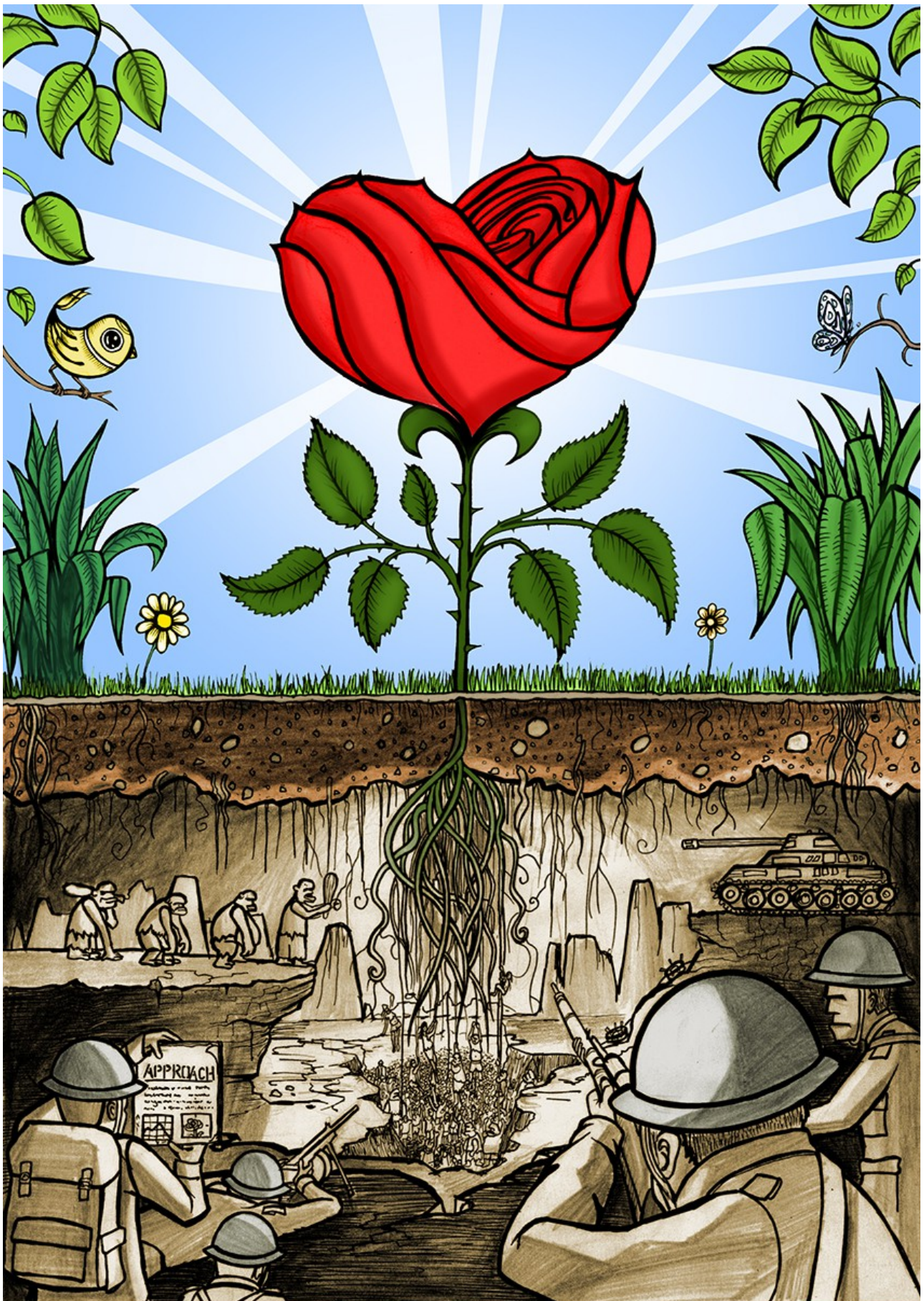


# Chapter 19 - The Paradigm Shift to Freedom



Have a look at this little example of textbook pick-up artistry: I'm in Belgrade and I'm deep into "natural game". I'm walking along the beach by the lake. I approach, open and 'lock in' with a '2-set' who are sitting on the sand. I secretly like one of the girls but don't let it show straight away. I befriend them both, especially the friend, and position myself closest to the one I like—the target. As I go to number close, I hand the phone to my target, so as to appear serendipitous. Later that evening I ring her and invite her out...

"Meet someone I've only just met—REALLY?" she says.

"Yeah you're right, can I trust you?" I say, cleverly reversing the psychology on her.

"Haha ok, very clever, I'll meet you."

We meet by the horse statue in Belgrade and because the context had been friends up to now, as she arrives I kino her and spin her round and say "wow, you look sexy," creating the context of a potential suitor.

I have the map already planned out. I am staying in an apartment close to the student park. I take her for a drink in a bar right outside the apartment. In the conversation I am carefully taking note of key signposts in what she is saying. She mentioned her love for photography and how she is doing a photo shoot soon. I take the opportunity to put myself forward as a model.

"We can start today, let's go up to my place and I'll put something nice on though, and you can take pictures of the city from the amazing view."

Hesitantly she agrees as I bounce her up to my apartment. As she is taking the long walk up into the apartment, I use a bit of misdirection to take her mind off the awkward pressure building up, during the walk, to prevent a 'state break'.

"Hey what do you think of my photography?" I show her the pics on my phone. When she arrives in the apartment, I go into my bedroom and she takes pictures of the view outside. I wait in my bedroom for her.

As she eventually comes in, I start kissing her and undressing her and we have sex. Later that evening as she leaves, the rest of the boys are back at the apartment, and they high five me and tell me what a great pick-up that was.

That girl never spoke to me again.

I'm in Belgrade again a year later, and I have evolved within myself. The sun is shining, I'm on an adventure, I'm with my friends and life is good.

On the streets you get stopped a lot by beggars, gypsies, kids, and bizarre street sellers. If you give money you get tapped on the head and blessed, if you don't, you get a curse muttered at you. I'm feeling good so I decide to give 200 dinars to one of the legit' street charity workers, working for animal cruelty. In return, I get given a card with two cute puppies cuddling on it.

Walking around holding it, what would normally happen is it ends up on the mantelpiece or in the bin eventually. But perhaps because I was feeling so good, I felt inspired to creatively give, so I use the opportunity to write a message on the inside and spread a bit of sunshine into someone's life.

**“Hey I gave money to this charity and got this card in return. Instead of throwing it away I thought I'd give it to one pretty lucky lady. You must be pretty damn special if you got this, so smile and let your inner beauty shine!”**

I could've written my phone number on it, but that would have destroyed the purpose and created an 'investment', seeking a return. Much like the feeling of sending a heartwarming message in a bottle into the ocean, I couldn't wait to give it to someone, knowing the magic it would create.

Jon, who I am with, asks who I will give it to. I am not sure yet, I tell him I will wait until it just 'feels right'.

As I walk around, instead of focusing on hot girl 'targets', I open up the range of possibility to everyone. Perhaps someone sad, perhaps a child busker, perhaps the humour of giving it to a big muscled dude! The intention was all-inclusive. My heart started opening.

By this point, the card in my hand is the physical expression of my internal feeling and my intention. The card and myself at this point are one and the same. I am glowing with a feeling of fullness, aliveness, and this creative sparkle.

From this point my only possible role is one of sharing this gift with someone. As I'm walking around, I know that I have the creative potential to offer such a beautiful gesture, something so unique and so touching for anyone that passes me by. I know that the gesture is worthy of making someone's day if I walk over to them and give it to them. I focus on that.

I had reached a point of no expectation of reciprocity, and that's unconditional. I had cleared my motives, fostered a karmic attitude of 'c'est la vie,' and instead of looking to pick-up and acquire



specific objects, the environment became a big pool of potential and possibility.

I was giving from this beautiful source of overflow—like an infinite fountain of giving that replenishes instantly. I knew I was about to do something amazing and my heart glittered in anticipation. I had focused my intention on that and because I was 100% outward- orientated, I had removed all concerns of serving myself. Anxiety couldn't exist in this state. All anxiety had transmuted and I was now in the field of my heart. Integrated with my surroundings.

As I walk around I am looking into the eyes and faces of the passers- by, with the anticipation to give to them if I so wished. I am empowered. I feel connected to everyone, because I am holding onto the intention to want to co-create with any and all of them.

Not only that but, I feel like I am noticing it affect the people around me. It's like the (good vibes) coming off me is a massive fishnet cast out and drawing people into my aura. People are starting to look at me more. I feel empowered as I walk around, but not from a place of manipulation and control, but from a place of freedom and connectedness from within.

We stop on the main drag, with people circled around a violinist. I look across and in that moment my eyes meet a girl. Nothing needs to be said. My eyes have become little windows to my internal sunshine, and as we make eye-contact, I allow my eyes to beam my sunshine at her. She looks at me and feels it. She looks away quickly then looks back quickly;; our eyes meet again, followed by a smile. I glide round and without any strategy or prepared lines, and without any approaching, I introduce myself.

Instead of giving her the card in my hand, I give her the gift of the feeling I had through my being. I don't need to verbalise it, because it is felt. I don't want anything in return, like the sun beaming a ray of sunlight.

By presenting myself in this way, there is an immediate resonance that would not have been possible if I was sarging or running game or trying to covertly hoodwink her. She feels this vibration.

Everything flows. It feels effortless, it's beautiful. Me: "Hi, who are you?" "Fine thank you." "Ha, I meant who are you?"

"Haha, Ivana."

"Hi Ivana, I'm John, shall we... go for a coffee?"

I invite her and her friend to join us for a coffee and as we are walking down the street together, it feels 'just right' and I pass her the card. She goes silent for a minute and her eyes fill with tears of joy.

We spend the rest of the trip together and have an insane connection on all levels. She later confesses the encounter including the card were the most beautiful things she had ever experienced. Because in a world of self-serving machines, it was unique and from the heart. And that's rare. Oh and we are now soul mates and she is the one of the most special girls in my life.

Now, can you see the difference in those two stories?

The first example was coming from an acquisition frame, and ego driven action—that of pick-up. It was control and manipulation, a cry for love. The second example was unconditionally giving from autonomy and was an expression of love.

It was an epiphany. As I then returned to the so-called natural gamers all hunting on the street, it was like unplugging from the PUA matrix and looking in. I could see in their eyes and in their intention that they were all still operating from the acquisition frame and were subsequently carrying around all the acquisition baggage:

The conversations between them were always the same: “Go and cold approach that set.” “Ah man I’m getting AA.” “What do I open with?”

They were imprisoned in a separating, controlling, Newtonian-esque pick-up paradigm. Nothing natural about this at all.

But like a droplet of water returning to its ocean of essence, I was no longer navigated by fear and separation, I was navigated by actions of the heart. A feeling of love. The feeling of wanting to give a beautiful gift to someone and not wanting anything in return. This feeling was powerful beyond measure, but not in a manipulative sense.

As you've already heard me explain, I refer to this as 'Sun Energy' as opposed to 'Black Hole Energy' that constantly needs and drains energy around it. When coming from sun energy you empower yourself to the point where you feel like the sun. And when the sun emits a ray of sunshine, it does not demand anything back. If someone gets a suntan that's fine, and if someone steps in the shade, the sun isn't suddenly going to be 'rejected.' Why would it? It's the most powerful autonomous being in our solar system.

**'Even After All this time The Sun never  
says to the Earth, You owe me. Look  
what happens with a love like that, it  
lights the whole sky.'** - Hafiz, Persian  
Poet