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MAN OF CALIBER

The five signals women read in a man, and how to build every one of them.

GARREN JAMES

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Man of Caliber: The Five Signals Women Read in a Man

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The names and identifying details of the men described in this book have been changed. Any resemblance to a specific person is coincidental. This book offers general guidance on health, fitness and money. It is not medical, psychological or financial advice. See a professional for anything that needs one.

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PART I

The Invisible Man

Why good men go unnoticed, what women are actually reading, and the number that tells you where you stand.

- 01 The Invisible Man
- 02 How Women Actually Choose
- 03 Your Caliber Score

01

CHAPTER 1

The Invisible Man

There were two men at a wedding I went to a few summers ago, and I've been thinking about them ever since.

I'll call them Tom and Dan. Both in their early thirties. Both single. Both decent looking, in the way most men are decent looking once they've stopped eating like students. Tom was an engineer at a company you've heard of. Dan ran a small landscaping outfit with two trucks and a trailer. If you'd lined them up and asked a stranger which one had more going for him, nine out of ten would have pointed at Tom.

By the end of the night Dan had three women's numbers, one of whom he's now married to. Tom spent the evening at the edge of the dance floor holding a beer against his chest like it was a shield, and he went home alone and a little drunk, and I know this because he told me about it the next morning, which is how I came to be thinking about the two of them for the last few years.

What was the difference?

It wasn't money. Dan drove a truck that smelled of cut grass. It wasn't looks. It wasn't luck, though Tom used that word more

than once over breakfast. It wasn't some line Dan said, because I was standing near him for part of the evening and he didn't say anything clever. He asked the woman he ended up marrying where she'd got the terrible sunburn on her shoulders, and she laughed, and they were off.

The difference was that Dan was readable and Tom was not.

Dan stood up straight. He'd been outside all summer and he looked like it. He laughed loudly and didn't check whether anyone minded. He went up to the bar when he wanted a drink and talked to whoever was next to him. When a woman he was talking to got pulled away by a friend, he didn't follow her with his eyes. He just turned and talked to someone else.

Tom was waiting. He was waiting for the right moment, the right woman, the right opening, the right level of drunk. He was watching the room and the room could tell. He was the kind of man you'd describe afterwards as nice, if you remembered him at all, and mostly you wouldn't.

I've coached a lot of Toms. I was a Tom. This book exists because I'm tired of watching good men stand at the edge of the dance floor.

What she's actually reading

Here is the idea the whole book sits on, and I want you to get it early so you can argue with it while you read.

Women don't choose men based on what men say about themselves. They choose based on signals. A signal is something you broadcast whether you mean to or not: how you hold your body, where your eyes go, whether you've got somewhere to be, how you react when something goes wrong,

whether other people seem to enjoy being around you. She reads these in seconds and she keeps reading them for as long as she knows you.

None of this is a trick she's playing. Most of it isn't even conscious. A woman at a wedding doesn't tell herself that Dan's posture suggests good health and that his ease with the bartender suggests social competence. She just notices that she wants to be standing near him, and that she doesn't especially want to be standing near Tom, and if you asked her why she'd shrug and say something about energy.

But the signals are real, and they can be named, and once they're named they can be worked on. That's the whole book. There are five of them. I'll give you the names now and spend most of the rest of the pages on each one.

Presence is your body and your energy: health, posture, clothes, voice, eyes. It's the first three seconds.

Direction is whether you're going somewhere: work, money, discipline, a plan she could imagine being part of.

Composure is whether you can hold yourself steady: under pressure, under her testing, under silence, under no.

Connection is the life she'd be joining: your friends, your conversation, your humor, your attention.

Judgment is whether you can choose and lead: who you go after, what you tolerate, when you walk away, how you set the pace.

Dan was high on all five without ever having heard them named. Tom was low on three of them and he didn't know which three, which is a much worse position than being low on all five, because at least a man who's low on all five knows he has work to do.

Three things you've been told that are wrong

Every man who comes to me arrives carrying some version of three beliefs. I want to knock them down before we go any further, because if you keep any of them you'll read this book looking for a loophole.

The first is that you need to be rich. You don't. Dan wasn't. What you need is Direction, which is a different thing. A man earning an ordinary wage who's clearly building something, who has his money under control and who can talk about where he'll be in three years without sounding like he's reciting a vision board, reads as a better bet than a man with twice the salary who complains about his boss every evening. Women are reading trajectory, not balance. I'll show you the research on this in the next chapter, and I'll show you how to build the trajectory even if your bank account is thin right now.

The second is that you need to be handsome. You don't. You need to look like a man who takes care of himself, which is almost entirely under your control and almost entirely ignored by the men who complain the loudest about their faces. I've watched men with ordinary faces become the most noticed man in a room by fixing their sleep, their posture, their training and their shirts. I have never once watched a handsome man who was slouched, pale and badly dressed get the same result.

The third is the worst one, because it's sold the hardest. It's the belief that there's a technique. A line, a routine, a way of texting, a way of withholding attention at the right moment, a system. There are men on the internet who'll sell you this for a few hundred dollars and some of what they sell even works for a weekend. Then it stops working, because a woman worth

choosing can tell within an hour that she's being run through a routine, and because the man running the routine has to keep running it forever, and it's exhausting, and it makes him worse.

I'm not going to teach you a technique. I'm going to show you what you're broadcasting and how to change the broadcast. That's slower. It's also permanent.

Why this works everywhere

I've coached men in London and Lagos, in Munich and Mumbai, in Dallas and Dubai. The dating customs are wildly different. How you meet, who introduces whom, how long before anyone's family gets involved, what counts as a date, what counts as too fast. I'd be lying if I told you I understood all of it.

But the five signals don't change. A woman in Istanbul and a woman in Seattle are both reading whether you take care of your body. Both are reading whether you're going somewhere. Both are testing whether you stay steady when she pushes. Both want to know what your life looks like and whether there's room in it. Both notice, fast, whether you're a man who chooses or a man who waits to be chosen.

The signals are older than any culture. They're what a woman's grandmother was reading, and her grandmother before that, when the question of which man to stand next to was a question of survival. The customs are the wrapping paper. This book is about what's inside.

So if you're reading this in a city where men and women don't meet in bars, don't skip the chapters that mention bars. Swap the bar for whatever the room is in your world. The room changes. What she reads in the room doesn't.

What you'll get from this book

Three things, and I want to be exact about them so you can hold me to it.

First, you'll get a framework. Five signals, named, with the logic behind each one and what it looks like at the bottom and the top of the scale. Once you've got the names you'll start seeing the signals everywhere. In your friends, in strangers, in men on screen. You'll never be able to unsee them. That alone is worth the price, because you'll finally understand why some men you know get a response you can't explain.

Second, you'll get a score. In Chapter 3 you'll answer fifty questions, ten per signal, and you'll get a number out of a hundred and, more usefully, five numbers out of twenty. The lowest of those five is your ceiling. It doesn't matter how good you are at the other four. The weakest signal is the one she reads loudest, and it's where your work starts.

Third, you'll get ninety days. Not a vague instruction to go and improve yourself. A plan with three thirty-day blocks, three tasks a week, a daily minimum you can hit on your worst day, and a fifteen-minute review every Sunday night. I've run men through it enough times to know what it does. The ones who do it score fifteen to twenty-five points higher at the end than at the start, and more to the point, they stop being invisible. The ones who read it and nod and do nothing score what they scored before.

The deal

I'm going to ask something of you now, and if you won't agree to it you should probably put the book down and go and read something more comfortable.

Don't read this book without doing the assignments.

I mean it. Every chapter ends with one. Some are quick: twenty minutes with a pen. Some run for weeks. They're the point. Reading about Presence will make you understand Presence. It will not make you present. Reading about Composure will make you nod along and think of a time you handled something well. It will not change what you do the next time a woman you like leaves your message unanswered for two days.

Men like to read. It feels like progress and it's painless. I've met men who'd read fourteen books about women and couldn't hold eye contact with a waitress. Don't be the fifteenth-book guy.

There's a workbook that goes with this. If you've got it, use it. If you haven't, a plain notebook and a pen will do. What won't do is your phone's notes app, because you'll never look at it again. Get something physical. Write the date at the top of the first page. That page is going to matter to you in ninety days, more than you'd believe right now.

One more thing about Tom

I want to go back to the wedding, because I didn't tell you the end.

Tom and I talked at breakfast and I said some of what's in this chapter, probably less kindly than I've written it here. He was

annoyed with me for about a week. Then he called and asked what he should actually do, and I told him, and he did it, which is the part most men don't.

He fixed his sleep first, because that was the cheapest thing with the biggest return. He started lifting, badly, with a friend who knew what he was doing. He bought three shirts that fit and threw out eleven that didn't. Those were the easy months. The hard months were the ones where he practiced staying quiet when he wanted to over-explain, and where he started hosting a monthly dinner for people he liked, which terrified him, and where he stopped chasing a woman at work who'd told him in four different ways that she wasn't interested.

Eighteen months after the wedding I ran into him at a bar. He was with a woman, and she was laughing at something he'd said, and the thing I noticed before anything else was that he was standing up straight and he wasn't holding his drink against his chest.

He's not a different man. He's the same man, broadcasting differently. That's all this is.

Let's get to work.

YOUR ASSIGNMENT

Get a notebook. A real one, with paper. Write today's date on the first page.

Under the date, write one sentence about where you are with women right now. Not where you'd like to be. Where you are. If the honest sentence is "I haven't been on a date in two years," write that. If it's "I get dates and they never go anywhere," write that. If it's "I'm fine, I just want to be better," write that too, but check whether it's true.

Then write down the names of two men you know who get a response from women you can't explain. Not famous men. Men you've actually watched. Next to each name, write what you think he's doing. You'll come back to these two names after Chapter 3 and you'll be surprised how much your answer changes.

That's it for now. Twenty minutes, maybe less. Do it before you start the next chapter.

Become the man women choose.

The Caliber Workbook holds every assignment in this book as a printable sheet, the full fifty-question score with a chart to fill in, the ninety-day plan, thirteen weekly checklists and the field log.

You can also take the score online and compare your number after ninety days.

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