

DR. BARUCH HALEVI

The
Guy

SIX QUESTIONS
TO SEE THE MAN YOU
WERE MEANT TO BE

in the
Glass

— *Get Ready for the Glass* —

A First Look, Before The Book

I like how a man walks into a bar. That man is you.

Sooner or later, every man arrives at what people call a midlife crisis. That is the wrong word for it. Crisis comes from the Greek, *krisis*: a moment of decision. A choice point. And a choice is not a crisis, not on its own. It only becomes one when you grip the past out of fear of what is, or what could be.

Dr. Viktor Frankl — author of *Man's Search for Meaning*, founder of Logotherapy, the meaning-centered school of psychotherapy, and a man whose influence abounds throughout everything you are about to explore — put the freedom on the table plainly: the last of the human freedoms is to choose your attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose your own way. That is what tonight is about. That is why you are here, at this bar. Someone told you to go figure your shit out. So here you are.

You have asked these questions a thousand times, in a hundred rooms, smooth and practiced, certain you had every answer. Not this time. Take off the mask. Distance yourself from the stock answers, the shallow responses, the fixed identity you have been handing people for years.

At this crossroads, you will answer each question three times. Once as the man you were, walking up into this choice point. Once as the man you are, standing in it right now, mask off. And once from far down the road — from beyond this crossroads, looking back, seeing yourself at the end of this life.

Tonight, he asked. Tonight, you answer. Tonight, at this crossroads where you stand, you choose your own way.

You will answer each question three times.

Once as the man you were. Once as the man you are. Once as the man you were meant to be. You had better find that last answer fast. It is coming faster than you think.

1. **The man you were.**

Answer the way you always have. Fast, easy, the version you hand to strangers. Write it down and look at it.

2. **The man you are.**

Now stop performing and dig. Not the line you rehearse. The truth you have been stepping around for years. Get underneath it.

3. **The man you were meant to be.**

Now answer from the far end of the road, looking back. Name the truth that does not change with the room. That is the man the glass is waiting to meet.

What's your name?



The man you were.

It's the first question you were ever asked. The first day of school, starting a new job, meeting someone new at a cocktail party. Nearly every day of your life. So you know how to answer this one. The name you put down without thinking. The one you give at the cocktail party, the networking event, the bartender who just asked.

My name is

 •

The man you are.

Now dig deeper. Is that your name? Is it really? Your middle name, your last, the stories buried in both. Your titles. The roles you answer to, the labels you have carried. What your kids call you. Your spouse. Your parents. Your oldest friends. The nicknames, the ones you wear proudly and the ones you have never repeated to anyone. Write down every name you can find. Then get underneath each one and ask what it actually means.

- The true you — with you every step of the way. Name that.
- What does it feel like to find it?
- What does it look like to have lived it?
- What are the consequences of not living it?

That's your work. You still have time to realize your one true name.



The man you were meant to be.

Now look back from the end. Of all those names, which ones are actually you. The true you. Truth does not change with the room. It is carried everywhere, at all times. True at five. True at twenty-five. True at fifty. True at eighty-five, looking back. The true you has been with you every step of the way. Name that. That is your name.

“There are three names a person acquires: one his father and mother call him, one people call him, and one he earns for himself. The best of these is the one he earns for himself.”

MIDRASH TANCHUMA, VAYAKHEL

What do you do?



The man you were.

After that first question, you know what comes next. It's the one you've been asked ever since you graduated from school. Question two, right after your name: What do you do?

The man you are.

Now write the exhaustive list. Every verb, not just the job title. Fathering. Brothering. Husbanding. Sonning. Coaching, building, fixing, showing up. Every way you express yourself in this world, paid or not, seen or not. All of it is what you do.

Now look past the actions themselves. Not just what you did, but what it left behind in the people who were there for it — how you made them feel long after the task was done. That is part of the ledger too.



The man you were meant to be.

Now look back from the end. You are leaving this world. What did you do? Not your title. Not your salary. Not the plaque on the wall. The dollars and cents fade. The profession fades. The accolades fade with the men who remember to say them. What you did does not fade. It cannot be undone, and it cannot be redone. It is the one entry in the ledger that stays open forever. What did you do? Write it down.

“People don’t remember what you did, they remember how you made them feel.”

MAYA ANGELOU



The man you were.

"Come here often?" A cheesy line, and you both knew it. But even then it was never about the room. Why are you here, in this seat? Why are you here, in this life? Go back to the man you were before this crossroads and answer as he would have. Fast. Whatever came easiest.

The man you are.

Now dig deeper. Viktor Frankl said those who have a why can bear almost any how. So what's your why? Strip away the job. Strip away the name and the titles that came with it. Underneath all of that, have you ever actually asked? There has never been, and will never be, another you. So why are you here?

Get beyond the Hallmark cards. Go deeper than the cliches. Dig in and finally articulate it. Not just the answer, but the feeling underneath it — having it, not having it, not yet realizing it.



The man you were meant to be.

“Those who have a why to live can bear with almost any how.” Frankl didn’t write that in a seminar. He wrote it out of the camps, where the men who survived were rarely the strongest. They were the ones who still had a reason. Now look back across every stage of your life and find the line running through it. Call it your Why Line. Your Soul Line. Your True Line. The purpose wore different names at different ages, but it never disappeared. It carried you through every valley the same way it carried him. If you stop living it now, that is the cost. Name the line. Follow it.

“Those who have a why to live can bear with almost any how.”

VIKTOR FRANKL

04 Are you single?



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The man you were.

"Are you single?" The oldest opening line at the bar. Married, single, divorced, it's complicated — however you answer, the word on the form was never the real question. It was never about your status. It was about how you showed up with people, particularly the people you wanted. Who did you chase. Who did you let chase you. How did you show up, or not.

You have spent your whole life answering "who are you." At this crossroads, the question changes. It is not "who are you." It is "whose are you."



The man you are.

Now dig deeper. "Are you single" was never asking about your relationship status. It is asking whose you are. Who do you serve. What do you belong to that is bigger than your own comfort. A man who serves nothing is alone no matter who is in his bed. Frankl said it plainest: the more a man forgets himself — giving himself to a cause to serve or another person to love — the more human he becomes, the more he actualizes himself. That is self-transcendence. That is whose you are.

04 Are you single?



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The man you were meant to be.

Now look back from the end. The legacy was never in the trophies, the title, the bank account. It was in the ones you served. See the husband, the father, the son, the friend they deserved. Name the one you would become for them before you leave this stool.

“The more one forgets himself — by giving himself to a cause to serve or another person to love — the more human he is and the more he actualizes himself.”

VIKTOR FRANKL, MAN’S SEARCH FOR MEANING

What's your number?



The man you were.

"What's your number?" You asked the blonde at the bar. And if we're being honest, fellas, it probably was never the other way around anyways. What were you really asking for?



The man you are.

Now dig deeper. Your number was never just a number. It was your weight. Your height. Your IQ. Your salary. Your square footage. Your zip code. Your GPAs. Your net worth. The valuation you are still chasing while the recitals go by without you. Make the list. Every number that has come to explain you, drive you, define you.

Now ask what it feels like to be owned by a list of digits. That is what imprisonment looks like in a nice house. The way out starts with naming which numbers you have let stand in for your worth, and refusing to let them vote anymore.

What's your number?



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The man you were meant to be.

Viktor Frankl was not a name in Auschwitz. He was prisoner 119104. A number stamped into his arm, meant to erase everything else he was. And yet, because of what he called the defiant power of the human spirit, he was never actually a number. He was free — inside a fence, stripped of every possession, and still the freest man in the camp, because no one could touch what he chose to become.

There is no number that can quantify you. The scoreboard was never the game. You are not a digit, a tally, a sum. You knew that. Somewhere underneath all the counting, you have always known it.

Now look back from the end and see what that man's life actually looked like. He built things he never priced. He gave time no one billed for. He measured a day by who he was with, not what he closed. The house got smaller in his eyes and the people in it got larger. He stopped keeping score around the people he loved, and they stopped performing for him too. That is what the defiant power of the human spirit looks like when it is lived all the way through, not just survived in a moment of crisis but carried into an ordinary Tuesday. It does not look like more. It looks like enough.

“The defiant power of the human spirit... the capacity to face soul-crushing pain and still draw a line in the sand, declaring, I will choose who I become.”

VIKTOR FRANKL

06 How are you getting home?



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The man you were.

"How are you getting home." At the bar it is just logistics — a truck, a cab, a ride from a friend. Not tonight. Tonight I am asking about your fate. The destination you are actually choosing. What did you want, when you asked it back then? Come on, fellas. Dig a little deeper. What did you really want?



The man you are.

Now go deeper still. At this crossroads, you are not asking the question anymore. You are the one being asked. And home was never the house. You have felt lost standing in your own living room, surrounded by everything you built and none of what you meant. So what is home, really. Your true home. Maybe it is a belief you left behind. Maybe it is an identity you buried to keep the peace. Maybe it is a road you saw and did not take. Name it.

How are you getting home?



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The man you were meant to be.

Home is the way back. Not the way back to a place, the way back to yourself. What did it cost you, all those years you didn't know the way. What does it mean, now, to finally walk toward it.

“Man should not ask what the meaning of his life is, but rather must recognize that it is he who is asked.”

VIKTOR FRANKL

LAST CALL

The bottles go dark.

The bottles go dark. Before you turn the page, one more thing.

Go to a mirror. Any mirror. Give yourself a few minutes and just look. I call this the Mirror Moment. Some men won't do it. Some can't. Most never really have.

I'm not talking about your hair, or what's left of it. Sorry, midlife catches everyone there eventually. I'm talking about seeing you — the true you, the one this whole book has been digging to find underneath the layers, the defenses, the masks.

Look at that glass three times. The man you were. The man you are. The man you were meant to be.

THEN TURN THE PAGE

The Guy in the Glass

DALE WIMBROW · 1934

*When you get what you want in your struggle for pelf,
And the world makes you King for a day,
Then go to the mirror and look at yourself,
And see what that guy has to say.
For it isn't your Father, or Mother, or Wife,
Who judgment upon you must pass.
The feller whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the guy staring back from the glass.
He's the feller to please, never mind all the rest,
For he's with you clear up to the end,
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test
If the guy in the glass is your friend.
You may be like Jack Horner and "chisel" a plum,
And think you're a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye.
You can fool the whole world down the pathway of years,
And get pats on the back as you pass,
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the guy in the glass.*

You've read it. Now do with the poem what you did with every question tonight — three times.

1. **The man you were.**

The first time you ever really looked at yourself, who did you see? Who were you still trying to fool, and how long did you think it would hold?

2. **The man you are.**

Read the poem again from this stool, at the crossroads. Where has the glass been calling you a cheat? What have you been passing off on the world that he never once believed?

3. **The man you were meant to be.**

Read it one last time from the far end of the road. When the whole thing is over, whose verdict will you have lived for — the world's, or his? Name what you would have to do, starting tonight, to pass the guy in the glass.

No one is going to close the distance for you. The door is behind you. The glass is in front of you. Choose which one you walk toward.

LAST CALL · CLOSING TIME

The bottles go dark. The glass stays lit.

You've answered every question three times tonight, and read the guy in the glass's verdict for yourself. You just met all of it at the door. In the book, it takes the whole night.

The Guy in the Glass is not a program or a pep talk. It is a bar, a forest, and a reckoning, told through the six questions you answered tonight and the men who answer them badly so you do not have to.

A man can spend a lifetime winning everyone else over and still lose the one verdict that actually counts — his own. That is the wager underneath every question in this book.

A man dies by suicide every thirteen minutes. Most of them were good men who stopped answering these questions a long time ago. This is the work of turning back toward the glass, one honest man at a time.

You have seen him now. No one is going to close the distance for you. The only question left is whether you are ready to become him.

Read the book. Then do the work.

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DR. BARUCH HALEVI · THE GUY IN THE GLASS

One word before you sit. I write from my own worldview, as a straight man, in the language of one. That is the only reason it reads the way it does. My gay brothers are welcome at this bar, along with all of our sisters. Women are welcome here too, and wanted, whether you came for yourself or for a man you love. Pull up a stool. Take the language and make it yours.