

## *My Story And Why You Need This Book*

*‘The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimal of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.’*

— Samuel Taylor Coleridge

**I**n mid-February 2009, I sat down to write in my weekly journal about all the happenings of the week before. I remember thinking to myself ‘What on earth would I be doing right now, if I had stayed in my room and hadn’t pushed myself to go out and meet amazing women?’

Shuddering at the thought, I got down to writing my exploits. Okay, let’s see... What did I do that week? I share with you my journal entry.

*Oh yes, last Monday, I met another really cute Filipino girl Brianna in the day and we agreed to meet up on Wednesday for dinner. Monday night, went after work for dinner with workmates. Talked to the bargirl for a few minutes. Got her number. Will meet her next week.*

*Tuesday, had a date with Sofia for coffee and met Robin for dinner at her place.*

*Wednesday I went to pick up Marissa from her apartment for dinner but we never made it out of her apartment.*

*Thursday, I went to a salsa club with a mate and met Olivia. We went out for coffee afterwards. I’ll see her again next week Thursday.*

*Friday was boys night. Me and the guys went to an awesome club. I met a gorgeous brunette named Lindsey. She took my hand to the dance*

*floor and started dancing on me hot and heavy. Then she mentioned she would like to come home with me. I obliged.*

*Saturday I went out with a bunch of friends. Wasn't really in the mood to approach girls so we spent the whole time dancing and having fun with one another. Was a fun and relaxing night. Still managed to get the phone number of a friend of a friend I met for the first time that night. Her name is Lucille.*

*Here I am on Sunday exhausted and wanting nothing more than just time to myself. No picking up phone calls or answering texts. Just me reading a book on the couch the whole day. Hmm, sounds amazing...*

The most common question I get from fellas nowadays is why I left this 'Casanova' lifestyle behind. After all, this is the 'holy grail' that we men so desperately search for.

Yes I have had enough sexual experience for one man – and then some. Sure I pushed boundaries and got myself into situations well beyond my wildest dreams. Absolutely I was living my life to the fullest extent. But the beauty is that right now I'm not dating multiple women, nor do I particularly care to be.

How can I possibly explain to you that managing multiple women was taking over my life in a negative way – that I had bigger and better dreams? Would you understand that I was sleeping with more women in one week that most men would sleep with in one year yet I chose to give it all up to follow my true passion – teaching? Do you believe that learning to attract women is not the be-all-and-end-all but rather a doorway to becoming the best man you can possibly be?

For the first time, I'm going to tell you the real story. It involves a quiet subculture of people called the 'Sincere Seductionists'.

How does a man use the same principles in dating and apply it to

work, relationships and family to come out on top? He uses dating as his testing ground for bigger and better things in his life.

How does a man learn to understand women and become sensitive to their needs and wants? Through heaps of experience.

Manipulating and deceiving women is getting old. The Sincere Seductionists are those who abandon the current flawed dating advice and create a new dating system using the currency of Sincere Seduction: honesty and integrity.

I've spent the last 10 years tweaking and honing my craft. I have seen countless students get amazing results and am proud to be a part of it all. Rather than hating reality, I'll show you how to bend it to your will. It's easier than it sounds. My journey from panic attack sufferer with little experience to a successful Sincere Seductionist is mind-blowing and – now that I have cracked the code – simple to duplicate. There is a proven formula.

Life doesn't have to be so damn difficult. It really doesn't. Most people, my past self included, have spent too much time convincing ourselves that life has to be hard, a resignation to standing in the sidelines watching other men pick up women in the hopes that women will fall at your feet (rare) or occasionally you'll meet not-so-right-for-you girls through friends.

The truth, at least the truth I live by and will share in this book, is quite different. From having amazing conversations to one night stands, I'll show you how a small underground of men use scientific methods to do what most people consider impossible.

If you've picked up this book, chances are that you don't want to wait for the right lady to fall at your feet. Whether your dream is getting some control in your life, getting more experience, moving on from a painful break-up or to simply date more, this book will give you the tools you need to make it a reality in the here-and-now instead of in the often illusive

“someday”. There is a way to get the rewards and work smarter, not harder.

How? It begins with asking yourself some simple questions

How would your decisions change if divorce wasn't an option? What if you could gain experience and understand the kind of woman that's truly right for you? It is really necessary to bow to social pressures?

Little did I know where questions like these would take me. The surprising conclusion? The common sense rules of the 'real world' are an unsubstantiated collection of socially enforced rules designed to keep you unhappy. This book will teach you how to get and conquer opportunities other do not see.

What makes this book different?

First I'm not going to spend much time on the problem. I'm going to assume you are suffering from lack of time, a barely tolerable existence not doing enough for your dating life and you could be happier.

Second, this book will not give you short-term bandaid solutions that will give you more problems down the line. I believe you need real solutions that will work now and the next time you get out of a monogamous relationship. The goal is long-term sustainability.

Third, this book is not about finding 'true happiness'. This book is about freeing your dating life and seeing the real potential in living life to it's fullest.

I start each course with an explanation of the singular importance of taking it one step at a time. The manifesto of a Sincere Seductionist is simple: Reality is subjective. All limiting beliefs will be bent or broken and you will come out of this with a profound perception of the world around you.

The steps and strategies can be used with incredible results – whether you have no experience or are a frequent seducer. Can you do everything that I've done in my dating life? Perhaps. Can you use the same principles

to climb the dating ladder, skyrocket your self-confidence or get a great social life? Most definitely.

Here are the steps you'll use to reinvent yourself into the warrior of today's kingdom. You will start as a **Squire**, the poop shoveler of the empire; then move onto being the fledgling amateur **Apprentice**. Then finally, you shall become a **Knight of the Realm** and own all that is yours.

The **Squire** turns misguided dating advice upside down and introduces the rules and objectives of the Sincere Seductionist. It replaces conventional pickup advice with concepts such as the mastery curve and bringing a lady into your world. This section examines the mind and explains the fundamentals of the brain – what to do before we start trying to attract women.

The **Apprentice** uses the long forgotten notion of being straightforward to make approaching and talking to women an automatic process. This section examines the vital first few minutes of an interaction – approaching, talking and dates – with one awesome way to get her interested.

The **Knight of the Realm** brings everything in the last few sections together. This section delivers the concluding advanced moves such as one night stands, casual sex, falling in love and the elusive happiness trap. It's about the real significance of attraction in the first place.

Last but not least, much of what I recommend will seem impossible and even offensive to basic common sense – I expect that. Resolve now to test everything in this book whole-heartedly as an exercise in creative thinking. If you try it, you'll see how deep the possibilities go, and you won't ever go back.

Take a deep breath and let me show you the rabbit hole. I guarantee huge fun. Everything else is a bonus.

DAMIEN DIECKE  
Sydney, Australia  
February 29, 2013



## *Introduction*

*“To Do Is To Be” — Socrates*

*“To Be Is To Do” — Plato*

*“Do Be Do Be Do” — Sinatra*

### ONCE UPON A TIME...

**I**t all starts awkwardly. I am fifteen years old, and attending one of the most expensive and prestigious high schools in the country. As an all boys school filled with testosterone, the closest thing we had to female interaction was our 70 year old latin teacher Mrs Doherty.

I was also a rower. Rowing was a school sport and meant all the rowers were the coolest, most popular boys in the whole school. Except for me that is.

Every lunch hour, my not-so-cool friends and I would race to the computer room like bishops to a nunnery trying to get the fastest computer. If I got it, I would be the king of the computer room that day.

Being highly intelligent and sporty meant that my social groups were at odds with each other. I was a ‘cool rower’ and a ‘complete nerd’ at the same time. This meant that I didn’t really fit in anywhere.

My not-so-cool friends would organise LAN parties. Whole groups of us would congeal in someone’s basement with our computers, where amongst growing mountains of empty coke cans we’d play Warcraft until sleep deprivation drove us home days later. The only girls present were those in the porn we shared.

Despite being a rower, I was never invited to the ‘cool’ sports parties

where there'd actually be real girls around.

One day when I was sixteen, word got around that there was a rowing party and all the rowers were invited. Whoever sent that word around must've forgotten not to invite me. Desperate to look cool, I procured some alcohol and drunk myself stupid that night. All I could remember was my mother picking me up from that party and torturing me by trying to get me to say tongue twisters on the drive home.

The next morning it felt like my head had been trampled by a stampede of prehistoric megafauna. But beyond the sledgehammer thudding, out of my pocket I pulled a scrap of paper with a phone number on it. I had no memory of ever being given it, but lo and behold there it was. I dialled the number nervously, heard the ringing that seemed to go on forever and Hallelujah!- there was a real girl on the other end! Heart thumping, voice cracking and palms sweating we started talking to one another. I had no idea what I was doing, but somehow, she liked me and we started dating.

Quickly, I noticed the girl was very intelligent as I for one could never win an argument against her. She could talk a Viagra-infused erection into standing down, and all that ball-busting experience eventually came in handy as she is now a successful lawyer. Regardless of this, our relationship started out fantastic. My parents taught me to always treat a lady well so I would do whatever she asked of me. I fulfilled her every wish, every single time.

But after eighteen months, everything began to go downhill. I could see she started to lose respect for me and treated me badly. The more I fulfilled her every wish, the more unreasonable her wishes became. After two years of dating, I decided I had suffered enough. I sat her down one day and told her I couldn't do it anymore, I wanted out. I'll never forget the look on her face. She thought about it for a second, then looked me



dead in the eye and said 'NO'. So we dated for another two years.

Eventually after nearly four years, she finally broke up with me.

This breakup was absolute agony. The whole relationship was a merry-go-round that left me raw with huge amounts of resentment and anguish. So much so that soon after, I developed Severe Generalized Anxiety Disorder. I began to have severe panic attacks that could be triggered by anything. If I walked up the stairs too fast, I was scared I'd have a heart attack. If I didn't re-clean a glass before drinking out of it, I was terrified that I'd contract some sort of microbial disease. I wouldn't get far before I'd have a panic attack about something so I was trapped in my room for six long painful months. My only solace during that time was my DJ kit, and over time I became a decent disk jockey. I played most nights to a polite audience - mum and dad.

When I started to become claustrophobic in my room and couldn't take it anymore, I begged my parents to take me to the hospital. When they did, I was referred to some psychiatrists and as expected, they did what they do best – prescribe anti depressants. Being on anti depressants, my mood definitely changed. I no longer felt severely depressed. The problem was that I felt like I cared about nothing, so much so that I started to treat friends and family horribly to the point that I started stealing from them. I wasn't me at all and I didn't like who I was becoming. Realising it wasn't worth it, I made the hard decision to come off the anti depressants and as expected, I was trapped in my bedroom once again suffering panic attacks.

Motivated to find a permanent answer, I read every self-help book I could find. I read psychology books, motivational books, NLP books, Anthony Robbins' books, even religious books such as the Bible, Quran, and various Buddhist texts. I went on to try emotional freedom techniques, behavioral analysis techniques, neuro-linguistic programming techniques, ACT therapy techniques, and anything else I could get my

hands on to try and put myself back together. Piece by piece, I put together a system that got me out of my bedroom.

When I finally did get out of my bedroom, all those special concerts I organised for mum and dad paid off and I got work at a bar as a DJ. As most of you are aware, being a DJ attracts female attention like your grandmother's clothing attracts hipsters. Not being the exception, ladies literally threw themselves at me and I didn't know how to handle it. One night, a woman approached me at the podium. 'Hey, how's your night going?' she said. 'I'm Shona. Do you want to come back to my place after you finish work?'

Scared out of my wits, I snuck out the back door of the club that night. I couldn't deal with all the pressure. I was getting out there and taking some steps in the right direction but my confidence was nowhere near where it needed to be.

A few weeks later, this guy started working at the bar where I worked. We got to talking and became friends. He was a corporate lawyer who just wanted to have heaps of fun. When we would hit the town together he would literally push me to walk over to the ladies with him, then introduce me and walk away, leaving me there to talk on my feet. He thought this was hilarious and I was so nervous most of the time, I would just fumble my words and stand there awkwardly looking around hoping he'd come back and put me out of my misery.

Eventually, I stopped being so nervous and got some success with consistent practice. Women began responding positively to me and I started to date. The only problem I faced was that my self-confidence was still very low. I was confused about why, and there were a lot of questions I didn't have answers to.

Even more confusing what that my friend, the corporate lawyer, was saying whatever he needed to say to get women into bed. He was glib,

had a silver tongue, and was perfectly happy to lie, cheat and manipulate. If he thought something would bring a girl into his bedchamber, he did it. I can now admit that I did the same thing. At that point in my life, I was furious at all women. I still carried the festering wounds my first girlfriend had left me with. Women were all bitches- that's how I thought back then. So naturally, I did the same things as my friend- I learned to lie, cheat and manipulate like the best of them.

After a few months of loving and leaving women, an old friend recommended a book to me called 'The Way of The Superior Man' by David Deida. As I started reading this book, my stars started aligning and each of my questions were getting answered one by one. The book talked about what it (truly) meant to be a real man. It's not a chauvinistic book as the title may suggest; but rather it talks about how a superior man is one who is straightforward, doesn't lie, and always keeps to his word. It struck a chord with me in the most profound way and continues to be my favorite book of all time. A huge part of this book was also about appreciating women and acknowledging the amazing things a great woman can bring into a man's life. I loved everything about this book and I went on to find a community of men doing what is now called 'Men's Work'. I decided to do a life-changing course practicing Deida's principles that turned my whole life upside down. My feelings about women changed overnight. I cut out all lying, cheating and manipulating. Even my taste in women changed. Previously I preferred sweet, easy-to-get-along-with blondes that weren't terribly bright. Overnight, it changed into fiery, intelligent brunettes that were comfortable in their own skin and weren't afraid to let their feelings be known.

Once I became completely honest, both with myself and with everyone around me, that's when things really began to change. Surprisingly, women started to trust me and always knew where I stood. It was refresh-

ing to be real and genuine and to talk and act without pretences. As an awesome side-effect, my confidence in myself shot through the roof – so much so that everyone around me started to sit up and take notice. When it came to being real, I looked back at the months I spent reading self help books and utilised this to perfect my attraction process with women. By using scientific methods, real-world practicality and testing, I came up with a process that worked beautifully . Not only did it work beautifully, nobody was getting hurt along the way. Hallelujah!

When I uncovered a strong community of men that wanted to get better with women in my area, I started testing my process by teaching them my structure and seeing if this also worked for them. At the time, I was a trainer at a large finance company and chose to teach guys about attracting women as a side project to let off some steam – for free of course. In three months, I realized I really loved it. My honesty structure was really taking off and getting fellas real results. I took a leap of faith and quit my job to pursue this passion. In three months, it became the largest dating coaching company in Australia for men. I believe it became this way because finally, men were able to be honest and stop the games. No man truly likes to hurt women and here I was offering a way fellas could get what they wanted and nobody would need to get hurt as a result. Pretty neat.

So speaking of honesty, I expect most of you reading this book don't have proper understanding of social interactions with women just yet. Never fear, you will learn. This book is meant for you!

And if I'm speaking honestly, I have to admit that learning to attract women has a bad reputation. Some men scoff at the idea of learning to do this. That's fair enough.

The truth is that courting a lady has become very complicated. There are no real guidelines on how to show interest in a lady, or how she can

accept a man's affection without the risk of social ridicule.

It wasn't always this way. Before the industrial revolution, western culture used to have rules and rituals surrounding courtship so that young people learned how to woo partners. The older generation mentored them by having large dances and social gatherings at which everyone danced with everyone else so that (among other things) connecting with women outside your social circle was not a big issue. You were supposed to circulate and accept if someone asked to dance with you. It was considered rude not to.

Historically, we have lots of instances where societal rules encouraged communication between the sexes that led to courtship. Below are some examples of such rules; which made it easier for people to go about wooing a partner without leaving them open to ridicule.

- Victorian women let you down gently without anyone noticing. If a lady wasn't interested, she would use her trusty hand fan and rest it on her left cheek. In an era of politeness, rudely turning a man down was not an option. If the lady fanned herself slowly, she was already spoken for. If she fanned quickly, she was on the market for a possible suitor. If the fan rested on the right cheek, then Hallelujah! - she was interested in you.
- In 19th century rural Austria, women would shove apple slices under their armpits during dances. If some handsome man caught her eye, she would give him her sweaty apple slice. If he liked her back, he would eat this sweaty apple slice. It's pretty gross as far as courtship rituals go and I would never advocate for bringing it back (outside of weird fetish parties) but I love that the ladies were initiating the possible romance.

- A particularly suggestive example comes from 19th century Finland, where Finnish girls who had reached a marriageable age would wear empty sheaths on their girdles. If a man liked a girl, he would place a knife in her sheath. A girl would simply return his knife if she wasn't interested, but keeping his blade meant that she agreed to marry him (or at least allow him to sheath something else).
- In 17th century Wales, getting the wooden spoon was a good thing. Welsh men made intricately hand-carved wooden spoons to offer their crushes. If the lady accepted the spoon, the courtship was on.
- In 18th century England, young people had no privacy. Luckily they had an amazing invention called the courting stick. This six-foot-long hollow tube allowed young people to communicate from a safe distance while family members remained in the room to make sure there was nothing as scandalous as hand-holding going on.

Why did society stop these cues and leave us to figure it out on our own? When did it stop becoming a father's responsibility to teach his son how to attract the opposite sex? Why isn't it something that's taught as part of a young boy's school curriculum?

The truth is I don't know why. All I know is that it is necessary. A clear social cue that gets the opposite sex meeting one another would be amazing to have. Right now however, if men stopped approaching women and initiating courtship, our whole courtship system would break down to who we can meet through our social circle. Statistically, the odds of you meeting the right woman through friends is very small.

Women understand courtship far better than men. This is one of the reasons why ladies spend so much time on their appearance and really show their stuff when going out. It is our job as men to approach women. It just so happens that ladies make this job very easy by looking amazing.

When I'm out and about and a lady asks me what I do for a living, I'm honest and tell her I teach men how to attract women. They often respond with something like 'You mean like in that book where those guys lie and put women down in order to get them into bed?' I do understand why women have their guard up about these things. When they think about men trying to attract women, they think about those drunk guys in the clubs that have no respect and are often complete assholes. They think about every man that has ever lied to them and don't want some guy teaching more guys how to be like that. I get it completely. I don't want that either. The thing is that those drunk assholes at the bar don't need my help. They're the only ones approaching women at all and their method pays off more times than it really should.

The guys that do solicit my help are

- Guys that come out of bad relationships and just need to get back into dating again.
- Men that spent all of their 20s focusing on their career, got to where they wanted to and now want to have some fun without wasting any more time.
- Shy introverts looking for more experience.
- Average guys who are sick of settling for girls they're not really interested in
- Men who are already pretty good with women but want to excel and get the types of women they really want.

Or men like Sir Marshmallow...

Sir Marshmallow spends a lot of time taking care of his mum who has Multiple Sclerosis. He doesn't get many opportunities to be social

because someone has to be home at all times to look after his mum. He wants to use every second he has free to have fun and get beautiful women in his life.

Or guys like Sir Appleslice...

Sir Appleslice's brother is seriously mentally ill and still living with the family. Sir Appleslice always believed he'd never have a partner because no woman would want someone whose brother was mentally ill and whom he'd have to take care of at some points throughout his life. Seeing firsthand the kindness of women pushed him to believe otherwise. He is now happily dating.

Or someone like Sir Rumball...

Sir Rumball is a good-looking guy. He also has a medical condition that he has to take chemotherapy tablets for. When he takes them, he suffers bloating which affects his ability to move around. He didn't think he could ever meet a girl that would be willing to put up with his condition.

Fortunately for us men, when we fail to see the beauty in ourselves, women have the ability to show us that beauty.

When we push through our limiting beliefs and see the light at the end of the tunnel, it's an amazing feeling. You smile everywhere you go and your happiness is infectious. Do you think Sir Marshmallow, Sir Appleslice and Sir Rumball don't deserve to feel this way? Of course they do. Same goes for all the other men who want to be happy, feel loved, and have control over their dating lives.

In fact, it's not just their dating lives that gets sorted. Something very interesting also happens.

Once these guys start getting some control in one area, they start wanting to change their whole life for the better.

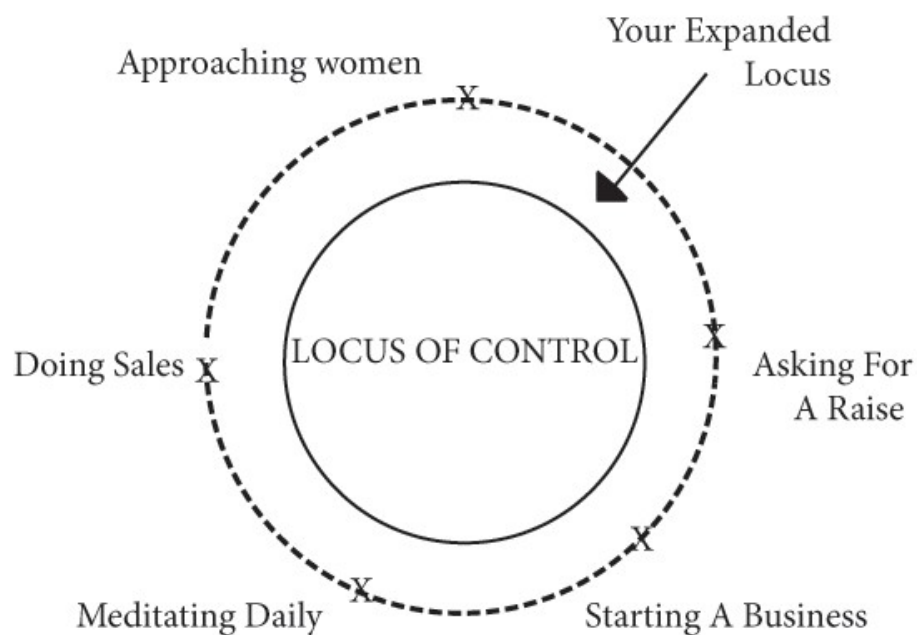
This is what psychologists call the Locus of Control.

Right now you have certain things that are within your control – for example showering every day, how you travel to work and what you eat



for breakfast. This is your comfort zone. Everything you would like to achieve and haven't yet is outside it with varying degrees of difficulty. This could be attracting women, asking your boss for a raise, travelling to Europe, starting a company or leaping out of a plane.

## LOCUS POCUS



The thing I see is that once these guys start to expand their comfort zone to include attracting women for example, the side effect is that things outside of attracting women- such as starting a side project or asking for a raise for example- will suddenly start to seem easier to accomplish.

This is the secret to how you can get control over your life. This is also how attracting women will affect the other areas of your life. Here are some examples of specific skillsets you'll learn and the ways they can apply to your everyday life:

- Quickly building rapport with women will mean that when you go to job interviews, you can apply the same principles to get your dream job by quickly building rapport with the interviewer.

- Dealing with women testing you. This will help you get perspective when people think they're better than you either in your personal or your professional life.
- Having engaging stories will make you more likeable, ensure people remember you and is also an incredibly useful tool in your career when networking.
- Selling yourself is invaluable for selling an idea, showing great leadership skills and inspiring others to believe in you.

The above are just a few examples. Some of my students have truly amazed me over the years with what they have accomplished just by applying the principles in this book.

I'll share some stories with you.

By employing the same goal setting and consistency principles in the book, Sir Easteregg went from a flabby guy with 18% body fat down to 5%. He did this by going to the gym, doing yoga and eating well. His abs look great and he's happy to show them off to anyone that wants a look.

Sir Sherbert realized that he didn't have a lot of passion in his life. He always wanted to be a writer but got sidetracked at an IT job he hated. He made the tough decision to leave his job and start pursuing his passion for writing. He is now an intern for a startup and writes funny marketing articles for their blog. He is also working on a book as we speak. He earns very little money but he's the happiest I have ever seen him.

Sir Jellybean had two older brothers who teased him mercilessly over the years. When they found out he was learning to attract women, naturally he took some more bullying. But then something else happened- Sir Jellybean became really good at attracting beautiful women. What did his brothers do? They called my assistant to try and organize an appointment for them to meet me and find out what I had done with their brother. Sir Jellybean was over the moon about finally winning out

against them. This improved their relationship and the whole family gets along better as a result.

This is what this whole thing was about for me – putting some Awesomeness in people's lives.

One more side effect from attracting women is you can expect some hilarious outcomes that make an awesome story.

So I present to you the Tale of Sir Raisintoast.

Sir Raisintoast was in the kingdom of Malaysia when he met a gorgeous damsel with the kind of breasts Shakespeare would write about. He was so excited he texted me soon after he met her. He continued to text me with updates on how the courtship was progressing, and last I heard was they were passionately locking lips with each other. Then the texts stopped coming. I didn't hear from him again until he got back to Australia. When I casually asked him how it went, he didn't want to tell me, and then admitted that they were in a quiet corner and he slid his hands up her dress where he surprisingly discovered a raging hard-on! He freaked out and left. We all had a jolly laugh about it, and I mentioned to him this was not the only time a student of mine has been 'surprised'.

I'll share one of my funny moments with you too.

I met two girls on the beach and went back to their place for lunch. After lunch, they told me to wait in the lounge as they wanted to get something prepared that they thought I would like. Naturally, I was high-fiving myself expecting a threesome. They came out to me with a box. My eyes widened with expectation of what goodies would be inside. Each one sat on either side of me as they opened the box of goodies. Turned out to be three bibles inside for each of us to read. Imagine my disappointment!

There are hundreds of 'embarrassing' and 'funny' stories I can tell you but you need to go out and get some of your own. Stories like these come from experience and lots of it. Let's get you some shall we?