliberately trying to lock you in, but it absolutely can.

3. Common sense. The simplest, the hardest. Is she ruined by social media? Is her tone plastic, her makeup a mask, her camera filters a full-time project? Can she manage a normal dialogue without producing clips? Is she feminist at root? Does she have a negative view of men generally? Does she have a relationship with her father — or is he "*toxic*" by her own infallible verdict? Does she behave like a princess, making demands as if the world owes her her wishes served on a silver platter? Does she listen, or does she just wait for her turn to speak?

Common sense has become rare enough to be called a superpower. Use yours.

The golden code — green flags

If the red flags are warning lights, the green flags are the blueprints of a stable architecture. This is what you are looking for — not what you are hoping to find after she "*grows*."

Parameter **The green code (stable kernel)** **Logic**

Accountability	Can say: " <i>I was wrong, I'm sorry.</i> " Does not try to gaslight.	A human being who takes responsibility is one you can build with.
Authenticity	Respects her father (if he is a good man). Understands hierarchies.	If she can respect the first man, she can respect you.
God / Faith	Shares your source of truth. Accepts the order for decisions.	System integration: the two of you operate as a unit under the same law.
Stability	Creates peace in the room. Her mood is not governed by algorithms.	Infrastructure: peace in the home is required for your calling in the world.
Discernment	Does not need validation from thousands of strangers.	Values the private; does not sell you out for likes.
Care	Wants to be the energy that drives your goals forward.	She is your co-pilot, not a passenger.
Femininity	Soft where she should be soft; strong in her own domain.	Complement, not competitor. Not a copy of you.
Conflicting handling	Can separate the substance from the person. Does not lose her composure.	A sign of a stable kernel under load.
Note: no woman is all of this from day one. But the kernel should be recognizable already at the foundation. The foundation, not the façade.		

Technical debt

In programming we speak of *technical debt* — quick fixes today that make the system impossible to maintain tomorrow. Choosing the wrong woman is the ultimate technical debt.

The logic is simple. It is better to run a stable single-user system (*Status: Standalone*) than to be linked to a node that spreads viruses into your kernel. A wrecked life-build costs more in energy, time, and money than ten years of solitude ever will.

Never lower your standard — to use the women's own favorite phrase from their TikTok clips. If you cannot find clean data, change databases. Change environments. Leave the city, leave the country if necessary. You are not a local actor. You are a man, and the world is open.

Handling the labels

I can already hear the criticism: *you don't know what these women have been through. It is bad men who made them this way. They are, at root, wonderful little innocent creatures, damaged by evil and terrible men.*

Is that so? Or is it the women's own free choice of precisely this type of man that has produced precisely this effect?

No, it is not the same thing. If I burn myself once by putting my hand into boiling water, I learn a lesson. If I am totally confused — for lack of a better expression — I blame the boiling water for being hot, while for the hundredth time I am dipping my hand into a new

attempt.

Some will focus on the fact that my words are "*unkind*" in order to avoid responding to the fact that the text is logical. When someone shouts "*dehumanization*" because I demand order and standards in my own home, it does not bite particularly hard.

Within psychiatry, one speaks of *Cluster B personalities*: a group marked by extreme drama, unpredictability, and where the victim-coat and manipulation are often used as tactic and weapon. Thanks, but no thanks.

You are not a repairman

Take this with you: you do not owe anyone ANYTHING. You cannot — not even if you want to — repair what was broken earlier. Look to yourself first and always. There is a reason they say on airplanes: "*put on your own oxygen mask first.*" You cannot help anyone else if you yourself go under in the process.

You are a man who is looking for a woman. If she does not meet the specification, she is not your woman. She is someone else's challenge, or her own.

Peace. Composure. Build yourself. Be honest with yourself.

One last but important thing

If it is sex that is making you willing to overlook all the flags above — ask yourself: is it that important? I know that for many it is. Please: you do not have to travel far to be able to legally pay for it, if that is what tempts you

and you cannot get it naturally.

Love you can never buy. Respect you cannot buy either. Sex you can, however, buy. And even though I am in no way urging it — if so, at least be honest with yourself. Pay for what you want, and avoid the bomb that will destroy you at home and still not give you sex in the long run.

Chapter 36 – We can, you cannot

When ideology meets the laws of physics

"We can have opinions on equality, but we cannot have opinions on biology. Nature and history have no interest in your ideology when reality knocks on the door"

I say it openly, as a man and as a logician: we men have a duty. A duty to protect, to defend, and to carry when it is needed. But for that duty to be meaningful, honesty is required. If we are to build something stable, we have to dare to say what is forbidden: you cannot do everything we can. That is not an insult. It is a technical specification of human biology.

Let me be clear from the start: this chapter is not written to the many women — and essentially all men — who already know this in their bones. It would be low, really low, to throw the examples below in your face. Why? You already know.

I am after a specific audience: those who, with a dry expression — for lack of a better term for a poorly-thought-out ideology — still maintain that the only thing that separates men from women is the sex organ. Nothing else. Women can do everything men can, men can do everything women can, that's it.

No. You have no idea how wrong you are — on substance, in biology, in physics, in history. The difference is enormous. And the rest of this chapter is devoted to showing why.

Feminism's "Crash Test"

Let us break down the modern feminism that has built its narrative on the idea of total, limitless independence.

As a programmer, I see a serious logical error in the code: you want credit for the strength, but you refuse to carry the cost of the weakness.

When reality finally bites — when the pipes spring a leak, when the threat stands in the street, or when the crisis is a fact — the same voices call for the man. Voices in the manosphere have simply stopped accepting this "*on-demand chivalry*." You cannot declare war on the men on Monday and expect them to act as bodyguards on Tuesday. You cannot erase the protective value of the masculine and at the same time expect the insurance to apply when the house is on fire.

Sport's brutal debug: the U-15 factor

In sport, we see the double standard in its most measurable form. "*Equal pay*" is demanded, but the market is loyal to performance, not to activism. The market pays for the best product, and here the laws of physics are unrelenting.

The statistics the ideologues hate:

- **2016: Australia's women's national football team (the Matildas)**, then FIFA-ranked #5 in the world, **lost 7–0 to Newcastle Jets' U-15 team** (boys under the age of 15).
- **2017: The United States' women's national team**, reigning World Cup champions after the 2015 victory, **lost 5–2 to FC Dallas's U-15 academy team.**

And here it gets really interesting. Carli Lloyd — one of the most decorated female football players in history,

two World Cup golds, 134 goals for the United States — confirmed the loss in 2023 with the following words:

"They should beat us. Bigger, stronger, faster! Boys always gave us a run for our money! It was great prep."

The arguably best female footballer in the world is saying, plainly: *they should beat us. Bigger, stronger, faster.* That is not the manosphere claiming it. That is the USWNT's own star admitting it.

Yes, both matches were training matches. Neither team went out to maximize the result. But a world top-5 team does not lose 7–0 to 15-year-olds in any context if there is no underlying physical asymmetry. And Carli Lloyd, who played and lost, needed no excuses. She saw the point head-on.

It is not about a lack of talent or will. It is that 14-year-old boys in the middle of puberty have started to develop the physical explosiveness, oxygen uptake, and muscular force that elite women — even the very best — cannot match. It is not a question of training. It is endocrinology. To claim otherwise is not sport — it is subsidized flight from reality.

Tennis's matching lesson

The same pattern, the same conclusion, in another sport. The 1998 Australian Open. Venus and Serena Williams — two of the most dominant female tennis players ever to have existed — claimed they could beat any male player ranked outside the top 200 on the ATP tour.

The German player Karsten Braasch, then ranked #203,

accepted the challenge. He was 30 years old, described by one journalist as *"a man whose training regime centered around a pack of cigarettes and more than a couple of bottles of ice-cold lager."* Before the match, he had played a round of golf and had a couple of drinks.

He beat Serena 6–1 and Venus 6–2. Back to back.

Afterward, Braasch said: *"500 and up, no chance"* — meaning that he had deliberately played like someone ranked #600 to keep things *"fun."* The Williams sisters immediately revised their claim to *"men outside the top 350."* In 2010, Serena Williams openly acknowledged that she *"would never stand a chance against a man ranked inside the top 100."*

A pair of female elites from world history. A chain-smoker with two drinks in his system. That was the difference in physics, not in talent.

When reality is on fire

Sport is symbolic. Rescue is real. When the building is burning, when the threat is in the stairwell, when someone has to be carried down a ladder while the wall is collapsing — at that moment, no one calls for a feminist theorist. They call the fire brigade.

And the fire brigade in Sweden consists of 93 percent men and 7 percent women — not because women are forbidden to apply, but because the physical requirements sort them out. To carry an unconscious adult through smoke, to swing hoses filled with water, to climb in equipment that weighs 25–30 kilos —

physics is uninterested in parity statistics.

The same principle applies in military fitness tests. Not even the most equality-minded institutions — the US Marines, the US Army, the Swedish Armed Forces — pretend otherwise. They have different fitness requirements for men and women. When lives are at stake, the ideology stops applying. The sorting happens in physics, not in HR policy.

The modern litmus test

There is a bonus example here that lets all the previous arguments be served on a silver platter — by the women themselves. When biological men, after completed male puberty, have begun to compete in women's classes, they have dominated. Lia Thomas in American swimming. Laurel Hubbard in Olympic weightlifting. A growing number of MMA, athletics, and cycling cases.

What is interesting is not that they win. What is interesting is *who is protesting loudest*.

It is the female elite athletes themselves — many of them open feminists on every other question — who are suddenly screaming that "*biology matters*." That "*it is not fair*." That "*men are physically stronger than women*."

In the heat of battle, they have delivered my entire argument for me. One might think it should not have been necessary, but evidently it is necessary today.

The system update: the new generation's coldness

Here we see, in my reading, the most dramatic change. My generation still speaks of "*duty*." We carry a source code that says we shall protect the woman regardless, because it is "*honorable*."

My reading is that a growing group of Zoomers lacks any sentimentality whatsoever toward the old contract. They have grown up in a system that has openly held them in contempt since preschool. Their logic, as I read it, is icily clear: *no respect = no assistance*. They refuse to defend women who call them "*toxic*." They refuse to carry burdens for those who want their resources but despise their nature.

As I see it, this coldness is spreading as more men download the same analysis, and it is having an effect on every group of men. On the question of who is wrong — the older generation or the new — my view is uncomfortable: it is we older men who have been the "*useful idiots*." We have lived up to our part of an agreement the other party long ago set on fire.

Conclusion: when the insurance lapses

Think of the masculine protection as an insurance policy. In good times, the premium can feel unnecessary, a little "*in the way*" of total freedom. You tell yourself you can put out the fire yourself with a flower spray. It is only when the flames start coming out the windows that you discover how catastrophic it was to cancel the policy in order to save a few kronor on your "*independence*."

I personally hold to my duty, but I refuse to perform it inside the frame of a lie. If you want the men to remain in the trenches when the storm comes, you should stop

shooting them in the back the moment things are calm.

Chapter 37 – The new cold front

When politeness dies and the truth wins

"Hard times create strong men. Strong men create good times. Good times create weak men. Weak men create hard times."

When the fraud becomes visible

In Chapter 3 we analyzed how *tolkningsföretädet* — the right to define — is used as an instrument of power to control your voice. My generation — those of us who still carry the remnants of a civilized conversation — usually performs a dignified retreat. We note that "*this isn't worth my time*" and step aside. But let us be honest: a dignified retreat is still a loss of terrain.

For the new generation, the time for retreat is over. They have grown up in the ruins of this linguistic tyranny, and they have grasped one fundamental truth: you do not debate with a fraud.

Imagine catching someone with his hand in your wallet. The fraudster looks you straight in the eye, keeps digging for your money, and expects you to remain silent — because it would be "*impolite*" to raise your voice. That is exactly what the police of the right-to-define do. They steal the truth right in front of your eyes and then demand an apology for your tone when you point out the theft.

This is where the new generation's logic enters: to remain silent before a lie is not politeness. It is a quiet acceptance of your own erasure.

The inheritance that disappeared into silence

Many of these young men carry an anger rooted in justice. They watch how their inheritance — cultural, economic, and logical — has been squandered by a generation of fathers who were too afraid of the newspeak and of the shame tactic to set a limit.

They have seen how the men of the Boomer generation quietly accepted that their virtues were stamped as "toxic." The young men refuse to be the next link in that chain of capitulation. They do not see the opponent as a conversational partner, but as a thief. And one does not give a thief a nuanced explanation. One gives him an ice-cold laugh, unmask the lie, and points him to the door.

Many in this generation hold complete contempt for the *simps* who came before them. Can one blame them? For my part: no.

The studio where the conversation died

A recurring scenario on the new male platforms illustrates this generational shift with surgical precision. Picture a modern, older Boomer father defending his daughter's promiscuity in a trembling voice. He calls it "freedom." In front of him sits a young, well-trained man whom he attacks with the establishment's entire toolbox: the kid is "insecure," he "needs to mature," he "has to accept the new modern woman." The father has become so skilled at speaking "feminine" that he genuinely believes he holds the moral high ground.

The young man sits silent. He smiles — a warm, but superior smile. You can see clearly that he is genuinely entertained by the father's performance. When the

father is finally done, the young man delivers a truth that cuts the oxygen from the room:

"Of course she can live however she wants. That works out well for us men; we can have fun with her without any demands. But build a future? Never. You have made her useless as a partner. Your spineless upbringing took her future value away from her."

And the final dismantling:

"But maybe you'd like to marry her yourself, Dad?"

There the conversation died. The father collapsed in real time. No *"tolerance"* in the world could rescue him from the insight that he had raised a princess no serious man wants to build a home with. He tried to force a young, free man to bow to a lie. It did not, to put it mildly, go well.

The firewall against shame

The new generation has installed a mental firewall. They categorize every *"shaming attempt"* as corrupted data — like the code below.

```
javascript
// The modern society's control mechanism
function processInput(argument) {
    if (argument.contains("Truth")) {
        triggerShameCycle(); // Activate
    }
    värdegrund — tone police
}

function triggerShameCycle() {
    throw new SocialOstracizationException(
        "You are 'insecure' and 'intolerant'"
    );
}
```

```
};  
}
```

For those of you who do not code: this is the program the establishment runs against you. The moment you say something true, a routine is activated that is meant to make you feel ashamed. The purpose is for you to back down to avoid the social discomfort. But the new generation has deleted this code. When the program tries to run `triggerShameCycle()` as above — they respond with a laugh. They are completely immune.

Before we go further — on Nick Fuentes

Before we go further, I have to say something about Nick Fuentes.

I have no settled view of him, other than that I do not stand behind a great many of his statements. He says he is Catholic, like me. But in my eyes, a Catholic does not speak with love for God the way he does. Period. It is like saying you are a vegetarian but love meat and eat it daily. It is not compatible.

If I am brutally honest — and that I can afford to be in a book called *My Truth* — I do not fully trust him. I dislike that he uses methods that stand in opposition to the Catholic faith while simultaneously appealing to it. I am far from agreeing with all of the statements that have brought him heavy criticism.

Is he dangerous? Yes. Unreservedly yes — for the established elite. More than they probably suspect. He is a force of nature who draws young men to himself, and when he calls on them to educate themselves, to stand firm, and to be disciplined, he becomes especially

dangerous — for those who benefit from young men remaining divided, confused, and passive.

Is he right in many of his claims on substance? Are there logical connections? Is he well-read, intelligent? Just as unreservedly — yes.

Here is what I think the establishment does not understand. They see Fuentes as a person they can eliminate — socially, by deplatforming — though how that is supposed to work in a digital, networked world is another question. But he is not the brain of the movement. He is its visible face. I am completely certain that he himself knows this. Remove the face, and the body spreads.

This is not my advice to them. It is an observation. Trying to put out this fire with water is going to work about as well as trying to put out an oil fire with water — it spreads faster, further, hotter. Personally, I would not dare send that virus into the system. But I am not the one taking the decisions.

But that is not why he stands in this chapter. I am taking no position for or against him as a person. This chapter is not about Nick Fuentes. It is about the phenomenon — the growing group of young men who refuse to bow to the shame tactic, who smile instead of backing down, who have seen enough of their fathers' capitulation not to repeat it themselves. Fuentes is not the movement. He is one of its most visible wave crests. The wave rolls on regardless.

Piers Morgan and the naked "Boomers"

When profiles like Nick Fuentes meet established

media personalities like Piers Morgan, we see a head-on collision between two incompatible operating systems. Piers appeals to "*empathy*" and tries to force out an apology through social shame. He plays clips in which Nick is plainly distasteful and harsh — statements considerably rawer than anything you read in this book, and statements I have already said I am far from endorsing.

But the point is not what Nick says. The point is how he handles the attack. He smiles. He is genuinely entertained by Piers's outdated methods. When Piers desperately claims that *his* sons, at least, have "*their hearts in the right place*" and have "*empathy*," Nick replies ice-cold:

"They sound like girls."

That is not an insult in the traditional sense; it is a diagnosis. He unmasks Piers's attempt to use feminine-coded instruments of power in a masculine domain.

A personal confession

I have to admit something: I grieve. Despite my heritage and my hard position, I wish the dignified, substantive conversation could return. I remember a Sweden in which results came before ideology.

I am also aware that, throughout this book, I have used extremely hard words. *Idiot* is one of them. I wish I could spare it. Anyone who has followed me this far knows that I am not a hard man by nature — the hardness in the text is a consequence of what I see, not of what I am.

But let me be clear about why the word stays. When "*we have to normalize*" is said about one more thing — when every transgression of a limit, every questioning of biology, every displacement of the father is packaged as the next natural step in humanity's development — then the normalization itself has become the problem. There are things that are not to be normalized. There are positions that do not deserve to be called anything other than what they are.

And what they are, the word that actually fits — that word is *idiot*. It is not an insult. It is a diagnosis. I say it straight out: sorry if you are hurt, but in my eyes you are an idiot. And believe me, more than I see it.

There is a reason for the saying: *Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt.*

The new generation of young men says this harder than I do. Much harder. They have no time for my middle generation's attempts at diplomacy. That is their point — and my point about them — that I am trying to carry forward here: your attempts at normalization are what led us here. When you now complain about their language, their hardness, their refusal to sing along, you have forgotten that it is you who dragged the question so far out that exactly that language became necessary.

But when I see the establishment gasping for breath while it desperately presses the shame button, I realize that the substantive conversation is dead for now. They see the truth as an attack on their safety. So there is no other road: the new generation is the demolition crew. They have to clear the ground of the logical wreckage

before we can build anything worthy again.

I will be clear about where I land in this: I do not admire them, not really. I wish they were not needed. But they *are* needed today — because that is the only road that seems to be left. The establishment has dragged every question to the knife's edge, out to its furthest point, decade after decade. And now that the point is turning back toward them, they suddenly ask for "*dialogue*," "*nuance*," and a "*civilized conversation*."

The one who drags things to their furthest point, and then feels sorry for himself when the point turns back to show that he or she is an idiot — perhaps should not have dragged it so far?

My position, to be clear, is with the younger men. Not because I chose it with joy. But because that is where my point landed.

The hand is still in the cookie jar. But the new generation has stopped apologizing for seeing it. They have begun to win.

Chapter 38 – Loyalty 2.0

"Loyalty to a person who carries corrupted code is not friendship — it is codependency in a system breakdown"

In my experience, the older generation often operates by a "*social loyalty loop*" — an analysis I now share with a quickly growing group of men. You back up your friends, your colleagues, and your "*team*" — even when they may be wrong on the substance. That is often seen as a virtue, a kind of masculine chivalry. But in the new generation's eyes, this is a critical system fault. It is a feminine form of loyalty in which "*the mood of the group*" is prioritized higher than objective facts.

For the modern man, loyalty is not a personality cult. It is reserved for the Truth and for God — for no one else.

Integrity Validation

In modern software architecture, it does not matter who submits a change (a so-called *pull request*). If the code contains bugs, or breaks the system's architecture, it is rejected. You do not allow malicious code in just because the developer happens to be your best friend. The logic is binary and uncompromising:

```
javascript
if (statement == TRUTH && frame == OFFENSIVE) {
    execute.commit();    // Truth delivered
    without apology
}
else if (statement == APOLOGETIC || frame ==
DEFENSIVE) {
    // Trust crashes immediately here
    system.log("Error: Feminine defensive posture
detected.");
```

```
    execute.reject_and_expose();  
}
```

For those of you who do not code: this is the new generation's filter. If you speak the truth, but you do so from a defensive posture, or if you start apologizing for being right, you are flagged as a security risk. You have shown that you are vulnerable to social pressure, and therefore you can no longer be regarded as a reliable ally.

The Tucker Carlson case: when the hero accepts the enemy's frame

When the new manosphere takes down established voices like Tucker Carlson, it is not about personal hatred. It is an integrity check.

A concrete example: during the AmericaFest conference in December 2025, Ben Shapiro went on a head-on attack against Tucker Carlson, Megyn Kelly, and Candace Owens — all at once. The accusations came in rapid sequence: antisemitism, conspiracy-mongering, charlatanism.

Without making a complex question simpler than it is: I genuinely do not care what was said, or what was true or untrue in this particular case. That may sound strange in a book called *My Truth* — but listen. What I know is that Shapiro ran the establishment's usual repertoire of platitudes, true or not. The antisemitism label, the conspiracy-monger label, the "*charlatan*" label. It is the same toolkit the establishment always pulls out when things become uncomfortable.

And here — precisely here — lies the danger of the polarization.

Men like Nick speak for do not even listen anymore. They do not read the argument. They scan only for one single thing: do you accept the framing of someone who is throwing generic slurs — "*-isms*," "*haters*," "*conspiracy theorists*" — without demanding the facts? If so, you are disqualified. As instantly as it is unavoidable. You have shown that you bend to the form.

Tucker accepted the framing. He went into a defensive posture in order to plead his innocence, instead of meeting the criticism coldly: "*Show me the numbers. Show me the examples. Otherwise this is just platitudes.*" That is where he was disqualified.

By starting to defend himself, he *crawled* — he acknowledged the opponent's right to act as prosecutor. He accepted the shaming as a valid parameter. Their message to men like Tucker is direct and merciless: *Grow some balls. Deliver as you should — or step aside and shut up.*

This is where I personally part from them. It is one thing to point out a logical error and to criticize on the substance, but it is something else entirely to use degrading epithets against someone who has just underperformed — which Tucker demonstrably did in that situation.

But despite my criticism of their rhetoric, their core point stands: defending your moral worth before an enemy who wants to destroy you is to legitimize a court that has no jurisdiction over you. It is to hand the robber

the keys to your safe.

You are never better than your latest commit

What is unique about this generation, as I observe them, is that they have deleted the concept of "*old merits*."

They function like an elite-sport coach: it does not matter that you scored three goals in the last game — if you waver on the pitch today, you go to the bench.

Loyalty is regarded as a perishable good. If you let personal friendship or fear of slurs corrupt your message, you are immediately flagged as a *Compromised Node*. The system throws you out in order to protect the integrity of the whole. It is cold, yes, but it is the only strategy that survives in a world of universal lying.

*A father's reflection: the difference between a man
and a simp*

The ability to hold your ground even when you are disliked — that is where real masculinity is tested. That is where the real dividing line runs. A man must be able to say: "*I do not give a damn what you think. We are doing this because it is right.*" Cry, scream, think whatever you want — but do not do it in front of me. It is about valuing the family's long-term survival higher than its short-term comfort. A man who prioritizes "*a good atmosphere*" at the dinner table over setting the necessary limits has already abdicated his role.

These men are loyal to constants that stand above human weakness:

- **Truth:** logic and facts always trump social harmony.
- **Faith:** the vertical order (God) stands above the horizontal (the mob's opinions).
- **The legacy:** the future is more important than your form on any given day.

Chapter 39 – Consequences: My Red Pill

"I do not claim to have the absolute truth for everyone. I am simply saying plainly what I see, and what is, for me, logically unavoidable"

The numbers in the earlier chapters are the map. This chapter is my personal journey through the terrain.

The awakening: When the icon cracks

As I wrote in the foreword, my own journey began in pure dissociation. I did not want to have anything to do with the manosphere. Consciously or unconsciously, I had bought the official picture of it as "*bitter*." But over time, as a newly divorced man in middle age, I began to see patterns and connections that simply did not square with the official picture. As the reader has probably figured out by now, I love to analyze and to look for patterns. It is not just an interest — as an automation technician and programmer, it is, often enough, my job.

I can write without qualification: yes, there are clumsy expressions inside the manosphere, plenty of them. There are men who express themselves extremely clumsily, and who are bitter, and it is precisely those voices the mainstream media points at and screams "*toxic!*" at. They tear down the tone and review the formulations, but they never engage the underlying arguments. It was there, in the deliberate avoidance of the substance, that my road to the red pill began in earnest. To swallow it is to stop looking at the polished front end and to start examining the code behind it.

The awakening happens in the moment you see the gap between what women say and what they actually do. This is also where I see the great failing in so many

men — they listen unreservedly to what women say and close their eyes to what they actually do. As men in the West, we have been fed the icon I described: the woman as the morally superior, naturally loyal, eternally good creature. But it is a picture that never matched reality.

Once you have seen the gap between word and action, you can no longer navigate by the old map. You simply cannot pretend anymore. And that insight leads inevitably onward — to an uncomfortable conclusion about the cultural environment in which the women around us have been shaped.

The modern western woman of today

Many women in the West do not understand that they have disqualified themselves from the highest level of male investment. As mentioned earlier, many of them still try to use sex as a currency, but they do not understand that the exchange rate has long since crashed.

I am fully aware that this comes across terribly hard. My purpose is not to grind anyone down, but to illuminate a real problem.

What I feel the greatest sorrow over are the Western women who still believe in the traditional contract, and who are called "*pick-mes*" by their feminist sisters. I also look with sorrow at the grandmothers and mothers who still express pride in their granddaughters and daughters because they have "*skinn på näsan*" — "*skin on the nose*," the Swedish expression for being plucky, sharp, ready to fight your corner. They see these girls as Astrid Lindgren's little rebel heroines — out into the

world to fight men; to do that you need skin on your nose. Okay. And then what? Men are afraid of strong women? Or is it rather that real men are entirely uninterested in masculine women?

Much of this surely happens unconsciously, through earlier programming. I am not talking about intention — I am talking about the result. And the statistics speak for themselves.

That observation forces every awake man to answer a question he may never previously have formulated: *what is it that I am actually choosing? And what am I choosing away?*

*A real man would — Let a man finish the sentence
for you*

Women love to define what a "*real man*" is, in order to make us obey their needs. But we are taking the definition back now. A real man chooses:

A partner who is loyal, stable, and feminine.

To build with a woman who honors the relationship rather than her own ego.

To put an immediate stop to drama, disrespect, and manipulation.

Never to let a woman — or a feminized society — define his worth or dictate how he should be.

Critics, and especially women, often demand a "*traditional man*" who protects and provides, but refuse themselves to be traditional women. They want the

male obligations of the 1950s combined with the female rights of the 2020s. That is a system fault no rational man any longer accepts.

There is a new contract now. You women were the ones who wanted it, and who tore down the old one. The new one is being drafted in real time — and it is not us men who are writing its clauses anymore.

How I lived my own life after that insight is the next question.

The road before her — MGTOW

Once the red pill had begun to work, I stood before a practical question. *Now what?* I was newly divorced, in the upper middle age, with a good job and an ongoing battle over the children. The intellectual journey was one thing. Daily life was something else entirely.

I personally landed on the road called MGTOW — not as an ideology, but as plain practice. I decided early: I am not giving up on love, but I am not actively looking for it either. No dating apps. No active hunt. Offers for dates came anyway — the majority I declined, a few I went on, out of pure curiosity.

I quickly realized that the table on manipulative language came in handy in practice.

One specific date I remember particularly clearly. She was a senior manager at a relatively large company further south in the country. Successful in her career, that was perfectly clear. We were sitting over a glass of wine at dinner, when she delivered the line many of us

by this point can recite by heart:

"My previous relationships haven't led anywhere. There are just so many men who are afraid of strong women."

I smiled. Not superior, not mocking — completely naturally, because the Red Pill prompt arrived so directly and unannounced. There I sat, on a date, with the table on live display in front of me. In this particular case, every line of the manosphere's *"what it actually means"* fit perfectly.

My smile also had a more private reason. Earlier in the evening, we had been to the room. I could not help myself: *"Do you experience me as afraid of you?"*

"No, no... not you!" she laughed. *"Not you."*

And there we have it. Now to the question. How do you say plainly, to a woman who has just explained that all her previous failed dates and relationships are due to men being afraid of strong women — how do you say, without wrecking the evening entirely: *I find it hard to believe that any man you have dated would be afraid of you. There is a huge difference between being afraid of someone and not seeing her as anything long-term.* Hard? Yes. True? Yes.

What did I say? Jokingly. *"Isn't that something you tell yourselves? I find it hard to see why anyone would be afraid of you."*

My tone was joking and so was the message, but it still landed hard enough — you could see it. The bubble she had built up as protection was not meant to be questioned. *Men are afraid of strong women.* Period. That is the only explanation that is allowed. *Look how*

accomplished I am — how could anyone possibly be uninterested?

I could be completely uninterested — in anything long-term. Evidently every man before me was too. I cannot speak for them, but what I do know is that I was not in the least afraid, or threatened, by her "*strength*."

Am I bitter? No. I am awake. Those are two completely different things, even though the mainstream consistently tries to equate them. *Bitter* is when you sit there and complain. *Awake* is when you stand up and walk.

She called a number of times after that evening. I declined every attempt and blamed the distance. It was a courteous half-truth that allowed her to preserve her dignity and me my peace.

In the foreword I posed a number of questions that I tend to let guide me. *Is it true? Is it necessary? Is it kind?* To explain to her why I did not want to continue would not have served her, me, or any future man she might meet.

I wish her all the best, but I have actually wondered whether she ever thought of recalibrating — whether she ever asked herself why she has trouble making anything serious work. Was she still living inside her picture of men as afraid of strong women? My feeling: yes. Without knowing for sure, of course.

Tippawan

Coincidence does not care about your plans.

That is how it happened. I had not been looking. I had not been advertising. I was living my life on the MGTOW road and was fully content with it. And then, without fanfare, I met her. A traditional woman from Thailand, from a world in which the old contract still lives and is still respected.

Understand me correctly: I am no idiot. I do not believe that every woman from Thailand — or from any other country, for that matter — is "*all good*." On the contrary, the culture has its own type of woman who is anything but traditional, and I would see through her just as quickly as I see through the script in Sweden. It is not the country that makes her. It is she who is herself, through her upbringing and how she was raised.

Our first longer date had a moment I have carried with me ever since. She looked at me after a while and said, with a laugh:

"You are so well-brought-up. Polite. Considerate. But it is obvious that you have a switch — you are not a brave house-man."

"*Brave house-man*," as I described in the chapter on the *toffel*, is the Thai diagnosis for a man who accepts too much — translated directly into English : *simp*. She saw two things at the same time. She saw a courteous man, and she saw, underneath, a man who knew that he would not allow himself to be bent. She did not say it as a compliment. She said it, as I received it, as a plain observation. And she was smiling as she said it, because she knew she had read me right.

I have never been read so quickly by a woman in my

life.

I smiled too. And answered: "*Don't be so sure — I am actually deeply brave, and a real house-man too.*"

That is where it began. She gave way and laughed until tears ran.

We were in no hurry. I was not after quick answers — I had taken on the MGTOW discipline and it sat deep. She was not after quick answers either. We built slowly, but steadily. And yet, in retrospect, it went surprisingly fast — not in the external tempo, but in how deeply the foundation was laid.

It went fast because we were both disciplined. As I see it: discipline and good routines accelerate the relationships that are right. They delay or stop the ones that are wrong. When both parties have their principles carved in stone — hers as a traditional woman, mine as a man who has passed through the red pill — there is nothing left to negotiate away or compromise about. It has already been agreed centuries earlier, by the generations before us.

In just one short year, against all odds, I have learned to love her. That phrase "*against all odds*" is not for effect. After the divorce and everything that preceded it, I had not believed that love would become possible again — at least not the kind of love where you do not have to keep watch constantly against the next attack. With Tippawan, I have that peace.

I believe I know that she loves me back. I say "*believe I know*" because I do not want to claim more about another human being's inner life than I can stand

behind. But I have learned to read actions before words, and her actions speak clearly.

Does that make me a saint? No — under no circumstances. My self-awareness is greater than that. I also have no ambition to use this book as a public laundry. We all have skeletons in the closet of some kind. We all have good and ill in us, and I am no different. What I have is an insight into where my strengths and weaknesses lie — and I know that Tippawan lifts my weaknesses and complements them, just as I complement hers. Completely naturally, and we reached that understanding without Gudrun Schyman needing to come in and dictate to us how it ought to be.

What matters most is this: today I have clarity and, for the first time as an adult, genuine peace. That clarity, plus a woman who complements it — that is more than enough for a man. I would even venture that it is enough, the whole way, for the absolute majority of men. I do not, of course, pretend to be the spokesman for my sex — but it is my settled view.

Chapter 40 – Gratitude vs. Demand

What I found in Isaan, Thailand

"Biology is universal, but the operating system is cultural"

My deep conviction is this: a man is a man, a woman is a woman — but the expectations of what life owes us separate the West from the East by a chasm.

There is a widespread notion in the West that we have reached the summit of human development. We have the technology, the rights, and the comfort. But when you travel outside our bubble, you quickly see that we, in the hunt for "*more*," have lost the single most important component of a functioning life: gratitude.

The home in Ubon: Action before words

Tippawan could not come with me on my trip to Thailand. Once I was there, I had a few free days left over and decided to use them in a way that required something of me — not much, but something. Instead of staying on the well-traveled tourist routes, I took a flight from Bangkok to Ubon Ratchathani on my own and then made my way out to the furthest reaches of Isaan, about as far from the tourist roads as you can get. I did not do it to impress, much less to flatter. That would be an insult both to her and to me. I went because I thought there was something that needed to be done: to sit at the table with the parents who had raised the woman I now respect, and to show my respect in the language that does not need translation — respect through presence.

I think it is more *Balkan* than Swedish. When you take a woman's daughter seriously, you meet those who

shaped her. Not as a visit. As a duty.

I had not said anything to Tippawan in advance. It was only once I was in Thailand that I told her I was thinking of going "*if I had time*." She took it the way grown women take such claims from men they do not quite know yet — her look said "*oh, really now?*" When I then called and told her the tickets were bought, she was stunned. More than stunned, actually. I do not think she had counted on me really doing it — and there lies an observation worth pausing on. Action before words.

So there I sat, at the table with her parents in Isaan. They speak almost no English. I speak no Thai. And yet there did not need to be many words. The respect was in the walls, in the way the food was served, in how we looked at each other.

There were no lists of demands. No passive aggression over what I "*should*" have done, or what I "*should*" have brought. There was only a deep, wordless gratitude that I was there, and a mutual understanding of the roles at the table. Love in its purest form is not a fleeting feeling that swings with the day's mood. Love is sacrifice. It is doing something for someone else without first running a profit calculation in your head.

When Tippawan connected over video link and saw me sitting at her parents' table in her childhood home, the tears ran down her cheeks. I remember her words so clearly: "*Jesus, Goggo, you ARE crazy, you really are crazy. I love you.*"

It was during that stay, surrounded by a family that demanded nothing of me, that I met two girls who

would stay with me long after the trip was over.

The pain of contrasts: The bear and Jesus

During my days in Isaan, I met two girls who gave me a perspective I am still — nearly a year later — turning over in my mind.

The girl with the bear. A small girl, the daughter of one of Tippawan's cousins, was very shy at first. I noticed her glancing at me when she thought I was not looking. More and more, as the evening went on. When I finally saw that she had relaxed, was smiling, and turned her head toward me one more time — I stuck out my tongue and pulled a face at her.

She started laughing. Came over and wanted to play. We played.

After a while, she gave me her little bear — a sticker that was, for that evening, her everything. When I gave it back to her, of course, the hug came. It was so pure and so full of gratitude that it burned.

The contrast to the West hurts. We have, to a large extent, programmed our children with the attitude: "*I didn't get exactly what I wanted right now, now you have to suffer for it.*"

The girl with the picture. After dinner and the play with the little girl, I wanted to take a walk and look around. Isaan is genuinely beautiful. I wanted to take a few photos of the surroundings and the temples. Tippawan's parents told me that not far away there was a temple by a lake.

When I got there, I realized it was not just a temple — adjacent to it there was also a school. They were probably more surprised than I was. It is not every day they see a Westerner come strolling onto their school grounds. The children were roughly ten to thirteen years old and there was a whole army of them.

The army was at first on the defensive — I am rather big. They greeted me politely in Thai fashion, bowing with their hands together. I smiled and showed them my hands in the same gesture back. They became more and more curious. Long story short: once they understood that I was not dangerous, they invited me to play football and volleyball with them. Which I gladly did. Honestly, it has been a long time since I laughed as much as I did during that hour.

In the middle of the chaos of flying balls, laughter, joy, and children pulling at me from left and right — I was as much of a child as they were just then — it happened. Out of nowhere, someone tapped me on the shoulder.

There she stood. A girl of about twelve. She was holding up a picture of Jesus.

As a logician, my brain immediately reacts in terms of probability: in Isaan, the proportion of Christians sits at around 0.2 percent according to missionary statistics. The rest are Buddhists. That a girl of that age, in that region, in that setting, would choose specifically me and specifically that picture is statistically almost impossible.

For me, it was no coincidence.

I was completely stunned. The air went out of me. I remember nothing else except that everything became still. The chaos was still going on around me, but it was no longer there. I will never forget her eyes. The calm. The look. In a moment of flying balls and laughing children, where everyone was in motion — she was the only adult in the room, even though she was twelve. I just stood there. I showed my hands in the same gesture I had shown the other children. And then someone tugged at my arm and pulled me back toward the football pitch.

I will say no more than this just now. It is enough to know that I could not sleep that night. That I rarely if ever cry, but that it burned behind my eyes that night. That I carried a mountain on my chest and felt so terribly small before her. And that I wrote a great deal the next day — a great deal. What it really was that happened in that meeting will have to wait until the book draws closer to its end. But every time I think of her — as now — the feeling comes back. It says something I still cannot translate into words.

The Disney paradox: Happiness as a defective right

We — and especially our young ones — have been thoroughly programmed by Disney, Hollywood, and TikTok. We have been taught that "*happiness*" is a human right and that it is to be delivered to us on demand. We have confused short dopamine spikes with a permanent condition that society or our partner is obligated to guarantee.

But let us look at what happens in an entirely ordinary, real life. I lean partly on the psychiatrist Anders Hansen's analysis of our biology — among others, in

his book *Depphjärnan (The Depressed Brain)*. Hansen is a Swedish psychiatrist whose popular-science work on the gap between our evolved brain and modern life has reached an international audience through books like *The Attention Fix*. As he puts it: "*Our brain has evolved to make us survive and reproduce, not to make us happy.*" It does not get more direct than that. We are creatures shaped backward in time. Our operating system was developed for survival on the savannah, not for walking around in a constant, untroubled rush of happiness. The natural state of a human being is not happiness.

Because if you are living for real, you will inevitably be forced to meet darkness. You will see your parents age and pass away. You will face economic crises or periods in which you stand without a job and without security. You will have children who struggle, who suffer, and who demand your unconditional support. You will meet accidents, illnesses, and betrayals. May God preserve you from war, but history and our uncertain world show that not even that is an exception we can take for granted.

This is not a "*bug*" in the system.

This is life. For all of us.

My position is that life is a journey through often unforgiving terrain. The natural state is to struggle, to strive for something that gives meaning, and to take responsibility. Happiness is therefore not the default mode. Happiness, as I see it, is the moments of light we are granted when we navigate this terrain well — as a byproduct of a responsible and meaningful life. I think we have all felt it at some point: we are at our most

filled with joy after having worked hard for someone close to us and seen them succeed, or when a long period of discipline and sacrifice finally bears fruit. That happiness cannot be bought or demanded. It can only be earned through character.

Programmed for unhappiness: Demand vs. terrain
Here the paradox arises. Your demands for constant happiness are precisely what make you unhappy. If your internal expectation says that life must be a curve constantly pointing upward, you will interpret every natural dip — every loss, every illness, every crisis — as a personal betrayal by the universe or by your partner.

The same goes for the smaller decisions. A man or a woman who is insecure does not take the steps that are often needed — because they are afraid that something might go wrong. And yes, sometimes it does. At the same time: I promise you, the sun rises tomorrow anyway. Most of the mistakes you brood over are invisible to everyone but yourself. The real risk is not making mistakes. The real risk is standing petrified and never living.

The modern self-help industry often gives you a map of a fantasy world of quick solutions. In reality, you have to learn to accept the terrain, and to value the periods in which you can actually breathe out. Take parenthood as an example. The happiness lies not in clearing every stone out of the child's way, but in guiding the child so that he himself develops the muscles to master the terrain. A burden shared is a burden halved, but a victory shared is a joy doubled.

Conclusion: To embrace the trial

Stop watching Disney. Stop scrolling TikTok. Above all: stop believing the universe circles around your head. Embrace the silence and accept that life is a trial that demands character — and that getting character requires practice, much practice.

The moments of peace you are looking for are born in gratitude over the small things — a hug from a child who owns nothing, a picture held up at the right moment, or the respect at a table where no one understands your words but everyone understands your heart.

In our culture, I see how we demand everything and therefore appreciate nothing. Among the people I met in Ubon, who often owned very little, there was a gratitude for everything. It is time we asked ourselves which system actually produces whole human beings — and which map we want our children to inherit.

Chapter 41 – My great confession: Wake up late, but wake up

"It was close. For me, it was really close. I was on my way to swallowing the great Western lie whole: the idea that a real man's worth is measured in how much chaos he can endure to 'save' a woman"

For decades, I mistook self-erasure for heroism and love. I believed that I proved my strength by being the stable rock in someone else's storm. The truth is much more bitter: I was not a hero. I was naïve to the edge of being an idiot. I gave thirty years of my life to a project that was already dead on arrival. Worst of all — consciously or unconsciously — I had bought the Western modern feminine lie as truth.

The gut feeling was there from the beginning. I remember one evening early in the marriage when she broke down over something trivial, and I sat down to "*comfort*" her and solve the problem — even though that same day she had actively undermined an important family decision I had made. I chose to ignore the unease in my stomach and told myself that love was about endurance. That was the start of years of explaining away red flags that should have resulted in a short "*goodbye, and good luck.*"

I believe in the good conversation. In my family we grew up with heated discussions that were rarely destructive; the goal was always a solution that worked. The best argument won — not the one who shouted loudest, something my father made sure of. So for a long time I believed that everything could be repaired with words and will, which would then lead to action. But there is a limit. There comes a point where you have to stop hoping for what the relationship *should* be

and instead coldly analyze it for what it actually is.

If your analysis shows that she systematically destroys the relationship and cannot conduct a dialogue without theater — if she *interprets* you instead of asking curious questions to clarify — then you do not share the same agenda. Then she is playing a foul game that no man should waste his time on. The decision is yours, but from my experience: trust your gut. It will not get better — and least of all for the children.

Here are the patterns I saw repeated again and again — warning signs that say you have reached the limit. Then it is time to cut the ties. Stop analyzing, and run.

- **Drama production:** She creates conflicts in order to feel that she exists.
- **Emotional dictatorship:** Everything is about how she feels, never about what is true.
- **Sex as a weapon:** Closeness is not love; it is a transaction.
- **The right to define:** She claims to know better than you what you actually meant, and does not care about your frustration at her refusal to listen.

See the points above as a softer repetition of the Red Flags I have already laid out. When you see these patterns, give at most one warning in plain language: say it calmly, clearly, and without explanation: "*I see what you are doing, and I do not accept it.*" Say it after a concrete example — not in the heat of the moment, but as a final marker. If the behavior continues: leave. For good. No compromises, no "*last chances.*" If she can get you back after you have said it is over, why would she respect your word from that point on?

From hero to "Hitler"

I tried to save someone who neither wanted nor could be saved. I did it for the children's sake. One day I was "*the world's best dad*," the next day I was branded *Hitler* or *Stalin* because she did not get her way. One concrete example: after trying to hold two angry parent-teacher meetings with calm, I was later accused, in front of the children, of "*not caring about her feelings*" — even though everything I had done had been for the family's good. The children paid the highest price for my naïvety. If there is anything I regret, it is precisely that — I should have left earlier, for their sake.

To the woman reading this: if you are wrestling with unresolved psychological problems or destructive patterns — seek help before you try to build a life with someone else. Otherwise, you risk hurting more than just yourself.

To the man reading this: back up and realize — run. Anger does not help, conversation does not help, when the person does not want to change. All you do then is play into her hands. The only thing you can do is leave.

The power of contrasts: peace ahead of drama

The divorce was brutal. I am not going to lie — it was one of the heaviest and most draining periods of my life. After decades of having built something that then collapsed, I lay exhausted in a reality of dust and ash.

In that state, I traveled to Thailand. What was meant to be a three-week holiday became a total system reset. The encounter with another culture, another approach to manhood and to respect, gave me a clarity I had not been able to find at home. There I understood what I

had actually lost — and what I needed to protect from then on.

Now, after more than a year with my new woman, Tippawan (whom I did not meet in Thailand, but in Sweden later), I see the difference in every breath. She builds peace, not chaos. She set clear limits early on, with dignity: *"I know, Goran — but please, never be disrespectful to me."* It was not manipulation, no threat, no drama. It was simple limit-setting that created security in both directions.

My gratitude does not make me blind. Because I know what chaos costs, I guard my peace with everything I have — if something costs me my peace, the price is too high. Period. If the destructive signs — the red flags we just went through — ever appear again, the reaction will be immediate. No negotiations. No another thirty years of trying to "save" something. Just a calm: *"This is not working for me anymore. Goodbye."*

Biological repayment: when the face tells the truth
The other day at the gym, a man I had not seen in seven years tapped me on the shoulder. "Goran?" He looked surprised. *"You look at least five years younger. What happened?"* I answered simply: *"I got divorced."* He doubled over laughing and said — *okay, then I understand.*

The change was not just mental — the body had started to heal. Living with a person who lives on drama is like injecting cortisol into the blood every morning. It eats up your sleep, your energy, and your joy in living. When I left the lie behind, the body began to repair itself. To hear that I looked five years younger was the

best receipt I have ever been given.

Practical instruction — two steps to wake up

- 1 Identify two red flags from the list above in your relationship. Write them down.
- 2 Set a time frame and a warning: say once, calmly, what you see and what action you will take if it continues. Keep your word.

Closing word: wake up now

Your choices determine your life, and your limits determine how you are treated. The difference is simple: a woman who builds peace does so with respect and gratitude; a woman who lives on drama does so with demand and manipulation.

It is better to wake up late than not to wake up at all. Do you still believe the lies after having read this? May God help you.

Chapter 42 – The road back

"The truth is not "yours" or "mine." The truth simply is"

These have been hard words up to now. I know it. For those who are still asleep, these truths will feel uncomfortable, perhaps even aggressive. But while we adults pull the cover over our heads to avoid seeing, it is our children who suffer.

The great betrayal is clear, and the pattern I see is devastating: we have a generation of adults who never became adults. Children giving birth to children. People who are ruled by their feelings, incapable of submitting themselves to anything greater than themselves.

Self-pity — the idol of our age

This is where our age has lost its way. You may cry, you may be afraid, and you may fall — but self-pity turns everything into a lonely "I." It makes a human being into his own god. I cannot land in any other interpretation than this: the real idol of our age is a generation that worships its own pain and demands that the whole world kneel before it. Without claiming to know what God desires in every aspect, I will still venture this:

"No. Not everything is about you." — God's plain answer to modern man.

Submission to something greater

I am a Christian, a Catholic. I did not choose the faith; the faith chose me, for some reason. Ever since I was small, I have naturally felt it — *there is something greater*. I do not believe as a Catholic because it is

comfortable, but in order to submit myself to a higher order. Believe me, I am used to it by this point — all the spontaneous, negative wagging fingers that come our way as believing Christians. The most common one? *"Hypocrite — you are not perfect either."*

To call believers hypocrites when they sin is like laughing at an overweight person at the gym — or calling a hospital useless because there are sick people in it. Not everyone who walks into a hospital is cured, but does that make the hospital a bad institution? No. We use the tools we have to save what can be saved. What is the alternative — to give up and let the decay win? The road back begins with admitting that you are wounded and in need of a doctor. That is the entirely healthy and natural attitude of a sound Christian.

The programmer's logic: roll back the version

In my profession, you learn an important lesson: when a program is full of bugs and the workarounds only create more errors, you do not write another *"patch."* You roll back. You return to the code that actually worked. That is not regression — it is common sense.

Parameter	Version: Then (stable)	Version: Now (buggy)
Family	Stable nuclear families	Broken homes and loneliness
Order	Respect for authority	Authority crisis and chaos
Roles	Clear roles and responsibility	Confusion and irresponsibility
Upbringing	Formation and discipline	Mental ill-health and curling parenting

If the code is broken, we have to dare to roll back the version to a stable release.

The responsibility: we owe our children a no

We have never had it better materially, but if we look at the runaway crisis in mental health, it seems as though we have rarely, if ever, felt worse. The great questions of what makes a good life have been replaced by *likes* and happy pills. The road back requires that we reclaim the word *NO*:

- **No** to the lie that feelings are law.
- **No** to the madness that happiness is the default state.
- **No** to the comfort that makes us cowardly.
- **No** to placing the burdens of adult life on the shoulders of children.

To the young mothers and fathers: you must be able to bear a child who cries. That is not a trauma — it is life. We need adults who stand firm when the storm blows, who carry the burden, and who show that love demands discipline. A father who never says *no* does not love his child; he only loves his own comfort, or he is a *brave house-man*.

Conclusion

The road back does not begin with a new ideology or with a political movement. It begins in silence. It begins with you taking your responsibility, standing straight-backed, and refusing to let the lie dictate your life. When you choose truth over comfort, the system begins to repair itself.

Chapter 43 – Masculinity as a load-bearing force in society

"Everyone is afraid. Absolutely everyone. What separates a man from a coward is that he does what needs to be done — even though he is afraid"

It has always been men who carried society's heaviest burdens — and women who stood at their side. Not in competition, but in cooperation. The man took the blows from the world; the woman carried life in the home. Both roles were necessary. Without that balance, the whole falls.

When society functioned, there were clear roles. The headmaster of the school carried the ultimate responsibility and could not duck it. When he came home he was not met by a new power struggle, but by peace. He was met by a woman who understood that her support determined whether he could carry the burden one more day.

Compare that to today's TikTok feminism, where women are told to be a "*challenge*" for the man. The message is as predictable as it is mad: "*He has everything — he is strong, successful, and stable. So you have to challenge him with shit-tests and drama, so he doesn't get bored.*"

Let us speak plainly: you are not in your right mind. That is not a diagnosis, it is an observation. A real man wants to work, to carry, and to produce. He wants to come home to peace — not to a new arena where he is supposed to wrestle with someone who claims to be his partner. He does not build a life with a woman who competes against him. He builds with one who honors him. In return, he gives her everything he has: his

protection, his loyalty, and his life.

The real man is finished with the modern Western woman. Not out of hate, but out of clarity.

Masculinity cannot be faked

Masculinity does not sit in clothes, in quotes from influencers, or in poses. It sits in presence — in the capacity to remain standing when fear is tearing at your chest. Women sense this directly. It is like a scent. They see whether a man backs down, or whether he pushes back when it counts. It is the balance: soft enough to love, hard enough to go all the way when it is required.

You are welcome to call it "*toxic*." But your entire comfortable world rests on the shoulders of men who did exactly what you now hold in contempt and call "*dangerous*."

Patriarchy or civilization? The modern doctor's caps claim that courage and strength are dangerous. They are wrong. They sit in safety thanks to men who dared to stand fast when it cost them something.

The choice is simple: do you want a man who cries with you when the airplane shakes, or a man who sets his own fear aside so that you can feel safe? You cannot have both.

She senses your "switch"

A real man does not radiate threat — he radiates calm with weight behind it. Women with good intuition sense this directly. It is not something you can fake through YouTube clips, books, or affirmations. It is

built by having trained both body and character in reality. By having stood your ground in situations even when it cost. By having learned the balance: soft enough to love, hard enough to protect.

As already mentioned, my Thai woman saw it on the first date. I was friendly, polite, and relaxed. And yet she looked at me and said: *"You are kind... but there is something in you that can switch over to something else entirely."* She felt the security in the fact that the man in front of her was not just pleasant — he was capable.

This is where Western men go astray.

They believe that *"kindness"* is a strategy. They smile, they duck, they compromise, and they display how *"secure"* and *"emotionally available"* they are. It is an exhibition of their own submissiveness as if it were a CV.

And what do they get?

"You're so kind, but I just don't feel that way about you."

Then they look at who she actually goes home with that night, and scratch their heads — *him?*

She does not go home with the kindest. She goes home with the one she respects.

My own truth

I was no angel in my younger years. The fact is that I sought out fights many times. I never jumped someone who did not want the same thing — like to like — but I

sought out the situations. It was a period of anger, restlessness, and a constant need to test limits. I am not proud of it today. But I do not regret it, and I do not deny it either.

That period built part of who I am today. It built the switch that does not come from theories or from the gym alone. It came from having been in situations where it really mattered. Today I am older, calmer, and wiser. I no longer seek that out. But deep down I know I have the capacity if it should be needed, which gives me not only a different calm, but a different angle in situations that turn "*hot*."

I am afraid that many men who have never gone through any form of real friction — physical or otherwise — have lost something that is hard to build up later in life. Jordan Peterson speaks about how this is something boys should and must practice already as small children, which is surely true. I go further, without facts, without statistics — based entirely on my own observation and connection: it is something that should be practiced and tested well up into the teenage years. The reason? It shows. It is visible in the posture, in the eyes, in how someone backs off when things start to become uncomfortable. And women, evidently, sense the difference immediately.

That is the difference between being a kind guy and being a man.

To all the "*Passport Bros*" who believe that happiness is guaranteed abroad: wake up. Your kindness is no life insurance. You are not going to be loved for your submissiveness — you are going to be overlooked. Women in traditional cultures are often softer, but they

see right through you, often faster than our own do. If you are not a real man, you are going to be slaughtered — emotionally and financially.

Ask yourself the question — did you get angry or uncomfortable when you read the chapter on the *simp*? Then you are precisely the "*kind guy*" (read: idiot) who is going to empty his wallet on the way toward her real choice. Work on yourself. The words are as hard as they are honest, and they are for your own good.

Do not wait — travel

To you who already carry your responsibility, who are secure in yourself and who have become what the West is lacking: do not wait for the lottery here at home to come up a winner. There are still good women in the West, but they are few.

Go. Travel. Look around. Choose the mother of your children with care; do not limit your selection to a Swedish *Bingolotto*. When you know who you are, you do not need to shout to be seen. She will recognize you. And then you can build for real.

Chapter 44 – Back to God's law

*"Whoever keeps the commandment keeps his life." —
Proverbs 19:16*

Modern society is not just lost — it is lawless. Not in a legal sense; we have more rules than ever. But we have lost the moral law. We have lost God's law. Into that vacuum, something else pressed in: feelings, relativism, and self-realization. When every human being becomes his own god and steers by his own heart, no order remains. Only chaos.

When free will becomes free fall

Free will without an eternal measure is not freedom — it is a crash. We have gone from commandments carved in stone to slogans stamped with passing whims.

Jordan Peterson has pointed this out plainly: a human being does not get away. He has met countless people in therapy who have escaped legally, but whose souls are in free fall. They were not judged by society, but by their own conscience. As Dostoevsky knew: you can flee from people, but you can never flee from God.

Two voices, two roads: Peterson and Walsh

In my analysis, Jordan Peterson often stops at the threshold. He leans toward God but hesitates to step in. There is a difference between seeking God as a psychological concept and submitting oneself to Him as Lord. As it stands in the Bible: even the demons believe — they in fact *know* that God exists — but they do not obey Him. Faith is not just an intellectual awareness that a creator exists; it is the question of what that

awareness leads to in your daily life.

That is why I see an important contrast in Matt Walsh. He says it straight: "*I am a Catholic. I try to live by it.*" It is in the *trying* — in the obedience — that something begins to happen. That is where I also stand. Not as a perfect role model, but as a human being who knows that I am not my own god. I bow before the insight that the Creator has given us rules out of love, for our own good. There is a reason we call Him Father. The rules are not there to limit you, but so that you can live in His creation. The love is so great that He gives you a free choice — because coercion is not love.

The heart of the commandment: "You shall have no other gods"

"You shall have no other gods before Me." — Exodus 20:3

This is not a jealous warning; it is a reminder that what you worship, shapes you. Our age worships money, sex, status, and — above all — the self. This is an anti-Christian logic. Lucifer did not fall because he hated God, but because he wanted to take God's place.

Today, every child is encouraged to do the same: "*You are your own truth.*" But the heart is more deceitful than anything else (Jeremiah 17:9). The truth is not something you invent; it is something you submit to.

The consequences of God's absence

You can wave God away, but you cannot wave away the consequences of doing so. Civilization was built by

men who feared the Lord — they built security on sacrifice and eternal order, not on fleeting feelings. When we leave God, we see the result in a culture in which meaninglessness feeds a documented epidemic of depression and disintegrating families. Nihilism is not an intellectual liberation; it is a death sentence for the soul.

The seekers and the idiots

I respect men like Alex O'Connor. He is an atheist, but he searches honestly. He has read, he has listened, he has taken the question seriously. He has probably read more theology than I have — and I have read a great deal. There is a humility in him that makes the conversation possible. We will never agree with each other, but we can talk — and both walk away from the conversation with something we did not have before.

His strongest argument (as I see it) is what is called, in philosophy, *the hiddenness of God*. He says, essentially: *"I have genuinely sought. I have prayed. I have read. I have listened. And He has not answered. If He really exists, and really wants me to know Him — why is He hiding?"*

It is an honest argument. It is a sincere sorrow. And I, as a believing man, do not have an easy answer for it. It would be presumptuous of me to pretend otherwise. I know that God was with me from day one — I have felt it, I have seen it in patterns, I have experienced it in critical moments. The little girl with the picture of Jesus in Ubon was no coincidence. That I know. But why I have been given that presence while others, who search more honestly than I ever did, are met with silence —

that I cannot explain.

I accept his argument. Not in the sense that it makes me doubt, but in the sense that I respect the pain behind it. A man who honestly seeks and does not find deserves to be heard, not dismissed. But I am not God.

What Alex does not, on the other hand, have a good answer to is the *fine-tuning argument* — that the physical constants of the universe are set with a precision so absurd that if any one of them were off by a fraction of a percent, no life, no stars, no matter at all would even be possible. The probability that this would happen "*on its own*" is so small that in practice it is zero. The atheist's standard reply — "*there are perhaps infinitely many universes, and we just happen to live in the one that worked*" — requires a greater article of faith than any religion. It is to posit infinities one cannot observe in order to avoid positing a Creator one does not wish to acknowledge.

Alex acknowledges the difficulty. He does not capitulate, but he admits that the argument bites. That is intellectual honesty. That is what a serious conversation between an honest atheist and an honest believer looks like. Both have their strongest cards. Both acknowledge where the other side has a point. None of that conversation could be conducted on Twitter, Reddit, or TikTok. It requires time, room to think, and a mutual respect.

Then there is the idiot

The one who sits with the bag of chips on his lap, the controller in his hand, and tosses out: "*You believe in*

God? Then you're an idiot."

Stop for a second and think about what that sentence actually claims.

The chips and the console are just symbols for a human being who has chosen out the difficult mental bridge for the easy simulation. Because that is what you are doing. You do not even bother to build a strawman in a complex question that has occupied the sharpest minds throughout all of history. No — you simply declare, "*entirely correctly and factually*," in your own estimation, that all those people are idiots or are duped.

You — who have not read a single page of the Bible. Not a single page of Aquinas, Lewis, or Augustine. Who have not spent ten minutes on understanding what *the hiddenness of God* even means, much less *fine-tuning* or the *cosmological argument*. You who have never wrestled with the silence — have decided that people who have devoted their entire lives to the question are idiots.

Seriously?

Do you take the same attitude in other questions? Do you tear down surgeons because they are idiots, even though you yourself have never held a scalpel? Do you laugh at theoretical physicists because you yourself do not understand their mathematics? Of course not. There you know that you lack insight into a complex subject, and therefore you keep your mouth shut.

But before God, and before the question of how our universe came into being, you open your mouth as if you were an authority on a question you have not even

begun to investigate. That is not intellectual skepticism. That is laziness masquerading as arrogance.

Millions of years against five seconds

Stop and think about what you are actually claiming about history.

Every generation before us, in every culture, has believed in something greater than itself. The Egyptians built pyramids. The Europeans built cathedrals that took three hundred years to complete — where stonemasons laid the foundation for a work they knew they themselves would never see finished. They worked for something eternal.

But you — in your living room, with your digital escape — have decided that all of them were wrong. That the universe waited for billions of years for *you* specifically to sit there and deliver your five-second analysis. That the collective wisdom of humanity was a long wait for your tremendous brilliance on the subject.

The arrogant one is not the believer. The arrogant one is you.

And I take the liberty of turning the formulation back on you: you are the idiot. Not Alex O'Connor — even though we do not agree. Alex and I share what matters most: the insight that this is a question that demands time, energy, and a spine that can bear the weight of existence. All the things you, apparently, do not need before you toss out your "*brilliant*" analysis.

The truth does not smile back

I cannot see that God cares whether you get angry when you read this. He does, however, hold me accountable for which words I choose, and He expects us as Christians to spread love, joy, and patience. Here I find it hard to live up to my calling. I am not God, and I do not blame Him — but evidently He did not give me sufficient patience to meet idiots like the chips guy in a good way.

What I write here is not what I actually waste my time on in real life. When I hear someone who is uninformed on the subject say "*You believe in God?*" with a follow-up "*then you're an idiot*" — or "*oh, do you... and I had a picture of you as rational and wise*" — I do not spend my time explaining any of the above to them. They are who they are. They have put in the time they have put in. I smile, say "*yes, I believe, and have done so since childhood — even though I have not always lived up to the faith,*" and then I walk away.

Why waste time on these people? As Jesus Himself said: *shake the dust from your sandals and move on.*

The closing point to the so-self-assured atheist: Alex O'Connor and I can sit in the same room. We read the same books, take the same questions seriously, respect each other's seeking. The difference between the two of us is insignificant compared with the distance to you. You are not even in the room. You are not even in the building — you are sitting in front of a screen, believing that you have won an argument you have never dared to have.

If you do not see your own reflection in this — if you are still thinking "*he is not writing about me, after all, I am critical in an intelligent way*" — then you are

beyond my help. Then you may believe in your own truth. That is how freedom works in a world that has left God: you get all the rights and none of the consequences.

Until the consequences come anyway. Because the truth does not smile back. And the chips do run out in the end.

A final choice

I have seen what happens when we turn off the path. I have felt the emptiness, and I have been lost. But I turned back. This is my road back, and it begins with a submission to that which is greater than I am.

Sweden's most famous saint, Saint Bridget — *Heliga Birgitta* — was no rebel or influencer. She was a fourteenth-century mystic, a wife and mother who, after her husband's death, founded a religious order; in 1999 she was declared by Pope John Paul II one of the patron saints of Europe. She was a woman of prayer and of visions. Her words live on because they did not come from her, but from Him.

Lord, show me Your way, and make me willing to walk it.

Closing words – To my three daughters

When the truth demands its price

"My task as a father is not to shield you from reality, but to equip you to meet it"

Everything you have read in this book comes from your father's heart. It does not come from bitterness, nor from a need to win arguments. It comes from a place where the truth must have room — even when it scrapes the most.

I cannot, and I never will, step down into the feminine soup of lies that shapes our time and pretend that *"this is fine."* I do not want to, but above all I cannot. Call it God, call it genes, or call it my upbringing — but something inside me demands that I be able to look at myself in the mirror without feeling disgust. That is my role and my task as a man.

My responsibility and my failings

This does not excuse my mistakes. I carry with me the dark moments when you heard me say words no child should ever have to hear. That was my responsibility, just as it is the responsibility of every man who today is forced to say: *"Okay. I am not in this anymore. Good luck."*

I know you are wrestling with the thought: *"If Dad loved me, he would listen more, or change reality for our sake."* But I hope that one day you will see the impossibility of that demand. It is a fantasy world that Disney, Hollywood, and the feminine society have fed you. Reality does not work like that. To love someone is not to confirm their delusions — it is to hold fast to

the light, even when they are in the dark.

The choice between illusion and truth

Where I failed most was in not leaving earlier, when I saw that the woman at my side did not share this view. But that my responsibility is mine does not mean that hers disappears. To use children as weapons in a game is a moral collapse far worse than the mistakes I made in the heat of the moment.

I stood, in the end, before a decisive choice:

- 1 Either I choose the truth, God, and reality.
- 2 Or I choose to lie to myself and to you, in order to keep the illusion alive.

I chose the truth. I know that it costs. But if I am to call myself a man, I have to speak up even when it is uncomfortable. I am not trying to control you; I am trying to put a stop to the disaster I see coming.

My answer

To love you has never been something I have had to choose — it has been the greatest given of my life. But if I am forced to choose between you, the truth, and God... then you already have your answer.

That answer is: *No*.

No, my dear ones. I love you, but you cannot dictate to me which road is the right one when your answers come from TikTok and when the statistics show that road leads to ill-health. I pray every day to God that you will reach that insight yourselves. I still carry within me the image of the little girl with the picture of Jesus in

Ubon — my sign that there is something greater than us, and that we are all obliged to bow before it.

Until that day comes, I wish you every good thing, every strength, and every happiness. I am here. My hand is always reached out to you. But the choice is yours:

- To see me as a sick man to take your distance from.
- Or to see me as a father who may actually have a point in what he is saying.

— Dad

Epilogue: The free man's submission

I have been angry. I have been afraid. I have been on the run. I have stood in the shadow of war as a nineteen-year-old, and I have sat at the ruins of my own life after a divorce. But through it all, there has been a voice that has remained constant — even when I turned my back on it.

God has never left me. He has let me fall so that I would understand the gravity of my own missteps, but He has always caught me with a careful hand before the ground reached me. My gratitude is endless — not because life has been easy, but because it has had a meaning.

And today I understand it fully: it was no coincidence.

To you who call faith foolishness: eat your chips and play your video game. Keep believing that you are the master of the universe, while in fact you are a slave under your own impulses. I choose another road.

I choose to be a free man who has the capacity to think for himself. That choice is what has led me here. To the insight that I am created, loved, and held responsible. The little girl with the picture of Jesus in Ubon was no coincidence — it was a greeting from the Architect to a programmer who was finally ready to read the source code, and to complete the calling he was given more than ten years ago.

I am at peace now. I have done what I could to honor my father and to follow my God. The rest is not in my hands.

The only thing that matters to me about this book is whether I answered God according to my calling. As I wrote in the foreword: I do not believe in order to be liked. God created me, and I answer according to the capacity I have.

What you do is up to you.

About the Author

Goran Matohanac is a programmer and automation engineer, a Catholic Christian, and a divorced father of three daughters. He lives in Västerås, Sweden.

For over twenty-five years, he has harbored the same frustration: why do those with the truth on their side not speak plainly? Why do they stand in shamed silence when they are the majority, opposed by nothing more than the labels of a handful of media voices?

That is the question that became this book. It was not written from a cathedral, but from a workbench—by a father, a man, and a professional who spends his days with systems where truth is measured by whether a robot does what it is supposed to do, not by how beautifully it is justified.

He is direct. He separates the issue from the person. He weights actions before words, placing far greater weight on the former than the latter. He does not agree just to be sociable, nor does he stay quiet just to keep the peace. This has earned him enemies and fewer, but truer, friends—and he regrets neither.

Most of all, he writes so that his three daughters will one day be able to read and know what their father stood for. And why he took that stand.

My Truth is his first book.

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